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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1883.

- ART. I.—1. *A Text Book of Geology*. By ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, LL.D., F.R.S., Director-General of the Geological Survey, &c. London: Macmillan and Co. 1882.
2. *Physical Geology*. By A. H. GREEN, M.A., F.G.S., Professor of Geology in the Yorkshire College of Science, Leeds. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1877.
3. *The Chain of Life in Geological Time*. By J. W. DAWSON, LL.D., F.R.S., &c., Principal of McGill College and University, Montreal. Religious Tract Society. 1883.

GEOLOGY has become one of the most fascinating branches of natural science. Far is it from being what the casual observer might judge it to be, a mere assemblage of hard names and dry facts, for some of the most interesting problems in cosmology, zoology, and anthropology, are vitally associated with the discoveries and doctrines of the geologist. The laws by which the Creator has brought our globe from primeval conditions to what it now is, the origin and history of life, the age of man and the surroundings of his earliest existence, as well as many facts that have an important bearing upon his material wealth and comfort, are all embraced within the domain of geological research and speculation.

Although one of the newest of the sciences,—for many who still live are old enough to remember William Smith, “the father of geology,” the humble land surveyor who in

1815 published the first geological map—yet it already covers so vast a field, and includes such a diversity of subjects, that not even the specialist, who devotes the whole of his strength and time to its study, can hope to become completely master of all its branches. The chemist's skill is needed in examining the nature and composition of rocks, the laws of physics have to be applied to the deposition of strata, the minutest facts of botany and comparative anatomy must be familiar to the successful student of fossils, while the diversified knowledge of the antiquarian is essential to the full appreciation of those discoveries which bear on the origin of the human race. Some of the subdivisions of geology, such as mineralogy, petrology, and palæontology, are rapidly assuming the aspect and proportions of separate sciences, for it is being recognised that no one man can now push his inquiries to their furthest limits, unless he more or less concentrates his attention upon a narrower field than that which could have been easily traversed by him in the days of Sidgwick or Murchison. The divisions of Mr. Geikie's ponderous book are cosmology; geognosy, which has to do with the chemical composition of the earth's crust; dynamical geology; geotechnic or structural geology; palæontology; stratigraphical geology; and physiographical geology. With such an array of subjects to deal with, it is not very surprising that towards the end of the volume the author should seem to grow somewhat weary of his task, but it is nevertheless unfortunate that his treatment of the fossil contents of the various strata, the most essential portion of geological science, should suffer. Theoolitic series, and especially the tertiary formations, seem to us to have received far less attention than their importance demands.

Mr. Green, in his present book, deals only with the physical aspects of geology, and intends shortly to supplement it with a volume on the life history of the strata. In the domain to which it is limited, Professor Green's work is most satisfactory, and, as we shall have occasion to show further on, he has had the courage to break free from that fascination of authority which has long held geological writers enchained, and which has manifested an enormous craving for long periods of time in the various changes which the earth's crust has undergone.

Professor Dawson's little work is an admirable exposition of the fatal difficulties in the way of modern theories of

development and descent which are presented in the geological chain of life.

A knowledge of geology has many advantages. In agriculture it is well known that soils depend largely on the nature of the subjacent strata for those constituents which determine their fertility and their fitness for certain kinds of vegetable produce. The cornbrash of the oolitic formation is well understood to be peculiarly fitted for the production of wheat, and the sandy soils of triassic Cheshire are specially suitable for the potato. Some species of plants seem to require certain kinds of deposits, and are rarely found elsewhere. The *Arenaria Norwegica* is confined in the Shetlands to serpentine rock, and the *Erica vagans* in Cornwall is mostly found along the course of metalliferous veins. In mining industry more especially geological knowledge is essential. For lack of it many unsuccessful ventures have been made and much capital lost. In Great Britain coal is almost entirely limited to the carboniferous strata, the only slight exceptions being the oolitic coal of Brora and the miocene of Bovey Tracey. Mistakes with regard to these strata and the laws of superposition of rocks have often been made in the search for coal, and have resulted in expensive failures. Not long ago a speculator, one of those "practical" men who are in the habit of assuming a lofty superiority to the principles of science, spent a considerable sum of money in working for coal in the dark-coloured Silurian shales of Tullygirvan, notwithstanding that every blow of the pick turned out a crowd of graptolites, which would have informed any tyro in geology that those rocks had been deposited countless ages before the carboniferous forest begun to grow. Some years ago Lord Londonderry bored for coal in the old red sandstone at Mount Stewart, where any geologist could have told him, from the position of the mountain limestone, that the search would be in vain.

On the other hand, coal has often been discovered where no signs of its presence were visible near the surface, simply from observation of the outcrop and inclination of neighbouring rocks. In Somersetshire it was believed that the Permian formation was absent, and that consequently the coal deposits would lie immediately under the new red sandstone, which was actually found to be the case. One of the most remarkable instances of this kind of geological induction is the familiar prediction of Sir R.

Murchison, that gold might be found in Australia. In *Siluria*, Sir Roderick writes :

“Having, in the year 1844, recently returned from the auriferous Ural Mountains, I had the advantage of examining the numerous specimens collected by Count Strzelecki along the eastern chain of Australia. Seeing the great similarity of the rocks of those two distant countries, I could have little difficulty in drawing a parallel between them ; in doing which I was naturally struck by the circumstance that no gold had yet been found in the Australian ridge, which I termed in anticipation the Cordillera. Impressed with the conviction that gold would sooner or later be found in the great British colony, I learned in 1846 that a specimen of the ore had been discovered. I thereupon encouraged the unemployed miners of Cornwall to emigrate and dig for gold as they dig for tin in the gravel of their own district. These notices were, as far as I know, the first published documents relating to Australian gold.”

Geological studies are valuable, not only from a practical and utilitarian point of view, but also for educational purposes. As a means of cultivating the faculty of observation, geological research is unsurpassed ; and if it is not quite so effective an instrument in training the reasoning powers as mathematics are usually said to be, yet the imagination, which is the fountain of ingenuity and invention, is continually occupied by it in a manner that is impossible in the case of some of those studies which constitute the staple of the time-honoured curriculum of most of our leading colleges. The full-orbed mind cannot of course be developed without the severe reasoning required by mathematics, and there must also be the cultivation of taste by the study of classic elegancies, but the perfection of mental life demands, as Clerk Maxwell expressed it, “a mystery to move in,” which cannot be afforded by the inanimate vocables of language, nor the fixed demonstrations of mathematics, but is supplied by the vast unsettled problems of such sciences as geology, which have not yet been worked out into crystallised propositions and stereotyped definitions. The very stones beneath our feet, if interrogated, become eloquent with exciting stories of primeval times and archaic modes of life ; the frowning peak of basalt towering over the richly-wooded glen, reveals the stupendous nature of those convulsions which burst the rock ribs of the pre-Adamite earth ; the long diversified

ridges of limestone, crowded with marine fossils, awaken wonder at the marvellous upheavals of continents which have taken place since those picturesque mountains lay under fathoms of water; the thickly strewn boulders, now variegated with lichens, bear silent witness to the terrific force of those vast ice rivers which bore their rocky burdens from far off regions to the valleys which they stud; and the endless forms of minute organisms in almost every kind of rock and earth declare unmistakably that even "the dust we tread upon was once alive."

The geologist then may, without presumption, claim a more dignified function, and a far nobler mission, than belong to the mere stone-breaker or babbler of jargon. The conception of him given in the following lines from the *Excursion* is as remote from accuracy as anything well could be, and Wordsworth would have been among the first to admit this, had he lived to see the recent developments of geological science :

" You may trace him oft
By scars which his activity has left,
He who with pocket hammer smites the edge
Of every luckless rock or stone that stands
Before his sight, by weather stains disguised,
Or crusted o'er with vegetation thin
In its first growth, detaching by the stroke
A chip or splinter, to resolve his doubts,
And with that ready answer satisfied,
Doth to the substance give some barbarous name,
'Then hurries on, or from the fragments picks
His specimen."

The birth of geology was a necessary consequence of the growth of human intelligence. Men could not go on for ever believing that thousands of feet of limestone, built up of coral and mollusca, as well as enormous deposits of coal, with its huge sigillariæ and lepidodendriacæ, were produced by the Noachian deluge; nor could the human mind always remain satisfied with such explanations as that ammonites were ancient serpents, beheaded and petrified by some beneficent Romish saint. The wonder is that men, having facts and materials at hand for forming better opinions, should have failed so long to decipher nature's great stone book. At the beginning of this century two rival theories concerning the method of stratification

prevailed—the Neptunian, originated by Werner of Fribourg, which attributed everything to the agency of water; and the Plutonic, founded by Dr. Hutton, which recognised igneous action as the chief factor. Then followed the sustained and noble labours of Adam Sedgwick, Murchison, Hugh Miller, Sir H. de la Beche, Sir C. Lyell, Ramsay, W. Boyd Dawkins, and a host of others, by whom geology has been brought to its present state of comparative perfection. Professor Huxley has arranged geologists in three classes:

(1.) The Catastrophic school. Its disciples held that each formation was terminated by a stupendous cataclysm or series of convulsions, followed by a new creation of life adapted to the altered condition of the earth.

(2.) The Uniformitarian school, which is most adequately represented by Sir C. Lyell. Hutton had already laid it down in his *Theory of the Earth* that “no powers are to be employed that are not natural to the globe; no actions to be admitted of except those of which we know the principle; and no extraordinary events to be alleged in order to explain a common appearance.” But it was not till Lyell revived this doctrine, and brought to bear upon it an unprecedented assemblage of facts, that it became generally adopted. It was soon perceived, however, that even geologic time could not suffice for all the demands made upon it, if the forces of nature always worked precisely as they do now, especially as some of the most revolutionary changes in strata and life had to be compressed into the briefest epochs. Hence arose

(3.) The Evolutionist school, whose distinctive tenet is that the life history of a species begins with its lowest forms in the earlier strata, and goes on developing into other types through all succeeding ages, thus corresponding with the growth of the individual, from the ovum to the adult. This school may be regarded as an amalgamation of the other two, for it supposes volcanic and other agencies on a vast scale as a solution of the difficulties which press upon the Uniformitarian in regard to the distribution of geologic time.

We cannot, within the compass of our space, glance even superficially at all the topics embraced in geological science: we shall confine our attention to those of its problems which have become prominent during the last quarter of a century.

The subject which furnishes the most natural starting

point is of a cosmological character, and is concerned in the origin of the earth. The earlier geologists aimed only at an examination of the materials of which the earth's crust is composed, but it was not long before many significant facts were brought to light which bore upon the primordial condition of the globe. Hutton held that it was not within the province of the geologist to discuss the origin of things, and he maintained that in the sources from which cosmological evidence is derived there could be found "no traces of a beginning, no prospect of an end." Hutton, however, was but a pioneer in this domain, and confessedly took a narrow view of the scope of geology, though his labours were of the highest value. As the laws of superposition of strata became more perfectly understood by the study of cliffs, river beds, quarries, and mines, in which deposits lie at varying angles of inclination, it was perceived that, as Playfair expressed it, "men can see further into the interior of the globe than they are aware of, and geologists are reproached without reason for forming theories of the earth, when all they can do is but to make a few scratches on the surface."

The human mind is not satisfied with any investigation which stops short of the beginning of things; and it is only natural that, having acquired some knowledge of the earth's crust, men should go on to ask whether our planet always had a crust, and how it assumed its present condition. The nebular hypothesis is the answer usually given to these inquiries. After the inception of this theory in the imagination of Kant, it was shown to have some probability by the astronomical researches of Laplace and Sir W. Herschel, and still more by the spectroscopic investigations of Mr. Lockyer, which show that the chemical constituents of the earth's crust include all the elements known to exist in celestial bodies, and that many terrestrial substances occur in a state of incandescent vapour in the sun. M. Plateau has also demonstrated that the earth's flattened poles are consistent with the supposition that it was once a rotating fluid, for he has obtained an oblate spheroid with small satellites from the circular motion of isolated bubbles of oil.

Admirable as this theory may be as a working hypothesis, we cannot disguise the fact that it is far from presenting a complete explanation of all the phenomena concerned. Professing to begin at the beginning, it

postulates an actual universe. The nebula is assumed, not proved nor accounted for, neither is any light thrown upon the origin and nature of that rotary motion which is said to have resulted in the formation of outside rings which, by continued condensation, at length broke off from the central mass of fire-mist, and constituted in succession the various members of the planetary system. The retrograde revolution of the satellites of Uranus and Neptune tells against the theory, though it has been suggested that this anomaly might be accounted for by the contact of some vast mass foreign to our solar system, which may have swept through those planets while in their nebular state, begetting local eddies of a contrary direction to that in which the planet itself rotated. As regards the oblate shape of the earth, it is felt by many that there ought to be a greater flattening at the poles than is the case, if our globe had cooled from a highly gaseous condition through long epochs of time. The densities of the different planets also constitute a difficulty; for although Jupiter, according to the theory, must have been thrown off long ages before those periods of time, almost infinite, which geologists demand for the deposition of the earth's strata, yet his density is only about that of water. The vastness of his bulk, which is assigned as a solution of this difficulty, hardly touches the case, for the sun, which is the residuum of the primitive nebula, and which is of far greater size than Jupiter, is yet heavier than it. We might also ask how heat could be given off from the original fire-mist if all space were equally pervaded by it. And if it be said—as, however, no scientific person would say—that beyond the nebula was a vacuum into which the heat was given off, it is enough to answer that radiation is impossible in a vacuum, and can only occur where there is matter or ether unequally heated. To make the nebular hypothesis scientifically perfect there must be assumed an external force, or source of energy, by whose agency the primordial gas was called into being, and then compressed so as to produce the heat and the motion postulated.

A question closely allied with this of the earth's primordial condition is that which refers to the character of its inaccessible interior. This is a fascinating inquiry, and is not one of idle curiosity. If we could understand what is transpiring in the bowels of our planet, we should

obtain truer conceptions of the nature of those vast forces which have caused the contortion, upheaval, and faulting of strata; we should probably be able to estimate more accurately the duration of the geological epochs; and possibly we should better understand those mysterious organic revolutions which the fossils of the various formations record, but do not explain. Till very recently the belief has prevailed that the temperature of the earth's crust increases so rapidly the deeper we penetrate that it may be supposed impossible for any substance to remain in anything but a vaporous condition. Now, however, it is being accepted that the pressure of the superincumbent strata, added to the fact that during the cooling of the primeval gas the heavier particles would sink towards the centre, requires that we should regard the earth as practically a solid globe.

As an instance of the value of certain kinds of evidence, it may be noticed that the nebular theory lends itself admirably to either of these inconsistent hypotheses. The centre of the earth is undoubtedly heavier than the more superficial portions, even if it be not solid; for the density of the globe, as a whole, is double the average density of the outside rocks. After alluding to the treatment of this problem by Professor Stokes, Mr. Hopkins, and Sir W. Thomson, Mr. Geikie sums up his elaborate comparison of the various theories advanced by saying:

"It appears highly probable that the substance of the earth's interior is at the melting point proper for the pressure at each depth. Any relief from pressure, therefore, may allow of the liquefaction of the matter so relieved. Such relief is doubtless afforded by the corrugation of mountain chains, and other terrestrial ridges. And it is in these lines of uprise that volcanoes and other manifestations of subterranean heat actually show themselves" (p. 54).

The methods by which the age of the earth and of its different strata may be approximately estimated are recognised as a very important object of consideration by geologists; for upon their reliability depends the value of much of the evidence that bears on the history and development of life upon the earth.

It seems almost incredible now that only fifty years ago it was generally believed that the earth was no more than six or seven thousand years old. When Adam

Sidgwick preached his famous sermon before Cambridge University in 1832, in which he urged that "the manifestations of God's power upon the earth have not been limited to the few thousand years of man's existence," a perfect storm of opposition was aroused. One brother clergyman, in a seething pamphlet, made the belief in the recent origin of the globe a sort of *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*, and quoted the following note from Luther's *Commentary on Genesis*, in a way that showed his intense conviction of its accuracy, "Nos ex Mose scimus, mundum, ante sex millia annorum, nondum extitisse. Id philosopho homini nullo modo poterit persuaderi."

The ordinary method of approaching this subject is by observing the rate at which changes of a geological character are progressing at the present time. Dr. Croll, in *Climate and Time*, calculates that the sedimentary deposits of the earth's crust could not have taken less than 60,000,000 years, and may have occupied much more. Dr. Haughton, estimating the present rate of deposition at one foot in 8,616 years, and supposing former stratification to have proceeded ten times as rapidly as now, obtains a minimum of 200,000,000 years as the entire geologic duration. Sir W. Thomson has looked at the problem in the light of physical law, of which he considers three kinds.

(1.) The internal heat and rate of cooling of the earth. By means of Fourier's theory of thermal conductivity, he calculates that the superficial consolidation of the globe could not have occurred less than 20,000,000 years ago, or the internal heat would be greater than it is, nor more than 400,000,000 years ago, or there would be no increase of heat at greater depths, and concludes that the limit is probably within 100,000,000 years.

(2.) The tidal retardation of the earth's rotation. If the globe had become solid at any higher antiquity than about 100,000,000 years the friction of the tide wave would have ceased sooner, and consequently the earth would have rotated more rapidly than it has done, which would have resulted in a greater flattening at the poles.

(3.) The origin and age of the sun's heat. It is supposed that if the sun has cooled at a uniform rate it could not have supplied the earth for more than about 20,000,000 years. Thomson does not concur in the views of extreme Uniformitarian geologists, and consequently objections of this nature have no weight with him. Professor Green

has had the courage to break loose, though not so completely as we could have wished, from the spell of authority, and to modify the enormous demands for time which geologists have, for the most part, made. He declares it to be impossible that Uniformitarianism can be true, even for a limited time, and points out that when the earth was hotter than now, all phenomena which depend on heat, such as metamorphism, volcanic energy and con-tortion, must have been more energetic; and that, if the sun was also hotter, all operations depending on meteorological conditions, such as denudation, must have proceeded on a far larger scale than now.

It must be long before this branch of geological inquiry can be regarded as anything more than fascinating speculation. Only after prolonged and laborious investigations will satisfactory conclusions be reached, and hence, as Mr. Green observes, we ought to be "very careful how we take our own epoch as necessarily the type of all time, past and to come" (p. 522).

More practical is the subsidiary part of this subject, which has to do with the determination of geologic measures for the various strata of the tertiary period, for the purpose of estimating the ages of living animals, and especially of man, though here also there is room for the wildest speculation. These measures may be regarded as of four kinds,—Climatological, Geological, Palæontological, and Geographical.

Changes of a climatal character are known to have occurred on our globe from the fact that the fauna and flora of different periods are shown by their fossil remains to have been distributed in such ways as indicate, at one time, tropical heat, and, at another time, Arctic cold in the same region. During the pleistocene age there is evidence of an incontrovertible sort that ice must have been a far more energetic agent in north and middle Europe than is now the case, and hence we have what is called the glacial period, further subdivided by some geologists into glacial and interglacial ages. These glacial deposits consist of beds of clay and coarse gravel, together with huge fragments and boulders, many of which seem to have no connection with the neighbouring rocks, but which have evidently been conveyed by glaciers from districts more or less remote. It is supposed by most geologists that at the close of the pliocene age, and after the forest bed of

Cromer had been laid, the cold in Northern Europe and America became far more severe than at present; and that Scotland, Cumberland, and Wales, and eastern England, as far south as Norfolk, were enveloped intermittently in vast ice-sheets, such as now exist in the interior of Greenland. The moraines, the Scotch "till," or boulder clay, the *roches moutonnées*, and the striated rocks, such as can be seen in the Pass of Llanberis, date from this period. On the Norfolk coast are found the remains of Arctic plants, *Salix polaris*, *Betula nana*, &c., showing that since the deposition of the forest bed, there must have been a lowering of at least 20° in the average temperature of this district, a difference as great as that which now exists between Norfolk and the North Cape. These glacial beds, Mr. Geikie affirms, are split up into various "inconstant and local interstratifications," representing a group of deposits of different ages, and formed under varying conditions. These "interglacial beds," as he calls them, are regarded by him as proving a series of alternations in climate during the pleistocene age. Various suggestions are offered in explanation of these supposed alternations of heat and cold. Mr. James Geikie, in his *Great Ice Age*, accounts for them by the varying inclination of the earth's axis causing the relative position of the two poles with respect to the sun to be reversed at different periods. Others have thought it possible that the solar system, which is known to move in the heavens, has passed through hotter and colder portions of interstellar space. Mr. A. Geikie prefers to attribute all such changes to the alterations which may have taken place in the eccentricity of the earth's orbit. Dr. Croll has carefully developed this whole subject in his *Climate and Time*. The earth is about 14,000,000 miles farther from the sun when in aphelion than when in the perihelion of its orbit. If from the precession of the equinoxes winter in the northern hemisphere should happen when the earth is in the aphelion, the heat received from the sun would be one-fifth less during winter, and one-fifth greater during summer than now. If, on the other hand, winter came when the earth was in perihelion it would be 14½ million miles nearer the sun in winter than in summer, and the difference of temperature between winter and summer in our latitudes would be almost obliterated. This is not of itself, however, considered sufficient to account for the excessive cold of the glacial age,

but other agents, such as ice, snow, and fogs, are held to have completed all the conditions necessary. Upon these considerations Mr. Geikie has based his theory of interglacial periods. The precession of the equinoxes, according to the present rate of motion, would have reversed the state of things every 10,500 years. It can be seen, then, how important is the question of these "interglacial beds" as bearing on the duration of the pleistocene age, in which appeared, for the first time, many of the living species of mammals, as well as the implements and bones which indicate the existence of man. Indeed, it is probable that some of these speculations owe their origin to a desire to maintain the high antiquity of the human race.

