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THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1877.

- ART. I.—1. *The Constitutional History of England in its Origin and Development.* By WILLIAM STUBBS, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History. 2 Vols. Second Edition. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1875.
2. *The Growth of the English Constitution from the Earliest Times.* By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., Hon. D.C.L. Second Edition. London: Macmillan and Co.

ALL researches into the history of the English Constitution confirm the common remark that it is a natural growth, not an artificial creation. Its roots are lost to sight in German forests, more hopelessly lost than the sources of the Nile; but from the time it appears above ground to the present day, there is no break in the regular development. There is no chasm between past and present, as in France. Neither Alfred nor William is the maker of the English Constitution as Washington and his friends are makers of modern America. Every addition or development springs out of, and seeks its justification in, preceding conditions. England has emphatically "broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent."

Before Professor Stubbs's work appeared, a continuous, exhaustive history of this growth had never been attempted. Separate periods and subjects had been dealt with, countless theories mooted; but an adequate treatment of the whole remained a desideratum. The two stout volumes already published are only an instalment, ending with the reign of Richard II. We earnestly hope that they will not remain

a mighty *torso*, but that the writer will have life and strength to complete his great work on the same scale. The task is one of the most arduous which could be undertaken, and requires peculiar qualifications, of which a thorough mastery of the political history is the least. Old charters and local muniments must be deciphered, digested, and compelled to yield up their secrets. An infinite number of details must be so harmonised as to present to the eye a complete picture. General principles must be seized and traced under forms which are constantly in process of change. That this is done by Professor Stubbs as it has never been done before, is the highest praise that can be given. The perfection of his work is like the perfection of a crystal. Break off any part, and the part reproduces the form and finish of the whole. So each chapter of these volumes will be found a masterpiece—accurate, clear, exhaustive—on its special subject.

The leading idea to be remembered is that the substance of the English Constitution is Germanic. The organising, administrative genius of the Normans gave form and polish, but the material came from Germany. The Teutonic element has had greater influence in France and Spain, and even in Italy, than is generally supposed. The Frank and Gothic invaders of France and Spain, coming of the same stock as the Anglo-Saxons, might have worked out a similar history but for the resistance presented by the firm hold which Roman institutions had taken of those countries. Roman imperialism was too strong for barbarian freedom. *Gallia capta vicit victores*. The Roman hold of Britain, it is well known, was far slighter. The last conquered, Britain was the first province abandoned. Hence, Saxon customs had a clear field. Rome left comparatively few marks on the face of the country, and none at all on the government. Whatever Roman element there is in our laws came, six centuries later, through the Normans. Strange as it may sound, primitive Saxon forms are to be seen in a purer state in England than in the country of their birth. The Roman legions never conquered German soil; but the German Empire of the Middle Ages, borrowing the name and ruling in the spirit of the old Cæsars, warped, if it did not entirely destroy, primitive German polity. To this difference we owe it that the free forms of ancient Germany have lived on in England, uncorrupted by the essential despotism of Roman imperialism. Professor Stubbs says:

—"The very diversity of the elements which are united within the isle of Britain serves to illustrate the strength and vitality of that one which, for thirteen hundred years, has maintained its position either unrivalled, or in victorious supremacy. If its history is not the perfectly pure development of Germanic principles, it is the nearest existing to such a development. . . . Not only were all the successive invasions of Britain, which from the eighth to the eleventh century diversify the history of the island, conducted by nations of common extraction, but, with the exception of ecclesiastical influence, no foreign interference that was not German in origin was admitted at all. Language, law, custom, and religion preserve their original conformation and colouring. The German element is the paternal element in our system, natural and political."

It follows that modern England cannot be thoroughly understood without some reference to ancient Germany. There are to be seen the primitive outlines of the English Constitution. Primitive they are indeed; the changes which have taken place since are immense. Still the outlines can be traced distinctly. Our knowledge of ancient Germany is obtained from Cæsar and Tacitus, than whom better observers and witnesses on political subjects could not be. Their accounts have often been analysed, but never more ably than by Professor Stubbs in his second chapter.

In comparing the two accounts, separated by a century and a half, we note signs of slight changes which have occurred. In both periods the cultivated lands are annually changed, but in the earlier one the whole community migrates, while in the later the community is stationary, and only the individual members or families change. The design of the annual change was to prevent the accumulation of wealth, with its enervating influences, and to preserve the hardy, warlike qualities of the race. In both periods alike there is no central authority, no federal bond. "Germany," as described by Tacitus, "was a vast congeries of tribes, indigenous, and homogeneous throughout, speaking the same language, worshipping the same gods, marked by common physical characteristics and by common institutions, but having no collective name in their own tongue, and no collective organisation." This is a fixed characteristic. The union of the whole in time of war is purely voluntary and temporary. Evidences of the passion

for freedom and jealousy of encroachment appear in all the tribal arrangements. Even in those tribes which have a king, the king is elective, and limited by the general council and by the *principes* (ealdormen). "He reigns, but does not govern." The leader in war (*dux*, *heretoga*) was also elected.

There are three ranks—nobles, freemen, and slaves. Although the land was divided into equal allotments, it is possible that the noble may have received a greater number of allotments than the simple freeman. The permanent occupation of the same land by the tribe is the first step towards landed property. Ealdorman (*princeps*) was an official title, borne by the head of the tribe who was elected at the general council. Each ealdorman had his *comitatus* (body of *comites*, companions, counts), or personal following of noble youths, who sought distinction in his service. Nothing astonished Tacitus more than this feature of German life. The tie which linked together *princeps* and *comites* was purely personal, and had no counterpart in Roman life, where the State was all. Tacitus says, "*Principes pro victoria pugnant, comites pro principe.*" The hereditary principle was unknown throughout Germany.

In both the monarchical and non-monarchical tribes the ruling power was the general assembly, the progenitor of the witenagemot. These gatherings took place "at fixed times, generally at the new or full moon. There was no distinction of place; all were free, all appeared in arms. Silence was proclaimed by the priests, who had for the time the power of enforcing it. Then the debate was opened by some one who had a personal claim to be heard, the king or a *princeps*, or one whose age, nobility, military glory, or eloquence, entitled him to rise. He took the tone of persuasion, never that of command. Opposition was expressed by loud shouts; assent by the shaking of spears; enthusiastic applause by the clash of spear and shield."

The judicial arrangements are animated by the same spirit. The *princeps* presided in the court of the *pagus* (hundred), along with a hundred assessors. In time of war the hundred judges become a hundred soldiers. In all these features we see only the personal principle. Mr. Freeman is justified in saying: "The primitive Teutonic Constitution is democratic, but not purely democratic. Or, rather, it is democratic, purely democratic, in the truer, older, and more honourable sense of that much-maligned

word. . . . Democracy, in the sense of Periklès, demands that every freeman shall have a voice in the affairs of the commonwealth; it does not necessarily demand that every freeman should have an equal voice. It does not forbid the existence of magistrates, clothed with high authority and held in high reverence, nor does it forbid respect for ancient birth, or even an attachment to an hereditary line of rulers."

We should rejoice if the high encomium Tacitus passed on ancient Germany were to apply for ever to Germany and England alike: "*Plusque ibi boni mores valent quam alibi bonæ leges.*" Modern aldermen will be pleased to learn from the following extract that in one respect, at least, they resemble their most remote ancestors. At the great councils, questions "were frequently discussed in the convivial meetings which formed part of the regular session."

Professor Stubbs wisely cautions us against supposing that primitive social states are to be explained by any single theory. Students have discovered in ancient Germany patriarchal, manorial, village, and mark systems of every variety; but no one harmonises all the facts. "Among the first truths which the historical student, or, indeed, any scientific scholar, learns to recognise, this is, perhaps, the most important, that no theory or principle works in isolation. The most logical conclusions from the truest principle are practically false, unless in drawing them allowance is made for the counter-working of other principles, equally true in theory, and equally dependent for practical truth on co-ordination with the first. No natural law is by itself sufficient to account for all the phenomena which, on the most restricted view, range themselves within its view." His own conclusion, from a survey of ancient Germany, is general enough. It is as follows:—"A great family of tribes, whose institutions are all in common, and their bonds of political cohesion so untrustworthy, are singularly capable of entering into new combinations; singularly liable to be united and dissolved in short-lived confederations, and to reappear under new names, so long as they are without a great leader. Yet, in that very community of institutions and languages, in the firmness of the common basis, and the strength of the lower organisation, if a leader can be found to impress on them the need of unity, and to consolidate the higher

machinery of political action into a national Constitution, instead of small aggregations and tumultuary associations, they possess a basis and a spring of life, from and by which they may rise into a great homogeneous people, symmetrically organised and united, progressive, and thoroughly patriotic." It will be seen that this is a generalisation as much from subsequent as previous data.

The Teutonic principle is individualism, independence, freedom; that of ancient Rome, perpetuated now in the Roman Church, is authority, corporate unity, order. Each, separated from the other and pushed to extremes, has its dangers; each needs to be tempered and supplemented by the other. However admirable the free instincts of ancient Germany were, the want of a central authority and point of unity was an evil which would effectually prevent the growth of a State, and expose the country to the danger of foreign conquest. We see this in the case of Saxon England. Long after the Saxons had attained to greater unity than they brought with them from their early home, their divisions laid them at the feet of the compact Norman force. The supply of the defect we owe to the Norman Conquest. It is doubtful whether under pure Saxon rule the country would ever have reached the unity which alone gives strength and stability to a State. The Norman was strong where the Saxon was weak. Like the Frank before him, when he obtained a settlement in Romanised Gaul, he fell in with the institutions of his adopted country. We would emphasise the fact that what the Norman brought into England was a portion of the spirit of ancient Rome, highly diluted indeed, but sufficient for the purpose. The only leaven of Cæsarism to be found in England came through this channel. Though it had undergone a double dilution on the way, first Frankish, then Norman, perhaps most will believe that there is quite as much of administrative pressure as is consistent with freedom. But what must Cæsarism have been in its first, undiluted strength! We may well speak of the "iron rule" of Rome. When the Normans came to England, they bore much the same relation in numbers to the conquered country which they bore previously to north-west France, and the same result followed. They were obliged to amalgamate with the conquered, and adopt the institutions existing on the soil, at the same time imparting their own organising strength. Thus, in England we see the converse of France. There

the Roman system was in possession, and the Saxon the invader; here the Saxon was in possession, and the Romanised Norman the invader. Thus, our complete machinery of local self-government is derived from Germany, our supreme central force immediately from France, and mediately from Rome. Ours is ancient German freedom, without its weakness and anarchy, and ancient Roman order without its weight of oppression and tyranny. The Saxon was strong in what Professor Stubbs calls the "lower ranges" of national life, but he lacked cohesion. The Norman was strong in the "higher ranges" of national life, and thus supplied what was lacking.

This is the problem which these volumes work out with astonishing minuteness and fulness. All we can do is to give some illustrations.

The Saxons who conquered England, and the Franks who conquered Gaul, were tribes of the same Teutonic race, differing only in locality, the first hailing from the country between the Rhine and Oder, the second being settled on the lower Rhine. The Jutes and Angles were partners with the Saxons in the conquest, differing only in dialect; but they were evidently partners in very different degrees, for the name of the first is not heard on English soil, while the name of the second is given to the whole country. Gaul and England differed widely in the mode of conquest. That of Gaul was effected at a stroke: the Franks, under Clovis, marched in a mass to the baptismal font, and there was an instant fusion of the two races. The Saxon conquest of England was effected piecemeal, through a period of a century and a half; it was the same time before the Saxons embraced Christianity, and there was never any blending of the Saxons and Celts. Probably, one reason of the difference was that the British Celts had not been so thoroughly subjugated and their warlike spirit broken by the Romans as the Gallic Celts. However, the British were either exterminated or driven westward. The language, religion, social and political institutions of England, are pure Saxon, as free from Celtic as from Roman ingredients. The Saxons brought everything with them—families, cattle, social customs. But they made two notable additions at once. One was hereditary royalty, to which before they were strangers. Hengist and Horsa landed in Kent as simple ealdormen; but we presently find kings everywhere. The motives of the change do not



appear. The other change was the recognition of private property in land. "Without conjecturing how the change took place, we may safely assume that, although traces still remain of common land tenure at the opening of Anglo-Saxon history, absolute ownership of land in severalty was established, and becoming the rule."

The Saxon Constitution presents to us a symmetrical system of organisation, in an ascending scale, from the township through the hundred and shire to the supreme council of the witenagemot and the king, a system which, in the course of time, has been translated into the admirable forms of self-government of which we are all justly proud.

The Saxon political unit was the township.\* "It may represent the original allotment of the smallest sub-division of the free community, or the settlement of the kindred colonising on their own account, or the estate of the great proprietor who has a tribe of dependents." Its headman, the *tūn-gerefa*, or town-reeve (humble prototype of the modern mayor), was elected in the free townships, and, in the dependent ones, was approved by the lord or king. He and the four best men represented the township in the courts of the hundred and shire. The business of the town's meeting (*gemot*) was to elect officers, make by-laws, and execute the sentences and orders of the higher courts. The township was an advance upon the German mark, the difference being that in the latter the land was held and cultivated in common, while in the former it is possessed in severalty. Many townships were founded on land belonging to a lord or granted to a lord, and thus manors began. In these the land-lord possessed the authority which, in free communities, belonged to the freemen and hundred-court. Vestiges of the old township jurisdiction remain to this day. "In the vestry-meeting, the freemen of the township, the ratepayers, still assemble for purposes of local interest, not involved in the manorial jurisdiction; elect the parish officers (the township being the parish for church purposes), properly the township officers—for there is no primary connection between the maintenance of roads and collection of taxes and the parish as an ecclesiastical

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\* "The *tūn* is originally the enclosure or hedge, whether of the single farm or of the enclosed village, as the *burh* is the fortified house of the powerful man. The corresponding word in Norse is *garð*, our *garth* or *yard*. The equivalent German termination is *heim*, our *hame*; the Danish form is *by*." Thus *by-law* originally is *town-law*, as distinguished from national law.

unity—the churchwardens, the waywardens, the assessors, and the overseers of the poor.” The manorial courts, courts-baron, and customary courts, have taken over other functions of the old township court. Manor, of course, is a Norman word, and, like court and baron, came in with the Normans; but it is only a Norman name imposed on a Saxon institution.

In some parts of the country, as Somerset and Wilts, the *tithing* takes the place of the township. Properly, it expresses one of the tenths into which the hundred was divided; but there is no evidence that the fact ever corresponded with what the term suggests. *Tithing* bears also another sense, being the name of a peculiar Saxon association of ten men, who were jointly and mutually responsible to the law. The custom is known by the name of *frith-bohr*, or *frank-pledge*. The chief man of the ten was called the tithing-man. Saxon custom insisted on every man belonging to a tithing and hundred, so that the law might always be able to put its hand upon him. The principle was akin to that of the older law, which required every landless man to put himself under a lord, who was security for him before the law.

The *burh* (borough) of Saxon times was the township in a more fully organised form. It had ditch and mound instead of quickset hedge, and it sprang, not from the home of the cultivator, but either from the fortified place of a great man or from some monastery. In places like London, Bath, Canterbury, Bodmin, instead of the *tūn-gerefa*, there is a *port-gerefa*, port-reeve (from *porta*, gate; not from *portus*, harbour). The name is almost the only relic of Roman times. In many cases the borough organisation followed the type of the hundred rather than of the township, and a single borough often contained several townships.

We ascend from the township to the hundred, the *pagus* of Tacitus. The origin of the name is variously explained. “It has been regarded as denoting simply a division of a hundred hides of land; as the district which furnished a hundred warriors to the host; as representing the original settlement of the hundred warriors; or as composed of a hundred hides, each of which furnished a single warrior.” Professor Stubbs leans to the theory indicated in the third clause. “It is very probable that the colonists of Britain arranged themselves in hundreds of warriors; it is not

probable that the country was carved into equal districts." Indeed, hundreds are found of many different sizes. The story that Alfred devised the arrangement is a fiction. He only used it for rating purposes. In Danish districts, such as Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, Rutland, and Leicestershire, the wapentake supplants the hundred, and, farther north, the ward. There are other local peculiarities. For example, in Kent, lathes come between the hundred and the shire; in Sussex, rapes; in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, trithings and ridings; while again in Cornwall and Yorkshire, shire is equivalent to wapentake. Shire easily lends itself to various applications.

Several circumstances make it probable that the hundred had two headmen, the elective hundred-man, or hundreds-ealdor, who acted as convener; and the gerefa, who represented the king, and who, after the Conquest, sinks into a bailiff.

The hundred-moot, gemot, or court, met monthly. It was summoned six days before, and did not meet on a Sunday. It was attended by the landlords or their stewards, parish priests, the reeve, and four best men of each township. The judges were the whole body of freeholders; but, to prevent uncertainty, twelve acted as a committee, who appear in Ethelred's days as the twelve thegns of the wapentake. These twelve Saxon judges have sunk into twelve jurymen, with very different functions. This was the court of first instance, the first step in the judicial ladder. It exercised both criminal and civil jurisdiction, and attested transfers of land. "The testimony of the country and the record of the law were supplemented by the compurgatory oath and ordeal. It had also a common chest, which divided the profits of jurisdiction with the king and the lord, or land-rica. The suiters (freeholders) were under special protection of the law on their way to and from it, and those who neglected the summons to it were fined." The hundred, of course, served admirably as an area for rating, although in Saxon times this was not heavy. The royal court was supported by the royal demesne and public land. The first known instance of a general tax is the Danegeld, imposed by Ethelred the Unready as a war tax in days of Danish invasion, but retained under the same name long after the danger passed away; just as in recent days, the income tax, imposed in a

similar emergency, has been found very convenient as a permanent source of income. The *trinoda necessitas* was a general burden, and included military service, repair of bridges, and maintenance of fortifications, the two latter being discharged by personal labour.

The only relic of the hundred-court seems to be the manorial court-leet. Its jurisdiction was eventually "lost, or merged in the general jurisdiction of the Crown exercised by the judges in assize, in which it appears only as helping to constitute the juries."

There were also hundreds which by grants had come into private hands, and were called *franchises* or *liberties*. In these the grantee, generally a church, took the place of the hundred-court, but the jurisdiction of the shire was not interfered with, nor the internal machinery of the hundred itself. These private hundreds have been least touched by time, and retain features of their old forms. "In the courts of the Forest of Knaresborough, each of the townships, or berewics, which form the manor of the forest, is represented by the constable and four men (the representatives of the ancient reeve and four best men); from these the jurors of the leet are chosen; and by them the *præpositus* or grave, and the *bedell*."

Above the hundred was the shire, with similar arrangements. There was a double headship. The *ealdorman* (lord-lieutenant) and *sheriff* (*scir-gerefa*). The first, like the *princeps* of Tacitus, was originally elected in the national assembly; but the office afterwards became hereditary, the king and *witenagemot* confirming. Very often, when a small kingdom was annexed, the king continued as *ealdorman*. The sheriff was generally the king's nominee, representing him in the shire-moot (county court), and administering the law. He still lives in his modern shadow.

The shire-moot met twice a year, the *ealdorman* and bishop sitting with the sheriff. The judges were the same as in the hundred-court, landlords, all public officers, the reeve, and four best men of each township, and these were represented by twelve senior thegns. There are remnants of legislative power in the shire-moot, as we find them sometimes expressing assent to laws of the *witenagemot*. Sometimes the same *ealdorman* rules several shires, but this does not interfere with the independence of the shires.

The supreme national council was the witenagemot (gemot of witan, assembly of wise men). There could not be a greater error than to suppose that the witenagemot is our modern Parliament. It was a House of Lords, and our House of Lords is the witenagemot in modern guise. There was no representation. All of certain orders were supposed to be present in person. It might seem an easy step to carry the partial representation in the lower courts into the highest, but, easy or not, it was never taken. The people were no part of the witenagemot. They may have been present on special occasions, and may have expressed assent or dissent; but their presence was not recognised. It was a gathering of the king's councillors—bishops, shire-ealdormen, the king's thegns, or *ministri*, such as household officers, and, in later days, abbots. The number in attendance varied according to the business; but a hundred was a large number. Just as Queen Victoria creates peers, the Saxon king could by land grants multiply his thegns, and thus sway the witan. All royal decrees ran "with counsel and consent of the witan." The witan controlled ecclesiastical affairs and special taxation. They were the final court of justice, and witnessed grants of land in special cases, as where public land was alienated. They also decided on peace and war. "It may be safely affirmed that no business of any importance could be transacted by the king, in which they had not, in theory, at least, a consultative voice." By analogy with earlier times, the ealdormen should have been elected in the witenagemot; but these by degrees became hereditary, and the consent of the witan shrank into a form, which remained a witness to the ancient right.

The crown of the Saxon State was the king.\* The king was elective, and the election belonged, "both in form and substance," to the witan. This was the most important of all the powers of the witenagemot. We cannot do better than quote Professor Stubbs's well-weighed words on this

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\* "Max Müller decides that 'the old Norse *konr* and *konungr*, the old High German *chüninc*, and the Anglo-Saxon *cuning*, were common Aryan words, not formed out of German materials, and therefore not to be explained as regular German derivatives. . . . It corresponds with the Sanskrit *ganaka*. . . . It simply meant father of a family.' Sir F. Palgrave's idea of deriving the word from the Celtic *cew*, head, and the notion connecting it with 'can' and 'cunning,' are alike absurd." Other synonymous words are *Thidmans* and *Drihten*.—*Froeman*, p. 33.

essential point : "The king was, in theory, always elected, and the fact of election was stated in the coronation service throughout the Middle Ages, in accordance with most ancient precedent. It is not less true that the succession was, by constitutional practice, restricted to one family, and that the rule of hereditary succession was never, except in great emergencies and in the most trying times, set aside. The principle may be stated thus : The choice was limited to the best-qualified person standing in close relationship to the last sovereign ; for it is seldom, except in case of revolution or conspiracy, that any one but a son or brother is chosen ; and, in the case of a king dying in mature years, his eldest son would be, and was in practice held to be, in every respect the safest successor." The power of election implied also that of deposition, but this was held in reserve, and rarely exercised. Only three doubtful cases occur in Saxon times. English love of precedent was never more curiously shown than when, on the right of Parliament, in James II.'s time, to declare the throne vacant being challenged, the case of Richard II. was at once adduced.

The king's revenue was partly in money, partly in land. Under the first head came "the fines and other proceeds of the courts of law, which the king shared as guardian of the peace ; the right of maintenance, or procurations for himself and his retinue in public progresses ; the produce of wreck and treasure trove, mines, and salt-works ; the tolls and other dues of markets, ports, and transport generally ; and the heriots and other semi-feudal payments, resulting from the relation between the sovereign and his special dependents." "His property in land may fall under three heads : first, his private estate, which he could dispose of by his will, and which might be either bookland or folkland, of which he had taken leases of lives ; secondly, the proper demesne of the Crown, comprising palaces and their appendant farms, the *cyninges botle* and the *cyninges tun*, and even cities and burghs, founded upon old royal estates. These belonged to the king as king, and could not be alienated or burdened without the consent of the witenagemot. And he had, thirdly, rights over the folkland of the kingdom, rather of the nature of claim than of possession ; the right of *feorm-fultum* (tribute) for himself, and that of making provision for his followers, with the consent of the witan. After the reign of Ethelred, this

third class of property seems to have been merged in the Crown demesne."

A word is necessary respecting important terms occurring in this extract. By bookland is meant private estates created out of the public land, and held by written grant or charter. An ethel was a private estate, acquired by inheritance or similar means, but it came afterwards under the designation of bookland. Alod was a general term, describing both kinds of private landed property. There were also common lands assigned to a township as a whole, which are the origin of our own common lands, now greatly diminished by enclosure and encroachment. "All the land that is not so accounted for is *folkland*, or public land; it comprised the whole area that was not at the original allotment assigned to individuals or communities, and that was not subsequently divided into estates of bookland. The folkland was the standing treasury of the country; no alienation of any part of it could be made without the consent of the national council; but it might be allowed to individuals to hold portions of it, subject to rents and other services to the State, from which the owners of bookland were exempt, except the *trinoda necessitas*. These estates of folkland may have been for a life or lives, or subject to testamentary disposition according to the terms of the grant; but the ownership continued to reside in the State, and the proceeds to furnish the revenue." Thus the folkland was the origin both of Crown lands and of many private estates.

The king's *wergild*, or fine payable to the king's family in case of his murder, was the largest; and a fine of equal amount, the *cynobot*, was payable to the people.

The ceremonies of coronation and unction went together, and were derived through the Byzantine Empire from the Old Testament. It is well remarked that consecration rather typified than conferred any special sacredness. We are glad to find so high an authority declaring against certain well-known exaggerations of the Divine-right theory. "That the powers that be are ordained of God, was a truth recognised as a motive to obedience, without any suspicion of the doctrine, so falsely imputed to Churchmen of all ages, of the indefeasible sanctity of royalty. The same conclusion may be drawn from the compact made by the king with his people, and the oaths taken by both. If coronation and unction had implied an indefeasible right

to obedience, the oath of allegiance on the one side, and the promise of good government on the other, would have been superfluous. Yet both were given. . . To attribute the ideas of the seventeenth century to the ages of S. Gregory, Anselm, and Becket, seems an excess of absurdity." The oath taken by Ethelred the Unready, at the instance of Dunstan, is as follows: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, three things do I promise to this Christian people, my subjects: first, that God's Church and all the Christian people of my realm hold true peace; secondly, that I forbid all rapine and injustice to men of all conditions; thirdly, that I promise and enjoin justice and mercy in all judgments, that the just and merciful God of His everlasting mercy may forgive us all." In the laws of Edmund, we find the following on the people's oath: "All shall swear, in the name of the Lord, fealty to King Edmund, as a man ought to be faithful to his lord, without any controversy or quarrel; in open and in secret, in loving what he shall love, and in not willing what he shall not will." This is not unconditional, "as a man ought to be faithful to his lord." The oath of a man to his lord says, "on condition that he keep me as I am willing to deserve, and fulfil all that was agreed on when I became his man and chose his will as mine."

The following is Mr. Stubbs's graphic description of the king's position in early Saxon times, but it requires considerable modification in later days when feudal tendencies had developed. "The king is neither a mere ornamental appendage nor a ruler after the imperial model. He is not the supreme landowner, for he cannot, without consent of the witan, add a portion of the public land to his own demesne. He requires their consent for legislation or taxation, for the exercise of jurisdiction, for the determination of war and peace. He is elected by them, and liable to be deposed by them. He cannot settle the succession to the throne without their sanction. He is not the fountain of justice, which has always been administered in the local courts; he is the defender of the public peace, not the autocratic maintainer of the rights of subjects who derive all their rights from him. But, notwithstanding, he is the representative of the unity and dignity and of the historical career of the race, the unquestioned leader of the host, the supreme judge of appeal. The national officers are his officers; the sheriffs are his stewards; the bishops,



ealdormen, and witan, are his bishops, ealdormen, and witan. The public peace is his peace; the sanction which makes him inviolable and secure, is not the simple toleration of his people, but the character impressed on him by unction and coronation, and acknowledged by himself in the promises he has made to govern well, and maintain religion, peace and justice."

Not the least potent of the royal prerogatives was that of creating a landed nobility, who answered to the *comitatus* of the days of Tacitus. But the *comites* of the German *princeps* lived in the house of their lord, while the *gesiths* (companions) of the English king lived on their own estates. Here is a distinct advance in position and rank. The nobles created by the king were the equals of the primitive nobility, the descendants of the first conquerors. The only difference was in origin, one issuing from the royal will, the other coming by inheritance. It is easy to see how feudalism would grow out of such relations. Mr. Stubbs avoids the name, and points out technical differences; but the differences in the course of time dwindle almost to vanishing point, and at the time of the Norman invasion little change was necessary in establishing the feudal system of the Continent.

We see the working of this tendency in the fact that gradually the *gesith* (personal companion) disappeared in the *thegn*, whose essential function was military service.\* The *eorl*, simple freeman, "who has acquired five hides of land, and a special appointment in the king's hall, with other judicial rights," becomes a *thegn*. The minimum landed qualification of an *eorl*, the Danish *jarl*, was forty hides.† "The name of *thegn* covers the whole class, which, after the Conquest, appears under the name of knights, with the same qualification in land and nearly the same obligations." It was in Ethelred's reign that the title of *eorl* began to supplant that of *ealdorman*. Of the titles of the primitive nobility of the land, as *eorl* disappeared in *thegn*, so *ætheling* became restricted to the

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\* "Thegn, 'thegen, vir fortis, miles, minister.' Its origin is not the same as that of the German *diener*, to serve, the cognate word with which is *theow*, a slave."

† "On the vexed question of the extent of the hide it is not necessary here to dilate. Kemble, *Saxons*, I. 88 sq., attempts to fix it at 33 acres or thereabouts, or 120 acres of a size one-fourth of the present acre. But although his argument obviates many difficulties, it opens the way for many more. . . The later hide was no doubt 120 or 100 acres."

royal family. The system was not one of caste, because "the boundaries between the ranks were passable." The *ceorl* might become thegn, and the thegn *eorl*.

We have mentioned the *wergild* of the king. In like manner every man's life had its value according to rank. The basis was that of the *ceorl*, two hundred shillings, the thegn's was six times this amount; "the king's high reeve was worth twice the thegn, the bishop and ealdorman, four times; the king and archbishop six times; but the rules are neither general nor constant."

A review of the whole Saxon period shows that there was considerable development, and also that this development went on comparatively uninfluenced by external causes. Whatever resemblance there was to the state of things on the Continent arose more from similarity of circumstances than from conscious imitation. The Danish invasion and rule also made little difference in the natural flow of events, because the Danes were of kindred stock, and speedily amalgamated with the people of the country. The development is in two opposite directions.

First, in the increase of the royal power. As the king's territory increased, his dignity and power increased with it. There are many signs of this. Between Ethelbert and Alfred the king's *mund-byrd*, price of his protection, has risen from fifty shillings to five pounds. The personal authority of the king comes into greater prominence, and the idea of treason begins to appear. A law of Edward the elder requires the *witan* to "be in that fellowship in which the king was, and love that which he loved, and shun that which he shunned, both on sea and land." The duty of obedience is based more emphatically on religious grounds. Of Ethelred we read, "He who holds an outlaw of God in his power over the term that the king may have appointed, acts at peril of himself and all his property, against Christ's vicegerent, who preserves and holds sway over Christendom and kingdom as long as God grants it." But the clearest proof of the growth of royal power is that the king's peace comes to be regarded as general and inclusive of all persons, while the peace of the hundred and church remains local. Still the latter continues to exist for a time, until the character of the king as guardian and executor of the public peace merges in his character as its source. "The process by which the national peace became the king's peace is almost imperceptible: and it

is very gradually that we arrive at the time at which all peace and law are supposed to die with the old king, and rise again at the proclamation of the new."\* The diminution of royal authority by the grants of local jurisdiction to lords was partially counteracted by the special reservation of criminal jurisdiction to the king. The principal motive of this reserve was a financial one, the administration of justice being a prime source of profit. The royal power culminated in Edgar, who was a strong and vigorous ruler. He made two annual circuits of his kingdoms, inquiring into the conduct of the magistrates, and dealing out impartial justice to all classes.

But this growth in the power of the king was more than counterbalanced by the increasing powers and independence of the nobles. In the very act of rewarding his followers with grants of folklend the king parted with so much power and gradually dried up the fountain. The following paragraph is very weighty. "Although the progress of the Anglo-Saxon system, from the condition in which its whole organisation depends on personal relations to that in which everything depends on territorial ones, is marked at each step by some change in the royal power, it is better described in this formula than as a progress from democracy to monarchy, or from a democratic to an aristocratic monarchy, or from alodialism to feudalism. The growth of the royal power was theoretical rather than practical; what it gained on one side, it lost on another. The king became the source of justice, the lord and patron of his people, the owner of the public lands; but he had almost immediately to part with the substantial exercise of the powers so appropriated. By the grants of the land, constantly increasing in number, the royal demesne was continually diminished, and the diminution of royal demesne made the taxation of the people the only available means of meeting public emergencies. The immunities which by grant, or by prescription, were vested in the holders of bookland, actually withdrew the profits and powers of jurisdiction from the source from

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\* "The sovereign was the fountain of justice; therefore the stream ceased to flow when the well-spring was covered by the tomb. The judicial bench vacant, all tribunals closed. Such was the ancient doctrine, a doctrine still recognised in Anglo-Norman England."—Palgrave, *Normandy and England*, III, 193. *Stubbs*, I., 182, note.

which they themselves emanated. The patronage, or lordship, which was to unite the king more closely than ever before with the people, was intercepted by a number of mesne lordships and superiorities, which kept them in reality further asunder."

Professor Stubbs shows conclusively that the system of dependence which grew up in Saxon England differed from French feudalism; but his account shows also that the difference was more in origin and name than in substance and nature. The very difference of names proves that neither was derived from the other, but that they had grown from similar conditions. "It is enough that, although in different lines and in widely-contrasted political circumstances, royalty was both in England and on the Continent working itself into forms in which the old Germanic idea of the king is scarcely recognisable, whilst the influence of long-established organisations, of settled homes, and hereditary jurisdictions, was producing a territorial system of government unknown to the race in its early stages. A strong current of similar events will produce coincidences in the history of nations whose whole institutions are distinct; much more will like circumstances force similarly constituted nations into like expedients; nay, great legislators will think together even if the events that suggest the thought be of the most dissimilar character. No amount of analogy between two systems can by itself prove the actual derivation of the one from the other." But in reality the Saxon differed little from the continental system. Insensibly the relation of lord and dependent and the obligation of military service, ceasing to be personal, came to rest on the possession of land, and from this point feudalism was not far off. Other events, such as Canute's division of the country into four great earldoms, and the weak character of the Saxon kings, gave untold impetus to the tendency in this direction. Edward the Confessor was a mere puppet in the hands of the great nobles, Godwin and Leofric. "The power of the witenagemot is wielded by the great earls in turn; each has his allies among the Welsh, Irish, and Scottish princes, each his friends and refuge on the Continent: at their alternate dictation the king receives and dismisses his wife, names and sets aside his bishops. The disruption of the realm is imminent. . . The Norman conquest restored national unity at a tremendous temporary sacrifice, just as the Danish conquest

in other ways and by a reverse process had helped to create it."

In a country dominated by feudalism the real masters are the great lords, the king is an empty name, war is the normal condition, the chief sufferers are the people, who are harried on all sides. Of the condition of things in England, Mr. Stubbs says well: "If the system had ripened into feudalism, that feudalism would in all probability have been permanent. Happily the change that produced feudalism for a time, introduced with it the necessity of repulsion. The English, who might never have struggled against native lords, were roused by the fact that their lords were strangers as well as oppressors, and the Norman kings realised the certainty that if they would retain the land they must make common cause with the people."

The sketch we have now given will be enough to show that in England, as formerly in Germany, the Saxons, while strong in the subordinate details of local government, were weak in all that belonged to national government. The forces which were leading to feudalism confirmed the hereditary tendency of the race to separation and individualism. The machinery of the state was wanting. The officers of the hundred and shire had no counterparts in the nation. There was no feeling of loyalty and patriotism, and it is unlikely, considering the state of the country previous to the Conquest and the direction affairs were taking, that the defect would have been remedied from within. The sense of life was strong in the different parts, but the whole needed to be welded into unity. Yet, perhaps the weakness at the centre threw more work upon the local organisation, and thus served to increase the tenacity of its life and strength. "In the preservation of the old forms . . . remained the seeds of future liberties, themselves, perhaps, the mere shakings of the olive tree, the scattered grains that royal and noble gleaners had scorned to gather, but destined for a new life after many days of burial. They were the humble discipline by which a down-trodden people were schooled to act together in small things, until the time came when they could act together for great ones."

The unfavourable side of Saxon history is its isolation, narrow sympathies, the absence of national feeling and general aims. But there is a favourable side as well. Not

only does this isolated action generate extraordinary self-reliance and individual strength, but the advance of the whole country in general civilisation is considerable and remarkably uniform. No part was much before another, proving that there had been life and growth. We cannot do better than quote Professor Stubbs's forcible and eloquent words on this subject. The Englishman "may be phlegmatic, narrow, languid in political development, but he is neither uncivilised nor uncultivated. The isolation which has been fatal to political growth, has encouraged and concentrated other energies. Since the time of Alfred a national literature has been growing up, of which the very fragments that have survived the revolution of conquest and many centuries of literary neglect, are greater than the native contemporaneous literature of any other people in Europe. No other nation possesses a body of history such as the Anglo-Saxon Bede and the Chronicles. The theological literature, although slight in comparison with that of the Latin-speaking nations, testifies, by the fact that it is in the tongue of the people, to a far more thorough religious sympathy between the teachers and the taught than can be with any degree of probability attributed to the continental Churches. In medicine, natural science, grammar, geography, the English of the eleventh century had manuals in their own tongue. They had arts, too, of their own: goldsmith's work, embroidery, illumination of manuscripts, flourished as well as the craft of the weaver and the armourer. The domestic civilisation of England, with all its drawbacks, was far beyond that of France. The Norman knights despised, undervalued, and destroyed much that they could not comprehend. England was behind Europe in some of the arts which they had in common, but she had much that was her own, and developed what she had in common by her own genius. She might be behind in architecture, although that remains to be proved, for much that we know as the work of Norman architects was imitated from Roman models—an imitation which, although it later developed into systems far freer and nobler than anything that existed before, was still only advancing from its rudest stage in France and Germany. England was slow in following the architecture, as she was in following the politics of the Continent. It is seldom remembered, in comparing Norman and Anglo-Saxon in point of civilisation, how very little the Norman brought

in comparison with what he destroyed, and how very little he brought that was his own. His law was Frank or Lombard, his general cultivation that of Lanfranc and Anselm, far more Italian than native ; in civilisation—taken in the truer sense of the word—in the organisation of the social life, in the means of obtaining speedy and equal justice, in the whole domain of national jurisprudence, he was far behind those whom he despised with the insolence of a barbarian ; he had forgotten his own language, he had no literature, his art was foreign and purchased. But he was a splendid soldier, he had seen the great world east and west, he knew the balance of power between popes and emperors, and he was a conqueror ; he held the rod of discipline which was to school England to the knowledge of her own strength and power of freedom ; he was to drag her into the general network of the spiritual and temporal politics of the world, rousing her thereby to a consciousness of unsuspected, undeveloped powers ; he was to give a new direction to her energies, to widen and unite and consolidate her sympathies, to train her to loyalty and patriotism, and in the process to impart so much, and to cast away so much, that when the time of awakening came, the conqueror and the conquered, the race of the oppressor and the race of the oppressed, were to find themselves one people."

We turn now to the Norman factor in the English Constitution. This supplied the higher state machinery which the Saxon system failed to supply. Professor Stubbs says: "In the earlier (Saxon) history, constitutional life seems to show itself first in the lower ranges of society, and to rise by slower degrees and unequal impulses towards the higher ; in the later history, the equilibrium of the governmental system is maintained by regulating the balance between popular liberty and administrative pressure. The foundation of the administrative system marks the period that intervenes." And again: "The English system was strong in the cohesion of its lower organism, the association of individuals in the township, in the hundred, and in the shire ; the Norman system was strong in its higher ranges, in the close relation to the crown of the tenants-in-chief whom the king had enriched. On the other hand, the English system was weak in the higher organisation, and the Normans in England had hardly any subordinate organisation at all. The strongest elements of both were brought together."

It would be a mistake to suppose that it was to the introduction of feudalism by the Normans into England that we owe the supply of the missing link. It would be a mistake for two very good reasons—first, because feudalism was never fully established in England; and, secondly, if it had been, it would have produced very different results from those we see. Take the last consideration first. A feudal state is just as fatal to general freedom and equality as despotism or anarchy. It is simply an oligarchy, in which the people count for as little as the king. Its natural consequences may be studied to perfection in France, where it ran its course and ended in the volcanic disruption of 1789. It is to that country that the history of feudalism belongs. Professor Stubbs gives a succinct but clear explanation of its principles.\* But the system in its entirety was never set up on English soil. William was sagacious enough to see that the supremacy of the barons meant the nullity of the sovereign, and he refused to reign on such terms. Thus as against the barons the interests of the people coincided with those of the king, and they made common cause. William and his successors could always rely on the help of the people against the feudal lords. The reigns of William and Henry I. are little more than a history of this struggle. The barons were always rising in rebellion with or without pretexts. We have long lists of estates confiscated. Every year almost brings its forfeitures. Robert de Belesme, Earl of Shrewsbury and Arundel, could only be subjugated by the whole power of the nation, led by the king. On his overthrow the English cried, "Rejoice, King Henry, and thank the Lord God, for you became a free king on the day when you conquered and banished Robert of Belesme." The help of the people was purchased on these occasions by promises and engagements, which, though seldom kept, were not without value in future days. In France a similar struggle resulted in the despotism of the throne; but this was prevented in England by the genius of liberty in the local organisations of the country. The triumph of the kings under William and Henry was followed quickly by the triumph of the

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\* "The word *feudum*, *fief* or *fee*, is derived from the German word for cattle (Gothic, *faihu*; Old High German, *fiu*; Old Saxon, *feh*; Anglo-Saxon, *feoh*); the secondary meaning being goods, especially money: hence property in general. The letter *d* is, perhaps, a mere insertion for sound's sake."



people under John, and the combination gives us the balance of power, which is the best security for the rights of all classes. Instead of the mighty barons who were overthrown, Henry raised up a new race of nobles, more dependent on the throne, and more amenable to authority. These, such as the Clintons and the Bassets, were despised by the pride of Norman blood as *novi homines*.

The fullest acknowledgment of our obligations to the Norman kings implies no sympathy with their personal character, in which there was little to respect, and nothing to love. William was as hard and stern a tyrant as ever wore a crown. The devastation of North-Humber-land was as frightful an enormity as cruelty ever enacted. His policy was to make resistance hopeless. His mailed hand fell on nobles and people alike, but, in smiting the first, it was rather his own than the people's enemies that he smote. The reign of William Rufus is a blank in all but suffering. There was no hatred which he did not deserve and did not receive. In his justiciar, Ranulf Flambard, he had a tool as pitiless and unprincipled as himself, a baser specimen of the Strafford type. His ingenuity and shamelessness in extortion left little for future ages to discover. Professor Stubbs says of him: "Unrestrained by religion, by principle, or by policy, with no family interests to limit his greed, extravagance, or hatred of his kind, a foul incarnation of selfishness in its most abhorrent form, the enemy of God and man, William Rufus gave to England and Christendom a pattern of absolutism. It is only to be ascribed to the weakness and disunion of those whom he wronged that he burdened the throne and nation for twelve long years of misery." Henry I. was an able administrator, and carried on to a farther point the organisation of the Conqueror. "Men thought diversely about him," Henry of Huntingdon tells us, "and, after he was dead, said what they thought. Some spoke of splendour, wisdom, eloquence, prudence, wealth, victories; some of cruelty, avarice, lust: but, in the evil times that came after, the very acts of tyranny or of royal wilfulness seemed, in comparison with the much worse state of things present, most excellent. He was, it is evident, a strong ruler, with a clear view of his own interests, methodical, sagacious, and far-sighted; his selfish aims dictated the policy that gave peace and order to his people. Destroying

his enemies, he destroyed theirs ; and, by enforcing order, he paved the way for law."

Stephen did as much evil by his weakness of character as others have done from intention. His reign, if reign it may be called, shows to what state the triumph of feudalism would have reduced England. Mighty castles, after the continental pattern, sprang up on every side, which filled the country with strife and misery extreme. Professor Stubbs quotes vivid words from old chronicles. "It is written," says William of Newburgh, "of one period in the history of the ancient people—'In those days there was no king in Israel, but every one did that which was right in his own eyes.' But it was worse in England in King Stephen's days. For because then the king was powerless, and the law weak by reason of the king's powerlessness; some, indeed, did what was right in their own eyes, but many did what by natural reason they knew to be wrong, all the more readily now that the fear of the law and of the king was taken away. At first, it seemed that the realm was rent in two, some inclining to the king, some to the empress. Not that either king or empress exercised any real control over their party, but that every one for the time devoted himself to the pursuit of war. Neither of them could exert command or enforce discipline; both of them allowed to their supporters every sort of licence, for fear of losing them. The parties fought for a long time, with alternate fortune. As time went on, wearied of the uncertainty of their luck, they somewhat relaxed in energy; but even this made it all the worse for England, for when the two competitors were tired of strife, and willing to rest, the provincial quarrels of the nobles continued to rage. In every province, under the impulse of party struggle, numbers of castles had sprung up. There were in England as many kings—tyrants, rather—as lords of castles; each had the power of striking his own coin, and of exercising, like a king, sovereign jurisdiction over his dependents. And, as every one sought for himself such pre-eminence that some would endure no superior, some not even an equal, they fought amongst themselves with deadly hatred; they spoiled the fairest regions with fire and rapine; and in the country which had been once most fertile, they destroyed almost all the provision of bread." It was time for the strong hand of Henry II. to interfere.

That feudalism did not root itself in England we owe entirely to the Conqueror's immense strength and political sagacity. If William Rufus had come first, it is easy to imagine the result. The Conqueror was master of all, but he was just as resolute that there should be no other master. "It was most fortunate for the English that in the hour of their great peril, when they had neither ruler, counsel, nor system, they fell under the rule of one who was a law to himself, who saw the coincidence of duty and policy, and preferred the forms of ancient royalty to the more ostentatious position of a feudal conqueror. He was a hard man, austere, exacting, oppressive; his heavy hand made the English themselves comprehend their own national unity through a community of suffering. Yet, in the suffering, they were able to discern that there might be still worse things to bear; one strong master was better than many weak ones, general oppression better than actual anarchy. The king made and kept good peace. The Dane-geld and the Forest-law were not too much to pay for the escape from private war and feudal disruption."

The only portion of feudalism which was transferred bodily to England was the land-tenure; and this change, as we have seen, was probably more apparent than real, simply the crowning of a process which had long been going on. This has remained the basis of English land laws ever since. It is curious that while in France feudalism in land has been scattered to the winds, in England it still defies the touch of innovation. The Conqueror availed himself of the wholesale confiscations of land which were always taking place—the land of the Saxons who fought at Senlac, and that of Norman rebels—to introduce the new system. The change was little more than the introduction of new names and regular forms, which were not without their advantages. "The complicated and unintelligible irregularities of the Anglo-Saxon tenures were exchanged for the simple and uniform feudal theory. The fifteen hundred tenants-in-chief of Domesday take the place of the countless landowners of King Edward's time; and the loose, unsystematic arrangements, which had grown up in the confusion of title, tenure, and jurisdiction, were replaced by systematic custom. The change was effected without any legislative act, simply by the process of transfer, under circumstances in which simplicity and uniformity were an absolute necessity. It was not the change from alodial to

feudal, so much as from confusion to order." Still, however close the resemblance between the old and new systems, "something was now added that made the two identical." Under the old system, the son succeeded to the father's lands by right on payment of a fee; under the new, the king made a new grant on each succession.

William's policy of continuing the spirit and adopting the institutions of the past is illustrated by the circumstance of his basing his claim to the English throne, not on conquest, in which his barons might have claimed equal shares, but on inheritance from the Confessor. He treated Harold as a usurper. "It was a claim which the English did not admit, and of which the Normans saw the fallacy, but which he himself consistently maintained, and did his best to justify." It was as heir that he obtained the recognition of the witan, and was crowned by the Archbishop of York. "Standing before the altar at Westminster, in the presence of the clergy and people, he promised with an oath that he would defend God's holy churches and their rulers; that he would, moreover, rule the whole people subject to him with righteousness and royal providence; would enact and hold fast right law; utterly forbid rapine and unrighteous judgments." There is no evidence of any feudal oath having been exacted by William. The laws adduced prove the contrary, for they require every free man to swear fidelity to King William, thus establishing a direct connection between the king and all freeholders.

The promises made by the Norman kings on their accession, or in great emergencies, are not a little interesting, more for the light they throw on popular grievances and demands than as a measure of rights actually enjoyed. Even Rufus was crowned on condition that "he would preserve justice and equity and mercy throughout the realm; would defend against all men the peace, liberty, and security of the churches; and would in all things, and through all things, comply with Lanfranc's precepts and counsels." When reminded of his violated oath, he only said in a rage, "Who is there who can fulfil all that he promises?" The charters granted by Henry I. and Stephen are important documents, as upon them the Great Charter was based. The first opens thus: "Know ye that, by the mercy of God and the common counsel of the barons of the whole realm of England, I have been crowned king of the same realm." "The abuses of the late reign

are specified, and forbidden for the future. The Church is made free from all the unjust exactions, and the kingdom from the evil customs; to the English people are restored the laws of King Edward, with the Conqueror's amendments; the feudal innovations, inordinate and arbitrary reliefs and amercements, the abuse of the rights of wardship and marriage, the despotic interference with testamentary disposition, all of which had been common in the last reign, are renounced; and as a special boon to tenants by knight service, their demesne lands are freed from all demands except service in the field. To the whole nation is promised peace and good coinage; the debts due to William Rufus, and the murder fines incurred before the day of coronation, are forgiven. But the forests, as they were in the Conqueror's time, are retained by the king, with the common consent of the barons. Perhaps the most significant articles of the whole document are those by which he provides that the benefit of the feudal concessions shall not be engrossed by the tenants-in-chief; 'in like manner shall the men of my barons relieve their lands at the hand of their lords by a just and lawful relief;' 'in like manner I enjoin that my barons restrain themselves in dealing with the sons and daughters and wives of their men!'"

We quoted previously Professor Stubbs's description of the functions of the Saxon king. It will be seen from the following that the Norman theory of royalty was much higher. "It practically combined all the powers of the national sovereignty, as they had been exercised by Edgar and Canute, with those of the feudal theory of monarchy, which was exemplified at the time in France and the Empire; and it discarded the limitations which had been placed on either system—in England by the constitutional action of the witan, and on the Continent by the usurpations or extorted immunities of the feudatories. The king is accordingly both the chosen head of the nation and the lord paramount of the whole of the land; he is the source of justice, and the ultimate resource in appeal for such equity as he is pleased to dispense; the supreme judge of his own necessities, and of the method to be taken to supply them. He is, in fact, despotic, for there is no force that can constitutionally control him, or force him to observe the conditions to which, for his own security or for the regular despatch of business, he may have been pleased to

pledge himself. If the descendants of the Conqueror had succeeded one another by the ordinary rule of inheritance, there can be no doubt but that the forms as well as the reality of ancient liberty would have perished. Owing to the necessity, however, under which each of them lay, of making for himself a title in default of hereditary right, the ancient framework was not set aside; and perfunctory as to a great extent the forms of election and coronation were, they did not lose such real importance as they had possessed earlier, but furnished an important acknowledgment of the rights of the nation, as well as a recognition of the duties of the king."

It was natural that, as the king rose in estimation, his immediate officers should share his exaltation. In England, as in France, the offices of the royal household were coveted by the highest nobles, and became hereditary in certain families. Our chief interest in them consists in the fact, that out of them, by successive changes and adaptations, grew the different departments of high State administration. At first these officers were the great officers of State as well. They were the judges in the two high courts of Exchequer and the King's Court. Gradually their powers were laid on others, and they became what they are now—ornamental appendages of royalty, relics of feudalism in a most unfeudal age. The first officers we meet with are the royal steward, butler, chamberlain, and constable, of whom the justiciar, treasurer, and marshal were at first deputies or assistants.

The high justiciarship was a temporary office, a sort of viceroyalty, necessary during the king's frequent absences on the Continent, which passed away when Normandy was happily lost to England. The justiciar was usually a clever ecclesiastic, sometimes a tyrant like Ranulf Flambard, sometimes a wise administrator like Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, under Henry I. Flambard is called by one writer, "*negotiorum totius regni exactor*," where *exactor* has its primitive meaning, as in Isaiah lx. 17, "I will also make thine officers peace and thine *exactors* righteousness," an expressive phrase in Flambard's days. The justiciarship was merged in the older office of chancellor, "the name being probably derived from the *cancelli*, or screen, behind which the secretarial work of the royal household was carried on." The chancellor was generally an ecclesiastic. "The whole of the secretarial work of the household and

court fell on him and the chaplains; the keeping of the royal accounts under the treasurer and justiciar, the drawing up and sealing of the royal writs, and the conducting of the king's correspondence. The chancellor was in a manner the Secretary of State for all departments."

It sounds strange to our ears to be told that all these offices were saleable. The chancellor, in 1130, owes £3,006 13s. 4d. for the great seal; the office of treasurer was bought by Bishop Nigel for his son for £400. Inferior offices were assessed at a lower rate. Public opinion at last compelled the recognition of fitness instead of wealth.

We have said that the great household officers presided in the two high courts of the realm. As judges in the Exchequer, along with such others as the king is pleased to associate with them, they are called Barons of the Exchequer. The court is so named, it seems, "from the chequered cloth which covered the table at which the accounts were taken, and which suggested to the spectator the idea of a game at chess between the receiver and payer." The complete organisation of the court is referred to the days of Henry I. Its meetings were at Easter and Michaelmas at Westminster Palace, when the whole finance of the kingdom passed under review. In an upper chamber the accounts were examined and settled, and in a lower one the money was transferred. "The record of the business was kept in three great rolls, one kept by the treasurer, another by the chancellor, and a third by an officer nominated by the king, who registered the matters of legal and special importance. The rolls of the treasurer and chancellor were duplicates; that of the former was called from its shape the great roll of the Pipe, and that of the latter the roll of the Chancery. These documents are mostly in existence."

The main business was the rendering by the sheriffs of all the accounts of the shires: on one side, the revenue from rents, taxes, judicial fines, feudal imposts; and, on the other, the expenditure. "In token of receipt, a tally was made, a long piece of wood, in which a number of notches were out, marking the pounds, shillings, and pence received; this stick was then split down the middle. Each half contained exactly the same number of notches, and no alteration could, of course, be made without certain detection." These customs have left well-known relics in

our days. The Master of the Rolls derives his title from the old Exchequer Rolls.

The Barons of the Exchequer were also justices in the Curia Regis, King's Court, along with specially appointed judges, who nominally represented the king's tenants-in-chief. The court was both a court of appeal from minor courts, and also one of first resort in special cases. Cases were also called into this court by writ, a Norman practice. Here originated the system of equity, intended to remedy defects of legal enactment. The provincial circuits of the judges, which previously were occasional, under Henry I. were made more regular.

Both the county courts and hundred courts continue in their ancient constitution and functions, with the exception of certain innovations. The pleas of the Crown are reserved to the King's Court, which has also the power of interfering by royal writ. The most important change is the practice of deciding matters by the oath of jurors sworn for the purpose. There is also plentiful proof of a desire to avoid attendance at these courts. The Pipe-Roll reports that "the judges and jurors of Yorkshire owe a hundred pounds that they may no more be judges or jurors." Fines for non-attendance figure largely in the sheriffs' accounts. The manorial and other Norman courts are only the old township-courts under foreign names.

The witenagemot lingered as the great court or council of the king, meeting when and containing whom he pleased. Professor Stubbs's account of the qualifications of its members is most cautiously worded. "It cannot be certainly affirmed" (which means, we suppose, that this was the general rule) "that the tenure of a particular estate of land, held by homage and fealty, either was an indispensable qualification, or bestowed the privilege of membership; and, before the reign of Henry II., it would be rash to maintain that every tenant-in-chief of the Crown was a member of the assembly, although every member of the assembly was, after the settlement of the question of investiture, obliged to hold his barony by homage and fealty." "Of any representation of the freeholders in general, there is not even a suspicion." The constituent members were archbishops, bishops, abbots, earls, barons, and knights. "An assembly of courtiers, holding their lands of the king, and brought together rather for pompous display than for political business,



may seem scarcely entitled to the name of a national council. Such as it was, however, this court of bishops, abbots, earls, barons, and knights was the council by whose advice and consent the kings condescended to act, or to declare that they acted." The ancient powers of the council in legislation, taxation, judicature, and general questions continued nominally in full force, but its real influence was inconsiderable. We must pass over interesting details given respecting the different orders of nobility. "The dignity of an earl was conferred by special investiture, the girding on of the sword of the county by the king himself, and may be regarded so far as a personal rather than a territorial office, like knighthood itself. But the idea of official position is not lost sight of, although the third penny of the pleas and the sword of the shire alone attest its original character." "The title of baron, unlike that of earl, is a creation of the Conquest. The word, in its origin equivalent to *homo*, receives under feudal institutions, like *homo* itself, the meaning of vassal. Homage (*hominium*) is the ceremony by which the vassal becomes the man of his lord: and the *homines* of the king are barons. Possibly, the king's thegn of Anglo-Saxon times may answer to the Norman baron." The knight answers to the thegn. "He occupies nearly the same extent of land, and in several respects has an analogous history. . . . The practice of 'dubbing to knighthood' may have had a corresponding Anglo-Saxon usage; it certainly is nowhere mentioned as a Norman innovation, and it is unlikely that Ethelred, Canute, or Edward the Confessor, who had great acquaintance with foreign usages, should not have introduced into England the institution of chivalry, which was then springing up in every country in Europe."

A more important fact, though little suspected at the time, is the increasing power of the towns, which was eventually to control council, courts, and king. The Anglo-Saxon township, or bundle of townships, very little removed from the village, has grown in Norman days into the chartered community, with its hierarchy of guilds and guaranteed privileges. At first the towns are subject to the sheriff, who finds in them ample food for extortion; but gradually they emancipate themselves from this thralldom by the purchase of charters from the king or lords. The Conqueror's charter to London is very meagre. "William the king greets William the bishop and Gos-

frith the port-reeve, and all the burghers within London, French and English, friendly : and I do you to wit that I will that ye twain be worthy of all the law that ye were worthy of in King Edward's day. And I will that every child be his father's heir after his father's day ; and I will not endure that any man offer any wrong to you. God keep you." Henry I. is more generous. London is made a county of itself, and allowed to have and elect its own sheriff and justiciar, to whom alone it is subject. "The citizens are not to be called before any court outside their own walls, and are freed from Danegeld, from scot and lot, from responsibility for the murder-fine, and obligation to trial by battle ; they are freed from toll and other duties of the kind throughout all England, at the ports as well as inland. They are to possess their lands, the common lands of their townships, and their rights of coursing in Chiltern, Middlesex, and Surrey." "In A.D. 1130, there were four sheriffs or vice-comites, who jointly account for the ferm of London, instead of the one mentioned in the chapter ; and part of the account is rendered by the chamberlain of the city." A waggish chronicler describes the guild-hall of London as "*Aula publica quas a potorum conventu nomen accepit.*" The provincial towns make similar progress towards independence and self-government. "The charter of Archbishop Thurstan, of York, to Beverley, places the 'hans-hus,' or guild-hall, among the foremost of the privileges conferred on his men. 'I will that my men of Beverley shall have their hans-hus, that they may there treat of their by-laws, to the honour of God, and St. John and the canons, and to the improvement of the whole township, freed according to the same law as that which those of York have in their hans-hus.'"  
 Professor Stubbs appends the following note : "The hans, afterwards such a name of power, appears first in England, later in Germany. It seems to be identical with *guild*, and it is also used in the sense of a tax." The growth of the corporations was not viewed with universal satisfaction. Richard of Devizes, who probably discerned their democratic tendencies, calls them, metrically, "*Tumor plebis, timor regis, tepor sacerdotii.*"

Closely connected with the towns were the merchant and craft guilds, whose descent Professor Stubbs traces from the still more ancient religious and frith guilds, and which again are the parents of our rich city companies.

"The merchant-guilds contained all the traders, whether or no they possessed an estate of land. The charters of Oxford and other towns direct that no one shall exercise any merchandise in the town who does not belong to the merchant-guild, or cannot plead ancient custom. . . . There were craft-guilds besides, those of the weavers and shoemakers, for instance, which might in small manufacturing towns aim at the same position, but which would, as a rule, content themselves with making regulations for their own crafts, and with possessing property to pay the expenses of their own festivals." The power of these monopolies excited the jealousy, as their wealth excited the cupidity, of the kings. "In the reign of Henry II., there can be little doubt that the possession of a merchant-guild had become the sign and token of municipal independence; that it was in fact, if not in theory, the governing body of the town in which it was allowed to exist. . . . Yet the merchant-guild and the governing body of the town are not identical in idea; the chief of the guild is the alderman; the chief of the magistracy is the *præpositus*, or reeve."

Professor Stubbs's teeming pages present many other inviting topics—Domesday, analogies of continental institutions, villenage, ecclesiastical affairs, the Norman military force. Our gleanings are only taken from part of the first volume; but they are enough to show that the Norman kings—at least William I. and Henry I.—grasped the kingdom as a whole, and provided for its government; and that their policy, probably more from necessity than choice, was the amalgamation of the two nationalities. The Saxons and Normans together traced the lines on which all our subsequent national life has gone, one in state, the other in local administration. Either would be too little alone; the union of both secures the permanence of rational freedom and orderly progress. We close with another quotation from the same pages: "The effect of the Norman Conquest on the character and constitution of the English was threefold. The Norman rule invigorated the whole national system: it stimulated the growth of freedom and the sense of unity, and it supplied, partly from its own stock of jurisprudence, and partly under the pressure of the circumstances in which the conquerors found themselves, a formative power which helped to develop and concentrate the wasted energies of the native race. In the first place, it brought the nation at

once and permanently within the circle of European interests, and the Crusades, which followed within a few years, and which were recruited largely from the Normans and the English, prevented a relapse into isolation. The adventurous and highly-strung energy of the ruling race communicated itself to the people whom it ruled; its restless activity and strong political instinct roused the dormant spirit, and disciplined even while it oppressed it. For, in the second place, the powers which it called forth were largely exercised in counteracting its own influence. The Normans, so far as they became English, added nerve and force to the system with which they identified themselves: so far as they continued Norman, they provoked and stimulated by opposition and oppression the latent energies of the English. The Norman kings fostered, and the Norman nobility forced out, the new growth of life. In the third place, however, the importation of new systems of administration, and the development of new expedients in every department of government, by men who had a genius, not only for jurisprudence, but for every branch of organisation, furnished a disciplinary and formative machinery, in which the new and revived powers might be trained—a system which, through oppression, prepared the way for order, and by routine educated men for the dominion of law; law and order which, when completed, should attest by the pertinacious retention and development of primitive institutions, that the discipline which had called them forth and trained men for them, was a discipline only, not the imposition of a new and adventitious polity. For the Norman polity had very little substantial organisation of its own; and what it brought with it to England was soon worn out, or merged in that of the nation with which it united. Only the vigour and vitality which it had called forth was permanent."