There is abundant reason, however, for hesitating to accept these views. The Arctic plants which have been found in low latitudes may have drifted thither in marine currents, and even the remains of animals belonging to colder lands which have been exhumed in England may indicate only migration during the winter at a time when geographical conditions were not what they are now. It is quite opposed to Mr. Geikie's hypothesis that tropical animals are found associated with those of northern regions. The musk deer and polar fox travelled as far as the Pyrenees; the reindeer migrated to Switzerland; while on the same area, and according to reliable evidence, at the very same time, existed the lion, hyæna, elephant, leopard, and hippopotamus. Since the deposition of the glacial *débris* there has probably been a submergence of wide districts in North Europe, and hence it is probable that land was more continuous with the polar regions in the ice age than now. This being so it is easy to see how in the absence of man, *edax omnium*, animals would have a much more extended habitat, and would make far more distant migrations than has been the case during the human period. This is borne out by the fact that reindeer bones have been found which had evidently been gnawed by hyænas. The difference between summer and winter temperatures need constitute no fatal difficulty, for we have extremes quite as great in Canada and other places where the moderating influence of the gulf-stream is not felt. Moreover, it is well known that volcanic eruptions on a gigantic scale have occurred in recent times, as in the Hebrides, and this would fully account for a complete and rapid change in the distribution of land and water. There seems then to be no special need

of Mr. Geikie's interglacial periods, nor are we obliged to date the supposed glacial age at a very remote period, and so we may rank these theories of repeated alterations of climate, in consequence of changes in the earth's position, with the more devout but similar conception of Milton, in which he suggests one of the results of man's fall :

“ Some say He bid the angels turn askance
The poles of earth, twice ten degrees and more,
From the sun's axle ; they with labour pushed
Oblique the centric globe.”

Certain geological phenomena are also used as criteria for estimating the age of strata. There is a delta of the River Tinière, on the east side of Lake Geneva, which has been enlarged by *debris* brought down by the stream from the hills in which it took its rise. In this delta, Roman remains are found at a depth of four feet, and stone implements at a depth of nineteen feet, which, according to the present rate of deposition, would require 8,000 years to produce ; and, as there is another delta twelve times as large, which must have been laid since the former, it is calculated that about 100,000 years have elapsed since the stone implements were placed on the spot in which they were discovered. On this statement, Principal Dawson remarks that it leaves out of sight the fact that a river at first cuts its way through the ground with great rapidity, and then, when it has removed all the softer materials, its course continues much more even. He calculates that not more than 5,000 years would be needed to deposit the nineteen feet of silting under which the stone implements were buried. The subject of man's antiquity has been so recently dealt with in this journal that no special reference need here be made to it, and our purpose now is simply to enforce the necessity for caution in choosing chronometers by which to effect measurements of geologic time. It is impossible not to feel that some of the evidence of this character which has been adduced proves far too much. Mr. Evans, for example, in *The Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain*, refers to the enormous time which has elapsed since the stone implements of Bournemouth were deposited in the river gravel at a time when the bay was dry land. Now if those layers were produced precisely as stratification is now going on, the difficulty is such that all geology would be upset, and man would be older than any

other created thing. Extreme views ought not to be taken on either side of the argument. Against such evidence as is extorted from the Abbeville peat beds, or the Kent's Cavern stalagmite, may be placed the facts that copper plate of the twelfth century has been found under eighteen inches of stalagmite; that at Knaresborough objects are encrusted over by water with sufficient rapidity to lead to a lucrative trade; that the travertine in the old Roman aqueduct of the Pont du Gard, near Avignon, has accumulated to the depth of fourteen inches in 800 years; and that at San Filippo in Italy, no less than thirty feet have been deposited in twenty years. Occasionally the haste with which assumptions are made by some writers brings discredit upon their reputation, because they are not borne out by experience. Thus, when pottery was exhumed from a depth of thirty-nine feet in the delta of the Nile, Sir J. Lubbock at once declared that man must have lived there at least 13,000 years ago, and then Sir R. Stephenson found, near Damietta, at a still greater depth, a brick bearing the stamp of Mohammed Ali!

The antiquity of certain strata is inferred also from the fact that some animals have become extinct since those beds were deposited, while others are no longer found in regions which they once inhabited. From arguments of this nature it is inferred that man, having lived at a time when the lion, the cave bear, the mammoth, &c., existed in Middle Europe, must be of very ancient lineage and origin, but such evidence is inconclusive, for within historical time the lion and bear abounded in Macedonia; and in Indiana several mastodons have lately been discovered, in the bones of which was marrow fit for use, while in one case there were portions of vegetables found which still grow in the locality. In the caves of Rully de Germolles remains of the mammoth, the cave bear, and the reindeer, with which were associated a flint implement and a human jaw, were found at a depth of only two or three feet from the surface. What time may be required for the extinction of any species, or for its disappearance from a particular district, it is difficult to say. It is certain that some estimates of this sort are far beyond the necessities of the case. We know that the boa has left Calabria within the historical period. The hippopotamus, now confined to the region of the equator, was hunted by the ancient Egyptians in the Delta of the Nile. Cæsar refers to an animal living

in Gaul at the time of his campaigns in that country, which, from his description, appears to have been a reindeer. In *Bell. Gall.*, VI. 26, he writes: "Bos cervi figura, cujus a media fronte inter aures unum cornu existit, excelsius magisque directum his, quæ nobis nota sunt, cornibus. Ab ejus summo, sicut palmæ, rami quam late diffunduntur. Eadem est fœminæ marisque natura, eadem forma magnitudoque cornuum." It may be that some of those animals which are said to have emigrated during recent geologic periods were, in reality, different species from those now living, and have simply become extinct under the ravages of early man. In Siberia a rhinoceros has been found with a covering of hair for protection from cold, and in 1804 a mammoth was discovered which had a coat of close wool with black hair rising above it. What do these facts mean but that there have existed within comparatively late times Arctic species of these animals which have been exterminated by the energetic hunter of the northern regions? We may fairly hesitate, then, before admitting the validity of evidence derived from animal remains adduced in support of the antiquity of deposits, and especially of those which contain traces of man's existence.

A further measure of geologic time, the last to which we can allude, is based upon changes which are proceeding at various places in the relative distribution of land and water. Here, with the exception of one or two extreme cases like that already alluded to in connection with the stone implements at Bournemouth, the evidence is all in favour of the more modern date of pleistocene deposits. Mr. Green observes that within the memory of man the northern part of Scandinavia has been rising at the rate of two or three feet in a century. If the north of Russia has been rising at the same rate, the whole of that vast country must have been a sea some two or three thousand years ago. We are thus able to explain the recent changes of land and water in Britain, and can understand how it is that marine shells like *Astarte borealis*, *Leda lanceolata*, and other Arctic molluscs are found at a considerable elevation on the Grampians, Snowdon, and other summits. Another well-known instance of rapid change in the sea-level is presented by the Temple of Serapis near Naples, referred to by all the geologists. This spot must have lain beneath the sea within historic times, and being

afterwards upraised became the site of a temple older than the one whose ruins are still standing. "Possibly," says Mr. Green, "it was again submerged and again upraised before the building of the present ruin ; was again let down till the sea rose at least some twenty feet above the pavement of the temple ; was again raised into dry land, and is now slowly sinking again " (p. 340.) If great and rapid changes like these can be shown conclusively to have transpired within a period that must be brief, then there need be no difficulty in admitting that during the existence of the pleistocene animals, or even of man, the geographical aspects of Northern Europe may have been altered quite as often and as materially as geologists affirm to have been the case, but in a much less time than many of them demand.

The most interesting subject of geologic study, however, yet remains to be glanced at. The life history of the earth as deciphered in the fossils of the successive strata is a fascinating field of inquiry, and with it are bound up momentous questions relating to the origin and descent of animals and of the human race. Geology had scarcely become a recognised science before it was perceived how important a bearing its doctrines and facts had upon the development of life upon the globe. Oken first suggested in 1805 that all animals are built up of similar vesicles, and by virtue of his subsequent writings, in which he points out the homologies indicated by the bones of the skull, he was really the forerunner of Owen, for Lamarck's hypothesis, published several years previously, did not pretend to be based on observation, and, indeed, at that time Lamarck was an indifferent zoologist and knew nothing of geology. Oken's theory was not, however, the product of prolonged investigations, but was reached, its author confesses, by a sort of inspiration. In the *Isis* of 1818 he writes :

"In August, 1806, I made a journey over the Hartz. I slid down through the wood on the south side, and straight before me, at my very feet, lay a most beautiful blanched skull of a hind. I picked it up, turned it round, regarded it intensely ; the thing was done. 'It is a vertebral column,' struck me like a flash of lightning ; and since that time the skull has been regarded as a vertebral column."

Later on Professor Owen adopted the hypothesis, and
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under the influence of so distinguished a naturalist it has maintained its position. But theories arrived at as this was must be brought to the test of hard facts, and geology has facts which look in an entirely different direction.

In 1847 appeared the famous *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*, published anonymously, but since attributed to Robert Chambers. This constituted the first complete exposition of the development theory. The book created quite a *furor* among the advocates of the Mosaic cosmogony, and provoked many able replies, notably, Hugh Miller's *Footprints of the Creator* and Hitchcock's *Religion of Geology*. There is a great show of learning in Chambers's work, but it seems to have contained many errors. Lyell, in his *Antiquity of Man*, says of it :

"Written in a clear and attractive style, it made the English public familiar with the leading views of Lamarck in transmutation or progression, but brought no new facts or general line of argument to support those views, or to combat the principal objections which the scientific world entertained against them."

And Darwin thus writes :

"From its powerful and brilliant style the work, though displaying in its earlier editions little accurate knowledge and a great want of scientific caution, immediately had a very wide circulation ; in my opinion it has done excellent service in this country in calling attention to the subject, in removing prejudices, and thus preparing the ground for the reception of analogous views."

The object of the book was to substitute for the *Deus ex machina* idea of creation the theory that the Creator proceeded by laws, which are still going on, and which are sufficient to explain the origin of the organic from the inorganic, the animal from the vegetable, and the man from the brute. This development hypothesis gradually took the form which is now known as evolution, the adaptation of the inner to the outer, of the organism to its environment, as the labours of Lyell, Darwin, Lubbock, and Haeckel succeeded each other. Darwin perceived at once that the crux of the argument pertained to geology, and hence he wrote with special care those chapters of the *Origin of Species* which deal with the "imperfections of the geological record" and the "geological succession of organic beings."

What is the nature of the evidence required from geology in order to demonstrate the evolution theory of the origin of species and of descent, and how far has geological research furnished that evidence? These are the questions to which we shall now address ourselves.

For convenience of reference we present a list of the formations, according to their age, beginning with the oldest, indicating only those facts in the life history of the globe which are of most importance in each age.

I. PALÆOZOIC OR PRIMARY.

Laurentian	Products of heat in water. Graphite, limestone, iron ore. Eozoon.
Cambrian	Mollusca, crustacea, seaweeds.
Silurian	Corals, cuttlefish. Crustaceans abound. The first fish (<i>Pteraspis</i>). Ferns, club-mosses, conifers, cycads.
Devonian	Ganoid fishes abound. Winged insects appear. Flora contained almost all groups now represented.
Carboniferous	Footprints of cheirotherium (amphibian). Vertebræ of large amphibian. Flora similar to Devonian.
Permian	Palæozoic age ends in convulsions. Protosaurus, the first reptile.

II. MESOZOIC OR SECONDARY.

Triassic	Small marsupials. Footprints, perhaps of birds, but more likely of reptiles (<i>Geikie</i>). Great change in vegetation, cycads abound.
Oolite or Jurassic..	Marsupials. Reptiles abound. <i>Archæopteryx</i> , the first bird.
Cretaceous	Fish with bony skeletons. Toothed birds. First true forest trees like modern.

III. NEOZOIC OR TERTIARY.

Eocene...	Tertiary fauna and flora introduced. Mammalia abound. Deer, beasts of prey, Eohippus.
Miocene	Ox, elephant, camel, &c. True apes (<i>Dryopithecus</i>).
Pliocene	Many forms now found. <i>Mesopithecus</i> .
Pleistocene	Man and all existing forms.

The first appearance of life of which remains have been obtained, was in the Laurentian rocks of America, but from the analogy of other deposits it may be inferred that the graphite and iron ore of the Archaian formations indicate the occurrence of plants, while the calcium phosphate of the middle Laurentian probably consists of metamorphosed animal remains.

As regards the problem of the origin of life, geology cannot be expected to furnish any evidence; but as spontaneous generation is regarded as a myth, we may suppose that it is equally incredible for all geologic periods. We only note in passing that Huxley's fiasco in the matter of *Bathybius* represents the breakdown of the evolution theory at its first step, the development of the animate out of the inanimate.

The first grade of life is that of plants. Does the history of the successive floras which have flourished on the earth give any support to evolution? The first occurrence of vegetable life from which any argument can be derived on either side is in the Silurian age. In the lower Silurian we have all three classes of cryptogams represented, viz., seaweeds (*Thallophytes*), mosses (*Anophytes*), and ferns (*Acrogens*), and not simply the lower, as we should have expected. These culminate in the old red sandstone and the coal, becoming even huge trees like *calamites* and *lepidodendrons*, and are now represented by the insignificant mare's tails and scouring rushes of our marshes and ponds. Only one specimen of the highest form of plant life has been found in the Devonian, but no elevation of flora is apparent throughout the long ages between the Devonian and the Permian; and after the complete extinction of palæozoic forms at the end of the Permian, an entirely new system of vegetation is introduced in the Mesozoic age. The cretaceous period shows an almost

abrupt introduction of all the modern generic types, and in the same strata occur representatives of the oldest dicotyledons yet found, the Apetalæ, Monopetalæ, and Polypetalæ, which therefore could not have developed from each other, and, as Mr. Carruthers points out, "have not developed into higher generic groups" (*Geikie*, p. 625). So far as plant life is concerned, evolution is out of the question, and we are compelled to endorse the apparently harsh but not unwarranted judgment of Agassiz:—"Darwinism shuts out almost the whole mass of acquired knowledge in order to retain and assimilate to itself that only which may serve its doctrine" (*Essay on Classification*).

Difficulties quite as fatal to the evolution hypothesis are found in the life history of animals. Eozoon is not the lowest of the foraminifers, for Dr. Carpenter has compared it to the nummulite. Dawson, moreover, points out that in the later palæozoic times it diverged in three directions, and afterwards reverted to the original type. The same early appearance and rapid degradation, as D'Orbigny, one of the most accomplished palæontologists, has shown, characterise the mollusca. And Darwin himself admits (*Origin of Species*, p. 308) that although in the earliest times in which molluscs occur, the cephalopods and brachiopods, the highest and lowest, existed together, they are now feebly represented. Barrande declares that these demand, not evolution, but rapid creation.

Now let us look at the crustaceans. Professor Francis Balfour has thoroughly worked out this group, and from segments and metamorphosis has divided it into five orders: 1. Branchiopoda; 2. Malacostraca; 3. Cirripedia; 4. Ostracoda; 5. Copepoda. The *Trilobites* of the Tremadoc slates, and the *Hymenocaris vermicauda* of the Lingula flags are the oldest, and they belong to the Branchiopoda or highest type of crustacea.

The trilobites having been able to crawl, swim, burrow, or roll themselves up into a ball, might have been expected to survive, and yet they gradually degenerate till in the carboniferous age they become extinct. The *Pterygotus*, another huge crustacean of the Silurian and Devonian, attaining to a length of six feet, has also died out, while the poor king crab (*limulus*) has survived till now. The struggle for existence, so far from leading to the survival of the fittest, has only resulted in decay and extinction, while the removal of competition, and the improved con-

dition of the earth, have always preceded the introduction of higher species. The *Malacostraca*, to whose embryology considerable attention has been given, although inferior in organisation to the trilobites, do not appear till the carboniferous era. The *Cirripedia*, which include the barnacle, show a few abnormal forms in the upper Silurian; the *Ostracoda*, represented by the *Cypris*, are found in the Cambrian, and persist till now; while the *Copepoda* are degraded and parasitic. So that the ancient trilobites, and other nobler crustaceans, are now represented by small and microscopic animals, while the less important forms are geologically more recent. This is unmitigated degeneration.

The difficulty of degeneration is of course taken into reckoning by evolutionists, who urge that "the fittest" is not always theoretically the best, but that which is most adapted to the environment. This would be satisfactory if degeneration were the exception, and not the rule. The enormous chasm which separates a man from an anthropoid ape, not to say an ascidian, demands that progression should be of such vast proportions as that occasional retrogression would be, in comparison, scarcely perceptible. Geology, however, puts it beyond a doubt that all animal groups have more or less degenerated till reinforced by higher forms in time far too short to satisfy the necessities of evolution.

In seeking for the first air-breathing animals it might be thought that they would be found among the highest molluscs, such as the *Nautilus*, which swarmed in the Silurian sea; but, as Barrande remarks, the theoretical evolution of the cephalopod is "un produit de l'imagination sans aucun fondement dans la réalité." The oldest air-breather known is an insect allied to the modern May-fly, found in the Devonian of New Brunswick. The first, however, which can at all be linked on to previously existing animals is the land snail of the coal of Nova Scotia. It might seem a small change for a marine snail to turn into a land snail, but it is not so to the zoologist. Lungs have at once to be developed, and gills annihilated, teeth are required and digestive organs suited to new kinds of food, mucous glands and a different shell are needed, and new habits have to be acquired. These changes are insignificant compared with others which evolution has to explain, but even these are out of its power, and geology has no evidence whatever to show their progression.

We must now turn our attention to vertebrates. The backbone is so important an element of animal structure that the evidence it affords with regard to evolution must be admitted to be vital and conclusive, one way or the other. The first traces of vertebrate animals occur near the top of the Silurian system, where some remains of fishes are found. The most determinable of these is the *Pteraspis*, discovered in 1859, at Church Hill, in the lower Ludlow formation. Professor Huxley places this on a level with the sturgeon, *i.e.*, among the ganoids, which constitute the third division of his classification. We are brought, then, face to face with this fact, that, whereas in the lower Silurian there is no evidence whatever of vertebrate life, here in the lower beds of the upper Silurian we come all at once upon a fish of high development.

Hugh Miller was of opinion that all modern fishes are of an inferior type. It is certain that many of the most recent forms are degenerate, as in the case of the flounder family, which seem all awry, the features of the head being twisted in different directions, one jaw being straight and the other curved, while one contains about half a dozen teeth, and the other from thirty to forty. The lancelet (*Amphioxus*) and lamprey, which biologists declare to be between invertebrate and vertebrate, are degraded modern types, and, though appealed to in support of evolution, are entirely subversive of it. It ought to be stated that certain minute structures called *Conodonts* have been discovered by Pander in the upper Silurian series which are supposed to be the teeth of lamprey-like fishes. This is disputed, but if it be admitted, what can it show but that the lowest fishes were introduced at the same time as those of high development?

The next link in the chain of life is that furnished by reptiles. Of these there are four living orders, Turtles (*Chelonia*), Snakes (*Ophidia*), Lizards (*Lacertilia*), and Crocodilia. But besides these there are half a dozen orders extinct, and of higher character than those which now exist. Passing over the footprints of the cheirotherium, we come upon the great crocodile-like labyrinthodonts of the carboniferous series. The most fish-like of the carboniferous batrachians is the *Archegosaurus* from Saarbrück, but it has what no fish has ever shown, fore and hind limbs with proper toes, and the complete series of bones which usually occur in mammalian limbs, while it must have possessed true lungs and nostrils. So wide is

the gap between it and a fish, that a single bone or vertebra is sufficient to identify it. This is the first case of true limbs, and it is no exaggeration to say that the foot of the *Archægosaurus* is as different from the fin of a carboniferous fish as from the human hand, and is similar to that of the modern members of the same order.

The first true reptile is the *Proterosaurus* of the Permian copper slates of Thuringia. In the Jurassic and early chalk periods, the reptiles reached their zenith, not through the labyrinthodonts, for they had already degenerated into water-lizards, but by the rapid development of new types. Then was ushered in that era of the earth's history when gigantic reptiles were supreme. Great sea-lizards like the *Ichthyosaurus* and *Plesiosaurus*, sixty feet in length, dominated the waters, huge *Dinosaurs*, of which the *Megalosaurus*, several tons in weight, and yet able to spring like a tiger on its prey, and the *Ceteosaurus*, about fifty feet in length, are examples, ruled on land; while the *Pterodactyls*, veritable flying dragons, measuring twenty feet, from tip to tip of their membranous wings, were a terror to such creatures as were able to fly. Yet these monsters were destined to give place to mammals which as yet were represented only by some feeble marsupials, like the *Microlestes* of the trias.

The line of descent which cannot be traced between reptiles and mammals is thought by some to be established between reptiles and birds. Here a double line of descent is suggested, that which runs through *Dinosaurs* and *Ostriches*, and that which goes by way of the *Pterodactyls* and the *Archæopteryx*. The first of these Huxley gives up, for, as he says, "Birds are no more modified reptiles, than reptiles are modified birds." Reptilian and ornithic types, he affirms, are "different superstructures raised upon one and the same ground-plan." Geology, when interrogated concerning that ground-plan, is silent; but that is a small matter to an evolutionist. The nearest approach of reptiles to birds is that made by the *Pterodactyl*, which seems to be similar in one or two details of structure to the *Archæopteryx*. Mr. Huxley is so satisfied of this connection, that he summarily settles the question by classing reptiles and birds together under the head of *Sauropsida*. The *Archæopteryx* has a reptilian tail, claws on the wing, and perhaps toothed jaws: in all other respects it is a bird. But there is still a vast gap between

this creature and a *Pterodactyl*. Considering that the Jurassic age was a period of monstrous forms, all of which are extinct or degraded, it is far more likely that the *Pterodactyls* and the *Archæopteryx* were likewise anomalous creatures, which, like their contemporaries, have passed away. This view is made more probable by the occurrence of birds in the chalk formation like the *Ichthyornis* and *Hesperornis*, which have not only reptilian characteristics, but even fish-like vertebræ that afterwards died away in the *Odontopteryx*, or toothed bird of the eocene. At any rate, no one but a most determined evolutionist will admit the connection between reptiles and birds until geology shall furnish far more conclusive evidence than that which is yet adduced by this single link of communication. It is a meagre explanation of the abrupt appearance of multitudes of birds of modern types in the early tertiary.

In regard to *Mammalia*, it is still more impossible to discover any facts that look towards the doctrines of evolution.

This class is usually arranged under three orders: *Monotremes*, *Marsupials*, and *Placentals*. Of these the first are modern and of low type. The Marsupials are the earliest, and occur in the upper trias. They were enabled by their habits to escape the huge saurians, but instead of becoming anything better than they were, they remain pretty much the same, and take a humble place in the nobler fauna which has been introduced since their appearance. After their occurrence in the Stonesfield slate which lies at the base of the great oolite, no further traces of mammalian types are found until we come to the Purbeck beds of the upper oolite. Here more marsupials have been discovered, as well as a creature allied to the kangaroo rat, which still inhabits the Australian jungles. And now an enormous geologic period occurs in which there is no evidence of mammalian life. Throughout the Wealden, greensand, and gault, and the upper chalk formations, nothing of the kind is found, and it is not till we get to the *Sables de Bracheux*, which coincide with the Thanet sands, and are well on in the tertiary, that a fossil of this character occurs. Here the skull of a quadruped, *Arctocyon primævus*, related to the bear, has been brought to light. Then almost immediately mammals swarm. In the upper eocene of France fifty species of quadrupeds have been discovered. Now these mammals from the first exhibit the highest

types, and, as we have seen to have been the case with other classes, they have degenerated in more recent times. The great *Paleotherium* and *Anoplotherium*, the *Deinotherium*, several times as large as our elephant, and the *Mastodon*, have all degenerated into creatures of far lower development, but more fitted to be the companions of man. In the eocene an animal has been found which is said to be the ancestor of the modern horse, and this is another of the very few facts in geology over which the evolutionist can be jubilant. It ought to be said, however, that some derive the *Hippus* from the *Paleotherium*. But suppose we look for its ancestry in the *Eohippus*, what do we find? This creature, unearthed by Marsh, is of the size of a fox, and has four toes, with the rudiment of a fifth on each forefoot, and three toes on each hind foot. The *Orohippus* of the later eocene is about the same size, having four toes in front and three behind. Other links intervene, with increasing size and decreasing toes, till the modern horse is reached with a single toe and rudimentary split bones. But this is degeneration, not progression, and is what has been going on all through geologic time. Here we have an illustration not of what the evolutionist wishes to prove, but rather of that great universal law of decay, by whose operation whole faunas and floras have continually been passing away, to be replaced by other and better types of life, by the interposition of a Power external to nature. The horse may or may not have descended from the eohippus, for each successive form is so different from the preceding one as to require vast ages for the change; but if it be held that the connection is proved, then it may still be answered that no other family of a higher type has developed from it, but that all we get is the less complicated structure of the modern horse from the five-toed ancestor of the eocene.

It only remains now to inquire what the geological record witnesses with regard to the descent of man. Is there any memorial of human history preserved in the rocky archives of the earth of such a character as to warrant the belief which Mr. Browning, with sufficient accuracy for poetry, has thus expressed?

"That mass man sprang from was a jelly lump
Once on a time; he kept an after course
Through fish and insect, reptile, bird and beast,
Till he attained to be an ape at last,
Or last but one."

The Darwinian does not say man comes directly from the ape, that would be a position too exposed to attack; it is necessary to take up a stand where it is easy to elude the invader's force by hiding in a tangled jungle of suppositions, from which there is an easy retreat if the attack grows serious. Man and the ape both descend from some common Simian ancestor. The convenience of this mode of argument is that it leaves to the geology of the future to prove what the geology of the present does not sanction. Haeckel, in chap. xxii. of his famous *Natural History of Creation*, imagines above a score stages of existence from the unicellular *Monera* up to man, and when pressed for evidence of only the last, and therefore presumably the most accessible of these stages, he modestly assumes a continent, which he calls *Lemuria*, where, under the sea, the required link may lie. Now we do find what are said to be stages in the development of the Simian race, for in the eocene are remains of *Lemurs*, in the miocene are found the *Pliopithecus* and *Dryopithecus*, and in the pliocene we have the *Mesopithecus*. Have we not a right then to ask for similar links in the chain of human history? It is more than doubtful, however, if these Simians are thus related, for the *Mesopithecus*, a long-tailed ape, is very little if at all higher than the miocene representatives of the same family. But even if the connection be established, is it possible that so vast a change as would be required to elevate a Simian into a man could take place in the same time as has been occupied in producing the modern gorilla? At least twenty-four distinct alterations of structure would be necessary before the highest ape could be said to be of the same type as a man. Geology cannot allow the time that would be necessary for so many changes as these. It is useless to talk of the infinite cycles of time which can be drawn upon, for the whole process must be confined within those geological periods in which Simians are known to have existed, and this would be to allow less time for man's development from the earliest lemuroid than is known to have been consumed in deriving the gibbon from the monkey. But we have not yet exhausted all the difficulties of the case. Early man is shown from the laws of Aurignac in the Pyrenees, of Solutr  , and Cresswell, to have been a religious being, as is evidenced by the remains of his funeral ceremonies; and also to have possessed great artistic capacity and skill, displayed by

sketches of hunting scenes which have been found, so that not only must his Simian ancestor have developed into the bodily structure of man, but must also have acquired, through many generations, his faculty of speech and his belief in immortality. To accept the possibility of all this occurring in the time which geology can allow, implies a credulity far more ignoble than the venerable faith in man's higher origin which such strange beliefs seek to undermine.

Again, the Darwinian doctrine of man's descent requires that the oldest races of men should approach in structure to their reputed Simian prototypes. The fact, however, is quite otherwise; for, as Dr. Dawson says, "The skulls, great stature, and grand development of limbs in the skeletons of the most ancient men of Europe testify to a race more finely constituted physically than the majority of existing Europeans, and with a development of brain above the European average." Mr. Boyd Dawkins considers the oldest known human skull to be that of Engis, which Mr. Huxley admits to be identical in structure with the modern European cranium. Owen, than whom no greater authority can be found, declares that there is no evidence of a period of lower cranial development in man than is now presented, nor does he know of any four-handed species whose skulls show differences in bone or dental structure which would separate it from other species of quadrumana so widely as the highest ape is separated from the lowest man. It is clear, then, that geology gives no support to the evolution theory of man's origin, and Mr. Wallace assents to this when he writes: "Man is to be placed apart as not only the head and culminating point of the grand series of organic nature, but as in some degree a new and distinct order of being." The analogies which the biologist finds in structure and embryology do not prove derivation, but only unity of plan and authorship, for no analogy has any demonstrative force except the cause of the analogy is specified, which evolution refuses to do, and geology does not warrant the biologist's inferences.

Probably it is an unreasonable prejudice against this unity of authorship and design, which, for the most part, explains the origin of the theories concerning man's descent, which we have been combating. "What a sad and terrible thing it is," wrote Carlyle, "to see nigh a

whole generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in a purblind fashion, and finding no God in this universe!" Because of this tendency of the scientific world, we shall, in conclusion, attempt to show that the Mosaic record, which attributes the origin of all things to a Divine Author, is not opposed to any of the received facts of geological science. With regard to the material universe Moses simply asserts that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, without any explanation of the method pursued, or the time occupied. After this first exercise of creative energy the earth was still without form, and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. Then day and night became distinguishable, which marked the first day, or period, in which sense Moses repeatedly used the word. During the second and third periods the earth was fitted for the lowest types of life. These were the earliest forms of vegetables, and in consequence of the great heat of the earth at that time, which was so densely enveloped with fire mist as that the sun had not yet become visible, these first plants as they died were transmuted into graphite, or some similar metamorphosed rock. Then during the fourth period the expanse became so clear of the condensing vapours that the sun, moon, and stars became visible. During the fifth period, all animals which could live in water or fly through the air were introduced, and in the sixth period, land animals and man were created.

In the case of plants, the terms used by Moses are, grass, herbs yielding seed, and fruit trees yielding fruit after their kind. Geology shows that *Cryptogams*, or flowerless plants, including mosses, lichens, and ferns, existed first, and that *Phænogams*, or flowering plants, appeared in the later formations, which agrees essentially with the Mosaic history.

With regard to animals, there is no clear reference to any particular species, except the "great whales," or water-reptiles, and man himself. The use of the expression "great whales" arose from a confusion between the Hebrew *tannim*, which Gesenius translates by jackals, and *tanninim*, the word used in Genesis and signifying crocodiles, or water-monsters, singled out, no doubt, for religious reasons. The words which indicate aquatic life are *tanninim* and *sheretzim*, or swarms, used in Lev. xi. for

fishes and insects. Unless it means this in Genesis, there is no mention of fishes in the account of the creation, which is hardly likely to have been the case. Terrestrial animals are signified by the words *fowls*; *bhemah*, used in Lev. xi. for herbivores; *remes*, applied in the same chapter to land reptiles, such as snakes; and *haytheretz*, which denotes carnivores. There is nothing in geological discoveries to show that this is not the order in which the successive assemblages of living things made their appearance, but, on the contrary, there is a remarkable agreement between the rightly interpreted record of Moses and reliable conclusions of geology.

Nothing is said in Genesis as to the methods by which the Creator brought the earth's structure and inhabitants to their present condition, except in the case of man, with regard to whom both the sacred narrative and the geological record imply a special and distinct display of creative energy, hence there is room for a modified theory of derivation under the control of Divine law and action. While geology, then, raises so many formidable difficulties in the way of evolution as held by those who connect man with the brutes, and take no account of a Divine Creator, and while it presents such a remarkable agreement with the narrative of a man who could not have been acquainted with the history of life as written upon the stone tablets of the earth, surely it is the part of a wise student of science to hesitate before rejecting that record which has so many claims upon his acceptance, simply because it seems to him that religion and science have no bearing upon each other, but belong to mutually exclusive domains. The man of science aims at finding truth, and so far as the narrative of Moses is known to be true, it ought to be accepted, even though here and there a wider interpretation of its language than the world has been accustomed to is given by those who best know what its language means. At least, those who contemptuously thrust it aside as not even worth inquiring into, incur a responsibility which none are free from who voluntarily turn from truth, whether scientific or religious. We cannot conclude with more appropriate or weightier words than those of Professor Huxley, who will not be accused of theological illiberality: "True science and true religion are twin-sisters, and the separation of either from the other is sure to prove the death-blow of both. Science prospers exactly

in proportion as it is religious, and religion flourishes in exact proportion to the scientific depth and firmness of its basis. The great deeds of philosophers have been less the fruit of their intellect than of the direction of that intellect by the eminently religious tone of their mind." We will only add that religion is that which recognises God in His own universe and devoutly examines that which claims to be the revelation of His will.

ART. II.—*Life of Lord Lawrence.* By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A. Two Volumes. Portraits and Maps. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

JOHN AND HENRY LAWRENCE are undoubtedly the greatest characters which the Indian service has yet produced. We believe there is not one of the host of great Anglo-Indians, past or present, that would not subscribe to this opinion. And it is difficult to imagine in what respect the two brothers can even be surpassed in the future, in the combination of intellectual and moral qualities which enabled them to serve India so well. Both were great rulers of men. Both were cast in a heroic mould. And yet they were so unlike. Henry had all the popular qualities. No one who reads his life can wonder that he inspired all who served him—themselves men of supreme ability—with passionate affection. Nothing but an unkindly fate prevented his reaching the same proud eminence as John. To the popular imagination John, on the other hand, was the impersonation of strength. Still it would be a great mistake to think that there were no elements of gentleness in his character. The rough exterior hid depths of tenderness. To the biography of Henry, published some years since, the biography of the younger and more fortunate brother is now added. Long may England gaze admiringly on these portraits of two of her noblest sons. One lies in his hero's grave at Lucknow; the other in Westminster Abbey. We have no doubt that for long ages they will receive, as they deserve, equal honour.

As most Englishmen are by this time familiar with the antecedents of the Lawrence family, there is no need to repeat them here. John was born at Richmond in Yorkshire, March 4th, 1811. It was the accident of his father's regiment being stationed there which gave him a Yorkshire birthplace. To John, as to Henry, the sister Letitia seems to have been sister and mother in one. It says much for her character that she exercised such influence over two such brothers. She was their constant adviser. When

news of her death came to John during his viceroyalty, he said that if he had apprehended such a loss he would not have come out as Viceroy. We share the biographer's regret that on his final return home he destroyed the correspondence between himself and his sister as too sacred for the public eye.

All accounts agree that in youth John gave no sign of future distinction. Many who served under him afterwards were his contemporaries at Haileybury, and none of them detected anything special in him. The Principal, Dr. Batten, found fault with his own son, who, in after days, served under Lawrence in India, for "loafing about with that tall Irishman, instead of sticking to the more regular students." John's own inclinations were strongly in favour of a military career. His father's stories of campaigning adventures, and the associations of Londonderry, where he went to school for a time, all helped to confirm his leanings in this direction. Happily, when an opening in the Civil Service presented itself, his sister was able to persuade him to accept it. The ruling passion, however, showed itself in his familiarity with the celebrated campaigns of ancient and modern times, and his military talent found useful exercise in tracking criminals, in suppressing riots, and especially in his constant dealings with the military authorities. To the end of his course he took the deepest interest in the British soldier in India. The "Lawrence Asylum" for soldiers' children, and the improved barrack accommodation throughout India, provided during his viceroyalty, amply prove this.

John went to India first in 1829, and finally left it as Viceroy exactly forty years afterwards. It is interesting to note how his early course was a providential training for the great work of his life. His first scene of labour, up to 1840, was in and around the city of Delhi, which he was to do so much to recover to the British Crown, and on the borders of the Punjab, which he was to organise into a British province. His first appointment was at Paniput, the great battle-field of ancient India. The Jats whom he had to rule were a restless, turbulent race. The district in which he had to administer justice and collect revenue was in a state of great disorder. He left it thoroughly organised and orderly. Here, on a small scale, he showed the same powers of work and strength of will which were afterwards seen on a broader arena. The

Hindus understand a ruler who is not to be trifled with, and this character John Lawrence bore from first to last. Many years afterwards, when the Punjab was cut off from Calcutta by a sea of insurrection, and its ruler was practically independent, when the country had been stripped of its last soldier and gun and rupee to help the besiegers of Delhi, one still, strong man held down by sheer force of character a nation of soldiers only recently conquered by British arms. The name "Jan Larens" meant more than armies to Hindu imagination. And this is the character he bore in his earliest days. A Haileybury friend once looked in on him at that time, and found him ill in bed. Nothing seemed to rouse him. At last the friend told him of a conversation he had just had with a fakir. When asked whether there was any news, the fakir replied, "Indeed there is; Sahib is gone, and everybody regrets him; for one Larens Sahib has come in his place, who is quite a different man," and he then went on to draw a dismal picture of the way in which rules were enforced, rogues punished, and revenue arrears collected. The story was like medicine to the sick man, who soon recovered. A native chief once refused to pay the land-tax. Attended by a single orderly, Lawrence rode over thirty miles in the early morning to enforce payment. He found the gates of the walled village shut and barred. Despatching his orderly to Delhi for troops he took his seat under a tree opposite the gate, and sat there through the fierce heat of the day. A neighbouring chief then came and offered help, and with this help the tax was recovered, and a fine inflicted. Twenty years afterwards the friendly chief's name was presented to Lawrence in a list of rebel chiefs sentenced to death for participation in the Mutiny. Lawrence struck his name out. Even those early days are rich in stories of exciting adventure, if we had space to refer to them. A still more important preparation for the future was the familiarity Lawrence now acquired with the practical working of the land assessment. In a country mainly agricultural, where the land-tax furnishes the bulk of the revenue, there is no question more important and more difficult than this one. The worst mistake of the English in India has been in transferring Western notions on this subject to the East. There can be little doubt that in India the State has been regarded from time immemorial as the sole landowner, the cultivators being permanent

tenants as long as the yearly tax is paid. The yearly tax is fixed from year to year, or for a term of years, by Government officers. To regard nobles as landowners is to invest them with a position they never had before. There is no need here further to discuss this question, on which the reader will find abundance of details in the present biography and other works. It is enough to indicate John's position. He took the popular side, as against the aristocratic side adopted by his brother Henry. His opinions were based on the widest practical experience. He was accessible to all classes. Nothing delighted him more than to talk freely with all who came to him. Hence, in after days, he had not to fall back on books or on the experience of others. He was able to argue out the most intricate of Indian questions. A lively Frenchman once asked Holt Mackenzie to explain to him in a few minutes the different systems of land tenure in India. Mackenzie replied that he had been studying it twenty years, and had not mastered it yet. John Lawrence also owed to these early experiences his thoroughly popular sympathies. While his brother Henry believed that the right method was for the British to govern through the princes and nobles, of whose position and influence he was most tender, John held that the right way was for the Government to deal directly with the people. "Assess low," was his constant instruction to subordinate officers, and to the poor, struggling ryot, dependent on fitful seasons, such an instruction meant contentment and comfort. His guiding principles were never better summed up than by one who worked under him: "Duty to Government, consideration for the natives, order and promptitude in work, personal self-sacrifice, justice between man and man." Another invariable rule was to finish every day's work in the day. No arrears were left. It might mean—it generally did mean for years together—ten or twelve hours' work, but the rule was inflexible.

All this time, as well as afterwards, he filled an acting appointment. He was what many of our readers will understand as a "supply." He might well say to a young civilian, "Never let an acting appointment, if it should be offered to you, slip by. People will tell you that such appointments are to be avoided, and are more plague than profit. It is true that you may occasionally be disappointed, and you will certainly not gain continuous pro-

motion in that line, but you will get what is more valuable, experience and great variety of it; and this will fit you for whatever may come afterwards."

In 1840 a relapse after severe jungle-fever drove him home. Two years afterwards he returned to India, still an unknown and unappreciated man, and he was not to leave it again until he came home in 1858 acknowledged as beyond any other single man "The Saviour of India." He brought back with him to India the wife who was to be to the end the sharer of his perils and greatness. He was truly enough regarded, by English and native alike, as a man of iron will. But his intimate friends knew that there was another side. "He had nothing of the bear but his coat," said one of them. Thirty years after his marriage he wrote: "In August, 1841, I took perhaps the most important, and certainly the happiest, step in my life, in getting married. My wife has been to me everything that a man could wish or hope for." In the stress and agony of the Mutiny he one day suddenly disappeared from the station, returning in twenty-four hours. He had been to see his wife at a distant station, and was inspired with new strength by the visit. During one of his stays in England he once missed his wife from the room. "Where's mother?" he asked. "She's upstairs," said a daughter. Presently he asked the same question and received the same answer. A third time the same. "Why, really, John," said his sister Letitia, "you seem as if you could not get on for five minutes without your wife." "That's why I married her," he answered. Just before his death, when the once strong man lay helpless and seemingly unconscious, his wife whispered, "Do you know me?" "To the last gasp, my darling;" and as she bent down to give him the last kiss, she felt the last pressure of his lips and hands.

His first work in India on his return again lay in the Delhi district, first as acting collector at Kurnal, and then as collector in full power at Delhi. Here he worked with the same restless energy and with the same aims as before. To the unsanitary conditions which are so fruitful a source of plague in Eastern towns, to wife-selling, female infanticide, suttee, he was an uncompromising foe. There are few more touching stories than the one told vol. i., p. 173, of a leper who sent a petition to Lawrence for permission to be buried alive. The leper said he was a misery to himself and a danger to others, while the natives believed that the

gods would accept the leper's living burial as a propitiation, and never inflict the plague again on the village. "O Sahib," he cried, "for God's sake listen to my petition; I have lived too long; let me die." "My poor fellow," Lawrence replied, "it is not in my power to grant your request; it would be murder; it cannot be allowed." The man was buried nevertheless as he himself wished, the whole village assisting at the ceremony.

It was at Delhi that Lawrence first came under the notice of the highest authorities. In November, 1845, Lord Hardinge passed through Delhi on his way to the scene of the first Sikh war, and was evidently impressed by what he saw of the magistrate. Soon afterwards the doubtful battles of Moodki and Ferozeshah were fought. The British forces were in straits for ammunition and supplies of all kinds. The Governor-General bethought him of the Delhi magistrate, and wrote to him urgently for help. Lawrence was equal to the occasion. He collected 4,000 carts, loaded them from the Delhi arsenal, and despatched them at once 200 miles to the front, thus contributing in no mean degree to the decisive victory of Sobraon. This priceless service led to something further. By way of punishing the Sikhs for their wanton invasion, as well as in order to weaken them for further attacks, Lord Hardinge, while leaving the Punjab its independence, annexed the Jullundur Doab, one of its richest districts, to the British Dominions. Lawrence was its first Commissioner. When Thomason, the Lieutenant-Governor of Agra, was first asked to send up Lawrence for the post, he sent another officer instead. The officer was speedily sent back with the message, "Send me up *John Lawrence*," and John Lawrence was sent. On the way he had a dangerous attack of cholera, and was only saved by the application of remedies obtained from a civilian who chanced to be out in the district—one of many critical escapes which marked Lawrence's life.