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**ART. II.—Russia.** By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, M.A. 2 Vols. London : Cassell, Petter and Galpin, 1877.

AN interesting parallel might be drawn in several particulars between Russia and the United States—for example, in vastness of territory and natural resources, the policy of commercial protection, newness of chief towns and institutions, absence of an aristocracy, the recent extinction of serfage in one case, and slavery in the other. We need not wonder that the existence of so many common features leads to considerable sympathy, as was seen during the American civil war. Of course, these resemblances are superficial beside the far greater differences. In race, religion, and government the contrast is immense. Take the last point. Russia is the only great country in Europe in which autocracy, pure and simple, exists; while in the United States self-government is carried to an extreme limit. But it must be remembered that the form of government has been just as much an historical growth in one case as in the other. For two centuries Russia lay under the yoke of the wild Tartars, the brethren of the Turks, a state of subjection which was only made possible by internal dissension and strife. Gradually the princes of Moscow absorbed their neighbours, and thus acquired the power which enabled them to deliver their country from the yoke of the foreigner. Only a strong central government could have effected the deliverance, and heavily as the burden of absolutism has since pressed upon the country, at the time it was the only price by which independent national existence could be bought. Thus Russian autocracy is the legacy of Tartar oppression. We may remark, by the way, that the vivid tradition of Tartar rule has made sympathy with the Christian peoples of Turkey a national and ineradicable sentiment. It is not Imperial ambition and lust of territory which European powers have to reckon with in Russia, but profound national sympathies, which are hereditary and universal.

To return, the undivided supremacy of the Czar is the most striking feature in Russian public life. He has his

councils and ministers, but he need not follow their advice, and the final word is always with him. Even in constitutional countries, the will of the head of the State has many ways of making itself felt, but in Russia the initiative of every public measure rests with the Emperor, who also controls its progress, and decides the issue. We could not have a better illustration than the contrast between the late and present Emperors. Nicholas was a born Caesar. He ruled in the spirit of his ancestor Paul, who, on some one referring to certain "considerable" persons at Court, replied, "Understand that there is no one considerable here save the person to whom I speak, and during the time that I am speaking." His only faith was in the power of repression, to prevent evil and secure prosperity at home and abroad. If the screw is not tight enough, it must have another and another turn. "Attend to your military duties," he would say; "don't trouble your heads with philosophy. I cannot bear philosophers." With the Crimean war, this stern system, pursued consistently for thirty years, collapsed, and Alexander II. began a more benignant policy. Perhaps there was never a single reign in any country in which so many great social changes have been made as the present one. But this serves to show the extreme fickleness and uncertainty of despotisms. In theory the most stable and uniform, in fact they depend on the chances of human life and of human will and passion. Alexander's system may be reversed by his successor, and the country take a new direction in home and foreign affairs. A constitutional government could only be established in Russia by an Imperial fiat or a general revolution—the first not a probable, the second not a desirable method. Supposing the first, autocracy would be apt to fetter with conditions the liberty it conceded. Absolute government assumes that one man knows, or by his servants can learn, the wants of a nation, and is able to supply them better than the nation itself. It is much as if government were to undertake to feed every day the population of London. We know what would be the results of a commissariat on that scale. But, really, this would be a trifle in comparison with the attempt to legislate for the growing life and wants of a great nation.

It is to the action of the same system that we must attribute the conspiracies to which Russian society is given, and which make Siberia a necessary political insti-

tution, as well as the panics which sometimes sweep like storms over the people. The adage about "idle hands" is true of politics. Everything may be done for a people, but the mere instinct of activity will find for itself an outlet, good or bad. Kept in the dark as to the reasons and meaning of public policy, the people are at the mercy of fancy and rumour.

The most striking example of the working of Russian absolutism is the abolition of serfage by Imperial decree in 1861. An old institution, which had grown imperceptibly from the national soil, and become interwoven with interests which affected every family in the country, was swept away almost by a stroke of the pen. It was done in time of peace, not, as in America, for quasi-military reasons. Contrast this with the long agitation, in the face of powerful opposition, necessary to secure the abolition of slavery in the British possessions. In Russia, Imperial authority cut the knot. Despotie beneficence is even more striking than despotie cruelty.

The comparison of serfdom to American or other slavery was always resented by Russians as an insult. Mr. Wallace says: "I must warn the reader that he ought not to use this phrase in presence of a Russian. On this point Russians are extremely sensitive. Serfage, they say, was something quite different from slavery; and slavery never existed in Russia!" And we must acknowledge that there was reason for the disclaimer. There was no wholesale introduction of a foreign race, as in America and the West Indies, to be the property of others, and to be dealt with as other property. The serfs were Russians. This alone created a bond of sympathy, the want of which was a capital evil of American slavery. Sympathy of race and religion prevented in Russia anything like general and systematic abuse of the master's power. Many as were the cases of atrocious cruelty, they were strictly exceptional. Serfage was not in the first instance established by law or force. It was the condition in which the whole of the peasantry were found, and the condition had grown insensibly, just as the relations between proprietors and tenants have grown in our own country. There were many set-offs, as we shall see. The peasant had his own property, his own patch of land, and, his dues being discharged, was his own master in everything else. He might be sold, but not by public auction. His dues were paid in labour, money,

or kind, chiefly in the first. The law required him to give three days' labour a week to his owner, and this was variously arranged. He sustained relations to the State, and paid taxes, independently of his master. Still, with every possible alleviation, a serf's lot was hard enough. He was bound to the estate, and changed masters with it. He could not migrate, and the laws against runaways read very much like Fugitive Slave laws elsewhere. A noble's wealth was reckoned by the number of his serfs, rather than by the number of roubles and acres. A proprietor might inflict corporal punishment, and the knout is as peculiar to Russia as Siberian exile. A master might also, which the peasant feared most of all, cause his serfs to be drafted into the army or transported to Siberia, and this by a simple complaint against which there was no defence or appeal. The government forbade appeal or remonstrance, from fear of encouraging insubordination. Of course, the master who fell back on this last resort lost so much service. The law said: "The proprietor may impose on his serfs every kind of labour, may take from them money dues (*obrok*), and demand from them personal service, with this one restriction, that they should not be thereby ruined, and that the number of days fixed by law should be left to them for their own work."

The only restraints on oppression and cruelty were the practical ones of restraint and fear. Assassination never seems to have been a popular weapon as in Ireland, but incendiarism was common. The common name for it was, "letting go the red cock," "a phrase which corresponds to the old French expression, '*les charpentiers rouges*,' well known before and during the Revolution."

"We might naturally suppose that an unscrupulous proprietor, armed with the enormous legal and actual power which I have just described, could very easily extort from his peasants anything he desired. In reality, however, the process of extortion, when it exceeded a certain measure, was a very difficult operation. The Russian peasant has a capacity of patient endurance that would do honour to a martyr, and a power of continued, clogged, passive resistance, such as is possessed, I believe, by no other class of men in Europe; and these qualities formed a very powerful barrier against the rapacity of unconscientious proprietors. As soon as the serfs remarked in their master a tendency to rapacity and extortion, they at once took measures to defend themselves. Their first step was to sell secretly all the



cattle which they did not actually require, and all the movable property which they possessed, except the few articles necessary for everyday use; and the little capital that they thus realised was carefully hidden somewhere, in or near the house. When this had been effected, the proprietor might threaten and punish as he liked, but he rarely succeeded in unearthing the hidden treasure. Many a peasant, under such circumstances, bore patiently the most cruel punishments, and saw his sons taken away as recruits; and yet he persisted in declaring that he had no money to ransom himself and his children. A spectator, in such a case, would probably have advised him to give up his little store of money, and thereby liberate himself from persecution; but the peasants reasoned otherwise. They were convinced, and not without reason, that the sacrifice of their little capital would merely put off the evil day, and that the persecution would soon recommence. In this way they would have to suffer as before, and have the additional mortification of feeling that they had spent to no purpose the little that they possessed. Their fatalistic belief in the 'perhaps' (*avos*) came here to their aid. Perhaps the proprietor might become weary of his efforts when he saw that they led to no result; or, perhaps, something might happen which would remove the persecutor."

The number of serfs on private estates was upwards of twenty millions; there were as many more on State domains, beside a million or so domestic serfs. Thus, the whole agricultural strength of the country, five-sixths of the total population, were in a state of semi-bondage in their own country. Truly, "a bold peasantry, their country's pride," was not the boast of Russia. The block this state of things was in the way of general improvement of every kind is self-evident to us, and became evident at last to the Russians. The strongest natural incentive to progress was unknown. The condition of the agricultural population in our own country is far from satisfactory, but it is far in advance of that of Russia in serf days. Many efforts to effect an improvement had failed. It is another instance of the parallel with America, that emancipation was at last the indirect result of war. It may seem strange, but Mr. Wallace's book proves incontestably that the defeat of the Crimea was an unspeakable benefit to Russia. Even if the present Emperor's disposition had been less pacific, he would have found it difficult to continue his father's policy of repression. The people said: "We have sacrificed freedom, wealth, sons, to maintain a

military system which has miserably failed in the hour of trial. We have no chance of competing successfully with the other nations of Europe while effort is discouraged and progress checked by the servile condition of the masses." The advance in trade, education, railways, local self-government, since those days, has been extraordinary. Instead of the 750 miles of railway in 1854, there are now 11,000. The Emperor has to do with the direction in which railways are cut. When the plans for the Petersburg and Moscow line were submitted to Nicholas, he drew a straight line from one city to the other, saying, "You will construct the line so." "And the line was so constructed," straight as the crow flies for 400 miles, "like St. Petersburg and the Pyramids, a magnificent monument of autocratic power."

The initiative in emancipation was taken by the Emperor Alexander, who invited the nobles to consider the means by which the change was to be effected. The act was resolved on; all that was left to others was a question of means. As the nobles did not at first manifest an intense eagerness to sacrifice a large portion of their wealth for the general good, commissions of inquiry were appointed, which sat about five years, and culminated in the Imperial decree of emancipation of Feb. 19, 1861. Imperial power never before enacted so great and beneficent a revolution. But the decree was only carried into effect by means of great patience and willingness to submit to sacrifice on the part both of nobles and people. The Russian proprietors deserve every praise for the good grace with which they bowed to necessity. The three provisions of the law were:—"1. That the serfs should at once receive the civil rights of the free rural classes, and that the authority of the proprietor should be replaced by communal self-government. 2. That the rural communes should, as far as possible, retain the land they actually held, and should, in return, pay to the proprietor certain yearly dues in money or labour. 3. That the Government should, by means of credit, assist the communes to redeem these dues, or, in other words, to purchase the lands ceded to them in usufruct." The nobles lost both land and labourers. How far they have been recouped in other ways, and how emancipation has told on their position and that of the peasants, is a difficult question, which Mr. Wallace discusses with great fulness and ability. The chapters in which he does this, as well

as his account of the origin of serfage, will be found full of interest.

To settle differences between proprietors and peasants, "Arbiters of Peace" were appointed, who proved admirably suited to their task. They met with many curiosities of ignorance. An idea which took possession of many peasants was that the whole estate belonged to them. The following is a *bond fide* conversation: "*Arbiter*. If the Czar gave all the land to the peasantry, what compensation could he give to the proprietors to whom the land belongs? *Peasant*. The Czar will give them salaries according to their service. *A*. In order to pay these salaries, he would require a great deal more money. Where could he get that money? He would have to increase the taxes, and in that way you would have to pay all the same. *P*. The Czar can make as much money as he likes. *A*. If the Czar can make as much money as he likes, why does he make you pay the poll-tax? *P*. It is not the Czar who receives the taxes we pay. *A*. Who, then, receives them? *P*. (after a little hesitation, and with a knowing smile.) The officials, of course!" Other villages sent word to the proprietor that as he had always been a good master, they would leave him house and garden for his lifetime.

The quietness and speed with which the emancipation was carried out, and its nearness to us, conceal its greatness. Coming generations, tracing the vast social consequences which are inevitable, will measure it more accurately. Professor Lightfoot (*Epistles to Colossians and Philemon*, p. 394) does not err in placing this act among the greatest achievements of the age. We quote his eloquent words: "The rapid strides towards emancipation during the present generation are without a parallel in the history of the world. The abolition of slavery throughout the British Empire, at an enormous material sacrifice, is one of the greatest moral conquests which England has ever achieved. The liberation of twenty millions of serfs throughout the Russian dominions has thrown a halo of glory round the name of Alexander II., which no time can dim. The emancipation of the negro in the vast Republic of the New World was a victory not less important than either to the well-being of the human race. Thus, within the short period of little more than a quarter of a century, this reproach of civilisation and humanity has been wiped out in the three greatest empires of the world. It is a fit

sequel to these achievements, that at length a well-directed attack should have been made on the central fortress of slavery and the slave trade, the interior of Africa. May we not venture to predict that, in future ages, when distance of view shall have adjusted the true relations of events, when the brilliancy of empires and the fame of wars shall have sunk to their proper level of significance, this epoch will stand out in the history of mankind as the era of liberation?"

The year of the emancipation witnessed another reform of scarcely less importance—adequate provision for the administration of justice. The previous system was marked by every possible vice—secret proceedings, judges without pay or training, and subject to popular election—everything in the hands of secretaries and clerks. Artificial checks and counter-checks were expected to do the work of publicity and special training. The title of an old play, *The Unheard-of Wonder; or, The Honest Secretary*, sufficiently indicates public opinion. The decree of Nov., 1864, altered all this. Two sets of courts were organised—Justice of Peace and Regular Tribunals—each with both civil and criminal jurisdiction, the first for minor, the second for grave offences. Each contains an Ordinary Court and a Court of Appeal. Above all is a Supreme Court of Revision, which takes cognisance of technical informalities. There is also a Minister of Justice, Procureur-Général, with a subordinate in each court. The function of the last department is "to preserve the force of the law, to detect and repair all infractions of judicial order, to defend the interests of the State and of those persons who are officially recognised as incapable of taking charge of their own affairs, and to act in criminal matters as Public Prosecutor." Englishmen, as a rule, have little faith in brand-new institutions organised for a special purpose; but as the new method has worked well, it must have met a real want. The independence of the judges is not what we are accustomed to, but it is probably enough for Russia at present. The judges are, as far as possible, trained men, the number of whom is increasing. Good barristers are even scarcer than good judges, and it will be a long time before Russia possesses such a trained, independent, high-minded bar, as is essential to fair play in litigation. The greatest innovation of all was the introduction of the jury system, which promises to be as suc-

cessful as the rest. When we are told that Russian juries are greatly influenced by class opinions and prejudices, we are told nothing peculiar to that country. In England the law leaves considerable discretion to the judge in the severity of the sentence, but the Russian code leaves none whatever, the penalty for each offence being rigidly fixed. As a jury knows that no extenuating circumstance will be considered, it exercises the latitude which the judge cannot. An attempt was made to remedy this by forbidding counsel to inform the jury of the penalty that would follow conviction. "This ingenious device not only fails in its object, but has sometimes a directly opposite effect. Not knowing what the punishment will be, and fearing that it may be out of all proportion to the crime, the jury sometimes acquit a criminal whom they would condemn if they knew what punishment would be inflicted. And when a jury is, as it were, entrapped, and finds that the punishment is more severe than it supposed, it can take its revenge in the succeeding cases. I know, at least, one instance of this kind. A jury convicted a prisoner of an offence which it regarded as very trivial, but which in reality entailed, according to the Code, seven years' penal servitude. So surprised and frightened were the jurymen by this unexpected consequence of their verdict, that they obstinately acquitted, in the face of the most convincing evidence, all the other prisoners brought before them."

A less successful innovation of the same year was the Zemstvo, answering in part to a Local Government Board. "Its principal duties are to keep the roads and bridges in repair, to provide means of conveyance for the rural police and other officials, to elect the justices of peace, to look after primary education and sanitary affairs, to watch the state of the crops, and take measures against approaching famine." There is a board for each of the districts into which the forty-six provinces of the empire are divided, as well as a general one for each province. There is abundance of work for such boards. The country is still poor both in roads and bridges. The roads have not been made but grown, the only change seen in them is that the ruts somehow change their position. As to the bridges, it is never wise to use them, if there is any other means of crossing a river. Mr. Wallace applies to them an Irishman's description of the Church, "The bridge that separated the two great sections of the Irish people." The

following is his account of experience of this kind. "When it is possible to approach the bridge without sinking up to the knees in mud, it is better to avoid all risks by walking over, and waiting for the vehicle on the other side; and when this is impossible a preliminary survey is desirable. To your inquiries whether it is safe, your *yemstchik* (postboy) is sure to reply, '*Nitchevo*,' a word which, according to the dictionaries, means 'nothing,' but which has, in the mouths of the peasantry, a great variety of meanings. In the present case it may be roughly translated, 'There is no danger.' '*Nitchevo, Barin, proyedem*,' 'There is no danger, sir, we shall get over.' You may refer to the generally rotten appearance of the structure, and point in particular to the great holes sufficient to engulf half a post-horse. '*Ne bos, Bog pomozhet*,'—'Do not fear, God will help,' replies coolly your phlegmatic Jehu. . . . Making hurriedly the sign of the cross, he gathers up his reins, waves his little whip in the air, and shouting lustily, urges on his team. The operation is not wanting in excitement. First there is a short descent; then the horses plunge wildly through a zone of deep mud; next comes a fearful jolt, as the vehicle is jerked up on to the first planks; then the transverse planks which are but loosely held in their places rattle and rumble ominously, as the sagacious animals pick their way cautiously and gingerly among the dangerous holes and crevices; lastly, you plunge with a horrible jolt into a second mud zone, and finally regain *terra firma*."

The Zemstvo has not yet taken root. The new taxation, which, as we know, is generally the first result of new institutions, prejudices it, and the people are unused to the work of self-government in any form. In one place it was proposed that education should be made compulsory, while no fine or punishment should be inflicted. At the time this discussion was going on, the street in front of the meeting-place of the assembly was two feet deep in mud! Still, the institution has done good. "In the first place, it fulfils tolerably well its ordinary everyday duties, and is very little tainted with speculation and jobbery. Secondly, it has greatly improved the condition of the hospitals, asylums, and other benevolent institutions committed to its charge; and it has done much, considering the limited means at its disposal, for the spread of popular education by founding village schools and a few seminaries for the

preparation of schoolmasters. In the third place, the Zemstvo has created a new and more equitable system of rating, by which the landed proprietors and owners of houses are made to bear their share of the public burdens. Last, and not least, it has created a system of mutual fire insurance for the villagers—a most valuable institution in a country like Russia, where the great majority of the peasants live in wooden houses, and fires are extremely frequent."

The prime defect in all these measures is that the people, for whose sake they are adopted, are little considered in their introduction. Russia is pre-eminently a country of theory and experiment in social and administrative matters. The question asked seems to be less "What does Russia need?" than "What succeeds in other countries?" The measures adopted bear a foreign rather than native stamp. France is the country principally imitated. The use of the French language in the higher classes is an index of the extent to which French politics, philosophy, and manners influence society. If the people had a larger share in the framing of new laws and institutions, those laws and institutions might be less symmetrical and less to the taste of political theorists, but they would be better adapted to the work to be done, and more likely to be permanent. A greater contrast could scarcely be imagined than exists between the commissions of inquiry which prepare the way for legislation in Russia, and commissions in England. English commissions direct their inquiry exclusively to the facts of the case, the grievances existing, and the solution suggested on the spot. Russian commissions wander all over the world, past and present, and air erudition and theories of the most irrelevant character. This is called "shedding the light of science on the question." Our author gives some curious specimens. A commission which sat to inquire into the law of imprisonment for debt began its report with references to "the Salic laws of the fifth century, and the Assises de Jerusalem, A.D. 1099." The following relates to a memorial on benevolent institutions: "First, I find a philosophical disquisition on benevolence in general; next, some remarks on the Talmud and the Koran; then a reference to the treatment of paupers in Athens after the Peloponnesian War, and in Rome under the emperors; then some vague observations on the Middle Ages, with a quotation that was evidently intended

to be Latin ; lastly comes an account of the poor-laws of modern times, in which I meet with 'the Anglo-Saxon domination,' King Egbert, King Ethelred ; 'a remarkable book of Icelandic laws, called Hragas ;' Sweden and Norway, France, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, and nearly all the minor German States. The wonder is that all this mass of historical information, extending from the Talmud to the most recent legislation of Hesse-Darmstadt, is compressed into twenty-one octavo pages !"

At the top of the State edifice is the Emperor, who, as Peter the Great said, "has to give an account of his acts to no one on earth, but has a power and authority to rule his States and lands as a Christian sovereign, according to his own will and judgment." Dependent on him are the Council of State, Committee of Ministers, and Senate, who serve as his eyes. The first two are simply consultative, the last is chiefly judicial. Then there are the ten Ministries, who are the Emperor's hands—the Interior, Public Works, State Demesnes, Finance, Justice, Public Instruction, War, Navy, Foreign Affairs, the Imperial Court. Each Ministry has its official representatives in every province, the Ministry of the Interior being represented by a Governor, Vice-Governor, and Council. Under these is a whole army of officials, ranged in fourteen classes, to keep the huge machine at work. Here is a perfect model of centralised paternal government. The roundabout methods of representative institutions are not to be compared with a direct system like this, if the men who work it are perfect, and above the infirmities which make checks and responsibility essential elsewhere. Unfortunately this is not the case. Before the present reign corruption was universal, a regular tariff of bribery existed, and officials have been known even to return the change. The stories of American official corruption recur to us.

We have said that Russia, like America, has no aristocracy. Feudalism, which gave birth to the aristocracies of England and France, never existed there. The ecclesiastical property confiscated from time to time has gone to enrich the State, not to endow great families. Rank depends on official position (*Tchin*), not on birth and length of pedigree. A *Tchinovnik* (official) is practically the noble in Russia, and as such is courted and flattered. Prince is a very equivocal title. One Russian prince was formerly a cab-driver. "His Serene Highness Prince



Menshikoff had begun life, it was said, as a baker's apprentice." The majority of Russian nobles proper are poor. A few have fabulous wealth, but it is a mistake to judge of the whole by these exceptions.

We have now to notice an extraordinary phenomenon, which looks very much like a contradiction of what has gone before—the existence of the village communal system in its primitive form. The "commune" has acquired evil associations, but it is a very innocent term, and simply means that each village, to a certain extent, has all things common. The Russian village-system is nothing more nor less than the system which existed in Germany before the Saxon emigration to England, and in this respect Russia is all these centuries behind. For the regulation of its own affairs each village is a self-governed republic; and when we remember that the great bulk of the population is agricultural—there being only twenty-five towns with more than 25,000, and only eleven with more than 50,000 inhabitants—it will be seen that this system is the counterpoise of the central absolute Government. The village is responsible to Government for the taxes, the individual is responsible to the village, and as long as the cultivator reaps his grain and pays his way, he reckons little of what is done in the world of St. Petersburg. In the village commune we have representative government on a small scale, and out of this in England grew the application of the principle to higher matters. But this growth has never taken place in Russia; the system has never gone any farther.

Let us look a little closer. "In order to understand the Russian village-system, the reader must bear in mind two important facts: the arable land and the pasturage belong, not to the individual houses, but to the commune, and all the households are collectively and individually responsible for the entire sum which the commune has to pay annually into the Imperial Treasury." It is evident that the village cannot allow its members to remove to towns without a guarantee for the payment of the quota of taxes. Great numbers migrate to towns, but they remit their share of the taxes, and are always liable to recall. The land is of three kinds: that on which the village stands is not subject to redistribution; the pasturage is redistributed every year; the arable land is redistributed at longer intervals. This is exactly the system pursued in ancient Germany.

The arable land belonging to the village is divided into three fields, to suit the triennial rotation of crops. Each field is subdivided into strips; each family receives one or more strips in each field. To our minds the property of each cultivator being thus separated might seem inconvenient; but the habits of the peasantry have been long adapted to this state of things. Again, we might think that the prospect of redistribution would discourage improvement, and be a premium on indolence; but the division of lands is effected by the village-assembly, which is not likely to encourage what would injure the general interests.

Each village has its Elder (*Starosta*), elected annually, and Assembly (*Skhod*). The village eldership or mayoralty, in spite of its badge of office—a bronze medal, and salary of a few roubles—is shunned rather than coveted. It is Sunday afternoon. The whole village—men, women, children—are assembled on the green. The question is, Who is to be the new elder? “As soon as this question is asked, several peasants look down to the ground, or try in some other way to avoid attracting attention, lest their names should be suggested. When the silence has continued a minute or two, the greybeard says, ‘There is Alexei Ivánof; he has not served yet.’ ‘Yes, yes; Alexei Ivánof,’ shout half a dozen voices, belonging probably to peasants who fear they may be elected. Alexei protests in the strongest terms. He cannot say that he is ill, because his big ruddy face would give him the lie direct; but he finds half a dozen reasons why he should not be chosen, and accordingly requests to be excused. But his protestations are not listened to, and the proceedings terminate—a new village elder has been duly elected.”

It is the division of lands which excites the keenest feeling and discussion. In the North, where the land is poor, the object of each householder is to get as little as possible; in the South, where it is fertile, the case is the reverse. The ingenious pleading would sometimes do credit to an English House of Commons. It will be seen from the following that the commune has not merely female suffrage, but female members of the House: “Next comes one of the old wives. Her husband is a permanent invalid, and she has three little boys, only one of whom is old enough for field labour. If the revision list were taken strictly as the basis of distribution, she would receive four

shares; but she would never be able to pay four shares of the communal burdens. She must therefore receive less. When asked how many she will take, she replies, with downcast eyes, 'As the *Mir* (commune) decides, so be it.' 'Then you must take three.' 'What do you say, little father?' cries the woman, throwing off suddenly her air of subservient obedience; 'do you hear that, ye orthodox? They want to lay upon me three souls! Was such a thing ever heard of! Since St. Peter's Day my husband has been bedridden—bewitched, it seems, for nothing does him good. He cannot put a foot to the ground—all the same as if he were dead, only he eats bread.' 'You talk nonsense,' says a neighbour, 'he was in the *kabák* (ginshop) last week.' 'And you,' retorts the woman, 'what did you do last parish *fête*? Was it not you who got drunk and beat your wife till she roused the whole village with her shrieking? And no further gone than last Sunday—*pfer*!' 'Listen,' says the old man, sternly; 'you must take at least two shares and a half. If you cannot manage it yourself, you can get some one to help you.' 'How can that be? Where am I to get the money to pay a labourer?' asks the woman, with much wailing, and a flood of tears; 'have pity, ye orthodox, on the poor orphans—God will reward you.' And so on." "After the number of shares for each family has been decided, the distribution of the lots gives rise to new difficulties. The families who have manured plentifully their land strive to get back their old lots, and the commune respects their claims so far as these are consistent with the new arrangement; but often it happens that it is impossible to conciliate private rights and communal interests, and in such cases the former are sacrificed in a way that would not be tolerated by men of Anglo-Saxon race. This leads, however, to no serious consequences. The peasants are accustomed to work together in this way, to make concessions for the communal welfare, and to bow unreservedly to the will of the *Mir*."

We are told in one case of a discussion respecting the opening of a ginshop in a village. A town trader wished to establish one, and offered a yearly sum to the commune. The respectable people, and all the women, were against it, foreseeing the ruinous consequences; but the trader succeeded in gaining a majority.

It must be remembered that the communal system and serfdom existed side by side. The peasants were at the

same time serfs and members of village-communes. At least this is as we understand Mr. Wallace, who states that five-sixths of the whole population are found in the villages ; and this was nearly the number of serfs. We confess to a feeling of regret that the tendency of recent great changes is to profoundly modify a really native institution like this, and that there is a possibility of its passing away altogether in process of time. "By the law of 1861 the commune is enabled to redeem the dues, and become absolute proprietor of the land. This is effected by a series of yearly payments, extending over nearly half a century, and each family contributes to these payments according to the amount of land which it possesses. Now, the question is, Will these peasants, who have been paying for a certain definite amount of land, willingly submit to a redistribution by which they will receive less than the amount for which they have paid? I think not. The redemption of the dues—or, in other words, the purchase of the land—has already considerably modified the peasants' conceptions of communal property, and it may be remarked that in those communes which have undertaken the redemption operation, redistributions have become rare, or have entirely disappeared."

Far more important than anything yet mentioned in relation to the future of the country is the condition of the Russian Church, which, as every one knows, is a branch of the Eastern Orthodox Church. On this subject our author gives, what we expect from a traveller, not a dissertation on the history, dogmas, and discipline of the Church, which can be got elsewhere, but an account of its present moral condition. His account is supported by the authority of six years devoted to study and observation in the country itself. The worst omen, as it seems to us, for the future of Russia is that its Church is the least living and progressive of any bearing the Christian name. Needing a Reformation as much as the rest of Europe, the country has never had one ; and in the religious state of Russia we may see what Western Europe would have been without the Reformation, which many depreciate and abuse. No spiritual revival has visited the Church. The nation has marched on, while the Church has stood still. On education, literature, science, it has no influence whatever. "Salt of the earth," "light of the world," "grain of mustard-seed," "leaven," would be the last images to apply to it. The

religion it teaches is mechanical ceremony; and the only difference we can discern between Russian Christianity and, say, Mohammedanism or Hinduism is the facts symbolised in the ceremonies. Doubtless the great facts of Divine redemption cannot be without effect, however disguised; but their influence is reduced to the lowest minimum. Any improvement by the infusion of new life from without is scarcely to be expected, as proselytism would not be allowed. The idea of religion being coextensive with the nation is as natural to the Russian as to the Hindu mind. According to this idea a Russian must belong to the Greek Church, an Englishman to Protestantism, a Frenchman to Romanism, a Turk to Mohammedanism, and anything else would be out of order.

Very much of this apathy must be put down to the low moral state of the parish priests, who are generally poor, without education, without force of character, and often without morality. They are, in fact, an exclusive caste, having no connection with the wider life of the nation. Their chief anxiety is about their dues. By a master-stroke of impolicy the bishoprics and higher posts are closed against them, being supplied from the ranks of the monks. Thus a married clergy is ruled by celibate overseers, and the stimulus of honourable ambition is removed. The following is from a secret report made to the Grand Duke Constantine by Mr. Melnikof, "an orthodox Russian, celebrated for his extensive and intimate knowledge of Russian provincial life :"

"The people do not respect the clergy, but persecute them with derision and reproaches, and feel them to be a burden. In nearly all the popular comic stories the priest, his wife, or his labourer is held up to ridicule, and in all the proverbs and popular sayings, where the clergy are mentioned, it is always with derision. The people shun the clergy, and have recourse to them not from the inner impulse of conscience, but from necessity. . . . And why do the people not respect the clergy? Because it forms a class apart; because, having received a false kind of education, it does not introduce into the life of the people the teaching of the Spirit, but remains in the mere dead forms of outward ceremonial, at the same time despising these forms, even to blasphemy; because the clergy itself continually presents examples of want of respect to religion, and transforms the service of God into a profitable trade. Can the people respect the clergy when they hear how one priest stole money from below the pillow of a dying man at

the moment of confession ; how another was publicly dragged out of a house of ill-fame ; how a third christened a dog ; how a fourth, whilst officiating at the Easter service, was dragged by the hair from the altar by a deacon ! Is it possible for the people to respect priests who spend their time in the ginahop, write fraudulent petitions, fight with the cross in their hands, and accuse each other in bad language at the altar ? Is it possible for the people to respect the clergy when they see everywhere amongst them simony, carelessness in performing the religious rites, and disorder in administering the sacraments ? Is it possible for the people to respect the clergy when they see that truth has disappeared from it, and that the consistories, guided in their decisions not by rules but by personal friendship and bribery, destroy in it the last remains of truthfulness ? If we add to all this the false certificates which the clergy give to those who do not wish to partake of the Eucharist, the dues illegally extracted from the Old Ritualists, the conversion of the altar into a source of revenue, the giving of churches to priests' daughters as a dowry, and similar phenomena, the question as to whether the people can respect the clergy requires no answer."

We only add that past history partially explains this state of things ; the priesthood is largely the victim of circumstances ; that such plain-spoken language as the above is a hopeful sign ; and some measures of reform have been adopted which may yet bear fruit.

"Like priest, like people." The people have boundless faith in the magical power of ritual. Cases like the following are extreme, but that they are possible indicates the lowest state of religious life. A robber attacks and kills a traveller, but refrains from eating a piece of meat found on him because it is a fast-day ! A housebreaker, before setting out, enters a church, and implores the help of the saints ! A church-robber, unable to extract the jewels from an Icon, vows that if a certain saint will assist him, he will dedicate a rouble's worth of tapers to the saint's image — i.e., asks one saint to help in robbing another !

"It must be admitted that the Russian people are in a certain sense religious. They go regularly to church on Sundays and holy-days ; cross themselves repeatedly when they pass a church, or Icon ; take the Holy Communion at stated seasons ; rigorously abstain from animal food—not only on Wednesdays and Fridays, but also during Lent, and the other long fasts ;

make occasional pilgrimages to holy shrines ; and, in a word, fulfil punctiliously all the ceremonial observances which they suppose necessary to salvation. But here their religiousness ends. They are generally profoundly ignorant of religious doctrine, and know little or nothing of Holy Writ. . . . Of theology, and of what Protestants term the 'inner religious life,' the Russian peasant has no conception. If he has been baptised in infancy, has regularly observed the fasts, has annually partaken of the Holy Communion, and has just confessed and received extreme unction, he feels death approach with the most perfect tranquillity. He is tormented with no doubts as to the efficacy of faith or works, and has no fears that his past life may possibly have rendered him unfit for eternal felicity. Like a man in a sinking ship, who has buckled on his life-preserver, he feels perfectly secure."

This is an instructive example of the worth of the "devotion" often commended to us in certain quarters.

Russian devotion centres on the Icons, pictures of Christ, Mary and the saints, which are in the Greek, what images are in the Roman Church. They are half-lengths, executed in the old Byzantine style, on a yellow or gold ground, and often covered with a metal plate, embossed so as to represent the figure and drapery, very much like the stiff ungainly figures out of which Western art took its rise. These pictures are to be found in every house, facing the door. Good orthodox Christians bow to them and make the sign of the cross. This also constitutes the grace before and after meat. There are a few miraculous Icons, as the Madonna of Moscow, which is taken every day on a visit to those who will pay for it in a carriage and four, the driver bare-headed, and the people in the street bowing.

Russia has its Dissenters, but their principle in one respect is the opposite of that of English Nonconformity. Their secession is not in order to secure greater simplicity of creed and ritual, but in order to preserve points which the Church is supposed to have lost. The points of difference are geometrical "without parts or magnitude," and curiously illustrative of Russian ceremonialism. They are such as, the position of the priest's fingers in making the sign of the cross, wearing the beard, repeating "Hallelujah" twice instead of thrice, the orthography of "Jesus," saying sometimes, "O Lord, have mercy," and sometimes "Lord, have mercy." The monastery of Solovetak

stood a siege of seven years rather than read Jisus instead of Jsus ! "Where," asked one of the patriarchs of Moscow, "will those who shave their chins stand at the last day, among the righteous adorned with beards, or among the beardless heretics ?" The change of the New Year from September to January was another grievance. It was argued that the world could not have been created in January, because apples are not ripe at that season, and therefore Eve could not have been tempted in that way ! In the eyes of the Dissenters the Church is the real apostate or heretic. There are too chief classes, the Old Ritualists and Priestless People (*Bespopostsi*), the latter a split from the former. According to the latter, the Church is so fallen that it has no true priests or sacraments. There have been the usual accommodations and extremes, and it might not be impossible to reconcile the more moderate of the Old Ritualists to the Church. They have always shown the greatest facility in modifying their creed at the bidding of circumstances. When in a difficulty for want of priests, they first consented to receive all priests from the Church who were consecrated before the apostasy, then all who were baptised before, then all indiscriminately. Even among the "Priestless People" there are some more extreme than others. The two sects together number seven millions. There are numerous smaller sects.

Outside these again are heretics proper. Mr. Wallace gives a very interesting account of a sect in South Russia, called the *Molokáni*, in whom he is inclined to see many affinities with Presbyterianism. At their chief settlement, Alexandrof-Hai, a town lying between the Volga and Ural, in their lower courses, he had a discussion of several hours with their chief men. A folio Bible in Slavonic was placed for reference, but it was not needed. The interlocutors were able to quote passages at any length from memory. The people are distinguished for their industry, cleanliness, morality and comfortable circumstances. The Bible is their only authority, but they have not yet fixed for themselves any standard of doctrine. "For their ecclesiastical organisation, the *Molokáni* take as their model the early Apostolic Church, as depicted in the New Testament, and uncompromisingly reject all later authorities. In accordance with this model they have no hierarchy and no paid clergy, but choose from among themselves a Presbyter and two assistants—men well known among the



brethren for their exemplary life, and their knowledge of the Scriptures—whose duty it is to watch over the religious and moral welfare of the flock. On Sundays, they hold meetings in private houses—they are not allowed to build churches—and spend two or three hours in psalm-singing, prayer, reading the Scriptures, and friendly conversation on religious subjects. If any one has a doctrinal difficulty which he desires to have cleared up, he states it to the congregation, and some of the others give their opinions, with the text on which the opinions are founded. If the question seems clearly solved by the texts, it is decided; if not, it is left open.” Of the origin of the sect nothing certain is known. It is evident, that, with religious liberty in the country, we have here the material of an extensive reformation.

The *Stundisti* are simply evangelical Protestants. There are fanatics of all kinds, like the *Khlysti*, who believe in visions and revelations, and *Skoptsi*, or Eunuchs, and even Jumpers, of whose doings it is not fit to speak.

We cannot follow Mr. Wallace in his excursions among the Tartars, who drink mare’s milk (*Kousniss*) like their ancestors, and the Cossacks, who, under civilising influence, are losing their wild habits of life. The Cossacks have no mean opinion of their own military powers, and boast that, if they had been allowed, with a flotilla of small boats they would have captured the British fleet in the Black Sea! As a specimen of the customs which are now passing away take the following: “As the Cossacks knew very little about land-surveying, and still less about land-registration, the precise boundary between two contiguous plots was often a matter of uncertainty. When determined, the following original method of registering it was employed. All the boys of the two settlements were collected and driven in a body, like sheep, to the intervening frontier. The whole population then walked along the frontier that had been agreed upon, and at each landmark a number of boys were soundly whipped and allowed to run home. This was done in the hope that the victims would remember, as long as they lived, the spot where they had received their unmerited castigation. The device, I have been assured, was generally very effective, but it was not always quite successful. Whether from the castigation not being always sufficiently severe, or from some other defect in the method, it sometimes happened that

disputes afterwards arose, and the whipped boys, now grown up to manhood, gave conflicting testimony. When such a case occurred, one of the oldest inhabitants was chosen as arbiter, made to swear on the Scriptures that he would act honestly to the best of his knowledge; then, taking an Icon in his hand, he walked along what he believed to be the old frontier. His decision was accepted as final."

Few countries have ever been described by a foreigner as Russia is described by Mr. Wallace. He qualified himself for the work by learning the language, and gives references which we fear will be thrown away upon English readers. One of his notes says: "Among the latest contributions to this subject is a *brochure*, which ought to be studied by those who take an interest in the subject. It is by Mr. Kovalefski, and is entitled, *Otcherk istorii raspadeniya obshtchinnago zemlevladéniya v Kantoné Vaadt*. London, 1876." No phase of Russian life is omitted in these impartial volumes, many of the statements and portraits of which will not be taken in Russia as flattering. The style is singularly clear and terse. Not a dull page will be found in the volumes.

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**ART. III.—1. *Life in Christ: A Study of the Scripture Doctrine on the Nature of Man, the Object of the Divine Incarnation, and the Conditions of Human Immortality.* By EDWARD WHITE. Second Edition. London: Elliot Stock. 1877.**

**2. *The Duration and Nature of Future Punishment.* By HENRY CONSTABLE, A.M. Fifth Edition. London: Kellaway and Co.**

EVERYTHING that lives has its life in Christ, and everything that is has its being in Christ. For creation and conservation are Mediatorial as certainly as redemption. All, too, are through the same Mediator, "who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature: for in (*ἐν*) Him were all things created that are in heaven and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by (*δι'*) Him, and for (*εἰς*) Him: and He is before all things, and in (*ἐν*) Him all things consist" (Col. i. 15—17). In Him is the ground of all creaturely being, and the root of all creaturely life. For as of the eternal Father from whom are all things, so also of the everlasting Son of the Father through whom are all things, it may be truly said that "in Him"—as the necessary and abiding ground of our existence—"we live, and move, and have our being." For He was the Mediator of all Creation.

But the relationship of man to the all-creating Word was still more intimate. For as "the Son" of God, "by whom He made the world," is "the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person," so man was elected to participate in this His excellent glory, being made in His "image," and after His "likeness." This image and likeness could not pertain to his material, but must have been the property of his higher and spiritual, nature. There, in that spiritual essence, which is the fountain of thought, of emotion, and of will, and the centre of reason, of reflection, and of conscience, and there alone, could be found those powers and properties in which he could be truly like his Maker, be fitted for intelligent

and happy fellowship with Him, and be capable of becoming the glory and minister of the Creator on the earth which was assigned to him for a possession and dominion. And as the creative thought and force went forth from God in and through His Son, in whom was reflected the perfect idea of the Universe before all time, so the intelligent apprehension of that thought and force, as embodied in Creation, was to awaken within the kindred spirit of man emotions of profoundest adoration which should, on the one hand, impel him upward in acts of joyous and grateful worship, and, on the other, to an active course of service which should harmoniously tend in the same direction. Hence the connection between the image of God which was in him, and the dominion with which he was crowned over the earth with its inhabitants.

Yet, being but a creature, though possessed of such Divine powers and prerogatives, he was, of necessity, free to misuse and pervert those powers. Of this fact he must have been intimately conscious, and he had due warning against it. The consequences of fidelity to his trust were to be life, blessedness, and eternal glory in fellowship with God through His Son, symbolised sacramentally in the fruit of "the tree of life," "in the midst of the paradise of God." The penalty for unfaithfulness was to be death, not simply the loss of animal life and personal being, but that of conscious innocence, of fellowship in "the life of God," and of consequent misery and ruin. That death did, indeed, confessedly include the death and destruction of the animal organism. But was that all? And did that involve the extinction of personal life and being? If so, where was the propriety of designating the symbol of this result—"the tree of the knowledge of good and evil!" Surely the knowledge was to be a subjective knowledge, pertaining to those who should gain sad possession of it by their own transgression, and who should retain painful experience of it through all the manifold death which it involved. But whatever the precise nature and full import of that death and its symbol, we know that Adam sinned, and incurred the penalty.

But now was introduced a new provision of "life in Christ," to be secured for men through His Incarnation. How profoundly this whole economy of redeeming love is grounded in the primitive natural relationship of the human race to the all-creating Son of God, has not yet

been sufficiently studied or expounded.\* But the fact is obvious that the race, as fallen and sinful, owes its existence to the Incarnation. This is no mere assumption, for the support of a self-originated theory, but a necessary implication of Biblical statement. How much soever more may have been implied in the warning given to Adam in respect to the fruit of which it was said, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die," it certainly could not mean less than moral depravation and physical dissolution. But if that penalty had been executed literally on the very day of transgression, then the whole race must have perished in Adam. There could have been no successive generations of men, bearing his likeness, and multiplied from him as their source. Therefore it is obvious that apart from the redemption in the Second Man, who is the Lord from heaven, the race must have died in the first, and never could have had any other than *a once potential and possible existence*. For even that must have died in the death of the first offending pair. In that sense, and, as we believe, in that sense alone, was any child of man involved in the liability to everlasting death, through Adam's one offence. And that the race did not so perish, at its very head and source, is due to the prospective provision of life and salvation in Christ.

The life, therefore, which the entire race of man now lives is redemption life, a life from the dead. It lives this life in Christ, by Christ, and for Christ. The natural life itself has become the first provision of the great restitution. Therefore, to whatever extent men may have suffered injury, or been placed at a disadvantage, through their natural connection with the first man, they have ample assurance of far more than compensation through their provided relationship to the Second. If they are instrumentally brought into existence by the one, they are really caused to exist by the other. They *are*, because He has purchased for them *the right to be*. They are for His sake, and for His purposes. They are His purchased possession, through whom He is working out the new Creation. Hence, all children, as such, pertain to His kingdom. "Of such," Himself declares, "is the kingdom of God." They are the King's property, and continue His, till alienated by

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\* Dale on *The Atonement*. Lecture X.

personal transgression. Hence, all who die in infancy most assuredly pass over into the kingdom of His glory. Hence, also, no man either does or can come to everlasting ruin but through his own fault, in resisting the truth and grace of Him who lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Hence, too, in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness, according to the light and grace afforded, is accepted of Him. For a Mediatorial cleansing of the "whole lump" of humanity, including even the Gentile and heathen portion thereof, has been effected by the great High Priest of our profession. That humanity, which was represented to St. Peter by "all manner of four-footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air," was no longer to be accounted unclean, either by him, or by any one. It had in it abundance of precious material to be built into the great spiritual temple of the living God; and therefore the Gospel of the "common salvation" is to be preached to every creature.

Yet the life which is thus secured to the race is but provisional. It supplies that initial life of manhood which may be defended, nurtured, and trained up to complete development and everlasting glory. It founds the possibility of personal probation for each, and places each one for himself in a position, in respect to the eternal life, which corresponds to that of Adam before the fall. In this sense the "immortality" of each is "conditional." For his character and destiny are not fixed for him either by an eternal, irreversible decree, or by his natural relationship to the first Adam, or by this provisional relationship to the Second. Enough of life and grace comes to every man, through the great Mediator, to test his character, and to make manifest what is the real disposition of his heart in respect thereto. The Judge of all the earth can have no difficulty in deciding who, even amongst the darkest heathen, are rightly affected towards the truth, nor in regenerating them to eternal life by the truth. And as to those who enjoyed the advantage of His Personal Ministry, as of those also to whom His Gospel shines brightly forth, Himself has affirmed that "every one that is of the truth heareth My voice;" and "he that heareth My Word, and believeth on Him that sent Me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life" (John xviii. 37, and v. 24).

Now, what is this *LIFE*, this *everlasting LIFE*, which Christ bestows upon all them that believe? Is it a real, powerful, and blessed life, having a definite beginning and continued force in the believer, as something superinduced upon, though becoming most intimately one with, his previous natural life? Or is it simply a secondary property—that of immortality—imparted to the life already possessed? That, we apprehend, is the real question raised by those who so stoutly contend for “conditional immortality.” We maintain that Christ came to *give LIFE* to the world. They protest virtually that *He did not come to give life*, but only to *impart to human life the property of immortality*. According to them, Adam was created naturally mortal, but with a capability of immortality, in respect to his whole being. They maintain that to die is to perish, to lose personal being, to go out of existence. With them “life” is “animal existence,” and “death is the loss of “animal existence;”<sup>\*</sup> and the loss of animal existence is for man “the loss of life and being.” “‘Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish.’ Revolting from the rule of the Eternal, he falls back upon his own mortality, and comes under that law of evanescence which has dominated over all living creatures on earth since the beginning of the Kosmos.”† In death his life is absolutely extinguished, so that, in that very hour, all his thoughts, and all his power of originating thoughts, for ever perish. *He is no more* as a conscious subject either of joy or suffering; but is utterly and for ever abolished. God Himself defined the nature of the death to which he was doomed, and which was to make an utter end of him, when He said, “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.”‡

That penalty of death was incurred by Adam for himself and all his posterity. But the Christ came to reverse this doom, and to provide, for all who would accept of it, the forfeited gift of immortality. The eternal life which He bestows is simply and only a life, for body and soul, which shall never die. It involves a resurrection to a state of incorruption. And all ideas of holiness and bliss

\* *Future Punishment*, pp. 28—29.

† *Life in Christ*, p. 125.

‡ *Future Punishment*, Chap. iii. Mr. White really holds the same views as to the nature of death, but he believes that the original sentence has been modified by Christ.

are merely those of secondary properties which pertain thereto. The very "object of the Incarnation was to immortalise mankind." For man can live for ever only by spiritual union with the Incarnate Deity. Apart from that, he will die, perish, be destroyed. But in Christ, and in Christ alone, shall he have an immortal life.\*

But they affirm further that all men die literally the death which was incurred by Adam's one offence. In Adam all die the ordinary, which is the only real, physical death. *That is the first death.* But all men shall also be literally made alive again in Christ. For there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. Yet, for all who have not become one with Christ, that shall be *a resurrection to nothing more than a mortal life similar to the present.* These are made alive again in order that they may endure the punishment of death for their personal offence in rejecting the proffered gift of salvation and eternal life in Christ. They may be, nay, we know, they shall be subjected to varied degrees of torment, according to the degrees of personal guilt incurred, preparatory to that death. But death, the dissolution of their personal being, the extinction of life and consciousness, is to be the ultimate lot of every one of them. That is the death which is the doom of sin. That is the death which every one must suffer who does not obtain life in Christ. *And that is the second death.*†

This is affirmed to be the sum of Biblical teaching. This, in substance, was the faith of Adam and the Patriarchs, of Moses and the Prophets, of Christ and His Apostles. This, too, was the faith of the Christian Church, till that faith became corrupted by the admixture of Gentile philosophies and superstitions. Not in Israel, but in Egypt, did the doctrine of the soul's immortality originate. Not by Christ, but by Socrates and Plato, was that doctrine commended to general acceptance. Not from inspired Apostles and Prophets did this pernicious error descend into the faith of Christendom; but from the half-converts to Christianity which were made from the subtle disciples of the Greek philosophers. And "that Christendom should," in this matter, "fall back upon heathenish speculations, and return to the beggarly elements of Asiatic

\* *Life in Christ*, pp. 225—231.

† *Future Punishment*, p. 205; also Chap. viii. *Life in Christ*, Chap. xxiv.



and Athenian philosophy as the basis of hope, is consonant with other parallel portions of the history of European thought." For "Europe sentenced herself to fifteen hundred years of priestcraft and restored paganism through forgetting the lessons of primitive Christianity."\* And all this is put forward ostensibly on the ground of Biblical testimony, and pre-eminently on that of the discourses of the Lord Jesus, as reported in the fourth Gospel, concerning the life which He came to impart to perishing men.

Great stress is laid upon the fact that death, in its primary sense, means always and only the extinction of life, a position which, we suppose, no man would call in question. But unless the life of a man be so simple and incomplex a thing as that when he dies in any sense, he must die in every sense; unless it be so simple as that he cannot lose his life in respect to any part of his being, without losing his life in respect to his whole being; it appears to us that the perpetually reiterated truism is nothing whatever to the point. Unless it be true, for instance, that spiritual life, or life in the Spirit, is not real life, and that moral death is not real death; and unless it be true also that death to the body is also, of necessity, death to the soul, involving the dissolution and destruction of the whole personal being; it will follow that the soul, the central man, the true person, may still live on, although the body be dead and reduced to its primitive dust; and also that the bodily organism, in fellowship with the informing and directing mind, may still continue in life, health, and vigour, although the life in the Spirit, the man's true life, his real virtue and glory, has been long extinct. Nay, the soul, the central person, the thing of thought and consciousness and will, may still live on, though the man be already *twice dead*, and *plucked up by the roots*, and still living, may be "like a raging wave of the sea, foaming out his own shame." Nor will it do to say, in reply, that there the death spoken of is manifestly a mere figure of speech. Is it so?

We, on our part, have as much right to assume that the ideal life of man, that for which he was at first created, and to which he has been redeemed, is a perfect unity, made up of diverse and separable streams from the one great Fountain of Life, as our opponents have to assume

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\* *Life in Christ*, Chap. viii. *Future Punishment*, Chap. ii.

that it is a simple and inseparable unity, which cannot perish in any respect without perishing in every respect. The former assumption is of quite as much force naturally as the latter; nay, manifestly of much greater force, inasmuch as it is the one made by all but universal man; and, which ought to be conclusive, is proceeded upon as true by the whole body of inspired writers.

It is said that, when "God spoke to Adam of death," He spoke of it as something "whose nature Adam already knew;" and that he knew of death "in one sense *and in one sense only*;" that "he knew it as the law of the lower creatures; and that it consisted in the loss of their being and existence."\* It is affirmed that "he could affix no other interpretation to the word 'death' than that to which he was accustomed, when he employed it, in his short use of language beforehand, *in relation to the animal system around him.*" "In all probability he had no distinct idea of his 'soul' as *capable of a separate existence*, apart from his body, but conceived of his being as one." "We conclude, therefore, that the original threatening, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die,' was intended to signify a literal, immediate, and final dissolution of the nature of Adam as a man; his death, in the ordinary sense of the word, without any reference whatever to the state, or even to the survival, of the spirit beyond."†

But is it safe to come to any such conclusions upon the evidence supplied? To assume that Adam's knowledge of death reached to nothing beyond the dread dissolution of the animal organism? Or to imagine that he supposed that that would put an end to his own personal existence? If such conclusions are legitimate in respect to Adam, much more must they be so in respect to Moses, who wrote the account, and to the people of Israel, for whom it was written. Did then Moses, or the people of Israel, so understand the matter? Did they assume that Adam so understood the matter? We think not. We judge that there is, clearly underlying the whole record, the assumption of an after-life, and that too of the soul or spirit of the man as distinct from the life of his body. With equal clearness, we find the implication that, in such an after-life, the wicked are punished and the righteous are at rest.

\* *Future Punishment*, p. 29.

† *Life in Christ*, pp. 110—118.

If not, if the solemn threat of death for disobedience referred only to the death of the animal organism, and if that was understood to involve the entire extinction of life and being, how very strange that the first human subject of death should have been not a sinner, but a saint ! And how much stranger still that this should have called forth no note of explanation ! Grant it true that Adam and Eve had submitted to Divine mercy, and been justified from sin, yet there could have been no such judgment of justification in favour of the sinful Cain. Such there had been for the righteous Abel. He had been openly accepted and approved by the God of heaven. It was the very fact of that public attestation of acceptance which provoked the murderous resentment of his brother. But, in the sense contended for, at least in this case, the soul that sinned did not die, while the justified saint did die, and that, too, by the hand of horrible violence ! Is it possible to imagine that either Adam, or Moses, or Israel, supposed that this death of violence had put the righteous Abel out of existence, and that, so far as he was concerned, the matter was for ever ended ? It will not do to read into the record the suggestion of a then-existing knowledge of a coming resurrection of the dead. That suggestion is not in the narrative. There is not a tittle of evidence tending in that direction ; while there is evidence which proves that there was an existing belief in Israel that the soul did survive after the body's death. The evidence to this effect, which is scattered throughout the Old Testament Scriptures, is of such variety and force as to convince Mr. White, at least, that such was the common conviction.\*

And if not, if death is in all cases one only and simple, involving the extinction of conscious being—if when a man dies, he dies wholly, the life of his soul being as effectually extinguished as that of his body—then, we ask, how can that man experience a resurrection ? No doubt the same particles of matter could be recombined in the same proportion and order, but that cannot restore the personal consciousness. And the specific individual life, what of that ? Can it be restored again when once it has been extinguished ? That, it is supposed, has gone to nothing, or has been reabsorbed into the great original fountain of life as an altogether impersonal thing. Surely that can

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\* *Life in Christ*, pp. 318—322.

never be restored. Or if it can, it must be by a power which could originate an indefinite number of persons, having an equally identical consciousness. To us it seems to be altogether impossible and inconceivable that the person can be restored when his *life and being* have been altogether abolished—though it is abundantly obvious that the same creative power which first originated his being and life, can originate any number of other similar beings. To us, therefore, it is absurd to talk of a resurrection from the dead if the dead have really gone out of life and existence. There can be no continuity, and therefore no consciousness of continuity, of personal life and being.

The conclusiveness of such reasoning seems to be clearly perceived, and therefore to be admitted, by Mr. White.\* For he writes, "If no spirit survived, it might be truly said that a wholly *new* being was then (in the resurrection) created to suffer for the offences of another long passed away." He therefore holds, with the orthodox Church, that, when men die, they do not utterly pass out of life and being. He holds that the souls of all men still live after the men themselves have died and passed away from the land of the living. Whatever the amount of consciousness and activity of thought or sensibility, the *shades* are there, in the under-world, some in comparative rest and peace, others in a state of disquiet or torment, awaiting the resurrection of the last great day. He maintains, indeed, that this is not a natural or normal state of things, that the survival of men's souls after the death of their bodies was not according to the Creator's original purpose, but that it is a great continued miracle of mediating and redeeming power. It is a miracle necessitated by the purpose of a resurrection to eternal judgment. For if it were true that men died wholly, and passed altogether out of life and being, when the body falls a prey to death, then there could not possibly be either resurrection, judgment, or retribution beyond the present life.

But the marvel is that any man should fail to perceive the logical consequences of such an admission. For if this is true, if men do really die, and perish out of the land of the living, and yet continue to live a conscious, personal life beyond the grave, then it follows of necessity that all the stupendous array of witnesses, summoned to

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\* *Life in Christ*, p. 333.

testify that for a man to die, to perish, to be destroyed, involves the utter extinction of his personal life and being, are at once confronted with a direct denial of their testimony, and the denial is admitted to be true ! But men do die. They really and truly die, and, in that sense, perish. Death reigned from Adam to Moses. It has continued to reign, right down through the ages from Moses to the present time. Thus the death-roll began : "Cain rose up against Abel, his brother, and slew him." Thus was it continued : "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years ; and he died." And so, with two exceptions, it has gone on to the present time. All the successive generations of men have "died," they have "perished," they have been "destroyed." Of some of them it is recorded that the Lord "destroyed them with a mighty destruction till they were destroyed."\* And yet the souls of all these men survive. Therefore it is not true that for a man to die, to perish, to be destroyed, is precisely the same thing as for him to pass out of life and existence.

It is of no avail to attempt to neutralise this argument by affirming that death—the death which dissolves the vital union between the soul and body—is really the "dissolution of a man's being as man ;"† that "the true idea of death is the breaking up of the human monad ;" and that when "the complex man is dissolved he is dead, no matter what may become of the component elements of his being."‡ For, if the whole mystery wrapped up in these well-weighed words, is simply this, that when the animal organism has fallen a prey to death and dissolution, the man exists no longer as a man, though it is true that his personal soul has passed over in life and consciousness to another state of being, then no one—at least, no one on the orthodox side—will call in question the fact. The souls of men, in the separate state, are not men ; their being, as men, is no longer complete and perfect ; but, though they are dead as men, they still live the same personal life, retaining the same consciousness, and sustaining the same relationship of accountability to the great Father and Judge of all. As men, they are dead ; they have perished ; and yet they have not gone

\* Any one can verify the above statements by consulting a "Concordance."

† *Life in Christ*, p. 260.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 106.

out of life and existence. Therefore to die, even in its primitive and most literal sense, is not identical with ceasing to be.

With profound reverence would we refer to the death of Him whose death is the source of everlasting life to all that believe. "Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures." His death was real and true, or He could have had no resurrection from the dead. But, "if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins;" which His death has failed to purge away. "But now is Christ risen from the dead;" and therefore He must have actually died. The Jews sought to *destroy* Him; and they accomplished their dark purpose literally, by delivering Him to be crucified. The fact of His death is not denied, but maintained fully by these advocates of conditional immortality. And "when Christ died, He was as a man 'destroyed' (Matthew xxvii.). The 'shedding of His blood' was the pouring out of the 'life' of the 'flesh,' which was the shrine of the Godhead."\* Most true. But did He, in death, go wholly "out of life and existence"? When He cried with a loud voice, and said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit;" and, having said this, "yielded up the ghost" (Luke xxiii. 46), did His human spirit pass out of life and being? Nay, was its most intimate personal union with "the Eternal Spirit," through which He "offered Himself without spot to God," dissolved? Most surely not. Yet "the death" which He endured was the penalty for human sin, "to its full extent," says Mr. Constable, but this without any Biblical warrant.† But though Jesus truly died, and was by the Jews destroyed, He did not lose His personal life and being; and therefore it is not true that, for a man to die, to perish, to be destroyed, even in its proper and primitive sense, involves of necessity the extinction of continued conscious being.

All our reasoning hitherto has proceeded upon that life and that death which all men equally admit to be really such, whatever their opinions may be as to the existence of the souls of men beyond the grave. But now we come to inquire more closely as to what that life really was which Christ came to bestow upon believing men. It involved, no doubt, the resurrection of the body to a state of life

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\* *Life in Christ*, p. 105.

† *Future Punishment*, p. 81.

which should be spiritual, powerful, glorious, and immortal. But surely that was not to be its main characteristic; nor does it indicate its initiative point, but only one in its advancing evolution. For it involved also the preservation of the believer's soul in a state of blessed life between death and the resurrection. For the Master's own words are, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he die, shall still live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall not die for ever" (John xi. 25, 26). Thus the believer dies, and yet he does not die; and even that of him which dies shall not continue for ever under the power of death, but shall be raised up again to endless life. But again, that blissful life of believers' souls, which they live with Jesus in the Paradise of God, does not betoken *the beginning of the life*, but only gives assurance that the life already possessed shall not be broken in upon and interrupted by death. What, then, is this life, which survives and triumphs over death and the grave, and which assures even to the dead body a resurrection to eternal glory? We are told that spiritual life is not a Scriptural phrase. But what of the thing itself, apart from the phrase? Is there not a life originated in the soul by regeneration? Are not believers now justified? And is not their justification a justification of life? Is it not true that he who believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life? And, whether called spiritual life or not, is it not life in the Spirit? (Rom. viii. 10). It is not, indeed, something which exists separate and apart from the natural personal life, but it is nevertheless a new current of life infused into that, and becoming most intimately one with it. It is a life of real transforming power, which restores a man to his right moral state, brings him into harmonious adjustment with the conditions of his being, internal, external, and eternal; causes him to become a partaker of the Divine nature; and, being maintained unto the day of eternity, ensures his perfect and everlasting blessedness.