In the Jullundur Doab Lawrence had a finer field for the exercise of his powers. English government, practically government in any real sense of the word, had to be introduced for the first time. He was working, too, under the very eyes, so to speak, of the Governor-General. And here he did the work which he did afterwards on the still wider and more conspicuous field of the Punjab. In two months he had the land-tax settled throughout the whole district. Hitherto the tax had been paid in kind—a

method opening the way to all kinds of abuses. He introduced the system of payment in money. Here is a description of his methods of work by one of his assistants at that time: "It seems but yesterday that I first stood before John Lawrence, in April, 1846, at the town of Hoshiarpore, the capital of a district in the Jullundur Doab, which was my first charge. I found him discussing with the Postmaster-General the new lines of postal delivery, and settling with the officer commanding the troops the limits of his cantonments. Harry Lumsden, then a young subaltern, was copying letters. Seated round the small knot of Europeans were scores of Sikh and Mohammedan landholders, arranging with their new lord the terms of their cash assessment. John Lawrence was full of energy—his coat off, his sleeves turned up above his elbows—and was impressing upon his subjects his principles of a just state-demand, and their first elementary ideas of natural equity; for, as each man touched the pen, the unlettered token of agreement to their leases, he made them repeat aloud the new trilogue of the English government: 'Thou shalt not burn thy widow, thou shalt not kill thy daughters, thou shalt not bury alive thy lepers;' and old greybeards, in the families of some of whom there was not a single widow, or a female blood-relative, went away chanting the dogmas of the new Moses, which next year were sternly enforced." Another writes of his master: "His grasp, both of principles and details, in fiscal, revenue, police, and judicial matters, was at once comprehensive and minute. His own appetite for work was insatiable, and he expected, and, I think, not in vain, a like devotion from us. A drone or a shirk could not tarry in his sight." With the latter class he waged through life an unceasing war. Of one he writes: "I had to send ——'s reports back, they are so badly done. He is a *rara avis*, and says his work is killing him. A very innocent murder it would be." To the same defaulter he writes: "A sense of duty alone compelled me to notice your irregularities in the way I have done, and I do not think I could have said less than I did. By your account I am altogether wrong. In my own judgment I am right. But I cannot let your letter remain on my record unanswered, let alone admit that you have cause for complaint. You may have worked hard, but I can only judge by results, and I have no hesitation in saying that in doing so you have, in my judgment, fallen

far short of your own estimate." On the other hand Lawrence encouraged and helped deserving officers without stint, not, indeed, by praising them to their face, which he very rarely did, but by furthering their interests in every way. During his viceroyalty a high official who had been ordered home by the doctors, met him and told him of the fact. The Viceroy received the intimation without a remark. The officer was aggrieved, and soon afterwards told his grief to a friend. The second friend comforted him by relating the concern the Viceroy had expressed at the loss which the Government would suffer.

Besides doing his work as Commissioner he also acted as Resident at Lahore for his brother Henry, who had gone home ill. Really he was acting for Sir Frederick Currie, who had been appointed to act for Henry. In such a position he could do nothing "off his own bat," as he often said. He could only keep things going on the lines laid down by others, and at the same time learn all he could. His voluminous journals, we are assured, contain a gallery of portraits of the chief personages of the province, the Queen-mother—a "Hindu Messalina," and the great nobles. We regret that want of space prevented the biographer giving even specimens from a rich historical mine. John Lawrence was obliged to be a spectator of scandals and intrigues, which he would have been only too glad to bring to an end. The chiefs were astonished at his familiarity with their doings. Then, as before and after, *Jan Larens sub junta* (John Lawrence knows everything) was a common saying. Of Golab Sing, whom we made Raja of Cashmere, Herbert Edwardes says: "He is the worst native I have ever come in contact with, a bad king, a miser, and a liar." Another witness says: "He is avaricious and cruel by nature, deliberately committing the most horrible atrocities for the purpose of investing his name with a horror which shall keep down all thoughts of resistance to his power." John Lawrence himself writes: "If Golab Sing flayed a chief alive, Immamuddin (a previous Sikh ruler of Cashmere) boiled a Pundit to death: they are certainly a pair of amiables." Even Henry Lawrence found it hard to defend "his friend Golab," as John humorously called him. Of the Afghans John says: "When an Afghan intends and endeavours to deceive his enemy, he begins with promises and oaths; he sends him the family Koran, and swears to the truth of his overtures."

There is no need to describe here the way in which the attempt sincerely made to build up an independent Punjab broke down. If either John or Henry had been at Lahore, or if John's advice to the acting Resident and to Lord Dalhousie to act promptly, had been followed, the Mooltan outbreak would not have been allowed to grow into a national rising. The second Sikh war was as fierce as the first, the British victory was even more decisive. A second experiment was out of the question. Even Henry, while he would not counsel annexation, could not object. Every one else felt that there was no other course. Above all, Lord Dalhousie was resolved on it, and he was master. There is no need to suppose that the new Governor-General formed any prejudice against Henry, and in favour of John. The agreement in policy as well as in personal character between Lord Dalhousie and John Lawrence is enough to explain the sympathy between them. Both were alike imperious and able. On their first meeting the Governor-General demanded, "What is to be done with the Punjab now?" "Annex it now," was the answer. Difficulty after difficulty was started by the Governor-General to be met by the same reply. A more masterful spirit than Dalhousie never appeared on the Indian arena. In reply to Henry Lawrence's pleading for the less guilty Sirdars, he wrote: "Nothing is granted them but maintenance. The amount of that is open to discussion, but their property of every kind will be confiscated to the State. . . . In the interim, let them be placed somewhere under surveillance; but attach their property till their destination is decided. If they run away, our contract is void. If they are caught, I will imprison them. And if they raise tumult again, I will hang them, as sure as they now live, and I live then." Herbert Edwardes had been doing something without authority, and Lord Dalhousie writes to Henry Lawrence thus: "I further wish to repeat what I said before, that there are more than Major Edwardes in the Residency who appear to consider themselves nowadays as Governor-General at least. The sooner you set about disenchanting their minds of this illusion the better for your comfort and their own. I don't doubt you will find bit and martingale for them speedily. For my part, I will not stand it in quieter times for half an hour, and will come down unmistakably upon any one of them who may 'try it on,' from Major Edwardes, C.B., down to the latest enlisted general-ensign-

plenipotentiary on the establishment." It seems strange, at first sight, that two such masterful wills as Dalhousie and John Lawrence worked together so harmoniously. Their harmony, however, was founded, not merely on similar views, but on thorough mutual respect, which went on deepening to the close of that eventful rule. The Governor-General insisted on John addressing him "My dear lord," and the address on the other side was, "My dear Lawrence," or "My dear John."

Lord Dalhousie's first scheme for the government of the annexed country was a triangular Board, consisting of the two Lawrences and another member. It is easy to see the reason of such an arrangement. The Governor-General could neither displace Henry, nor trust his policy alone, and a third member was indispensable. The third member at first was Mansel and afterwards Montgomery. Mansel criticised everything, criticised Henry's measures to John and John's to Henry. Some one called Henry the "travelling" partner, in allusion to his fondness for movement; John the "working" partner; and Mansel the "sleeping" partner. As Henry's views of policy and John's had nothing in common, one being as aristocratic as the other was democratic, the friction was constant and grew worse with time. Montgomery, an early and fast friend of both brothers, called himself "a regular buffer between two high-pressure engines," and an excellent buffer he was. In May, 1852, Henry wrote a long letter of complaint to Montgomery against John, requesting that it might be shown to the latter. John replied with interest. In forwarding the reply Montgomery said: "Read it gently and calmly, and I think you had better not answer it. I doubt not that you could write a folio in reply, but it would be no use. With your very different views you must agree to differ, and when you happen to agree be thankful." The folio, however, was written. But Montgomery asked leave not to show it. "I will tell John verbally that you told me you felt hurt at his letter, and will mention some of the most prominent of your remarks as mildly as I can." It cannot be said that the work suffered from this antagonism. Perhaps the country was even a gainer. The necessary work was done—police organised, custom dues abolished, roads started,—and in most matters of general policy extremes were avoided.

The triumvirate however came to an end. It was never

intended to be more than temporary. To men equally high-spirited the tension became unendurable, and both brothers wrote to the Governor-General asking for a change. Each offered to take any other appointment, while expressing his preference for the Punjab. When the case was thus put directly before the Governor-General, his choice was inevitable. John was to remain sole Commissioner, and Henry was made Political Agent in Rajpootana, a post of great honour, but still exile to the original ruler of the Punjab. "Rajpootana was not the Punjab." To Henry the cup was as bitter as one in his position ever had to drink. This was how John spoke of Henry in his letter to the Governor-General: "The views of my brother, a man far abler than I am, are in many respects opposed to mine. I can no more expect that on organic changes he will give way to me than I can to him. He is my senior in age, and we have always been staunch friends. It pains me to be in a state of antagonism to him. A better and more honourable man I don't know, or one more anxious to discharge his duty conscientiously; but in matters of civil polity of the first importance we differ greatly." Whatever consolation there was in the universal regret of English and native alike, Henry had in abundance. "Grief was depicted on every face. Old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and civilians, Englishmen and natives, each and all felt that they were about to lose a friend. Strong men, Herbert Edwardes conspicuous amongst them, might be seen weeping like little children; and when the last of those last moments came, and Henry Lawrence on January 20th, 1853, accompanied by his wife and sister, turned his back for ever upon Lahore and the Punjab, a long cavalcade of aged native chiefs followed him, some for five, some for ten, others for twenty or twenty-five miles out of the city. They were men too who had now nothing to hope from him, for the sun of Henry Lawrence had set, in the Punjab at least, for ever. But they were anxious to evidence, by such poor signs as they could give, their grief, their gratitude and their admiration. It was a long, living funeral procession from Lahore nearly to Umritsur. Robert Napier, now Lord Napier of Magdala, was the last to tear himself away from one who was dearer to him than a brother. "Kiss him," said Henry Lawrence to his sister, as Napier turned back, at last, heart-broken towards Lahore. "Kiss him, he

is my best and dearest friend." When he reached Umritsur, at the house of Charles Saunders, the Deputy-Commissioner, a new group of mourners and a fresh outburst of grief awaited him; and thence he passed on into Rajpootana, "dented all over," to use his friend Herbert Edwardes's words, "with defeats and disapprovals, honourable scars in the eyes of the bystanders." Less than five years more, and that noble heart lies still in a soldier's grave in the Lucknow Residency. After the severance, John's letters to his brother begin, "My dear Henry," instead of "My dear Hal" as before. He strongly recommended Henry to Lord Canning for the command of the Persian Expedition, and the recommendation would no doubt have succeeded, if the appointment had lain with the Calcutta authorities. The two brothers met but once more, in Calcutta in 1856. In November, 1867, John Lawrence, as Viceroy, held a Durbar at Lucknow, which his biographer thus describes: "Of all the scenes which they had witnessed in Sir John Lawrence's eventful life, there is no single scene—so one and another of his most faithful friends who accompanied him have assured me—which has stamped itself in such imperishable colours on their recollections, as that in front of the Residency at Lucknow. There, by the corner of the building, stood Sir John Lawrence, alone, in his simple black coat and sun helmet, his hands crossed in front of him, and his Staff at some little distance off, but not so far as that they could not watch the shadows which came and went over his rugged features, as he stood wrapped in thought. There, was the long line of Talukdars, in all their bravery of gold and purple, mounted on their magnificently caparisoned elephants and humbly saluting the Viceroy as they filed past and looked, with satisfaction or the reverse, on their own handiwork, as evidenced by the dents and chasms made by millions of rifle bullets and thousands of cannon balls in that battered building. There, in front, were the miserable defences hastily thrown up under his brother's eye, which had kept a whole army and a whole city at bay for so many months, and which had now been partially levelled to admit of the nearer approach of the procession. Close behind him was the room in which bursting the cruel shell had done its ghastly work on his noble-hearted brother; and some fifty yards away on the other side of the Residency was his simple

tomb. When the sights and sounds of the great pageant of submission was over, the veteran Viceroy walked round to the sacred spot, still followed at a distance by the members of his staff, and stood there for many minutes by himself, and once again wrapped in thought. That day he must have felt was a day of final and of bloodless triumph, a triumph won as much by his brother as by himself."

John's position now was a proud and difficult one, although he thought neither of the pride nor the difficulty, but simply of doing his duty. Not the least difficulty arose from the fact that nearly all the English officers in the Punjab were devoted to Henry; some of them, notably Nicholson, the hero of the siege of Delhi, perhaps never quite forgave him what he could no more help than Henry himself. John early wrote: "My dear Nicholson,— . . . You have lost a good friend in my brother, but I hope to prove just as staunch a one to you. I set a great value on your zeal, energy, and administrative powers, though I may sometimes think you have a good deal to learn. You may rest assured of my support in all your labours. You may depend upon it that order, rule, and law are good in the hands of those who can understand them, and who know how to apply them. They increase tenfold the power of work in an able man, while without them ordinary men can do but little. . . . Assess low, leaving fair and liberal margin to the occupiers of the soil, and they will increase their cultivation and put the revenue almost beyond the reach of bad seasons. Eschew middlemen. They are the curse of the country everywhere. The land must pay the revenue and feed them, as well as support the occupiers." John did prove a staunch friend to Nicholson, commending him everywhere, in Mutiny days putting him at the head of the movable column, and would have placed him higher if he could. No Indian province ever had such a number of rulers of the highest abilities as were gathered round the Lawrences in the Punjab. Robert Napier, the two Chamberlains, John Nicholson, Herbert Edwardes, the two Taylors, the two Abbotts, the two Lumsdens, Coke, Robert Montgomery, Donald Macleod, Edmonstone, Barnes, Raikes, Thornton, Lake, Cust, Temple, Brandreth, were only leaders of a body of administrators and soldiers who could be trusted to do anything within the limits of human power. It is no fable that a small sect of fakirs worshipped Nicholson, who impressed every one as of gigantic propor-

tions in every respect. The more Nicholson thrashed his worshippers the more they adored him. On his death, in the assault on Delhi, one of them committed suicide. During the Mutiny he took his column on carts above forty miles in one day to intercept the Sealkote mutineers, who were making for Delhi. Coming to a grove, the officers begged that the men might be allowed to rest. Nicholson reluctantly consented. One of the men happened to look up from his sleep, and saw Nicholson sitting bolt upright on his horse in the full glare of the sun, waiting till his men were ready to march again. Nicholson was well in time, and destroyed the column of mutineers. At an earlier date Nicholson was one day standing at his gate when a native came up, sword in hand, and asked which was Nikkul Seyn. Nicholson saw murder in the man's bearing, and snatching a musket from the sentry threatened to shoot him if he did not drop his sword. The man rushed forward, when Nicholson shot him dead. The ball passed through a copy of the Koran, which was turned down at a passage promising Paradise to those who slay infidels. Nicholson reported the circumstance to the Commissioners thus: "Sir,—I have the honour to report that a man came into my compound to-day, intending to kill me, and that I shot him dead.—Your obedient servant, JOHN NICHOLSON." Nicholson was known among his friends as "The Autocrat of all the Russias."

It will easily be understood that one of Lawrence's chief difficulties was in keeping the peace between men of such strength and spirit. He praised Nicholson to Chamberlain, and Chamberlain to Nicholson, and of course could do so on the best grounds. The end of a long quarrel seems to be indicated in a note of Lawrence's to Edwardes: "I return Nicholson's letter. I have got an official letter from Chamberlain, putting twenty queries on each of the four raids to Nicholson! Now, if anything will bring 'Nick' to his senses it will be these queries. He will polish off a tribe in the most difficult fortress, or ride the border like 'belted Will' of former days; but one query in writing is often a stumper for a month or two. The 'pen-and-ink' work, as he calls it, 'does not suit' him." To Nicholson himself he says, "I have got a long letter (official) from Chamberlain, who asks for replies, twenty in number, in respect of the raids you reported. If anything will shut your mouth it will be these queries, for I often find it difficult to get an

answer to one." The plain speaking between these high-minded public men was honourable to all alike. There was none of his assistants whom Lawrence honoured more, and none more worthy of honour, than Donald Macleod. But his slowness often irritated his chief, and earned for him the playful title of "Cunctator." Lawrence writes to Macleod, "I am sure you will make a famous financial commissioner. If you only firmly resolve to postpone nothing that can be disposed of at the time, daily getting through what comes before you, there will be nothing further to desire. You do not, I think, give yourself fair play. You are like a racer who, instead of starting off directly the signal is given, waits until the others have got well ahead before he commences his running; or, perhaps, what is nearer the mark, you only consent to make play when you have packed a good maund of traps on your back. Now pray excuse these ungracious remarks. There is no man who regards and respects you more than I do, or who could be better pleased to have you as a colleague. I see but one speck on your official escutcheon, and, like an officious friend, desire to rub it out." To Barnes he writes in the opposite strain: "Ah, Barnes, you are a very clever fellow; you can get through in half an hour what it would take most of us an hour to do equally well; and if only you would not insist in getting through it in a quarter of an hour instead of half, you would do excellently." One of Lawrence's chief difficulties with his officers was over the time they wished to spend on the hills. To Barnes he says: "I am sorry to find you are vexed at my conduct about the hills, but you will, I hope, give me credit for acting on public grounds." And again to Montgomery: "I am sorry — is riled at the tone of my refusal. It would seem to me that it was the refusal itself which really annoyed him. But, be it one or the other, I could not help it. What I did was done on public grounds. In such questions I have no friends or enemies; at least I try not to have them." Lawrence himself spent little time in cool hill retreats. Indeed, he often injured himself by his refusal to take rest. Even when as Chief Commissioner he might have indulged without injury to the public service, he abstained for example's sake. His run to Calcutta at the beginning of 1856 to see Lord Dalhousie before his departure was the first holiday he had taken for fourteen years. With Robert Napier, the splendid engineer-in-

chief, he was in constant difficulties, not only because of his want of business promptitude, but also because of his disregard of all considerations of cost. He did his work in first-class style, but of economy he had no thought. Under pressure and remonstrance from the supreme government matters were always coming to a crisis. Lawrence ends a long letter of explanation by saying, "You must forgive me if I have said aught in this to distress you. I assure you that it is meant kindly." He had previously said, "It would be absurd for me to have authority in your department, and not to exercise it. I may have done this too abruptly, too harshly, but such is not my impression. From kindly feeling to yourself, from mere motives of expediency, I have endeavoured to get you to bring your department into order. If 'revolutions are not effected by rose-water,' neither are reforms to be made without vigorous expression, without conveying to subordinate authorities in unmistakable but courteous language that one's wishes must be carried out." The transformation effected in the Punjab between 1852 and 1857 was wonderful. A turbulent, lawless race settled down into peaceable cultivators. Laws, courts, roads, schools, were introduced. Englishmen have often read of the ruling instincts of their race. In these pages they may read how the work is done, by what self-sacrifice, what patience, what organising skill and energy.

During the same period Lawrence made two treaties with the Afghans, first with Dost Mohammed's envoys and then with the redoubtable Dost himself. The place was Peshawur, at the mouth of the Khyber. John Lawrence himself was the negotiator on the British side. The first treaty was simply a compact of mutual non-interference. The second time the Dost was very anxious to draw the British into an alliance, involving them in all his schemes; but Lawrence would hear nothing of this. He would simply give help in the shape of money and arms against Persian designs on Herat. At the same time he did not insist on sending British officers to Cabul. The whole scene was very instructive. The British presents to the Afghans were costly, the Afghan presents in return were ten horses and two mules, nearly all spavined and worn out. Lawrence asked the Ameer directly whether he had not carried on secret dealings with the Raja of Cashmere during the last war. The Ameer swore "by Abraham, by Moses, by Esau,

by Jesus Christ, and if there be any other prophets, by them," that there had been nothing of the kind. "When I told the Ameer that I could not credit his statement, he expressed no indignation whatever." His son Azim said at last he would inquire if there were any papers, but none were forthcoming. "When Azim asked us if we did not believe the Ameer, and we replied that we did not, he began to laugh heartily and, I verily believe, had a higher opinion of our intellects than before." Lord Lawrence's opinions on the Afghan question are well known. No doubt circumstances change, but it is hard to see how circumstances can occur to make any difference in the facts which form the chief basis of his policy. The mountains, the river Indus, the Khyber Pass, the pride and treachery and poverty of the Afghans, the nature of Afghanistan, the three wars we have already waged—are all the same. On this large question we cannot even enter here. The reader will find abundant materials in the biography for forming a judgment. Lord Lytton thought the opinion of Sir George Colley on the Afghan question worth the opinion of "twenty Lawrences."

These years of quiet organising proved to be simply the preparation of the ship for the storm. How bravely the ship bore herself under such a captain will never be forgotten in the story of England and India. Mr. Smith wisely abstains from dealing with the subject of the Mutiny in general, and limits himself strictly to the share John Lawrence had in its suppression. Still this portion of the narrative fills half of the second volume. Lawrence's action refers only to Delhi, but Delhi formed the centre of interest for the first and critical part of the period. The outbreak of the Mutiny found him at Rawul Pindi at no great distance from Peshawur, and here he remained for the first two months. At Rawul Pindi he was free from the petty details of business which would have distracted his attention at Lahore, and he was able to concentrate his attention on the one business of the hour. How well he did this work of directing, suggesting, stimulating, must be read in the biography itself. From the first he divined instinctively the course the rising would take and the means necessary for its suppression. If his first urgent counsels to energetic action had been followed by the military authorities, no siege of Delhi would have been necessary. But the mutineers were allowed to secure their position in

the old imperial city with walls strengthened and arsenals filled by ourselves, and the place became the rendezvous of blood-stained Sepoy regiments from all parts. Communication with Calcutta was cut off. Not a soldier or gun came from the east. The English and native troops, guns and ammunition, siege-trains and money which captured Delhi all came from the Punjab. Assuredly Lawrence's was a critical position. The Punjabees were a warlike race. Not many years had elapsed since their defeat in battles such as the British had never had occasion to fight in India before. To put arms into their hands and send them to fight our enemies seemed a delicate experiment. Perhaps the race-antagonism between Sikh and Hindu was a partial security against their sinking their differences in one common alliance against the few foreigners. And this was no doubt true up to a certain point. But Lawrence never ceased to be anxious about letting the Sikhs learn their number and power. He knew that to enlist them as soldiers without limit would simply be to put ourselves at their mercy. One constant precaution which he used was to see that the new regiments raised consisted of different tribes and races, thus avoiding the rock on which the old Sepoy army was wrecked. But even with this precaution he felt that there was a point beyond which he could not go. As it was, the Sikhs who had been such formidable foes fought as well as British troops could. In the trenches and the assault at Delhi they were ever to the front. Without them we should have been helpless. Lawrence called out altogether 34,000 men, embracing Hindustanis, Sikhs, and Mohammedans in well-balanced proportion. He kept not a soldier or gun in the Punjab that could be spared. And indeed his own officers, such as Herbert Edwardes, remonstrated with him on the defenceless condition to which he was reducing his own province. But he constantly put the imperial above the local. He knew well that all depended on the capture of Delhi. Before the city fell in September the tension was extreme. The loyalty of vast numbers of nobles and princes throughout India trembled in the balance. Failure, or much longer delay, meant universal rebellion and the reconquest of all India. In July he writes to officers before Delhi, "If you fall back from Delhi, our cause is gone. Neither the Punjab nor anywhere else can stand." To Edwardes, "If our army retreat from Delhi, it is lost. Nothing but disgrace and

ruin will follow. If it stand fast, I will not see it perish for want of aid." To General Sydney Cotton, "My policy is to support the army as far as possible. If it fail, all will fail. This is the crisis of our fate." To Lord Canning, "If we hope to stem the tide, we must take Delhi. Its strength, its political importance, render its capture essential to our political existence. Deprived of it, the insurgents will speedily degenerate into a rabble." To Lord Elphinstone, "There is nothing for it, in my mind, but to take Delhi or perish in the struggle." And so he went on pouring troops and supplies towards the point of supreme importance.

In his own province the Sepoy regiments were nearly all disarmed. Thus, English troops were set free, who otherwise would have been kept watching the natives. There were very few of the blunders which were the cause of so much disaster elsewhere. The few disasters which occurred were due to officers whom Lawrence could neither command nor remove. In disarming the Sepoys at Rawul Pindi he exposed his own life without fear. In all his measures he was most ably supported by his trusty lieutenants everywhere. In disarming the regiments at Lahore, Montgomery accepted responsibility by anticipating his chief's action. News of the outbreak reached Lahore on Tuesday, May 12th, and the next morning four Sepoy regiments were disarmed by five companies of the 81st European with twelve guns. All was managed without fuss. A general parade had been previously fixed for that morning. The Sepoys were so manœuvred as to bring them face to face with the Europeans. As the Brigadier's orders to disarm were read, the 500 Europeans fell back between the twelve guns loaded with grape, the gunners stood with port fires lighted, the order rang out, "Eighty-first, load," the ramrods were driven home, the Sepoys saw that they were caught in a trap, and 2,000 muskets and 700 sabres soon lay in heaps. The 26th native regiment afterwards murdered some of their officers and fled, but were pursued and destroyed.

The importance which Lawrence attached to the speedy fall of Delhi may be gathered from the fact that, if left to himself, he would have abandoned Peshawur to the Afghans, thus setting free a large European force which would have decided the day at Delhi. His own officers were against him on this point, but he defended himself on the principle

of sacrificing an extremity to save the vital part. Indeed in quieter times he questioned the wisdom of keeping Peshawur. The valley is worth little in point of revenue. Its only worth is as a means of defence at the mouth of the Khyber, whilst by giving it to the Afghans from whom it was taken by the Sikhs, much as Alsace-Lorraine was taken by the Germans, we should make them our firm friends. The Indus, he maintained, was a far stronger boundary. However, we need not express any judgment on this question, which is rather for experts. Few men could know more on the subject than John Lawrence. It is enough to say that the sacrifice was never required. Lawrence's efforts were repaid, waverers were confirmed, and the neck of the Mutiny was broken by the fall of Delhi in the middle of September.

Directly the city was taken Lawrence strongly urged on the Governor-General the wisdom of issuing a proclamation offering an amnesty to the less guilty. These were numbered by thousands. They had simply been drawn into the stream. Now that rebellion was evidently a losing cause, a proclamation of this kind would have detached thousands from its side. For some reason or other the advice was not accepted, and, as Lawrence foretold, the war degenerated into a guerilla warfare, carried on by mutineers who had no hope of quarter.

The extent to which John Lawrence represented the British cause to the native mind may be estimated by the fact that the leaders inside Delhi inspired their troops with new courage by parading a stalwart, fair-skinned Cashmeer prisoner as Jan Larens himself. He once mentioned to Raja Tej Sing, a principal Punjab chief, that he had some thought of going to Delhi himself to expedite the siege. Tej Sing looked earnestly at him, and said, "Sahib, send the best man you have, or any number of them, but don't go yourself. So long as you stay here, all will go well. But the moment you turn your back, no one can say what devilry may not take place." When Lawrence finally left for England a native said to an English officer, "Won't something happen when he goes?"

As to the share of John Lawrence in the capture of Delhi, perhaps a better testimony than all the congratulations and honours which fell thick and fast upon him is the one in Lord Canning's Minute: "Through him Delhi fell, and the Punjab, no longer a weakness, became a source

of strength. But for him, the hold of England upon Upper India would have had to be recovered at a cost of English blood and treasure which defies calculation." A characteristic incident occurred on his departure from the Punjab. The Raja of Bhawalpore was one of those who had waited for victory to declare itself before taking his side. However, when Sir John Lawrence sailed down the Indus on his way home, the Raja came down to the banks of the river in state to do him honour, but Sir John steamed past at full speed. It will be seen from the biography that while Sir John advocated severe dealing with the guilty, he was strongly against the indiscriminate severity too often practised.

Sir John had been seventeen years absent from England. He went out an obscure civilian, he returned the most prominent figure among Indian rulers. We pass over the recognition accorded to his services, as well as the four years spent at home. In 1863 he was appointed Viceroy in succession to Lord Elgin. His was the first, and so far the only, instance of an Indian civilian rising to the supreme dignity. The appointment, no doubt, excited considerable jealousy, which added to the difficulties of his position. Sharp eyes were constantly on the watch for faults which were duly chronicled, magnified, and published to the world. It is no mean testimony both to Lawrence's character and ability that the only faults ever discovered by eyes sharpened by the meanest passions related to points of bearing and etiquette. He walked to church instead of going in state. Men who were not above sharing his hospitality went away declaring that they would not drink the wine, "it was so bad, such a contrast to Lord Elgin's." Lawrence had bought the wine they were drinking from Lord Elgin's stock. So again, in his successor's days, "the wine *he* gave was such an agreeable contrast to what Sir John Lawrence had given them." Lord Mayo had bought Sir John Lawrence's stock. Sir John also raised a nest of hornets about him by reforming the abuses of the viceregal establishment. Economy was denounced as niggardliness. The way, too, in which he worked, and made others work, was extremely unwelcome to idlers. Once in a busy moment he forgot to change his slippers before receiving a Calcutta deputation. The supposed slight was never forgiven. When told of his offence, he turned to his private secretary with the remark, "Why,

Hathaway, they were quite new, and good slippers." Little as he cared for the formalities of state, none could do better justice to the dignity of the British empire when occasion arose. His great Durbars at Lahore, Agra, and Lucknow were the most effective ceremonies of the kind ever witnessed in India. The reason was that the central figure in the ceremony was feared and revered, not simply as a symbol of British authority, but for his own sake. His addresses to the assembled princes and nobles of India in the vernacular, strengthened by the imposing presence and past deeds of the speaker, gave forth no uncertain sound. The Viceregal Court, during his term of office, was one of which no Christian government had reason to be ashamed. Every one knew that while the Viceroy was no fanatic, he was a resolved Christian, and that nothing morally wrong would be tolerated. He always sought to inculcate respect for the natives. A young officer once spoke of them in Sir John's presence as "niggers." "I beg your pardon," said Sir John, "of whom were you speaking?"

The years of his viceroyalty were tame in comparison with the stirring times which had gone before. Happily there was no extra demand on his powers. We may therefore pass by the questions of internal reform and administration, the differences with some members of his council and with Sir Bartle Frere at Bombay, which fill up this period. Full of instruction as they are to students of Indian history, they do not add much that is characteristic of Sir John. Perhaps it should be said that the differences between Sir John Lawrence and Sir Bartle Frere are characteristic of the two men. But the question of frontier policy is too large to discuss here. We hope that the exposition given in these volumes will do much to enlighten public opinion on the subject.

The last chapter, giving many personal details and characteristics, is one of the most interesting in the biography. We almost wish the School-Board interlude were absent. With all respect to the members of the board, the work was scarcely worthy of the ex-Viceroy, and the ex-Viceroy was scarcely in his element. The way in which Lord Lawrence threw himself into the frontier controversy is too well known to need description here. We trust that the information given will be carefully pondered by all parties. No English party can have any

interest in defending injustice, violence, and waste. It behoves all patriots to do everything in their power to prevent the new danger with which we are threatened—that of Indian questions being dragged into the arena of party strife. Nothing could so seriously imperil the British empire in the East. Many are the incidents, illustrative of the homeliness and withal the true greatness of Lord Lawrence's character, told in this chapter, but they would be spoilt by being torn from the context, and must be read in the biography. His eyesight, sorely tried by years of excessive desk-work in India, gradually failed, and at last almost entirely departed. Most touching is the picture of the once strong man reduced to dependence on others. We remember nothing more pathetic in literature than the record by Lady Lawrence of his resignation under the loss and his patience under two severe operations. The end of the good fight came in June, 1879. "I am so weary" were the last words of one of the hardest of workers.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, the character exhibited in these volumes is one that will draw increasing reverence from all that is best in the English nation. The present Lord Derby's epithet for Lord Lawrence is exceedingly happy—"Heroic simplicity." Lord Derby adds with just as much truth, "Malice itself has never fastened upon Lord Lawrence's career the imputation of one discreditable incident or one unworthy act." Prominent everywhere is the absolute sincerity of the man. Conventional he could not be. Where others would have descended to meaningless platitudes, he spoke the truth however unpalatable. Once he desired the Grand Cross of the Star of India to be withheld from the Maharaja of Joudpore, the proudest of Rajputana princes, because of unworthy conduct. The Maharaja's name, however, had been gazetted. But in conferring the honour the Viceroy gave some very plain counsel, and when the counsel was not followed deposed the prince. Sir Charles Wood, himself the firmest of men, once requested him to withdraw some instructions to a Special Commissioner. Sir John, after justifying his action, said, "It would be suicidal for me to come forward and modify the instructions given. The Home Government may do this. Parliament may say what it thinks proper, but of my own free will I will not move, knowing as I do that I am right in the course which has been

adopted." Lord Lawrence was a thoroughly religious man. Not that he was talkative on the subject; on the contrary, his reticence was extreme. "He never talked of religion, hardly ever said a word that was distinctly religious even to his intimate friends and relations. Yet everybody knew it was there." Besides daily worship in the household, Lady Lawrence and her husband always had their daily Bible reading and prayer together. He did not read many religious books. He said he found the Bible itself more helpful. His character was formed, his life governed, by Scripture. Can we wonder that his indignation against wrong and passion for right knew no bounds? There is no character of modern days that reminds us so strongly of the Puritan of the best type. Henry Morley's definition of an Englishman applies perfectly to Lord Lawrence: "One determined to find out the right and get it done, find out the wrong and get it undone." Never may the English reverence for morality decline. Never may the right be supplanted by the æsthetic.

The biographer has discharged his difficult task most worthily. We confess that we wonder at the skill with which he has selected from a vast mass of material just what was necessary for the purposes of biography. Nothing but the most thorough study of every part of his subject has enabled him to discuss Indian questions of all kinds with such intelligence and mastery. He always writes vigorously, sometimes, perhaps, with almost unnecessary vigour. A biographer does not always need to pronounce a verdict. Sometimes facts may be left to speak for themselves. His language respecting the morality of Hodson's conduct is absolutely unqualified. Some readers may, perhaps, think that the classical allusions and quotations are needlessly multiplied, especially as they are seldom novel. A more serious defect is the somewhat sparing indication of dates. For example, the date of Lord Lawrence's death can only be uncertainly inferred. But on the whole the biography is one with which all admirers of one of England's and India's greatest characters have every reason to be thoroughly satisfied. The work will long continue to be a mine of valuable information on Indian subjects.

ART. III.—*On Mr. Spencer's Unification of Knowledge.*
By Malcolm Guthrie, Author of "On Mr. Spencer's
Formula of Evolution." London: Trübner and
Co., Ludgate Hill. 1882.

THE imposing edifice of Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Synthetic Philosophy* seems to occupy an unique position in the history of English speculation as the first attempt made in this country to frame a coherent and consistent theory of the universe, while it challenges from every student of modern thought the attention which is due to breadth of design and elaboration of detail. The earlier thinkers, who form what is known as the English school of philosophy, were all, from Locke to J. S. Mill, busied with a problem which lies within comparatively narrow compass, *i.e.*, the nature and the limits of the human understanding. They were not prepared to launch out upon the ocean of speculative inquiry until they had satisfied themselves that they had been provided by nature with the needful equipment for the voyage. Nor were the results of their psychological analysis of a kind to stimulate speculative enterprise. In the cold shade of their criticism the spirit of intellectual adventure, which animated a Plato or a Descartes, withered and died out. Thus, at the very time when a new philosophical renaissance was reaching its fullest development in Germany, English thinkers were still, like so many monks of Athos, engaged in scrutinising their sensations, and proclaiming authoritatively that in sensation lay the whole content of human cognition. All this, however, is now altered, and the reason is not far to seek. The immense development of physical science in recent years, and in particular the hypothesis which goes by the name of the Darwinian theory, have as completely revolutionised the popular manner of regarding the universe as the Copernican system did that of our forefathers. The old hide-bound empiricism of Mill and Bain will not square with the evolution hypothesis; and accordingly in Mr. Spencer English philosophy has assumed a shape which has far more affinity with Cartesianism than with the

canonical doctrine of the school of Locke. Mr. Spencer's conception of philosophy is of that large and ambitious character which we have hitherto associated exclusively with the names of Continental, and especially of German, thinkers. In his view science rests upon certain ultimate necessities of thought or *a priori* principles, and the first principles of the special sciences are likewise *a priori*; and it is the business of philosophy to unify human knowledge by exhibiting it as a deduction from, or synthesis of, these first principles. The province of each special science is of necessity limited; it deals with the universe in one or other of its many aspects or relations, and accordingly it can never tell us what the universe itself is, but only how it appears from one point of view. When, therefore, scientific achievement has been carried to its farthest limit there will still remain the further question—What after all is the universe itself? To some minds this question at present seems, and doubtless will long continue to seem, hopeless of solution. It is, however, this question, and no other, to which the *Synthetic Philosophy* is intended by its author to furnish the final answer. Moreover, the problem itself is not quite so vague as it at first sight appears. A little reflection shows that it is susceptible of but one of three possible solutions. It is plain that the universe is either material or spiritual in nature, or that its nature is inscrutable. To assume the existence of two independent principles, mind and matter, in the universe would be in effect to make two universes instead of one. As philosophers, therefore, we are bound either to resolve mind into matter, or matter into mind, or to treat both mind and matter as distinct, but correlative, effects of the same cause. The first of these three alternatives we may eliminate, materialism being no longer represented by any thinker of consequence. The choice then lies between the second and the third, between idealism and agnosticism, as it is now the fashion to call that theory which treats the "ultimate reality" as inscrutable. We need hardly say that this latter theory is the one adopted by Mr. Spencer. Mr. Spencer then, as a metaphysician, is a kind of nineteenth century Spinozist. For "ultimate reality" read substance, and for "manifestation" mode, and Mr. Spencer's metaphysical doctrine becomes that of Spinoza. True, Spinoza was wont to call his "substance" by a term at once more familiar and more august, viz., God; but differences of

terminology are a matter of small importance, unless they symbolise corresponding differences of thought, and the pantheism of Spinoza is of so abstract a kind as that, when rigorously thought out, it yields a result which does not materially differ from agnosticism. We repeat, then, that Mr. Spencer's agnostic metaphysics are substantially identical with that same theory of pantheism which, two centuries ago, became, through the Ethics of Spinoza, part of the common stock of modern philosophy. Accordingly, if Mr. Spencer were no more than a metaphysician, we might perhaps be excused for choosing to read the master in preference to the pupil, the more so as Spinoza's Latin is of its kind decidedly superior to Mr. Spencer's English. Mr. Spencer, however, claims to be much more than a metaphysician; and, indeed, his metaphysics are the least part of him. He claims to have established his ontological doctrine upon a scientific basis, upon the basis of the idea of evolution applied as an universal method to the interpretation of the phenomena of the universe; to have introduced into astronomy, on the one hand, and psychology and its dependent sciences on the other, the same method which Darwin applied exclusively to biology; and by so doing to have accomplished that unification of knowledge which, as we have seen, in his view constitutes philosophy. The *Synthetic Philosophy*, then, is presented to us by its author in the light of a veritable new beginning in speculation. Thus he claims to have transcended both Locke and Kant, fusing into one harmonious doctrine whatever elements of truth were contained in the ideas of those once famous thinkers. This boasted reconciliation of empiricism and transcendentalism is, however, but one particular case of what is, in effect, the pretension of Mr. Spencer's system as a whole. Thus psychology teaches that every known object exists only in being known, perceived objects in being perceived, conceived objects in being conceived. On the other hand, the objective sciences purport to deal with an objective world. How, then, is the psychological doctrine to be reconciled with the objectivity of the cosmos? Nor can the philosopher afford to ignore religion. The existence of the religious faculty suggests the existence of an object corresponding to it. Of what kind, then, must such an object be in order that it may satisfy the religious instinct without at the same time doing violence to reason? To both of these questions Mr. Spencer professes to be able,

by his theory, to render a satisfactory answer. The effect of the application of the idea of evolution to all the concrete sciences is to bring about a twofold reconciliation—a reconciliation of psychology with objective science, or, in other words, of idealism with realism, and a reconciliation of reason with faith.

The work which heads this article is an elaborate attempt to show by detailed criticism that Mr. Spencer has, in fact, failed to effect his purpose, and that his unification is no unification. The author's position is peculiar. "The present undertaking, therefore," he says in his preface, "is to be regarded, not as an attack upon the evolutionism of Lamarck, nor as an attack upon the evolutionism of Lyell or Darwin, nor yet upon the evolutionism of Spencer as regards the development of intelligence, but as an attack upon the theory which attempts to combine all these into one continuous process." In a word, Mr. Guthrie thinks that there is evolution and evolution, that one evolutionist theory differs from another intrinsically, and that by consequence it is impossible to construct a comprehensive system of evolution-philosophy, consolidating the first principles of the several sciences into a coherent body of universal truth. Philosophy, as the unification of knowledge, is impossible.

Mr. Guthrie's work is, as we said, an elaborate one. He passes in review one by one, and submits to a close examination, the most plausible of the many novel theories broached in Mr. Spencer's three most important works, *First Principles*, *Principles of Biology*, and *Principles of Psychology*. We are not sure that the author is in all respects perfectly well fitted to perform the task he has undertaken, and in particular we doubt whether his knowledge of the physical sciences is as profound, or his mastery of his logical tools as complete, as it need be to enable him to cope with complete success with a thinker of Mr. Spencer's calibre. Further, we think he starts with a certain misconception of Mr. Spencer's purpose, and of the scope of philosophy. Thus he complains (page 9) that Mr. Spencer "seems to forget that unification implies oneness. He has quite a number of universal truths, and no doubt there are a number of universal truths; but when, as in paragraph 83, he speaks of interpreting things by means of universal truths in the plural, where is the unification? Surely there must be *one* ultimate truth from which even the

universal truths are derivable. And from this initial confusion we never get clear. Throughout Mr. Spencer's works we are continually finding that something or other is a corollary from some of the ultimate truths; but this does not constitute an unification of knowledge; it is only a partial unification, which falls short of the goal of philosophy. These universal truths have to be unified."

The truth is that this idea of "one ultimate truth, from which even the universal truths are derivable," is a pure delusion.