Now, is this "life of God," from which men, in their sinful state, are alienated, something new and real given to believers by Christ even while they are here upon earth? Have they now obtained real possession of this everlasting life? Or do they now possess it only by prolepsis, as they might be said to possess "the inheritance of the saints in light"? Or as sinners may be called the

dead, because they are already as good as dead ?\* According to our reading of the Scriptures, we find that believers are already put in possession of a life which is real, true, present, and powerful, and which even now causes them to become "transformed by the renewing of their minds." Was the first, or natural life, originated by creation? This is originated in a "new creation." Is that perpetuated and increased by generation? This is so by regeneration. Is that sustained and nourished to maturity by meat which perisheth? This is so by meat which endureth unto everlasting life. Is that proved and manifested in the functional activity of the bodily organs, and in the activities of voluntary being? This is demonstrated in the normal activity and predominance of the moral and spiritual nature, gradually bringing the whole being, even the body, with all its appetites and passions, into loving subjection to the law of liberty in Christ. The man who is destitute of it is really dead, though he lives; and he alone truly lives who enjoys this life in Christ. He is a living branch in the True Vine; a living stone in the living Temple; a living member in the Body of Christ. He, and he alone, can say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." The life of Jesus is even now manifested in his mortal flesh. That is the True Life (1 Tim. vi. 19).

But if this life be true and real, and not a mere secondary property of life, and if it be that of which man was originally possessed in the fellowship of the Spirit, and by the right use of which he was to attain permanently the ideal perfection of his nature, then he who has it not is really, and not only figuratively, dead in respect thereto. Hence, sinful men, though still living in the flesh, are addressed as those who are dead, as those who have no life in them. Over them sin reigns in death, and being dead, they are also *corrupt*, and do abominable works. Such an abortional and corrupted life as that, though prolonged for ever, would not be called by the sacred writers either eternal life or immortality, but rather it would be reprobated as everlasting death. For that death is really the root and source of all other death, as its opposite is the only true and real

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\* *Life in Christ*, p. 306.



fountain of life. Hence, men may be dead, destroyed, may perish, from the right way, and that really, and not by prolepsis only, even while they still remain amongst their fellows, in the fulness of vigour and health as mere animal men.

According to our reading of the record, the life which Christ gives to believing men is spoken of as everlasting or eternal life, not because it alone shall last for ever, but because it alone secures for men for ever their true, real, and complete ideal being. As it is called "the life," the "true life," "the life of God," by way of eminence, as being that which is the crown and perfection of man's being and nature, so it is called the "eternal life," as securing that perfection for ever.

Of course, this life, in its ultimate development and complete manifestation, includes the resurrection and glorification of the body, inasmuch as that is an integral portion of the human person. Hence this is set forth by Christ and His Apostles as being the hope of the Church. By this only can death and Hades be destroyed. By this only can the destructive work of sin be completely reversed. By this only can our redeemed nature, each person in his *wholeness* of spirit, and soul, and body, be presented "blameless" at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Hence, though an Apostle could rejoice in the fact that for him to be absent from the body was to be present with the Lord, the great longing of his life was to attain the resurrection of the dead, and to be clothed upon with the house which is from heaven. Then the body of our humiliation shall be changed, and be made like unto Christ's glorious body.

In respect to the resurrection of the wicked dead the Scripture supplies us with no information beyond the statement of the fact. "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." "All that are in the graves shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and shall come forth : they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." The bodies of the former shall be raised "in incorruption," "in glory," "in power," and "spiritual." "Neither can they die any more, but are as the angels of God." But what change shall pass upon the bodies of the wicked at the resurrection is left in silence. Yet it is hardly legitimate to conclude that they

shall not be changed. Indeed, it seems to us that, on the assumption of the "Conditionalists" themselves, they must be changed. They affirm, it is true, that these shall experience a resurrection only to a mortal life, such as is the present one. Yet the wicked are supposed, at least by Mr. White, to be tormented in material fire. Their torments in the lake of fire are assumed, in some instances at least, to last for an indefinite period of duration—a period indicated by terms which "frequently denote an absolute eternity," though sometimes also "duration of which the end is hidden or undefined, long but limited time."\* But the present animal body could endure no such torment as that. Not to insist that, if still mortal as at present, there must be support provided in a continual supply of food, and that every one must have the power of putting an end at once to his existence and torment. Of small avail, therefore, is it to declare the belief that "the bodies of the wicked are raised *unchanged*, not putting on either incorruption or immortality, but still remaining natural bodies as they were sown."† And small ground is there for such men to indulge in impassioned declamations against foolish and fanatical speculations as to what the change shall be. On either supposition there must be change, but where the spirit of revelation affords no information, it becomes us to be "dumb with silence."

With respect to the future punishment of the wicked, and its duration, we read, with awe, that they are to be cast into hell, "into the fire [whatever that may be] which never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." We are referred back for explanation to the prophecy of Isaiah, whence the description is derived. The Prophet's conception clearly is that the wicked, of whom he writes, were *slain* with the fire and sword of Jehovah, when He was manifested with chariots like a whirlwind, and rendering His anger with fury, and His rebukes with flames of fire. Then the *carcasses* of these slain ones were preyed upon both by devouring worms and consuming fire. That, we are told, clearly denoted extinction of life, and ultimate and utter dissolution of being. But the fact is overlooked that, notwithstanding the destructive forces to which they were subjected, *they were not destroyed*. Their worm did not die; their fire was not

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\* *Life of Christ*, p. 443.

† *Future Punishment*, p. 112.

quenched; they themselves were not reduced to their primitive elements—but they continued “from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another,” apparently for ever, to be “an abhorring unto all flesh” (Isaiah lxvi.). Therefore it will serve no purpose to affirm here that the worm is called undying, and the fire unquenchable, because they could not be destroyed or quenched till they had effectually completed their destructive work. For, so far as appears in the record, the work is assumed to be completed—NEVER. And can any one imagine that the Prophet, by this terrible accumulation of incongruous images, intended to teach that *the punishment was not endured by living beings*, but was provided only as a revolting spectacle for the blessed inhabitants of the Holy City?

And when the Great Teacher gives warning to His hearers to take heed both to save themselves and not to hinder the salvation of others, by affirming that it were better for a man to have a millstone hanged about his neck, and to be cast into the sea, or to be mutilated of hand, or eye, or foot, than so to offend against Him and His as to be cast body and soul into the pit of Gehenna, “where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched”—does that mean only that it were better to escape to everlasting life with the loss of some useful members of the body, than to perish out of being for ever? or that to be put out of being by drowning would be indeed an *euthanasia* as compared with the short, sharp torment of the flames? For even these men suppose that the wicked *are cast alive into the fire of hell*. The fire and the worm, as they teach, are first to kill, after an indefinite and variable period of torment, and then to reduce the residuum to its primitive elements.

But it is said of the selfish and the sinful that, in the day of judgment, they shall have to depart, as the accursed, into the everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels—and which, therefore, can hardly be literal material fire—and that they go away *into everlasting punishment*. While of others it is said that they shall be “punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and from the glory of His power.” If we insist that the eternal punishment, whatever its nature, is affirmed to be as lasting as the opposite eternal life, the position is literally admitted, but virtually denied. For

it is said that the opposite of eternal life is eternal death—the death which is the wages of sin,—and that this is the everlasting extinction of life and being. If reminded that both death and destruction really denote not results but processes; and that if the final outcome of the process should be conceived to be the extinction of personal being, yet that result, in the case supposed, is never attained; or the death and destruction cannot be everlasting, but must of necessity themselves cease to be and go to nothing immediately that the suffering subject has been reduced to that final state; the only pretence to a reply is that, however long or short “the process of death” and “destruction,” the result must be the extinction of life and being. If we still maintain that in that case neither the death and destruction, nor *the punishment* which they betoken, can be everlasting, for that death, destruction and punishment, must all equally die, and be destroyed and go out of being when the subject of punishment has gone to nothing, the position is really admitted, but sought to be evaded by the interjected explanation that their effects are eternal, and that their duration is to be measured by the intended duration of the forfeited life. On this principle, a sentence of capital punishment might be defined as to be for five, ten, or twenty years, according to the age of the criminal, and the average duration of human life!

We are told that the “second death,” like the first, denotes the extinction of life and being, and that it is called *the second death* as being that by which the rejection of the offered life in Christ is punished, as the imputed disobedience of Adam was punished in the first. But, supposing the explanation to be true as to the first and second deaths, which however is only assumed without proof, the position can hardly be supported from Scripture that the second death denotes a period of suffering to be finally terminated by extinction of life and being. For how read we? “The beast was taken, and with him the false prophet,” and “these both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone” (Rev. xix. 20). “And the devil was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever” (Rev. xx. 10). “And the cowardly, and the unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers,

and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; WHICH IS THE SECOND DEATH" (Rev. xxi. 8). Now we are not careful to inquire too curiously into the dread verities themselves which are symbolised by this fearful lake; but we are careful to note the fact that the only inspired writer who speaks expressly of the second death, and who by implication predicates it of the devil, does not define it to be the ultimate extinction of life and being, but *as torment which endureth the day and night FOR EVER AND EVER*. Surely that definition ought to be accepted as conclusive, at least by all believers in revelation.

In addition to the argument on the general question, we have to remark—

1. On the baseless insinuation of Mr. White that we possibly have in Matt. xxv. 46, a corrupted reading, of everlasting punishment, instead of everlasting fire.\* Confessedly there is not a tittle of evidence in any Greek MS. to support such a suggestion. But some two or more Latin versions had the suggested reading, and therefore it may have been the original reading in the Hebrew of St. Matthew! Mr. White makes a very strong point of Matthew x. 28. Suppose we suggest that here also there may have been some error, and that St. Luke alone has preserved the Lord's literal statement! (Luke xii. 4, 5). But such insinuations are utterly unworthy of a learned disputant!

2. On the stress laid upon the fact that the Lord Jesus came into direct collision with the Pharisees on many points of doctrine.† The Pharisees believed in the immortality of all men, as well as in the resurrection of the dead. But Christ denounced many of the doctrines and principles of the Pharisees. Therefore, He must have held that their doctrine of immortality was false. But what amazing reasoning is this! The Sadducees, who believed that death and destruction made an end of men, ensuring the extinction of their life and being, and who did not believe in the resurrection of the dead, any more than in the existence of angels or spirits, were convicted of error on these points by the Lord Jesus. But, in respect to the immortality of all men, and the general doctrine of the last things, as held by the Pharisees, He spake not a word

\* *Life in Christ*, p. 424—428.

† *Life in Christ*, chap. xvi.

of rebuke. It was in respect to these very matters that St. Paul exclaimed, "I am a Pharisee." And we may, therefore, safely conclude that, in the judgment of the Lord, the Pharisees were right.

3. On the position that death and destruction constitute the severest punishment to which a creature can be subjected. Capital punishment is the severest which can be inflicted by civil governments. No doubt it is. But why? Because it puts an end to a man's probation for eternity. But would it be so if it were universally supposed that death infallibly put a man out of pain and suffering for ever and ever? And if extinction of being is the greatest damnation, a punishment which is indeed infinite and eternal, where are those who suffer the lesser punishments? Other stripes, be they many or few, must sink into utter insignificance in the face of that which is supposed to come alike to all the lost! It is the greater damnation, is it? The second death which is to be the everlasting punishment of all the lost? And yet we are told by these strangely inconsistent reasoners, that it were "better not to be than to live in misery," that "we ever find the wretched, when suffering has become excessive, calling upon death as upon a friend," that "the close of each agonised life in hell will be longed for there," and that the end of all "will send a thrill of relief throughout the habitations of the blessed!"\* Can both these positions be true, and can such be the intent and issue of the everlasting punishment foreshadowed by the Lord and His Apostles? We think not.

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\* *Future Punishment*, pp. 23, 25, and 14.

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- ART. IV.—1. *Plutarch's Lives, with Notes, &c.* By J. and W. LANGHORNE. 1778.
2. *Vita Sancti Antonii (Opera Omnia Sancti Patris Nostri Athanasii).* Paris. 1698.
3. *Vita Pauli et Hilarionis (Opera Omnia Hieronymi).* Paris. 1698.
4. *Acta Sanctorum, &c.* Antwerp. 1643-1786.
5. *A New and General Biographical Dictionary, &c.* London. 1761.
6. *Biographie Universelle, Ancienne et Moderne, &c.* Paris. 1811.
7. *Biographical Sketches.* By HARRIET MARTINEAU, &c., &c., &c. 1852-1875.

THE intellectual world seems to have its fashions. These, like the fashions of the outer world, are subject to change. Changes of intellectual fashion are marked in the history of literature; and, when calmly and diligently studied, they afford means of estimating the rate of human advancement towards the high destiny of the race. It would be interesting to note the changes of fashion in the mere forms [of literature—the size, the weight of volume, the number of pages, the type, the modes of issue; and to study the meaning of these as they betoken corresponding changes in modes of thought, in taste, habits, social condition, occupations, pursuits, and even morals and religion. The passing from popular favour of the massive folio forms of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, for example, is deeply significant. It tells of great mental and social movements. It is a chapter in the symbolic history of the human mind. Not less would the interest be to a student of alterations in fashion as to the various classes of literature. As these have come into demand by turn, or have alternately gained and lost their hold on the public mind, they have served to mark shifting phases of intellectual and social life, as may be seen on drawing parallels between the times when Milton's poetry could scarcely find a market, and those in which the reading multitude seem incapable of being wearied by new editions of standard poets; or between the age when huge folios of

sermons were popular and were really enjoyed, and the day when sermon literature is at a discount; or when, at least, long and massive sermons are seldom read. We may just now confine ourselves to one class of literature, which at present largely shares the favour of the reading world.

Biography is in fashion. The rage for memoirs, memoirs, autobiographies, personal correspondence, sketches of personal character, and histories of individual "life and times," is one of those things, amidst the fluctuations of intellectual fashion, which may be taken as deeply significant of progressive change in the character of human thought, principle, and feeling. Biography has always held a high place in the esteem of the few whose taste and intellectual vigour have proved comparatively independent of the more changeable fancies of the popular mind; while from the beginning it has, now and then, secured for itself a period of command even over the reading multitude. This has been owing partly, perhaps, to the fact that it has brought before the attention of the many, the persons, character, doings, and habits, the private as well as public life of the distinguished few. Biography has been popular, because it has gratified the vulgar curiosity by unveiling the idols which have been mysterious objects of the world's wonder, and whose mere names the crowd still delights to honour. So it was, and, to some extent, still is, with what has been called classic biography, produced by the few authors whose names remain among the leaders of profane literature at the opening of the Christian era. These biographers have intrinsic merits, which keep their names alive irrespective of the position and character of those whose lives they sketch; though too many of their sketches have their chief attractions in sensational exhibitions of splendid vice.

It is interesting to mark the course of biographical literature down from the times of such chroniclers of individual "Lives" as Plutarch, Tacitus, and Suetonius; to trace the changes which it has undergone; and to watch the stages, not of its decline, as some would deem it, but of its quiet, yet steady advance towards the fulfilment of its part in the design of literature. None at first would be thought worthy of the biographer's pen but emperors, heroes, great statesmen, or, here and there, a philosopher, or an uncommon genius. Not the best, but, in a human sense, the greatest alone had the privilege of being pic-



tured by the pen. When the world had none but great artists, none but the greatest men could be immortalised by the pencil; and the biographical picture of greatness would probably be the more successful when private crimes could be portrayed in seeming harmony with public and official splendour. The philosophical Plutarch has the honour of producing *Lives of the Greek and Roman Worthies* in a way to instruct and charm every generation that has followed, without associating unworthiness with the memory of his worthies, Greek and Roman though they were, or leaving his readers morally the worse for studying Greek and Roman character in high life. His *Lives* are instructive; not so much, perhaps, for the instructiveness that the personal lives themselves contained, as from the moral, philosophical, and historical recollections with which he enriched them from the fruits of his own lifelong inquiry and observation among the aristocracy of his native land and of Imperial Rome. His biographies are charming, too, not so much for the style in which they are written, for he seems to have been careless about the polish of his Greek, but rather for his philosophical mode of dressing his subjects from the treasures of his own mind, his ingenious mode of putting his "Lives" in parallels, and for the kind of pleasant atmosphere of goodness with which he seems to surround and inspire his productions. His memory is welcome to the old eulogistic inscription which Dryden has agreeably rendered:

"Chæronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise  
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise;  
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shar'd,  
Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd.  
But thou thyself could'st never write thy own,  
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none."

Plutarch's *Lives* were written, nevertheless, to supply a few select objects of hero worship, and as a group of finely-executed hero figures, they stand far above the ordinary level of human life.

Tacitus, too, as far as his *Annals* are biographical, deals, for the most part, with Imperial history and character. He could sketch a character to the life by a few touches, and so happily, it would seem, that his friend and admirer, the younger Pliny, was eager after a place among those

whom his pen would certainly immortalise, "for," says he, "a man would choose to have his portrait taken by a first-rate painter." His talent for peering into the dark corruption of human hearts, his taste for worming into the seats of vicious principle, and his fondness for associating human actions with criminal rather than with virtuous motives, qualified him for using his practised pen to great effect in exhibiting the life and character of those whom he knew as rulers of the world. His least pretentious, but most purely instructive, biography is the *Life of Julius Agricola*, his father-in-law, the description of whose exploits among the ancient Britons will always be interesting to their descendants. Tillemont, of Paris, who issued his *Histoire des Empereurs* in the course of the seventeenth century, not satisfied with Tacitus, thought himself in a better position for giving true biographies of the Cæsars; but his heavy, tall, folio pages have not shown them in more vivid colours. Tillemont helped Gibbon to sketch, and has supplied materials to modern artists for giving enlarged photographs of Gibbon's striking portraits. Tacitus, however, still keeps his place.

Suetonius, the contemporary of Tacitus, and a sharer with him in the friendship of Pliny, had his pen also attracted by this Imperial department of biography, and produced his *History of the First Twelve Emperors*. This theme seems to have had special charms for those who had taste and ability for biographical writing. The theme brings out so much to horrify and disgust, that we may wonder at any man bringing his pen to touch it; but it may be that Divine Providence, among other forms of retribution, raised up men so constituted as to be ready for the work of gibbeting the hideous memories of monsters who plagued the Roman world to death by the slow poison of moral corruption. Tacitus ventured to explore the secret springs of Imperial action, but Suetonius gives naked facts, never allowing the eye to wander from the line of personal characteristics, habits, and practices; never reasoning about them, nor inviting his readers to reflect; but asking you to look at the anecdotes and scraps of Court gossip as he strings them for preservation. He evidently had a knack of fishing up anecdotes and high life chit-chat, and made the best of his opportunities in the various scenes of his State official life. Unhappy, it would seem, at home, and sometimes in domestic and personal

straits, he may have beguiled some weary hours by compiling his anecdotal biographies. It may be, he was not always careful as to his authorities, or sources of information; and possibly sometimes, for lack of other material, turned accident or crime maker himself, after the manner of "penny-a-liners" in modern times, or in the more respectable style of the French historian Vertot, who, having waited some time in vain for documents respecting the siege of Rhodes, flung them aside when they did come, simply remarking, "My siege is finished!"

Suetonius's style of biography was probably more popular than that of Tacitus; and, in one sense, he may be said to have been in advance of the times. After long intervening centuries, the anecdote fashion is becoming world-wide, notwithstanding all De Quincey's efforts to bring it into disrepute by the issue of his oracular repetitions, "All anecdotes are lies!" It is an unhappy circumstance that so popular a style recommends things so grim, so vicious, so inhuman as this biographer's chronicles of Imperial life and character. Erasmus apologises for him by adopting the remark, that it was his fidelity as an historian that made him "write the lives of the Cæsars with the same freedom that they lived;" whether, when put into the balance, the influence of his pages weighs more forevil or for good, they remain as fearful memorials of a period in which what was viewed as highly civilised life was nearly as deep a mingling of the human and the infernal as that which once required a universal flood to wash it from the world. In the case of Pagan Rome, it was at last a deluge of blood and fire.

It is richly instructive to study biographical literature at that point in its history when it strikes off into a new course, as Christianity turned the current of things throughout the Roman Empire. It might be fairly expected that, while holy memories of the Divine Master, and His pure, simple, loving lessons still lingered among those who immediately followed His first disciples, or even while anything like a vivid impression of apostolic examples remained, Christian biography, as far as it had advanced, would furnish the world with such sketches of character and life as should condemn those to which Paganism had given birth, and, at the same time, show the genuine virtue and loveliness of Christian piety. It is strange, however, that early Christian biography, like

much other Patristic literature, soon showed a strong tendency to extremes; as if it were influenced by the principle that the farthest remove from the human is the nearest approach to the Divine, or that the best mode of condemning an abuse of the world is never to use the world at all. The first Christian biographers chose their subjects from among those who fled from the human world to escape its vices, and who proved, as the result, that to take this extreme in order to avoid that is to generate one class of vices to take the place of another. So Athanasius began by holding up the life and character of St. Anthony as a pattern to the Christian world, in his *Vita Sancti Antonii*. Isaac Taylor, in his zeal against Patristic asceticism, was himself tempted towards an extreme, perhaps, when he says that Athanasius's *Life of Anthony* "contains not a syllable, except the word Christian, which would enable the reader to guess that the subject of it was any other or any better than many a Mohammedan dervish has been." The biographer, however, does clearly show the distinctiveness of Anthony's Christian character by recording some of his teachings. The man who exhorted people to "prefer the love of Christ to everything in this world;" to render themselves to God, on the consideration that "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all;" and who was repeatedly declaring that, if he did any good work, it was "by faith in Christ;" or that, if his words had any power, "the love of Christ" was the secret of that power, must have had Christianity enough to distinguish him from a mere Mohammedan dervish. At the same time, it is evident that both Anthony and his biographer were swayed by their own incorrect interpretation of Christ's lessons: "If any man come to Me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple;" and, "There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for My sake and the Gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and lands, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life." They seem to have taken these words as meaning that, to be true to the Master, a man must sacrifice kindred and property, social intercourse, and all the heart's affections; rather than that we can be true to

Christ only while we use our worldly goods for His glory and the good of our fellow-men; only while we are, in the Christian sense, faithful to our family and social relations, and while the affections of our nature are hallowed and regulated by the law of Christian love, love that always holds Christ's will supreme, and is ever ready to sacrifice all things for Him. It is significant that the first Christian biography should take this wrong turn, and rather remarkable that Athanasius should hold up a pattern of Christian life, in attempting to copy which, Christians began a movement leading many as far away, on one hand, from the true Christian "Creed," as that creed was on the other side from such life as classic Pagan biography had sketched.

The ascetic zeal of Anthony's biographer, however, is not brought up to the intensity which glows in the biographical pages of Jerome; nor is the hermit style of Christianity, in the one case, invested with so much of the unearthliness which, in the other, checks the approaches of ordinary human life. Jerome's heroes never come very near to our hearts; while Athanasius helps us to love Anthony in spite of his mistakes, and notwithstanding his weird surroundings. It is curious to find Jerome shut up at Bethlehem in the cave which he might persuade himself was the birthplace of his Lord, labouring hard to throw open his Saviour's Word to the Latin world; and yet, with that same law of liberty, that Gospel of freedom and gentleness and love before him, thinking to illustrate his Lord's standard of piety by giving his *Vita Pauli* and *Vita Hilarionis* to the Christian Church. That Church was already leaving its "first love," and instead of acting on the Spirit's advice to the Churches, it chose its own remedies for declension, and had recourse to philosophical rules, or ascetic discipline, or extreme standards of self-restraint, until the multitude, who needed the pure Gospel, had to complain of the impracticable demands of the religion which they had adopted. "We cannot all," they cried, "be philosophers and ascetics; we are ignorant, we cannot read, nor do we understand the Scriptures; and why should such severe demands be made on us?" Why, indeed! But Jerome would make them, vain as they were. And when the influx of wealth began to result in the rise of a high and luxurious class of Christians, and the few, alike with the

multitude, showed the greater need of genuine Christian remedies, Jerome's only remedial mode was to hold up his own models of Christianity, as if he would, by exhibiting one extreme, shame or frighten corrupted Christian people out of the other. He does this, however, rather grandly. "Perhaps," says he, "those who adorn their houses with marble, and cover their estates with elegant villas, may ask, 'Why was this poor old man (Paul the hermit) deficient of all these?' You drink out of a cup of gems, he is satisfied with nature, the hollow of his hand. You clothe yourselves with embroidered raiment, his garb was such as your slaves would not wear. But, on the contrary, pardon is open for this poor man, while for you rich ones hell is prepared. He, content to be naked, had the vesture of his Redeemer; you, clothed with silks, will lose the robe of Christ. Paul, thrown into the vilest dust, is chosen to a glorious resurrection; you, covered with elaborate sepulchres of stone, shall be burned up with all your works. Spare yourselves, I beseech you; spare, at least, the riches which you love! Why should not vain ostentation cease from mourning and tears? Will not the corpses of the rich decay unless they are wrapped in silk? I entreat all who read these things, to remember Jerome, a sinner, who, if the Lord would allow him to choose, would prefer Paul's poor tunic, with his merits, to the royal purple of kings with their punishment."

Jerome set forth to the Christian world another model of what seemed to him the most perfect Christian character, in his *Life of Hilarion* the father of Christian hermits and monks in Palestine.

A young lad about fifteen, born of idolatrous parents at Thabatha, about five miles from Gaza, sprang up on the border of the southern desert, as his biographer says, "like the rose which flourishes on a thorn." The fame of St. Anthony excited the youth, and kindled an emulation which brooked no opposition and mastered all difficulty. "To the desert! to the desert!" was the mysterious voice within him. To the desert he went. To a salt-marsh about seven miles from Gaza, on the way to Egypt, a solitary scene whose stillness was unbroken except by the murmur of the sea and the voice of blood—a scene of murder—the occasional haunt of wild banded robbers. Here, deaf to all remonstrance or warning, he would "lose his life that he might save it." In a kind of

sepulchre, and in sackcloth, he kept up a fearful strife with the devil and himself, so as to awe the very murderers who prowled around the scene of conflict. He succeeded at last in securing at least the approbation of his pattern, St. Anthony, and the submission of two or three thousand recluses to his rule of discipline. The discipline, unearthly as it was, was maintained by him for nearly half a century. Jerome undertook to give a little insight into the circumstances of his strange life. Some of these to us wear a doubtful aspect; but what is doubtful to us was miraculous to Jerome. And the unsuspecting simplicity with which he puts the evidences of Hilarion's weakness, or even error, among his miracles, gains for the biographer, at all events, the credit of pureness. Jerome's lives of these hermits gave a bias to the current of ecclesiastical opinion, and did much to promote the false notions of Christian perfection which proved so widely fruitful of monastic life. And it is curious to see how so generally fair an historian of the Romish Church as Thomassin can catch the spirit of Jerome, and keep up accuracy of statement under an overflow of monastic feeling. "Paul, Anthony, and Hilarion," he says, "gave birth to the holy institution in Egypt and Palestine, and from thence it expanded itself over the earth, like a torrent of benediction."

The course of biographical literature seemed now to be marked out for some centuries. It was to run within the limits of sainthood. The lovers of biography owe something to Anterus, Bishop of Rome, 235, who appears to have originated the notion of a systematic gathering of materials for written lives of martyred saints. His plan of collecting pages for biographical tracts might be taken as an anticipation of modern organisations for distributing them. At all events, he gave to the Church the first well-arranged and workable mode of preserving such memorials of its departed members as ought to be held sacred by each passing generation. His system worked out results that live and act still; though later churches have not always fairly valued or copied his example. His scheme for dividing Rome into districts, each having two collectors of biographical material, was elaborated by his successor Fabian, and worked more fully under clerical oversight and influence, according to the growing fashion of his times; a fashion that has not yet grown itself out of favour. From the material thus gathered, we have the biographical

fragments incorporated, here and there, in the historical pages of Eusebius, Socrates of Constantinople, Sozomen, and Theodoret; in Jerome's letters, in the epistles of Nilus, and in the *Historia Lausiaca*, of Palladius, the anchorite, the friend and biographer of Chrysostom. The biography of this school, however, soon began to take the style of legendary stories, about the miracles of martyrs and self-martyred devotees, who sprang up rapidly in both East and West, and secured permanent places, for their names at least, in the calendars of a later period. Christian biography indeed passed off to an extreme, and appeared in remarkable contrast to that of the classic Pagan age which had given place to a spreading popular Christianity.

It is instructive now to look from one to the other. There is the Latin historian's picture of an Imperial voluptuary in his den at Capræ, on the one hand, and on the other a Christian biographer's exemplary saint acting the hero against the flesh until the worms revel in his self-inflicted wounds. Here, is a monster of a man in purple, fiddling amidst the flames of a city which he has lived to corrupt; and there, is an enthusiastic hermit trying to rise above the impurities of human life by crouching on the top of a pillar for twenty years, while his cramped limbs are dying under the action of corrupt life. Now, we have a record of lives worn out in the vilest and most intemperate indulgence of natural passions, and then, a chronicle of lives spent in suicidal efforts to quench the passions by unnaturally denying them their proper uses. The one extreme was the violation of nature by the abuse of its blessings; the other was the violation of nature by the disuse of its gifts. Both were extremes: the record of one, however, being more consistently classed with Pagan memorials, than the chronicles of the other with Christian biography. Let this be enough.

The destructive inroads of the various barbaric tribes on the Roman Empire in the age of its decline seemed at first to be the final dissolution of civilised life, involving even the overthrow of the Christian Cause. But, like many of the severest visitations of Providence, it bore blessings to the world which it threatened to destroy. It was a flood at once retributive and renovating. A corrupt and comparatively fruitless Church was to be tried and purified in the fire; and the lingering elements of moral disease which the old Empire had left to weaken social life, were to be



purged from the demoralised population. One calamity, as it has been called, attendant on the barbarian conquests was the almost entire wreck of profane and sacred literature. But perhaps that was more of gain than loss to the world. "Who can tell," it has been plaintively asked, "what was lost to us in the destruction of libraries such as that of Alexandria, libraries so diligently and so munificently collected, and so rich in every class of literature?" Yes, indeed, who can tell what was lost in biography alone, what of dark, deadly accumulations of infectious matter, what of vicious lessons and example, which, had they worked among the new forms of social and national existence, and leavened the fresh generations of invigorated human life, might possibly have brought the world under the woes of a deeper curse? It was happy for mankind, it may be, that nothing was left to it but a few specimen pages of biography, as sad memorials of what personal character could become under Paganism, and what Christian saintship might be, when saints sought to perfect their religion by violating their nature.

When literature had sunk to its lowest stage of depression in the eighth century, and had become comparatively lifeless, showing little or no genius, not even the skill of imitation, having nothing, that we know, in the biographical form, but the *Martyrology* of our own venerable Bede, Constantine Porphyrogenitus became its friend, and, in particular, the friend of biography. He saw the virtue of good biography as a teacher of the people, and secured for the people's benefit the issue of fifty-three books of *Examples of Vice and Virtue*. A Chancellor of the Empire, Simeon Metaphrastes, caught the same spirit, and wrote *Lives of the Saints*. He has been accused of giving his imagination more play than his judgment; nevertheless, we are under some obligation to him as well as to the Emperor. The Emperor's books of *Examples* might be classed with secular biography; and gratitude would pay tribute to the memory of Suidas, the lexicographer, for his contributions to that department at the close of the tenth century. Who Suidas was, or what, where he lived, or how, who knows? But there is his Lexicon; and whatever varieties of opinion the grubbers in old lexicons may have, those who like to dig for broken fragments of biography may find some worth keeping as memorials of men who once figured as speakers and writers of poetry

and prose. The saints, however, were as yet to hold most of the rights of biography as their own; and, by-and-by, it might appear that no "Lives" but those of saints were worth writing or reading.

The ingenious and cultured Vives, at the end of the fifteenth century, felt the shortcomings of the literature which courted his attention, and not only fell out with the barbarous babblings of the popular "Schools," but was in the habit of saying, "What a shame it is to the Christian world that the acts of our martyrs have not been published with greater truth and accuracy!" Perhaps this was a fling at the two unwieldy folios in which Mombricitus had just supplied the world with *Lives of Saints*. It may be that Vives found it difficult to cull from them such religious biography for his young pupil, the Princess Mary of England, as he thought the daughter of Henry VIII. ought to study. Whatever he would have thought of the still more ponderous mass of *Lives* issued by Surius in 1570-5, in six volumes, and a few years later in twelve folios, certain it is that this treasury of *Lives* had charms for the reading world which more than rivalled the then widely popular *Golden Legend*. The favourite *Legend* fell out of fashion in favour of Surius and his saints, lacking as his pages were in taste, and containing so many proofs that pious credulity sometimes prevents a biographer from being accurate. Ribadeneira, who follows, is wanting in both critical sense and elegant expression. Those who wish to know the saints who adorned each leading monastic order, must seek for Benedictines in Mabillon; for Dominicans in the pages of the polished Tournon; for Cistercians in Le Nain; and for Maurists in Tellemont. The first effort towards a general, accurate, and readable collection of early Christian memoirs is ascribed to Thierry Ruinart, a French Benedictine, and the friend of Mabillon, whose Life he wrote and inserted in his *Acta Primorum Martyrum Sincera et Selecta*. These were issued in 1689. What he thus began was continued on a wider basis by Stephen Evodius Asseman, who in 1748 published at Rome his *Acta Sanctorum Martyrum Orientalium et Occidentalium, &c.* Asseman was the nephew of Joseph Asseman, the author of the most approved Roman Calendar, and, like his uncle, was a Maronite monk. But while Asseman was engaged on his *Acta Sanctorum*

at Rome, a work had been begun and was diligently pursued at Antwerp, which was destined to overshadow and minify his folios, and all preceding biographies of saints. This was the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, first designed by Father Roswede, of the Society of Jesus, and, at his death, begun by another Jesuit, Father Bollandus, from whom the successive compilers and biographers take their distinguishing title. The first two folios were issued in 1643, and the issues were continued from time to time until 1812, when the end came under the hostile rule of French military power. Father Papebroke, who sent out the three folios of 1668, seems to have been the most distinguished of this remarkable succession of about twenty-five biographers. The Jesuits had achieved a thing such as the world had never seen before, and such, probably, as the world will never again see. We are indebted to them for preserving memorials of many saintly people of early times, whose worthy names would otherwise have sunk into oblivion, Christian converts from remote scenes, and martyrs whose memory we would not let die. They have stored for us, too, memoirs of distinguished Christians written by contemporaries, to which, but for their care, we should now have no access. By their means loose fragments from the pens of comparatively obscure writers of the middle ages still afford us light on the facts and dates of many holy lives. They have sifted and cleared the evidence respecting the authenticity of some very early "Acts of Saints," and give us comments on the lives of such better known saints as Chrysostom, which greatly help to a more full and correct estimate of their character; while, interspersed among their biographies, there are dissertations full of varied learning and sound criticism on such questions as church festivals. The value of these, especially such as were produced by Papebroke, may be rated the higher, perhaps, because some of them were condemned by the Spanish Inquisition, but proved to be so correct and truthful as to force the Holy Office to withdraw its sentence. With these dissertations included, then, we have fifty folio volumes of biography. Such a publication, at first sight, would seem to supply the world with biographical reading for a very long time to come. In fact, however, it could be merely a treasury accessible to the privileged few; a monumental collection of elect memories, containing memorials in

which the curious few only would take an interest. It has been questioned whether the circulation of any book has been so world-wide as to render it strictly correct to say that it has been published, except the Bible, A Kempis's *Christian Pattern*, and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. To apply this principle to the *Acta Sanctorum* would be to prove that they had never been published. The form and magnitude of fifty folios would keep the mass of readers at a distance. The language in which they are written, though the then universal language of the learned world, would render them sealed pages to the many; and were they even "done into the vulgar tongue," with some happy exceptions, they would not afford such life-lessons as people in general would care to learn, or that it would be good for society at large to put into practice. Father Bollandus, however, appealed to these "Saints" as the patterns and dispensers of virtue—all the virtue, at least, which he needed as the chronicler of their lives. "Hail!" says he, "hail, ye citizens of heaven! Courageous warriors! Triumphant over the world! From the blessed scenes of your everlasting glory look on a low mortal who searches everywhere for the memorials of your virtues and triumphs. Show your favour to him; give him to discover the valuable monuments of former times; to distinguish the spurious from the legitimate; to digest his work in proper order and method; to explain and illustrate whatever is obscure. Take under your protection all who have patronised or assisted him in his undertaking; obtain for all who read his work that they imitate the examples of virtue which it places before their eyes; and that they experience how sweet, how useful, and how glorious it is to walk in your steps!" This prayer might provoke some to seek an introduction to these saints by gaining access to the fifty folios of the Bollandists, and by threading their way through as strange an exhibition of religious varieties as was ever thrown open to human research.

There are, of course, many forms and patterns pure and simple enough to excite passing admiration; such sketches, for example, as that of the *Life of St. Veronica*, so well done by Bollandus. His picture of pious cottage life in a village near Milan, at the end of the fifteenth century, with the poor, but truly honest and devout parents, and their prayerful, meditative child, working in

the field, and communing with her God; her call to religious retirement; her labours to qualify herself for usefulness; the response to her prayers in the intimation from above that her best preparation would be threefold, purity of affection, perfect patience, and habitual meditation on her Redeemer's Passion; her conventual life of sacrifice, and her peaceful finish—are all brought before us with winning simplicity of manner and purpose; and the design of biography is pleasantly fulfilled in that deeper love for the beauty of holiness in woman, with which we rise from the perusal of the memoir. But the memorials of this class in the *Acta Sanctorum* are in curious company. They are in companionship with the earliest types of disordered religious thought, irregular feeling, grotesque expression, and extreme behaviour; things that might endanger the claims of the Church, and serve to amuse, astonish, or disgust the world. There is the raging victim of spiritual pride; the imbecile who has annihilated self; and the dreamer whose wits are bewildered amongst vain speculations and spiritual visions. There is selfishness pledged to renounce that which it continues to love; pride secretly setting up its own standard; and morbid sentiment sick unto death. There is the approved mode of resisting the devil, with the head held down by a short chain from an iron collar to an iron girdle. There is the more active pattern of piety in a run of thirty miles through the hot desert, with a continuous repetition of Scripture texts. There is the heavenliness of quenching thirst with nothing but dew, collected in vessels of earth on a mountain perch. There are pillar saints adoring and being adored on their pillar tops, setting an example which Irish saints probably tried to follow, as far as their climate would allow, in the upper story of their "Round Towers." There are some that whirl, some that crouch, some that graze on all fours; and some from whom the self-whippers of the Middle Age seem to have inherited their zeal. These varieties were edifying to Theodoret of Antioch, whose pages supplied some of the material for the *Acta Sanctorum*; and he did his best to immortalise them as good for both believers and unbelievers. "As princes," says he, "after certain periods change the emblems on their coins, choosing sometimes the lion, at others stars or angels, for the die, and endeavouring to give a higher value to the gold by the striking character of

the impression ; so God has made piety assume these novel and varied forms of life, like so many new characters, to awaken the admiration, not only of the disciples of the faith, but also of the unbelieving world."

The saints whom Theodoret admired in the fifth century were in the seventeenth praised by Father Bollandus. The sainted numbers of the *Acta Sanctorum* were so great that their biographer and worshipper might be said to adore "all saints ;" though the learned and voluminous Dodwell, his contemporary, was, after all, disposed to deplore the paucity of saints. Perhaps he had the clearer notion of what a true saint should be. The great mass of those who love to read the memoirs of saints cannot, however, judge between Bollandus and Dodwell, inasmuch as they have no access to the *Acta Sanctorum*. Biography, judging from the form given to it by the Jesuit Fathers, was not designed for the people.

Alban Butler affords some idea of the *Acta Sanctorum* to the popular mind in his *Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and other Principal Saints*, issued in the latter part of the last century. His twelve volumes occupied him thirty years out of the sixty-three of his life, and he died in 1778, hoping that he had provided spiritual entertainment which would save coming generations from the use of vicious literature. Whether he condemned the use of all fiction or not, he did not hesitate, in some cases, to set up patterns of saints whose lives he furnished from his own well-stored mind, if other materials were not to be had. His researches were wonderful. His diligence was praiseworthy. His piety was unquestionable, though it partook of that recluse, ascetic character, which, in the examples he records, was proved to be more fit for the cloister or the desert than for ordinary social life, and which sometimes in him gave proof that a devout man may mistake credulity for faith. He gives us in longer or shorter forms the biographies of between two and three thousand saints. It will be questioned, however, whether the saints themselves, for the most part, or Butler's memoirs of them, afford such "spiritual entertainment" and instruction as the Christian multitudes require. The *Lives of the Popes* may be taken as the closing chapter of this class of biography. Platina takes the lead. He was a native of Piadena, near Cremona. His *Lives of the Popes* was printed at Venice in 1479. It is a monument of his

courage, firm principle, high spirit, acuteness, wit, and learning. He had been "Apostolical Abbreviator" to Pius II., and though unfairly put out of place, with many others, by Paul II., imprisoned for his boldness, and tortured on suspicion, he was restored by Sixtus IV., who made him Keeper of the Vatican Library, and patronised his volume of *Lives*. The style and spirit of the book may be estimated from his record of what passed between him and Paul II. He complained of the unfair deprivation of himself and fellow officials, and asked for the case to be judged by the Auditors of the Rota. "Is it thus," answered the Pope, looking at him sternly, "is it thus that you summon us before your judges? As if you knew not that all laws are centred in our breast. Such is our decree: they shall all go hence, whithersoever they please. I am Pope, and have a right to ratify or cancel the acts of others at pleasure." Platina still kept another opinion; and, when contemptuously repulsed from the Pope's door, he wrote to his Holiness: "If you had a right to dispossess us, without permitting our cause to be heard, of the employments we had lawfully purchased, we, on the other side, ought to be permitted to complain of the injustice we suffer, and the ignominy with which we are branded. As you have repulsed us contumeliously, we will go to all the courts of princes, and entreat them to call a Council, whose principal business shall be to oblige you to show cause why you have divested us of our lawful possessions." A man who could write thus to a Pope at that time must have made disclosures in his *Lives* rather unwelcome to some ecclesiastical magnates; and we are not surprised that later editions of his book were, by some means, found in a state of mutilation. His position at the Roman Court, however, gave him such command of material, that his pages have successfully maintained their authority. They were placed within reach of English readers, at the end of the seventeenth century, by Sir Paul Ricaut, who translated Platina, and continued the *Lives of the Popes* from 1471 to his own time.

Onuphrius Parvinus, of Verona, an Augustine monk, was the authorised Catholic continuator of Platina's *Lives*. His volume was issued in 1566. He died while engaged in a more comprehensive work, including memoirs of Cardinals as well as Popes. The next Papal biographer was Ciaconius Alphonsus, a Spaniard of Toledo, who, in con-

nection with his brother Petrus, as is supposed, sent out four folio volumes of *Lives of the Popes*, in which learning is so associated with modesty and submissive humility as to render them more acceptable to Rome, though less agreeable to the wider world of lively readers. England, or rather Scotland, produced another biographical historian of the Popes—Archibald Bower, of Dundee, a Jesuit Father, who, before his death in 1766, had helped to swell the pages of the *Universal History*, and issued, moreover, his *History of the Popes*, in seven quarto volumes. His pages have not been held free from shadows of doubt even by men of his own Order. A biographical specimen of another kind, from a Protestant pen, may help to amuse as well as instruct those who would study the biographies of Popes. Matthias Prideaux, the son of John Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester 1641-50, wrote *An Easy and Compendious Introduction for Reading all Sorts of Histories, contrived in a more facile way than heretofore hath been Published*. In this he gives short but interesting and racy biographical notices of the Papal succession. His classification is characteristic. "They may be divided," he says, "as follows: The Good Bishops, 32; The Tolerable Archbishops and Patriarchs, 38; The Usurping Nimrods, 38; The Luxurious Sodomites, 40; The Egyptian Magicians, 40; The Devouring Abaddons, 41; The Incurable Babylonians, 20—making a total of 244 from the beginning to the year 1623, which affords, upon an average, about six years to each."

We may pass from *Acta Sanctorum* and *Lives of the Popes* to a broader and more healthy region of biographical literature, leaving any who wish to linger on Papal territory to the historical guidance of the philosophical Ranke.

Biographical literature took a decided turn from the religious towards the secular, under the hand of the celebrated Southern Frenchman, Peter Bayle, who had shown himself capable of indecisive turns from one form of religion to another, if not from decided religiousness to doubtful secularity. The first volume of his *Historical and Critical Dictionary* was issued in 1695, and was pronounced by Voltaire to be "the first work of the kind in which a man may learn to think." The second edition appeared in 1702, in five folios—a monument of Bayle's diligence, learning, critical ability, and perseverance. It is, how-



ever, more of a critical and metaphysical treasury than a biographical store. It lacks notices of many worthies, and is not sufficiently full in its treatment of others whose lives afforded rich material. The *English General Dictionary*, which followed, in ten folios, included biographies, and especially those which Bayle had given. Then came the *Biographia Britannica*, confining its attention to the lives of Englishmen; and old Anthony Wood's *Athenæ Oxonienses* brought its party-spirited series of Oxford characters into the succession. All these might be deemed popular in that within the wide range of their design they contained memorials of lives and characters in large numbers and of all classes; but either the language in which they were written, or the ponderous and expensive form of the books, rendered access to them a privilege only for the few.

The first attempt at providing an agreeable collection of biographies for more general reading, in England at least, was made in 1761, when the London publishers issued the first volume of *A New and General Biographical Dictionary*, completed in twelve volumes of convenient size, pleasant type, and at a price within the reach of multitudes to whom general biography had been hitherto interdicted. This might be called the people's book of biography. Its plan was comprehensive. It proposed to give "a judicious narrative of the actions or writings, the honours and disgraces, of all those whose virtues, parts, learning, or even vices, have preserved them from oblivion in any records, of whatever age, and in whatever language." We need not say that more was designed than could be fulfilled. The volumes may be consulted in vain for any allusion to many persons who deserved honourable mention far above some whose memory has no more worth than their character; while here and there, either from ignorance, or inability, or lack of research, or ill-feeling, the sketches are inaccurate or in caricature. Indeed, the merit of the articles is so unequal as to show the disadvantage of too many hands, while it awakens the question, how it was that some of the better contributors brought themselves to feel at home in such company. With all this, it has not been entirely superseded by later dictionaries. To those who like naturalness of manner, painstaking, ability to make even meagre material interesting, curious insights into curious life, and sprightly use

of personal anecdotes, the old pages will still appear worth consulting. Later dictionaries may have notices of larger numbers, or afford clues to the "when" and the "where" of less-known lives. The *Biographical Mirror* of 1795, for instance, with its hundred and fifty rare portraits, its fond preference for lives of gaiety, and its proneness to give perverted or exaggerated views of unfashionable worth; or *The Universal Biographical Dictionary* of Dr. John Watkins, with its necessarily meagre, though tolerably correct outlines.

France began a work in 1811, in which she eclipses England in the biographical dictionary department. The noble *Biographie Universelle, &c.*, stands above its contemporaries; so comprehensive; for the most part, so calm, judicious, lively; with estimates of character so fair; with an occasional exception, in which political or ecclesiastical prejudice is unhappily allowed to show itself; its wonderful research and general accuracy; its skill in the selection of incidents in personal life; its careful catalogues of literary works; and its sometimes delicate feeling in portraying personal characteristics—all combine to sustain the character it has gained as a literary authority. Its voluminous character, nevertheless, places it beyond the range of general readers. The more modern English dictionaries, such as those of Chalmers and Rose; Colbourne's crowded list of the living authors of Great Britain and Ireland in 1816; the well-designed volumes, edited by George Godfrey Cuninghame, treating the lives of eminent and illustrious Englishmen, mostly with fair and becoming fulness; *The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography*, continuing some of the old prejudices; Smith's blocks of condensed varieties of learning, and newly-cut lives and characters; Stephen Jones's useful little handbook; and Cassell's popular pages of pen-and-ink portraits—all have value as books of reference for names, dates, localities, and leading facts; but to aim at combining comprehension of range and compression of matter, is to make biographical pages too much like meagre, lifeless catalogues, giving information without affording pleasure. In such cases, the sketches have wanted real life and distinctive character. Biography in this form has gone too much with the world in giving mere titled, official, political, literary, scientific, and philosophical life more than due prominence, and more than a fair estimate as compared

with virtuous and religious names and character ; and in cases in which piety has been the ruling element in the character of scientific, literary, or other public men, the secular features of the character have generally been brought into strong light, while the less pretentious piety has been kept in the shade. This may have been thought expedient, considering the popular taste, or even necessary to secure a wide circulation. It may be that the too common secularity of spirit and unhealthy religious tone of biographical dictionary literature have done a large part in preparing the world for the age of secularity and materialism. At all events, it has not done what it might have done to make goodness attractive, or to keep the true beauty of godliness before the public mind, or to promote the moral purity and strength, the spiritual refinement and heavenliness of social life. It has therefore failed, from time to time, to meet the demands of the human mind, as that mind, in its deepening purity and goodness, is more and more given to researches into the elements of purity and goodness, which have in past times enriched human character. As the world gets better, it wants to find all that has been best and most worthy in human life. In this respect, the more select biographical collections, which have been wisely rendered accessible to the many, have, in most instances, proved more healthy in their influence, and more agreeable as ministers of mental pleasure. For example, such happily conceived cabinets of biographical specimens as Thomas Fuller's *Worthies of England*, or even his *Abel Redivivus*, as far as his hand may be traced in it.

We should think it happy for the homes of England were the old fashion restored of keeping Fuller's volumes of *Worthies* always at hand in the family apartment, as one of the elect sources of household recreation for mind and heart. His volumes could not escape that breath of prejudice which, in the times immediately following their issue, so deeply and widely poisoned the historical and biographical literature of England. Partyspirits, who had more learning than sympathy with pure genius, condemned them for their distinguishing merits, their combination of carefulness and freedom, reverence and humour, purity and wit. Racy, amusing, graphic, they must always have charms for those who seek entertainment, and treasures always fresh and genuine for all who consult

them as authorities. Their history has an interest as rich as their character. Fuller began his work when he entered on his wanderings as the military chaplain of Sir Ralph Hopton; and through all the strange adventures of seventeen years, he gathered his material and prepared his pages for the press, finishing his eventful life, however, before the world had the published fruits of his labour. Fuller was immediately followed by his friend Isaac Walton, the dear old "common father of all anglers," Ben Jonson's "honest old friend," who charmed his own generation, and all that have followed, with his *Lives* of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Dr. Robert Sanderson. Such a group could scarcely be rivalled, nor could such a group be pictured, as a distinguished critic said, "with more advantage for the subject or more reputation to the writer." In 1624 Walton was keeping a shop, or "half a shop," as a "sempster and hosier," two doors from Chancery Lane; but in 1640, having given up business, he was a biographer, honoured and loved by the leading minds of his day. He had a classical education, but it had not unfitted him for writing classical English; and his love of truth, reverent spirit, keen discernment, talent for estimating character, and for clearly delineating it; his simplicity, his naturalness, his honesty, and his happy power of expression, all combined to give undying life to his biographies. "In his enjoyment of a green old age, the reward of a tranquil life, Isaac Walton produced, without art or study, his inimitable pieces of biography, not unconscious how rich a treasure he was preserving for posterity, but not dreaming of the honour in which his own name would lastingly be held for those labours of love."

It may be observed that in the smaller and more finished groups of "*Lives*," of which Fuller's *Worthies* and Walton's *Lives* may be taken as leading types, the selections become more choice, have less of the doubtful or the more secular in character, but more of true genius, moral dignity, and religious virtue. So that as, in these select groups, biography becomes more accessible to the many, at the same time it shows less tendency to extremes, and settles into more natural consistency, while it grows more healthy in its tone and influence. This may be seen as we trace the course of biography in this form through the succession of typical volumes as they follow those of Fuller and Walton,

such as *The Nonconformist Memorial*, by Edmund Calamy, with its happily preserved chronicles of suffering worth; Benjamin Brook's *Lives of the Puritans*, exhibiting living patterns of spiritual-mindedness in light which kindles love for the beauty of holiness; Dr. Samuel Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, with its polished elegance and brilliancy, casting Winstanley's preceding pages into oblivion, though not itself without some unhappy expressions of political prejudice and religious bigotry, which deserve to be forgotten; *The Biographia Dramatica*, with its pleasant insight into the life of dramatic genius "behind the scenes," and its calm and intelligent estimates of dramatic authors' character and works; W. R. Tweedie's *Biographies of the Fathers and Early Writers of the Reformed Church of Scotland*, with its interesting and valuable collection of biographical materials and characteristic fragments from the remains of those worthies whose hardy features look out from among curious bundles of personal records; Thomas Wright's *Biographia Britannica Literaria*, introducing us to the pious and learned literary leaders of Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman times in England, and giving us a rare opportunity of seeing by whom, and in what way, the groundwork of English literary life was laid; William Heath Bennet's *Select Biographical Sketches from the Note Books of a Law Reporter*, the one thing of its kind, a little cabinet of portraits from the highest seats of English judicature, affording quiet amusement, and rendering lessons on the success of persevering talent instructive, by making the example of perseverance and success live again, and speak and act before us. Samuel Burder's *Memoirs of Eminently Pious Women*, &c., must not lose its place in the series, though not done so brightly, nor, in some instances, so accurately as they might have been; and who would not honour *The Lives of Early Methodist Preachers*, edited by Thomas Jackson, as standing alone in their original freshness; sketches of men, such, in their distinctive class of character, as the world had not seen or known before; such men as the system which gave them birth will probably never again produce. As the last of this series of more select biography, Harriet Martineau's *Biographical Sketches* may be taken, with its tastefully selected groups of Royal, Political, Professional, Scientific, Social, and Literary Portraits—all justly delineated, drawn with delicate but decided fairness. Many

of the pictures are beautiful. All, and even those in which Christianity is concerned, are as finely done as could be by one who, after she had gone "from the Nile to Sinai, and thence to Jerusalem, Damascus, and Lebanon," published her *Eastern Life, Present and Past*, and showed, as she says, "that she was no longer a Unitarian, nor a believer in Revelation at all!" The merit of her biographical sketches, however, will keep her memory alive. This volume may serve as a link between the early and more heavy forms of biographical literature and the lighter style of present times. We are passing from the old mode of collecting memorials of departed worth in large masses, too ponderous for ordinary reading, inaccessible to most readers, and therefore useless for the general and best purposes of biography. Biography is now growing popular, as it is issued in single volumes, or single "Lives," each written "Life" standing alone to be studied, as the individual life itself had been lived, in its own distinctness.

Literature in this department thus suits itself to the demands of the reading world, and its supplies are at once happily fitted and well timed. The taste for biographical reading has taken hold of the public mind, and grows by indulgence. It is a modern fashion, a mental rage, far more rational and graceful than some others which rule the outer fashionable world. This rage is so strong that people are ready to devour every page that comes under the name of Memoirs. It might seem as if everybody's memoirs must be written, and certainly everybody's memoirs must be read. This is far from being an unhealthy sign of the times. It is, indeed, one of the tokens of advance towards the more happy freedom of society, the fairer balance of social classes, and the more perfect oneness and consistency of the human race. This token is the more certain from the fact that while biography becomes more accessible in form as the crowds of readers increase, the subjects of biography no longer belong exclusively to the select, or privileged, or most eminent class. The literary world is beginning to discover that character and life, worthy of being immortalised as patterns to the world, are to be found in the ordinary, or more quiet and humble walks of life; and there, perhaps, as yet, rather than in the "high places," where the surroundings of virtue and grace often serve to keep the hearts of the many at a distance, and to check their attempts to copy the

brilliant example. The judicious, fair, and brightly-written biographies of those who have adorned humble, honest working life, and promoted its purity and happiness, have the healthiest and most lasting influence upon readers who make up the multitude of society. The charms of holy memories brought upon the masses of a generation largely help to bring the generations that follow nearer and nearer to that standard of social character which the race is destined to reach.

The spread of feeling in favour of life sketches from among the humbler ranks of the people, may be, in part, the fruit of modern fiction; that better style of fiction which has so happily introduced the higher to the lower classes of life; and which with so much skill and truthfulness has given to all readers a deepening interest in those who, from generation to generation, have been unnoticed in their obscurity, an obscurity which was thought necessarily void of everything gifted, worthy, or lovable. Such fiction may have helped to give the reader a deeper insight into the abodes, manners, and pursuits of lowly but praise-worthy life. But whatever may be due to fiction, more has been due to a different kind of literature; one which took an earlier, and perhaps a stronger part in preparing the people for the people's biography, while it took the lead in preparing people's biography for the people. We refer to the religious periodical literature which about a century ago sprang so fruitfully from the great revival of spiritual religion in England. The *Arminian Magazine* may be taken as a good type of these serials. Its biographical pieces took the lead in supplying the multitudes with such memoirs of life and character from among themselves, as, perhaps, for the first time proved, not only that materials for biography could be furnished from among the people, but that such materials were to be used in the order of Providence in promoting the purity and happiness of society in its lower grades. A cynical reviewer might charge some of these pieces with dulness; but even the dullest furnished a well-filled life, without proving long enough to be tedious. For the most part, there was life enough in these memoirs to render their monthly appearance welcome to eager thousands, in whom, and in their families, they begat a taste for healthy biography. They were in plain vigorous style, often racy, so much so, as to have interest for young readers; while the facts of personal

history which they detailed, and their pleasant interweavings of anecdotes and remarkable experiences of those who had lived on the reader's own social level, had a charm which secured their widening popularity. True, they were mostly religious memoirs, but it was all the more happy that such a class of biography should be one to give an impulse to the reading public which has been followed by so healthy and so widely-spread an enjoyment of biographical literature. In this, as well as many other things, the great leaders of the religious revival proved themselves to be in advance of the times, far-sighted pioneers of happier days. As far as the present widening circulation of convenient, readable, instructive, and pleasant volumes of biography is a benefit to society, society is under obligation to those who, on holy principle, set the example of providing biography for the people.

The most popular "Lives" now are those of men and women who have blessed the lowly and middle walks of life, in which they were born, with beauty and fruitfulness of character. Minds developed by God's grace, which otherwise would have remained powerless from natural defects. Native powers struggling up into action through hard courses of self-training. Gifts working wonders by being made the best of amidst the opportunities which were at hand. Examples ever spreading their gracious influence through both quiet and crowded scenes of poverty, sickness, and toil. Business talents hallowed and exercised so as to diffuse through places of ordinary trade the advantages of pure principle and broad benevolence. Genius acknowledging the Divine inspiration that awakened it, and making itself felt even outside and above its humble birth-place. Of these varieties of popular biography our space will not allow us to quote even leading examples.

It is evident that the character of biography is changing, while its mere form is undergoing alteration, and there are variations in the choice of its subjects. One happy sign of improvement is the promise of its freedom from the blemishes with which it has been so long disfigured, in this country at least, by party prejudice, or malice, or falsehood. This promise is given in such exemplar cases as John Forster's laborious, skilful, and honest volumes; and Carlyle's biographical notices of Oliver Cromwell. In such instances, the political at once with the religious character of misrepresented and vilified men has been rescued



from centuries of reproach, and placed in fairer light. Forster's *Biography of Sir John Eliot*, dispersing as it does the shadows which ecclesiastical falsehood and Royalist ill-feeling had gathered around the memory of a godly and brave sufferer for truth and right, gives pleasant indication of what biography is to become in the hands of truthful and unprejudiced writers. The wondrous charms of Carlyle's pages, too, make our hopes for biography still brighter, as we see the shades of such lifemongers as Noble, such beggared geniuses as Butler, and even such elegant partisans as Clarendon slinking away from the presence of unveiled truth. As people get more used to think, and are influenced by purer feeling, they will more clearly see the great design of biography; and have more correct notions of what its character should be. There will, therefore, be a growing demand for biographical portraiture done on the principle of perfect sincerity. It will not be thought good taste to give mere profiles, or half-faces, or to cover faults and foibles, by colourings of false charity. The picture must be honest to be acceptable. To set forth a man's deeds will not suffice, without an honest exhibition of the man himself. The man is to live again before the reader, as he really was, or as fully as he was seen and known. Indeed, written portraiture of character and life comes nearer and nearer to what a distinguished artist thought painted portraiture ought to be. When, as an uncultured man honestly exercising his art, there was an attempt at persuading him to flatter, his principle was expressed in his rude native dialect, "I shall draaw 'ee as ya be."

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* has been honoured as a fair leading pattern of a life-like full-length picture of the great many-gifted doctor. It deserves its place, and will probably keep it as long as the English language remains. But among the larger size biographical portraits, *Arnold's Life*, by Stanley, is a more perfect specimen. It has not so many surroundings, not so much in back or fore ground to take off the eye from the man himself. Nor is the artist so apparent as to distract attention. The biographer is scarcely thought of in the presence of the life and character which he portrays. Stanley never so acts the judge, or the moraliser, or the critic, as to prevent his readers from keeping their eye upon Arnold. He does not profess to give an account of Arnold's general character, but that

character is ever before us, not merely his outer image, or even what he thought or did, but his inner life, his intellectual, moral, spiritual self. So that those who knew him best in life, were the first to recognise the man in the book; while those who never saw him, know him, especially in his life at Rugby, and find a pleasure in his company second only to that of his friends who really watched his expressive movements and heard his voice.

Mrs. Oliphant's graphic, vivid, and impressive representation of that strange, but strangely charming man, Edward Irving, takes an honourable place in this class of improved biography. Her work is delicately and reverently done, leaving in the reader a somewhat plaintive but solemnly pleasant feeling of having been in a saintly and noble presence. She has introduced us to the man with his peculiar foibles, but in all his grandeur, and has made us love him, with his twisted sight, his twisted mind, his great heart, his sublime devotion. Fox Bourne, too, though sometimes attracting us by his own laboured efforts, has thrown interesting light on the history of John Locke's mind, and happily given what was wanted of an insight into the processes by which his character was shaped; while he brings fresh, pleasant, and illustrative circumstances to give additional interest to Lady Masham's earlier but more beautifully simple, touching, and graphic sketch of the great philosopher's character, history, and closing life.