The process of deduction necessarily implies a plurality of universal truths. From one truth, however ultimate, it is impossible to deduce or derive anything. The only unification (if such it can be called) of which ultimate truths are susceptible is by way of some such "transcendental deduction" of them (wrongly called deduction) as that by which Kant proved the *a priori* necessity of the pure conceptions of the understanding, as conditions of the possibility of experience. Mr. Spencer, then, is not to be blamed for resting in a plurality of ultimate truths. But to return to Mr. Guthrie's criticism. He continues as follows: "Further, we find that Mr. Spencer nowhere sets down his proposed unifications in the distinct form of a proposition. Whatever ideas he may have, or whatever opinions he may wish to convey, as to what precisely does constitute the unification of knowledge, he does not put them down anywhere in the form of a distinct proposition, but leaves us to gather his opinions in an indistinct manner from incoherent statements scattered here and there throughout his works. And if we set ourselves the task of gathering these opinions for the purpose of completing our unificatory proposition by furnishing it with a predicate, what do we find? We find that quite a variety of different methods of the unification of knowledge are taught by Mr. Spencer! In studying these in detail, we see that they arrange themselves into six classes, which we may call the Mystical, the Psychological, the Physical, the Metaphysical, the Supraphysical, and the Symbolical."

There is very little in these strictures with which we find ourselves able to agree. Doubtless, Mr. Spencer has not summed up in a few succinct propositions the net result of his "unificatory" speculations, but that there is any substantial difficulty to a reasonably painstaking and candid critic in ascertaining what that net result is, we do not for

a moment believe. We think that, taking a fair view of Mr. Spencer's system as a whole, it is perfectly possible, without the exercise of any extraordinary measure either of ingenuity or of patience, to formulate certain general propositions which express with tolerable clearness the gist of his philosophy, regarded as an unification of knowledge, as thus :

Prop. I. All phenomena (and with Mr. Spencer only phenomena are knowable) are manifestations of one unknowable reality, power, or force.

Prop. II. All phenomena, in course of such manifestation, pass through a process of change by which the relatively simple and diffuse becomes relatively complex and integrated, which process is termed evolution, and is succeeded after a certain period by a process of dissolution, i.e., of progressive disintegration and diffusion.

Prop. III. Organic matter differs from inorganic matter only in the higher degree of the complexity of its evolution.

Whether these three propositions correctly represent Mr. Spencer's doctrine or not is a question for the answer to which we must refer our readers to that author's works, and in particular to those chapters in *First Principles*, which are entitled respectively, "Evolution and Dissolution," "Simple and Compound Evolution," and "The Law of Evolution." Assuming then these three propositions to be the basis, and real first principles, of Mr. Spencer's philosophy, let us test them by Mr. Guthrie's favourite elenchus, to see whether they will or will not yield some general unificatory formula, such as Mr. Guthrie desiderates. An unificatory proposition, according to Mr. Guthrie, "must be all-embracing; it must comprise the cosmos." Its subject, he goes on to tell us, must be "all existences and their interrelations," or equivalent words, and its predicate "the ultimate truth." This is, of course, an inaccurate mode of expression; the predicate will not be itself the ultimate truth, but only one of the terms of which the synthesis constitutes the ultimate truth. But passing over this piece of logical blundering, which is nevertheless of a rather slovenly kind, and applying the test as Mr. Guthrie means it to be applied, we have the following result:—All existences (i.e., phenomenal existences) and their interrelations are manifestations of an unknowable reality, by way of a process of progressive integration and in-

volution, succeeded by a reverse process of progressive disintegration and diffusion.

Is that, or is it not, an unificatory proposition? It can hardly, we think, be denied that it is a generalisation of the widest and most sweeping character, comprising as Mr. Guthrie says it should, the cosmos; and assuming that it is true and instructive, as of course for the present we are bound to do, we fail to see how its claim to the character of an unificatory proposition can be successfully impeached.

Nor can we admit that Mr. Spencer has a variety of methods for the unification of knowledge. On the contrary, we assert that as Mr. Spencer has but one problem to solve, so he has also but one method of solving it. That method is simply the application of the evolution hypothesis; and the various methods enumerated by Mr. Guthrie are simply so many specific applications of this one method to specific subject-matters. Thus the so-called physical, metaphysical, and supraphysical methods are merely equivalent modes of designating Mr. Spencer's attempt to bridge the gulf which has hitherto divided astronomy from biology; the so-called psychological method is the attempt to solve by the evolution hypothesis, as applied to psychology, the sceptical problem of the existence of what is commonly known as the external world, in other words, as we have elsewhere expressed it, to effect the reconciliation of idealism and realism, of psychology and objective science; and finally, what Mr. Guthrie calls the symbolical and mystical methods is nothing more than that agnostical doctrine of metaphysics, which, as we have seen, Mr. Spencer considers to be the necessary corollary of the evolution hypothesis, and by which he conceives that he has established a lasting *concordat* between reason and faith. So much, then, for Mr. Guthrie's preliminary objections, which, we must own, seem to us altogether irrelevant. The consideration of them, however, will not have been entirely fruitless if it has served to impress upon the minds of our readers what are the two crucial questions which Mr. Spencer's philosophy suggests, and upon the answer to which the verdict of criticism must depend. These questions are:— (1.) How far is Mr. Spencer successful in applying the evolution hypothesis to astronomy and to psychology? (2.) What is the value of his so-called reconciliation of religion and science? As our readers are doubtless aware,

Mr. Spencer holds that astronomy (including geology), biology, psychology, and sociology are but so many different chapters of one science, the science of "the continuous transformation which the universe undergoes ;" that one identical process is traceable alike in the formation of the sidereal and solar systems, the differentiation of the earth's crust, the life of plants and animals, of the individual human being, and of human society ; which process he designates by the now familiar term evolution. So far, so good ; but when we endeavour to understand precisely what he means by evolution, we find ourselves involved in no little difficulty. He has a really wonderful definition of it. "*Evolution*" (he says) "*is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity ; and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation.*"

This monstrous tangle of words is clearly not to be unravelled save at the cost of considerable labour and no ordinary patience. If we are to succeed at all, it will only be by laying hold of a single thread at a time ; in other words, by setting to work *gradatim et pedetentim* with an analysis of the meaning of terms. To this end, the first thing, obviously, is to determine what Mr. Spencer means by "integration." Of this term—despite the extremely important part which it plays in the formula—the only definition, if such it can be called, which Mr. Spencer has thought fit to furnish, is contained in the following sentence from the chapter on "Evolution and Dissolution :"—"The change from a diffused imperceptible state to a concentrated perceptible state is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion."

Now upon this proposition we have to observe that, taken literally, it is pure nonsense. The imperceptible can no more become perceptible than a quantity result from the multiplication of nothing into itself. But even supposing the change from an imperceptible state to a perceptible state were possible, would it be itself perceptible ? Obviously not ; the perception of change implying the perception of the antecedent as well as of the sequent state, and the comparison of the two. As is remarked by Mr. Guthrie, commenting upon another passage (p. 541), in which Mr. Spencer affirms that "philosophy stands self-convicted of inadequacy, if it does not formulate the

whole series of changes passed through by every existence in its passage from the imperceptible to the perceptible, and again from the perceptible to the imperceptible," "the history of the passage of the imperceptible into the concrete or perceptible is beyond the pale of knowledge, and therefore of philosophy."

It may perhaps be said that this criticism is, after all, merely verbal, and that Mr. Spencer's real meaning is tolerably clear. We do not think it is so; but we will amend his formula for him in a way that will, at least, make it intelligible, by substituting for "imperceptible" *indistinctly perceptible*, and inserting between "concentrated" and "perceptible" the adverb *distinctly*. The formula will now run as follows:—The change from a diffused indistinctly perceptible state to a concentrated distinctly perceptible state is an integration of matter, and concomitant dissipation of motion. It remains to determine the precise force of the terms "diffused" and "concentrated," as used in the definition; but for this purpose we must consult the next chapter. Here we read: "An aggregate that has become completely integrated or dense is one that contains comparatively little motion;" from which we are inclined to infer that by "concentration" Mr. Spencer means *condensation*, and wonder not a little why he did not say so at first, concentration being a term which suggests the operation rather of a gravitative than of a cohesive force. Substituting, then, *condensed* for "concentrated," we read: The change from a diffused indistinctly perceptible state to a condensed distinctly perceptible state is an integration of matter, and concomitant dissipation of motion; which we take to mean merely that integration is that process of change from a comparatively loose to a comparatively close cohesion of molecules, attended by a proportionate loss of molecular motion, which is popularly known as condensation, and of which familiar examples are the freezing of water, and the cooling of molten metal. Mr. Spencer, however, by no means limits himself to this sense of the term. In fact, if he did so, he could not incorporate the nebular hypothesis into his system. In the chapter on "The Law of Evolution," we read (p. 308):—

"Our sidereal system, by its general form, by its clusters of stars of all degrees of closeness, and by its nebulae in all stages of condensation, gives us grounds to suspect that, generally and

locally, concentration is still going on. Assume that its matter has been, and still is being, drawn together by gravitation, and we have an explanation of all its leading traits of structure—from its solidified masses up to its collections of attenuated flocculi barely discernible by the most powerful telescopes, from its double stars up to such complex aggregates as the nubeculæ. Without dwelling on this evidence, however, let us pass to the case of the solar system. The belief for which there are so many reasons that this has had a nebular genesis is the belief that it has arisen by the integration of matter and concomitant loss of motion. Evolution, under its primary aspect, is illustrated most simply and clearly by this passage of the solar system from a widely diffused incoherent state to a consolidated coherent state. While, according to the nebular hypothesis, there has been going on this gradual concentration of the solar system as an aggregate, there has been a simultaneous concentration of each partially-independent member. The substance of every planet, in passing through its stages of nebulous ring, gaseous spheroid, liquid spheroid, and spheroid externally solidified, has in essentials paralleled the changes gone through by the general mass; and every satellite has done the like. Moreover, at the same time that the matter of the whole, as well as the matter of each partially-independent part, has been thus integrating, there has been the farther integration implied by increasing combination among the parts. The satellites of each planet are linked with their primary into a balanced cluster; while the planets and their satellites form with the sun a compound group of which the members are more strongly bound up with one another than were the far-spread portions of the nebulous medium out of which they arose."

In this passage the term concentration is used to cover both the molar motion which results from gravitation, and that dissipation of molecular motion in virtue of which the particles come to cohere more closely, and which is termed condensation. We will not insult Mr. Spencer by suggesting that he does not know the difference between the forces of gravitation and cohesion, but he habitually writes as though he regarded them as identical. Are we to understand that gravitation is a consequence of condensation, and if so, what proof of this position is forthcoming? Turning for illumination to the chapter entitled "The Continuity of Motion," we do not find our perplexity much relieved by learning that "the gravitative action, utterly unknown in nature, is probably a resultant of actions pervading the ethereal medium." Whatever gravitation may be, however,

it certainly cannot be identified with condensation, and therefore, if condensation and integration are synonymous, gravitation is no form of integration, and the concentration of the solar system according to the nebular hypothesis, implying gravitation no less than condensation, cannot be correctly expressed in terms of the latter merely, *i.e.*, as a process of integration. Nor of integration in any other sense than that of condensation is it true that it is attended by a loss or dissipation of motion; gravitation may have the effect of inducing motion to follow certain definite tracks, but it cannot, we presume, be pretended that this involves a dissipation of motion either molecular or molar. Does Mr. Spencer then mean by integration simply a change from an indistinctly perceptible state to a distinctly perceptible one, and is all this talk about "concentration and diffusion" mere vaguely descriptive metaphor? From this interpretation we are excluded by the very terms of Mr. Spencer's definition; for whereas it would in effect identify integration with differentiation, Mr. Spencer is at pains to distinguish these processes as respectively cause and effect. It follows, therefore, that we are brought to a dead halt at the very threshold of our author's theory, by our inability to put an intelligible construction upon this all-important term. Our bewilderment is, if possible, increased when, plunging hopelessly on, we come upon Mr. Spencer talking about this same process of integration as displayed in articulate speech, in the generalisations of science, in music, painting, the industrial arts, and literary composition. Thus the contraction of polysyllabic words into dissyllables is a case of integration, and so is the combination of words into a sentence; so is melody, so is harmony, so is the composition of a picture, the plot of a novel; so, in fact, is everything in the way either of artistic arrangement or mechanical contrivance. Take the following passages from the chapter on "The Law of Evolution:"

"When we see the Anglo-Saxon inflexions gradually lost by contraction during the development of English, and, though to a less degree, the Latin inflexions dwindling away during the development of French, we cannot deny that grammatical structure is modified by integration; and, seeing how clearly the earlier stages of grammatical structure are explained by it, we can scarcely doubt that it has been going on from the first. In proportion to the degree of this integration is the extent to which integration

of another order is carried. Aptotic languages are, as already pointed out, necessarily incoherent—the elements of a proposition cannot be completely tied into a whole. But as fast as coalescence produces inflected words, it becomes possible to unite them into sentences of which the parts are so mutually dependent that no considerable change can be made without destroying the meaning" (p. 322). "The history of science presents facts of the same meaning at every step. Indeed, the integration of groups of like entities and like relations may be said to constitute the most conspicuous part of scientific progress. A glance at the classificatory sciences shows us that the confused incoherent aggregations which the vulgar make of natural objects, are gradually rendered complete and compact, and bound up into groups within groups" (p. 323). "Nor do the industrial and æsthetic arts fail to supply us with equally conclusive evidence. The progress from rude, small, and simple tools to perfect, complex, and large machines, is a progress in integration. Among what are classed as the mechanical powers, the advance from the lever to the wheel and axle, is an advance from a simple agent to an agent made up of several simple ones. On comparing the wheel and axle or any of the machines used in early times with those used now, we see that in each of our machines several of the primitive machines are united into one. . . . Contrast the mural decorations of the Egyptians and Assyrians with modern historical paintings, and there becomes manifest a great advance in unity of composition—in the subordination of the parts to the whole. . . . In music progressive integration is displayed in still more numerous ways. The simple cadence embracing but a few notes, which in the chants of savages is monotonously repeated, becomes among civilised races a long series of different musical phrases combined into one whole; and so complete is the integration that the melody cannot be broken off in the middle, nor shorn of its final note without giving us a painful sense of incompleteness. . . . Once more the arts of literary delineation, narrative and dramatic, furnish us with parallel illustrations. The tales of primitive times, like those with which the story-tellers of the East still daily amuse their listeners, are made up of successive occurrences that are not only in themselves unnatural, but have no natural connection; they are but so many separate adventures put together without necessary sequence. But in a good modern work of imagination the events are the proper products of the characters working under given conditions; and cannot at will be changed in their order or kind without injuring or destroying the general effect. Further, the characters themselves which in early fictions play their respective parts without showing how their minds are modified by one another, or by the events, are now presented to us as held together by complex moral relations, and as acting and reacting upon one another's natures" (pp. 326-7.)

Now whether the instances given in the foregoing passages are or are not cases of integration, it must, we think, be admitted that with the exception of the one drawn from the history of mechanical invention they at least are not cases of the integration of matter. Neither words nor sentences; neither musical notes, nor tunes; neither scientific generalisations, nor the creations of literary, pictorial, or plastic art, are material things. Mere mechanical contrivances, of course, are so; but how absurd to describe a picture by Turner or Titian, or a frieze by Phidias, as an integration of matter! The real picture, the real sculpture, exists only in the minds of those who carry with them to the marble or the canvas, the trained faculty which is necessary to interpret aright the meaning of the artist, is in other words a purely ideal thing. Nor can the steam-engine, or other mechanical appliance, be made out a case of the integration of matter, except by putting an entirely new meaning upon the term, *i.e.*, by identifying it with "combination." "The progress from rude, small, and simple tools to perfect, complex, and large machines is a progress in integration." This is a very curious statement. Why should a machine be less integrated because it is little? Why more integrated because it is perfect? The perfection of a machine consists in its being so accurately constructed as to do its work with absolute thoroughness and regularity. How can this happy adjustment of means to ends be called an integration of matter? If we choose to give to integration the very wide meaning of combination, or synthesis, then, of course, an advance in complexity will be equivalent to an advance in integration, and doubtless the history of articulate speech, and of science and art, is one of progressive synthesis, combination, or complication. But if this is the true meaning of integration, how does it differ materially from differentiation?

By way of confounding confusion, Mr. Spencer, in the chapter on "The Law of Evolution Concluded," develops a theory of the integration of motion. This is the meaning of the mysterious words which conclude his formula, "during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." It appears that this "parallel transformation" consists of an "advance of the retained motion in integration, in heterogeneity, and in definiteness." What then does Mr. Spencer mean by the integration of

motion? To this question the nearest approach to an articulate answer which Mr. Spencer deigns to furnish is to be found in a remarkable passage on 'p. 382. "If evolution," says Mr. Spencer, "is a passage of matter from a diffused to an aggregated state—if while the dispersed units are losing part of the insensible motion which kept them dispersed, there arise among coherent masses of them any sensible motions with respect to one another; then this sensible motion must previously have existed in the form of insensible motion among the units. If concrete matter arises by the aggregation of diffused matter, then concrete motion arises by the aggregation of diffused motion. That which comes into existence as the movement of masses, implies the cessation of an equivalent molecular movement."

This is one of those statements which make a reader despair of ever extracting from them the least scintilla of intelligible meaning. It purports to be an explanation of the origin of molar motion, as an aggregation of molecular motion. The explanation consists in two suppositions and one unwarrantable assertion. The first assumption is, that molar motion is in some way adverse to molecular, the second, that molecular motion somehow or another gets transformed into molar motion; the assertion, which we say is unwarrantable, consists in calling this transformation an aggregation. With regard to the first assumption, molar movement is only the movement of all the molecules of a given mass in a given direction, *i.e.*, down the line of least resistance. To talk, then, of molar motion "implying the cessation of an equivalent molecular movement," is mere nonsense. Molecular motion, we may conjecture, may become molar in consequence either of a subtraction of resistance in one quarter, or an accession of force in another, or of both causes operating at once.

If, then, molar motion arises "by the cessation of an equivalent molecular movement," resistance must be resolvable into molecular motion, and the line of least resistance must mean the line of least molecular motion, and as the dissipation of motion is a concomitant of the integration of matter, it ought to follow that resistance is least where matter is densest.

The process by which moving bodies come to follow clearly marked tracks or lines of least resistance might (but without throwing any light upon the causes at work)

be termed a differentiation of motion, and, in fact, it is by a process which he designates indifferently integration and differentiation that Mr. Spencer represents the motions of the sidereal and solar systems, of the aerial and ocean currents, and of natural drainage waters, to have assumed their present character. Again, in organisms the development of the functions is instanced by Mr. Spencer as a case of "the advance towards a more integrated, heterogeneous, and definite distribution of the retained motion, which accompanies the advance towards a more integrated, heterogeneous, and definite distribution of the component matter." But what does a study of his account of the process reveal? Simply this, that the term integration, though occasionally employed, is perfectly otiose.

"The nutritive juices," he says, "in animals of low types move hither and thither through the tissues quite irregularly as local strains and pressures determine: in the absence of a distinguishable blood and a developed vascular system there is no definite circulation. But along with the structural evolution which establishes a finished apparatus for distributing blood there goes on the functional evolution which establishes large and rapid movements of blood, definite in their courses and definitely distinguished as efferent and afferent, and that are heterogeneous not simply in their directions but in their characters—being here divided into gushes and there continuous" (p. 888).

Now, in all this passage there is nothing said about integration, but only about definiteness and heterogeneity. Later on we find Mr. Spencer explicitly identifying integration first with co-ordination, and then with subordination.

"While these" (absorption and secretion) "and other internal motions, sensible and insensible, are being rendered more various, and severally more consolidated and distinct, there is advancing the integration by which they are united into local groups of motions, and a combined system of motions. While the function of alimentation subdivides, its subdivisions become co-ordinated, so that muscular and secretory actions go on in concert, and so that the excitement of one part of the canal sets up excitement of the rest. Moreover, the whole alimentary function, while it supplies matter for the circulatory and respiratory functions, becomes so integrated with them that it cannot for a moment go on without them; and as evolution advances all three of these fundamental functions fall into greater subordination to the nervous

functions, depend more and more on the due amount of nervous discharge."

We take it that the co-ordination of motions consists in the establishment of a definite relation between them as correlative effects of the same cause, and that the subordination of one motion or set of motions to another is the establishment of the relation of cause and effect between them. Consequently, an advance in the direction of co-ordination and subordination is, properly speaking, an advance in definiteness. In what sense can the fact that one motion or set of motions always succeeds or coincides with another in time be said to integrate the two? Such a fact is an item of importance towards forming a definite conception of the laws which regulate the phenomena in question, and that is all. If, then, co-ordination and subordination are cases of integration, it would seem that integration is synonymous with definiteness of relationship, and as all definiteness is definiteness of relationship, it follows that the advance towards a more definite distribution is identically the same thing as the advance in integration. Were there any doubt remaining on this point, it would be dispelled by the relation which Mr. Spencer proceeds to establish between the "integration" of the "nervo-muscular actions" of the vocal organs and articulate speech. Thus he says :

"The progress of a child in speech very completely exhibits the transformation. Infantine noises are comparatively homogeneous ; alike as being severally long-drawn and nearly uniform from end to end, and as being constantly repeated with but little variation of quality between narrow limits. They are quite unco-ordinated—there is no integration of them into compound sounds. They are inarticulate, or without those definite beginnings and endings characterising the sounds we call words."

There is much more to the same effect, but we have quoted enough to show that when Mr. Spencer instances articulate speech as an illustration of the advance in integration, he mentally identifies this process with the advance towards a more heterogeneous and definite distribution of the retained motion which he verbally distinguishes from it.

We have now examined all the most important contexts in which this term is used by Mr. Spencer throughout

First Principles, and we are driven to the conclusion that no one sense can be assigned to it capable of satisfying the requirements of them all. The term seems to bear at least five perfectly distinct senses in different parts of the work, viz., (1) condensation, (2) gravitation, (3) mechanical combination, (4) design, (5) differentiation. It is not by calling different things by the same name that knowledge can be unified. By a free use of this term Mr. Spencer effects not an unification of knowledge, but as Mr. Guthrie well says, a mere "simulation of unification."