There is a class of biography which, when it is well done, has peculiar charms. It is that in which the written remains of departed worthies are such as may happily take the autobiographical form, and are skilfully arranged within illustrative settings by the judicious and loving hand of some near surviving friend. A group of choice samples may be found among the most recent publications; examples which pleasantly overcome the long-standing prejudice against "Lives" written by such relatives as might be suspected of unfairness, one-sidedness, or blind partiality. Donald Macleod has so lovingly and faithfully used his lamented brother's pages of material as to give us a biography of Norman Macleod, remarkable for its witching association of real life, truthfulness, honesty and sound judgment, with all the charms of the best fiction. *The Life and Letters of Rowland Williams, D.D., with Selections from his Note Books*, edited by Mrs. Rowland

Williams, must not be overlooked as an example of this class. But we esteem Charles Kingsley's *Letters and Memories of his Life*, edited by his wife, as the exemplar biography among the latest specimens of this kind. Charles Kingsley was one of those whom it is difficult to understand but easy to love. One of those, indeed, who seem to grow upon the heart all the more as their apparent inconsistencies defy the intellect. In his boyhood, "original to the very verge of eccentricity," and in his manhood, saying of himself, "a mystic in theory, and an ultra-materialist in practice, I fear sometimes that I shall end by a desperate lunge into one extreme or the other. I feel a capacity of drifting to sea in me which makes me cling nervously to any little anchor-like subscription; I feel glad of aught that says to me, You must teach this and nothing else; you must not run out in your own dreams;" and with all this, maintaining his earnest goodness, and keeping himself so reverently within touch of God, his character could not be understood by any but a mental constitution very nearly akin to his own. Most of those who enjoy his volumes would probably never have solved the problem of his character but for his wife. She was the first so to understand him as to guide him into his safe groove, and she is the first to give to the many that nearer acquaintance with her husband's inner man, which had hitherto belonged only to the privileged few. She has done her work lovingly, vigorously, with beautiful delicacy, and with rare judgment. Her *Memories* are really living, breathing things. The infant's mental and moral inheritance; the child's early essays as a homilist and verse-maker; the tall, alight, keen-faced, hardy boy's physical and mental activities; the future author's schooling, amidst changeful surroundings for his literary work; the doubting collegian's searchings for light; his life's crisis, when—full of religious doubt, his "face, with its unsatisfied, hungering look, and sad longing expression, as if he had all his life been looking for sympathy he had never found, a rest he would never attain—he met his future wife for the first time, and his heart, which had been half asleep, woke up and never slept again;" the rapid development of the man as "a bold thinker, a bold rider, a most chivalrous gentleman, sad, shy, and habitually serious, sometimes brilliant in talk, sometimes reserved and unapproachable, by turns

attracting and repelling ;" the shaping of his philosophy and doctrine ; his diligence as a curate and rector ; the attractive lecturer ; the preacher in the pulpit ; the husband and the father at home ; the letter-writer, not always free from error and prejudice, but full of instruction, breathing poetry, flashing with thought, candid, kind, and genial ; the brave and liberal philanthropist, the conscientious ecclesiastic ; all live to fascinate us, as the afflicted widow, with admirable discreetness and tender faithfulness, unfolds to us the inner and outer life of her husband. And then, the beautiful finish, the falling asleep of the humble, tender-hearted, upright man, when his watching child had heard his last utterance, "How beautiful God is !"

Biographies like these most effectually teach that charity which loves the memory of the good, whether their philosophical, theological, or ecclesiastical character be that of a Keble, whose "Life" has been sketched by his friend Coleridge, or that of a Williams, or that of a Kingsley. Such biography is graciously helping to melt away all that keeps the hearts of men apart, and to "hasten Christ's kingdom" of universal love and peace.

Modern biography, however, makes itself known with happy effect in less pretending forms. "Lives" in diamond size ; gems well cut and well set. Lives less known to earth, most precious to heaven. It is a bright token of good to the world that biography, in its modern form of adaptation to popular use, is, for the most part, of the purer and happier kind. It is mostly religious. Religious biography, in its later growth, has had its times of dulness, and has too often been open to the charge of one-sidedness, narrowness, lack of discrimination, sameness of manner, and false colouring, producing effects similar to those resulting from the touches of some portrait painters, whose work is to beautify till natural life is lost, and what is left is at once likeness and unlikeness, a picture, not a portrait. Piety has, in too many instances, been identified with mere doctrine. The biographer's orthodoxy alone could be thought to harmonise with purity or beauty of life and character, and favouritism has been incapable of seeing anything in those whom it would immortalise that needed discipline or the corrective grace of God. Religious biography, however, is now giving signs of advance towards an age of calmer, fairer, and more truly Christian style of

illustrating the work of God in human character, and of blessing human life with attractive but inevitable examples. In our inability to open a large exhibition of model biographies of this happier and more truthful class, we may point to a few types which are worthy of study. Such as Etheridge's *Lives of Dr. Adam Clarke and Dr. Thomas Coke*, beautiful after their kind—character in each being sketched with candour and delicacy, and portrayed with a picturesqueness which serves to fix pleasant memories in the soul of the reader. Kirk's biography of John Wesley's mother is a beautiful sketch of a beautiful character. Gregory's memoir of Emma Tatham, introductory to her poems, is a gracefully done portrait of an amiable young genius. But among specimens of biography like this, Thomas Percival Bunting's memorials of his brother, W. M. Bunting, is an exemplar. The more it is studied, the more it will be admired for its faithful delineation, delicate touches, fine appreciation of character, and charming English. The possibility of making biography a blessing to the multitudes is proved by the issue of a penny memoir of George Müller, of Bristol, so pleasant in form, so natural in style, so concise, and yet so full of interesting facts, so clear and honest in its outline of character, and so faithful in its mode of showing a beautifully simple human pattern in the light of the Word and the Spirit of God, that it may be taken as a sign of better times and purer social life.

Plutarch was an adept at parallels, but the history of biography would lead us now to strike contrasts. At the one point, we have biography as it came alive with corruption from the classic pens of Rome in her time of highest culture, so called; and, at the other, the nearer point, the pure and healthy "*Lives*" of such men as George Müller, diffusing instruction amongst the poorest homes of the people, and charming and hallowing the millions of a Christian age. Aforetime, there were the ponderous pages, too sacred or too heavy for common touch, multiplied by the pens of men, for the most part, too far from the world to record the realities of human life; pages full of legendary signs and wonders; "*acts*" of saints, which could not be copied; and self-imposed sufferings, which might sicken mankind of Christianity: but now the world is daily furnished with pleasant handbooks of life, true life, life true to nature and true to grace, true to heaven and true to

earth, true to man and true to God. Biographies of Christian women, filling woman's place for Christ's sake, are now in contrast with sickly exhibitions of unwomanly devotees. "Lives" of men who, like their Master, "used the world as not abusing it," are set over against stories of embodied idiocy or morbid imagination, preying upon itself in the desert, and leaving the world to perish. Modern biography is, indeed, becoming an exhibition of genuine healthy Christianity, as lived and acted out for the benefit of the human race. The exhibition is to become world-wide. An infusion of more or less of the Christian element is observable even in secular biography; in deference, it would appear, to that growing strength of Christian tendency which marks the larger part of biographical literature. If a portraiture of character is to be given which scarcely allows a touch of allusion to Christianity, it is thought to be expedient, or in good taste, to cast deep shading over what might be offensive to Christian readers.

This movement of biography towards purity, truthfulness, and Christian consistency, as it becomes more and more readable, accessible, and popular, marks, in fact, the advance of Christianity in its holy mission to the mind and heart of human society. The course of biographical literature indicates the course of that religion which is to purify and harmonise home and public life throughout the world. Nor will the influence of Christianity upon this department of literature be interrupted or checked by the occasional appearance of "Lives" such as that of so heartless a philosophical engine as Cavendish, whose passionless character Dr. Wilson has delineated with such skill; or such as John Stuart Mill has left of his father and himself. These for a time will now and then make their appearance, but they will be fairly estimated; all the good that can be gathered from them will serve a good purpose, but otherwise they will be viewed, and perhaps preserved, as strange phenomena amidst the more happy and Godward movements of human life.

The changes for good in social life, even in England, have been but slow, at least, according to our standard; but now men are awakening to the great design of family and home life, the personal responsibility and privileges of the least member of the commonwealth, the mutual claims of social classes, and the true nature and character of

Christ's kingdom among men. What the religion of Christ does for the individual, it is to do for the family; and what it does for one family, it will do for all. The human race is to enjoy the mutual affection and ministries, the common interest and oneness of a happy household. Christ, in His person and surroundings, while on earth, foreshowed the final result of His coming. Biographical literature, in its history, serves to mark the course of human advance towards this consummation, and in its present character, form, and influence, seems to be doing its part towards the fulfilment of the Divine purpose. It now includes several essays at portraying "the Life of Christ." Some of these are unequal, some irreverent, some instructive and devout. Dr. Farrar's volumes cannot fail to make devout readers more holily familiar with their Lord's course of humiliation from the manger to the cross; although the writer's inconsistency, here and there, may somewhat mar the pleasure of the soul who is jealous for the honour of his Redeemer's Word. Should a man who writes the life of his Divine Lord, with the Gospels as his authorities, warn his readers, in one page, against disbelief of the plain narrative of the evangelists, and, in another, try to explain away the clear and unmistakable statements of inspired men respecting the cases in which the Redeemer cast out devils? Dr. Farrar's fancy about the mystery of madness is not so consistent with simple faith as the beautiful lesson which he draws from the social position taken by the Saviour when He came to restore human life to its social consistency and order. His lesson is one which the history of biographical literature confirms, and which that literature is helping the world to realise.

"From this deep obscurity, from this monotonous routine of an unrecorded and uneventful life (at Nazareth), we were meant to learn that our *real* existence in the sight of God consists in the inner, and not in the outer life. The world hardly attaches any significance to any life except those of its heroes and benefactors, its mighty intellects, or its splendid conquerors. But these are, and must ever be, the few. One raindrop of myriads falling on moor, or desert, or mountain—one snowflake out of myriads melting into the immeasurable sea—is, and must be, for most men the symbol of their ordinary lives. They die, and barely have they died, when they are forgotten; a few years

pass, and the creeping lichens eat away the letters of their names upon the churchyard stone; but even if those crumbling letters were still decipherable, they would recall no memory to those who stand upon their graves. Even common and ordinary men are very apt to think themselves of much importance; but, on the contrary, not even the greatest man is in any degree necessary, and after a very short space of time—

‘ His place in all the pomp that fills  
The circuit of the summer hills,  
Is, that his grave is green.’

A relative insignificance, then, is, and must be, the destined lot of the immense majority, and many a man might hence be led to think that, since he fills so small a space—since, for the vast masses of mankind, he is of as little importance as the ephemerid, which buzzes out its little hour in the summer noon—there is nothing better than to eat, and drink, and die. But Christ came to convince us that a *RELATIVE* insignificance may be an *absolute* importance. He came to teach that continual excitement, prominent action, distinguished services, brilliant success, are no essential elements of true and noble life, and that myriads of the beloved of God are to be found among the insignificant and obscure.” From among these biography is now beginning to select its subjects; and by more and more widely distributing its growingly-beautiful portraiture of true life, it is helping the multitude to realise the design of the Divine “Man Christ Jesus.”

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ART. V. — *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley.*  
 Edited by HARRY BUXTON FORMAN. In Four Volumes.  
 Reeves and Turner.

"THERE is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion," said Lord Bacon. The existence of such a law alone could account for the singular destinies that have awaited many classics. They were at first puzzled over, wondered at, repudiated, pooh-poohed, or even worse — superciliously consigned to the limbo of inanity and empty pretension. To the uncouth eye familiar objects assume vague and spectral aspects. The critical eye is too often uncouth, and the "strangeness of proportion" inevitably implied in the beauty of the object is exaggerated into formlessness and incoherence. It is difficult otherwise to account for this singular deliverance on Shelley, in one of the most important and influential of English reviews in the year 1821, when dealing with the volume, *Prometheus Unbound and other Poems* :

"If we might venture to express a general opinion of what far surpasses our comprehension, we should compare the poems contained in this volume to the visions of gay colours mingled with darkness, which often in childhood, when we shut our eyes, seemed to revolve at an immense distance around us. In Mr. Shelley's poetry all is brilliancy, vacuity and confusion. We are dazzled by the multitude of words which sound as if they denoted something very grand or splendid; fragments of images pass in crowds before us; but when the procession has gone by and the tumult of it over, not a trace of it remains upon the memory. The mind, fatigued and perplexed, is mortified by the consciousness that its labour has not been rewarded by the acquisition of a single distinct conception; the ear, too, is dissatisfied; for the rhythm of the verse is often harsh and unmusical; and both the ear and the understanding are disgusted by new and uncouth words, and by the awkward and intricate construction of the sentences. The predominating characteristic of Mr. Shelley's poetry, however, is its frequent and total want of meaning. . . . It may seem strange that such poems should find readers, and still more strange they should meet with admirers. We were

ourselves surprised by the phenomenon; nothing similar to it occurred to us, till we recollected the numerous congregations which the incoherencies of an itinerant Methodist preacher attract. . . . It appears to us much more surprising that a man of education should write such poetry as that of *Prometheus Unbound*, than that, when written, it should find admirers. It is easy to read without attention; but it is difficult to conceive how an author, unless his intellectual habits of thought are thoroughly depraved, should not take the trouble to observe whether his imagination has definite forms before it, or is gazing in stupid wonder on assemblages of brilliant words. Mr. Shelley tells us that he imitates the Greek tragic poets: can he be so blinded by self-love as not to be aware that his productions have not one feature of likeness to what has been deemed classical in any country, or in any age? . . . It seems to be his axiom that reason and sound thinking are aliens in the dominions of the Muses, and that, should they ever be found wandering about the foot of Parnassus, they ought to be cleared away as spies sent to discover the nakedness of the land. . . . The reader will probably have perceived that Mr. Shelley's poems are, in sober sadness, drivelling prose run mad—the tricks of a mere poetical harlequin amusing himself with

'The clock-work tintinnabulum of rhyme.'

In another part of the same number of the *Review* in which this article on Shelley appeared, it is claimed for the writers that they give a literary history of the times they lived in—which adds an indescribable touch to the irony with which at this day, Time seems to have stamped their judgment upon Shelley considered as a poet.

Looked at, however, from one point of view, there is something to be said for the *Quarterly*. The evil odour which had arisen on the name of Shelley, with the publication of *Queen Mab*, was still strong; and some incidents in his life, by which he all too boldly blazoned himself "an infidel" were not forgotten. One of the most painful things in modern biography is to trace out the process by which Shelley passed into his attitude of uncompromising hostility to Christianity. Brought up amongst people who may not unjustly be classed as "respectable conformists" merely—people who viewed the Church and its influence as little more than an additional machinery to aid comfortable class-life—in effect dissociating practical morality in certain aspects from religious profession altogether, Shelley, with his fearless truthfulness, detected at

an early stage the hollow inconsistency of such accommodations. To profess allegiance to a high ideal, and daily to outrage its demands, was in his eyes the deadly error, the *πῶρος πείθος* of life. He revolted against such religious profession, and reaped the evil fruits of seeds which other hands had sown. For, in the blind impetuosity of youthful fervour, he failed to distinguish between the hateful parody of religion he had witnessed, and that religion in itself. Woe be to them that make such confusions possible in young souls, ready to do battle for what is felt to be *the truth* ! Shelley's very regard for his ideal, his frank fearlessness, his readiness to sacrifice position, wealth, powerful connections, fair fame, and peace of mind, rather than in the slightest to compromise his convictions, bespeaks a nature on which the true exhibition of the Christian character in daily life could not but have had its own effect. All through his passionate yearnings after a remote and unattainable ideal, there was a feverish hunger for some complete moral perfection, which his blind revolt against a false form of Christianity hindered him from turning round to see in Jesus of Nazareth. But in spite of his passionate declaration against priests and autocrats, do we not detect "sweet influence" from the Christianity he so assailed, in his sympathy with the poor and down-trodden, his desire to see them raised to such circumstances as would make them sharers in moral and intellectual delights ? It has been said of his poetry that it would be altogether "pale and colourless" were it not for his keen sense of wrongs which he could never have personally shared, his sympathy with deprivations which he could have but vicariously felt. Shelley is only drawn down from that mid-region of aerial imaginings in which he sought his home, to the hard touch of earth, by the disclosure of injustice, wrong, and persecution. Then he is the dreamer no more, but a man who would have thrown himself bravely into the midst of the battle had duty called. It is this remarkably keen sense of wrong which relieves his poetry from being altogether *ghostly* or *bodiless*. Whether he concerns himself with the writhings of Prometheus, or paints with all the subtle fantastic wealth of his fancy the changing fortunes of Laon and Cythna, the reference to the facts of life and government, and the wrong on which the tragic element of human story is founded, is still present with him, and is most potent in his highest moments. He flees from

human association to solitude, but it is only to find himself environed by symbols of the conflicts and the wrongs he would fain forget, and, to some extent, the very restlessness which has been detected in his poetry, traces itself to this source, and may, without violence of language, be called Christian. The essence of Christianity, as Vinet has well said, is ceaseless aspiration and struggle, in which a *purely vicarious sympathy must be paramount*. The expression is vital; and much that will seem plausibly consistent would be excluded, while some influences at work might have to be ranked as Christian, though they do not claim the sacred designation. Shelley appropriated much from Christianity without knowing it. His heart was towards the right, and reposed on the very truth which his intellect rebelliously rejected—a point which many years ago was put with admirable force and clearness by Thomas de Quincey—a critic as far-seeing and sympathetic as he was felicitous in literary form, and apt at passing beyond the outward and distracting phenomena associated with character, to the character itself. He thus closed one of the most discerning articles he ever wrote :

“When one thinks of the early misery which he suffered, and of the insolent infidelity which, being yet so young, he wooed with a lover's passion, then the darkness of midnight begins to form a deep impenetrable background, upon which the phantasmagoria of all that is to come may arrange itself in troubled phosphoric streams and sweeping processions of woe. Yet again, when one recurs to his gracious nature, his fearlessness, his truth, his purity from all fleshliness of appetite, his freedom from vanity, his diffusive love and tenderness,—suddenly out of the darkness reveals itself a morning of May, forests and thickets of rose advance to the foreground, and from the midst of them looks out ‘the eternal child,’ cleansed from his sorrow, radiant with joy, having power given him to forget the misery which he suffered, power given him to forget the misery which he caused, and leaning with his heart upon that dovelike faith against which his erring intellect had rebelled.”

The *Quarterly Reviewer*, in his zeal for the form, lost sight of the essence. It was because he failed in sympathy that he failed in insight. In the light of Shelley's position as an acknowledged classic, it seems to us simply absurd to say that his poems are void of meaning. Passages in them may be obscure, as passages are obscure in the works of Shakespeare; but to miss the dominating purpose, the

sweet, subtle, insinuating music, augurs at once some defect of intellectual penetration and original poetic sensibility.

But we have more than indications of a merely general tendency on Shelley's part, or of an indirect and unconscious appropriation of influences specifically Christian. He was in the very process of coming to a right mind with respect to Christianity and its Founder, when, in his thirtieth year, he was suddenly taken away. In one of his latest works—the lyrical drama of *Hellas*, we see decisive symptoms of the coming change. His sympathies with the down-trodden, and his appreciation of nobleness in the fortitude and patience with which oppression and great suffering may be borne, led him to perceive that, notwithstanding the abuses with which Christianity has been associated, and the cloak it has been made for designs most alien to its spirit, the ineffable example of innocence, meekness, and self-sacrifice which it inaugurated, and had through all succeeding generations inspired, when other supports were utterly wanting,—had played and would play such a part in human history as could be attributed to no other religion that had appeared. He was too intense an idealist, and too much a poet by constitution, not to shrink in horror from the idea of annihilation of the human spirit, or to entertain, with the full consent of his heart and imagination, the doctrine of a non-individual, or merely general and diffused immortality. It was from this point that Shelley began his return course, from his boyish "Atheism" towards Belief. The great chorus of Christian women in *Hellas* might be regarded merely as a *dramatic* utterance, were it not that, in notes to it (as well as elsewhere), he has set down clear record of his individual conception of the greatness of Jesus Christ and of the beauty of His character. It would be too much to expect of him, considering his earlier attitude, that he should, all in a moment, become an enthusiastic advocate for *Christianity*, which, in his mind, still remained identified with certain theological and systematic deductions that have been built upon it. The rigid ultra-Calvinistic interpretations, which are fenced about by partial readings of texts, without the humanising spirit that alone can find a unity in them, were still assumed by him as something inseparable from the essential teachings of the New Testament; but the man who had come to see in Jesus Christ, "this most just, wise, and benevolent of men," would ere long, doubtless, have

come to perceive that the "innocent gods" of the fore-world could not be translated into the deities of the serener later-world which he imagined, without setting Jesus Christ above themselves, even as history and humanity had already set Him. It is against an arbitrary adjunct of Christianity, and not the Christianity of Christ, that Shelley's intellect is still in partial revolt, just as in later days the minds of men like Maurice and Macleod Campbell have been in revolt; and when he writes as he does in one of the last of the Notes to *Hellas*, we can understand him the better in the light of much that these men have said and written. Would that he could but have held wise colloquy with them. They would have shown how true, but how indiscriminating, was the following :

"The sublime human character of Jesus Christ was deformed by an imputed identification with a power, who tempted, betrayed, and punished the innocent beings who were called into existence by His sole will ; and for the period of a thousand years, the spirit of this most just, wise, and benevolent of men, has been propitiated with millions of hecatombs of those who approached the nearest to His innocence and wisdom, sacrificed under every aggravation of atrocity and variety of torture."

We are fully convinced that no thoughtful person could read carefully that greatest chorus in *Hellas*, and the note attached to it, without feeling that here was at work a higher spirit than had been present in the penning of *Queen Mab*, and some of the earlier prose. We attach so much weight to these passages that we present them here. First, the Chorus :

" Worlds on worlds are rolling ever  
 From creation to decay,  
 Like the bubbles on a river,  
 Sparkling, bursting, borne away.  
 But they are still immortal  
 Who, through birth's orient portal  
 And death's dark chasm hurrying to and fro,  
 Clothe their unceasing flight  
 In the brief dust and light  
 Gathered around their chariots as they go ;  
 New shapes they still may weave,  
 New gods, new laws receive,  
 Bright or dim are they as the robes they last  
 On Death's bare ribs had cast.

" A power from the unknown God,  
 A Promethean conqueror came ;  
 Like a triumphal path He trod  
 The thorns of death and shame.  
 A mortal shape to Him  
 Was like the vapour dim  
 Which the orient planet animates with light ;  
 Hell, sin, and slavery came,  
 Like blood-hounds mild and tame,  
 Nor preyed until the Lord had taken flight ;  
 The moon of Mahomet  
 Arose and it shall set :  
 While blasomed as on heaven's immortal noon  
 The cross leads generations on.

" Swift as the radiant shapes of sleep  
 From one whose dreams are Paradise  
 Fly, when the fond wretch wakes to weep,  
 And day peers forth with her blank eyes ;  
 So fleet, so faint, so fair,  
 The powers of earth and air  
 Fled from the folding star of Bethlehem :  
 Apollo, Pan, and Love,  
 And even Olympian Jove  
 Grew weak, for killing Truth had glared on them ;  
 Our hills and seas and streams  
 Dispeopled of their dreams,  
 Their waters turned to blood, their dew to tears,  
 Wailed for the golden years."

And this is the note :

"The popular notions of Christianity are represented in this chorus as true in their relation to the worship they superseded, and that which in all probability they will supersede, without considering their merits in a relation more universal. The first stanza contrasts the immortality of the living and thinking beings which inhabit the planets, and, to use a common and inadequate phrase, *clothe themselves in matter*, with the transience of the noblest manifestations of the external world.

"The concluding verses indicate a progressive state of more or less exalted existence, according to the degree of perfection which every distinct intelligence may have attained. Let it not be supposed that I mean to dogmatise upon a subject concerning which all men are equally ignorant, or that I think the Gordian knot of the origin of evil can be disentangled by that or any similar assertion. The received hypothesis of a Being re-

sembling men in the moral attributes of His nature, having called us out of non-existence, and after inflicting on us the misery of the commission of error, should superadd that of the punishment and the privations consequent upon it, still would remain inexplicable and incredible. That there is a true solution of the riddle, and that in our present state that solution is unattainable by us, are propositions which may be regarded as equally certain ; meanwhile, as it is the province of the poet to attach himself to those ideas which exalt and ennoble humanity, let him be permitted to have conjectured the condition of that futurity towards which we are all impelled by an insatiable thirst for immortality. Until better arguments can be produced than sophisms which disgrace the cause, this desire itself must remain the strongest and the only presumption that eternity is the inheritance of every thinking being."

Since writing the above, we have read in Sir Francis Doyle's *Lectures on Poetry* (Second Series) the account he there gives of a memorable debate at the Oxford Union on Byron and Shelley, and of the attempt made by Mr. Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) to find proof of a tendency in Shelley to escape from his earlier atheistic position. Sir Francis Doyle says :

"In order to prove Shelley's gradual approximation out of his boyish atheism to the principles of Christian truth, he (Lord Houghton) read, with great taste and feeling, that fine chorus from the *Hellas*, one of Shelley's latest works, the chorus I mean opening thus :

' A power from the unknown God,  
A Promethean conqueror came ;  
Like a triumphal path He trod  
The thorns of death and shame.'\*

Anxious, however, perhaps over-anxious, to inculcate, or, as somebody once phrased it, to tread the truth into the ignorant and unthinking multitude before him, he passed somewhat lightly over the fact that the chorus in question is a dramatic chorus, and put by him into the mouth of captive Christian women."

Strictly and harshly taken, there is something in what Sir Francis Doyle here notes. But Lord Hough-

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\* Sir Francis here slips, however, in saying that the chorus thus opens. It opens, as has been seen, with the words :

" Worlds on worlds are rolling over  
From creation to decay."



ton's instinct was quite right, and it can hardly be said, we think, that it was so much a case of "treading the truth into the unthinking" as an attempt to quicken perception and stimulate liberal judgment in relation to literary matters, that to be viewed to advantage must be sympathetically viewed. And, though it is quite true that the fact of dramatic medium needs to be recognised here, it is surely not illegitimate to say that such writing indicates a complete passage from the position of assertive prejudice and wild hatred that Shelley could thus musically, and with penetrating lyrical sweetness, give a voice to Christian sentiment. That there is *something* in this view we further claim on the ground that the chorus is in its spirit, and even in its form, whatever may be said of the position in which it stands, much more lyrical than dramatic. We mean by this that Shelley here, far less than in the most triumphant passages of the *Cenci*, for example, attains escape from the colouring of his own individual idiosyncrasy, especially as afforded by the element of language. It is less the language of Greek Christian women than the language of Shelley, and the chorus could not have been written save by one who was in the habit of tracing out, as Greek Christian women would have been the last to trace out, the points of likeness and of contrast between the gods of Paganism and Jesus Christ, and reaching thus the elements of superiority in the latter, which led to speculations on the possibilities of a resurrection of the dead gods in yet higher forms, and with attributes refined through the very revelation of Jesus Christ, as is found in the final chorus of the drama, which is thus seen to become essentially lyrical. All this is legitimately to be detected in this remarkable drama, as we think, imparting to it a kind of special autobiographical value in relation to the theological position and religious development of Shelley.

Shelley is the Beethoven of poetry. He is not always rigidly correct after a strict grammatical standard; but he never fails to evolve subtlest effects out of new combinations. In seeming to defy rule, he often rises to a higher rule. Sometimes he comes very near to ranking with the most daring of innovators: but his thought is always so elevated, his imagination so fertile, his sense of relation so exigent, that we feel he is justified in the result. No poet, perhaps, of any day, has had greater power in seeing and

in making tangible the remoter analogies between nature and man's spirit. It is the untrodden wastes of the soul he most loves to traverse, and to illumine by lights caught from the common aspects of things in the outer world. Nothing was without its significance for him ; and though he dwelt much alone, and was given to reverie, he was easily touched to sympathy with all forms of suffering or affliction. He colours every theme by his fine personality, and sets loose about it, as it were, an undefinable, but unforgettable odour. There is a trembling thrill, a fulness and a rapture of devotion in his lyrics: no one could doubt that they were written out of feelings the sincerest. They suggest the sweet fall of rain on remote and arid lands, or on stagnant pools, once more sweetening them ; the glow of sunset, the pathetic waving of corn-fields, the mystery of love, of death, of spiritual reunion. The soul of Shelley seems to incarnate itself for us, in such snatches as this :

“ Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory ;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

“ Rose-leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.”

Or this,—a characteristic instance of his skill in bringing out new effects of unexpected combinations :

“ LINES.

“ When the lamp is shattered  
The light in the dust lies dead—  
When the cloud is scattered  
The rainbow's glory is shed.  
When the lute is broken,  
Sweet tones are remembered not ;  
When the lips have spoken,  
Loved accents are soon forgot.

“ As music and splendour  
Survive not the lamp and the lute,  
The heart's echoes render  
No song when the spirit is mute :—

No song but sad dirges,  
Like the wind through a ruined cell,  
Or the mournful surges  
That ring the dead seamen's knell.

"When hearts have once mingled,  
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;

The weak one is singled  
To endure what it once possessed.

O Love ! who bewailest  
The frailty of all things here,  
Why choose you the frailest  
For your cradle, your home and your bier ?

"Its passions will rock thee  
As the storms rock the ravens on high :

Bright reason will mock thee,  
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter  
Will rot, and thine eagle home  
Leave thee naked to laughter,  
When leaves fall and cold winds come."

Such pieces as *The Skylark*, *The Cloud*, and *The Sensitive Plant*, exhibit Shelley as the exponent of rare orders 'of feeling by means of symbols that are simple, universal. In this order of lyrical poetry he actually stands without a rival. His touch is final—nothing could be wanted ; being there, nothing could be added. There is in these poems a regular movement of music, piercing, sweet, gradually rising in intensity till it reaches a climax with the last line. In his longer and more ambitious poems, he has allowed himself often to fall into such complexities as the ordinary reader can hardly be expected to follow ; but in his lyrics he is at once refined, clear, simple, subtle, and takes his place beside the greatest, without effort. In such poems as *Arethusa* he shows a wonderful power of bringing the ideas of the old Greek mythology into close contact with the "last results of science." Because of his remarkable subtlety, his rare powers over the secret stores of language, his bold thought, that fears not to range the most unallowed recesses of mystery, he has taken classic rank ; no one who wishes to know English poetry in its development can afford to ignore or to neglect him. More than many poets who have enjoyed such popularity in their own day as he was a stranger to, he has influenced later

schools, and is even now powerfully influential with the most popular of our poets. Criticism, too, has gradually changed its ground in relation to him. Time has been to Shelley the potent minister of justice. Critics whose assumptions are the most divergent or opposing now agree in recognising his power and the access of spiritual refinement and ideal passionateness that came into English poetry through him, at a time when it threatened to pass into frivolity and mere lyrical prettiness, or into cynical reference and wild satiric allusion. Mr. R. H. Hutton, with his confessed theological proclivities, is at one with Professor Spencer Baynes on this point; Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Buchanan would here shake hands. His works have been edited again and again: the most minute points have been discussed with such fulness of detail as an undying reputation alone is held to justify. This growing interest in Shelley, and the desire for a pure text, is an augury of a greatness not even yet fulfilled. But in spite of the care brought to bear on Shelley's writings it must be held so far an unfortunate circumstance that, in addition to the obscurity inseparable from his excessive idealism and his feverish intensity, he himself never had the opportunity of revising the greater portion of his writings. He was, besides, impatient and inexact, and this by temperament; so that even the portions which he did correct are by no means to be regarded as final; for there can be no doubt that he would have altered much had he been deliberately advised regarding not a few points of punctuation and rhyme. His love of odd and old forms, his indifference to strict grammatical rules in his determination after euphony, can be held to justify much, but not all that is exceptional, and in some degree *outré* and unintelligible in his works. But one thing is clear. Here was the occasion and opportunity for devoted, exact, and sympathetic editorship. It was above all things evident, that a hard and fast process of mutilation under a preconceived set of rules would not do. Shelley, more than most poets, was musical—that is, his language was the natural and graceful vehicle of his ideas and intentions, and that towards any rectification, a sympathetic approach was essential. Merely verbal criticism would not answer here. Some penetration into the spirit, allied with a loving patience in comparing part with part, and in guessing at the poet's purposes, was the main

desideratum. Mr. Baxton Forman has, to our thinking, shown evidence of these qualities in a very large measure. In too many cases it has been the habit, in dealing with Shelley, to exercise the ingenuity on one passage, separate from others. Mr. Forman, in what may be rightly named this memorial edition, does not err in that respect. He has first of all set himself *en rapport* with Shelley, has sought to enter into his spirit. He thus unites the interpretive with the critical, always seeking to see what the poet might have regarded as an element of fitness for his purpose in cases where there are lapses from common rule. If he has erred at all it is on the side of safety, and in a manner the more to be commended that many of his predecessors have been conspicuously incautious. He is very conservative of his text, while giving the impression of having missed no point that has been or could be urged against the retention of doubtful points. He tells us that his first purpose is to give a faithful text of Shelley; and, therefore, he does not see it right to change a single letter, or to delete or transpose even a comma, without distinctly indicating it. This plan has, in view of immediate popularity, one great disadvantage. It seems to encumber the pages with needless or with trivial foot-notes. But only *seems*. The character of such a writer as Shelley is most interestingly seen in his processes of work, his endless alterations, his unceasing effort to bring his productions up to his own ideal of perfection. The plan adopted, therefore, gives a permanent value to the edition. It might appear as though of all poets, Shelley was the most spontaneous; singing out of immediate rapture like a bird; yielding himself only to what was familiar; as if, though his genius was peculiar and intense it interpreted itself without any difficulty. Eager, excitable, impulsive, ever in a flush of new experiences, moving apparently in a sphere of aspiration and yearning apart wholly from the common world, Shelley was yet in one respect a careful, persistent, and persevering worker. Spontaneous as his poetry appears, it cost him great effort. Mr. R. Garnett tells us, as the result of a long but fruitful study of Shelley's note-books, that "Shelley appears to have composed with his pen in his hand, and to have corrected as fast as he wrote; hence a page full of writing frequently yields only two or three available lines, which must be painfully disentangled from a mass

of obliterations. Much that at first sight wears the appearance of novelty, proves on inspection to be merely a variation of something already published; and sometimes the case is reversed, as in the Prologue to *Hellas*, so buried in the MS. of that drama (which has in itself on the average ten lines effaced for one retained) as to be only discoverable and separable upon very close scrutiny." Mr. Forman's edition, therefore, embodying as it does the widest consensus of suggested emendations, varied readings of different editions, and all the fragments of importance alongside the finished works with which they are more or less closely related, may be said in a very special sense to be the student's Shelley, as affording immediate illustration of what Mr. Garnett has so well said:—"We seem to attain to a more intimate acquaintance with a great spirit when listening to its first unstudied utterances, than by receiving those elaborated for the press—or, perhaps, something in their place which their author wishes *had* been his first thought. Such is, indeed, rarely the case with Shelley, whose sincerity is above all suspicion, and whose ceaseless revision, while it introduced the most extensive modifications into the form of his writings, rarely affected the substance, or effaced the delicate bloom of the original conception.

To those, then, who will bring a patient and sympathetic mind to the study of Shelley, Mr. Forman's edition presents valuable and admirably arranged materials, together with the aid of a competent and conscientious guide on what may with all strictness be called a somewhat trying road. The following extract from the general preface may be taken to indicate this conclusively:

"The bearing on metric effect of what at first sight may appear to be mere slovenliness of grammar, orthography, and punctuation, is not easy to estimate in the case of so subtle a master of music as Shelley: I suspect his punctuation often depended more on euphony than on grammar; and it must always be intrinsically safer to leave the text as it is in these minute particulars than to tamper with it, unless there be a strong presumption that it has become corrupt since it left his hands. At all events, not only has this seemed to me *safer* and more in accordance with editorial obligations; but I have even thought it well worth while to preserve in the text, and not merely in the notes, so much of the minute history of Shelley's mind as is unfolded to us in the peculiarities and inconsistencies of his orthography, &c.—at least

when it has seemed likely that the orthography, &c., were his, and deliberately adopted. But here, again, there are difficulties; for occasionally we come upon divergences of practice for which there is double and conflicting authority. In such cases, if I find good reason for belief in a certain rule as recognised by Shelley, I do not hesitate to apply his rule in correction of the text even where there is manuscript authority against the change, because very often the manuscript giving such authority is either hasty or seemingly immature, and the change such as he might reasonably be expected to make on proof-sheets, or whenever he discovered the departure from his own rule.

"Indeed, to carry out this view of the service required towards the text of Shelley, it has been necessary to insert a great number of notes on variations of detail, trivial in themselves, but often involving questions of principle not readily apparent without making the notes longer than they are. It should therefore be premised that those to whom details are an affliction must not expect to find one note in a dozen interesting, the bulk of the notes being merely in furtherance of the twofold view that the absolute text of the original editions ought to be accessible to every one, and yet that the text of a library edition should not include obvious errors of the press, or inadvertencies, whatever it may be necessary to record in foot-notes. On similar grounds it has seemed desirable to afford all possible bibliographical information, so that students may be in the best attainable position to study the original editions, and supplement, confirm, or controvert my conclusions on textual questions. And if the result has been the production of an edition of Shelley with much dry detail in the notes, that result is owing to my conviction that more service was to be done to the cause in this way than in any other, such as an unscrupulous remodelling of the text and a free addition of expository or explanatory notes. In order to avoid a good many of these very uninteresting details, I have often left the punctuation or orthography of the text as I found it, even in cases where I have not been convinced of its being precisely as Shelley left it, but where the matter was of very little importance, and *could not possibly be decided*, so that, had I attempted any change, I must have burdened the page with a note, with no corresponding advantage."

Mr. Forman has distinctly shown wisdom in the general arrangement, in so far as he has reserved till the close of the last volume the earlier works of Shelley, which, though in a sense completed, the poet himself had come to regard as immature, and was inclined to withdraw altogether. This particularly applies to *Queen Mab*, though in the first volume we have a fragment, "The Daemon of the

World," which was incorporated with *Queen Mab*. What must strike every one in a careful study of this fragment, is the perfection of expression in some of the sections, notably in that beginning,

"If solitude hath ever led thy steps  
To the shore of the immeasurable sea."

We are glad, too, to have the fragments introduced, in as far as was possible, after the poems on which they bear. Some of these fragments are truly wonderful, alike for the subtle sweetness of their music, their suggestiveness, and, as already said, for the light they throw on the poet's individuality and method. This we may cite from the Prologue to *Hellas* :

"Could Arethuse to her forsaken urn  
From Alpheus and the bitter Doris run ;  
Or could the morning shafts of purest light  
Again into the quivers of the Sun  
Be gathered ; could one thought from its wild flight  
Return into the temple of the brain  
Without a change, without a stain ;  
Could aught that is ever again  
Be what it once has ceased to be,  
Greece might again be free."

This, too, is very characteristic :

"Within a cavern of man's trackless spirit  
Is throned an Image, so intensely fair  
That the adventurous thoughts that wander near it  
Worship, and, as they kneel, tremble and wear  
The splendour of its presence ; and the light  
Penetrates their dream-like frame  
Till they become charged with the strength of flame."

Only another of these fragments shall we present—it is a cancelled passage of the *Adonais*, and, as Mr. Garnett says, is unmistakably a portrait of Leigh Hunt, so distinct and clear in its outlines as to show how definite in portraiture Shelley might have been had he chosen :

"And then came one of sweet and earnest looks  
Whose soft smiles to his dark and night-like eyes  
Were as the clear and ever-living brooks  
Are to the obscure fountains whence they rise,  
Showing how pure they are : a Paradise



Of happy truth upon his forehead low  
 Lay, making wisdom lovely, in the guise  
 Of earth-awakening morn upon the brow  
 Of star-deserted heaven, while ocean gleams below.

His song, though very sweet, was low and faint,  
 A simple strain——"

Starting with *Alastor*, the first of the mature poems, so recognised by Shelley himself, Mr. Forman presents the poems in chronological order, with the exception of the last section of the youthful poems, and the translations.

It is difficult to convey any idea of the immense labour that has been devoted to the task of clearing up corruptions in the text. We convey to Mr. Buxton Forman the very highest compliment in our power, when we say that, though we cannot in all cases bring ourselves fully to agree with him, his exceedingly conscientious work has made us more than once think of a certain passage of a well-known writer, which he could hardly have seen :

"In Somersetshire," this writer says, "they have whole acres devoted to the culture of *teazles*, which are things that the makers of woollen cloth use for *teasing* the cloth in some stage of its manufacture. *Why* and *wherefore*, it is surely *their* business to explain, and not mine. Now these puzzles that arise from disturbed and dislocated words or letters may be called *teazles*, as standing in something the same relation to the wits and conjectural faculties of scholars that *teazles* do to broadcloth. The peculiar felicity of any emendation lies in this: that the vestiges of the true and recovered reading shall be clearly traceable in a natural corruption of this reading, such as we find it in the existing text. Any man can suggest a reading that will make plausible sense, but the thing demanded is to show how this true reading might easily and naturally fall into the corrupt form now occupying the text. Many are the passages, past counting are the passages that in Shakespeare, and others, are waiting for this felicitous surgery."

Mr. Forman must invariably satisfy himself of the *rationale* of the corruption, if we may speak so. He will not advance a step without being secure of foothold. He rather, in such a case, prefers the *status quo*. Some of the most puzzling lines of the *Alastor* he has dealt with; and we can hardly help thinking it an instance of over-scrupulousness that he did not insert his own reading in, at

least, one case in the text. Thus he gives in a note a passage, which, as it stands in the text, is nigh unintelligible :

"On every side now rose  
Rocks, which, in unimaginable forms,  
Lifted their black and barren pinnacles  
In the light of evening, *amidst precipices*,  
Obscuring the ravine, disclosed above,  
'Mid toppling stones," &c.

We are glad to see, also, that on second thoughts he recalls a suggested reading of the lines,

"But some inconstant star  
Between one foliated lattice twinkling fair,"

for we are quite satisfied that here "between" is used, with some licence, in the sense of "through," and that this use of the word "between" is an original and happy device on Shelley's part to emphasise the idea of the still dreaminess of the place with its one star peeping between the leaves. There can, we think, be as little doubt that further on the correct reading is "Herself a poet," and not "Himself a poet," for the reasons which Mr. Forman thus efficiently gives :

"It would be altogether unlike Shelley to remind us at this stage that his hero was a poet; but the idea involved in his telling us that the veiled maid was a poet is both beautiful and characteristic. Shelley's ideal of female perfection,—the ideal of the poet-hero of *Alastor*,—should naturally be, *inter alia*, a poet; and she whose speech of knowledge and truth and virtue, and lofty hopes of Divine liberty, kindled through all her frame a permeating fire, until *she raised wild numbers*, fulfilled the precise conditions of the poetic state."

Equally thorough and thoughtful are Mr. Forman's emendations on the *Laon and Cythna*, more commonly known as the *Revolt of Islam*. In the twelfth stanza of Canto IX. the rhymes were wholly disarranged by a reading which had occurred in all former editions—"hues of grace." Shelley, he says, would hardly refer to colours as graceful, and these songs of Laon, inciting to revolution, would have more to do with fire than with grace. The fact that *flame* has to do double duty as a rhyme in this stanza does not materially affect the question, as there are other like instances, as in stanza thirty-four of this canto.

We must also signalise as a very happy emendation the "lorn solitude" for the tautological "lone solitude" of the thirty-second stanza of Canto VII. And in the last line of the sixth stanza of the Dedication of *Laon and Cythna*, we think he is absolutely right in decisively rejecting the reading *clog* for *clog* :

" Yet never found I one not false to me,  
Hard hearts, and cold, like weights of icy stone  
Which crushed and withered mine, that could not be  
Aught but a lifeless clog, until revived by thee."

For in this sense the word "clog" is used by Pope and by Scott, not to speak of older writers.

One other instance of felicitous emendation we must refer to here. That is in the opening of the *Ode to Liberty*, where by putting the colon at the end of the first line a most noticeable change is effected. Thus :

" A glorious people vibrated again :  
The lightning of the nations, Liberty,  
From heart to heart, from tower to tower o'er Spain,  
Scattering contagious fire into the sky gleamed."

"The ruinous colon at nations, which," as Mr. Buxton Forman says, "has been repeated in all editions known to me," spoils the whole sense of the passage. "It is absolutely certain that such could not have been Shelley's punctuation: to say that a people vibrated the lightning of the nations would scarcely be sense, and to talk of liberty as gleaming from tower to tower, and scattering contagious fire into the sky, unless in direct opposition to lightning, would be a strained use of language." Elsewhere, we distinctly agree with Mr. Forman in rejecting a proposed emendation of "lighting" for "lightening" by way of improving the metre.

One conviction forced itself on us at an early stage of our studies of Shelley in reference to not a few of his irregularities in grammar and rhyme. We came to the conclusion that many of the errors were to be accounted for by partial corrections; Shelley, both in MS. and in proof, altering words for the sake of rhyme without correcting other words dependent upon them. We had put on record this impression of ours before we stumbled, almost by accident, on a little paper by Mr. Fleay in the *Provincial Magazine* (not for 1857 but) for 1858. In that paper we

found that several of the readings which have since been suggested by others and generally adopted, had then been pointed out by him as likely readings, guided solely by the idea of such partial corrections; he putting on record his conceptions of Shelley's general process of work thus:

"The simple fact seems to be that Shelley wrote on this wise: the thought of the instant was jotted down, say, in two rhyming lines; a second thought which occurred immediately after, in a form which rhymed to the other two, was next written, with a latent intention of altering the second line of the first two, so as to rhyme with the next (fourth) to be introduced; this was forgotten, and the passage was given to the world with one line unrhymed. Of course it may be said that this is but guesswork; yet if this hypothesis will explain *every* instance in his works in which no rhyme exists,—if it will remove blemishes of form, elucidate meanings, or add musical rhythm even to half a dozen passages,—is not the experiment worth trying?"

One of Mr. Fleay's suggested emendations, which Mr. Garnett also lighted upon and found MS. authority for, was in the line,

"Which fairies catch in hyacinth buds,"

*bowls* evidently being the true reading, to rhyme with *moles*. In the *Dirge*, he suggested that in the couplet,

"The rats in her heart  
Have made their nest,"

we should read "in her *breast*," to obtain a rhyme—a suggestion we are not quite so sure of.

In a semi-chorus of *Hellas* we had:

"For  
Revenge and wrong bring forth their kind."

He proposed *Fear* in order to get the rhyme for "I hear" above—a reading since then adopted.

In *Julian and Maddalo* we find one line ending with "destiny," and the next with "I spoke." Mr. Fleay proposed a transposition, "spoke I." Mr. Forman notices the rhymeless line, but does not propose any transposition to amend the irregularity.

*Rosalind and Helen* affords Mr. Fleay many opportunities for his ingenuity. He disagrees with Mr. Forman, as we are almost inclined to do, regarding the "quick tears

ran " where a rhyme is wanted for " none can ever tell," and proposes to read " the quick tears fell." In the lines, now irregular in rhyme,

" Those heathy paths, that inland stream,  
And the blue mountains, shapes which seem  
Like wrecks of childhood's sunny dream  
Which that we have abandoned now,"

he would read " show " for " seem," as " now " stands rhymeless—which is perhaps a somewhat bold emendation. A more probable illustration of his own theory is found in the passage in Mr. Forman's edition at p. 320, vol. i.,

" The multitude  
Tracking them to the secret wood,  
Tore limb from limb their innocent child,  
And stabbed and trampled on its mother,"

where " child " being without a rhyme, he proposes to read " wild " for " wood "—a not impossible misprint. At p. 325 of *Rosalind and Helen*, we find *bold*, *cold* and *old* rhyming, and, a few lines on, *fell* without a rhyme. Mr. Fleay would meet these by the simple transposition of " pale and old " into " old and pale." In the line,

" Then fade away in circlets faint,"

he would read

" Then faint, away in circlets fade,"

to get a rhyme for *spread*, which is rhymeless. At p. 355, we read in Mr. Forman's edition :

" She ceased.—' Lo, where red morning thro' the wood  
Is burning o'er the dew ! ' said Rosalind.  
And with these words they rose, and towards the flood  
Of the blue lake, beneath the leaves now wind  
With equal steps and fingers intertwined."

Mr. Fleay would here read " wind now " instead of " now wind " to perfect the rhymes.

Mr. Fleay, as he is merely experimenting, may be a little too bold, but we are inclined to regard his principle as sound. It seems evident to us that Mr. Forman has in one or two instances shrunk from legitimate exercise of prerogative in extreme regard for the text as we have it. It is, for instance, almost as certain as MS. authority could

make it, that a secondary alteration, depending on a correction actually made for rhyme's sake, was not done in the second stanza of the twelfth canto of the *Laon and Cythna*. It reads :

“——And lo ! the long array  
Of guards in golden arms and priests beside,  
Singing their bloody hymns, whose garbs betray  
The blackness of the faith it seems to hide.”

Mr. Forman, in opposition to Mr. Rossetti, who for the sake of grammar proposes to read “*they seem*” for “*it seems*,” suggests that we should read :

“——And lo ! the long arrays  
Of guards in golden arms and priests beside,  
Singing their bloody hymns, whose garb betrays  
The blackness of the faith it seems to hide.”

But we think that the presence of “*it seems*” there is a good proof that originally the passage had stood as Mr. Forman suggests ; and that, for the very purpose of getting a kind of additional force to the idea by contrasting the multifarious garbs of the priests with, according to Shelley, the uniform blackness of the faith they seem to hide, he had altered the rhymes, but omitted to alter “*it seems*,” depending on that correction. The same principle applies to that stanza in *Laon and Cythna* where Mr. Rossetti and Mr. Fleay both suggest “*flame*” for “*light*” to obtain a true rhyme, and we are inclined to agree with them. But we must repeat that where Mr. Forman errs it is always on the side of safety ; and we now deliberately give it as our opinion that no man has done more to give English readers a true text of a favourite poet.

Referring to the very valuable appendices of exceptional words used by Shelley, we may note that the same remarks as were made by Mr. Forman in the first appendix on the word *knarled*, fell to be made regarding the peculiar form of “*crudded*” in the third appendix. In Scotland, and in the northern counties of England, the word is still used : the people there speaking not of *curds*, but *cruds*, and of things as becoming *crudded*. The point here is that Shelley, whose ear was remarkably quick for new and striking words, might possibly have actually heard this word, as well as read it in Spenser, or other old authors.

In the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1860, there was an ingenious

paper on Shelley's plagiarisms from *Othello*. To Shakespeare, however, all poets have a right to be indebted; and it may aid in restoring the balance somewhat if we say that a careful reference to Shelley has shown us how deeply indebted later poets have been to him not only for separate thoughts and images, but for suggestions of greater reach. We cannot fully illustrate this point now: we can but present a specimen or two. There can hardly be a doubt that a certain fine and forcible image in the *Erechtheus* of Mr. Swinburne owed something to the concluding lines of this stanza of *Laon and Oythna*:

"All thought it was God's Angel come to sweep  
The lingering guilty to their fiery grave;  
The tyrant from his throne in dread did leap,—  
Her innocence his child from fear did save;  
Scared by the faith they feigned, each priestly slave  
Knelt for his mercy whom they served with blood.  
And, like the reflux of a mighty wave  
Sucked into the loud sea, the multitude  
With crushing panic fled in terror's altered mood.  
Her radiant shape upon its verge did shiver,  
Aloft her flowing hair like things of flame did quiver."

This also suggests a later image:

"As suddenly  
Thou comest as the memory of a dream  
Which now is sad because it has been sweet.

At sunrise thou shouldst come, sweet sister mine,  
Too long desired, too long delaying, come."

"I feel, I see  
Those eyes which burn thro' smiles, that fade in tears  
Like stars half-quenched in misty silver dew."

These passages certainly suggest something of an idyllic quality. Nor less do the lines,

"The misery of a madness slow and creeping,  
Which made the earth seem fire, the sea seem air,"

recall to the mind a later classic reproduction. The following, again, in its wonderfully subtle music, has its late examples:

"Ah, sister! Desolation is a delicate thing:  
It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,  
But treads with killing footstep, and fans with silent wing  
The tender hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest bear;

Who, soothed to false repose by the fanning plumes above  
 And the music-stirring motion of its soft and busy feet,  
 Dream visions of ærial joy, and call the monster, Love,  
 And wake, and find the shadow Pain, as he whom now we  
 greet."

Before quitting this attractive theme, let us return for a moment to the predominating spirit of Shelley's poems. In that subtle and suggestive, if somewhat one-sided, "Essay" by Mr. R. H. Hutton, which he has reprinted in the revised edition of his *Essays*, an effort is made to show that Shelley was so completely the victim of his own "fevered intensity of unsatisfied desire," that he was quite unequal to the stress of true creation. There it is said of the *Cenci* itself: "It is a passion, not a drama—the silver gleam of a winter torrent down a terrific precipice, leaving a shudder behind, and no more." And it is urged: "Shelley's intellect and imagination were not of a sort to make a complex whole. Infinitely subtle they were; and if they had had more volition they might perhaps have been less subtle; *but of volition they were almost destitute*. His imagination was of one dimension only—a point of moving fire, generating myriads of beautiful shapes, but never illuminating anything beyond the single series of connected positions which the spark traversed between the moment of kindling and the moment of extinction." It has been said, we think with some degree of truth, of Mr. Hutton, that he is apt to approach poetry with a too distinct intellectual purpose, and that he is inclined to force or to narrow the qualities he finds there into harmony with a term which has been suggested by a merely intellectual relation to the work. Having found in Shelley an intense yearning after excitements derived from an ideal which hangs suspended between the real and the spiritual worlds, and having demonstrated that, on account of this "ever unsatisfied yearning," only a vague continuity of desire bound his thoughts together, and that therefore he had "no vigorous grasp, no integrating power," Mr. Hutton goes on to say:

"Rapid change, strung together only by the continuity of a flash of feeling, being thus the law of Shelley's imagination, all his longer poems, *except the Cenci*, are very defective in unity. Even *Adonais* is only a shimmer of beautiful regret, full of arbitrary though harmonious and



delicate fancies ; and the *Witch of Atlas* gauges for us the spontaneous tendencies of Shelley's *volatile and inconstant* imagination, when it happened to be entirely free from the spell of any strong desire, and shows us how loose was the texture of his genius when not dominated by such feelings. No other poet could make us take the slightest interest in the subject. The *Witch* is the impersonation of Shelley's own fancy-free imagination, and is said to be the spirit of love, but exhibits it only in the shape of that pale gentleness of disposition which Shelley so often confounded with love."

But the very fact that Shelley was so faithful in self-revelation that, in spite of what is here called the volatility of his "fancy-free imagination," he could, in the *Witch of Atlas*, present the impress of a distinct individuality, may be taken to bear in an almost opposite direction from that to which Mr. Hutton would point us; to seek in *Adonais* for anything more than "a shimmer of beautiful regret," which was all that the poet intended it for, is simply to over-intellectualise; while it is surely somewhat arbitrary to declare the existence of so intense a unity of intellectual interest in the *Cenci*, and to omit to notice the realism—the often pathetic and sublime realism—of the portraiture which are crystallised around a conception painful in itself, and only redeemed from being simply repulsive and horrible by the definite creative energy, through which a sweet and gentle character is made naturally to rise by the most awful concatenation of circumstances, and to dilate to a true tragic grandeur. And seeing that the central theme was so exceptional, and so little likely, even with the most skilful handling, to be brought into harmony with such an impression, we are bound to say that the very unity which Mr. Hutton finds in it proves the existence of the power whose presence he declines to admit, "the power to master a complex whole." Very characteristically, Mr. Hutton seizes on an expression from one of Beatrice's speeches when near her death, and applies it to Shelley's pervading and constant tendency, surely with some despatch to that regard for dramatic coherence and unity of imaginative interest, which impart to such passages as these a deep and powerful natural pathos and sublime simplicity :

## " BEATRICE

Mother,  
What is done wisely, is done well. Be bold  
As thou art just. 'Tis like a truant child  
To fear that others know what thou hast done,  
Even from thine own strong consciousness, and thus  
Write on unsteady eyes and altered cheeks  
All thou wouldst hide. Be faithful to thyself,  
And fear no other witness but thy fear.  
For if, as cannot be, some circumstance  
Should rise in accusation, we can blind  
Suspicion with such cheap astonishment,  
Or overbear it with such guiltless pride,  
As murderers cannot feign. The deed is done,  
And what may follow regards now not me.  
I am as universal as the light ;  
Free as the earth-surrounding air ; as firm  
As the world's centre. Consequence, to me,  
Is as the wind which strikes the solid rock  
But shakes it not."

Or in this, the closing portion of the drama :

## " BEATRICE.

Farewell, my tender brother, think  
Of our sad fate with gentleness as now :  
And let mild, pitying thoughts lighten for thee  
Thy sorrow's load. Err not in harsh despair,  
But tears and patience. One thing more, my child,  
For thine own sake be constant to the love  
Thou bearest us ; and to the faith that I,  
Tho' wrapt in a strange cloud of crime and shame,  
Lived ever holy and unstained. And tho'  
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name  
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow  
For men to point at as they pass, do thou  
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind  
Of those, who perhaps love thee in their graves.  
So mayest thou die as I do ; fear and pain  
Being subdued. Farewell ! farewell ! farewell !

## BERNARDO.

I cannot say farewell !

## CAMILLO.

O, Lady Beatrice !

## BEATRICE.

Give yourself no unnecessary pain,  
 My dear Lord Cardinal. Here, mother, tie  
 My girdle for me, and bind up this hair  
 In any simple knot ; ay, that does well,  
 And yours I see is coming down. How often  
 Have we done this for one another ! Now  
 We shall not do it any more. My Lord,  
 We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well."

Mr. Hutton's criticism somewhat loses sight of Shelley's own claim for this drama when he says :—" I have endeavoured as nearly as possible to represent the characters as they probably were, and have sought to avoid the error of making them actuated by my own conceptions of right or wrong, false or true ; thus, under a thin veil, converting names and actions of the sixteenth century into impersonations of my own mind." But, in spite of this, we recognise the subtle and penetrating character of Mr. Hutton's criticism, and rejoice that he was the first, so far as we are aware, decidedly to repudiate the corruption brought into the text of the *Skylark* of "embodied joy" for "unbodied joy," remarking : "It seems to me a most unauthentic change. Shelley was intending to suggest that the skylark represented in its fire and music the upward flight of a joy that had just got rid of the fetters of a body." So that Professor Spencer Baynes's remarks on this point, in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1871, just and admirable as they are, cannot claim to be initiative. He wrote :

"Professor Craik says, in support of his conjecture, 'as if joy were a thing that naturally wore a body.' But, in reality, joy usually has a body, and a very visible one. It manifests itself by corporeal signs and gestures of a very obvious and distinctive kind, and is universally known and recognised by these signs. Almost the only exception to this law of visible embodiment is that of sweet and thrilling vital sounds when the source whence they flow is unseen. In this case, while the sounds are felt to be full of rapture, or at least of conscious enjoyment, still the enjoyment is not embodied in any visible or tangible shape. This spiritual character of the skylark's singing is the very key-note of Shelley's poem, struck in the first stanza, and maintained through all its marvellous combinations of musical thought, and imagery, and emotion, to the very close. The fatal objection to the pro-

posed change is, that it is completely at variance with the whole feeling, as well as with the entire conception of the poem, that it reverses the very epithet by which in this particular stanza that exception is most vividly expressed. At the outset, Shelley addresses the skylark as a spirit singing in the pure empyrean, and ever soaring nearer to heaven's gate as she sings. He then apostrophises the emancipated soul of melody on the celestial lightness and freedom in which it now expatiates. To the swift, sympathetic imagination of the poet, the scorner of the ground, floating far up in the golden light, had become an ærial rapture, a disembodied joy, a 'delighted spirit,' whose ethereal race had just begun. This is a representation at once profoundly poetical and profoundly true. But its force and consistency is destroyed by the so-called emendation."

This is powerfully put ; and we must add that seldom have we read a more penetrating or a more sympathetic piece of criticism than this of Professor Spencer Baynes upon Shelley.

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ART. VI.—1. *The Life of the Rev. George Whitefield, B.A., of Pembroke College, Oxford.* By the Rev. L. Tyerman, Author of "The Life and Times of the Rev. Samuel Wealey, M.A., Rector of Epworth;" "The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wealey, M.A.;" and "The Oxford Methodists." In Two Volumes. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row, E.C. 1876.

2. *The Life and Travels of George Whitefield, M.A.* By James Paterson Gledstone. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1871.

By the publication of the work that stands at the head of this paper, Mr. Tyerman has added to the obligations under which he had already laid the Methodist community and the general public. His industry is marvellous; his zeal in manuscript-hunting amounts to a passion; and his success in the pursuit seems only explicable as the result of instinct. Letters on all sorts of subjects that have any connection with the Methodist Revival, ranging in their dates over many decades of years, and despatched to and from all parts of the three kingdoms and the United States—as if conscious of their destiny from the time they were carried by pack-horses over mountain paths, jolted in cumbrous vehicles along cross-country roads, or detained for months on sea voyages, all through the critical period of their first perusal and circulation among people interested in the great Gospel movement, down to the time of their consignment to secret cabinets and transmission as precious heirlooms to posterity—after the lapse of a century come forth from their hiding-places, and find their way into Mr. Tyerman's pages. And this represents but one department of his multifarious research. He has thoroughly digested the political, religious and social history of the period, and in fact lived in the eighteenth century till the names, doings and characters of the less as well as the more notable of its politicians, wits, beauties, divines, are as familiar to him as those of their successors

can be to men belonging to the England of to-day. Of course, the Methodist leaders are the foremost figures on his canvas, as they are now acknowledged to have been of the age that produced them—if indeed men can be even metaphorically called figures who were the very embodiments of varied energy and intensest life. And Mr. Tyerman is in full sympathy with the men and the movement, particularly with those aspects of both which at the time appeared so novel, so unaccountable, so alien from the ways of even the religious world that then was, and which now are almost universally identified as the original lineaments of Christianity itself. The phenomenon of the spiritual life, as a belief superior to creeds, though not independent of them, a principle that makes the individual more important than party and yet binds him more closely than ever to the race, a power that calls into being energies that would have slumbered, and gives them their highest efficiency by providing an infinitely glorious object and an ever accumulating reward, a soul-harmonising influence that combines the ideal and practical in religion, and fortifies the authority of conscience by the suasive impulses of love—this great phenomenon then first apparently since the churches were roused from the torpor of the Middle Ages received full definition and expression. In the Reformation of the sixteenth century we see it hampered by political alliances, doctrinal controversies, bloody wars, by its own intolerance, and by the discredit which it thereby, rightly or wrongly, acquired. In the Puritanism of the seventeenth, in addition to all this, we see it narrowed by prejudice, subordinated to crotchets, and soured by the injustice of an unequal strife. But in the Methodism of the eighteenth century the spiritual life has emancipated itself from bondage, whether to religious forms or political interests. It is no longer an extreme reaction from the Renaissance, any more than an outcome of it. It has lost the acerbity of temper and intolerance of spirit with which it formerly regarded its opponents. It cannot be confounded with new schemes of philosophy, for it makes war upon them; nor justly charged with divisive social tendencies, since it rather tends to check them. Its action is directed in the first instance not upon society, but upon the individual; and it builds up the State, not by expounding new constitutions, but by making each member of the commonwealth a valuable unit in the mass,

sound in itself and capable of cohering with the rest. And what the movement was from the beginning, it is in its essential features now; that is, where it has taken the shape and form of a distinct religious community. It has become more highly organised, as it must have done to preserve existence. It has become ecclesiastical in its employment of regular forms and institutions, judicial in its maintenance of a godly and wise discipline, educational in its efforts both direct and indirect to enlighten the masses of the people, philanthropic and missionary in its world-embracing zeal. But it has never degenerated into the propaganda of a creed, the machinery of a party, or the school of any particular philosophy. The predominance of the spiritual life has been its great motive power and its great ultimate aim, to which all others have been made subservient.

This influence has been felt beyond the limits of any denomination which may more or less directly trace its lineage to it. Established churches, which it sought to renovate as a force acting from within, have in spite of themselves been quickened by it as a force operating from without. The fervour alike of those who adhere to forms and of those who reject them has been kindled by it. Its earnestness has pervaded the walks of philosophy, so that no one now pretends like Hume to regard philosophy as so much amusement, divorced from the serious business of life, and even the sceptic that doubts the personality of God, reverently admits the dignity of man. Its philanthropic ardour has created social science, a branch of study never known before, while its elder sister of the political sphere has acquired a sense of responsibility altogether different from that associated with the fate of a ministry or the displeasure of a monarch. Art and literature have been purified; commerce, with all its shortcomings, is placed upon a sounder basis; and the comity of nations has come to be regarded as a thing not lightly to be broken. Responsibility, earnestness, the sacredness of man, these are the ideas that distinguish the present century, and we owe them to the great religious uprising of the half-century that preceded it.

It may seem to some that we do not take sufficient account of a possible plurality of causes. There is the French Revolution, with the lessons it taught to our country in the long struggle that followed. The nation made its

choice then between an infidel philosophy and a Divinely-inspired revelation, between licentious morals and the old sobriety, between self-interest and the voice of conscience and duty. And it made the right choice, and in the steadfast maintenance of it triumphed. But it was the previous half-century of revived religious feeling that made such a choice possible, and that gave it permanence when made. The great national struggle harrowed in the seed that godly men had been sowing through two generations of comparative national repose.

We shall not, of course, be misunderstood when we say that in this movement both Whitefield and Wesley were truly representative men. Of the collateral benefits it was to give birth to, they could know but little. The most far-sighted statesmen and philosophers saw no indications of the deluge in which European society was to be submerged, nor of the new form it was to assume when it again emerged from the waters. And neither Whitefield nor Wesley, who so largely helped the transformation, was gifted with the prescience of a Noah to warn them of its approach. The marvellous complexity, the still more marvellous unity, the feverish excitements of society as we now see it, could not be foreseen by them, living as they did in an age of stagnant thought, crass ignorance, and general isolation of class from class, county from county, and nation from nation. But none the less must we recognise in them the first workings of the mighty fermentation. Their own activity was in continuous and reproachful contrast with the inertness of the masses among whom they moved. Their catholic charity spurned all bounds of sect and caste. The spirit of research was strong in them; and if they accepted the Bible as the sufficient rule of faith and practice, they refused to be bound by any other. Though they commenced with a rigid asceticism, they soon abandoned it for the more healthful discipline of evangelistic toil. And while dealing their heaviest blows at formalism and indifference, and rousing religious enthusiasm to the highest possible pitch, they submitted themselves, and taught their followers to submit, to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake. In fine, the spirit that was in them was so liberal and comprehensive, that while they thought only of being the evangelists of their own age, they became legislators for every one that was to follow.



Of this great movement, while Wesley was the head, Whitefield was undeniably the heart and soul. Not that his elder compeer lacked feeling. In the finer and tenderer susceptibilities he most undoubtedly surpassed his friend, as he did in the compass of his mind and the range of his æsthetic sympathies. To speak of him as cold, cynical, austere, or even solemn, is to misconceive the man. In all his dealings with his fellows, whether of his own way of thinking or "of the contrary part," he displayed a guileless simplicity, remote alike from condescension and from arrogance, which softened the rigour of inflexible rule and won the obedience of self-sacrificing love. He was no advocate and no example of sour godliness. Even in his sermons, when he had done with his logic, he could be vehement or tender as the occasion might require, and the outburst was the more effective for the previous restraint. But usually, both in public and in private, the restraint was there. He behaved to be under the yoke himself who had to bind the yoke on others. One essential to the assertion of authority he knew to be self-command. Whitefield recognised no such necessity. His soul was all passion; his heart was all fire. Repression for him would have meant extinction. He could not live without receiving sympathy from others, and as little without imparting it in return. The appetite grew with what it fed upon, and yet lost nothing of its reality. If there ever lacked depth, there was so much of breadth and variety that the defect was scarcely perceptible. He was a sort of personal embodiment of the Gospel he preached, and as impatient of bonds in his emotional experience as in his doctrinal teachings. As such he has always been conceived, and Mr. Tyerman's volumes do not diminish the impression.

So important was the part Whitefield was called to play in the religious history of two nations—one might say of two continents—that whatever may be done to perpetuate his memory, to illustrate his character, and, we may add, to provoke imitation of his zeal, is worthy of encouragement. Especially is this the case in an age in which, side by side with a large development of the critical faculty, we see such a disposition to canonise all who can make good their claims to any species of saintship, to raise to their proper place among the stars all the genuine heroes of humanity, and to carry out practically the

ancient recommendation to give honour to whom honour is due. Whitefield deserves a place in Westminster Abbey as much as John and Charles Wesley. And he deserves, as they do, what is still more important, to have for his biographer one not less skilful in analysing and recombining mental lineaments and spiritual characteristics, and not less happy in the art of setting them forth, than Mr. John Adams Acton the sculptor has proved himself to be in reference to the physical features that adorn the Wesley monument. But neither the Wesleys nor Whitefield have as yet attained this rare piece of good fortune. With regard to John Wesley indeed it must be admitted, as has often been done before, that his best portrait has been drawn by a man who lacked the fulness both of information and of sympathy which such a task required. Southey's chief fault was not, however, incorrectness as to facts so much as defectiveness, or rather deficiency, of spiritual vision. He had a true constructive faculty and an appreciation of real greatness, even when it was surrounded by the haze of prejudice and obloquy, which is very creditable to him. But for want of being spiritually sympathetic—which does not mean contractedly sectarian—he fails to inspire into his portrait the *ethos* that should animate and unify the whole. Mr. Tyerman, on the other hand, has the materials in greater plenty than any of his predecessors: he has also the benefit of their imperfect studies. He has, moreover, the spiritual sympathy which Southey lacked; and if to these qualifications had been joined the critical acumen, the sense of proportion, the power of conceiving and presenting a great ideal, which we find in George III.'s poet-laureate, there would have been given to the world such a gallery of portraits as the world has seldom seen. But this is perhaps more than we ought to expect. Great historians—after all, biographer and historian in this instance are almost convertible terms—are not so plentiful that we can afford to make light of exhaustive compilations like those of Mr. Tyerman. And if he felt that the alternative lay between making the best use he could of his opportunities and waiting for some one else to make a better, we think he did right not to wait, lest the ideal composer of an ideal biography should not appear until the laboriously amassed materials were scattered or hopelessly lost. There are many good features besides industry discoverable

in Mr. Tyerman's work. The mass of facts behaved to be marshalled in something more than chronological order, if their presentment was not to fatigue instead of enchain the interest of the reader. This might have been better done: still, if the skeleton is not clothed in the comeliness of the living creature, at least bone comes to his bone. A wise discernment had to govern the selection as well as the arrangement, and the principle adopted is in most cases the survival of the fittest. And in many a well-written paragraph interspersed between masses of correspondence, we come upon shrewd comments, judicial summings-up, and lively continuations of the story, which betoken minute accuracy, impartial judgment, and a just appreciation of character.

These remarks apply to his productions generally, although we agree with Dr. Rigg in the criticisms of the *Life and Times of Wesley*, contained in his recent volume, and first published in connection with this journal. In dealing with Whitefield, Mr. Tyerman seems to have found an easier if not a more congenial task. There were no High Church prejudices to encounter at the outset, no literary propensities to keep in mind: the strands which made up the warp and woof of the character were neither so numerous nor so finely spun. With a great similarity to Wesley in modes of action, Whitefield showed a strong contrast in mental constitution. The stream of this evangelist's emotions was rapid and torrent-like, but there were no ocean abysses: the set of the spiritual tide is almost always toward a high-water mark that is never reached, and its overflowing fulness is plainly seen; but there are no hints of calm, untroubled depths which the plummet-line of language cannot fathom. There is also no embarrassing web of public policy to unravel; the ecclesiastical difficulties of his position, being mainly personal, are readily solved: his very conduct under persecution admits of easier exposition, as in the excess of his humility he was careless about alights that would have wounded to the quick a mind more sensitive on points of honour. Whatever the causes, the effect upon the author is that the somewhat dictatorial tone, too apparent in the *Life and Times of John Wesley*, here disappears except in certain passages that do not concern Whitefield himself.

We proceed to touch on some of the more salient points.

A noteworthy feature comes out in connection with the *Short Account of God's Dealings*, published by Whitefield in the year 1740. We mean the "artless and unaffected simplicity," as John Wesley terms it, with which he makes the whole world cognizant of the most secret workings of his soul. He keeps back nothing: he exhibits in full detail all the faults and follies of his earlier years, the meanness of his condition both during his service as a "common drawer" at his mother's inn and his servitorship at Pembroke College, Oxford; his youthful convictions and wild relapses into sin; his manful consecration to a religious life, and all the consequent struggles with the world without and the devil within—the latter quite as personal and hand-to-hand conflicts as the former—together with their issue in a spiritual deliverance equally pronounced in its character, and bearing just as indubitable marks of converse with the invisible world. Of this pamphlet of seventy-six pages a revised edition appeared in 1756, with some of the more objectionable features expunged. Mr. Tyerman condemns the earlier issue—which, however, he gives in *extenso*—but pleads the immaturity of youth: the later edition he regards with general approval. For ourselves we cannot see that there is much to choose between the two. Such a publication sown broadcast over the country at a time when everything was caught at that could bring Methodism into contempt, was much more likely to be productive of scandal than of edification. Of scandal, we say, and nothing more. And the publication was imprudent merely. What we are concerned with, however, is not the imprudence or otherwise of such a step, but the insight it gives into character. Like many other of Whitefield's proceedings, it was a bold and unprecedented act, and one that requires a careful estimate of the man to understand it. We judge that in this, as in his many defiances and seeming taunts of Church dignitaries, we witness an outburst of passionate desire that God should be glorified, first in his own salvation, and then in that of his fellow-men. To show how marvellously God had wrought for him, he must show how literally in his own view he had been one of the chief of sinners. He well knew his own weakness, and he purposely put himself to shame. It was one mode of taking up the cross—not a mere encountering of it when it came in his way, but a going out of his way to encounter it. And doubtless he

thought in all sincerity that he was doing God service. He needed the cross more than most men, for no man with such an inflammable nature could endure the blaze of such a popularity without the enkindling of vanity. But surely Providence found him enough of obloquy and disgrace without his gratuitously heaping it upon his own head. Wesley published journals as he did; but they are of a very different stamp. Of early follies Wesley had very few to confess, and he nowhere enters into much detail as to his early life. He does not often speak of his religious experience, but when he does, how guarded are his expressions, and how reverent his tone! The world might deride his pretensions, but it could not gainsay the wisdom and spirit with which they were set forth. Wesley commended the simplicity of his friend's productions, but he took care not to follow his example. He proclaimed a higher standard of spiritual privileges than his fellow, but he never formally professed to have attained it. This reserve was not so much prudence or policy, as a necessity of nature, rather deepened than otherwise by culture and experience. Religious conference with him had its times and seasons: he did not in this respect take the whole world for his parish.

To the spiritual who can comprehend it—the faculty is still far from universal—Whitefield's conversion is a touching story. Mr. Tyerman dates it as occurring in the year 1735. And if conversion means the culmination of a process and not the process itself, he is no doubt correct. On this point Whitefield's statement is express and clear. About seven weeks after Easter, that is, about the time when a lifeless Church was commemorating in its own lifeless way a Divine endowment she had almost utterly lost, Whitefield received in the place of the spirit of bondage the spirit of adoption. There can be no doubt that this was the work of a moment. But how about the work that brought him to this point? Is not this to be included in the process of conversion? True, the word is frequently used in the narrower sense, but is not the wider more in accordance with its original meaning and Scriptural application? Without it, we should lack a term to denote the whole process, while employing two to denote the result. Whitefield speaks of this final deliverance both before and after as the new birth: he does not call it conversion. The question is not one of the right

use of language only. In his account of the spiritual condition of the Oxford Methodists generally before the great light dawned on them, Mr. Tyerman seems to us to be somewhat at fault. While admitting their profound sincerity, he appears to think they are to blame for not as yet knowing that salvation is of grace through faith. He says, "their aim was to subdue their 'corrupt passions' and 'to produce within themselves the virtues of meekness, lowliness, faith, hope, and the love of God and man.' The means used to accomplish this aim were public and private worship, 'acts of self-denial and mortification,' and the practice of good works. There is not a word in Whitefield's letters respecting justification by faith in the atoning sacrifice of the Divine Redeemer; and not a word respecting the great fact that it is the sole work of the Holy Spirit to subdue and destroy the 'corrupt passions' of the sinner, and to plant within him 'the mind which was in Christ Jesus.' The men were morose ascetics rather than happy Christians. Henceforward, the tone of Whitefield's letters is different. The *new birth* becomes a constant topic. The man hitherto so gloomy and taciturn, is jubilant. His doleful and long-continued *miserere* is exchanged for songs of praise and thanksgiving." This exposition of the principles of the Oxford Methodists is misleading.

We may describe their position in a few words, and must leave our readers to compare the statement with that of Mr. Tyerman. Their aim was holiness from the first. The new birth was to them the strait gate at the head of the narrow way. They sought to enter in at that gate in the exercise of all holy conversation and godliness. But they did not depend on the merit of their works, they did not think that the practice of them would of itself "produce within them" any virtues, they did not assign to man the office and work of the Holy Ghost. The views they held on these points they never changed. But the views now described have reference only to one half of the work of salvation. Their views on the other half were exceedingly indistinct. It was not until three years after Whitefield's conversion that the Wesleys gave in their adhesion to the doctrine of a complete justification by faith in the merits of Christ. When they embraced this doctrine and experimentally realised its truth, their theological system and their religious experience assumed the type which both thenceforward abidingly retained. Their views on holiness

were little modified by their new views on salvation by faith. The two doctrines blended in their preaching, as the two blessings blended in their experience, and there was no inconsistency between them. Thus much for the views of the Wesleys. But what is to be said of Whitefield? At the outset he coincided exactly with them. He, in fact, was a docile scholar in their school. He read the books they recommended, he followed the same round of observances, trod the same paths of humble usefulness, and practised the same austerities as they did. Holiness was his end, the new birth the essential condition. Some time before he experienced that great change, while reading a book lent him by Charles Wesley on *The Life of God in the Soul of Man*, he learned that "true religion was a union of the soul with God, and Christ formed within us," and then he tells us, "a ray of Divine light was instantaneously darted in upon my soul, and from that moment, but not till then, did I know that I must be a new creature." This was the first streak of dawn which was to issue hereafter in a glorious sunrise. When that great change took place his experience became clear as the sunbeam. But we must beware how we draw the inference that his doctrinal system was perfected too. In the Wesleys the doctrinal and the experimental kept pace with each other in their development: in Whitefield the experimental outran the doctrinal. Hence, when salvation came to him, he spoke of it as the new birth, but he did not speak of it as a full and free justification attained by faith. He was led by a way he knew not: he had exercised the faith that saves, but he knew not how great the salvation was, nor how simple the means by which he had attained it. And not knowing, he could not, and did not for some considerable time, recommend it to others. Mr. Tyerman asks, naturally enough, "How was it that he was not the means of leading the Wesley brothers into the enjoyment of the same Divine blessing?" He adds, "A sufficient answer to this is found in the fact that Whitefield was now absent from Oxford, that four months afterwards Wesley and his brother set sail for America, and that a long space of time elapsed before the three friends were again united."

But this is no answer at all. It is true that both the Wesleys were absent from Oxford at the time of his receiving the new birth, and that Whitefield himself left it shortly afterwards. But Whitefield wrote to Wesley

immediately after he left it, and yet did not exhort him to seek the new birth, although he speaks of a friend who seemed to perceive "some pangs of it." The inference is obvious: he never dreamed that the men who had been his teachers had not yet received the new birth: or at least he did not dream of exhorting them to seek it by the way of a faith whose mighty operation he had spiritually experienced but did not intellectually comprehend. Of a piece with this is his silence respecting justification by faith, as contrasted with his insistence on the new birth through many months ensuing. His first sermon, preached in his native town of Gloucester, was not founded on any of those Gospel themes on which at a later period his soul delighted to expatiate. It is not till the year 1797, two years after his conversion, that we find him timidly hinting at the new doctrine. "The word"—he was then preaching at Bristol—"through the mighty power of God, was sharper than a two-edged sword. The doctrine of the new birth and justification by faith in Jesus Christ (though I was not so clear in it as afterwards) made its way like lightning into the hearers' consciences." To the same effect is the testimony of James Hutton's biographer. "Whitefield was young and modest, but an earnest preacher. He said little, however, of justification through the Saviour, but forcibly insisted on the necessity of being born again. In this way he arrested the attention of many, particularly of the young, and led them to seek the salvation of their souls. They fasted, they wept, and they strove; but how salvation was to be effected they knew not." Mr. Tyerman's comment is, "This is a somewhat startling statement, and yet there is truth in it. It is an undeniable fact that in the nine sermons already mentioned," as having been preached and published in London in 1797, "there is scarcely a single trace of the doctrine of justification by faith only. This is one of the great doctrines of the Word of God. It was pre-eminently one of the doctrines of Luther and of the Reformation. In 1799 it was the doctrine that created the Methodism that now exists; but, evidently, it was not as yet a doctrine Whitefield preached. After all that has been said, it is difficult to account for this; but at the same time it is impossible to deny it. Whitefield learnt the doctrine soon afterwards; and, to the end of life, faithfully proclaimed it." Mr. Tyerman suggests the answer to his own difficulty.



Justification by faith was not as yet a doctrine Whitefield preached, because it was a doctrine he had not as yet learned. The difficulty is of course to account for his not preaching a blessing which he had indubitably received. The answer is, he did not know that he had received it by faith alone, that however his previous discoveries of sin and endeavours after obedience might be helpful in alone demonstrating his need of Christ and preparing his heart to receive Him, yet it was penitent trust in His merits which, in an hour when he looked not for it, relieved him of his load. Afterwards he understood the meaning of what then took place, and accordingly the passage in his first pamphlet, which describes it, is in the revised edition of 1756 replaced by another, in which he interprets these early workings of the Spirit in a way he could not have done when they occurred. We will quote the two paragraphs. Mr. Tyerman thinks that the "first account of the way in which he obtained the gift of God is tinged with fanaticism," while "the second is unobjectionable." We see no trace of fanaticism in either. The first account is:

"About the end of the seven weeks, and after I had been groaning under an unspeakable pressure both of body and mind for above a twelvemonth, God was pleased to set me free in the following manner: One day, perceiving an uncommon drought and a disagreeable clamminess in my mouth,"—after six weeks' rigid abstinence, followed by seven weeks' sickness,—“and using things to allay my thirst, but in vain, it was suggested to me that when Jesus Christ cried out, ‘I thirst!’ His sufferings were near at an end. Upon which I cast myself down on the bed, crying out, ‘I thirst! I thirst!’ Soon after this, I found and felt in myself that I was delivered from the burden that had so heavily oppressed me. The spirit of mourning was taken from me, and I knew what it was truly to rejoice in God my Saviour, and for some time could not avoid singing psalms wherever I was; but my joy gradually became more settled, and, blessed be God, has abode and increased in my soul, saving a few casual intermissions, ever since. Thus were the days of my mourning ended. After a long night of desertion and temptation, the star, which I had seen at a distance before, began to appear again, and the daystar arose in my heart. Now did the Spirit of God take possession of my soul, and, as I humbly hope, seal me unto the day of redemption.”

The second version is as follows:

"After having undergone innumerable buffetings of Satan, and

many months' inexpressible trials by night and day under the spirit of bondage, God was pleased at length to remove the heavy load, to enable me to lay hold on His dear Son by a living faith, and, by giving me the spirit of adoption, to seal me, as I humbly hope, even to the day of everlasting redemption. But oh! with what joy—joy unspeakable—even joy that was full of, and big with glory, was my soul filled when the weight of sin went off, and an abiding sense of the pardoning love of God, and a full assurance of faith broke in upon my disconsolate soul! Surely, it was the day of my espousals—a day to be had in everlasting remembrance. At first, my joys were like a spring-tide, and, as it were, overflowed the banks. Go where I would, I could not avoid singing of psalms almost aloud; afterwards it became more settled, and, blessed be God, saving a few casual intervals, has abode and increased in my soul ever since."

The first is the psychological account; the second a sort of theological exposition of it.

We have dwelt the longer on this subject on account of its intrinsic importance, and because it illustrates the relation of Whitefield's doctrine to his experience, and his own relation in both respects to the Wesleys. They were at first both mentally and spiritually his teachers. His spiritual combats were however more severe than theirs, as might be expected from his temperament. Spiritually he was in Christ before them. But he did not know that, whereas he was now inside the gate, they were still outside it; or, if he did, he could not have described to them his mode of entrance. After their return from Georgia, the Wesleys had their eyes opened to see the simplicity of the way of faith, and had their hearts opened to embrace it. By this time Whitefield himself had returned from Georgia, heard the new Gospel, identified it as that which he had himself received, neither from man nor by man, but through the Word from the Spirit, and thenceforth preached the same salvation as the Wesleys in the same way. Accordingly, shortly after his arrival in London in December, 1738, he makes the following record in his journal: "I found the old doctrine of justification by faith only much revived. Many letters had been sent to me concerning it, all of which I providentially missed receiving; for now I come unprejudiced, and can the more easily see who is right. And who dare assert that we are not justified in the sight of God merely by an act of faith in Jesus Christ, without any regard to works, past, present, or to come?"

Nothing could be more erroneous than to suppose that the interval between Whitefield's first resolve to serve God and his ultimate deliverance was so much lost time, that he was going astray all the while, and that the Wesleys were misleading him. True, with more light as to the way of salvation, the period of darkness would have been much briefer, his sufferings would have been less, and some errors would have been avoided. But the long delay of the heavenly light made it more welcome when it came; the sufferings he underwent qualified him to become a tender physician to those who were sick of sin, and the extreme mortification he had practised taught him a lesson which he never ceased to impress on others, that while renunciation of the world was an essential part of Christian obedience, in itself it could not procure salvation.

The four years spent at Oxford had wrought a marvellous change in Whitefield. Before he went there a great struggle was going on within him, but for want of a guide there was much fluctuation in his feelings and much indistinctness in his views. Religious convictions had so far gained the ascendancy that he never yielded to the temptations which in that city continually surrounded him. His desire and intention in going there were to become a clergyman, and he had an exalted idea of the responsibilities of such a vocation. But all these hopeful appearances might, and probably would, but for his meeting with the Wesleys, have very soon vanished away. His joining the Holy Club was the turning-point of his life. The vigorous leadership of the elder of the two brothers and the tender sympathy of the younger gave unity and fixedness to his purposes, scope and encouragement to his spiritual desires. He had models before him, not faultless, but better than any he could have found elsewhere. For a time, indeed, as we have seen, he in a spiritual sense overran them, as Christian did Faithful, but he did not, like Christian, "vain-gloriously smile." The intense devotion to the pursuit of holiness, the abounding charity, the unweariable activity, the sublime scorn of worldly fame and of all worldly good, the incredibly zealous redemption of time, were habits whose foundations he laid in communion with the Fellow of Lincoln and the Student of Christchurch; and he never forgot his obligations.

When he emerged from the seclusion of Oxford,—if a life can be called one of seclusion which was characterised

by an activity so foreign to the genius and traditions of the place, and which had rendered him and his companions already so notorious,—he was burning with zeal for the souls of men. He longed to impart to all he met the blessedness he had himself begun to taste, although as yet like an earlier Apollos “knowing only the baptism of John,” and having no Aquila and Priscilla to “expound unto him the way of God more perfectly.” What enkindled his ardour yet more was the prospect of a speedy designation to the work and office of the holy ministry. Nothing of selfishness or vanity now tintured his ambition, however it may have been when he first turned his thoughts toward the Church. A pure desire for the glory of God swallowed up every meaner motive. Indeed, so jealous was he for the honour of his Master, so sensible of his own unworthiness, and so solicitous not to run before he was sent, that he prostrated himself upon the floor, and cried, “Lord, I cannot go. I shall be puffed up with pride, and fall into the condemnation of the devil. I am unfit to preach in Thy great name. Send me not, Lord, send me not yet.” At first it seemed as if his prayer were to be answered, as Bishop Benson had expressed his resolution not to lay hands on any one who was under twenty-three years of age. But, at an interview he had with the bishop at his palace, the latter informed him, “Notwithstanding I have declared I would not ordain any one under three-and-twenty, yet I shall think it my duty to ordain you whenever you come for holy orders.” A sufficient testimony this of the impressaion made upon the prelate’s mind by what he had seen and heard of the youthful candidate for holy orders. On Sunday, June the 20th, 1736, the consecration took place, and the following Sunday Whitefield preached his first sermon in the church of St. Mary de Crypt, Gloucester. Rarely has a similar scene been invested with more affecting interest. Crowds came to hear, some no doubt for old acquaintance’ sake, but the great majority out of curiosity to witness the first appearance in the pulpit of one whose university career had been in a different way from most men’s so remarkable, and who had brought back to his native town such a reputation for enthusiastic godliness. And they were not disappointed. Though possessed of but one sermon in the world, his delivery of that was enough to prove that he had in him the making of a great

orator and a great evangelist. The success of this his first venture is in part to be attributed—indeed, it is so by Whitefield himself—to “the advantage of his having been accustomed to public speaking when a boy at school, and of exhorting and teaching the prisoners, and poor people at their private houses, whilst at the University.” A rare conjunction of instrumentalities, theatricals at school and conventicles at college. But for a youth of one-and-twenty to have been able to overcome the trepidation of a first public utterance, when surrounded by a crowd who “knew him in his childish days,” and not only to acquit himself respectably but “to speak with some degree of Gospel authority,” so that “most for the present seemed struck,” while rumour afterwards reported to the bishop that he “drove fifteen mad;” all this argues the full command of faculties of no mean order, and an intensity of fervour which, if well-directed, would wield them with mighty effect. Those faculties were now putting forth their first essays in a sphere of action that was to expand until it became almost co-extensive with the round globe itself, and that fervour making its first onset on a field to be covered with many a glorious fray, destined to prove it quenchless.

But for the present there were no indications of the vastness of the field, nor of the stout contests by which it should be won. The prophet was not without honour, even in his own country. There was no occasion to inveigh against mitred priests for using the episcopal staff to stir up mob clamour. The more immediate concern of Whitefield and his friends was where he should exercise his vocation. Those at Gloucester would have had him remain where he had already had such promise of success, and where the bishop would willingly have found him a post; but those at Oxford pleaded the greater necessities of the work there, now that both John and Charles Wesley were gone to Georgia. To Oxford accordingly, soon after his ordination, Whitefield went, Sir John Philips—a kind of Sir John Oldcastle to the early Methodists—having removed all difficulties by undertaking to supply a moderate salary. But Oxford was not his destination. Human sagacity suggested to Whitefield, as it had done long before to Wesley, that if he wished to move England the University would form the best fulcrum for his lever. Divine wisdom ordered it otherwise. It would have seemed better that the spiritual impulse should proceed from within rather than from

without the Church. But Methodism was too uncompromising in its warfare with the world, the flesh and the devil, to find in the Oxford of those days a congenial soil. So, instead of a garden enclosed, the vine was first to be planted in the wilderness, and bidden to make it flourish like the paradise of God.

Whitefield did not stay long enough in Oxford this time to take root in it. Mr. Broughton, then curate at the Tower of London, being called away into the country, desired Whitefield to officiate for him in his absence. Obtaining himself a substitute at Oxford in the person of James Hervey, the author of the *Meditations*, Whitefield set out for the metropolis "with fear and trembling," and continued there for two months. Even this short sojourn was long enough to create considerable excitement. Sneers at the youthfulness of the preacher gave place to "great tokens of respect," and crowded congregations at the Tower Chapel manifested a lively interest in the strange doctrine of the new birth. It was a foreshadowing of future greatness, a sort of false dawn, anticipating the real sunrise. He returned to Oxford early in October, but in another month was pressed to supply the place of Mr. Kinchin, at Dummer, in Hampshire, and reluctantly complied with the request. The genuine seclusion of this place was of great use to him, and gave him a taste of the humbler duties of the Christian pastorate. He was as ready to be abased as he was to abound, as is proved by the fact that, although at that time without means, he declined the offer of "a very profitable curacy in London." In fact, he was willing to be abased to a position much more displeasing to flesh and blood than the country parish at Dummer; and probably he had this in his mind when he declined the London offer. Letters had been received by him from the Wesleys, describing their work in Georgia, and he longed to join them. Circumstances did not at present seem to favour such a course, but there can be little doubt that, during those quiet hours down in Hampshire, he was meditating the act of self-sacrifice which he presently felt called upon to perform. Early in December Charles Wesley returned to England, with the avowed object of seeking additional labourers. A few days more brought a characteristic letter from John, in which, after speaking of the need of assistants, he pushes the question home, "What if thou art the man, Mr. Whitefield?" Shortly after

came another, tempting him—after that peculiar manner in which Wesley was wont in later years to tempt brave men to dare the perils and privations of his itinerancy—"Do you ask me what you shall have? Food to eat, and raiment to put on; a house to lay your head in, such as your Lord had not; and a crown of glory that fadeth not away." It was enough. What was a London curacy, with its vista of fat benefice and worldly honour, compared with the glorious enterprise of planting the cross among tribes that had not yet learned Immanuel's name, or of founding in the desolate wilderness a new city of God? Here then again we see the Wealeys stepping in at an important crisis of his history, and as they had formerly been his schoolmasters to lead him to Christ, so now becoming the prompters to a novel mode of self-consecration, and unconscious agents in bringing a mighty influence to bear upon the destinies of a future mighty nation. Georgia certainly did not seem the road to renown. London, not Savannah, would have been chosen, had any other thought been uppermost than how to make the greatest sacrifice for Him who laid down His life for the brethren.

But Whitefield was not to depart until he had received some further intimations that God had a work for him to do among civilised as well as savage tribes, and in his mother country as well as among her dependencies. It was no fault of his that he was kept waiting a whole twelvemonth in England before he could set out upon his mission. To him the delay was not a little distressing, but the hand of God was in it. Set free now from local ties and engagements, he was busy making short excursions among his friends for the purpose of bidding them farewell. But wherever he went his fame preceded him: the news of his being about to go to Georgia gave edge to the general desire to hear him preach, and his work multiplied upon his hands in a way he little dreamed of. At Gloucester, large congregations were moved by the Word of God. At Bristol, whither he had gone to take leave of friends, crowds of people flocked to the churches to hear him, and many were unable to find admission. At Bath, he was invited to occupy the Cathedral pulpit. After spending six weeks in this way, he repaired to London, and continued there about three weeks more, waiting for General Oglethorpe, who expected to sail every day. The general being detained longer than he expected, Whitefield went down to

Stonehouse, and spent two months in spiritual labours there. Yielding to the entreaties of friends, he went a second time to Bristol, where his reception was, if possible, more enthusiastic than before. "It was wonderful," he writes, "to see how the people hung upon the rails of the organ loft, climbed upon the leads of the church, and made the church itself so hot with their breath that the steam would fall from the pillars like drops of rain." On the 21st of June he took his "last farewell at Bristol;" but "when I came to tell the people it might be they would see my face no more, high and low, young and old, burst into such a flood of tears as I had never seen before." And this was not mere passionate admiration for the preacher. "Multitudes, after sermon, followed me home weeping; and the next day I was employed from seven in the morning till midnight in talking and giving spiritual advice to awakened souls."

Returning to London, he found similar scenes awaiting him there. At Cripplegate, St. Ann's, and Forster Lane Churches; at Wapping Chapel, the Tower, Ludgate, and Newgate; at Sir George Wheeler's Chapel, St. Swithin's and Bow Church, his services were in demand; and "for three months successively there was no end of the people flocking to hear the Word of God," who "were all attention, and heard like people hearing for eternity." He generally preached nine times a week, and "the early sacraments," at six o'clock in the morning, "were awful." So much popularity would have turned the head of a man less deeply devoted than Whitefield, and even by him the reproach that began thus early to accompany it was felt to be a salutary blessing. "Large offers were made me if I would stay in England; and all the opposition I met with, joined with the consciousness of my daily infirmities, was but ballast little enough to keep me from oversetting." At length, on December 28th, just a twelvemonth after he had written to Charles Wesley accepting the call, he embarked for America, "after having preached in a good part of the London churches, collected about £1,000 for the charity schools, and got upwards of £300 for the poor of Georgia among my friends."

Thus suddenly was the poor innkeeper's son lifted up into renown. The two chief cities of the land—for Bristol at that time was second only to London—were filled with his fame; his doings were discussed in the popular journals



of the day, while his sermons, hurriedly printed, were helping to fan the flame. The very steps he took towards self-banishment had gained him an unlooked-for notoriety; and though Georgia was written on his heart, he must have felt, even before he set sail for it, that a wider sphere, if somewhat less romantic, was waiting for his occupation.

But Whitefield had not yet obtained his full freedom, nor gained the position he was destined to take as one of the great spiritual leaders of the day. For the moment indeed he stood forth alone, filling the public gaze as the champion of a new Reformation. The Oxford Methodists were scattered. John Wesley was encountering in Georgia a more arduous task than he had ever undertaken in Oxford, viz., that of reducing the heterogeneous elements of a new settlement to the rigid coherence of his own stern morality and high ecclesiastical routine. Charles had already retired worsted from a similar field, and was living in obscurity in London as secretary to General Oglethorpe. Others of their number were engaged in humble rounds of duty, such as those which Whitefield himself had till lately been content with. But he, as with a trumpet blast, was now summoning the sleeping nation to the bar of a long unheeded conscience, and by the force of unexampled eloquence compelling its attention to things which the whole current of worldly occupations tends to drive into perpetual oblivion. Here then again we find Whitefield taking the lead. As in his own spiritual experience, so now: it was he who gave the Oxford movement its first popular direction and impetus, and made that which had been the sport of godless youths the serious business of the nation at large. But Whitefield was about to leave the country: might not the impulse die away with his departure? Who was there to fill up the gap created by his absence, and to guide the movement he had begun? The answer to this did not appear, and yet it was already given. The wind which carried Whitefield out of harbour brought Wesley in.

We cannot dwell upon Whitefield's relations to Savannah. Suffice it to say they were very different from those of John Wesley. Yet on this his first visit he did not protract his stay to one-third of the period that his predecessor had spent there. In eight months we find him again upon the Atlantic, buffeted by storms which scarcely suffered him to

take any rest, and glad to escape with his life. His leaving of Georgia was not, however, by any means like Wesley's, a final adieu. It was to advance the temporal interests of the settlement that he returned, and before he saw it again he became qualified to serve the spiritual interests of that and every other colony in a way that he could never have done had he remained in his present half-enlightened state. We refer of course to the new views of justification by faith which were now about to take possession of his mind. How far he was from endorsing them at this period is manifest from a pastoral letter to the inhabitants of Savannah, written on shipboard, in which, while he admits that "the author of this blessed change," the new birth, "is the Holy Ghost," he specifies as the means to attain this Holy Spirit—1. Self-denial; 2. Public worship; 3. Reading the Scriptures; 4. Secret prayer; 5. Self-examination; 6. Receiving the blessed Sacrament. Not a word is said about faith.

On his return to the metropolis, he found John and Charles Wesley fully convinced that justification by faith alone was a doctrine taught in Holy Scripture. And what is better, they had experimentally realised its truth. They had also now so far relaxed their High Church strictness that they were in close fellowship with the Moravians. John Wesley had preached his sermon before the University of Oxford on "By grace are ye saved, through faith," and had spent the summer in visiting Herrnhut, and other Moravian communities in Germany. Whitefield, as we have seen, most heartily embraced the doctrine, and henceforth became a preacher of righteousness in a sense in which he never was before.

The Oxford discipline was an essential part of the preparation of these instruments for the work they were to do. It showed them the heights and depths, the lengths and breadths of the Divine law. The more they strove to satisfy its demands, the more they found that they fell short. Such a conviction, deepened by the experience of long and steadfast pursuit of godliness, was of the highest importance to them when they came to grasp the doctrine of justification by faith. It enabled them to realise, to a degree inconceivable to those who have never known any other doctrine, the preciousness of a free salvation. It was an emancipation like that of the ancient Jew, when he learned that the code of rite and ceremony had given place

to the perfect law of love. And their previous experience was also a preservative against the Antinomian abuse of the new doctrine, into which they might have been betrayed had they not known and felt that the law, though made void as a ground of justification, could never be abolished as a rule of life. It was their continual assertion of the necessity of a lifelong repentance and a lifelong obedience that, from the first, made their word so effectual in arousing the consciences of men. Without this their religious societies would have speedily degenerated, as those of the Moravians actually did. And the Methodist movement would have proved impotent to check the general decay of piety and morals.

But, on the other hand, the doctrine of justification by faith, now unfolded to their spiritual vision, was the charm which transformed the tearful sympathy of convicted audiences into the glad triumph of the sons of God. This made the Methodists a peculiar people. This inspired each broken-hearted sinner with the hope of a new and better life, turned sorrow into joy, transfigured the stern demands of the law into the exalted privileges of a free Gospel, made the pursuit of holiness a passion, and united high and low, young and old, in the bonds of a fellowship whose joys were ever full. The tide of spiritual life may at times have fluctuated, but taking the whole history of the churches which sprang from this movement, we may say they have not proved unfaithful guardians of the good deposit—the twin doctrines of a free salvation and a perfected holiness. Other churches have exhorted to the pursuit of holiness, but none have so persistently defended its attainment. Other churches have set forth a free salvation; none have so unambiguously declared it to be free for all now.

This time it is the Wesleys that take the lead, and Whitefield that follows. Shortly we shall see the positions again reversed. A new theatre was about to be opened for the proclamation of the new truth: a new conflict was impending, and for it, rather than that the Gospel should be bound, they chose a new arena, the only one in fact that remained open. The year 1788, as it closed, saw the doors of the London churches shut against Whitefield and the Wesleys. But if man was withholding his countenance, God was drawing nigh. It seems a remarkable providence that seven of the Oxford Methodists should at this time have been thrown together in London, and particularly that

Whitefield should have been by the side of the Wesleys. The way was about to be hedged up, and it required a bold man indeed to hew out another. Wesley's courage was equal to anything, and wherever duty pointed, his zeal was ready to follow. But there mingled so much of prudence in his constitution that he was slow to take the initiative, and his old High Church prejudices were still strong enough to embarrass his conscience; and to fetter his will. Nothing but the fiery ardour of such a soul as Whitefield's would have sufficed for the present emergency. In the midst of the opposition that was gradually thickening round them, the Methodists joined with the Moravians—about sixty in number—in giving themselves to prayer. The following passage is classical, and too important to be omitted. "About three in the morning," of New Year's Day, 1789, "as we were continuing instant in prayer, the power of God came mightily upon us, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy, and many fell to the ground. As soon as we were recovered a little from that awe and amazement at the presence of His majesty, we broke out with one voice, 'We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.'" The words are Wesley's, but in them we seem to hear the echo of Whitefield's fervent pleadings. It was no uncommon thing for Whitefield to spend the whole night in prayers, psalms and thanksgivings; but to Wesley, with his methodical habits, it must have been an extraordinary occasion. Not that his life did not abound in seasons of devotion, but his rule in everything, even in watch-nights, was *ne quid nimis*. Three days after this wonderful Pentecost came a conference of the seven members of the Anglican brotherhood, from which they dispersed "with a full conviction that God was about to do great things with us." Providence soon pointed out the way in which these great things were to be done.

On the 14th of January, Whitefield obtained priest's orders at Oxford from the good bishop of Gloucester, a favour that he would not have been so ready to grant had he foreseen what was to follow. In February, Whitefield went down to Bristol with intent to preach in the churches and collect for Georgia. But he was disappointed. Rumours of the attitude of the London clergy had doubtless preceded him, and when he applied for the use of Redcliffe church he met with a repulse, first from the vicar, then from the chancellor of the diocese, and lastly from

the dean. This was on the 15th, and by Saturday the 17th Whitefield's course was fixed. Two years before he had been taunted with the fact that the Kingswood colliers needed converting as much as the settlers of Savannah. To the Kingswood colliers, therefore, he now directed his steps. A congregation of two hundred assembled on the first occasion. But the hundreds soon became thousands. The news that Whitefield had been shut out of the churches no doubt largely enlisted the sympathies of the people, who would feel the indignity done to him as an act of ecclesiastical tyranny that affected themselves. It showed that the clergy were or wished to be their masters, and indicated a disposition on their part to put a barrier between them and the preacher of their choice. Such high-handed policy as this was what no multitude—and particularly no Bristol multitude—was likely to understand; and when they saw that the young evangelist was a man who had the courage of his opinions, and was willing in the depth of winter to take his stand in the open air to deliver his message outside the churches if he could not do so within, the admiration previously kindled by his eloquence was roused to the height of enthusiasm, and they rallied round him by way of counter-demonstration. Nor was it a mere democratic rabble that thus set itself practically to judge between the authorities and their victim. This is manifest from Whitefield's statement that on one occasion there were present "twenty-four coaches and an exceeding great number of other people, besides the colliers, both on foot and horseback." Whitefield was, of course, unable to spend much time in the neighbourhood, and besought John Wesley to come to Bristol and carry on the work which he had commenced. After much thought and prayer the latter determined to do so, and on the 2nd of April, the same day on which Whitefield left, he "submitted to be more vile, and proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in a ground adjoining to the city to about three thousand people."

Before the end of the month Whitefield was in London, where a similar conflict was awaiting him. Islington church, of which the Rev. George Stonehouse was the vicar, was the only one whose doors were not yet closed. It was not long suffered to afford a foothold to the new heresy. Whitefield repaired thither to preach, by appointment of the vicar, on the 27th of April, but while the liturgy

was being read, the churchwardens interfered, and to avoid unseemly disputes, Whitefield declined to occupy the pulpit. But neither in this case did the interdict mean silence. At the close of the service he preached in the churchyard "to a prodigious concourse of people." The next day he preached there again. On Sunday the 29th he occupied for the first time what were to be henceforth two of the chief scenes of his labours, viz., Moorfields and Kennington Common; preaching in the former "to an exceeding great multitude," and in the latter to "thirty thousand people." His journals from the 29th of April to the 14th of August, when he set sail again for Georgia, are thickly studded with the records of the mighty ministrations thus commenced. Ten, twenty, thirty, and on one occasion eighty, thousand people are spoken of as assembling to hear him. In five weeks he had preached in Kennington Common alone twenty-one times, and the behaviour of the people was that of those who hungered for the bread of life. At Blackheath he also preached again and again to congregations of twenty thousand people. On June the 14th Wesley preached there for him, and at Kennington and Moorfields on Sunday, June the 17th, as Charles Wesley did the Sunday after. Thus were all three evangelists committed to the bold and unprecedented line of action which was destined to restore life to the churches of the land.

It becomes us to inquire what was the secret of Whitefield's success? A question this which has often been asked concerning him as well as other great spiritual leaders, and to which in our view but one reply can be given. We shall hardly expect to find any very profound solution of it from the lips of those of his contemporaries who regarded the whole business as moon-struck madness. Their views are sufficiently illustrated in Mr. Tyerman's pages, from the four sermons against the Methodists preached by Dr. Trapp down to the infamous dramas of a later date. Nor can we be satisfied with the dictum of Dr. Johnson, who attributes everything to "the peculiarity of his manner," and adds that "he would be followed by crowds were he to wear a nightcap in the pulpit, or were he to preach from a tree." Allowance must be made for the novelty of the doctrine, and of the methods employed to diffuse it. Sympathy with an injured man may account in part for the flocking of the multitudes together. But these were only accidental and subsidiary influences. They

may have contributed to the kindling of the spark, but they could not for so many years have kept the flame alive. For that fuel was wanted, not tinder. The popularity that burst upon Whitefield in the very prime of his youth never failed, even to the day his friend Wesley described him—although then in years scarcely past middle life—as “an old, old man ; fairly worn out in his Master’s service.” It was not confined to one class of the people. In his audiences generally the lower orders would always perhaps preponderate, just as they preponderate in the composition of society. But every order was fully represented. Even at this early period of his labours, and despite the disadvantage of an *al fresco* gathering, if we may trust Dr. Byrom of Manchester, who met Whitefield in London in the month of June, “he had lords, dukes, etc., to hear him at Blackheath, who gave guineas and half-guineas for his Orphan house.” Yet Whitefield did not flatter, but roundly rebuked their vices. In later years he maintained the prestige thus won, and had access to the nobility to a surprising extent, while his noble companion in arms was neglected. Nor was his popularity confined to this country. In America he was everywhere received as an angel of God, although encountering opposition of a similar kind to that which beset him at home. And in Scotland, where Wesley utterly failed to make an impression, Whitefield found no difficulty. He seemed to possess a key that unlocked every heart.

It is admitted on all hands that there is nothing in the specimens of his preaching which have survived to account for the phenomena of the case. Omitting all reference to unauthorised reports, or rather travesties, of sermons which appeared after his death ; and confining our attention to those published with his own sanction and revised by his own hand, we must agree with the opinion pretty generally passed on them by critics, and endorsed by the oblivion into which they have sunk, that they add nothing to the reputation of their author. It has been said that Whitefield would have consulted best for his own fame if he had never permitted them to see the light. Possibly so, but in that case his fame would have been exaggerated beyond the bounds of truth : a majestic intellect would have been invented for him, which he nowhere by any chance betrays, and the glory of his moral earnestness would have been proportionately diminished.

It is in this last that we are to find the main source of his success. A voice of uncommon flexibility and power was of course a great attraction. It was more than an attraction; it was an organ exquisitely adapted to express the agony and passion of the soul. His countenance is said also to have possessed much expressional beauty, not marred by the ocular defect which furnished his vulgar *sobriquet*. But voice and countenance, gesture and tears—which last he had at command—were after all but adjuncts and accessories: the force that rendered them effective was the living man within.

Whitefield appeared to have the faculty of transfusing his own emotions throughout the mass before him. No musician ever evoked such harmonies from stringed lute or oaten pipe as he from human hearts. As he spoke of time, death, and the future state, his whisper hushed the multitudes to breathless silence: they felt the nearness of the eternity on whose borders he habitually dwelt, and whose secret things he seemed commissioned to reveal. It was as if he had the map of their present existence and future destinies unrolled before him, and were gifted with power to trace their history from its first disloyalty to truth down to its final doom. When he urged the claims of violated law, and denounced its penalties against transgressors, his tones were thunder: the seventh angel seemed about to open his vial, and to pour out the last plagues. And then he would recall his audience within the bounds of time, and in melting accents beseech the sinner to be reconciled to God. Such were his themes, the themes of every Gospel preacher since the Gospel came—on one hand the sin, the fall, the curse of Adam shared by his guilty descendants, together with the as yet half unravelled web of evil consequences; on the other the grace, mercy and peace of redemption procured by Christ and brought nigh by His Spirit. They are familiar truths now, and we cannot complain that they are not everywhere feelingly and powerfully presented. But in Whitefield's day they were shrouded in formularies, or swathed in the folios of antique divines whose raptures were thought to be ravings. Or if ever they were brought into the pulpit, it was to be mumbled from manuscripts, or dissected by doctors, like other dead bodies, with proper regard to decency and much care to avoid contagion. Whitefield infused a soul into the dry bones of traditional divinity, or rather set free its imprisoned vitality. Chris-



tianity with him was a life and not a creed : its doctrines principles of action, and not mere processes of thought.

It ought to be a plain inference that he who could thus inspire a soul into his fellows must have possessed a soul himself. A man of superficial character might cause a momentary spasm to pass over the face of society, to be succeeded by deadlier torpor ; but only a man of boundless will and vast emotional capacity could have stirred so profoundly, and at the same time so incessantly, the depths of its very being. Stage scenery and footlights will—so we have been informed—do much to set off good acting, but even an actor must be in earnest to win his poor applause. A Faust might make a Frankenstein, but we never yet heard that a Frankenstein could make a Faust. Tested by his power over his audiences, Whitefield must have had—or rather must have been—a great soul. Two other tests are applicable ; we should expect a correspondence between his public and his private character, and also opportunities for the genesis and development of both. The former, to the most casual reader of Mr. Tyerman's volumes, is sufficiently obvious. To Whitefield himself the distinction between public and private character would have been simply unintelligible : the two in his experience were one. He lived in public : he enjoyed no privacy. Disguise was impossible, and the labour of putting it on and putting it off would have been in his case even more intolerable than it always is. The people heard him profess from the pulpit his love to Christ and to the souls of men. They saw his more abundant labours, his never-flagging zeal, his limitless benevolence ; and they knew that his actions agreed with his words. Another thing we should expect would be to find some period of incubation, in which the energies were being stored up that were afterwards to be so lavishly expended. All really great men have had such a period, and we have found it already in the case of Whitefield in his Oxford seclusion. It was to him what Arabia was to Paul, Erfurt to Luther, and Basle to Calvin. There he encountered the threefold enemy, and overcame him ; there he counted the cost of a full surrender, and paid it. There, although he knew it not, the possibilities of extensive usefulness were put within his reach, and he grasped them. And when the set time came and the field of his activity was opened, he occupied it with the naturalness of one to the manner born. The outburst of the volcano was

sudden, but to those who understood them there were abundant tokens of the eruption.

We have been speaking of the conditions of Whitefield's success only in so far as they were natural. We do not forget that the cause was itself an effect, and that at every point in the spiritual history, and more particularly at its commencement, the natural and the supernatural met. Still, cause and effect must not be understood here in a merely mechanical sense. The Divine Spirit, who "worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will," works also according to the laws of the nature that receives Him. Grace tuned the chords, and taught them to give forth their wondrous strains; grace set the music, and then embodied it in swelling song. But grace found the instrument as Hermes found the shell; that was the gift of nature.

We have brought our readers through the critical period of Whitefield's life; we cannot trace it to its termination. What he had become by the grace of God in the year 1740, that he continued to be to the last day of his life. His labours knew no intermission, his fervour no decline. He crossed the Atlantic thirteen times, when sailing was more tedious than now, and preached eighteen thousand sermons, many of them in the open air, and to crowds that would have appalled a less effective speaker. There remain several points on which we wish to touch, connected with his position and influence.

We will say but little on the question of his exclusion from the churches, the behaviour of the clergy toward him in this matter, and his behaviour toward them. They appear to have welcomed him at first to their pulpits, and only to have set their faces against him and his companions when they embraced and proclaimed justification by faith. Other causes may have been at work, such as the disorder necessarily occasioned by the great excitements that accompanied his preaching, and the dread of the more carnal-minded among them of anything that might disturb their repose. Still, before he went to Georgia, he was nowhere actually excluded. There was no need, it would be supposed, to take extreme measures against a stripling who was about to go into voluntary exile. Before his return from Georgia, John Wesley had already begun to preach the new doctrine, and the exclusion began with him. The return of Whitefield was the resurrection of a ghost that was thought to have been successfully laid, and

he was frowned on by the clergy as grimly as ever veritable spectre was by gargoyles looking down from their church roofs. It was time to erect a breakwater against the tide of superstitious fanaticism. We cannot blame them for their action. They defended their own prerogatives, and in doing so acted according to their nature.

Whitefield was perhaps to blame for regarding this treatment as a wrong, and still more for referring to it so frequently in his sermons. We cannot excuse the impropriety on the ground of youth and inexperience. He was now in the twenty-fifth year of his age, and had seen enough at Oxford to have learned that the flesh will lust against the spirit. But we refuse to credit him with anything beyond imprudence. There were loud lamentations, perhaps well-founded, on the corruption and general unworthiness of the clergy, but there was no ill-will. He might have reflected that but a short time ago he was as unenlightened as they were, and was seeking to enter the Church while still in spiritual darkness. Yet his public prayers for them were after all sincere. He did not, like some fanatics, pray at them out of spite. On the whole, his behaviour was hardly dignified, but then he never pretended to dignity. Wesley was much more reticent; he often thanked God for the liberty of prophesying, but against those who would have restrained it he never uttered a reproach—not even when, denied his father's pulpit, he took his stand on his father's tomb.

There is the less to be said for Whitefield's recriminations against the clergy, as he was not a great theologian himself. The subjective prevailed over the objective in his researches after truth. He expected the outward revelation to be verified by an inward, not only in reference to the present blessings of salvation, but also with regard to the more recondite mysteries of the kingdom of heaven. His Calvinism may be quoted as an instance. "God Himself, I find," he says, "teaches my friends the doctrine of election, and, if I mistake not, dear and honoured Mr. Wesley will be hereafter convinced also." And in another letter he says, "Only give me leave, with all humility, to exhort you not to be strenuous in opposing the doctrines of election and final perseverance, when, by your own confession, 'you have not the witness of the Spirit within yourself,' and, consequently, are not a proper judge." But

these defects were mere motes in the sunbeam. With such a popularity the wonder is, not that he committed some mistakes, but that he did not fall into serious error. But from this Whitefield was happily preserved. He never lost sight of the new birth; he never forgot to proclaim justification by faith. From the second time of his embarking for Georgia to the close of his wonderful career, his trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound.

Of his disagreement with the Wesleys about Calvinism we need say little. The impression previously made upon our minds is not modified by anything in Mr. Tyerman's volumes. Whitefield and Wesley had an equal right to hold and to preach what views they pleased upon the disputed points. It was unfortunate that Whitefield was in America when Wesley published his sermon on "Free Grace"; but he felt compelled to do so by the action of Whitefield's friends. The conduct of Whitefield on his second return from Georgia can hardly be defended. It was no fault of the Wesleys that for a moment he seemed deserted by those who were formerly ready to worship him. His own action in America was responsible for this, where he wrote against the Wesleys by name. His declaring that he and they preached two different gospels, and that he could no longer give them the right hand of fellowship, was not in the spirit of charity, nor yet his preaching against them by name at Moorfields in the neighbourhood of the Foundery. The same must be said of the mistake he made in preaching the decrees at the Foundery itself in the presence of Charles Wesley, when officiating there by the invitation of the brothers. But the breach was only temporary, and was soon thoroughly healed. Whitefield had a warm heart for all who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. "Bigotry cannot stand before him," said Wesley, "but hides its head wherever he comes." Before the outbreak of the great Calvinistic controversy, Whitefield was gathered to his fathers.

The effect of Whitefield's labours was not so much the organisation of any one body, as the vivifying of all. The quickened life of the Church of England, of the various Dissenting bodies, and of the Churches of Scotland, is due to him in equal if not superior measure to John Wesley. In America his influence was even greater. On this subject Dr. Stevens, in his history of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says, "The effects of the great revival of

which Whitefield had thus become the ostensible representative have been profound and permanent. The Protestantism of the United States has taken its subsequent character from it; and the 'Holy Club' at Oxford may be recognised as historically connected with the Evangelical religion of all this continent. The effect of the 'awakening' on the character of the American pastorate has not, as before, been exceptional, but general. Its influence on the discipline of the Church was also one of its most important blessings. It banished the 'Halfway Covenant,' which had filled the Eastern churches with unconverted members. It made personal regeneration a requisite among the qualifications for the Christian ministry; and it introduced that general and profound conviction of the essential spirituality of religion, and the necessary independence of Church and State, which soon after began, and has since completed, the overthrow of all legal connection between the two throughout the country. It gave origin to Princeton College and its distinguished Theological Seminary, and also to Dartmouth College, for both were founded by Whitefield's fellow-labourers, and the Methodists of England contributed their money to both."

Whitefield lived to see the foundations of the Methodist Episcopal Church laid by Boardman and Pilmoor, for whom his apostolic labours had paved the way. That Church now numbers nearly sixteen hundred thousand members, and if all its offshoots were included, the number might be doubled. At the census of 1870, six millions and a half of people entered themselves as Methodists. Whitefield also lived to see the beginning of the American Rebellion. The last six months of his life were spent amid great political excitement. "Poor New England," he says in his last published letter, "is much to be pitied; Boston people most of all. How falsely misrepresented! What a mercy that our Christian charter cannot be dissolved!"

We will conclude by quoting the description of his last public sermon and exhortation. "On Saturday morning, September 29th, Whitefield set out from Portsmouth to Boston, with the intention of preaching at Newbury Port next morning. On the way he was stopped at Exeter, fifteen miles from Portsmouth, and was prevailed upon to give a sermon to the people there. . . . An immense multitude assembled. . . . His text was, 'Examine your-

selves, whether ye be in the faith.' One who was present thus describes the preacher and his sermon. 'The subject was, Faith and works. He rose up sluggishly and wearily, as if worn down and exhausted by his stupendous labours. His face seemed bloated, his voice was hoarse, his enunciation heavy. Sentence after sentence was thrown off in rough disjointed portions without much regard to point or beauty. At length, his mind kindled, and his lion-like voice roared to the extremities of his audience. He was speaking of the inefficiency of works to merit salvation, and suddenly cried out in a tone of thunder, 'Works! works! a man get to heaven by works? I would as soon think of climbing to the moon on a rope of sand!'" Another gentleman, who was present, wrote: "Mr. Whitefield rose and stood erect, and his appearance alone was a powerful sermon. He remained several minutes unable to speak; and then said, 'I will wait for the gracious assistance of God; for He will, I am sure, assist me once more to speak in His name.' He then delivered perhaps one of his best sermons. 'I go,' he cried, 'I go to rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and, by aid from heaven, has given light to many. It is now about to set for—no, it is about to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven. Oh, thought divine! I soon shall be in a world where time, age, pain, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands. How willingly would I live for ever to preach Christ! But I die to be with Him.' Whitefield's sermon was two hours in length." The day drew to a close. "While Whitefield partook of an early supper, the people assembled at the front of the parsonage"—it was the residence of the Rev. Jonathan Parsons, of Newbury Port,—“and even crowded into its hall, impatient to hear a few words from the man they so greatly loved. 'I am tired,' said Whitefield, 'and must go to bed.' He took a candle and was hastening to his chamber. The sight of the people moved him; and, pausing on the staircase, he began to speak to them. He had preached his last sermon; this was to be his last exhortation. There he stood, the crowd in the hall gazing up at him with tearful eyes, as Elisha at the ascending prophet. His voice flowed on until the candle which he held in his hand burned away, and *went out in its socket*. The next morning he was not, for God had taken him!"

**ART. VII.—*Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.* Vol. III. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1877.**

**INSTEAD** of examining this last instalment of the latest English assault on Christianity, its documents, and its doctrines, we propose to make a few miscellaneous notes in these pages, taking one event especially against which its infidelity directs attack. It is one which may very fairly be taken as a typical example both of the kind of argument which the book represents and of the kind of apology which is sufficient to refute that argument. It is the narrative of a comparatively subordinate occurrence, which does not necessarily involve the discussion of the Great Question itself in all its bearings, though sufficiently bound up with it to suggest the methods of its general defence. Some plain observations on one fact may be as useful as an elaborate examination of the whole farrago of objections. But before making these observations we shall present from its own pages the general character of the work, and show what it really means. It is not our object to repel our readers from making it a study, though undoubtedly that will be the effect in many cases. At any rate, those who do read it will understand what they have to encounter. The very first page furnishes an apt illustration of what we mean. Speaking of the Acts of the Apostles, our author says :

“ Whilst generally asserting the resurrection of Jesus and His bodily ascension, regarding which indeed it adds fresh details, this work presents to us a new cycle of miracles, and so profusely introduces supernatural agency into the history of the early Church that, in comparison with it, the Gospels seem almost sober narratives. The Apostles are instructed and comforted by visions and revelations, and they, and all who believe, are filled with the Holy Spirit, and speak with other tongues. The Apostles are delivered from prison and from bonds by angels or by an earthquake. Men fall dead or are smitten with blindness at their rebuke. They heal the sick, raise the dead, and handkerchiefs brought from their bodies cure diseases and expel evil spirits.

"As a general rule, any document so full of miraculous episodes and supernatural occurrences would, without hesitation, be characterised as fabulous and incredible, and would not, by any sober-minded reader, be for a moment accepted as historical. There is no other testimony for these miracles. Let the reader endeavour to form some conception of the nature and amount of evidence necessary to establish the truth of statements antecedently so incredible, and compare it with the testimony of this solitary and anonymous document, the character and value of which we shall now proceed more closely to examine."