Having, then, done our best, with however little success, to assign a coherent meaning to Mr. Spencer's definition of evolution as formulated in *First Principles*, we proceed to inquire whether this process can be treated as identical with that which is manifested by organic life; whether in Mr. Spencer's own words "the process of evolution of organisms" can be "affiliated on the process of evolution in general."* Now, upon a cursory survey there appears to be this broad distinction between the processes, that, while the evolution of organic matter goes on in response to, and correspondence with, the action of a complex of incident forces termed collectively an environment, it is not so with the evolution of inorganic matter. True, the operation of incident forces, varying in quantity or kind, upon inorganic matter in a state of evolution has the effect of differentiating the matter, and so far modifying the process of its evolution; but the matter itself remains passive, whereas it is the peculiarity of organic matter that it actively responds to, and even anticipates the operation of the incident forces.

This distinction is admirably illustrated by Mr. Spencer by the instance of the "misnamed storm-glass. The feathery crystallisation which, on a certain change of temperature, takes place in the solution contained by this instrument, and which afterwards dissolves to reappear in new forms under new conditions, may be held to present simultaneous and successive changes that are, to some extent, heterogeneous, that occur with some definiteness of combination, and, above all, occur in correspondence with external changes. In this case vegetable life is simulated to a considerable extent; but it is *merely* simulated. The relation between the phenomena occurring in the storm-

* *Biology*, Vol. I. Part III. cap. viii. *ad fin.*

glass and in the atmosphere respectively is really not a correspondence at all in the proper sense of the word. Outside there is a certain change; inside there is a change of atomic arrangement. Outside there is another certain change; inside there is another change of atomic arrangement. But subtle as is the dependence of each internal upon each external change, the connection between them does not really differ from the connection between the motion of a straw and the motion of the wind that disturbs it. In either case a change produces a change, and there it ends. The alteration wrought by some enviroing agency on an inanimate object does not tend to induce in it a secondary alteration that anticipates some secondary alteration in the environment. But in every living body there is a tendency towards secondary alterations of this nature; and it is in their production that the correspondence consists. And while it is in the continuous production of such concords or correspondences that life consists, it is *by* the continuous production of them that life is maintained.*

Such being the broad distinction between organic and inorganic matter, it follows that the problem Mr. Spencer must solve, in order to "affiliate the process of the evolution of organisms upon the process of evolution in general," is in effect to explain how this "functional adaptation to conditions," this power of responding to, and anticipating, external forces results from that process of integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion in which, as we have seen, "the process of evolution in general" consists. Now in *First Principles* the only difference between organic and inorganic matter which was recognised was one of degree of complexity of evolution arising from, or consisting in, the conjunction of a high measure of integration of matter with a correspondingly large quantity of "retained motion" undergoing "parallel transformation." "The distinctive peculiarity of the aggregates classed as organic," we read in the chapter on "Simple and Compound Evolution," "consists in the combination of matter into a form embodying an enormous amount of motion at the same time that it has a great degree of concentration" (§ 103). And not only does Mr. Spencer, in *First Principles*, recognise no distinction between organic and in-

* *Biology*, Vol. I. Part I. cap. v. § 29.

organic matter except this of degree of complication of the process of evolution, but he even makes an elaborate attempt to identify vital with mechanical process through the idea of a "moving equilibrium." Having so done, he has only to call adaptation equilibration, and he has satisfactorily (at least to himself) "affiliated the process of the evolution of organisms upon the process of evolution in general." What then does Mr. Spencer mean by a "moving equilibrium?" This is a question easier asked than answered. As, following his usual fashion, Mr. Spencer refrains from trammelling himself by a formal definition, we have no choice but to try and collect, as best we may, his real meaning (if he has any) by a comparison of the concrete instances of moving equilibria which he adduces. Moving equilibria, then, are of two classes—(1) dependent, (2) independent. Of the independent moving equilibrium two instances are mentioned by Mr. Spencer—(1) the spinning-top in its state of sleep, (2) the solar system. "The momentum which carries the top bodily along the table, resisted somewhat by the air, but mainly by the irregularities of the surface, shortly disappears; and the top thereafter continues to spin on one spot. Meanwhile, in consequence of that opposition which the axial momentum of a rotating body makes to any change in the plane of rotation (so beautifully exhibited by the gyroscope), the "wabbling" diminishes, and, like the other, is quickly ended. These minor motions having been dissipated, the rotatory motion, interfered with only by atmospheric resistance and the friction of the pivot, continues some time with such uniformity that the top appears stationary: there being thus temporarily established a condition which the French mathematicians have termed *equilibrium mobile*."

This is a description of one kind of moving equilibrium; but it does not help us much to an accurate comprehension of the nature of the moving equilibrium as such. Does, then, Mr. Spencer's account of the solar system shed any more light upon the matter? He tells us, at a somewhat later stage, that "any system of bodies exhibiting, like those of the solar system, a combination of balanced rhythms has this peculiarity,—that though the constituents of the system have relative movements, the system as a whole has no movement. The centre of gravity of the entire group remains fixed. Whatever quantity of motion any member of it has in any direction, is, from moment to

moment, counterbalanced by an equivalent motion in some other part of the group in an opposite direction ; and so the aggregate matter of the group is in a state of rest. Whence it follows that the arrival at a state of moving equilibrium is the disappearance of some movement which the aggregate had in relation to external things, and a continuance of those movements only which the different parts of the aggregate have in relation to each other."

Down to the beginning of the last sentence we can follow Mr. Spencer tolerably well, though we do not think his mode of expressing himself very accurate. We understand him, however, to be referring to that which is, or was, known to astronomers as "the conservation of the motion of the centre of gravity of the solar system." When several bodies have a common centre of gravity, movement on the part of any one of them would, in the absence of any countervailing movement, have the effect of causing a certain displacement of the common centre of gravity ; but it is possible that the several movements of the members of a given system should so neutralise one another that no displacement of the centre of gravity should take place, and such, as a matter of fact, is known to be the case with the movements of the several bodies composing the solar system. This well-known law Mr. Spencer misconstrues as importing a motionless condition of the system as a whole, and hence his curious statement that "the arrival at a state of moving equilibrium is the disappearance of some movement which the aggregate had in relation to external things, and a continuance of those movements only which the different parts of the aggregate have in relation to each other." If this were so, the solar system at least would not be a moving equilibrium, for what Galileo said of the earth may now be said, in spite of Mr. Spencer, of the solar system as a whole, *e pur si muove*. So long ago as 1783, Sir W. Herschell assigned as "the apex of the solar way" a point in the constellation of Hercules in right ascension 257° , and though subsequent astronomers have differed as to the precise direction of the sun's movement, there is no longer any doubt about the fact that he does move, and various attempts have been made to determine the rate of velocity with which he moves.

As descriptive then of the spinning-top asleep, and the solar system, a moving equilibrium would seem to be

definable as a state of rest of the centre of gravity of a moving body or system of moving bodies resulting from the motion of the body or the several motions of the bodies composing the system. So much then for the so-called independent moving equilibrium. Now in contradistinction to spinning-tops and solar systems, Mr. Spencer classes organisms and steam-engines as dependent moving equilibria. In what sense then can an organism as such be called a moving equilibrium? That a ballet-dancer executing a pirouette *sur la pointe du pied*, or a whirling dervish performing his less graceful gyrations, might possibly be so designated without much impropriety we can comprehend; but that the normal human being, plant, or animal should be so described, excites in us an amazement little short of stupefaction. The transition from the solar system to organic life, which seems so abrupt, Mr. Spencer tries to graduate by means of the steam-engine, apparently forgetting that the steam-engine is not a natural object.

"Here the force from moment to moment dissipated in overcoming the resistance of the machinery driven is from moment to moment replaced from the fuel; and the balance of the two is maintained by a raising or lowering of the expenditure according to the variation of the supply: each increase or decrease in the quantity of steam resulting in a rise or fall of the engine's movement such as brings it to a balance with the increased or decreased resistance. This, which we may fitly call the *dependent* moving equilibrium, should be specially noted; since it is one that we shall commonly meet with throughout various phases of Evolution" (*First Principles*, p. 487).

Now, properly speaking, the term equilibrium belongs to the science of mechanics, in which it bears a very definite meaning, viz., the state of rest of the centre of gravity of a body or system of bodies; and we are not aware that a philosopher, however scientific, is justified in paring away the specific connotations of a scientific term to make it reflect the vagueness of his own thoughts. In the case of the steam-engine, that which Mr. Spencer calls the moving equilibrium is really the mere equation of supply and expenditure, a balance, in fact, in the mercantile sense of the term, a balance of account. There is an essential difference between the equipoise of distinct and opposing forces, and the continuous genesis, and continuous dissipation, of one

and the same force. Accordingly, we think that, in calling the steam-engine a moving equilibrium, Mr. Spencer is guilty of an abuse of language indicative of a more than commonly confused condition of mind. But if the term is inappropriate and misleading as applied to the steam-engine, how is its application to the organism to be justified? The analogy between the two is of the most superficial character. In the case of the one, we have the continuous conversion of fuel into motion; in the case of the other, the continuous incorporation of portions of the environment with the organism by the processes of prehension and assimilation, to which the process of supplying the engine with fuel, even when the machine is self-feeding, bears no sort of resemblance. Nay, even the notion of an equation of supply and expenditure vanishes, and it is impossible to say what takes its place, unless it be the vague idea of rhythmic action. Thus we are informed that—

“At the outset the organism daily absorbs under the form of food an amount of force greater than it daily expends; and the surplus is daily equilibrated by growth. As maturity is approached this surplus diminishes, and in the perfect organism the day's absorption of potential motion balances the day's expenditure of actual motion. . . . Eventually the daily loss beginning to outbalance the daily gain there results a diminishing amount of functional action; the organic rhythms extend less and less widely on each side of the medium state; and there finally results that complete equilibration which we call death” (*First Principles*, p. 501).

Now, from this passage it appears that it is only during the brief period of perfect maturity that the organism can be described as a moving equilibrium, and then only by confounding the totally distinct ideas of an equipoise of opposing forces and an equation between waste and repair. Yet it is upon this same confusion of thought that Mr. Spencer founds his theory of “functional adaptation to conditions,” his affiliation of “the process of evolution of organisms upon the process of evolution in general.” Not only is the organism a “moving equilibrium,” but life itself is a process of “equilibration.” Life is shortly definable as the “continuous adjustment of internal to external relations, in one word “functional adaptation to conditions,” and adaptation is “direct equilibration.”

“If we see that a different mode of life is followed, after a

period of functional derangement, by some altered condition of the system—if we see that this altered condition, becoming by-and-by established, continues without further change; we have no alternative but to say that the new forces brought to bear on the system have been compensated by the opposing forces they have evoked. And this is the interpretation of the process which we call adaptation " (*Ibid.*, p. 500).

It may be admitted that by a metaphor life may be described as a continuous oscillation about equilibrium, lapsing eventually into equilibrium (which we conjecture to be the true signification of equilibration), but it is indeed hard to see how so describing it could be helpful to the affiliation of the process of the evolution of organisms upon the process of evolution in general. That all living creatures must adjust either themselves to their environment, or their environment to themselves, on pain of death, is very true.* It needs no ghost to tell us that. What do we gain by designating the process of adjustment equilibration? We do not thereby assimilate it to that which is properly so called, *i.e.*, the counterpoise of mechanical forces. That forces which are equal and opposite neutralise one another is one thing: that one force should evoke the reaction of another, not merely upon itself, but in anticipation of its future activity, not merely as a response, but, as Mr. Spencer well says, as a correspondence, is quite another thing. The one we term equilibrium, the other life.

On Mr. Spencer's theory of moving equilibria and of equilibration in general, Mr. Guthrie's remarks are very much to the purpose; but they do not furnish us with any individual passages adapted for quotation.

It is now time that we should pass on to consider the way in which Mr. Spencer applies the formula of evolution to psychology. Now evolution being, as we have seen, a

* A thorough discussion of Mr. Spencer's definition of life would lead us farther afield than limits of space permit of our travelling on the present occasion, but we must not be understood to admit its adequacy. In point of fact it is only true of vegetal life. The life of animals and of men consists not only in adjusting themselves to their environments, but in adjusting their environments to themselves. Thus the migration of migratory animals is a mode of selecting an environment suited to their wants; bees and beavers are only conspicuous instances of the way in which the more sagacious animals adjust their environments to themselves; the whole of material civilisation is the outcome of man's unremitting efforts to adjust his environment to himself, while the fine arts, the sciences, and philosophy, which play no unimportant part in human life, are not in the nature of adjustments either of the organism or of the environment.

process of integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, in what sense can mind be said to evolve? Our readers will bear in mind that, according to Mr. Spencer, "Theoretically all the concrete sciences are adjoining tracts of one science which has for its subject-matter the continuous transformation which the universe undergoes. Practically, however, they are distinguishable as successively more specialised parts of the total science." Psychology, then, is "theoretically" and "practically" that more specialised part of the science of the continuous transformation of the universe which immediately adjoins biology. Accordingly, the formula of evolution must be applicable to psychology in the same sense as to biology, though the problems presented will be more complex. In other words, the evolution of consciousness must be a more complex mode of the same process of integration of matter and dissipation of motion of which astronomical and biological processes are also modes. Such at least would appear to be the proper deduction from Mr. Spencer's principles. What, however, is the fact? At an early period in the development of his psychological theory, Mr. Spencer emphatically disavows any such doctrine. Mind, he affirms, cannot be resolved into matter, nor matter into mind; though, "were we compelled to choose between the alternatives of translating mental phenomena into physical phenomena, or of translating physical phenomena into mental phenomena, the latter alternative would seem the more acceptable of the two." For the present, we have to consider not the tenability of this doctrine but its consistency with the theory of evolution; and with regard to this question one of two alternative conclusions seems to be inevitable. Either Mr. Spencer has not rightly defined evolution in *First Principles*, or the theory is not applicable to mind. If evolution is, as defined, an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, mind, not being material, does not evolve; if, on the other hand, there is an evolution of consciousness, evolution must have a different meaning assigned to it from that assigned to it by Mr. Spencer in *First Principles*. But if this is so, then, in expressing the general formula in terms of matter and motion, Mr. Spencer has committed a logical error of the same kind as if a person writing upon the general principles of art were to begin by enunciating the laws of some particular art, as etching or oil-painting. The reason of

this extraordinary paralogism may perhaps be not altogether inscrutable. Evolution, if formulated in terms applicable indifferently to mind and matter, becomes hopelessly vague, being, in fact, definable only as a process of differentiation. Now, no doubt, all known things are in process of change, and in changing gain or lose in complexity of composition, *i.e.*, in the number and variety of the component parts; and though the mind is not a thing, nor is made up of parts, yet as mental growth implies the acquisition of a wider or more various experience, the mind may well be said to differentiate, and if that is all that is meant by the term, to evolve.

The value, however, of an idea as an instrument of speculation depends upon the degree of precision with which it can be applied to the particular problem which it is designed to solve. What then precisely is the problem of psychology as conceived by Mr. Spencer? The answer to this question is to be found in the chapter entitled "The Scope of Psychology."† He there says:

"For that which distinguishes psychology from the sciences on which it rests, is, that each of its propositions takes account both of the connected internal phenomena and of the connected external phenomena to which they refer. In a physiological proposition an inner relation is the essential subject of thought, but in a psychological proposition an outer relation is joined with it as a co-essential subject of thought. A relation in the environment issues into co-ordinate importance with a relation in the organism. The thing contemplated is now a totally different thing. It is not the connection between the internal phenomena, nor is it the connection between the external phenomena, but it is *the connection between these two connections*. A psychological proposition is necessarily compounded of two propositions, of which one concerns the subject and the other concerns the object, and cannot be expressed without the four terms which these two propositions imply. The distinction may be best explained by symbols. Suppose that A and B are two related manifestations in the environment—say the colour and taste of a fruit; then, so long as we contemplate their relation by itself, or as associated with other external phenomena, we are occupied with a portion of physical science. Now suppose that a and b are the sensations produced in the organism by this peculiar light which the fruit reflects, and by the chemical action of its juice on the palate; then, so long as we study the action of the light on the retina and optic centres, and consider how the juice sets up in other centres a nervous change

† *Psychology*, Vol. I. Pt. I. c. vii.

known as sweetness, we are occupied with facts belonging to the sciences of physiology and æstho-physiology. But we pass into the domain of psychology the moment we inquire how there comes to exist within the organism a relation between a and b that in some way or other corresponds to the relation between A and B. Psychology is exclusively concerned with this connection between (A B) and (a b)—has to investigate its nature, its origin, its meaning, &c. (*Psychology*, Vol. I. Part I. cap. vii. § 53).

In other words, given an organism and an environment and disconnected sensations within the organism, psychology is the science which explains how the sensations present in the latter come to be connected together, so as to form a consciousness which reflects the relations existing in the environment.

Now such a problem as this involves three assumptions, viz.:—(1) That an organism and environment exist antecedently to consciousness; (2) that sensations exist in the organism prior to consciousness; (3) that relations between sensations correspond, "in some way or other," to relations in the environment. Of these assumptions the second Mr. Spencer frankly avows to be merely an assumption, while, with some astuteness, he postpones the discussion of the warrantability of the first and third until he has constructed a theory of the evolution of consciousness based upon them. He cannot, however, complain if a critic takes the liberty of reversing this procedure; for if it can be shown that these assumptions are not only not warranted but false and unthinkable, it will not be necessary to discuss Mr. Spencer's constructive theory at all.

Now it needs but little acuteness to perceive, even without the help of Mr. Spencer's own elaborate treatment of the question in the second volume of the *Psychology*, that the first assumption is inconsistent with his theory of matter. An organism is a certain combination of matter and motion, and as matter and motion are relative existences, it follows that the organism is so likewise, and the same argument applies with equal force to the environment. According to Mr. Spencer's own explicit assertions, neither the organism nor the environment have any existence apart from consciousness. If, then, we are to take him at his word, it would seem that the problem of psychology, as he understands it, is to explain how in one complex conception termed organism there come to exist relations between sensations contained therein, which "in some way

or other correspond to "relations contained in the former conception. Is that Mr. Spencer's meaning, and if so, is it an intelligible meaning? It may be said, however, that it is an easy but unprofitable task to make nonsense of a great philosopher's language, and that it is the duty of a critic to clear for himself by dint of his own logical faculty a pathway through the densest jungle of fallacy and confusion that may lie between him and his author's inmost thought.

What then does Mr. Spencer really mean by the evolution of consciousness? We have honestly, and we venture to think successfully, endeavoured to find out. He means that consciousness (including in the term the whole material universe) is the result of the operation of a certain force, of which the nature is inscrutable, upon certain "units of feeling," assumed to exist before consciousness, and to be susceptible of the influence of force. This is Mr. Spencer's now famous doctrine of the unknowable, by which he professes to have reconciled realism and idealism, and reason and faith. This doctrine naturally suggests two questions—(1) Is an evolution of consciousness out of sensation in any way possible? (2) Is the "absolute reality" really unknowable? At first sight, these questions may appear to have little or nothing in common. In fact, however, they both depend for their solution upon the determination of a third, viz., What is the meaning of existence? If consciousness is the resultant of force playing upon sensation, force and sensation must exist prior to consciousness. Now as all terms express ideas, it must be possible to define the meaning of existence, and only when this is accurately done shall we know exactly what we mean when we speak of sensation or force existing prior to consciousness. Nor will it be disputed that ideas consist either of known relations or known groups of relations. Existence, then, denotes some known relation or group of relations. In what sense can sensation or force be said to have an existence prior to consciousness? An existence apart from consciousness means in effect a known relation or group of relations known by no mind, which is absurd. As applied to sensation, probably few sane thinkers would dispute this doctrine. An unperceived sensation, it is clear, is a nonentity. Yet Mr. Spencer's hypothesis of "units of feeling" existing prior to consciousness—an hypothesis which that random philosophical

improvisatore, the late Professor Clifford, developed into a theory of universal "mind-stuff," the very basest form of pantheism yet extant—this hypothesis really endows these "units of feeling" with an existence which they only have as perceived, *i.e.*, as co-ordinated and correlated one with another through those very relations which constitute consciousness, and which are supposed to be super-induced upon them by the mysterious operation of the inscrutable force. The sole existence which the "unit of feeling" has is an existence for consciousness. The like is true of force. Properly speaking, force is a mere symbol (to use a term of which Mr. Spencer is fond) standing for the relation of cause and effect. Nor do we make it less of a symbol by dubbing it unknowable and absolute reality. Reality,* as Mr. Spencer himself knows how to tell us, when it suits his convenience, means "persistence in consciousness," *i.e.*, either the persistence therein of the subject, which we term self-consciousness, or the persistence of a given group of relations designated an object. Now, as prefixing absolute to reality will not alter the intrinsic meaning of that term, we presume that "absolute reality" can only mean that which absolutely persists in consciousness. If then the absolute reality is unknowable, it follows that that which absolutely persists in consciousness exists outside of it. In a word, if we abstract sensation, force, existence, reality, from their relation to consciousness, like all other conceptions so dealt with they become mere abstractions; and by consequence any propositions into which they may be combined are wholly verbal and trifling. Such a set of propositions is Mr. Spencer's theory of mental evolution.