We do not hesitate to say that a writer who can deliberately place such a sentence as this in the forefront of his argument is not to be trusted. There is unmistakable evidence of a tendency to exaggerate, and of the absence of a certain sobriety which we have a right to expect in one who aims to unsettle the foundations of our dearest faith and our brightest hope. It is not true that the supernatural of the Acts throws the supernatural of the Gospels into the shade. It is directly in the face of the truth. The Presence of God in Jesus is much more habitual, more demonstrative, more pervasive, and attested by far more wonderful works than the presence of Christ with the Apostles. The miracles are only the miracles of our Lord continued and repeated, though in ever-diminishing number, until they cease. Each class of the wonders to which the author refers as filling the Acts is represented by only one intervention. The document is not "full of miraculous episodes and supernatural occurrences." There are whole chapters in which there is no wonderful intervention; sometimes their absence is so striking as to demand explanation. When they occur, they are invariably accounted for, either as being express tokens of the Lord's resurrection, or of the fulfilment of His promise, or as necessary for opening the way of the Gospel, or as meet rebuke to some heathen error, or as necessary defence for the agents of the Saviour's kingdom, too few to be left without their aid. This we say to obviate the attack involved in "fabulous and incredible." As to there being no other testimony for these miracles, it may be said that the same holds good of a large portion of the miracles of Scripture. Those of the Gospels are confirmed sometimes by two or three witnesses; but there is not a variety of memoirs of the early Church as there is a variety of memoirs of its Founder. In such remarks as



those we have quoted, there is a tone of recklessness which is unbecoming in a work of this kind.

But this leads to the true secret of the unbelief of the volume: its fixed determination to allow no miracle, by whatever evidence seemingly established, to hold its place among historical facts. The one enemy found in the Scripture by this unknown author, and by the multitude of writers whose names show where his arguments come from, is the supernatural in religion. This supernatural takes two forms—the manifestation of God in humanity in the supreme miracle of Christ's incarnation, from which His resurrection necessarily follows; and the living energy of the Holy Spirit as an immanent power and ever-acting energy within the Christian community. The great miracle of the Resurrection of Christ is opposed here, as if with personal abhorrence, as the spoiler of Christianity; and the descent of God at Pentecost is reduced to an empty legend with the same satisfaction which might be felt by one who had exploded a most ruinous delusion that had oppressed mankind. But of this we have spoken elsewhere; let it suffice now to show one or two other final issues in the volume. One is to prove that everything in the recorded history of Christ, over and above the fact that He once lived and taught most valuable doctrine, is the offspring of illusion. There are some passages at the end of the volume which clearly enough indicate that, in the author's judgment, the reign of truth cannot be the reign of faith, and that it would be well for the world to give up its "inheritance from the Age of Miracles." Now, we should be very indifferent about any attack on the individual miracles of Scripture; so far as these evidences are accessible to us, they will plead their own cause. But this book is one of a class which aim to take from us the supreme miracle of time, the entire mystery of our godliness. It is well that the readers who help to carry the book through edition after edition should remember this. Let the following miscellaneous sentence be read, though we would hardly recommend the reader to go on with the long pages of apparitions, ghost stories, and physiologico-psychological explanations that are brought on to account for the early faith of Christendom: "As soon as He had sufficiently recovered, it is supposed that Jesus visited His disciples a few times to reassure them, but with precaution on account of the Jews, and was by them believed to have

risen from the dead, as, indeed, He Himself may likewise have supposed, reviving as He had done from the faintness of death. Seeing, however, that His death had set the crown upon His work, the Master withdrew into impenetrable obscurity, and was heard of no more. . . . We do not ourselves adopt this explanation, although it must be clearly repeated that, were the only alternative to do so, or to fall back upon the hypothesis of a miracle, we should consider it preferable. . . . There is another explanation of the origin of belief in the Resurrection which is better, and which is, in our opinion, the true one. We mean that which is usually called the 'Vision-hypothesis.' . . . Jesus was not Himself seen, but only a representation of Jesus within the minds of the beholders." That this Docetic account of Christianity, which surpasses the wildest dreams of Gnosticism, should be propounded by rational minds and accepted by men who believe in God, is one of the saddest commentaries on some of the saddest testimonies of Scripture concerning the discernment of the "natural man." From Jesus downwards all were victims of illusion, and Christianity is based upon an over-lively imagination; Jesus Himself, however—with reverence be it spoken—being responsible for something more than illusion.

But our purpose is not to examine this theory at large; nor is it to deal with the array of learning which step by step strips or seeks to strip every vestige of authenticity from the first documents of the Christian Faith. We are content to show generally what the book means, and quote its last words :

"It is a most striking and extraordinary fact that the life and teaching of Jesus have scarcely a place in the teaching of Paul. Had we been dependent upon him we should have had no idea of the Great Master who preached the Sermon on the Mount, and embodied pure truths in parables of such luminous simplicity. His noble morality would have remained unknown, and His lessons of incomparable spiritual excellence have been lost to the world. Paul sees no significance in that life, but concentrates all interest in the death and resurrection of his Messiah. In the sepulchre hewn out of the rock are deposited the teaching and example of Jesus, and from it there rises a mystic Christ, lost in a halo of theology. The ecclesiastical Christianity, which was mainly Paul's work, has almost effaced the true work of Jesus. Too little can now be traced of that teaching, and few are the genuine records of His work which have survived the pious

enthusiasm evoked by His character. Theology has done its worst with the life; and that death, which will ever be the darkest blot upon history, has been represented as the climax of Divine beneficence. The Resurrection and Ascension have deified Jesus of Nazareth; but they have done so at the expense of all that was most truly sublime in His work. The world will gain when it recognises the real character and source of such dogmas, and resigns this inheritance from the age of miracles. For although we lose a faith which has long been our guide in the past, we need not now fear to walk boldly with Truth in the future, and turning away from fancied benefits to be derived from the virtue of His death, we may find real help and guidance from more earnest contemplation of the life and teaching of Jesus."

Never was a paragraph written which contains more of what we think untrue than this. Every sentence in it seems a studied assault upon the deep convictions, we were going to write instincts, of the Christian community as represented in the New Testament. Here the animus of the writer against the Apostle Paul, as the spoiler of early Christianity, shows what manner of spirit he is of. He has caught the infection of a tendency shown by modern Jews and Tübingen destructive critics, and enemies of the Divinity and Atonement of Jesus generally, to make the Apostle of the Gentiles the real founder of Christianity. This notion we have on other occasions dealt with, as we have found it presented by abler hands than our author's; and we cannot enter upon it again. Suffice that we mark its inconsistency as here exhibited. It appears to be confessed that "Ecclesiastical Christianity" was "mainly Paul's work." But where then is St. John, or his representative, who certainly taught the Divinity and Atonement and universal Redemption of Christ independently of St. Paul, and with quite as much precision as he? And what becomes of the imaginary distinction between Ecclesiastical, that is Dogmatic, and Biblical Christianity, when it is admitted that St. Paul's four genuine Epistles, containing all the elements of that Christianity, were among the earliest documents of the Faith? It used to be said that the early Councils spoiled Biblical Christianity by definitions of which Scripture knew nothing. It is satisfactory to be told that what we value as "Ecclesiastical Christianity" has so much higher and better a parentage.

But let us look at this a little more closely. Can any one seriously believe that the "Resurrection and Ascension"

which have "deified Jesus of Nazareth" are more peculiar to St. Paul than to St. Peter and the rest of the Apostles? Is there a single doctrine essential to such a faith in Christ as we hold which is not contained in them as confederates of St. Paul? If the "true work of Jesus" has been effaced, all the writers of the New Testament, from St. Matthew to St. John, were joint-conspirators in effecting the unhappy work. If St. Paul "concentrates all interest in the death and resurrection of his Messiah," so does St. Peter, and so does St. John, and so does St. James. St. Paul has given his reason for no longer knowing Christ after the flesh; and sublimely justifies the prominence he gives to the facts which consummated human redemption. But there never was a more misleading sentence penned than that St. Paul has no place for the life and teaching of Jesus. In common with the other Apostles, who, unlike himself, accompanied with the Lord, and quite as often and affectionately as they, he commends the example of Christ to imitation, enforces His habitual lessons of self-denial and the mortification of the flesh, teaches His doctrine of the supremacy of love as the fulfilling of the law, and enforces the constant recognition of another world. The perfection of the religion he teaches is the beholding the glory of the Lord, and being transformed into His image. But, as with St. John so with St. Paul, the life of Christ is His heavenly character, which, withdrawn into heavenly places, attracts the believer into fellowship with His risen and ascended life.

Finally, on this subject, how can our author answer such a question as this? If everything miraculous is eliminated from the work and teaching of Jesus, and the vain fancy of a benefit from His death is extracted from the Gospels, and Acts, and Epistles, and banished for ever, where are we to find the Christ who is the Head of the Christian faith? Not only is the superstructure gone, but the foundation also: not only is the great nebula of Christianity dissipated, but no nucleus even is left. For there is no record of the teaching of Jesus which is not more or less connected with the assertion of His Divine authority, and His redeeming death, and His risen dignity. The shadow of the cross falls upon almost every page; and the glory of a supremacy higher than that of a human teacher blends with that shadow everywhere. The older attacks upon the Divinity of Christ and the verity of His death

and resurrection respected this fact. They sought to give account of them in a very different way. Ancient Socinianism introduced supernatural religion into the fabric of Christianity. It believed that there was a miracle in the birth, in the teaching, in the resurrection, and in the risen dignity, of our Lord. With such a style of argumentation we may sympathise, and enter into conflict with it. But there is nothing to be said to the theory of this book. It has nothing to do with Christianity in any shape, save as one of the various forms of the great delusion as to a spiritual life which has haunted the race from the beginning.

But we must make these miscellaneous remarks converge to one event—the appearance of our Lord on a mountain in Galilee. There is, we think, no one occurrence in the history of our Lord which forms a more satisfactory text for the discussion of the evidences of His resurrection, and of the connection of His resurrection with the Person of the Redeemer Himself and the doctrines of the Christian faith. It may be said that we are blinded by credulity, and warped by a foregone determination to find harmony everywhere. This is certainly true, changing the words; our absolute confidence in the Incarnate Son, who died and rose again, blinds us to the possibility of error in the narrative of the things “which are surely believed” among us; and we confess that we are warped by an absolute assurance that there is harmony for all who sincerely seek it. But the question is not between our credulity and the profound prejudice of our opponents; it is simply matter of fact, and of the preparation of a case for any dispassionate jury that may be found. Let us consider the sceptical statement of the matter first, with all confidence that the worst will be made of it here.

First, and this opens a wide question, is the circumstance that the Lord's appearance on a mountain in Galilee cannot be fitted in to the other accounts of His post-resurrection life. Here we cannot but observe how strong and pervasive an element in this destructive criticism is the assumption that what any Evangelist does not record he does not know; in other words, that each memorialist of our Lord's history must needs give a full account of all that took place. It is true that this baseless theory of the construction of the Gospels is not formally laid down; but it is silently presupposed throughout. We have no space to

give all the instances of this vice in the argument. But it would be a wholesome exercise for the reader to find it out for himself; whether he does or not, let him be on his guard against it. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that one half of the objections brought against our narratives would immediately vanish if some such theory as this were once accepted: that each reporter is an independent witness; that each takes up some special facts omitted by others, and makes them his own; and that one overruling inspiring Spirit so ordered the whole, that all the records should be mutually supplementary, and conspire to one perfect picture. Supposing we add to this that the accounts were intended to form a quaternion, and to be bound up in one volume, virtually, though not avowedly, made up of supplementary narratives, there can be no reasonable ground for offence against such a theory. But if it be once admitted, we can understand how, in these artless narratives, each recorder goes his own way, not solicitous to show that he is independent, and not indicating the points of juncture which connect his narrative with that of others. Then we dismiss at once the notion that every record ought to contain a clear account of all that was "surely believed" concerning the mysterious Forty Days between the Resurrection and the Ascension. We no longer expect that every memoir shall contain all the events, and all in their order. We must needs reject the idea that the authenticity of the narratives is bound up with their amplitude of information, and imperilled by their seeming to describe all that they record as all that actually took place.

This book constantly argues the other way. Very many times the remark is made, that of such and such an account we hear nothing elsewhere, that there is silence where we should expect further information. It is never, indeed, directly asserted that the silence of one Evangelist is equivalent to a denial of the fact which he suppresses; but this is the tone of the whole discussion. And it is one which, we confess, makes us very impatient. Instances might be given at any length, and in any number. But we take only a sentence or two, connected with our present subject, which meet our eye almost fortuitously, of the "dramatic and interesting" legend of Emmaus. The writer says: "According to the third Synoptic, the first appearance of Jesus to any one after the Resurrection was not to

the women, and not to Mary Magdalene, but to two brethren who were not apostles at all, the name of one of whom, we are told, was Cleopas. The story of the walk to Emmaus is very dramatic and interesting, but it is clearly legendary. None of the other Evangelists seem to know anything of it?" Is this satisfactory? Does the writer really believe that the third Evangelist meant to make this the first appearance? "Considering the nature and number of the alleged appearances of Jesus, this episode seems most disproportionate and inexplicable. The final incident completes our conviction of the unreality of the whole episode; after the sacramental blessing and breaking of bread, Jesus vanishes in a manner which removes the story from the domain of history. On their return to Jerusalem, the Synoptist adds, they find the Eleven, and are informed that 'the Lord was raised, and was seen by Simon.' Of this appearance we are not told any more."

In connection with the Saviour's allusion to His ascension, we find the valuable remark that, "In the message sent by Jesus to His disciples, He spoke of ascending 'to your God and My God,' but the Evangelist, at the close of his Gospel, strikes the same note as that upon which he commenced his philosophical prelude." This is the simple truth, if we rightly understand that the note of our Lord's Divinity, struck at the commencement by the Holy Ghost, was the keynote into which He willed that this Gospel particularly should sink at the close. But the writer goes on: "We shall only add one further remark concerning this episode, and it is the repetition of one already made. It is much to be regretted that the writer does not inform us how these interviews of Jesus with His disciples terminated." After disporting himself with the various possibilities of the Saviour's locality after the Resurrection, he goes on: "These are not jeering, but serious indications of the scantiness of the information given by the Evangelists, which is not compensated by some trifling detail of no value, occasionally inserted to heighten the reality of a narrative. . . . It will be observed that in this Gospel, as in the third Synoptic, the appearances of Jesus are confined to Jerusalem, and exclude Galilee. These two Gospels are, therefore, clearly in direct contradiction with the statements of the first two Synoptics."

The principle of interpretation forced upon us by a collation of the narratives is this: that each of the Evan-

gelistas had his vocation to connect our Lord's resurrection with the subsequent history of the Gospel in a particular way. St. John, coming after all the rest, obviously has steadily in view the new bond of faith in the Lord's ascended Person, which was to be established in the place of the "touch" of sense and fellowship with His visible manifestation. St. Mark merely brings his narrative to a determinate close, with general reference to the future of the kingdom of faith. St. Luke is filled with the thought of the Emmaus narrative and the Ascension. Believing, as we do, that he continues his account in the Acts, we find two narratives of the latter event, one of which looks backwards to the past, and the other forwards to the great future, the two being perfectly consistent. Till it can be proved—and nothing in this book contains shadow of proof—that the same writer did not compose the Gospel and the Acts, it is idle to speak of St. Luke's ignoring other manifestations of the risen Christ; he speaks of forty days' more or less continuous colloquy with the disciples. St. Matthew, the first Evangelist, has the mountain in Galilee, and all that the manifestation on that mountain connoted, in his thoughts, and made that the centre of his post-resurrection history.

Now let us give a specimen of our author's way of dealing with the facts of the history, or rather with their records.

"There has been some discussion as to what the doubt mentioned in v. 17 refers, some critics maintaining that some doubted as to the propriety of worshipping Jesus, whilst others more correctly consider that they doubted as to His identity; but we need not mention the curious apologetic explanations offered. Are we to regard the mention of these doubts as an 'inestimable proof of the candour of the Evangelists'? If so, then we may find fault with the omission to tell us whether, and how, these doubts were set at rest. As the narrative stands the doubts were not resolved. Was it possible to doubt without good reason of the identity of one with whom, until a few days previously, the disciples had been in daily and hourly contact at least for a year, if not longer? Doubt in such a case is infinitely more decisive than belief. We can regard the expression, however, in no other light than as a mere rhetorical device in a legendary narrative. The rest of the account need have little further discussion here. The extraordinary statement in v. 18 seems as clearly the expression of later theology as the baptismal formula in v. 19, where the doctrine of the Trinity is so definitely expressed. Some critics suppose that the Eleven were not alone upon this occasion, but that either all the disciples



of Jesus were present, or at least the five hundred brethren to whom Paul refers, 1 Cor. xv. 6. This mainly rests on the statement that 'some doubted,' for it is argued that, after the two previous appearances to the disciples in Jerusalem mentioned by the other Evangelists, it is impossible that the Eleven could have felt doubt, and, consequently, that others must have been present who had not previously been convinced. It is scarcely necessary to point out the utter weakness of such an argument. It is not permissible, however, to patch on to this Gospel scraps cut out of the others. It must be clear to every unprejudiced student that the appearances of Jesus narrated by the four Gospels in Galilee and Judea cannot be harmonised, and we have shown that they exclude each other. The first Synoptist records (v. 10) the order for the disciples to go into Galilee, and with no further interruption than the mention of the return of the discomfited guard from the sepulchre to the chief priest, he (v. 16) states that they went into Galilee, where they saw Jesus in the manner just described. No amount of ingenuity can insert the appearances in Jerusalem here without the grossest violation of all common sense. This is the only appearance to the Eleven recorded in Matthew. We must here again point out the singular omission to relate the manner in which this interview was ended. The episode and the Gospel, indeed, are brought to a very artistic close by the expression, 'Lo, I am with you all the days unto the end of the world;' but we must insist that it is a very suggestive fact that it does not occur to these writers to state what became of Jesus. Surely no point could have been more full of interest than the manner in which Jesus here finally leaves the disciples, and is dismissed from the history. That such an important point of the narrative is omitted is in the highest degree remarkable and significant. Had a formal termination to the interview been recounted, it would have been subject to criticism, and by no means any evidence of truth; but it seems to us, that the circumstance that it never occurred to these writers to relate the departure of Jesus is a very strong indication of the unreality and shadowy nature of the whole tradition."

To reiterate what has been said—the point, indeed, which we have made manifest in these pages—why may we not, in the writer's rough language, "patch on to this Gospel scraps cut out of the others"? These assertions, and those that follow, are not admissible; they have no right to be heard in this argument. "It must be clear" is too subjective; clear only to those whose minds are deeply prejudiced against every other view. Asseveration may be piled on asseveration, but common sense will not accept the position that St. Matthew omitted other events because

he did not know them, or because they never took place. Jesus is not "dismissed from the history" by St. Matthew in silence; his narrative was written for those who knew the fact of the Ascension, and would read it in other memorials. What does the author mean by the sentence, "It never occurred to these writers to relate the departure of Jesus," and that this "is a very strong indication of the unreality and shadowy nature of the whole tradition"? Surely, some of these writers related how He departed; and the unreality and shadows of the event become the substantial realities of the Acts and the Epistles.

But the allusion to St. Paul's "Five hundred brethren" suggests an important consideration. It certainly might seem from the Evangelist's narrative that only the Apostles were invited to the distant mountain; but, on closer examination, there is nothing in the account that requires this; and, indeed, the opposite seems indicated by the fact of an appointment for Galilee, as the Apostles were near the Lord in Jerusalem. That a place so far off was selected, it might be thought, for the sake of very many whom it was the Lord's desire to see in one company. Now, what more natural than to suppose that St. Paul had this meeting in view when he spoke of the Five Hundred? It is so apt a solution of the difficulty that it might seem made also on purpose; were it not that the Apostle refers to them in too artless a manner, and with too entire an independence of the Gospel narrative. Every difficulty is at once solved, and we learn some important lessons over and above. We can understand how it is that the meeting with the large number is mentioned as occurring after the interviews with individuals; it was a public and ceremonial and, as it were, official convocation, for which the private interviews prepared. Again, we can understand how it was that there were so many assembling around the Galilean hill-side. Time had been allowed for the circulation of the report that at a set time the Lord would appear; what the women had committed to their charge would be spread abroad throughout the whole region; and in every valley, every village where the memory of Jesus was fresh, and devotion to Him strong, there would be awakened the desire to meet Him at His own appointed place. It seems easy enough to find materials for this assembly of Five Hundred. Our "dispassionate" critic thinks otherwise: "Where could so many as five hundred

disciples have been collected at one time? The author of the Acts states the number of the Christian community gathered together to elect a successor to Judas as about one hundred and fifty. Apologists, therefore, either suppose the appearance to five hundred to have taken place in Jerusalem, when numbers of pilgrims from Galilee and other parts were in the Holy City, or that it occurred in Galilee itself, where they suppose believers to have been more numerous. This is the merest conjecture; and there is not even ground for asserting that there were so many as five hundred brethren in any one place, by whom Jesus could have been seen." St. Paul does not say that Christ was seen by five hundred belonging to one place, nor does St. Matthew say so. This is an aggravation of the difficulty—supposing one to exist—which is quite gratuitous. Three weeks of currency given to such good news would bring all who bore the slightest love to the name of Jesus from all parts. Then comes in once more the everlasting refrain :

"Is it possible to suppose, however, that, had there been so large a number of persons collected upon that occasion, the Evangelist would not have mentioned the fact? On the other hand, does it not somewhat discredit the statement that Jesus was seen by so large a number at once, that no record of such a remarkable occurrence exists elsewhere? How could the tradition of such an event, witnessed by so many, have so completely perished that neither in the Gospels or Acts, nor in any other writing, is there any reference to it; and our only knowledge of it is this bare statement, without a single detail? There is only one explanation: that the assembly could not have recognised in the phenomenon, whatever it was, the risen Jesus, or that subsequently an explanation was given which dispelled some temporary illusion. In any case, we must insist that the total absence of all confirmation of an appearance to five hundred persons at once alone renders such an occurrence more than suspicious."

Now, let us read on in our writer's criticism. "This appearance not only is not mentioned in the other Gospels, but it excludes the appearances in Judæa, of which the writer seems to be altogether ignorant. If he knew of them, he practically denies them." To this sweeping assertion we utterly demur. It has no kind of justification. It is absurd on the very face of it. For surely the writer of this elaborate Gospel, familiar as he shows himself with all the wonderful events of the Lord's life, and

so completely possessed of all the sacred traditions, could not have been ignorant of events occurring in Jerusalem, which, at least, were commonly supposed to have occurred. This would be to regard him as master of all facts before the Passion, and deplorably ignorant of all those that followed. Here, as everywhere in this monument of special pleading against the truth, the eagerness of the opponent defeats its own cause. We dwell on it, not so much because of the importance of the matter in question, as because we desire to point out to the unwary reader how keen must be his caution in receiving any argument that he finds here. But again: "In obedience to the command of Jesus, the disciples are represented as having gone away into Galilee 'unto the mountain which Jesus had appointed them.' We have not previously heard of this specific appointment." Strictly and literally, this is true; there has been no formal notice of any particular gathering together of the Lord's company on any mountain in Galilee. But the "dispassionate reader," to whom our author is so fond of appealing, will find, if he is not averse to finding it, precisely what is here desiderated as wanting. This very Evangelist tells us, and with every mark of importance attached to the communication, that Jesus said unto His disciples, on the way to the Mount of Olives, "All ye shall be offended because of Me this night; for it is written, I will smite the shepherd, and the sheep of the flock shall be scattered abroad. But, after I am risen again, I will go before you into Galilee." Peter's impetuosity interrupted the communication, which was, we may suppose, continued, though not in words that we hear. Can we suppose that our Lord signified to His servants that He would appear only in Galilee, or that He would, after His resurrection, go straightway thither? Surely, a temperate spirit of criticism would shrink from such a supposition as this. Immediately after His resurrection, and while appearing near Jerusalem itself, in one of those manifestations which our author would make St. Matthew deny, our Lord by His angel—He Himself being near, and about to show Himself—reminded His disciples of that commandment: "Go quickly, and tell His disciples that He is risen from the dead; and behold, He goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see Him; lo, I have told you." This is once more, and with sacred emphasis, repeated by our Lord Himself: "Go, tell My brethren, that they go into Galilee,

and there they shall see Me." In all this a dispassionate interpretation will find it necessary to read much between the lines. The specific mountain must be inserted, with the specification of the time, or the approximate time ; it must suppose that weeks elapsed, the record of which St. Matthew leaves to others ; that the preliminary interviews were intended to prepare the way for that great and solemn meeting. St. Matthew digresses simply to intercalate, in his integrity, the theory invented for future service by the elders as to the Lord's resurrection. He then returns to the one event in his thoughts, and his narrative flows into that, with the addition of the " mountain where Jesus had appointed them." And who has any right, even on human grounds, and apart from the intervention of the inspiring Spirit, to deny to an independent historian the right to summarise events without giving all the processes and details ? Were there no purpose to serve, dispassionate judgment would at once assume that the Evangelist is simply omitting what it was not his purpose to include, and that a mountain had been mentioned, though he does not say precisely when, and that a great importance was attached to the meeting arranged for, though he does not spend any words in magnifying that importance, leaving the event to speak for itself.

Once more, it is said by the Evangelist that " some doubted." And who that connects St. Paul's account with that of St. Matthew can fail to see that here is an incidental confirmation of the theory—if such it may be called—that the mountain in Galilee was the scene of the congregation of all who in any sense called Jesus Lord. It is not said that any disbelieved : it is only said that there were some in that large gathering who had then hesitations as to the verity of the appearance and the identity of the Person who appeared, with the Jesus whom they went out to see. This hesitation is perfectly consistent with St. Paul's statement that they were " brethren." Disciples, who were more than mere brethren, had similarly doubted when the Changed Form first met their eyes ; and he must be an inveterate devotee of scepticism whose belief cannot accept this psychological fact of the religious life, that faith may coexist with doubt. Certainly, we are free to admit, St. Matthew's narration is not, on this supposition, precisely what we might have expected. It seems to take too much for granted. It is hurried and condensed to the last degree.

But that we must leave to the First Evangelist, and not brand his record as a legend on that account. We are content to receive St. Paul's supplementary account—which, by the way, is contained in an Epistle that all men hold genuine, and which is written in the plainest style of narration and with all the qualities of honesty and exactitude, for which even our opponents give him credit—as a most interesting undesigned evidence of the truth of St. Matthew. And it is not too much to say, that the defence of the record of the appearance on the mountain establishes the other appearances which St. Paul refers to, and that in their exact order.

These remarks are only suggestive. It would be easy to pursue the subject; but we must fall back into the tranquil course of our loyal faith again, and, forgetting that a destructive critic exists, pay our own act of homage to this wonderful scene. Let us go with the whole company of the disciples of the Risen Christ to the mountain which He had appointed, and reflect what that concourse means in which we take our place.

To us it is the great event after the Resurrection: it is the epitome of the Resurrection itself and its evidences. It is the consummation and guarantee of all the rest. The other appearances prepared for it. They were intended for the establishment of the wavering faith of individuals. This was intended for the confirmation of the faith of the entire extant community: to give an opportunity to the whole number of those who loved Jesus of Nazareth of beholding Him in His risen Person, thus making the entire Church—if such a term may be already used—a body of witnesses of the Resurrection. St. Peter declares that He was “showed openly.” He does, indeed, add that it was “not to all the people;” but we are to understand this as signifying, not to all the Jewish people. It is true, also, that he adds, “unto us who did eat and drink with Him after He rose.” But this does not exclude other witnesses besides the Apostles; otherwise the women, who did not eat and drink with Him, would be shut out. It was the Divine order that the fact of the Resurrection should be witnessed by all who were personally interested by faith in the mission of Christ. But with this we must connect another purpose blended with the former. It was the gracious will of the Redeemer that the dawning faith of all the sincere though imperfect followers of His humbled estate should have

their confidence in Him established for their own sake. He who in His tenderness gave Peter his private pardon, and released Thomas from his doubts, and cheered the Eleven again and again by His presence, provided that the whole company of his discipleship should by one sovereign manifestation be knit to his Divine-human heart for ever.

Once more, we may venture to say that the Supreme purpose included another object. It was the Saviour's will that His own solemn investiture with the Mediatorial Authority assured to Him in His resurrection should take place in the midst of His Church. He had assumed His dominion already in the lower world; though of that investiture we know little. But it is among His collected people, and in the neighbourhood where He had received the transfiguration earnest, that He would clothe Himself with His final and unchangeable dignity. They first heard the words, "All power has been given to Me in heaven and in earth." Then followed, in their midst, but with a special application to the Apostles, the final commission to preach the Gospel to the ends of the earth. Read in the light of this interpretation, we venture to say that the entire record is harmonious, consistent, and in keeping with the whole character of our adorable Master.

It is at the foot of that mountain—nothing doubting—that we read all such books as that which we have here slightly noticed. There they are disarmed of every vestige of their offence, and discharged of all their malignity. We worship the risen Lord, thankful that His "death and resurrection have deified Jesus;" and our only wish for our infidel fellow-sinners is that they would carry their books to the same glorious scene. There they would burn them, like the Ephesians, in the market-place; and use their learning and their gifts, which are so great that we mourn not to be able to praise them, in a better service.

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# LITERARY NOTICES.

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## I. THEOLOGICAL.

### COOK'S LECTURES.

*Lectures.* By the Rev. Joseph Cook. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1877.

WE will not do Mr. Cook the injustice to speak of him as a meteor, that has blazed forth on a sudden, and filled the literary firmament with splendour. He is neither born of the dark, nor will he vanish in the dark. And though it is not to be expected that the world will long go after him as it has been doing for some time past, the light which he has kindled will shine in the intelligence and conscience of thousands, for untold years, after he himself has been gathered to his fathers. The greatest boon which a gifted man could just now confer upon the youth of Western Christendom would be to utter wise, profound, attractive, and burning words, on such great topics as the immortality of the soul; the correlations which subsist between the moral sense in man and the constitution of the universe; the absolute identity in kind of the Divine revelations of nature, Providence, and the Bible; the scientific basis of the Gospel doctrines of guilt, redemption, and final punishment; the reality of the inspiration of the Scriptures; and other subjects akin to them. Who has not felt of late, either in himself or on behalf of those about him, the pressure of these ancient problems? And what lover of Christ and of mankind has not desired that some one might appear, at once strong enough, so far as ever man can be, to grapple with their difficulties, and withal of such culture and eloquence as would enable him to exhibit the truth concerning them with clearness, fascination, and power? We do not hesitate to say that this demand is met in Mr. Cook. His *Lectures*, named above, delivered in Boston, U.S., before audiences crowded with the divinity and philosophy, the learning and the science of Eastern America, while formally they are an intended polemic against the theosophies of Theodore Parker and Emerson, deal



with all these pressing questions, and deal with them precisely in the manner in which they needed to be dealt with. For searching philosophical analysis ; for keen and merciless logic ; for dogmatic assertion of eternal truth in the august name of science, such as thrills the soul to its foundations ; for endlessly diversified and most apt illustration, drawn from a wide field of reading and observation ; for true poetic feeling ; for pathos, without any mixture of sentimentality ; for candour ; for moral elevation ; and for noble loyalty to those great Christian verities which the author affirms and vindicates—these wonderful *Lectures* stand forth alone amidst the contemporary literature of the class to which they belong. No opponent will be able to read them without admiration for the genius which has produced them ; and we venture to add that no opponent ought to be able to read them without the conviction that, substantially and on the whole, Mr. Cook is right, and that the scheme of human destiny, which the Bible assumes and teaches, is anticipated, endorsed, and ratified by the unquestionable facts of consciousness and of the world about us. We know too well that prejudice, moral indifference, flippancy, and the habit of self-pleasing, will effectually keep all such reasoning as Mr. Cook's at arm's length. But it is none the less valid on this account. It is still unanswerable by the intelligence. And we have good hope that, with many young persons in particular, these *Lectures* will prove a means either of protection or of escape from the miserable scepticism to which, both in England and elsewhere, certain recent investigations in the domain of science and of Biblical literature have unhappily given birth. There never was scepticism, perhaps, that had so much to say for itself at first sight ; none which it is harder to dispose of in few words in a railway carriage. It needs no subtlety to pit the Books of Chronicles against the Books of Kings ; or Sir Charles Lyell against Moses ; or the Holy God of the Bible against the Being whose beneficence adjusts the hinges in an insect's limb. But, assuredly, no scepticism was ever more contracted in its range of vision, or more audacious in the boldness of its generalisations, or more conspicuously unscientific in many of its leading principles and methods. Mr. Cook, in his own trenchant and incisive manner, shows all this ; and, what is better, he rears upon the immutable foundations of consciousness, logic, and experiment, a positive system of ethical and spiritual verity, which no man can assail without assailing the constitution of his own nature and of the universe of being. If any who read these pages should be led by our commendation to study Mr. Cook's *Lectures*, they will thank us warmly for calling our attention to them. They are undoubtedly one of the most forcible and brilliant pieces of controversial Christian literature ever given to the world.

## BASTOW'S BIBLE DICTIONARY.

*A Bible Dictionary; Being a Comprehensive Digest of the History and Antiquities of the Hebrews and Neighbouring Nations; the Natural History, Geography, and Literature of the Sacred Writings, with Reference to the Latest Researches.* By the Rev. J. A. Bastow. Fourth Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.

THE title describes accurately the contents of the work, and the number of editions called for indicates the reception it has met with. Some books deserve favour and fail to obtain it, some obtain without deserving it. This one both deserves and has obtained it. The well-written introduction contains a mass of information respecting ancient MSS. and translations, and relates clearly and fully the history of the English versions. As an example of reference to late researches we may mention the account of recent Nile discoveries in the description of that river. The necessary brevity of the articles only permits the statement of conclusions and admitted facts, apart from reasons, as where of the Book of Isaiah it is said, "The notion of some rationalist scholars, that the book is made up of fragments by different authors, some of whom lived near the close of the exile, is not worth noticing." Greek and Hebrew words are given in Roman characters. One feature not indicated in the title is that the work is a Theological Dictionary as well. This would be out of place in a work intended for professed students and scholars; but for a certain class, such as local preachers, Sunday-school teachers, the feature is an additional recommendation. The theology is Methodist throughout. We could desire nothing better for the purpose than such articles as those on Atonement, Adoption, Justification, Sanctification, Inspiration, Election, Punishment, and similar topics. The theological articles are a manual of sound doctrine. We heartily wish the volume a permanent sale.

## FRANKLAND'S THE AGE AND THE GOSPEL.

*The Age and the Gospel; or, Essays on Christianity, its Friends and Opponents.* By the late Rev. Benjamin Frankland, B.A. London: Elliot Stock. 1877.

THE subject discussed in the first essay is indicated in the first sentence, "Shall the world be evangelised?" The question, of course, is not answered. What man could answer it? We know how Christ met a similar question. Yet after these additional centuries of experience we ought to be able to judge as to the set of the current. This is all that the lamented author attempts to do. He lays down sound principles, gathers up general results, and tries to forecast probabilities. His review and conclusions are of a somewhat sombre cast, and this from the fact that he looks only on one side

of the question. Admitting the truth of everything said about the failure of the Jewish Church, of philosophy, of modern civilisation, of the Christian Church to realise the Divine purposes, this is all the more reason to believe that the future will be wiser and brighter. And even the past has a story of progress, of national elevation, of spiritual growth, which needs to be considered. This is not considered in the volume, as it did not fall within the writer's scope. The modern idea of the progress of the human race as a whole is a just one, and has still to be worked out from a Christian standpoint. Here is a grand theme for a Christian Buckle or Draper, and the material for a noble apology for the faith. Mr. Frankland dwells with emphasis on the principles of personal responsibility and the contingency of the Divine promises on human fidelity and zeal. He returns to the subject with still greater vigour in the later essays. We trust that his earnest practical suggestions will be widely read and pondered among Methodists. Two other essays on faith, and doubt and unbelief, are the fruit of much careful thought. The volume, as every one who knew Mr. Frankland would expect, is modest, reverent, instinct at once with faith and culture.

#### ERASMUS'S FAMILIAR COLLOQUIES.

*The Whole Familiar Colloquies of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam.* Translated from the Latin by Nathan Bailey, Author of "The Universal Etymological English Dictionary." London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1877.

IN addition to the hackneyed difficulty of representing in a translation the peculiar flavour of celebrated works, there is this additional difficulty in translating the Colloquies, that they were intended partly as a guide in colloquial Latin. In this respect they are second only, if they are second, to Terence. Terence of course has the higher perfection of finish, but the advantage of variety is with Erasmus. The design is very apparent in the first few dialogues, in which each paragraph rings the changes on a particular phrase or idiom. A selection for the use of schools has lately been published, and we wonder that it has not been done before. In the sixty-two dialogues on as many different subjects there is an extraordinary amount of familiar Latin of the best kind. Of course in an English translation this original purpose of the book is set aside, and we are inclined to think that the great Dutch scholar, who knew Latin better than he knew his own or any other tongue, would have shrunk with horror from the notion of a vernacular translation. We confess also, that if consulted beforehand we should have pronounced many passages untranslatable. However much to the taste of former days, they

are happily out of keeping with ours. But these preliminary objections aside, the translation, which is nearly a century and a half old, is excellent—close, faithful, terse, idiomatic. Mr. Bailey knew both Latin and English well, and is peculiarly happy in the English equivalents he gives for Latin phrases. A few notes here and there to explain allusions which have now become obscure would have been an additional service. The translation is the only one which gives the whole work.

Even in their English dress the dialogues are a wonderful illustration of the author's classical learning, and of the ideas and manners of the day. Few classes and characters escape the critic's keen satire. The natural science of the age typified in the dialogues on Friendship and Certain Problems is very amusing. Ecclesiastics come in for a large share of observation, and while the existence of good ones is not denied, the other sort are most prominent. In more than one dialogue, as in *The Shipwreck* and *The Funeral*, prayer to saints is placed in contrast with prayer to God. "*Antony*. Were they at their prayers all the while? *Adolph*. Ay, as if it had been for a wager. One sung his Hail Queen; another, I believe in God. There were some who had certain particular prayers, not unlike magical charms, against dangers. *Ant*. How affliction makes men religious! In prosperity we neither think of God nor saint. But what did you do all this while? Did you not make vows to some saints? *Adol*. No, none at all. *Ant*. Why so? *Adol*. I make no bargains with saints. For what is this but a bargain in form? I will give you if you do so and so; or, I will do so and so if you do so and so; I will give you a wax taper if I swim out alive; I will go to Rome if you save me. *Ant*. But did you call upon none of the saints for help? *Adol*. No, not so much as that neither. *Ant*. Why so? *Adol*. Because heaven is a large place, and if I should recommend my safety to any saint, as suppose to St. Peter, who perhaps would hear soonest because he stands at the door, before he can come to God Almighty, or before he could tell Him my condition, I may be lost. *Ant*. What did you do then? *Adol*. I even went the next way (straight, *recta*) to God the Father, saying, Our Father, which art in heaven. There is none of the saints hears sooner than He does, or more readily gives what is asked for."

We do not wonder at the antipathy of the monks to Erasmus. Their legends and pilgrimages and charms find no mercy at his hands. The crowning sign of the approaching end of all things, to the monk, was "Erasmus writes *Colloquia*." In the Religious Pilgrimage he ingeniously introduces a letter from the Virgin Mary, as credibly attested as such things generally are, complaining of the worship paid her. "And there is another sort of people whose prayers are not properly so wicked as foolish. The maid prays, Mary, give me a handsome, rich husband; the wife

cries, Give me fine children ; and the woman with child, Give me a good delivery. The old woman prays to live long without a cough and thirst ; and the doting old man, Send that I may grow young again. The philosopher says, Give me the faculty of starting difficulties never to be resolved ; the priest says, Give me a fat benefice ; the bishop cries out for the saving of his diocese, and the mariner a prosperous voyage ; the magistrate cries out, Show me thy Son before I die ; the courtier, that he may make an effectual confession when at the point of death ; the husbandman calls on me for seasonable rain, and a farmer's wife to preserve her sheep and cattle. If I refuse them anything, then presently I am hard-hearted. If I refer them to my Son they cry, If you will but say the word, I am sure He will do it." The same conversation describes two once-famed English shrines, Our Lady of Walsingham and Thomas of Canterbury.

Who will not endorse the following ! "The first place must indeed be given to the authority of the Scriptures ; but nevertheless, I sometimes find some things said or written by the ancients, nay even by the heathens, nay by the poets themselves, so chastely, so holily, and so divinely, that I cannot persuade myself but that when they wrote them they were Divinely inspired ; and perhaps the Spirit of Christ diffuses itself farther than we imagine ; and that there are more saints than we have in our catalogue. To confess freely among friends, I cannot read Tully *On Old Age*, *On Friendship*, his *Offices*, or his *Tusculan Questions*, without kissing the book, and veneration for that divine soul. And on the contrary, when I read some of our modern authors, treating of politics, economics, and ethics, good God, how cold they are in comparison of these ! Nay, how do they seem to be insensible of what they write themselves ! So that I had rather lose Scotus, and twenty more such as he, than one Cicero or Plutarch."

#### GOLDZIHNER'S MYTHOLOGY AMONG THE HEBREWS.

*Mythology among the Hebrews, and its Historical Development.* By Ignaz Goldziher, Ph.D. Member of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences. Translated by Russell Martineau, M.A., of the British Museum. London : Longmans. 1877.

WE should find it difficult to express too strongly our admiration for the evidences of learning, research and genius in which this volume abounds. A novel and difficult subject is handled with masterly ease and ingenuity. With few exceptions, the meaning is transparently clear, no little merit to English eyes. The style, which is that of a scholar, is not without touches of poetry, and draws the reader insensibly on. Material is gathered from all lands, and from the most recent as well as older

authorities. English Assyriologists, like Sayce and the late lamented George Smith, are mentioned with high praise. All this, however, must not prevent our expression of utter dissent from the purport of the work, which is nothing less than to reduce the early Biblical records to mythology, on a par with the myths of Greece and other Aryan peoples.

The author breaks perfectly new ground. He undertakes to prove that the Hebrews are no exception, as has been always held, to the prevalence of mythological ideas in the infancy of thought. Hitherto the absence of myth has been regarded as among the differentia of the Semitic race. Renan formulated the theory thus, "*Les Sémites n'ont jamais eu de mythologie.*" Bunsen speaks of the "*spirit of the Jewish people historically penetrated through and through with aversion to mythology,*" and again, "*The Bible has no mythology ; it is the grand, momentous, and fortunate self-denial of Judaism to possess none.*" It is this position which Dr. Goldziher, at the outset, strenuously denies and sets himself to overthrow. He meets it by a counter assertion of the universality of the myth. There is no unmythological race. There is a Hebrew, just as there is an Indian and German and Greek mythological age. To suppose the contrary, is to suppose that the Hebrews, as a people, were born men, instead of passing through the stage of infancy. His proof is that the myth is the natural and necessary result of the laws of the human mind acting upon the scenery of the heavens and earth, and is simply man's first explanation to himself of visible phenomena. Just as Comte's position is that there are three stages through which the human race must pass—the theological, metaphysical and scientific—so Dr. Goldziher maintains that prior to the theological comes the mythological era. It is plain that the alleged proof is a mere assertion, an assumption beforehand. The doctrine that the myth is a necessary creation of the human mind which always emerges at a certain stage could only follow from proof of the universality of myths. Both Dr. Goldziher's and M. Renan's theories are simply provisional and stand on the same level. The question is, Which is borne out by facts ?

To overthrow the view which hitherto has been universal, the evidence must be clear, cogent, and abundant. When we come to the fifth chapter, in which the theory is applied, we find the proof scanty and fragmentary in the extreme. The coincidences with true mythological systems are so slight that it needs considerable ingenuity to see them, and must have needed far greater to discover them. The proof appears greater in bulk than it really is, because of the numerous examples which are quoted from other fields. In the cases of ancient Germany, India, and Greece, the mythological element is patent, abundant, striking ; there is no gainsaying it ; there is a whole literature of proof ;

the theory explains all the facts. In Scripture a selection is made of solitary features here and there which bear a semblance of likeness, while all the rest is ignored: the theory does not explain all the facts. In our belief, the arbitrary fancifulness of the doctrine is only equalled by the slenderness of the evidence adduced in its support. M. Renan's position is unshaken. We agree with Mr. George Smith, at least in reference to the Jews, from whom of course Dr. Goldziher differs, when he says, "The early poems and stories of almost every nation are, by some writers, resolved into elaborate descriptions of natural phenomena; and, in some cases, if that were true, the myth would have taken to create it a genius as great as that of the philosophers who explain it."

We cannot do better than epitomise the salient portions of the fifth chapter, which is the kernel of the book, the rest being brilliant dissertations which stand or fall with this. 1. Abraham is the "High Father." Casting off the "Father" for the present, the idea of height is arbitrarily identified with the night-sky—arbitrarily, because it would agree as well with the day-sky. Isaac means, the "Laughter," which again is identified with the laughing, smiling, day-sky. Is it not clear that the sacrifice of Isaac meant originally the destruction of day by night? It is indeed a slight difficulty that Abraham did not actually destroy Isaac, but this is explained as an interpolation, added in after times, when physical phenomena had been converted into living persons, and human sacrifices had come to be disapproved. 2. Jephthah signifies the "Opener," the Opening Sun. The sunset is the daughter of the sun, and when the noon-sun slays the sunrise, Jephthah has sacrificed his daughter. It is carefully explained that myth-makers, who lived in an uncritical age, did not distinguish between sunset and sunrise. Enoch also means Opener, but he does not slay his daughter. 3. Isaac is further identified as a solar figure by the trait of dimness of sight. Many languages and poets, our own Shakespeare among them, speak of the sun as "the eye of day." The reference to sunset is therefore evident. 4. Cain, too, is a solar figure. His name means "Smith," and identifies him with Hephestus and Vulcan. Abel is lunar. His name means "a breath of wind," and wind belongs to the night and storm. Cain killing Abel means day killing night, as the myth of Abraham and Isaac means night killing day. 5. Jacob means the "Follower," and is a name of the night sky as following day. His father, "the laughing, sunny sky," loves him not. Jacob grasping Esau's heel at his birth means that "night comes into the world with day's heel in his hand." Esau, on the contrary, is shown to be a solar figure, by several marks. His profession was that of a hunter. "The Sun is a hunter: he discharges his arrows, i.e., his rays, and does battle with them against darkness, wind and clouds." He was a "hairy man," and the Greeks

called the sun *yellow-haired*, and a Latin poet speaks of *crines Phæbi*. He was "red," another solar feature, although Laban is a solar name because equivalent to "whita." To remove the discrepancy, an interesting and elaborate disquisition is given to show that the myth-makers' ideas of colour were very vague and confused, the notion of colour being one of slow growth. The name Esau is a puzzle, which is solved, if it is solved, by a conjectural connection with the Arabic *a'la*, hairy (p. 139). The persecution of Jacob by Esau and Laban is thus explained as the day chasing away the night. Jacob wrestles with the dawn, who "in the end breaks loose, so as to go up to the sky. The night is a limping figure. This, again, is a feature in the myth of the hero of darkness, which we meet with also in classical mythology, e.g., in Hermes, *καλλοροδίων*." Want of space forbids our illustrating our author's "discovery that, whilst the concubines in mythical phraseology are figures of *opposite* nature to their master, like Hagar, a solar figure to Abram, the dark sky, the names of the legitimate wives represent figures homogeneous to the nature of the husband. This is the case pre-eminently with Sarah, Abram's wife. The name signifies *princess, lady*, the princess of the heaven, the moon, the queen who rules over the great army of the night-sky."

Omitting minor examples and the numerous illustrations from other fields, this is in outline the evidence brought forward to establish the new theory. Any suggestion of contradictions is forestalled by the remark, "Whoever finds contradictions in all this must not turn against the interpreter and constructor of the myth, but against the mind of man itself which created myths." This answer is more convenient than satisfactory. We can safely leave the theory to be judged by its evidence, which is far too scanty and unconsecutive to establish the conclusions put forward in this volume.

There are some other opinions of the author which are undoubtedly original, as where the patriarchs are supposed to have been once objects of worship. The proof adduced is Is. lxiii. 16, on which it is remarked, "It is obvious that here the names of Abraham and Jacob are *opposed* to that of Jehovah." In the same way it is held that the Brazen Serpent was worshipped by the Hebrews. Dr. Goldziher also maintains at length that among the Hebrews, and among all other nations, polytheism was the precursor of monotheism. The latter was evolved by a natural process out of the former. In this he is at one with Hume, whom he quotes with admiring approval. Anything else is condemned as an inversion of the natural order. The idea of Divine revelation is shut out altogether and is never once referred to. The system is one of religious evolution. Dr. Goldziher also represents, on what historical grounds we know not, the



Israelites as borrowing all the highest elements of their civilisation from the Canaanites whose place they took. He compares this to other well-known instances in which a conquered race of higher culture has imposed its manners on the conqueror. Doubtless there was a course of borrowing, but it was not of a kind to be commended.

One of the most suggestive theories in the book, and there are many such, is that which makes a nomadic race centre its regard upon the night-sky, while to an agricultural people the day and the sun fill the first place. In other words, civilisation follows the sun. "The nomad's relation to nature is a very different one from the agriculturist's. . . . The herdsman finds his happiness in the well-being of his herds; his wealth depends on the quality of the pasture which he can get for them; to seek this is the constant object of his endless wanderings." *Kötsher*, the native name of the Kurds, *Zulus*, *Zuzim*, *Hebrews* are all said to mean radically *wanderers*. "The nomad must be constantly wandering and seeking good pasture, if he is to gain a comfortable position. The glowing heat of the sun is in this respect his terrible enemy and continual adversary. The starry heaven by night and the moon he recognises as his friends and protectors; and he gladly welcomes the moment when these guardians overcome the enemy, and drive off the beaming sun, when noon is followed by afternoon, and evening comes in with its cool breeze on the track of the departed solar heat. . . . Among the nomads, then, the dark cloudy heaven of night is the sympathetic mythical figure; they imagine it conquering, or if it is overcome, give to its fall a tragic character, so that it falls lamented and worthy rather of victory than of ruin. . . . It is just the reverse with the myth of the agriculturist. He makes the brilliant heaven of daytime conquer, and the gloomy cloudy heaven or the dark night fall; he accompanies the victory of the warm heaven of the day with cries of triumph and applause, and his hymns immortalise what he felt and thought on this victory." He adduces as relics of the nomadic age, which put night before day, the division of time into weeks and months, the Jewish reckoning by nights, and even our own "fortnight," like "se'nnight," which he calls, "a speaking proof that the ancestors of those who now use the word reckoned time by nights."

Apart from the special aim of the author, many of his general views on the genesis and development of myths are of the very best kind. All will agree that the following is beautifully put. "There is always a latent instinct and powerful impulse in the mind of man to cancel all notes of interrogation, and to gain and to give intelligence on the origin of all that surrounds him. We well know how many stories are current in the mouth of the people, stories of comparatively modern origin, which have for

their subject the rise of rivers, mountains and institutions. How charming are the Hungarian stories invented to explain the origin of the two great rivers which traverse that beautiful country, and who knows not into what petty details this impulse of the human mind pushes its way? It treats nothing as a matter of course, and as sufficiently explained by the mere fact of its existence; it finds everywhere a Why and a How, that must be answered. It not only seeks reasons of existence, and dives into cosmogonies, for the overpowering universe of the world, and the grander features of it, mountains and seas; but even what distinguishes one being from another—the ox's horns, and the camel's short ears, the lion's mane, and the black stripes on the ass's back—it cannot leave unexplained. It is the same noble instinct that created the fables on the origin of things, and that encourages the grand discoveries of the truths of natural history: the instinct that impels us to understand aright all that lies around us."

#### WALKER'S THEOLOGY AND THEOLOGAINS OF SCOTLAND.

*The Theology and Theologians of Scotland, chiefly of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* Being the Cunningham Lectures for 1870-71. By James Walker, D.D., Carnwath. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A HISTORY of Scotch theology, on the plan of the numerous histories of German theology, is greatly needed. The present volume deals with a limited portion of the field in an interesting way. Illness and absence prevented the lectures assuming the complete form which would so greatly have enhanced their value. The absence of dates is the greatest defect. We trust that the larger work will yet be undertaken. In his first lecture, Dr. Walker introduces the theologians with brief notices of their personality and writings,—Melville, Rollock, John Welsh, John Sharp, Patrick, William and Archibald Simpson, Boyd of Trochrigg, John Cameron, David Calderwood, belonging to the earliest period,—in a later period, Samuel Rutherford, George Gillespie, Baillie, David Dickson, Blair, Durham, Gray, Binning, Hutchison, Ferguson, James Wood, William Guthrie and Patrick Gillespie,—later still, M'Ward, John Livingstone and Brown of Wamphray,—and last, Jamieson, Halyburton, M'Claren, Flint, Thomas Boston, M'Laurin, Adam Gib, "and many others." The subsequent lectures give the positions taken by these writers—no others—on certain leading doctrines—the Atonement, Predestination, Church Polity.

The question which occurs on reading such a list of theologians is, How is it that none has won a wider fame? How is it that with abundance of learning and genius not one of these worthies did anything to be placed beside the works of English divines of

the same period,—Hooker, Barrow, Taylor, Owen, Baxter, to go no lower! One reason undoubtedly is, the utter neglect, however arising, of all literary art and grace. This is a singular and pervading phenomenon. Many of the English writers, apart from their subjects, are classics, and will always remain such. But the chief reason doubtless is that the Scotch divines lavished their giant strength on subordinate questions, while the English divines treat of those which must always remain at the forefront of the Christian creed. The Atonement indeed cannot be called subordinate; but it is only the subordinate questions connected with it which emerge in Scotch theology. An adequate treatment of this great subject remains for the future achievements of the Church. The best known of the names given above (to us at least) is Samuel Rutherford, and he is known for his devotional letters with their burning raptures and extravagant metaphors, not for his *Exercitationes Apologetice pro divina gratia, De Providentia, Examen Arminianismi*, "bristling with references to Aquinas, Scotus, Bradwardine," and as scholastic as the scholastics themselves. His *De Providentia* discusses in six hundred pages such questions as "What is the nature of God's permissive will? Whether under God's permission sin comes necessarily about, by a necessity of consequence, though not by a causal bond? Is God the origin and cause of possibles and impossibles? Is this possible something real?" We must remember, however, that the subjects of which both the Scotch and English divines treated were fixed for them by the circumstances of their days. Both schools dealt with the controversies which were uppermost in their time and country, and could have done nothing else.

The volume suggests many tempting topics for remark, if we had space. The modern doctrine of Toleration was unknown in those days. Martyrs condemned their murderers, not for intolerance, but for persecuting the truth and God's cause. Rutherford wrote strongly against toleration in his *Free Disputation against Pretended Liberty of Conscience*. Gillespie did the same in milder terms. Dr. Walker says that they do not take "the essentially persecuting ground." The magistrate is to punish heresy as a civil crime. But this is only a difference of ground, not of fact. Another resemblance to Romish teaching might be found in the old Scotch doctrine of Church Unity. This will be apparent to any reader of Dr. Walker's lectures. The last lecture, with which we are in thorough sympathy, is a reply to reproaches of tyranny, sternness, and barren speculation, brought against Scotch religion, especially by writers of the Buckle type. "Our fathers themselves called no man master, and it is not in their spirit that we should bend at their feet. But it is a dutiful thing to defend them when you can honestly do so. Would that in what constitutes their glory we were liker them; that we followed them so far as they

followed Christ,—in their wrestling prayers, in their great love to Christ and souls, in their pathetic earnestness, in their close intercourse with the Word, in their gravity, in their habits of self-inspection and penitential exercise !”

BALDWIN BROWN'S DOCTRINE OF ANNIHILATION.

*The Doctrine of Annihilation in the Light of the Gospel of Love.* By James Baldwin Brown, B.A. Author of “The Higher Life,” &c. London: Henry S. King and Co.

Two only of these five sermons bear directly on the subject announced in the title. The first dwells on “Preliminary Considerations,” the second on “The Doctrine of Everlasting Punishment,” the last on the preacher’s own belief, which seems to include a sort of enlarged purgatory, a future probation for the good and evil alike. The second sermon would be better entitled “Medieval Material Conceptions of Everlasting Punishment,” for it is against these that the argument is directed. Mr. Brown is not a Universalist, and we hope never will be. While narrowing to the utmost the range of eternal penalty, his belief in human freedom compels him to admit its possibility. His polemic against physical ideas is carried almost too far. One might gather that nothing else was ever taught or preached. He also disclaims with unnecessary iteration all intention of basing great doctrines on niceties of criticisms and disputed meanings of words. As our whole knowledge, direct and inferential, of the future world is borrowed from Scripture, in the last resort it becomes a question of interpretation. One, at least, of the canons by which he tests the doctrine under review, “God’s Character and Method in the Government of Mankind,” must be deduced by literal interpretation.

The two chief sermons are a searching, able exposure of the bald, miserable theory of the annihilation of the wicked which is being advocated in some quarters. Its injustice, inconsistencies, improbability, unscripturalness, contradictions of fact and experience are established by a train of clear and eloquent reasoning, and not without a touch of the indignation which such violence to Scripture, perversion of the Gospel, and denial of the instincts of mankind ought to awaken in every Christian heart. The treatment is not exhaustive, but it is as full as such a theory deserves. The theory is stated thus: “It is seen that the passages which establish the resurrection of all, the righteous and the wicked, are too many and too clear to put aside. So it is held that though man in death dies, body and soul, like the brutes, and as far as the law of his nature is concerned there is an end of him, God, by a direct intervention, keeps part of him alive till

the resurrection. Then the body and the soul of the sinner are to be reunited, that they may be tormented in a lake of fire so long and so sharply as may seem good to the Divine justice, but in any case so that it had been better for the man if he had never been born; then after that, when justice has been satisfied by his sufferings, he is to be abolished out of the universe for ever. Believers, it is held, receive in regeneration the eternal life, a principle which is essentially immortal, and live on in glorious blessedness; while the great mass of their fellows, naturally mortal as the brutes, having been raised up to be tormented for a season, when their torment is over, fulfil the destiny of their nature, and perish." Our author may well say: "If destruction were the punishment, and at death the man perished according to their scheme, at least they would have the virtue of consistency. But the real punishment is not destruction, but existence; there is a sad, separate state of souls for countless ages; there is resurrection, there are again unknown periods of torment, and then the destruction comes when the punishment is over, to bury the wreck of it from the sight of day. It is mere idleness to talk about death being the punishment, and death meaning destruction, with all this awful apparatus of torment behind." It is a favourite fiction of the annihilationists to ascribe the doctrine of natural immortality to Plato. If it were so, so much the better for Plato. Then the heathen held an incomparably worthier, nobler faith than the Jews! "We are literally asked by these annihilationists to believe that this was quite a new order of things under Christianity, and that the all but universal belief in it which preceded its full revelation had absolutely no truth in it, and belonged to the world of delusion and dreams." The sermons are full of good points. Thus: "The sinner is to be tormented until justice is satisfied, until the righteous judge says 'Enough.' On what possible principle of righteousness can the sufferer, when he has suffered all, and 'has paid the last farthing,' be further doomed to annihilation? Justice has had its will—exactd its utmost." His arguments fully justify the verdict. "The theory fails, it seems to me, at every point. Tried Scripturally it fails, tried morally it fails, tried metaphysically it fails, and fails utterly. It is a vain imagination, an idol of the mind, a dreary, but, thank God, a baseless dream."

We are glad to read the following on the same subject, in a paper written by another leading Congregationalist minister, R. W. Dale. "I can hardly believe that this is more than a temporary reaction against the traditional doctrine of eternal torment. If language has any meaning, the New Testament menaces the impenitent with an irrevocable doom. The pains which threaten them are the pains of the second death, not a salutary discipline which is certain to secure their return to God."

*The Supremacy of Man : a Suggestive Inquiry respecting the Philosophy and Theology of the Future.* London : Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

WE can say what we believe no one else will ever be able to say, that we have read this book through. To say that we understand it would be untrue. That the writer himself understands it, is to us incredible. The single intelligible idea in the volume, and one repeated several times, is that of the eternity of humanity. Christ did not owe His title of "Son of Man" to His earthly birth. Under this title "He alluded to His Divine sonship from the Father, in virtue of which He was still in heaven. . . . The great secret of Christ's power over men lies in the fact that in Him humanity is Divine. . . . The Man, Jehovah, called also 'the angel of the covenant' before He was known as Jesus, had a most tender consideration for men. . . . The incredulity which prevails as to the Divinity of the Firstborn, or the original of human nature, is one of the saddest evidences of our fall. In due time, we shall perhaps discover that all the intelligent beings in the universe, whether in planetary or heavenly worlds, are human ; and that all unfallen men are properly the seed of the Son of Man, as all fallen men are His fallen seed." On this view the title of the book should have been "The Divinity of Man." Curiously enough, the composition is chaste and elegant. But the whole book is a riddle, which we defy any one to unravel.

#### RECENT VOLUMES OF SERMONS.

*Sermons on the Church's Seasons, Advent to Whitsun Day.* By John Webster Parker, M.A., late Vicar of St. Alban's, Rochdale. With Introduction by James Fraser, D.D., Lord Bishop of Manchester. London: Rivingtons. 1876.

*Sermons preached in the Parish Church of Barnes, 1871 to 1876.* By Peter Goldsmith Medd, M.A., late Rector of Barnes ; Senior Fellow of University College, Oxford, now Rector of North Cerney. London : Rivingtons. 1877.

*Some Difficulties of Belief ; Being Sermons preached in Berkeley Chapel, Mayfair.* By the Rev. T. Teignmouth Shore, M.A. Second Edition. London : Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

THE worshippers at St. Alban's will doubtless welcome in the first of these volumes a memorial of their late pastor. To them it will be useful, but the volume can scarcely be intended for a wider circle. The writer was evidently thoughtful and reverent. We

learn also from the very brief introduction that "he was an example of strict and undeviating devotion to duty, and of that union of wisdom and tenderness which so eminently belongs to and qualifies the pastor of souls." We should have been glad to be able to say that the sermons themselves give indications of these qualities.

The second volume is of far higher calibre. Both style and matter bespeak a scholar well accomplished in Scripture and theology. The preacher is so faithful to Scripture, that it is impossible to connect him with any of the popular schools. Indeed he protests against High, Broad, and Low epithets alike, and would prefer to be called a "cubical" Churchman. His sympathies, too, with those who hold the great essential verities of Scripture and the chief creeds are not checked by differences on other matters. We admire everything in this volume of sermons, but most of all the strong backbone of theological teaching which holds all the rest together. Here is doctrinal preaching of the best sort, preaching which insists on the close connection between man's salvation and the great fact of Christ's redeeming work. There is far more in such definite doctrine to feed a deep, strong spiritual life, than in the brilliant generalities to which some preachers limit themselves. What could be a better answer to the question, "How is this *present salvation* to be brought about?" than the following? "First, *By the forgiveness of past sins*. This is the first part of our salvation, the first necessity of the soul that is to be saved. The certainty that our sins are forgiven, and that we may look up to God as our reconciled Father in Christ, and may rejoice in the adoption of sons. And this is secured to us by the atoning work of Christ, to be appropriated to us by our repentance and faith, and sealed to us in and by the sacraments of His love. This is the *first step* in our present salvation. This is what God offers to us now; and until we have laid fast hold of this, as an assured certainty, we shall make no way in our spiritual life. We must live in the continual consciousness of the forgiving love of God. . . . When this is secured, the *next step* in present salvation, viz., *the change from the love of sin to the love of goodness and holiness*, naturally follows. For the soul that has once realised the marvellous love of God in Christ as revealed in the cross, and has felt that its sins are done away by Christ's atoning blood, and that God is indeed its reconciled Father, is drawn, by the all-constraining argument of love, to love for Him, and to hate everything that would separate from Him, in the sunshine of whose love it has learned to bask as the necessary vital element of its existence. . . . And of this blessed work within the soul the Holy Spirit of God, given to us freely through and for the sake of Christ, to whom we are livingly united by faith and sacraments, is the author and the agent."

Here, too, is a passage from one of several excellent sermons on the Nature, Consequences, and Remedy of Sin. "Some there are who would argue that God's justice cannot require an unending punishment for a temporary act, an offence committed in time, or even for the many offences committed in the relatively short duration of even a whole life. But such reasoning, not to speak of its contradiction of the express teaching of revelation, and of the belief not only of the great Christian Society, and of the Jewish Church out of which it grew, but also of the majority of mankind, including heathen thinkers, such reasoning can only result from a very superficial appreciation of the real nature of sin, and forgets that the estimate of sin is a question, not of quantity, but of quality. Particular acts of sin may indeed take but little time in the doing. But setting aside their permanent effects in other ways, and on other people against whom they may have been committed, they do not leave the doer of them such as he was before. There is a very real alteration in himself. Innocence is lost for ever. There is a lowering in character and in moral quality; there is at least the beginning of a bondage under the power of sin. It is Christ that says, 'Whosoever committeth sin is the slave of sin.' Particular acts of sin are but the outward expression of an inward state, of a chronic condition of disease, which every instance of their repetition tends at once to confirm and to intensify. The fatal virus of this disease is the aversion of the will from God and from His holy law; and the degree of its presence and deadly force is measured by the degree of consciousness and wilfulness and purpose in that aversion. Now, centuries before Christ came, a great Greek moralist (Aristotle), merely from close observation of the common and patent facts of human nature, with not a ray of light from revelation, from the mere study and analysis of facts open to the experience of all, could state most clearly, and did state in accents full of the most solemn warning, that most awful truth, that men, by constantly shutting their eyes to the light that is in them, may quench it altogether, may finally destroy conscience altogether, and put darkness for light and light for darkness; that men, by continuing in sin, may wind around themselves an iron chain of sinful habit, from which escape is impossible, even did the desire to be free remain; and may so sin away their moral nature as to be finally incorrigible, reprobate, wholly given over to evil, and that through their own act. Final banishment from God's presence and from the reach of His grace comes then as the inevitable consequence, the natural and necessary expression, of the condition of moral death and corruption to which an immortal nature has reduced itself. In this fixed and unchanging state, when further moral discipline is out of the question, there being no moral vitality left on which discipline could work, the quickened intellectual perception, no



longer lulled and besotted by the pleasures of sin, will provide an acute consciousness of utter and irretrievable ruin, a clear apprehension of what might have been, but now can never be, which may well be described as 'the worm that dieth not;' while the bodily condition of one whose members have been nothing to him but the instruments of sin, and who is now receiving back again, in exact and natural retribution, 'the things done in the body,' may as truly be represented as 'the fire that is never quenched.'"

Mr. Shore's volume is of a different order, but of equal excellence. Mr. Medd's excellent matter is obtained from books, his style is severe and exact: Mr. Shore's matter betrays closer acquaintance with practical life. His style, while forcible and elegant, is more free and flowing. The latter addresses himself to the difficulties which intelligent Christians ordinarily meet with, and if he does not always remove them, at least blunts their edge. We confess we are almost tired of apologetics to unbelievers, who repay the well-meant effort with more scorn than gratitude. It is time the sincere difficulties of Christians received such attention as this volume gives them. The preacher is thoroughly sound in the faith, no blind leader of the blind. In the four sermons on Prayer he points out the important bearing of the view we take of the Divine character. Prayer to a mere force or aggregate of forces would be incongruous. Admit the personality of God, and prayer is reasonable. We find the two ideas accepted or rejected together. "The thought of God as a personality presents to some minds a strange difficulty. I confess I find it more difficult to try and think of God as 'a stream of tendency that makes for righteousness.'" We shall also go with the following: "I should like to know what would these scientific men say if we proposed to apply to some purely physical phenomena a spiritual test! And yet they seem to think it reasonable to analyse the mysteries of faith, and disprove spiritual truth by the results of medicine and of surgery. I do not know how much further the analytical method is to be carried. I suppose it must have nearly reached a limit, when it has been proposed to bring the very nature of God into the laboratory, and to have statistical returns of the results of the communion of immortal souls with their Father." The preacher maintains earnestly the truth of atonement, while striving, not very happily, to vary its expression. His warnings against spasmodic revivals and fictitious religious excitement are good, but the evils condemned are much less extensive and dangerous than the preacher imagines. As a specimen of the wide view and healthy tone of the sermons, we quote from the one on "Taking Heaven by Force." "Everything great on earth has to be achieved by long, earnest, persistent toil. If you seek to become master of any art, any literature, any science, any accomplishment, you do not sit down and say, God is the giver of

all good, and I shall not be so arrogant as to strive for that which He alone can bestow. You know very well it can only be had by meeting every obstacle and conquering it. The very value of a thing is estimated often by the straining endeavour, the unconquerable zeal, and the ceaseless labour which are requisite for its attainment. We so often see only the results in certain lives, and not the long processes which have been leading up to those results, that we are tempted sometimes to forget this. A poet writes some verses that cause the whole nation's soul to burn and glow; an orator makes some speech that thrills his country to its very heart's core; a philosopher observes some phenomena which open up a whole field of scientific truth. We are dazzled with the success, we are forgetful of the long patient hours of study and of thought, which have gone before. . . . So one might go through the whole range of human experience and culture, and everywhere the kingdom that you want to become master of has to be taken by force. The door is opened to the persistent knocking. The bread is given to the unwearied demand. The treasure is found by the one who has been seeking."

#### MARSHALL'S MORALS AND RELIGION IN HISTORY.

*Morals and Religion in History.* Popular Notes by John D. Marshall. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1877.

"POPULAR notes," such as these profess to be, cannot of course aspire to the dignity of a regular treatise on a subject so vast as the title suggests. They contain, nevertheless, many valuable thoughts, which intimate on the part of the writer a power to produce something more exhaustive and permanent than is here attempted. One of these is, "an argument for the necessity of a revelation, drawn from the analogy of *language*; that, as the intellectual part of man receives its vitality and motion from being possessed of the gift of speech, so his moral part receives vitality and motion from being possessed of the gift of religion." This of course opens up the inquiry as to the origin of both. With respect to the former we have his views sufficiently indicated by the statement that "when we come to the limits of the knowable, the instinct of the mind, or the consciousness in man, in all ages, has been to take the leap forward to the final cause. It has yet to be proved that he was wrong in this." The argument runs thus: "God is, and we are His offspring; and, being so, it is not only possible, but probable, that He who bestowed the inner faculty should complement the work of His own hands, by giving the necessary impetus, evoking this power of language by something of the nature of a revelation." The parallel between the intellectual and moral development is obvious.

The invention of religion is as untenable an hypothesis as the

invention of language. In both cases there is an inner need to be supplied and an inner power to be called forth. And in both the development must proceed from the same source from which man's nature has sprung. Mere contact of mind with matter, or even of mind with mind, is not enough. Two pieces of stick rubbed together will produce combustion, but the result is only a new combination of old forms. In religion as in language we have a new product, which requires a sufficient cause to account for its existence. It may be said that this is only bolstering up one hypothesis by another equally baseless. But there is something more than this in the argument. Each hypothesis has its own probabilities: when placed by the side of the other, each derives support from its fellow, and becomes stronger in consequence; just as the strength of a beam is increased fourfold if, instead of being supported at one end only, it is supported at both. The argument is therefore cumulative, like that of Bishop Butler in his Analogy.

Having stated his thesis, Mr. Marshall proceeds, in subsequent chapters, to apply it first to the creeds and philosophies of the ancient East, and then to the religious thought of Greece; thus approaching the subject of Christianity "from the Pagan or ex-Judaic (which we take to be an abbreviation for extra-Judaic) side." In two concluding chapters we have vividly painted the mission and work of Christianity, considered as a moral force operating on the diseased state of society under the Roman Empire, and surviving all the perils of its conflict with the evil it sought to remove. The temporary obscuration of Christianity, and its subsequent emergence from disastrous eclipse, are shown to accord better with the hypothesis of the natural and supernatural striving together for the mastery under conditions that give play to the freedom of the human will, than with that of religion as a natural outcome of the human mind passing from a lower to a higher stage of superstitious or religious practice with the progress of time. Mr. Marshall's position we hold to be unassailable, viz., that the workings of the religious principle are manifestations of that light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world, and that Christianity, wherever it comes, appeals *from* the darkness which resists it to the light itself which has always shone into the darkness, even when the darkness "comprehended it not."

His views are, as we think, in perfect accord with the natural theology both of St. John and St. Paul, as well as with the only school of philosophy that gives a constitution to society and human nature. There is a reassuring tone about his estimate of the hold of Christianity on the human mind, which tempts us to quote some of the concluding sentences. "The cry that Christianity has lost its hold upon mankind—is no longer a motive power upon the inner life—is to say that those who raise the cry are in possession of knowledge which is impossible: they may as well say at once that

men have lost all desire for the higher life of the soul; that "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die" has become again the degraded philosophy of the world, and that men have not a hope or desire beyond the emptiness of material things. But such assertions only reveal the self-assurance of the assertor; he cannot know of the millions who profess their hope towards God as revealed in Christ—that this hope bears with no motive power upon their lives. That there is change, and ever has been change, going on in the ecclesiastical aspect of Christianity may be admitted, and that men now feel no more bound by the authority of an assembly of divines than by a council of cardinals and bishops, or by the decisions of a patriarch or a pope. No authority can make a truth, and it is the apprehension of a truth as a reality that alone can quicken the inner life to action, so that all dogma which goes beyond the possibility of apprehension, and those theological niceties which go to make up the refinements of dogmatic systems, do but fall flat on the human ear as a mere sound. These may be left by mankind to rest. But the love of God in Christ; His nearness to us in trouble; our trust in Him in death; our faith in Him beyond the grave: this, revealed to him through the facts of the life, death, resurrection, and ascension of his Lord, is the inheritance of the Christian for ever—his daily bread—through all the trouble, turmoil, and strife of sects. He rests his hope on the assurance that 'the Lord God omnipotent reigneth,' and that 'Christ sits at the right hand of God,' and that of all that is true and good in this world of mysteries and contradictions nothing shall be lost, but by a natural moral gravitation rises towards the bosom of His love. The only reasonable explanation of the continued existence of Christianity is, that it is true. On the one hand it commends itself to men's consciences; on the other, it comes from God."

#### EVANS'S BISHOPRIC OF SOULS.

*The Bishopric of Souls.* By Robert Wilson Evans, B.D., late Vicar of Heversham, and Archdeacon of Westmoreland. With an Introductory Memoir by Edward Bickersteth, D.D., Dean of Lichfield, and a Portrait. Rivingtons, Waterloo-place, London, Oxford, and Cambridge. 1877.

THE author of this work was one in every way well qualified to write what might be termed a clergyman's *vade mecum*. He was himself the character he describes, an honest, hard-working pastor, who not only never wearied of his flock, but sought and found an ever fresh delight in its multifarious tendance. For six years he held the important living of Tarvin in Cheshire, and for four-and-twenty the somewhat more restricted one of Heversham in Westmoreland. His early honours in connection with the University of Cambridge, and his later ones, such as his elevation

to the Archdeaconry of Westmoreland, are a testimony to the general character of his mind, as well as to the esteem in which he was held by the highest dignitaries of the Church. But he was something more and better than an accomplished scholar and a dignified ecclesiastic. He was a devout Christian, a keen student of human nature, and a laborious parish-priest. The testimony of the writer of the brief memoir only confirms the impression produced by the book itself. There is nothing conventional about it. The style is limpid and fluent as a Westmoreland beck, sunny with the radiance of its perpetual peace. There is a wonderful blending of æsthetic and spiritual sensibilities: culture and godliness go hand in hand. Every person in his parish seemed to have a distinct place as well in his memory and affections as in his note-book, and was approached with strategic caution and vigour, if so be an entrance might be found to his heart. Every species of parish appliance—the tract, the school, the lecture, the sermon—played its own part in the general plan, and was worked with a zeal which left no doubt as to the meaning of the man who superintended them. Such activity as this was rare in any parish when Mr. Evans was appointed to Tarvin. But what was then the exception has now become the rule, and it is safe to predict that with a parish system so elaborately ramified as that of the Church of England and so diligently worked as it is at the present moment, disestablishment even though accompanied by disendowment will not materially affect her prestige and influence throughout the land. Other bodies, less favourably circumstanced, will do well to take knowledge of her activity, and to bestir themselves in time if they would hold their own. For the purpose of gauging her earnestness, and no less of stirring up their own, ministers of all denominations will do well to peruse these pages.

The following passage from a chapter entitled "The Round of Visitation" will illustrate the chief qualities to which we have adverted.

"Rise up, then, and be in motion again. What do you as yet know of your parish? You have entered so many houses, seen so many faces, jotted down so many names of persons and places in your book, gathered some slight and general information, and excited expectations which you cannot be too quick in fulfilling. But what do you know of the pasture in its detail? You know not whether this track leads to a sheepfold or a lion's den. But you must know. You must become acquainted with the characters of your people, and distinguish the wolves and the sheep and the goats. Otherwise you may give scandal by affording countenance to those against whom you should, from the first, set it as a flint, while you pass over those who have real claims upon your attention. You must be acquainted with the history

of your people ; for a parish has a history as well as a nation, and the knowledge of it is equally necessary to good and skilful government. And as the affairs of parishes are often in their way as perplexed and entangled as those of states, you cannot come too speedily to understand them, and to be aware of the connections which unite, and of the parties which divide, your people. A rash step taken at the outset may embroil you for life. A rude preponderance might be communicated where nice adjustment was required. Deep offences might be given before you are aware, and might have been working its way a long time into the heart before you think of applying a remedy ; and sometimes so long that you can scarcely hope ever to work your way effectually after it, and root it out. You may even feel yourself, however convinced of its existence, obliged to appear unconscious of it, and to wait the slow and uncertain working of time and opportunity. For you must have experienced that sometimes there is an impossibility of timely explanation attendant upon the misunderstandings of society, and more especially in the junctures of a higher and lower class. Your discretion and tact being there most required to discriminate that which is so doubtful in position, and their sense of offence from that very doubtfulness being so acute. Hence also you may be involved in a party dispute before you so much as know of its existence ; and a step, which to you seemed perfectly indifferent, may be regarded as a challenge, owing to some quarrel of which you are ignorant, or may be deemed exceedingly improper, owing to the force of some local association. Perhaps nine-tenths of the disputes which a clergyman has with his parishioners arise from his imperfect knowledge of his parish."

The same delicate tact pervades the following recommendation : "Be not too fond of statistics. You may have down in your books the number of men, women, and children of your parish, together with their several ages and conditions, the number of schools, clubs, and various societies, the number of persons engaged in trade and agriculture, and may from such data be devising fresh societies, and may thus appear to yourselves to be doing a great deal, while in fact you know nothing, and do nothing to any effectual purpose. Wait for these to come in the due order of their seasons. Let the continually repeated rounds of your visitation bring all this information to you, quietly and gradually, and yet in no long time, instead of your bustling about for one week like a tax-gatherer or other secular officer, and putting questions which for their abruptness seem impertinent. All the formal information that you can require will shortly be a matter of course in your memory, always at hand for use, instead of being a set of formal statements shut up in your '*speculum gregis*,' which is laid so ostentatiously on your library table.

The statistic clergyman (so to term him) can seldom be an efficiently working clergyman. He is too much of a theorist, and stands too far off in general from the stage of particular action. He is very much of the same class with those sportsmen whom everybody immediately detests and ridicules as no sportsmen at all, by the very carefulness and superfluity of their appointments, and with those followers of literature, whose display of catalogues and nice arrangement of handsomely bound books, convinces every one that they know a great deal more of the outside than of the inside of them. In short, a book-clergyman is about as efficient as a book-farmer, or a book-merchant, or a book-statesman, or any other man of business who guides himself more by the naked knowledge acquired at second hand, than through the fruitful results of experience. Nor will he escape the contemptuous feeling with which our common people, so genuinely retaining the practical qualities of our national character, regard all such fighters in business at a long shot."

Pastoral visitation is here described as something more than religious pastime: it is evidently regarded as an indispensable condition of the clergyman's success. And if of the clergyman's who remains for years in one spot, then *a fortiori* of the minister's whose denominational system necessitates a frequent change of sphere. We are aware that the demands on the brain and nerves as well as limbs and lungs of the latter are frequently in excess of those which have to be met by the former. Not for him are the "ample leisure and scope for his own calm reflections," the "peace and quietude" of the "blessed day," which to the clergyman so abounds in these quiet features as to be "comparatively a day of monotonous routine." But on the other hand, we cannot think it impossible for the circuit minister, whose "itinerancy" is the type and symbol of an active life, to get to know apart from class-lists the names, condition, and circumstances of his own flock. We believe those men lose a great advantage who loftily waive such obligations with the plea that "all men are not cast in the same mould."

It must not be supposed that we sympathise with everything we find in this book. It contains indeed a good picture of the ideal clergyman according to the standard of a devout, cultured, evangelical Anglican priest. But how much narrowness and bigotry do we often see complacently enfolded in the surplice of that apostolically consecrated functionary the Anglican priest,—devout, cultured, evangelical though he be! We confess that we thought the writer's description of the sorrows and trials of the clergyman's vocation a little overdrawn, till we remembered the large class of them which are peculiar to him as an Anglican priest, and which, if not self-inflicted, are the direct fruit of one article of his inflexible creed, or rather of his perverse interpretation of

it. No wonder the position of the clergyman is so difficult, when his business is to attack, not only all the forms of indifference and infidelity, but also every form of Christian faith besides his own. Mr. Evans is not for mincing matters. All who worship anywhere but at the parish church are separatists; all separatists are schismatics; all schismatics are cut off from communion with Christ's body, and destitute of church rights and privileges; therefore—see how beautifully the argument unfolds itself in the shape of a regular sorites—all who worship anywhere but at the parish church are destitute of church rights and privileges. This is not said by Mr. Evans in so many words, but that this is his meaning may be seen from the following specimen of what he does say: "Remember that the whole flock is yours, and you are theirs, and all of you profess to be Christ's. You are as much a missionary among them as your predecessors on the spot upwards of ten centuries ago. You have to convert unto Christ, and to establish in Christ. And this you have promised without reserve in your Ordination vow. . . . This injunction is so positive, that no refusal, should there be such, on the part of any of your flock to admit your superintendence, will excuse your relinquishing it. If they will not endure you close at hand, still you must watch at a distance, so that you may be able to succour in the hour of need; and that hour will often come sooner than you looked for, and you will be welcomed as a minister of heavenly truth and comfort to a bedside in a house which formerly rejected all your advances. Your diligence and longsuffering have approved you. All then is before you. There can be no misgiving hesitation about intruding upon the field of another's work—none about your commission from Christ." The passage speaks for itself. Yet the writer was an Evangelical clergyman; and his editor is Edward Bickersteth, the son of Edward Bickersteth, of blessed Evangelical Alliance memory. *Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Surely if Evangelical clergymen write and edit such stuff as this, we shall not be to blame if we think they mean what they say.

#### TULLOCH'S SOME FACTS OF RELIGION AND OF LIFE.

*Some Facts of Religion and of Life.* Sermons Preached before Her Majesty the Queen in Scotland, 1866-76. By John Tulloch, D.D., Principal of St. Mary's College, in the University of St. Andrew's, one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1877.

SEVERAL volumes of sermons of more than average value have recently appeared, so that we trust a goodly number of the most cultured readers will avail themselves of the instruction



and stimulus thus afforded. No doubt the publication of an immense number of commonplace discourses has created prejudice against this class of literature, until it is now considered appropriate to apologise for committing sermons to the press, or, at least, to offer an explanation of their appearance.

The volume before us, however, is not one that needs an apology for its existence. Apart from their intrinsic worth, these sermons derive great interest from the circumstances under which they were delivered, and from the reputation of their accomplished author. The public will be glad to have an opportunity of judging of the spiritual aliment provided for our beloved Queen and her suite when in the far north, and, if we mistake not, will be thankful to be able to participate in the feast. We confess we were curious to read the pulpit utterances of one who is recognised as a leader of the "broad" school of theologians. However Principal Tulloch's recent article in the *Contemporary* on "The Progress of Religious Thought in Scotland" may be "tinged by strong rationalistic leanings," it is only just to say that no candid reader will suspect him of heresy from what appears in "Some Facts of Religion and of Life." Our author is evidently well acquainted with modern philosophy, and very competent to criticise it; but while he has the fairness to acknowledge merit and truth wherever found, he is never disloyal to the fundamentals of Christianity. Indeed, he holds most tenaciously to the doctrines of the Trinity, the proper Deity of the Lord Jesus, the Divine personality of the Holy Ghost (giving special prominence to His office and work), and all the vital truths of our holy religion. His breadth renders him the more effective when combating error. While he does not directly attack Pantheism and Positivism and Sacerdotalism, he does what is far better—he takes away the foundations upon which they rest.

In every sermon he goes to the root of the matter: he has great facility in distinguishing between what is essential and what is accidental, and in exposing the fallacies which frequently lurk in conventional modes of thought. While he has the large-mindedness of a philosopher, he has the exactness of a logician. There is great freshness and vigour, without any affectation of novelty or straining after effect; and ripe scholarship, without any parade of learning.

The style is chaste and clear, and often extremely beautiful. As might be expected, most of these sermons are highly intellectual, abounding in subtle distinctions and skilful analysis, but there is everywhere deep religious fervour, and frequently practical applications of truth which are well fitted to stir and quicken the soul.

Most of Dr. Tulloch's characteristic qualities appear in the first sermon, on "Religion and Theology." He commences thus:—

"There is much talk in the present time of the difficulties of religion. And no doubt there is a sense in which religion is always difficult. It is hard to be truly religious—to be humble, good, pure, and just, to be full of faith, hope, and charity, so that our conduct may be seen to be like that of Christ, and our light to shine before men. But when men speak so much nowadays of the difficulties of religion, they chiefly mean intellectual and not practical difficulties. Religion is identified with the tenets of a Church system or of a theological system, and it is felt that modern criticism has assailed these tenets in many vulnerable points, and made it no longer easy for the open and well-informed mind to believe things that were formerly held, or professed to be held, without hesitation. Discussions and doubts which were once confined to a limited circle when they were heard of at all, have penetrated the modern mind through many avenues, and affected the whole tone of social intelligence. This is not to be denied. For good or for evil such a result has come about, and we live in times of unquiet thought, which form a real and painful trial to many minds. It is not my intention at present to deplore or to criticise this modern tendency, but rather to point out how it may be accepted, and yet religion in the highest sense saved to us, if not without struggle (for that is always impossible in the nature of religion), yet without that intellectual conflict for which many minds are entirely unfitted, and which can never be said in itself to help religion in any minds."

The preacher goes on to show that, while religion can never be dissociated from intelligence, there is, nevertheless, a religious sphere, distinct and intelligible by itself, which is not to be confounded with the sphere of theology or science. The object of the sermon is to show that the facts of the Christian life are very simple in contrast with questions of theology, and that there are hosts of difficulties in the latter sphere which in no degree touch the former. He then points out in what respects the religion of Christ—the life of faith and hope and love which we are called upon to live in Him—is really apart from many intellectual and dogmatic difficulties with which it has been mixed up. This is shown thus:—I. In the comparative simplicity of the order of facts with which religion as set forth by Christ deals. II. Because the facts are so much more verifiable in the one case than in the other. III. Religion differs from theology in the comparative uniformity of its results. These several points are treated with great discrimination. The whole discourse is eminently fitted to help those who are the subjects of honest doubt, and is, perhaps, the ablest in the volume.

The sermon on "The Natural and the Spiritual Life" is full of ennobling thoughts. Here is a specimen:—"True spiritual growth is certainly not in sharpness of opinion, but in largeness

of trust—higher, more beautiful, and more embracing thoughts of God and of Christ—thoughts born not of the authority of any school or any church, but of humility and charity and holy obedience." We had marked many other striking passages, but our space is exhausted. The last sermon, on "Christian Union," is so wise and good, that we are reluctant to pass it over.

Rarely have we read a volume in which there is so little to which we could object, and so much to interest and profit. We heartily commend it to all who can appreciate the highest style of Christian instruction.

#### DR. WADDY'S SERMONS.

*Sermons.* By the Rev. Samuel D. Waddy, D.D. First Series. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.

In the Charge to the Clergy, which attracted great attention at the time of its delivery, Dr. Waddy said: "All power elsewhere is based upon power in the pulpit; your power in presiding over meetings, in influencing public business, and in your more private communications with your people, will depend upon your power in the pulpit." Of the truth of these words the speaker was a marked illustration. Great as a ruler, administrator, and debater, he was still greater in the pulpit. Eminence in the former respects passes away for the most part with contemporaries. It can be but feebly described in biographies. The preacher, on the other hand, lives in his printed discourses, *minus* (a considerable *minus*, we grant) the power of voice and presence. Contemporaries will not forget Dr. Waddy's debating force, or the eagerness with which a Conference field-day was anticipated when he, and another as great and honoured, still among us, were to mingle in the fray. Yet this and other high qualities would have been too little to raise him to the high position which he must ever hold in Methodist history. Were it not invidious, we could easily name others as skilful in administration, but this only, who were never known beyond a very narrow circle. Dr. Waddy is known best, and will be remembered longest, as the strong, masterly preacher, like Thomas Binney, famous, not for grace and finish of style, but for broad views, firm grasp, easy command of a wide field, keen-cut definitions which fixed themselves immovably in the mind. The sermons are like the man—weighty, masculine, commanding, full at once of intellect and soul. We once heard Dr. Waddy described as a "big preacher;" and the expression struck us as accurate and significant. Not the least memorable feature in the sermons is that they are packed full of solid thought and doctrine. The great doctrines of evangelical theology form their subject-matter, and are reasoned out in the most convincing way. In this respect we hope they will be taken

as models by young preachers. To those who can supply from memory the face and tones and bearing of the preacher, so simple and grave, so reverent and dignified, this volume will be a treasure for years to come.

Many will remember, as we do, the delivery of most of the sermons included in this volume, and, like us, will think every one the best till he reads the next. The exposition of Christian Perfection in the sermon on the Charge to Abraham, the powerful vindications of Christ's Divinity and Atonement occurring in almost every one of the present discourses, the combined strength and tenderness of the one on the Parable of the Lost Sheep, are all as nearly perfect as possible. A great preacher, like a great architect, must show equal eminence in laying out a plan as a whole, and in elaborating its minutest details, and this is done consummately here. We quote a paragraph from the sermon on 1 Cor. i. 22-24 : "I wish to guard you against entertaining feelings in reference to Christ and Him crucified, which, although they may seem proper to the occasion, yet regard Him merely as a human sufferer—feelings of sympathy, partisanship, indignation, which identify us with His sufferings and distresses, feelings which ought not to be entertained when we contemplate the death of Christ. If I could present to you the death of Christ with graphic power, if I could draw such a picture of His sufferings as should awaken in your minds the deepest interest and most solemn feeling, there would be great danger lest that feeling should be of the improper kind to which I have referred. Look at the cross; you see the multitudes there, and hear them shout; and in a moment you hear the distant voices of the chief priests, and you ask, What is all this? And I tell you it is only a poor Galilean whom they are torturing to death. You will ask, Why? What has He done amiss? And I answer, Oh! He has done no harm: on the contrary, He was a man of universal benevolence; He went about doing good; He had a tender affection for all sorts of men, especially the Jews; He healed the sick, He succoured the poor, and when the ordinary means of help failed, He put forth Divine and miraculous powers to meet the case; never in any instance did He violate law, human or Divine; and yet they are clamouring for His blood. Your indignation would rise at this representation. But if I could go on, and tell you that this poor despised Galilean was your brother, that He was your friend, that He had done for you more than had ever been done by any other human being, that your obligations to Him were beyond anything you could imagine, you would be prepared not only to express feelings of disapprobation, but, if it were possible, to resist so fearful an outrage. There is a feeling of this kind abroad in Christian congregations against the clamouring Jews, and against the Roman soldiers who conducted the crucifixion of

Christ. 'If we had lived in the days of our fathers,' said the Pharisees, 'we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets.' So you may say, We would have done something to repress that unseemly shout, something to rebuke the madness of the rebels witnessing the death of their Saviour and their God. This is very much to be questioned. But even supposing all this, Christ does not want your sympathy ; He does not want your pity nor your help ; it is too late to attempt to undo the great fact of Christ's crucifixion, to abate the agony or the shame. The feelings with which we should regard Him should not be pity to Him, but to ourselves, not condemnation of those who were actually engaged in that fearful tragedy, but condemnation of ourselves. It is true, he is your Brother, and your Friend ; but it is just as true that you have crucified Him. Your voice was not heard in that shout ; but your rebellion since has gone to justify those who did crucify Christ, and by your opposition to His Divine law you are His murderers. Every sinner against Christ has placed on His head that crown of thorns. Your sins have brought down this great necessity for the world's atonement. The guilt of sin is upon mankind at large, and upon you as much as upon those who lived in the time of the incarnation, and who were personally engaged in the death of Christ."

#### NICHOLSON'S COMMUNION WITH HEAVEN.

*Communion with Heaven ; and other Sermons.* By the late Maxwell Nicholson, D.D., St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh. Edinburgh and London : Blackwood and Sons. 1877.

VERY tender, spiritual meditations, full of the marrow of ripe Christian experience, and sure to be helpful to devotion and practical religion. In these days there is great danger of the active Christian life being overdone, to the neglect of the secret contemplation and prayer which can alone feed spiritual strength. Many forget that work is expenditure, and without compensation must soon prove exhaustive. We therefore rejoice at the appearance of so many purely devotional works, companions for the heart and conscience in secret worship. Such works respond to a deep want, and we trust to a general desire, on the part of Christians. Our days have produced some books of this class which will live long, and be a blessing to multitudes. Dr. Nicholson's volume deserves to rank very high. In style simple and chaste, in matter drawing from Scripture and experience, it glows with the fire of true reverence and trust and love. Take the following on the Communion : "It is a large table, and

stretches away into the world unseen. All God's children come to it, all feed there on the bread of life—set forth at this end of the table under earthly elements, set forth at the other end of the table without these, yet the same bread of life, Christ Jesus—His flesh meat indeed, His blood drink indeed. We sit down at that common table here, where the strife of tongues may yet reach our ears; others sit at it, and among them, it may be, some dear to you, away beyond where the sun hath his going down. We sit at the table of the Lord here where the world's discordances interrupt our praise; others sit at the same table away where they hear only angelic harmonies from golden harps. We keep our communion feast under an earthly sky which is often clouded; others away where the light is seven-fold, as the light of seven days: we where tears never cease to fall; they where all tears are wiped away from all faces."

#### ATWATER'S SACRED TABERNACLE OF THE HEBREWS.

*The History and Significance of the Sacred Tabernacle of the Hebrews.* By Edward E. Atwater. New York: Dodd and Mead. London: Dickinson and Higham, 1875.

THIS learned, sober, and very able book, embodies the results of much careful reading and thought, and it strikes the happy mean between the fanatical school of Bible Symbolism, and the exegesis which has no eyes for anything in Scripture beyond the letter and the occasion. Of the two errors we would rather go astray with those who find too much in the Mosaic Institute than with those who find too little. But in following the judicious lead of Mr. Atwater, we escape both extremes, and walk where the sacred writers of the New Testament have so distinctly marked the way before us. After an elaborate statement of all that is known, whether from Scripture or from reasonable or Jewish tradition, touching the constitution and appointments of the Tabernacle, its ministers, sacrifices, historic fortunes, etc., the author discusses at length the question of its symbolical significance, both as to the fact of the symbolism and as to the extent of it, and by a careful induction of particulars he argues, in succession, the religious meaning which would seem to have belonged to the various parts of the august edifice, and to the whole apparatus of its services. In doing this he has made diligent use of such authorities as Lund, Bähr, and Kurtz; but he never writes as the mere echo of another, and we have seldom met with a book presenting more sustained evidence

throughout of conscientious, exhaustive and original treatment of all its topics. No one knows better than Mr. Atwater, that unanimity of judgment on the subjects to which his book is devoted will never be arrived at as long as the world stands; and some of his views will be contested by those who in the main agree with him. But it would go a long way towards the settlement of many vexed questions of Biblical literature, as well as of other branches of inquiry, if all who write upon them were to imitate the thoroughness, the caution, the modesty, and the excellent judgment displayed in this most interesting and useful book. For Englishmen who assume that all Americans trade in affectation and slang, Mr. Atwater's work may be further serviceable as showing that there is at least one transatlantic author who can write our common language in its simple vigour and purity. We ought to add that there is a devoutness of tone in every part of the volume, contrasting most favourably with the secular, conceited, and arrogant vein of certain contemporary Biblicists; and on this account, as well as for its intrinsic literary merits, we strongly recommend Mr. Atwater's treatise to our readers.

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## II. MISCELLANEOUS.

### WADDINGTON'S CONGREGATIONAL HISTORY, 1700-1800.

*Congregational History, 1700-1800, in Relation to Contemporaneous Events, Education, the Eclipse of Faith, Revivals, and Christian Missions.* By John Waddington, D.D., Author of "Congregational History, 1200-1567, and "Congregational History, 1567-1700." London: Longmans. 1876.

BULKY works like this,—collected from and in great part made up of private letters, manuscripts, and church-records previously unpublished, and scattered all over the country in private and public keeping, and extracts from old books—are not attractive to general readers, but to the historian and student of religious history, they are beyond all price. The compiler has done his work with great tact and skill, avoiding all comment, and confining himself to the record of salient facts. It is greatly to be desired that means may not be wanting to complete the plan. If we have any fault to find, it is that the writer should have entered at such length into the general history of the Pretender's Invasion of 1745, the War with the American Colonies, and the French Revolution, and thus have been compelled to cancel a chapter prepared on "The Northern Academies, Rotherham and Airedale, the Haldane Movement, Bengal Mission, the Introduction of Congregationalism into Scotland, the origin of the London Missionary Society, &c." We trust that this chapter is only postponed; but by the omission of facts familiar to most readers it might have been inserted. Reference to the three great events just named was inevitable, and some new and interesting documents are given in connection with them. We only regret that well-worn details should have excluded what would have been new and valuable.

The Pretender's raid was followed with keen interest by English Dissenters, for the simple reason that the continuance of their narrow and hardly-earned toleration was bound up with the per-



manence of the House of Hanover. The zeal of the High Church for the Stuarts was only equalled by its intolerance of Dissent. The Sacheverell riots were a fair expression of its mind. The Schism Bill of 1714 was the work of Bolingbroke and the High Church party, *i.e.*, of Freethinkers and the friends of the Popish Pretender, a Holy Alliance. It is enacted that "No person should keep any public or private school or seminary, or teach or instruct youth, as tutor or schoolmaster, unless he subscribed this declaration: 'I, A. B., do declare that I will conform to the liturgy of the Church of England, as by law established,' and shall have obtained a license from the archbishop or bishop, or ordinary of the place under his seal of office. And whosoever should be found doing this without these qualifications, was, upon conviction, to suffer three months' imprisonment. No license should be granted unless the person produced a certificate that he had received the Sacrament according to the usages of the Church of England, at some parish church, and within the space of one year."—P. 154. On the day when the Act should have come into force, Queen Anne died, and the danger passed away. A long letter is given of Dr. Doddridge offering to the Secretary of State volunteer aid in repelling the Pretender.

The American War was not unconnected with ecclesiastical reasons. It is well known that the Founders of the American Colonies were religious refugees from England, and the colonies remained faithful to Nonconformity. But the Episcopal Church, gradually introduced, never ceased to seek supremacy. It could not be content with anything less than the ascendancy which the Test Acts gave it in England. We have little doubt that the victory of America was also the victory of religious freedom in America and England. The following opinion expressed in a minister's private diary in 1791 was a very general one. "It was my opinion several years ago, that if the Americans had been overcome, the Dissenters would soon be crushed in England." Our author picks out many racy bits in his researches. The following is from an oration delivered before the Governor and General Assembly of the State of Connecticut, May 8th, 1783, by Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College:—"The crown and glory of our confederacy is the Amphitryonic (*sic!*) Council of the General Congress. This lays the foundation of a permanent union in the American Republic, which may convince the world that, of all the politics to be found on earth, not excepting the very excellent one of the Chinese Empire, the most perfect one has been invented and realised in America. Our trade opens to all the world. This will be a great, a very great nation. All the arts and sciences may be transplanted from Europe and Asia, and flourish in America with augmented lustre. The rough, sonorous diction of the English language may here take its Athenian

polish, and receive its Attic urbanity. The United States will embosom all the religious sects or denominations in Christendom. O England, how I did once love thee! How I did once glory in thee! How did I once boast of springing from thy bowels, though at four descents ago, and the nineteenth from Sir Adam of Knapp-ton! In the rapturous anticipation of thine enlargement and re-flourishing in this western world, how have I been wont to glory of having thee for the head of the Britannico-American Empire for many ages till the Millennium! But now farewell, a long farewell to all this greatness!"

The French Revolution comes into the writer's subject chiefly in connection with Dr. Priestley's name, who issued from a Congregational Academy at Daventry, and whose course is outlined down to his death in obscurity and disappointment in America. He was the head and front of the Rationalist movements among Nonconformists, which settled down at last into Unitarian forms. The volume describes two struggles which the century witnessed between Orthodoxy and Arianism, in both of which the truth happily triumphed through the fidelity and energy of individual ministers. This prevented the lapse among Independents into Unitarianism which occurred too often among Presbyterians.

The century includes memorable Independent names. In America, Jonathan Edwards, Dwight, the Mathers; in England, Watts, Doddridge, Orton, Bull, Winter, Bogue, Toller, Bennett, Williams, and others as good and useful though not as famous. It stretches from the deathbed of the Howes and Calamys to the rise of the Claytons and Jays. The reminiscences given of these lives are rich in interest. Patience under civil disabilities, Christian lives lived and good work for God and England done in quiet places and ways, witness borne for freedom of conscience and the spirituality of Christ's Church at the cost of sacrifice of every kind, are things of the past which we forget and some are glad enough to deny. All through the century it is interesting to note how everywhere academies and seminaries are established for the training of ministers, thus keeping up the old Puritan traditions of a well-trained, scholarly ministry. Probably the tone of these institutions was often narrow; but, shut out of the national universities in which their fathers had been trained, Nonconformists had no other course left.

We infer with pleasure from several statements in this volume, that the suspicion of leanings to Arianism in Dr. Watts has no foundation. It seems that he broached the theory of the pre-existence of Christ's human nature, in order to conciliate the Arians. His words are: "I do not mention this pre-existence of the human soul of Christ as a point of faith which I firmly believe, but merely as a matter of opinion, not to be rashly rejected, and

well worth further inquiry." In a letter to Doddridge two years before his death, he says, "As we are both going out of the world, we may commit each other to our common Lord, who is, we hope, ours in an unchangeable covenant."

All that we know of Jonathan Edwards and his family reveals a fine Christian spirit. The great thinker's meekness and patience, when driven from his church because of the stand he made for pure communion, are touching beyond expression. He accepts the malicious conduct of enemies as divine chastening for unfaithfulness exactly in the spirit of Charles Wesley's inimitable lines:

"Lord, I adore Thy gracious will ;  
Through every instrument of ill  
My Father's goodness see ;  
Accept the complicated wrong  
Of Shimei's hand and Shimei's tongue  
As kind rebukes from Thee."

Brainerd died at Northampton, the residence of Edwards, Oct. 9th, 1747, and we gather that between him and Jerusha Edwards, who nursed him in his last illness, a tender feeling existed. She died the February following, and their graves are close together. Her father says: "She was a person of much the same spirit with Brainerd. She had constantly taken care of and attended him in his sickness for nineteen weeks before his death, devoting herself to it with great delight, because she looked on him as an eminent servant of Jesus Christ. In this time he had much conversation with her on the things of religion, and in his dying state often expressed to us, her parents, his great satisfaction concerning her true piety, and his confidence that he should meet her in heaven. She had manifested a heart uncommonly devoted to God in the course of her life many years before her death, and said on her deathbed that she had not seen one minute for several years wherein she desired to live one minute longer for the sake of any other good in life but doing good, living to God, and doing what might be for His glory."

The following may serve as specimens of the religious amenities of the last century. It is from a churchman, Dr. William Nicholls, 1707. "Most Nonconformists have left off their obstreperous din and ravings. They don't strain their lungs and their sides as formerly. They don't fling about and shake their heads, as though they were tossed in a boat ; nor beat the pulpits as if they were in fits ; nor trust to extempore effusions, nor abounding in that canting phrase and expression which so mightily took with the people. Now their discourses are sober and correct ; they study and compose them ; they have purged out the old, masty, obsolete words ; they take care not to be abrupt and incoherent. They

have learned of us to clothe the bones of a discourse, as I may say, with good flesh and blood. Their way of reasoning is not taken from the dotages of Baxter and Jenkins, but from the clear method of our Sharps and Tillotsons. Now they say nothing but what is fit for the preacher to say and the congregation to hear. There is little difference between them and us in the method of composing and speaking. The theatrical way of agitation and vociferation, the awkward style and blunders of the old Nonconformists, are now to be found only among Quakers and Anabaptists. Those that are in love with them must visit their dark conventicles."

The following is richer still, taken from a pamphlet addressed to Scotch Presbyterians. "Another evil is the loose way ye have got in handling your preaching and your prayers. Scarce a day passes over but your sermon affords your hearers some jest or other, who tells the note about, and gives diversion to the neighbourhood. It would try a very serious mind to see a grave divine mount the pulpit, and then find out that Uz, where Job lived, was Geneva, and that the Chaldeans who carried off the good man's camels and killed his servant were the French Dragoons. It is common with your young men to try their hand with a few of the darkest texts they can find out. They'll give a turn or two to the wheels in Ezekiel; they are for opening the seals, sounding the trumpet, and pouring out the vials of the Revelation; but the great subject upon which they like to cant is the Canticles, as best suited to their years and gives room to their youthful imaginations; and after he has topped all these mountains, he flies high upon unions and communions, covenant relations and engagements; and if at any time he stoops lower, he talks alike of decrees, effectual calling, and the doctrine of assurance. . . . If the purity of a Church is to be measured by a lazy and easy service, or the nastiness and disorder of the place ye meet in, ye are the best reformed church in the wide world."

The following is a naïve confession of Tim Cutler, a clergyman of Boston, U.S., to a friend in England:—"My great difficulty ariseth from another quarter, and is owing to the covetous and malicious spirit of a clergyman in this town, who in lying and villany is a perfect overmatch for any Dissenter that I know."

Dr. Doddridge's account of an interview he had with the Archbishop of Canterbury (1748) is noteworthy. "I was received by his Grace in a very obliging manner. I sat a full hour with him alone, and had as free a conversation as I could have desired. It turned on Archbishop Leighton, . . . and especially on the affair of a comprehension by which I very evidently perceive, that though his Grace has most candid sentiments of his Dissenting brethren, yet he has no great zeal for attempting anything, in order to introduce

them into the Church, wisely perceiving the difficulties with which it might be attended; but when I mentioned to him (in the freedom of our discourse) a sort of medium between the present state and that of a perfect coalition, which was that of acknowledging our churches as unschismatical, by permitting their clergy to officiate among us, if desired, which he must see had a counter-part of permitting Dissenting ministers occasionally to officiate in churches, it struck him much as a new and very important thought, and he told me more than once, that I had suggested what he should lay up in his mind for further consideration." Even this stage of charity seems farther off than ever.

#### LIFE OF FÉNELON.

*Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai.* A Biographical Sketch. By the Author of "Life of Bossuet," "Life of St. Francis de Sales," &c., &c. London: Rivingtons. 1877.

A CRITIC'S first duty is to judge a book from the author's standpoint. Thus judged, the series of works, of which this is the newest, is worthy of praise. The aim of all is to open to English eyes the interior of French Catholic life of the highest and best type, and we must acknowledge that the aim is a good one and is well executed. We thankfully recognise Christian goodness and holiness whatever the associations. We welcome all light thrown upon new fields of knowledge. The author always does her part with good taste and much gracefulness. We are not as sure that the impression is a just one. It would evidently be unfair to take such characters as St. Francis de Sales and Fénelon as specimens of the general effects of Roman Catholicism upon the life of France. Much would have to be said on the other side. To what extent is French unbelief, past or present, the consequence of the superstition, worldliness and moral corruption of the French Church? In Fénelon's own days, the Archbishop of Paris was De Harley, who died, our author tells us, p. 112, in the arms of a mistress! Bossuet, Massillon, Bourdaloue preached to a royal court equally notorious for vice and orthodoxy.

A volume of nearly five hundred pages ought to be more than a "sketch," but the title is correct. We miss the sense of proportion, the eye for characteristic incidents and features, which more than fidelity in reproducing a mass of details, is essential to the biographer's as to the painter's success. The intricacies of the quarrel between Bossuet and Fénelon occupy one-third of the volume. We grant that the dispute powerfully influenced Fénelon's life and developed his character; but we doubt whether

it filled the space in the life which it does in the biography. In the latter, it overshadows all else, and crowds out much which is essential to a true portrait of Fénelon. High art would have produced a great effect with less material, and thus have left room for much which is perforce omitted. A wretched dispute it was, redounding to no one's credit but Fénelon's. Conduct more revengeful and malignant than Bossuet's, more relentless and tyrannical than the king's, more vacillating and cringing than the Pope's, more Christian than Fénelon's, it would be hard to find. Instead of writing a book on the "Variations of Protestants," the bishop of Meaux might have described more effectively the disputes of Catholics. In the court of the Grand Monarque, the divorce between Christian faith and morality was complete. We do not wonder that a king who lived in open sin hunted the Huguenots to death, when we are told that the same king scented heresy in Fénelon. In 1697, Fénelon was banished to his diocese, and till his death in 1720 was not allowed again to see Paris. His presence would have tainted the air of the royal court! The king's anger pursued him through life, forbade intercourse between him and the Duke of Burgundy, his pupil, kept away from him Papal honours, and prevented a funeral oration over his grave. That a monarch like Louis XIV. should be permitted to treat thus as great a saint as France can show is no slight mystery.

The writer's ecclesiastical standpoint of course is not ours. She was not bound to mention the Huguenots; but doing so, she was bound to be just. In the account given of the mission which Fénelon undertook to convert the Huguenots of Poitou, we read: "They supposed that (the missionaries) would be luxurious and haughty, according to the descriptions they were wont to hear from their ministers of the Great Babylon and its denizens; and when, on the contrary, they saw nothing but lowly, self-denying, simple-mannered priests, whose real aim seemed the welfare, temporal as well as spiritual of those they lived among, prejudices began to melt away, and the Huguenots saw that all they had been told was not truth." There was only too good reason for everything the Huguenots "had been told." The missionaries sent elsewhere were not Fénelons. Had not the Edict of Nantes been cancelled, tens of thousands of France's best citizens outlawed, licentious soldiery let loose to work their will on whole provinces? Was it not this time that gave England its Romillys, Lefevres, and other noble exiles for conscience sake? Has the author never heard of the dragonnades? We confess that our sympathies are all with those who "were stoned, sawn asunder, tempted, slain with the sword; who wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." The writer quotes some ungracious words from Fénelon: "The Huguenots, when

only nominally converted, are most obstinately attached to their religion, but the moment that any suffering is in prospect their courage fails. Whereas the martyrs were humble, docile, intrepid, and incapable of falshood, these men are cowardly and ready to commit any hypocrisy." This is only true of the Huguenots to the same extent to which it is true of all times of persecution. At every such time some are weak and faithless. In any other sense the statement is grossly incorrect. But if it were correct, it is not for the messengers and friends of the persecutors to accuse. Fancy the agents of Nero upbraiding martyred Christians with the weakness of some of their number !

The best part of the volume is the account of Fénelon's education of the king's grandson, of the affection which ever after subsisted, and the letters which passed between teacher and pupil, till the untimely death of the latter. Fénelon's letters are very wise and beautiful. Two volumes of his letters are promised. A life might be written which would at once do justice to Fénelon's saintliness and be true to history.

#### DE WORMS'S ENGLAND'S POLICY IN THE EAST.

*England's Policy in the East.* By Baron Henry de Worms, Author of "The Austro-Hungarian Empire," etc. London : Chapman and Hall. 1877.

It will at once indicate the point of view assumed by the writer of this work if we say that it is written in entire accord with the sentiments of the present Government of this country, and is not wanting in words severely condemnatory of the opinions urged by the Opposition. A very brief account is given of "England's interests in the East," and of the policy hitherto pursued in the defence of those interests. At some length it is attempted to show that an exchange from Turkish to Russian rule would be anything but a benefit to the Turkish Slaves. "They would have to bribe the Russian officials just as they do the Turkish pashas ; they would exchange total exemption from military service for universal obligation to military service ; the Roman Catholics and Jews would find the merciless persecution of the orthodox Russian substituted for the contemptuous toleration of the Turk ; and the trading classes, which are now flourishing and prosperous under the *dolce far niente* Government at Constantinople, would be hampered at every step by the vexatious officialism of St. Petersburg." It is only fair to add that the writer disclaims all intention, by the above remarks, of attempting any defence of the Turkish rule. The purpose of Russia, as here enunciated, is

summed up in the selfish desire to obtain possession of Constantinople, and the only policy of England is to keep her out. To this point the whole is narrowed, unless it be a further narrowing to affirm that "England cannot permit Russia to acquire any hold, direct or indirect, on Turkish territory." The only effectual means of thus protecting English interests, the one end contended for, is "the uncompromising defence against Russian aggression of the sovereign power of the Sultan, and the integrity of his empire." The book is written with a strong party bias, too strong to be a useful element in counsel; and, however skilfully it may detect dangers, it is by no means equally clear in discerning the means of their avoidance. The fault of the book is the narrowness of its view, its confinement to a mere point; all for which it contends is the preservation of England's interests and the only way suggested for the doing of this is to thwart Russia in an attempt to impair the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The subject is a much wider one than this would indicate. It is, after all, a mere pamphlet, though it aspires to the dignity of a book. One half of the pages, and three-fifths of the matter of it are occupied with untranslated copies of the Treaty of Paris, the Andrassy Note and the Berlin Memorandum, together with a number of Lord Derby's despatches. The map is clear and well drawn. The reader will at any rate have the advantage of seeing one aspect of this grave and wide question put in a strong light, and that by a writer whose views are clearly expressed if they are limited in their range.

#### SOME BOOKS OF VERSE.

*The Epic of Hades.* In Three Books. By the Author of *Songs of Two Worlds*. London: King and Co. 1877.

WHEN the second of these three books appeared (for such was the strange order of publication) it was received by the critics with almost unanimous praise. The whole work deserves what that first instalment gained. It is an attempt, and we think a successful attempt, to show that underlying the heathen myths are the great principles of right and wrong which come out more clearly in the Christian system; that (as St. Paul says in Romans) the heathen erred through a perverted will, not for lack of knowledge. Of course many of the fearful, though beautiful, Greek stories carry their moral on the surface. But our author shows that in many more a moral may without any straining be discovered. Thus Actæon's fate is a warning against yielding to something other than the "prize of our high calling." The poet's own words will at once show his general method, and explain his meaning in this particular case:



"Life is a chase,  
 And man the hunter always following on,  
 With hounds of rushing thought or fiery sense,  
 Some hidden truth or beauty, fleeting still  
 For ever through the thick-leaved coverts vast  
 And wind-worn wolds of life. And, if we turn  
 A moment from the hot pursuit to seize  
 Some chance-brought sweetness, other than the search  
 To which our life is set—some dalliance,  
 Some outward shape of Art, some lower love,  
 Some charm of wealth and sleek content and home—  
 Then, if we check an instant, the swift chase  
 Of fierce untamed energies, which pursue  
 With jaws unsated and a thirst for life,  
 Bears down on us with clanging shock and whelms  
 Us and our prize in ruin."

Here is Deianeira's reflection—she, we remember, unwittingly caused her husband's death :

"Ignorance?  
 What if we be the cause of ignorance,  
 Being blind who might have seen?"

To the death of Laocoon and his sons quite a new meaning is given. It was not caused by Here's anger; it was Zeus's kindness, who, foreseeing the ruin, took "the righteous away from the evil to come":

"Sent in haste  
 Those dreadful messengers and bade them take  
 The pious lives he loved before the din  
 Of midnight slaughter woke and the fair town  
 Flamed pitifully to the skies, and all  
 Was blood and ruin. Surely it was best  
 To die as we did."

The meaning of Marsyas is :

"How that high failure oversteps the bound  
 Of low successes. Only suffering draws  
 The inner heart of song and can elicit  
 The perfumes of the soul. 'Twere not enough  
 To fail, for that were happiness to him  
 Who ever upward looks with reverent eye  
 And seeks but to admire. . . . Therefore it comes  
 That suffering wedds with song. . . .  
 Not from arrogant pride  
 Nor over boldness fail they who have striven  
 To tell what they have heard, yet find no voice  
 For such high message."

Perhaps Helen and Clytemnestra are the two most finished pictures in our author's collection. Helen in girlhood loves a young shepherd; after that love becomes for her impossible. It was not love that drew her to Paris, "but the thirst for freedom." There is a trace of fatalism, elsewhere absent from our author's teaching, in Helen's closing speech :

“ Not the same meed  
 The gods mete out for all ; or She, the dread  
 Necessity who rules both gods and men,  
 Some to dishonour, some to honour moulds,  
 To happiness some, some to unhappiness.  
 We are what Zeus has made us, discords playing  
 In the great music, but the harmony  
 Is sweeter for them.”

The story of Eurydice is very sweetly told. In our author's telling it is she, not Orpheus, whose weakness is the cause of her final loss :

“ When we neared the stream on whose far shore  
 Lay life, great terror took me, and I shrieked  
 Thy name as in despair. Then those, as one  
 Who knows him set in some great jeopardy,  
 A swift death fronting him on either hand,  
 Didst slowly turning gaze ; and lo ! I saw  
 Thine eyes grown awful, life that looked on death,  
 Clear purity on dark and cankered sin,  
 The immortal on corruption—not the eyes  
 That erst I knew in life, but dreadfuller  
 And stranger ; as I looked I seemed to swoon :  
 Some blind force whirled me back, and when I woke  
 I saw thee vanish in the middle stream,  
 A speck on the dull waters, taking with thee  
 My life and leaving Love with me.”

This is very beautiful ; and in a different sense, so is this, from Phædra :

“ But even here  
 I find my punishment. Oh, dreadful doom  
 Of souls like mine, to see their evil done  
 Always before their eyes, the one dread scene  
 Of horror. . . . Nay, die I cannot ;  
 I must endure and love. Death brings not peace  
 To the lost souls in Hell.”

Our extracts will show that the verdict we passed on these volumes is not undeserved. The Greek myths are ever fresh, and our author may fairly claim the merit of having opened them up to a new world of readers. His work is in some sort a pendant to the *Ancient Classics for English Readers* ; and both prove the power of that classical literature which a generation ago it was the fashion to decry as a thing wholly of the past, and soon destined to yield place to the 'ologies. Mr. Bright may prefer one number of the *Times* to “all the works of Thucydides ;” but the world is getting more against him, and clinging more and more to the old models.

*Poetical Recreations.* Edinburgh : Printed by Ballantyne and Hanson. 1877.

VIRGIL-WARRING, like virtue, must often be content to be its own reward ; but these “*Recreations*” seem to have refreshed not only

the writer, but a select company, of whom one is styled Faunus, another Clytus, another Perigot. Faunus, at any rate, "set his sweet sanction" to the work, therein showing himself less plain-spoken than "a young lady," to whom a long epistle is addressed, and who, when appealed to, asked: "Why print them? Why not burn them?" (p. 152). This last would, perhaps, have been too violent a measure, seeing that, as we said, Faunus and Clytus are pleased with our author's productions. They are easily pleased, as the following quotations will show:

"When you asked me to write (lady) in your new book,  
I was bound to obey you by hook or by crook.  
And I turn'd the thing over and over again  
In a place where is room, and to spare, too—my brain."

That was written in a lady's album. This is from a poem, in which "He" presses his suit on "Her":

"New crops of lovers each spring grows;  
If in a thousand one  
Turn false, straightway the rumour goes  
All maidens are undone."

Our author has not been afraid to try Venus and Adonis, and to put these words into the mouth of the Goddess of Love:

"'Think me,' quoth I, 'a bristled hog,  
Or some swift-footed deer.  
And hunt me, sweet one, with thy dog,  
And make me prisoner.'"

He also writes, as did Cowper, on his mother's picture; and the lines, which he calls *A Student's Song*, have an unmistakable flavour of a song which is by no means peculiar to students.

The masque of *Hylas*, with which the book opens, shows an acquaintance with the classics; let the writer open his *Horace*, and see what is there said about *mediocres potæ*. We give him this hint, because in his dedication he promises a second instalment. We hope even Faunus will admit that one volume is enough.

*Horace's Life and Character; an Epitome of his Satires and Epistles.* By R. M. Hovenden, B.A., Author of "A Metrical Paraphrase of the Odes of Horace." London: Macmillan. 1877.

WE do not understand the principle on which Mr. Hovenden's selections are made—for selections they are, and not an epitome—that is, we cannot see how "Tantalus," "uncharitable judgments," &c., bear on Horace's life and character. They are simply portions of his writings done into English blank verse; and therefore the book before us must take its place among the other translations, it

cannot put in any special claim on our favour. Now, translation is by no means easy work. To fit the right word to the thought, to bring out in another language not the bare idea but the expression and the feeling of the poet, need that the translator should be almost, if not altogether, a poet himself. Mr. Hovenden writes smoothly, and we can imagine his versions doing much good to boys in the higher forms, forcing them to be ashamed of the miserably bald stuff which at school too often passes for translation. We cannot, however, accept

"Mere rust and cuttle-fish excretion this" (p. 16)

as a fitting rendering of

"Hic nigra succus holiginis, hæc est  
Ærugo mera;"

nor

"O, for Bolanus' ready wit!"

as equivalent to

"O te, Bollane, cerebri facilem."

This, again, is rather a loose paraphrase of the opening of Ep. I. 8:

"Good wishes, O my muse, for prosperous times  
To Celsus, Nero's secretary, bear.  
Say, if he asks, that 'spite of wise resolves  
I'm cross and out of sorts."

Whether Mr. Hovenden's book will make its way with the "English readers," for whom a whole library has been provided, we cannot say. Let others judge from the following account of Horace's early training:

"If none can lay with justice to my charge  
Greed, meanness, evil haunts, if dear and true  
(Bear with self-praise) I live among my friends,  
I owe it to a sire of slender means,  
Who put me not to school with Flavius,  
Where lubber-sons of great centurions,  
With bag and tablet dangling from their arm,  
Paid duly at the ides their monthly fees;  
But carried me to Rome, that I might learn  
Those arts which every knight and senator  
Deems fitting for his sons. If any mark'd  
My dress and retinue among the crowd,  
They would have thought me born to good estate;  
He was himself my watchful pedagogue  
At every clasp."—P. 27.

This runs smoothly, and represents the original adequately enough; and, if it does not rise to poetry, we must remember that it is the translation of what Horace styles *sermo merus*. What follows,

"Nor had my will rebelled ;  
 Yet all the more I owe him gratitude.  
 I were a fool indeed could I lament  
 My parentage, urging, as many do,  
 That I was not consulted in the choice  
 Of such a father,"

we cannot accept as a fair rendering, or even as a decent paraphrase. Besides other shortcomings, it misses the exquisite touch of pathos, all the more exquisite because so thoroughly restrained, in line 89 :

"Nil me poeniteat sanum patris hujus."

The two extracts combined give a fair idea of Mr. Hovenden's book. Translators of Horace have been many, from Lord Roscommon to Professor Conington and Mr. Theodore Martin. It is well for students that there should be many translations, and it is an advantage to those who are not students to have selections set before them instead of the whole of the Satires and Epistles.

#### JACOX'S SHAKESPEARE DIVERSIONS.

*Shakespeare Diversions.* Second Series (from Dogberry to Hamlet). By Francis Jacox, B.A., Author of "Cues from all Quarters," "Aspects of Authorship," &c. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co. 1877.

THIS is one of the books which, like Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, or Sir Thos. Browne's works, or those of Kenelm Digby, author of *The Broadstone of Honour*, fairly take our breath away by the amount of reading which they display and the aptness with which each quotation is made to illustrate the particular matter in hand. We thought that this art had died with Southey, the prodigious range of whose reading was only equalled by his memory; but on Mr. Jacox the mantle of the author of *The Doctor* seems to have descended. His plan is to take a Shakespearean character, and note down any others who in miscellaneous literature resemble it in some one point or more. Thus, Dogberry reminds him of that justice in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*, who, "having surfeited of geese, which have put him into a fit of justice," opens the case in thorough Dogberry style: "Accuse them, sir; I command you to lay down accusations against these persons in behalf of the State; and first look upon the parties to be accused, and deliver your name;" and who, having heard the accuser's statement, cries out:

"No more; we need no more. Sirrah, be drawing  
 Their mittimus, before we hear their answer.  
 What say you, sir? are you guilty of this murder?  
 No, sir.  
 Whether you are or no, confess; it will be the better for you."

Then we are introduced to Farquhar's Justice Scruple, and to

Foot's Heeltap, who cries: "Silence; and let us proceed, neighbours, with all the decency and confusion usual upon these occasions." Then comes Hood's Master Peter Goff; and then Bumble, the creation of Swift, though adopted by Leigh Hunt and Thackeray, and christened by Dickens. Next, after a glance at the inquisitorial ways of constables in Elizabethan England, we are reminded of "the town rats of auld Reekie," and the London "charlies;" and are then whirled back to Mr. Pepys' experiences: "We were like to have met with a stop for all night at the watch at Moorgate by a pragmatistical constable." Then Verges' injunction: "If you hear a child cry, call the nurse," and the reply, "How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?" leads to a long string of contingent queries and hypothetical cases, including those of Dr. Norman Macleod's American (in *Eastern Travel*) and those with which Maggie Tulliver used to astonish her stolid brother Tom. In putting such cases, Boswell must have been an adept. Every one remembers the well-known instance with which he worried Dr. Johnson: "What would you do, sir, if you were locked up in a tower with a baby?" Mr. Jacox is wise in giving Lord Coke's answer (substantially that of the Duke of Wellington also) as a general reply to all hypothetical cases: "When the case happens, I will do that which shall become an honest and just man."

That is a fair sample of Mr. Jacox's method; it is, as he confesses, as "vagrom" as the men whom Dogberry desired to have "comprehended," but the amount of information massed together is great, and the result is a book which we may not care to read through, but which is valuable either for reference or for mere amusement. It will surely make us acquainted with much that we should never otherwise have read, for our author is omnivorous, a very *helluo librorum*. Joanna Baillie's *Plays on the Passions*, Mr. Trollope's novels, Luther's *Table Talk*, Geoffrey Crayon's sketches, Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, and a score of other works, are all cited in a couple of pages, not dragged in *apropos* of nothing but as affording apt illustration to some Shakesperian phrase. Again: "Physicked in vain" (*All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I., Sc. 1) reminds our author of Plautus's *perge ad alios, venio ad alios, deinde ad alios una res*, of Jacob Cats (the Dutch poet), of Jean Jacques Rousseau (*il y avait déjà plusieurs années que je m'étais livré tout-à-fait aux médecins*, etc.), of Contarini Fleming, "lying down like a sick lion in his lair," of the old lady whose firmly-rooted phthisic defied all the physic of fifty doctors:

"But for the golden lining of her purse,  
That, I confess, grew daily less in ratio as her malady grew worse."

Take another sample (p. 239), "the colour test of guilt" (*Richard III.*, Act II., Sc. 1; *Othello*, Act V., Sc. 1). In this

Shakespeare varies ; paleness with him means at one time guilt, at another fear or anger. In *King John*, Salisbury says of Hubert :

" O, he is bold, and blushes not at death."

Claudio is ironical when he speaks of Hero's maiden blushes ; the friar, on the other hand, is not, when he replies :

" A thousand blushing apparitions start  
Into her face, a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes."

*Hæc quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu*, says Ovid ; and Horace tells us that to conscious integrity alone is given *nulla pallescere culpa*. Terence's Simo is more cautious, and puts the matter interrogatively : *nun ejus color pudoris signum usquam indicat* ! As Capt. Marryat reminds us, the blush of honest indignation is as dark as the blush of guilt, and the paleness of concentrated courage as marked as that of fear. Barry Cornwall may write :

" I want no words ; thou dost confess it now.  
There, on thy painted cheeks, the story's writ."

But then it is so easy to read amies ; as Shelley has it :

" O white innocence,  
That thou shouldst wear the mask of guilt to hide  
Thine awful and sorest countenance  
From those who know thee not."

And so we are led on, among heroines of French novels, blushing and unblushing, to Webster's Victoria Corombona, to " Margaret's changeful hue" in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and Ellen's in the *Lady of the Lake*, and to Enid in the *Idyll*, and, passing the *Vespers of Palermo* and *Woman's Wit*, to Kit's appeal against Sampson Brass : " Look at him, gentlemen, see how he changes colour. Which of us looks like the guilty person !" Against which, as a general rule, is set a quotation from Miss Edgeworth : " the pale, conscientious, incapacitated French dancing master, to whom the magistrate imputed guilt in default of colour."

One of Rhoda Broughton's characters " would give ten years of her life for an unmoved complexion ;" and Dr. Wendell Holmes assures us professionally that " in some persons blushing means nothing." Then follow illustrations from Schiller's *Joan of Arc*, Racine's *Hippolytus*, *Aurora Floyd*, *Caleb Williams*, *Roderick Random*, &c. ; while in a long note we are treated to Mr. Ticknor's remarks on the blushing of the Duke of Broglie, of Mr. Hallam, and of Professor Playfair, and to Sir George Beaumont's account of Canning, who, at their first interview, though then at the meridian of his fame, " blushed like any roseate girl of fifteen." So Rochester had such a habit of blushing, that Charles II. christened him " Virgin Modesty." This reminds us of Alcibiades blushing be-

fore Socrates. Clarendon, too, blushed readily; so did henpecked Richard Hooker; so did the two lawyers, Rolland and Ross, immortalised by Lord Cockburn, who speaks of Ross's "blushing cheeks and cunning eyes." Even "our Friedrich Wilhelm," says Carlyle, "was in his younger days much given to blush withal."

Thus we have given samples of what the reader is to expect from Mr. Jacox. The book is not all a string of quotations; *hujus farrago libelli* (we use the word in the classical, and therefore not in a depreciatory sense) offers short disquisitions as well. Was Hamlet mad? what is Gertrude's real nature? &c. The remarks about Polonius strike us as specially good. He is generally put on the stage as a comic character, almost a pantaloen; Mr. Jacox says that, had he been such a poor creature, his death would not have driven Ophelia mad and roused Laertes to such furious vengeance.

In his last chapter, "Let the Curtain Fall upon the Fallen Dead," our author shows how "the exterminating excesses of homicidal tragedy" have been parodied by Fielding, and afterwards by Kane O'Hara in the *finale* of *Tom Thumb*, where the Queen kills Noodle, and is at once killed by Frizaletta, whereupon Hunca-munca cries, "Kill my mamma! O base assassin, thou!"—and kills her, only to fall by Doodle's hand, who himself is slain by Plumanta. She is killed by the king; and his majesty, after a soliloquy ending "and my sole boast is, I will die the last," stabs himself, and "they all lie on the stage dead." In Schiller's *Wallenstein* nearly as clean a sweep is made of the chief characters.

But, enough of Mr. Jacox's book. We will not pretend to calculate the vast amount of industry it must have cost, or the methods which the author must have adopted in arranging his material; the result is, as we said, a book in which the casual reader will always find half an hour's amusement, and which may be often useful to the student.

#### RÉMUSAT'S ABÉLARD.

*Abélard; Drame inédite.* Par C. de Rémusat. Avec une Preface et des Notes par Paul de Rémusat. Paris: Callmann Lévy. 1877.

ABÉLARD is one of the great names of the Middle Ages. The scholar thinks of him as perhaps the acutest of scholastic philosophers, ranking high in that company in which are numbered Occam, Roscelin, John the Scot of Ireland, Thomas of Aquinum, and so many more, who are for the general reader little more than names. Abélard is more than they, because he has a human history the main facts of which are well known to all who lay claim to know anything of the records of the past.

Of course, M. de Rémusat deals with the romance of Abélard's



life ; but he does not deal with it exclusively. His son tells us how he was led to think of writing on the subject. He dropped one evening, in 1886, into the *Ambigu Comique*, and there was acted a sensation play, called *Helotse et Abelard*. The play naturally struck him as wholly inadequate to the subject, as bringing out merely the surface-points which would catch popular attention, and wholly missing the ethical teaching which the working out of such a character was fitted to enforce. "Abelard was the foremost intellect of his day ; the great dreaded him, the people admired him, the wise praised him, the Church persecuted him, and he won the love of one of the noblest women the world has ever seen. And yet he comes to grief ; all his schemes fail ; he dies wretched and lonely. Not all the brilliancy of his mind, not all the depth of his learning, can give him a durable influence on mankind. He has left nothing behind him but a few works, which are no longer read. Is such a career meant to teach us that mind is not all-sufficient ? that character, will, and virtue are needful to make a man master of his lot, and to give him lasting power ? Amid the great realities of life and its trials, eloquence and learning cannot overcome the dangers which spring from pride, and glory, and passion." This truth seemed, his son tells us, to contain the moral of Abelard's story ; and he has accordingly embodied it in what really deserves its title of "philosophical drama." The five acts are headed Philosophy, Theology, Love, Politics, Death. The first describes Abelard's triumph in the Paris schools. He came up a poor lad from Brittany, with nothing but his staff in his hand, and in a short time he is the only teacher ; all the rest are silenced. The opening scene shows the eagerness for learning in those days ; young men of all nations are thronging to hear William of Champeaux ; the cloister of Notre-Dame is filled before daybreak with eager students, closely resembling in mind and habits the young inhabitants of the present *Quartier Latin*, and, like them, looking wholly to the intellectual, and neglecting the moral side of the instruction which they receive. Some of the scenes of student life are among the most successful portions of the play ; and no doubt the author would have us gather from their frivolity the want in merely intellectual teaching. While these students are waiting for the lectures, in walks an unknown young man, with a foreign accent. He listens with the rest to William's lecture "On the Reality of Universals" (common nouns—not Socrates, Boethius, and other individuals, but the collective Man), and then, in reply to the lecturer's question, "Have any of you any doubt on the subject ?" he begins to speak, and triumphantly maintains the sole reality of individuals. If collective man has a real existence, he is in Socrates as he is in Plato ; therefore, where Socrates is Plato is, and in the dying Socrates Plato dies. With farvid eloquence he maintains his point, effectually silencing poor

William, forcing him to contradict himself, and drawing away all his pupils from him. Unable to meet the new teacher in argument, William cries out, "He blasphemes; don't listen; it is the spirit of Roscelin." Whereupon Abélard points out the difference between the bare Nominalism of that condemned heretic and his own Conceptualism. Of all William of Champeaux's school, two only, through whose fanatical hatred of the new-comer Abélard's downfall is eventually wrought, remain true to their old teacher. Almost every page of this first Act is full of the old disputes as to the reality of species—disputes which are not without their bearing upon some questions of the day; and if Abélard's disquisitions and monologues are sometimes wearisome, it is only when we forget the immense value of words (whereby, says our Lord, we are justified or condemned) in man's history. The chief opponent of Abélard, however, is not the rival lecturer, but St. Bernard, who, recognising his great talents, tries to bring him into that submission which the Church required in matters of intellect as well as of faith. Bernard is represented as the very man who, were he now alive, would publish a Syllabus and an *Index Expurgatorius*. In a striking interview with Abélard, he tells him: "All science is vain which is not that of the Cross; the teachers of the world are blind leaders of the blind." He lays his finger on the chief blot in Abélard's character—his intellectual pride. Abélard retorts, and triumphantly convicts Bernard of spiritual pride. "You want to humble me before yourself," says he, "and then you'll say that it is before God;" whereupon the holy man gets enraged, and, after a vain effort to persuade, begins to threaten Abélard with the power of the Church if he refuses to teach as she directs—i.e., to become a Realist. "We shan't argue with you," says he. "Look at the tombs of Roscelin and Berenger, and ask what arms struck them down." Abélard retorts by quoting St. Augustine: *Veritas filia temporis non auctoritatis*, "and time," says he, "is on my son." "No," replies Bernard, "your time is not yet. There are sad signs of growing licence and confusion; but our eyes will not see their triumph. The Church will gain the victory."

The whole scene is powerfully worked out; and, combined with that which describes the Council at Sens, and the way in which Abélard's protests are stifled, and he himself condemned unheard, the king to whom he appeals coldly leaving him to the tender mercies of the bishops, it forcibly impresses on us the power of that Church which, shattered at the Reformation, still retains such a fatal hold on the human intellect in so large a part of Christendom. Very powerful, too, and full of pathos are the later scenes—both that between Abélard and Heloise, whose heart he wrings by his enforced coldness and determination to appeal to Rome instead of flying with her from the land where he has

suffered so much ; and those in which the end, amid the calm of the Monastery of Cluny, of which Peter the Venerable was abbot, is described.

We have said nothing of the scenes in which Abélard and Heloise are thrown together. She has long admired his teaching, and her uncle has been most anxious to get him as her instructor. At last, in an idle fit, he pays a visit at the uncle's house ; arrangements are made for him to give her lessons ; and, as Ovid is the text-book, the natural result follows. We fancy our author somewhat forces facts in making them marry at the last ; we believe things never went further than a marriage contract. Heloise, strongly set against the marriage of priests, which Abélard, like M. Loyson nowadays, maintained was canonical, stood out against the ceremony, and Fulbert, her uncle, misunderstanding the delay, wreaked on Abélard the cruel vengeance which history has recorded.

The whole play deserves careful reading, and will add much to M. de Rémusat's deservedly high reputation. He is not blind to Abélard's faults ; he sets strongly forward the ambition which led him, after having become chief in the domain of science, to take theology in hand ; he makes him take as his war-cry the Apostle's words, "Old things are passed away ; behold, all things are become new," and remark with quiet scorn : "What a strange science this theology was before my time," and boast, in a grand soliloquy (p. 168), "The human mind belongs to me ; but that is not enough. I must push on into theology. Charles the Great had not done enough when he had conquered the Saxons and overthrown the Irminsule, and set on his brow the iron crown of the Lombard ; he had still to build Aix-la-Chapelle and to get consecrated by the Pope. Then at last he felt himself emperor. And I, too, am building my Aix, and I shall get my imperial science blessed and anointed." In this comes out the mixed nature of the man—a man in whom other elements besides passion militated against success. That he was, in the technical sense, unorthodox there seems no doubt. Dr. Newman (*Lectures on University Subjects*, p. 299) connects his tenets with that wave of Manichæism which, in the twelfth century, swept over Europe, its crest being the heresy of the Albigenses. He ranks the great logician with Pantheists like Amaury of Chartres, David of Dinant, and Simon of Tournay, of whom the legend says that he was struck dead for crying out after lecture, "Ah, good Jesus, I could disprove Thee if I pleased, as easily as I have proved."

VICTOR HUGO'S *LA LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES*.

*La Légende des Siècles*. Nouvelle Série. Two Volumes.  
Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1877.

AMONG the many striking passages in Michelet's book on the Sea there is one, specially beautiful, descriptive of a certain storm which beat from the Atlantic during six long days and nights upon the western coast of France. And the poet—for Michelet was above all things a poet—tells how, living almost within reach of the waves, in a house close-shuttered against the fierce blast and the driven sea-crests, he set himself to watch what would be the effect of the incessant crash and roar upon his own powers as a writer. He wrote through the storm, and the first faculty that suffered—the "most delicate," as he thinks—was "the sense of rhythm." "His sentence came to him inharmonious. That chord in the instrument was the first to break."

M. Victor Hugo is now seventy-five. This century was two years old, as he has informed us in memorable verse, when he first saw the light at Besançon. Have the storms of those seventy-five years touched his powers at all, one wonders? Have any chords in that grand instrument become unstrung? Are any broken? Which have been the first to suffer? Here, as in Michelet's case, has it been the sense of harmony? Has it been the fresh vigour of the imagination? Let us look at these two new volumes of *La Légende des Siècles* by the side of the two first volumes which appeared now nearly twenty years ago. The comparison may help us.

And first we would note that the conception of the earlier series is pregnant with greater possibilities than the latter. In the somewhat grandiose preface to those first volumes the poet told us how the life of mankind, "considered as a great collective individual," has "two aspects, the historical and the legendary, of which the second is no less true than the first." This legendary aspect it was his intention to flood with the light of his verse. The history which is true in spirit if not in fact, which is the outgrowth of the imagination of ages, and shows all the more plainly in its naive unconsciousness how that imagination was working—this he meant to write for us. No doubt he had a plan, a philosophy of history, which the collected legends were to unfold. We were to be led from the darkness of the past to the "full heaven" of the future. And in the unfolding of this philosophy there were passages that were didactic and passages that were long; but such passages were few, and the philosophy was after all not obtrusive. By very far the largest portion of the book consisted of mighty legends of elder time, together with one or two tales of the present, told with that power of diction,

that "large utterance of the early gods," of which M. Victor Hugo possesses the secret—that grandeur of verse which is akin to the music of Handel.

And what a splendid series it is ! There we see the soul of King Canute, the parricide, faring forth into the darkness, with snow for a winding sheet, and driven back for ever from the light by sullyng drops of blood. There we see Satan, the Titanic artificer, bringing all his power and craft to the work of creation, and producing no more than a locust ; while God takes a spider from the Evil-one's hand, and transforms it into a sun. There we have tales of knight-errantry, of the paladins of old, who went abroad redressing human wrongs ; tales of the East, and of the terrible Middle Age Italian tyrants. There is, too, the graceful fancy of the little Infanta of Spain, dreaming her childish dreams by the goldfish pool in the gardens of the Escorial—whose rose is shattered by a far-off breath of the same wind that is scattering the Armada for ever—the whole world, as the duenna tells her, being under the power of princes, the wind only excepted. Again, there is, among the annals of the poor, that touching story—and no one, when he pleases, can be more simply touching than M. Victor Hugo—of the fisherman's wife who brings home to her already overcrowded household the children of her poor dead neighbour.

Now, in all these poems, and we are, of course, merely indicating, not cataloguing, there is action, life, a story admirably, strikingly told, an intense human interest ; but when we turn to the two new volumes, the same can scarcely be said. In the opening poem M. Victor Hugo describes the "vision" which has inspired his book—a vision of humanity as an enormous wall, with hidden foundations, and a top that reaches to a pale, grey sky, and stones that are partly alive and are full of eyes. Certainly a grand conception, and grandly carried out, even when every allowance has been made for incongruities of detail which are perhaps inevitable in amplifying a simile of this kind. But is it fanciful to suggest that somewhat too much of the motionlessness of this wall has entered into the rest of the book ? The poet, to carry out his own metaphor, looks at certain portions of the wall, and describes them ; certain other portions are endowed with tongues, very eloquent tongues, no doubt, and describe themselves. But the old fresh feeling of life and action is not there. One gets weary of the perpetual declamation.

Yes, one longs for the old legends : one hails any whole poems or passages dealing with the concrete, and not the abstract. Eloquence, that special bane of French poetry, that natural enemy of all poetry, usurps a place all too large in these volumes. Take a sample of the difference we are endeavouring to define. In the old series the paladins, Roland, or Oliver, or Euvrardus, fought

and conquered, did battle for the right against numerous odds, rescued the woman and the child, showed themselves without fear and without reproach. We saw them at their life-work. If they spoke at all it was no more than the action, the incident required. Here the Cid explains to the king in a speech some forty pages long, that in every point of view he, the Cid, is a vastly superior person to the king. No doubt this was quite true, and to M. Victor Hugo himself, an opportunity of saying something disrespectful of royalty was not to be lost. But the speech has the great fault of being out of character, and the whole situation is unattractive; moreover, the oratory is frigid. Nor is this the only case in which "de monologue," as Madame de Staël defined Coleridge's conversation, occupies pages that we should have preferred to see otherwise filled. The Seven Wonders of the World are each endowed with a voice, and descant on their own perfections. The Worm explains at some considerable length that he is the real king and ruler of mankind. "Bronze" complains bitterly of the base uses to which it is put for the commemoration of vileness and mediocrity. Some twenty miscellaneous poets, Orpheus, Aristophanes, Theocritus, Dante, Shakespeare, Voltaire, and others besides, soliloquise in language singularly like that of M. Victor Hugo himself in idyllic matters. And the passages and poems in which M. Victor soliloquises on his own account are innumerable.

Even, too, in those pieces which are not open to the objection indicated—where the action is rapid and the interest sustained—there is an occasional frigidity in the exercise of the imagination. Thus, in *L'Aigle du Casque*, *The Eagle on the Helmet*, otherwise superb in power and energy, the final incident does not "justify" itself, and is unquestionably of a poor invention. Here is the story, not dissimilar in some of its parts to Scott's *Wild Huntsman*, which it certainly equals in *pace*, and excels in power and freshness of language. Tiphaine, a Scotch lord, a warrior in the fulness of his strength, and James, Lord of Angus, a stripling of sixteen, meet in mortal combat, and the lad, after doing his best, flies; and Tiphaine follows him through wood and valley, over rock and hill, heedless of the prayers of the old man on the threshold of death, and the nun on her errand of mercy, and the mother with her babe at her breast; and comes up with the youth, and slays him with a burst of cruel laughter. Then the eagle on the savage warrior's helmet takes the earth and the heavens to witness that the man is wicked, and picks out his eyes and kills him with beak and talons.

Now all that precedes is so fine, that we scarcely like to say how little we believe in this eagle. There are few more delicate, critical questions than the use of the fantastic and supernatural in art, and we have no intention of discussing it at length on this

occasion. Suffice it to say that some phantoms of the imagination are real, and others not. We have no sense of a want of actuality as regards the ghostly voyage of the *Ancient Mariner*. The fairy world of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is as seemingly substantial as a vivid dream would be. But as for this eagle, he is too much the *deus ex machina* to be properly impressive.

We had marked a passage here and there in which what one might almost call a galvanic strain after originality of image—coupled with the absence of any sense of humour—has produced an effect that is really comic; as when the Rhine, the Ganges, and the Oregon, by means of the electric telegraph, talk together “like three travellers in the same railway carriage,”—or as in lines like—

“ Leur crachement d'éclairs, et leur toux de tonnerres.”\*

But it is a pleasant task to turn to those portions in which M. Victor Hugo shows himself not unequal to his own past, and there can be no higher praise.

Such a portion, bar the episode of the eagle, is *L'Aigle du Casque*. Such portions are *Jean Chouan*, the story of a peasant chief of La Vendée, who steps forth into the rain of Republican bullets and to certain death, so as to give a peasant girl time to escape; and the *Cimetière d'Eylau* as fine a battle piece in words, we take it, as was ever painted; and *Guerre Civile*, in which a French detective, about to be shot by the insurgent mob, is saved by the prattle of his little boy; or, last of all, and, perhaps, of all, the most touching, *Petit Paul*, the tragedy of a child's life—the story of a little lad whose mother is dead, whose grandfather takes the mother's place, and surrounds the tiny creature with that love and tenderness which, in our thoughts and associations, seem like the natural atmosphere of infancy; and then the grandfather dies, and the child's father does not care for it, and the new stepmother has neither word nor look of affection, but is harsh and forbidding ever; and so the delicate seedling pines in that changed world, and is found dead one morning at the gate of the churchyard in which his grandfather lies, impelled thither by a last longing for a little love.

To those who know the many poems of the past, in which the great poet has sung of childhood with a softened lyre, it is needless to say more than that there is here a fresh spring for them of the old delight.

And indeed, as we think of the poems we have named, think, too, of the many passages in the other poems—poems that, as a

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\* M. Victor Hugo, in his new volume, *L'Art d'être Grand-père*, gives a defence of such passages which is wholly irreverent—not to to say blasphemous—and not very relevant.

whole, please us less,—which are of splendid and almost matchless vigour,—we feel ashamed at having even hinted at the thought of decay. There is inequality in the volumes, no doubt. There is more inequality than there was in the earlier series. But the summits are as high as the old summits. If there is more speech and eloquence, and less of action and poetry, it is possibly because the poet has so willed it. In one of his books, that on Shakespeare, he elaborated the theory that genius can do no wrong, that when a writer has genius, the literary product is absolute and perfect, a fruit that must be good because the tree is good. Alas, it is not so, else were criticism easier than it is. The fruits even of genius are not all of equal worth. In culling from the orchard of these two volumes, there is, we are afraid, much that one would be tempted to leave hanging on the boughs. But then, what had been gathered into the basket would be incorruptible, and retain its flavour and aroma for ever.

And now a word of M. Victor Hugo's philosophy. Doubtless there are points in its exposition which are open to criticism. One might hesitate, for instance, to accept the French Revolution as demonstrating very conclusively the existence and immortality of the soul (*France et Ame*). But the conclusion itself is worthy of all honour. For M. Victor Hugo the soul exists, and there exists also a God, however darkly veiled, who loves righteousness and hates iniquity. And, after listening to the despair that wails through so much modern verse, it is well to give ear to his manlier strain of hope in a grander future for the race of men.

#### MRS. BROWNING'S LETTERS.

*Letters of Elizabeth Barrett Browning addressed to Richard Hengist Horne, author of "Orion," "Gregory VII.," "Cosmo de' Medici," etc. With Comments on Contemporaries.* Edited by S. R. Townshend Mayer. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley and Son. 1877.

THESE two volumes not only reveal the incomparable poetess, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in a character in which she was comparatively little known—that of critic, but are replete with varied literary interest; and they have the rare advantage of giving a vivid picture, not merely of one artistic intelligence in the workshop as it were, but of two. We have no letters here from Mr. Horne, it is true; but the veteran poet and dramatist is fortunately alive to speak for himself; and in giving the noble letters addressed to him by the authoress of *Aurora Leigh*, he adds copious reminiscences of his own part in the correspondence, of the undertakings in which he and the poetess were jointly concerned, and of numerous literary matters of great interest



connected with a period in English literature of which he and his correspondent were certainly two of the leading ornaments. It has long been known in literary circles that Mrs. Browning (as Miss Barrett) was a very considerable contributor to the pages of *The Athenæum*, when that journal was something more than an advertising medium; and, indeed, one critical work of a high order, which appeared in those pages, has been added to the acknowledged series of her works. The little volume entitled *The Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets*, takes a very high place in the ranks of English critical literature; and that not merely by virtue of its high poetic intuitions and refined enthusiasm for all that is admirable, but for critical insight properly so called,—a fine judicial perception of relative merits, tempered by the keenest sympathy with merit of a positive kind, of all characters and degrees. To some extent Mr. Horne's temperament is similar to that of Mrs. Browning: his capabilities of sympathy are at all events very large; and the resultant tone of these volumes, from the critical point of view, is that of genial but discerning and highly reasonable appreciation of talent in others, rather than that carping or trenchant style of depreciation that passed current for the main qualification of the critical faculty thirty years ago. The nearest approach to a contumacious combination which we find in these two volumes, is the view taken by both correspondents of a poet who, notwithstanding opposition from high quarters and low, has risen to an exalted place in English literature of the most sterling kind; and while we find it the most natural thing in the world that Mr. Horne, the author of such ideal works in drama as *Cosmo de' Medici*, *Gregory VII.*, *Judas Iscariot*, and *Prometheus the Firebringer*, should be in strong intellectual revolt against the theories and practices of Sir Henry Taylor, the author of *Philip Van Artevelde*, and, more especially, of the preface to that work,—while we can feel no surprise that the still more ideal creator of *A Drama of Exile* and *The Seraphim* should be out of *rapport* with the great realistic dramatist,—we confess that it would have enhanced our pleasure in this correspondence to have found in it a stronger appreciation of the immense merits of such works as *Philip Van Artevelde*, *Isaac Comnenus*, and *Edwin the Fair*. We cannot say that Mrs. Browning was positively unjust to Taylor's works, because the faults she finds with them are real faults enough; and we cannot very well blame her for not dwelling upon the very decided merits which the critical world has long ago agreed to recognise in those works, because it is quite certain they did not appeal to her artistic or literary sense importunately enough to demand full recognition; and in the case of so delicate and earnest a spirit of perceptiveness as hers, the thing to be grateful for before all things, is that her feelings on any given subject should be expressed without any suspicion of a

trammel; and in this particular instance her utterances against Taylor's theory and practice in dramatic art are among the noblest pieces of thought and expression in the book:—only, recognising the kernel of truth in them, we still would fain receive them as applicable to some lesser artist than Taylor, and some less masterly creation of character and circumstance than the two great plays forming *Philip Van Artevelde*.

Up till this year Mr. Horne had borne on his single devoted head all blows aimed in reprisal or in consequence of the outspoken literary verdicts pronounced in *A New Spirit of the Age* upon the works of Taylor and others; and it is only in this collection of letters and recollections that the sturdy combatant for legitimacy in drama, sound thought in literature generally, and reform in social manners and institutions at large, has divulged the secret compact by which that capital critical work was to be written partly by Miss Barrett and others, and he, the main author, was to bear the brunt of all odium attaching to it. Let us be just and say that such luminous writing and fine freshness of literary perception as Miss Barrett's, were also calculated to enhance the credit attaching to that work; and we have recorded all that is necessary on this subject, except our cordial thanks on behalf of the reading public to Mr. Horne, for letting the daily increasing host of Mrs. Browning's admirers know of one more book wherein to seek the keen gratification that her writings afford.

There is one episode in the history of Mr. Horne's correspondence with the inimitable poetess that is almost without a parallel in modern English literature. We refer to the account of a projected lyrical drama to be written jointly by Miss Barrett and Mr. Horne. It was to have been called *Psyche Apocalypse*; and, though on some grounds it is to be regretted that it was never done, it must be obvious that the two artists were in some mental aspects so wholly dissimilar that each might very likely have been employed less profitably in conjunction with the other, than in sole dependence on the rich resources possessed by each. But whatever the result of such joint authorship in so ambitious a field as that of lyric drama might have been, one thing is quite certain,—that Mr. Horne's account of the project, and of the correspondence on the same, teems with interest and with suggestions of what might be done by judicious combinations of dissimilar artistic powers. Another undertaking in which Miss Barrett was concerned with Mr. Horne was one which stopped short at the outset, and which certainly deserved to fail. The idea of modernising Chaucer was no new one, and we need not therefore condemn the two poets at present under discussion on the score of an abominable invention; and, to tell the truth, both Miss Barrett and Mr. Horne acquitted themselves so well in all technical respects in their versions of the grandest of romance

poets that these versions may at any time become as classical as those of Pope and Wordsworth, the last-named of whom, by-the-by, was one of the actors in the same abortive attempt to divert the poetry of Chaucer from its true channel. But the book called *Chaucer Modernised* has been cast aside; and, full of ability as it is, it has been wisely cast aside; for its very title carries condemnation with it as unmistakably as would the title *Shakspeare Bowdlerised* or *Milton Bentleyfied*. Anyhow, the correspondence on the subject of this book is very interesting.

The supplementary section of Vol. II., containing Mr. Horne's recollections of Charlotte Brontë, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, and Leigh Hunt, is more interesting than appropriate; and we do not quite see why it was given. The subjects are indeed cognate to much of the interpolated matter showing Mr. Horne's side of the correspondence with Mrs. Browning; but the general result is, naturally, a disproportion between the methods and relative spaces of the entire book. Whatever could be secured by good editing the public has gained from the able and experienced pen of Mr. S. R. Townshend Mayer. The volumes are also very handsomely printed and pleasant to read; but no help whatever is given in the matter of reference. There is no ghost of an index,—an unpardonable piece of thrift in a book full of subjects which, in the natural course of events, do not classify themselves, and are often to be found where least expected, a book which must necessarily become a standard addition to the series of letters and personal recollections connected with our poetic literature.

*Victor Hugo; L'Art d'être Grand-père.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1877.

THERE are two Victor Hugos—the wild blurter forth of incomprehensible bombast, who raves in his poetry about the Immensities and the *Æons*, and in his prose raves no less recklessly about the supremacy of Paris; and the true poet, full of tenderest pathos, capable of entering into all the deepest feelings of our human nature, of touching every chord in the heart of father, mother, and child. It is by his poems about the young that Victor Hugo will live. There are a few of these, even in his *Legend of the Ages*. Amid the chaos of walls, which are half *granit brut*, half living human flesh, amid constellations that along one another like *poissardes*, and comets that boast of being the *filles de joie* of the universe, there is an exquisite poem, called *Petit Paul*, showing how a baby, left miserable at its mother's death and its father's second marriage, is adopted by the grandfather, and, after living happily a few years, dies as soon as the old man's death has sent it back to home and to unkind neglect.

There is also a touching little episode from the civil war—how a *gend'arme*, who had been shooting down the people, and who is being hurried off to execution, is saved by his little girl. She rushes out as the crowd passes his door, clings to her father, constitutes her his protector, and will by no means be induced to give up her hold. "Go home," at last cry the surly leaders of the mob, and the man escapes. *L'Art d'être Grand-père*, just published, is almost wholly on children and their ways, partly from a study of the poet's grandchildren, Georges and Jeanne, in Guernsey; partly from his recollections of his own childhood and boyhood. Childhood has never had so sympathising an annalist as he has proved himself to be. To insert here and there a poem on some childish joy or sorrow seems easy compared with writing a whole volume on the subject; yet, in doing this latter, Victor Hugo has wholly escaped the charge of dulness or iterations. He is fresher even than he was more than forty years ago in his *Odes et Ballades*, and his *Feuilles d'Automne*. We know nothing more beautiful in the whole range of literature than the sweet little idyll named *Un Manque* (p. 35), in which the loss of one grandchild is hinted at:

"Pourquoi donc s'en est-il allé, le doux amour?  
Ils viennent un moment nous faire un peu de jour,  
Puis partent. Ces enfants que nous croyons les nôtres  
Sont à quelqu'un qui n'est pas nous. Mais les deux autres  
Tu ne les vois donc pas, vieillard? Oui, je les vois,  
Tous les deux. Ils sont deux, ils pourraient être trois."

And the walk through the wood is described:

"Les grands bois pleins d'oiseaux dont Dieu seul sait le nombre  
Et qui s'envolent aussi dans l'inconnu."

Jane is in her basket, on pony-back; George walks proudly by, showing his little sister to all comers:

"George a le sentiment de sa grandeur; il rit  
Mais il protège; et Jeanne a foi dans son esprit.  
Georges surveille avec un air assez farouche  
Cet enfant qui parfois met un doigt dans sa bouche,  
Nous obéissons, Jeanne et moi, Georges commande.  
Et Georges bat du pied et Jeanne bat des mains;  
Et je m'épanouis à leurs divins vacarmes,  
Je ris; mais vous voyez sous mon rire mes larmes,  
Vieux arbres, n'est ce pas? Et vous n'avez pas cru  
Que j'oublierai jamais le petit disparu."

If any one doubts the possibility of French verse rising to the true poetic level—being anything more than the "monotony in rhyme" of which Byron speaks, we refer him to this volume, and especially to the poem just cited. We are not among Victor Hugo's extravagant admirers; the things which commend him

to the Swinburne-Rossetti school rather make us turn away from him; but we cannot deny that for sweet pathos, for power of sustained description in matters the detail of which in less able hands becomes insufferably mawkish, he is unmatched both here and in his own country. The wonder to us is, that the man who can write so well, who is *facile princeps* in the difficult subject of children's life and ways, should so often give himself up to the bombastic nonsense in which any wild poetaster can rival him.

Another sweet little poem is that (p. 55) in which grandpapa tries to gratify the children's wish for the moon. He can't catch it, and so he explains: "I'll tell you how it is, dears. God knows us, and knows what a grandfather will try to do, *car il est lui-même un peu grand-père*. The only thing He is afraid of is an old man who wants to please the children. He knew that you'd ask me for the moon, and that I should try to get her for you. And that's why He hung her up so high, and the stars, too, quite out of anybody's reach."

Very amusing is the *Poème du Jardin des Plantes*, in which "five years old" and "six years old" have a discussion. "Five" is rather afraid of the elephant, "*il a des cornes dans la bouche*;" but "Six" reassures him with, "*Moi, j'aime l'éléphant, c'est gros*;" which patronising admiration is cut short by "Sept-ans," who hurries them off with, "Don't you see that he is going to hit you with his nose!" The poem reminds us of Thackeray's well-known piece; only Hugo's children are infinitely more natural and childish. They have not yet come to the knowledge of such strange creatures as "wombats wallowing in the straw;" for them even the lion and the tiger are "a kind of wolf."

*Jane Asleep* (p. 199) is an exquisite poem:

"Ne la réveille pas. Cela dort une rose.  
Jeanne au fond du sommeil médite et se compose  
Je ne sais quoi de plus céleste que le ciel,  
De lys en lys, de rêve en rêve, on fait son miel,  
Et l'âme de l'enfant travaille humble et vermeille,  
Dans les songes ainsi que dans les fleurs l'abeille."

In these lovely lines there is an echo of the *Prière pour Tous* of many years ago, where "rêves d'or, essaim tumultueux, sans nombre," are described as settling on the lips of sleeping children. Our author is so intensely real in his love of children and their ways, that such thoughts cease to be for him merely pretty conceits, and assume a substantial reality.

We hope we shall send many readers to the work itself: it will give them a far higher idea of Victor Hugo than the novels lately translated in the *Graphic* and elsewhere. Every parent will feel that the man who can thus glorify the feelings of our common humanity is a true poet, despite his wildness and eccentricity in

other directions. We can well believe what he tells us about the delights of exile, the sweet calm which he found at Hauteville House, after having seen and suffered so much. "I don't think I'd go back (he says) if I could have youth, strength, love, glory, all restored to me." He did go back, not much to his own comfort or the edification of his worshippers; but these poems remain, a touching record of a time of rest in a too troubled life. We should say that the volume is not all about children's prattle. *Les Enfants Pauvres* (p. 247) may well set grown people thinking on one of the greatest problems of the day:

" Dieu, cherchant des etres freles  
Que dans l'ombre où nous sommeillons  
Il nous envoie avec des ailes,  
Les retrouve avec des haillons."

*Epictetus.* A New Translation, with Introduction and Notes. By George Long. Bell and Son. 1877.

THE manual (*Enchiridion*) of Epictetus was to the good Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus what the Bible was to the godly troopers of Cromwell's army. He carried it with him in all his campaigns, in all his visits to outlying provinces. His tutor, Rusticus, whose business seems to have been rather to hold in than to kindle the zealous thoroughness of his imperial pupil, had been one of Epictetus's disciples. Naturally, therefore, in an age when the Antonines are prominently set forward as showing that man can live well from a sense of duty without the sanctions of religion, and that so to live is the highest life, we are interested in ascertaining what were the tenets of him whom several of the best of the emperors accepted as their teacher,

The answer must be, to some extent, unsatisfactory, for Epictetus himself left no written remains. The manual was compiled by his pupil Arrian, from discourses delivered at Nicopolis, in Epirus, whither the Stoic had retired when Domitian, following the precedent of Claudius and others, had banished "the philosophers" from Rome. Arrian's Commentaries have reached us in a fragmentary state; his life of his master has perished. The few facts about Epictetus are that he was a slave (the name means purchased possession) of Hierapolis, in Phrygia, set free by Epaphroditus, the freedman and favourite of Nero. The road to wealth and honour was therefore open to him; for, in Rome, what Horace had so fiercely denounced by anticipation—the rise of the freedman class—had become a fact. But Epictetus, while yet a slave, had become a convert to the Stoic philosophy; and this philosophy, as he understood it, laid on him the duty of teaching others, and, to that end, of living a life of poverty and self-denial. The grand principle of Stoicism,

that "because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequences," becomes in Epictetus' teaching somewhat modified by his firm belief in a wise and benevolent Providence. This has made some suspect that he was, if not a Christian at heart, at any rate saturated with Christian teaching. There seems not the slightest ground for this assumption. Christianity, to adopt a modern phrase, was "in the air," and all earnest teachers were unconsciously more or less modified by it. But direct influence was in that age all but impossible. We see this in the case of Lucian, who, while wholly rejecting the still established heathenism, only once mentions the Christians,\* and then as a set of simple-minded people, the easy dupes of charlatans. That Epictetus did hold to the grand idea of a Providence is remarkable, when we note that Cicero's exposition of the Stoic creed (*De natura Deorum*; where Balbus is the Stoic interlocutor), in which the same belief comes strongly out, is rather Cicero's own than that of the earlier Stoics. These had left the matter in uncertainty; they were Agnostics, not quite so thorough as the Epicureans, but identifying God and necessity, and thereby denying all that follows from the accepted personality of the Divine ruler. Cicero, by the mouth of Balbus, on the other hand, uses arguments which remind us of the Bridgwater Treatises; his appeal to Pomponius's recently constructed orrery is a literal anticipation of Paley's celebrated watch argument. A law, he urges, implies a lawgiver; and Epictetus felt the same though he does not express himself so clearly. No doubt, in both cases, Greek speculation was modified by Roman practicalness, for Epictetus' master was a Roman, Musonius Rufus; and in the hands of men like the Antonines and the "lame Phrygian slave" in whose teaching they delighted, we see the last effort at self-renewal of that old Roman spirit which had made the Republic, but had been unable to stand against Eastern and Hellenic corruptions.

Epictetus' motto is: "bear, and abstain from evil;" if we knew all, we should recognise the complete wisdom and goodness of the Ruler of all. A good deal of his language is strikingly similar to that of St. Paul, and we are glad that Mr. Long's admirable translation enables English readers to compare the two. With him, as with St. Paul, the metaphor of the body and its members is a favourite one, and is even made the basis of argument—as a limb cannot grow apart from the body, so neither can man attain his full development, except as a member of that vast body of which even the family and the State are only subordinate parts, and to which gods as well as men belong—"the whole family in heaven and earth," as the Apostle expresses it. We commend to

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\* Lucian's anti-Christian Tracts are now well known to be forgeries.

the thoughtful Christian these coincidences between the highest form of heathen philosophy and the inspired teaching of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. It is as though God, who by the establishment of the Roman Empire and the reign of peace among men, had paved the way for the rapid spread of Christianity through the most enlightened parts of the world, was also, by the tenets of that Stoicism, which laid such remarkable hold on most of the later Romans who were worthy of the name, preparing the minds of the highest thinkers to accept the truth.

On the doctrine of freewill, Epictetus is very firm. Nothing that is outside us, not even Zeus, can force our choice; the will only can control itself. Will in man must be guided by Reason, the governing power (*τὸ κυρίαον, τὸ ἡγμονικόν*) given to man for this very purpose; he who gives up Reason and suffers himself to be guided by outward things, comes down to the level of the brutes—is like a man who has forgotten his own face: *Ench.* i. 2, 14 (compare St. James). Freedom consists in taking a right measure of our powers, and wholly repudiating anything beyond them; limiting our desires and fears to what we can control.

It is noteworthy that Epictetus calls the true philosopher "the Cynic," and advises him to renounce marriage and family life, that he may devote himself wholly to God's work and the good of man (*iii.* 22, 67). This may be compared with St. Paul's advice about marriage to the Corinthians; and both must be understood with reference to a state of society which good men might well deem hopeless. The great aim of his teaching is to form good habits, so that we may at last come to do the right thing unconsciously. To this end he gives three rules: first, to control our fancies, and thereby our passions and desires; next, to look to duty as our guide; lastly, to follow truth in all things, speculative as well as practical.

In these we see the weakness as well as the strength of the old philosophies. We are thrown back on Pilate's question, when we find Epictetus urging truth and certainty as our aim and object.

This weakness comes out yet more in the deficiency of sanctions. Epictetus' own belief as to the after world is not very clear; if we understand him aright, he seems sometimes to grasp the idea of a future state, at other times to leave it an open question. At any rate he lays no stress on future rewards and punishments; and it has often been sadly proved that only with *amcs d'éternité* will the bare idea of duty be sufficient.

Of Mr. Long's work we can speak in wholly unreserved praise. He might have made more use of his English predecessor, Upton; but he has gone to all the newest sources, and the book is (as we said) valuable to the philosophic student of St. Paul.



## BOUGOT'S ESSAI SUR LA CRITIQUE D'ART.

*Essai sur la Critique d'Art ; ses Principes ; sa Méthode ; son Histoire en France.* Par A. Bougot, ancien élève de l'Ecole normale supérieure, Professeur au Lycée Henri IV. Paris : Hachette et C<sup>ie</sup>.

SOME men flash new truths upon a subject from an inner light within themselves alone, and the light so flashed is vivid, intense, striking. Others shed a milder radiance ; their lamp is fed with the oil from other lamps, and their own task has been mainly one of selection and purification. Or, in other words, since this simile may not itself seem quite clear, some thinkers arrive at their intellectual results by what looks like happy intuition, and some by a careful comparison of opinions, and direct process of reasoning.

M. Bougot pre-eminently belongs to the latter class, and his book is judicious, discriminative, and evidently the fruit of mature study. He is well acquainted with the literature of his subject, and perfectly able—which many great readers are not—to hold his own against his authors. He neither accepts Diderot blindly, nor M. Taine blindly, nor M. Viollet-le-Duc blindly, nor any one else. In short, he is a sober, careful, and independent critic.

And the subject of his book, or rather of its second or larger portion, possesses farther the attraction of novelty. The first which treats of the "relations between criticism and æsthetics pure and applied, and between criticism, and the technics and history of art, . . . and of the best method of preserving oneself from prejudice and error, . . . and of the qualities which the critic should possess in order to apply that method properly," this part is scarcely so new. The rules and methods of art criticism have been discussed before, though not perhaps as systematically. But a history of art criticism—a history, not of art, but of the current opinion of the critics about art—the shadow of a shade some may quite wrongly feel disposed to call it—this has not so far as we know been attempted either in France or England. Such a history offers points of peculiar interest, and a field for very delicate criticism. Nor is there any doubt as to its important bearing on the history of art itself—for it is idle to suppose that the opinion of the spectator—and what is the critic but the spectator who gives expression to his judgment?—does not, speaking generally, exercise an influence on the production of the artist. Possibly in earlier and perhaps better days, before the spectator had a recognised voice, this influence might be very small. But as time went on it grew not to be small, even so long

ago as in the last century ; and that Diderot, the most modern of the art critics of his age, reacted upon the art he criticised is unquestionable.

No one, of course, will become an art critic, or its equivalent, a good judge of architecture, sculpture, and painting, from merely reading M. Bougot's chapters on the "rules and method of art-criticism," and "qualities necessary in the Art Critic," and "applications of the method to a picture by Raphael," and general "conclusions," any more than a painter smarting under unjust treatment would probably be convinced by the chapter on the "advantages of Art Criticism." There is no royal road in the love of art. But there may be kindly hands to point the way. And by the time we have so far followed M. Bougot's directions as to ask ourselves with regard to any specific work, What was the artist's intention when he created it?—was the conception one to which his art was capable of giving legitimate expression?—what was its worth, was it clothed in adequate form and with sufficient technical skill?—when we have done this patiently, and duly considered certain other minor points to which our guide will have called attention, we shall find that we have really made some progress in the right path.

#### BAYLISS'S WITNESS OF ART.

*The Witness of Art, or the Legend of Beauty.* By Wyke Bayliass, Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of London, and Vice-President of the Society of British Artists. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1876.

THIS is a puzzling book, to the reviewer especially, for there is in it an amount of singularity which might be compatible with very exceptional talent. Mr. Wyke Bayliass is sometimes almost eloquent, sometimes trivial ; he is very obviously in earnest, and his earnestness has occasionally a grotesque side. He begins by allegorising the story of "Beauty and the Beast," making the Beast stand for our common unadorned life, and Beauty for art, and he concludes, or almost concludes, with a fierce attack on the "Ingoldsby Legends." He is undeniably rather incoherent ; his paragraphs follow one another in an order for which it is often difficult to account. He believes—and his faculty of belief herein is enviable—that there is a portrait of our Lord in the Catacombs of Rome which, "there is little doubt, . . . was painted by one who had himself seen Christ." Altogether, with his enthusiasms, his admirations and hatreds, his bursts of fervid writing, his colloquialisms, his homelinesses, his occasional bathos, his frequent quotations of poetry, his very genuinely religious tone, he is, as we have said, not a little puzzling.

He is puzzling, because, with so much that is singular in manner, we seem to have a right to expect more that is original, or at any rate striking, in substance. But this we scarcely get. That art is God's message to us about the beautiful; that "the antique" shows forth the highest development of physical beauty; that "the Renaissance," or, as we should prefer to call it, the Renaissance, enlarged the classic ideal, and dealt with expression as well as form; that the glory of "the modern schools" lies chiefly in landscape; that a cornfield is a very beautiful thing; that a great many modern poets have written about nature in an exquisite manner; that there is a good deal to be said about the use of the supernatural in art; that "kissing carrion," or, more prosaically, writing about the human form after death in a tone of jesting, is unseemly—it scarcely wants a Daniel to come to judgment on such matters as these. Mr. Ruskin has gone over most of Mr. Baylies's ground before, leaving, as it appears to us, not much for the latter to glean after him. However, we are not infallible, and we may be doing Mr. Baylies wrong. His book may waken a fuller and more pleasant echo in other minds than, as we confess, it has done in our own. And that we may do him as little wrong as possible, he shall speak for himself in a characteristic passage. "It may be said that 'fiends,' after all that art can do for them, are still very far from being 'things of beauty.' That depends upon the point from which they are viewed. Is the hippopotamus a 'thing of beauty'? As he lolls against the bars of his prison-house, with rolling eyes, and huge mouth opened wide for cakes and sweet-meats, it must be admitted that his shape is not elegant, and that his countenance is not attractive. But in his right place it is a very different matter. On the broad shores of the Nile, where the landscape is shimmering under the blaze of a tropical sun, where as far as the eye can reach there is nothing but the burning stillness of the vast solitude of vegetation without life—see that mighty rush, as Leviathan passes through the water! see the white foam lashed to the skies, and through it the purple and gold of the harness, iridescent with light startled from its sleep upon the river. The sea-horse is himself again! Offer him a biscuit now!

"It is thus with the grotesque. The gargoyle of which I have made a sketch, if placed upon a pedestal in a drawing-room, would not add a grace to the apartment. But in its right place—high up, that is, on Amiens Cathedral, casting its deep shadow from the meridian sun, or touched by the silver of the moonlight—there it is good art, judged even by the royal standards of truth and beauty."

And now a word about Thomas Ingoldby. That refinement was not his forte may readily be conceded. But really there is no evidence that the *Jackdaw of Rheims* was "put for-

ward as a satire on the belief in the supernatural efficacy of a priest's curse." As Mr. Baylies himself points out, the poem actually does teach that a priest's curse is particularly efficacious, for "the poor little bird" suffered terribly from the imprecations heaped upon it, and recovered wonderfully when the anathema was removed. But, then, why insist on saddling the poet with the counter-lesson? Why make of him—what he certainly was not—a didactic person? So, again, Mr. Baylies is greatly exercised at "an abbot" being represented as "sitting down to a jolly dinner in vestments peculiar to the Eucharistic sacrifice;" and he adds in a note, "there are some who may be disposed to condone such a blunder, on the ground that five-and-twenty years ago an English clergyman need not have been acquainted with the usages of an alien Church. But such a plea is simply preferring the fire to the frying-pan. If the reverend author did not know the meaning of 'dalmatic' and 'maniple,' and could not find those words in the dictionary, how came he to venture to write about them?" Poor Tom Ingoldsby! He was scarcely writing a treatise on "vestments," and may, perhaps, be forgiven for not having possessed the gift of prophecy to foresee that the terms he was playing with so lightly would one day become the watchwords of eager and angry combatants. Did he know the meaning of those terms? It seems quite possible that he did, but thought a little ecclesiastical jargon—such was the view of those benighted times—would add another touch of grotesqueness to his verse. For ourselves, we confess that we have so far studied this matter in the school of Gallo, as to regard even the hypothesis of his ignorance with equanimity.

#### WORKS BY MR. DARWIN.

*The Effects of Cross- and Self-Fertilisation in the Vegetable Kingdom.* By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: Jno. Murray. 1876.

*The Various Contrivances by which Orchids are Fertilised by Insects.* By Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., &c. Second Edition. London: Jno. Murray. 1877.

BOTH these books are not only of remarkable value, but full of what must be of the highest interest to thoughtful minds. The former is the formal statement of what has been repeatedly and with great force asserted by Mr. Darwin, which is, that there is a great repugnance in nature to the fertilisation of plants by means of their own pollen. That cross-fertilisation is essential to the successful preservation of a species or variety. The pollen of a given plant must not be suffered to become the fertilising agent of its own seeds.

It is well known now that the equivalent of a sexual method

of fecundation is found throughout the entire realm of biology—from the base to the apex of the whole organic series. The most lowly organised of nature's life-forms, as well as the most complex and gorgeous, depend for their continuity upon this. But amongst plants a thousand contrivances are found, exquisite in their adaptations, which are merely to avoid the evil arising from the pollen of a flower falling on its own stigmatic surface, and so effecting self-fertilisation. Thus it frequently happens that the pollen is borne upon one flower, and the "pistil," or seed-casket, is in another. A common example of this is the willow. More striking still, the flowers bearing the pollen may grow on one plant, and the flowers bearing the stigmatic surface, and the seed to be fertilised, are borne upon another and wholly separate plant. This is the case with the hop. Now, it is manifest that the pollen, if it reach the stigmatic surfaces, must do so by some agency outside the plant itself. This is accomplished in nature on a large scale by the agency of wind. The common hazel is a good example. It flowers from January to March, that is, at a time when few insects are on the wing, and when the winds are strong and gusty, and before the foliage leaves have opened to prevent their action. The flowers are of two kinds—catkins, which are simply pollen-bearing flowers, and seed-bearing flowers crowned with tinted filaments, moistened with a viscid fluid, which, as the air rushes past, laden with the exquisitely delicate pollen grains, catches by its viscosity many of these, and fertilisation is secured.

The quantity of pollen thus discharged is one of the comparatively few extravagances of nature. But if a yew tree in a pollen-bearing state be shaken, the pollen rises like a dense smoke; and the American larches, which adjoin the vast pine woods, are, at the pollen-yielding season, covered with a rich yellow layer of simply wasted pollen.

But in the majority of plants, the structure of the pollen, or the relative arrangement of stamens and pistils, with many other conditions, renders fertilisation by wind impossible; and it is here that insect agency becomes so indispensable and fraught with adaptation. Every one has observed how assiduously flowers are visited by insects. They are attracted by two things—scent and colour; and these are both guides to the honey or nectar of which the insect is in search. This honey is so placed in an immense proportion of the flowers of the globe, that, by a thousand entrancing adaptations, the insect in reaching it must carry away the pollen from one flower, and from its exquisitely-arranged position deposit it on the stigmatic surface of another of the same species. This explains how it is that in the majority of cases richly-scented flowers are not highly coloured or gorgeously decorated—either scent or colour may be a guide to

the hungry insect. And, for the same reason, flowers that bloom at night are very pale, or white.

Now, one of the means by which flowers are prevented from effecting their own fertilisation is, that when the pollen is ripe and ejected, the stigmatic surface of the same flower is *not* ripe; that is, is not covered with its viscid secretion, and therefore the pollen will not adhere, and no result can follow. Clearly, therefore, unless such a flower receive pollen in some way when its stigmatic surface is ripe, its seed will never be fertilised.

A beautiful instance of how this is effected is seen in the southern English wild flower known as the Birthwort. It is a trumpet-shaped flower, with its smaller end fastened to a small hollow ball. Within this latter are to be found the anthers with their pollen and the stigmatic surfaces of the pistils. The tube of the flowers is small, and will only admit small insects. The nectar is in the ball at the bottom. The tube is lined with *stiff hairs*, set at an angle with the sides of the tube, and pointing downwards. They are quite stiff, but leave just opening enough for the passage *downwards* of a small insect. It enters, let us suppose, laden with pollen from another flower. The stigmatic surface, when the flower is in this condition, is ripe; its viscid surface consequently receives the pollen which adheres to it as the insect creeps over it in search of nectar. But, having satisfied itself, on seeking exit from the flower the insect finds itself a prisoner! The bristle-like points directed downwards admitted of its ingress, but their position makes egress impossible! Hence, the tiny prisoner must content itself with the honey which it finds in this particular flower. Meanwhile, the pollen brought by the insect has done its work; the stigma dries and withers, and the anthers open and discharge their pollen, with which of necessity the insect is at once charged. At the same time the needle-like hairs *dry up* and wither away, and the insect can escape to bear the pollen of this flower to another. To complete the whole, a sort of *flap* at the top of the tube of this flower falls down and closes the entrance from future ingress.

In the common pink, thyme, and many others, the same method, with less complex or varying details, is adopted. In the cross-leaved heath, the most delicate mechanical contrivance is adopted to compel the bee, in getting at the nectar, to open the pollen box, that the dust may fall where of necessity it must come into contact with the stigma of the next flower. While in instances in which self-fertilisation is adopted—quite the exception—the method by which this is effected only intensifies the meaning, and gives additional meaning to the delicate contrivances by which it is sought to be avoided.

In the common sage, again, the mechanical adaptations by which the visiting bee is made to secure the cross-fertilisation of

the plant, whilst it obtains the honey which it seeks, are simply mechanical refinements of the highest order.

To the developments of the wonders which this subject discloses the former of these books is devoted; and we need scarcely say that the work is done as no other could have done it.

The second book, by the same gifted author, is written to explain in special detail the absolute perfection which the agency of insects in the fertilisation of orchids has reached. The mutual adaptations are simply entrancing. Even in the common purple orchid of our meadows this is abundantly seen. Like the whole family, it has a "spur," in which the honey is secreted; at the entrance of this spur the pollen masses are fixed. They are set in a very delicate membrane, which breaks on the slightest touch. When it is broken, the bases of these pollen masses are exposed, and these are covered with a viscid fluid. The result is, that the insect, alighting on the lip of the flower, pushes its proboscis down the spur, breaks the delicate membrane, and exposes the viscid discs of the pollen masses, which immediately stick to the trunk, and in a few seconds harden—firmly fixed to this part of the insect. But, if they were to harden, and become glued at right angles to the trunk or proboscis, the insect could not get the trunk into the next flower. The result is, that in hardening the pollen masses *bend down*, so as to be nearly horizontal with the trunk. Now, in going to the next flower, the laden proboscis has to push its way down past the stigmatic surface, and the result is that the pollen is wiped off and the flower fertilised.

It is impossible in the space at our disposal to do justice to this beautiful subject: the contrivances are so manifold; the adaptations so refined and palpable. But we may note that in the *Caseantines*—a group of foreign orchids—the complexity of contrivance is only rivalled by the precision with which the end is secured. The insect creeps into the flower and seeks the nectar. In doing so it must touch a spur: this is sensitive in so high a degree that when it is touched it causes the rupture of a delicate membrane, which restrains an elastic pollen mass: this at once springs out with immense force, and strikes the insect with a gunnery surface or die. The result is that it adheres; and the insect flies away, startled, to seek another flower; and in doing so wipes the pollen off on to the surface that requires it.

But few things are more marvellous than the fact that there in a wonderful orchid known as *Agrostis asperigifolia*, which has a spur,—not three-quarters of an inch, but actually from eleven to twelve inches in length. At the base of these wonderful spurs there is an inch and a half of honey. This could only be for the attraction and access of insects. But no insect could be found at the time with so enormous a proboscis as to reach down to this nectar. But, said Mr. Darwin, in effect, there must be such an

insect, or the plant must speedily perish. And the result is that careful search has brought it to light. Herr Frits Müller has found the very insect—sent home its proboscis, which is no less than eleven inches long, and a drawing of which appeared some time since in *Nature*, taken from an original photograph.

Now it is impossible for the student of Theology to be unmoved by such wonderful evidences of *present adaptation* as are disclosed by these researches. Paley would indeed have found them to be priceless treasures—irresistible witnesses. But we may query much if Paley's argument as it *now stands* would ever have been given to the world, if these and kindred facts had been known to him. To affirm that any set of adaptations, any group of adjustments, leading up to a well-defined and exquisitely accomplished end, was *the* purpose for which it was all devised, is now known to be an unwarrantable assumption. The facts of nature forbid it. Variation is a primal law of nature. There was a time when, in the vast majority of cases, it could be affirmed that *present* adaptations did not exist. There may be, in the future, a time when again they shall be succeeded by others. There is no "final cause" within *our* ken. But there is a sublime capacity in nature to adjust itself to varying conditions, and amidst all variations to preserve concurrent adaptation—to balance the details of design to the end to be accomplished throughout all vicissitudes. And thus, instead of the device of an artificer, conceived and completed—destined to be that and nothing else—the great Creator has vested vital forms not only with a rigid precision of adjustment and adaptation to present circumstances, but with an elastic power of gradual *readaptation* to new and varying conditions, which makes design in nature not merely a thing that *has been*, but a thing that *is*; and thus indicates the presence and constant action of a great and unsearchable, but benevolent Spirit.

#### WORKS ON PHYSICS.

*Natural Philosophy for Beginners.* With numerous examples.

By I. Todhunter, M.A., F.R.S., Honorary Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Part I. The Properties of Solid and Fluid Bodies. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

*Lessons in Elementary Physics.* By Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, The Owens College, Manchester. London: Macmillan and Co.

BOTH these volumes are, as their titles show, elementary treatises; designed as an introduction to a very important branch of natural science, and are the work of men thoroughly versed in science.



Mr. Todhunter's volume treats only of Solids and Fluids, but is to be followed by another on Sound, Light, and Heat. If it be equal to the one now before us, the two will together form the best elementary treatise on Natural Philosophy yet published in the English language. The amount of mathematical knowledge required is reduced to a minimum; arithmetic is substituted for algebra, and there are added a few of the simplest geometrical figures and their properties. The subjects throughout are brought down with that ease which is so characteristic of Mr. Todhunter to the comprehension of the class for whom the work is designed, and yet he has not left unnoticed a single topic of any importance that is customarily treated of in more elaborate works on Statics, Dynamics, and Hydrostatics. The number and variety of the problems—over five hundred in all—adds greatly to the value of the book. They are all solvable by arithmetical processes, and yet stimulate without overtaxing the invention of the student. It thus becomes possible to introduce Natural Philosophy at an earlier stage than before, and in a form likely to prove as vigorous a discipline to the mind as can be afforded by geometrical or algebraical exercises, with the additional advantage that in Natural Philosophy we deal with the laws of the visible universe instead of abstract conceptions, and can continually verify by experiment what we have proved by deduction, instead of communicating to the mind that introverted direction of its energies which is the bane of mere mathematics.

The arrangement and treatment of the subjects are as skilful as their selection. This appears the more clearly by comparison with Dr. Stewart's book, the chief faults of which are undue compression in some parts combined with unnecessary detail in others, the capricious length or brevity of the lessons, the grouping of many different subjects together in the same lesson, and the absence of sets of examples. There is much animation in Dr. Stewart's style, more than in Mr. Todhunter's: we seem, as we read, to be in the company of an enthusiastic physicist and physico-metaphysical philosopher. But his step is most uneven. Anon he gives ample illustrations of some not very important point, and anon he lets fall mysterious hints on points that are important, whose bearing or meaning the unassisted reader can hardly hope to see. Its more popular style, to some extent, redeems these palpable defects, and renders Dr. Stewart's book a very valuable auxiliary and supplement to the more methodical and comprehensive work of Mr. Todhunter, which cannot but speedily become a favourite with all who are engaged in the instruction of youth.

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