The doctrine of the unknowable, then, fails to reconcile realism and idealism, because it is itself absolutely devoid of meaning. For the same reason it is equally powerless to effect the reconciliation of religion and science. Religion is insulted by having this phantasmal fetish offered her in lieu of the living God she has been wont to worship, while science as such deals only with the knowable. So Mr. Guthrie, "writing in the interests of the purity of scientific thought," observes with trenchant logic :

"If any one chooses to assert this theory, we may be willing

* *First Principles*, p. 160.

to admit the truth of it—we are scarcely in a position to deny it—but when we come to look at our question in the dry light of reason, we are bound to confess that the Unknowable Power, which manifests itself thus and thus, does actually manifest itself thus and thus, no more and no less, and is actually known to us as thus conditioned. This is the material with which science deals, and to which Philosophy, taken as the unification of the sciences, must be rigidly confined. The unification must be accomplished *within* the bounds of knowledge: if the unknowable is mixed up in it over and beyond the known conditions—as a factor, but a factor of unknown value—then the whole organisation or co-ordination of the sciences is vitiated and comes to nought. Hence it appears to us that the question as to the nature of the nexus or substratum of matter is quite as much beyond the purview of philosophy as it is of science, and does not affect the consideration of our studies in the least.”

Were knowledge really confined to phenomena, of course the doctrine of the unknowable would have a certain value, not indeed for the purpose of unifying knowledge, but as an injunction to mankind not to waste their time in struggling to know more than phenomena. There is something ludicrous in the attempt to set up this most shadowy of all yet extant figments of abstraction as the harmonising medium through which knowledge is to be rounded off into a coherent system.

On the whole, then, we agree with Mr. Guthrie that Mr. Spencer has failed to unify knowledge, that his theory is bad, as the lawyers say, for vagueness, and we heartily commend Mr. Guthrie's book to the careful attention of our readers. Mr. Spencer, it must never be forgotten, is one of those scientific gentlemen who plume themselves upon their ignorance of “the art of puzzling oneself methodically,” as Mr. Spencer, quoting from some person doubtless as wise as himself, is pleased to term metaphysics. We should prefer to describe metaphysics as a systematic endeavour to emancipate the mind from the tyranny of abstractions. Had Mr. Spencer “puzzled himself” a little more “methodically” and thoroughly with metaphysics, perhaps he might have been less at the mercy of his scientific terminology, perhaps he might even have discovered that consciousness is not made up of sensations as a house is built of bricks, and have found in “the absolute reality,” of which he speaks so much and says so little, not the *caput mortuum* of an inscrutable

force, but the fulness of the infinite Godhead self-revealed in nature and in the human soul.

Mr. Spencer's philosophy can hardly be long-lived ; for like other compromises it is rather calculated to alienate friends than to appease enemies. Doubtless, he will retain for a season a certain unenviable popularity with the half-educated who do not understand him, but the inevitable verdict of posterity will ratify our own in pronouncing his "unification of knowledge" a clumsy piece of legerdemain.

ART. IV.—1. "*The Fan Kwae*" in Canton before Treaty Days. By AN OLD RESIDENT. Kegan Paul and Co.

2. *Blue Book. China, No. 3* (1882). Correspondence respecting Agreement between Ministers Plenipotentiary of Great Britain and China. Signed at Chefoo, September 13th, 1876.

THE book which stands at the head of this paper, and which suggests at once a comparison with the latest official record of our relations with the Chinese Government, is a collection of interesting reminiscences by an old American merchant, who resided in Canton, with two or three temporary interruptions, from 1825 to 1844. *Fan Kwae* is, of course, the Chinese designation for a "European," roughly rendered into English by the not very accurate equivalent "foreign devil." The descriptions given in the volume before us of foreign life, doubled up, as it was, into nut-shell limits in Canton, before the wars of 1841 and 1857 had taught China outward respect for European powers; the testimonies furnished to the ample security accorded by the Chinese to the life and property of "the barbarian traders from the West," in the absence of formal guarantees, and official intercourse, and in spite of nominal grievances and disabilities; the pictures drawn of the languid, lotus-eater style of life led by the representatives of mercantile houses, who could yawn half the year and make rapid fortunes nevertheless, in the days before steamers and the Suez ditch; and the evidence presented of the uniform honour and princely liberality of the old native merchants, suggest many contrasts with foreign life in China to-day. Foreign life in China to-day, is represented by stately buildings on spacious and park-like enclosures of land, that have been conceded by the Chinese Government for the residence of the non-Chinese communities; an established *régime* of diplomatic and consular intercourse, remarkable for its curious medleys of compromise between Chinese etiquette and the gold lace of European Court ceremony; competition in business not many degrees less feverish than at home, and contact with

a type of Chinese character growing increasingly keen and tenacious with the emancipation of foreign trade from antique restrictions, the expansion of trade that has come with the widening range of the people's wants, and the slowly growing liberalism of the Government. The points of contrast are not such as will enable us to affirm, very confidently, that the balance of advantage is with the present.

"Old Resident's" voyage of four months to Canton in the sailing ship *Citizen*, belonged to the romantic age of commerce, and its incidents suggest to modern passengers to China who grumble at the slowness of a six weeks' passage, a whole panorama of remarkable changes. In passing an island off the coast of New Guinea, "Old Resident" managed to barter an old straw hat for a stuffed bird of Paradise. The unsophisticated native who could be tempted into that kind of trade is now one of the figures of history only. The Point de Galle hawkers of the precious stones from "Adam's Peak" and vicinity, disdain to take any such price for their Brummagem opals and sapphires. The lithe little Malay divers in Singapore harbour will not think of wetting their shaven pates in the pursuit of coppers. Even those remote Papuan natives, with the mop-heads, understand the markets better than that now. A surgeon in the service of the East India Company was a companion of the voyage. He kept the business that was taking him out to China a profound mystery. It ultimately transpired that he had gone to buy or hire a couple of small-footed China women. He brought them to England on exhibition, and succeeded in getting them presented at the Court of George the Fourth. "Golden lilies" are no longer a sufficiently attractive novelty to command the patronage of royalty, without at least some pretence to credentials, and with Chinese servants and sailors appearing continually in the streets of our seaports, and Chinese nurses following perambulators in the London parks, and on the sands at Brighton, a Chinese show would scarcely be a success anywhere. When the *Citizen* was passing up the Canton river, the mandarin in charge of the Bogue Forts came off to inspect the ship, and was delighted by a small present of a few sheets of note-paper, and a box of "friction matches." Now, "friction matches" from Sweden, Germany, and Japan are sold in the most secluded country markets at less than a half-penny per box, and enterprising Chinamen are seeking to

manufacture them at even a cheaper rate; such novelties have lost a little of their first charm, and no mandarin could be stirred to very profuse gratitude by anything short of a toy telephone, or a miniature electric railway.

Such difficulties were placed by Chinese prejudice in the way of a European learning the Chinese language, that when the *Citizen* reached Canton in 1825, the young strippling, who afterwards grew into "Old Resident," had to be transhipped to Malacca, so that he might find the requisite facilities for studying the Chinese language in the Anglo-Chinese college, just established there. Now, cadets and student-interpreters from the British colony of Hongkong, and embryo missionaries to the Chinese from the Australian colonies, are sent to Canton city to enjoy the special advantages for the study of Chinese to be found there. The Chinese Government has come to believe quite heartily in free trade in knowledge, possibly because the imports of that commodity greatly exceed the exports, and leave a balance of decided advantage to the side of China. After eighteen months spent in Malacca, "Old Resident" returned to Canton in the expectation of entering upon a mercantile career. The house, however, that sent him out had been compelled to wind up its affairs in the meantime. After a short visit to America, he was engaged by another firm, and continued in its service for thirteen years.

The description given of life in Canton during the second quarter of the present century, is interesting by its strangeness, although of course the facts are not altogether new to those who have lived amongst the traditions that survive from the good old times. In the year 1745, the foreign trade which was spreading in various directions along the coast was limited by imperial edict to the port and city of Canton, whither the merchants of all European nationalities had straightway to betake themselves. The Chinese Government declined all official intercourse with European powers. Potentates of varying rank, and diplomatic missions designated to miscellaneous duties, were sent from the European courts, but not the most distant notice or the coldest recognition would the Chinese Government, or its mandarins, accord them in their official capacity. It had hit upon what, judging from the standpoint of European history, at least, would seem to have been a unique arrangement, an arrangement the fundamental principle of which was to regulate foreign trade, and con-

trol the movements of the outside barbarians through the influence of a close guild of native merchants. The last few years have seen some rather curious developments of politico-commercial hybridism, in which half-pay officers and superannuated diplomatists, have sought to find, in co-operative stores, and limited liabilities, and Borneo concessions, a market value for the tradition attaching to their names as ex-Government representatives. But however numerous may have been the attempts to convert civil status into trade influence, there have been few illustrations of the attempt to convert trade influence into a judicial tribunal for the control and supervision of emigrants. At the time "Old Resident" entered upon his career in Canton, the whole of the foreign trade, together with the foreigners engaged in it, were subject to the absolute direction and control of a corporation of native merchants called the Co-Hong. The corporation comprised only some ten or a dozen merchants. Immense sums were paid to Peking for the position of membership in this corporation, besides special contributions to the imperial exchequer in times of emergency. "Old Resident" records a typical conversation to illustrate the method in which this informal income-tax would be levied to meet real or imaginary damage caused by the overflow, for instance, of the Yang Tsze Keang or Wong Ho (Yellow River). "Well, Hauqua," you would say on some visit, "hav got news today?" "Hav got too muchee bad news," he would reply; "Wong Ho have spillum too muchee." That sounded ominously. "Man-ta-le (mandarin) have come see you?" He no come see my, he sendee come one piece 'chop.' He come to-mollo. He wantches my two-lac dollar." "You pay he how muchee?" "My pay he fitty, sikky tousand so." "But spose he no contentee?" "Spose he No. 1 no contentee, my pay he one lac."

When Canton was invested by English troops, under Sir Hugh Gough, the Co-Hong merchants contributed two million dollars for the ransom of the city, towards which even Hauqua himself subscribed one million one hundred thousand dollars. To prevent complications with European powers all cases of indebtedness by Chinese to foreign merchants had to be dealt with by this guild. In one instance, Hauqua contributed one million dollars towards paying off the indebtedness of three of the Co-Hong merchants to "outside barbarians." Transportation to Kash-

garia was the penalty of bankruptcy for any member of the Co-Hong. One member of the Co-Hong, known to "Old Resident," after having been adjudged bankrupt by his fellow-members, was subjected to this penalty. He was accompanied into exile by his own faithful servants, who at his death, many years after, brought the body back to Canton for burial. But the jurisdiction of the Co-Hong concerned not only its own members, but still more closely the foreign merchants. All communications from the mandarins regulating foreign trade, or directing the movements of foreigners, were made to the guild of native merchants, who, in their turn, communicated them to the foreign merchants. Every foreigner in Canton, down to the youngest stripling, fresh from home, and just entering upon an irresponsible junior clerkship, had to find a surety for himself in the person of some member of the Co-Hong. The foreign merchants lived together in a group of gaol-like buildings by the river-side, called the "Factories," each nationality having its own separate shell or section in the great quadrangular edifice. The Factories were the joint property of the Co-Hong, from whose members they were rented by the foreign occupants. Curious paintings on glass of this historic group of buildings are still sold in the shops of Canton, with the flags of different nationalities flying over buildings that ingeniously display an equal amount of foundation and roof, side and front, from the same point of view; an effect not often realised under the inconvenient limitations of the laws of perspective. Foreigners in silk stockings, buckle shoes, and cocked hats walk about in front of the Factories. With that genius for curious collocations peculiar to mandarindom, it was enacted that "neither women, nor guns, nor powder were to be allowed within the walls of the Factories." In 1830, quite a commotion was occasioned by the visit of several English and American ladies, and official orders were at once issued requiring them to leave. Merchants were not permitted to remain in Canton during the whole of the year, but were obliged to betake themselves to the Portuguese settlement of Macao at the close of the tea season. It was necessary to secure a Government permit before leaving, and this permit was only issued after a petition had been sent in signed by three of the Co-Hong merchants, including the original surety. "Old Resident" speaks of the security enjoyed under this grotesque *régime* in terms

that make it doubtful whether those who defend our wars with China, on the ground that they have led to increased respect for foreign life and property, can fairly sustain their contention. Under the old *régime*, when fires were raging in the neighbourhood of the Factories, coolies were always sent to carry the books and valuables of the foreigners to boats for safety. A guard was stationed at the Factories in times of riot and excitement, and disturbances rarely occurred in the streets unless they were provoked by the foreigners themselves. In 1760, eight regulations had been framed, which it was the duty of the native guilds to enforce. These regulations forbade the entrance of foreign war-ships into Chinese waters, and the bringing of women or warlike weapons into the Factories. The regulations directed that the boatmen employed by the foreigners should be licensed, and also restricted the number of domestics in each Factory. Foreigners were prohibited from rowing on the river in their own boats, and days of the month were specified on which parties of not more than ten might visit the suburbs. Petitions might not be presented to the mandarins. The Hong merchants were not permitted to owe debts to foreigners, and foreign ships were not to remain outside the river—a requirement not by any means unnecessary or unimportant, considering the opium-smuggling of later days. In the course of years most of these regulations fell into desuetude, although, from time to time, the Hong merchants were called upon to remind foreigners of their existence.

The stories told by "Old Resident" of the honour and generosity of the various members of the Co-Hong are admirable illustrations of the better side of Chinese character, and ought to prove an effective antidote to prejudice and misconception. An American ship with a cargo of quicksilver once came into Whampoa, the port of Canton. The price of quicksilver was much depressed at the time, and the cargo was landed and stored at the warehouse of the famous Hauqua, senior member of the Co-Hong, who engaged to take it at market price. The ship lay at anchor for three months, till the end of the south-west monsoon, when the captain was compelled to let his quicksilver go at market price, in order to return to New York with teas. The sale of the quicksilver did not yield enough to purchase a cargo of tea. Hauqua offered him credit, and said he could settle the account on his return.

This arrangement was gladly accepted. While the vessel was lading, Hauqua came to the captain and informed him that a sudden demand for quicksilver had arisen in the northern provinces, that he had cancelled from his books the first purchase, and that the cargo of quicksilver should be credited to him at the price of the day. This generous act enabled the captain to leave with a cargo of tea paid for in full. Upon another occasion, the same man remitted the debt of an unfortunate American merchant, advanced in years, who was kept prisoner in Canton through his liabilities to him. The debt amounted to 70,000 dollars. Hauqua said, as he tore up the bond, "You and I No. 1 olo fien. You belong honest man, only no got chance." Throwing the fragments of the note of hand into the waste-paper basket he added, "Just now have settlee counter, alla finishee: you go you please," *i.e.*, "The account is now settled. You can go when you please." This fine old merchant died worth twenty-six millions of dollars, and was justly thought to have well deserved his prosperity. Integrity and unselfishness of a like type were to be found amongst native merchants who were not members of the Co-Hong, as witness the following incident. Five thousand pieces of crape had been placed with an "outside merchant," named Yee Shing, to be dyed. Whilst they were in his possession Canton was swept by an enormous fire. No system of insurance then existed. Yee Shing's shop, furniture, and goods were entirely destroyed, but he succeeded in saving the crape that belonged to the American house, which was indeed his first care. Out of 5,000 pieces only eighty-four were missing. Native merchants of unimpeachable uprightness and princely liberality are still to be found, but the general testimony of those who are in business contact with the Chinese now, is, that open trade and keen competition have pushed aside elect souls like Hauqua and Yee Shing, in favour of a crowd of less considerate, scrupulous, and worthy men.

A curious account is given of the "linguists," or native interpreters. They were a set of men licensed by the mandarins, and sent on board foreign ships to communicate the substance of official notifications. They also accompanied foreigners in their walks and excursions to prevent, by timely explanation, those collisions between the foreigners and the Chinese crowd that were too apt to arise from ignorance of each other's language. This old insti-

tution is now defunct. The "compradore" described by "Old Resident," who was a sort of Grand Vizier for the foreign merchant, and the "shroff," who was a sort of domestic banker and money-changer, still survive, and are likely to survive till the increasing competition and narrowing profits of trade in China shall have compelled all merchants and merchant's clerks not only to acquire the Chinese language, but to familiarise themselves with all the etiquette of Chinese social life, and, above all, to conciliate Chinese good-will by a more equal and unreserved association with the people. The compradore had the key of the treasury, which was a necessary part of the merchant's establishment when all payments were in specie, and banking and financial accommodations, in the shape of bills, were unknown. Great trust was reposed in the compradore, some native merchant of good repute always becoming security for him. "Old Resident" heard of but one who was unfaithful to his trust. He lost 50,000 dollars of his employer's money in speculation. Hauqua, who was his surety, paid down the whole sum on the evening of the day on which the fraud was discovered. It was the absence of an established national coinage which gave rise to the necessity for shroffs. The shroff puts his stamp upon every piece of silver that passes through his hands, and holds himself responsible should the silver prove counterfeit. In "shroffing," grains of silver fall in large quantities to the floor of the shop or office, and work their way into the chinks of the pavement. Contractors are found willing to renew the floors of these shops and offices free of charge in consideration of the minute fragments of silver they may find underneath the pavement. "Old Resident" records an instance in which a sum of seventy dollars was paid by a contractor for the privilege of renewing the floor of a "shroff's" shop.

These reminiscences of Old Canton contain a good many items of information that concern the growth of our Indian opium trade, and have a vital bearing upon questions some recent opponents of the Anti-Opium Society have been endeavouring to raise. "Old Resident's" testimony to the evil arising from the use of opium is somewhat equivocal. Possibly, like almost all members of mercantile houses, he has been brought into contact only with well-to-do Chinese smokers, among whom the physical and social sufferings arising from the use of opium are mitigated by those partial

palliatives which money can always secure. If so, he would naturally not be alive to the extent of the evil. His admissions on the political side of the opium question are explicit, and leave no doubt as to the international unrighteousness of that saddest of all chapters in our dealings with Oriental nations. The narrative abounds in materials for a picture that could scarcely fail to fill an Englishman with shame and disgust at the position assumed by his country, even had opium been as innocuous as tea. Proclamations against opium had been issued from time to time by both the imperial and provincial authorities, and all Chinese dealing in it had been threatened with death. None of the members of the Co-Hong had transactions in opium, a fact which increases our respect for that remarkable corporation of native merchants, and shows at the same time the view taken of opium by all the better classes of the Chinese. But in spite of the proclamations of officials and the abstention of the Co-Hong from opium transactions, the organised smuggling of the foreign merchants never ceased. "Old Resident" gives an account of the "receiving stations" on the China coast from which opium was smuggled, and relates the incidents of a voyage with which he was connected, not at all creditable to any of the parties concerned. The *Rose*, a clipper schooner owned by the firm in which our author was employed, was despatched north with three hundred chests of opium, and our author took a voyage in it to initiate himself into the secrets of the trade. Upon reaching its destination at Namao, it was boarded by a Chinese mandarin and retinue. The mandarin at once informed the captain that no foreign vessels were allowed so far north, at the same time pulling out of his stockings an imperial document to that effect, which, after reading, he replaced in the same snug hiding-place for future use. The captain replied that he was running from Singapore to Hongkong, had been driven out of his course, and had touched for fresh water only. When the mandarin rose from his chair, the suite attending him retired, a private secretary only excepted. He then coolly asked how many chests they had on board, and the captain arranged the amount of the bribe. After this fashion Chinese mandarins were corrupted and induced to ignore their instructions by our merchants and seamen. The opium on board had been sold at the "receiving station" at the mouth of the Canton river to Chinese purchasers for

delivery in Namao. The mandarin's boat had no sooner moved off than a boat came alongside, followed by a small fleet of cargo boats, all ready at some preconcerted signal to convey the opium ashore. Opium to the value of 150,000 dollars was delivered in this manner upon the production of an order from the Canton house.

"Old Resident" evidently wishes to underrate the noxious effects of opium, as is, of course, very natural in one who has been identified with a house having large opium transactions. But if his low estimate of the number of opium smokers about Canton in his own times be reliable, it is certain there must have been a terrible increase in the use of the drug within the last few years, and the contention of some that England is not responsible for the extent to which the drug is at present used, is utterly indefensible.

The spread of the evil of opium smoking, and this system of smuggling carried out upon an almost national scale, naturally provoked the Chinese Government to adopt measures of repression, measures conceived in harmony with its own peculiar traditions of prerogative and administration. In December, 1838, by order of the Chinese Government, a native opium dealer was strangled in front of the foreign Factories, to show the grave light in which it regarded the traffic, and to suggest to the foreign merchants the desirability of suspending operations in the noxious commodity. Most of the foreigners were out on their daily walks at the time the execution took place, and all was over by the time they had returned. In February, 1839, an attempt was made to strangle a second Chinaman for complicity in the trade. The cross on which the victim was to be strangled had been fixed in the square before the Factories. A mandarin was present to oversee the execution. The victim was placed by the cross with an iron chain round his neck, in charge of two gaolers. The foreigners in the Factory came out in a body to protest against the indignity of this execution upon their premises. They were told the square was imperial soil, and the execution was by imperial orders. Just at that juncture a boat-load of sailors from Whampoa appeared upon the scene. They took in the situation at a glance, smashed the cross that had been erected for the execution, tore down the mandarin's tent, upset the table containing his teapot and teacups, and but for the interference of the foreign merchants on the spot, would have proceeded to attack the mandarin himself.

This incident brought down the Chinese mob in force upon the Factories, as it deserved to do, and the merchants had to barricade their apartments and protect themselves against the approach of the barefooted crowd, by strewing the court-yard with broken glass. The opium dealer was subsequently led away to the public execution ground and strangled there.

About this date an imperial envoy or commissioner arrived from Peking, invested with special powers for suppressing the opium trade. A few days after his arrival he summoned together the native merchants composing the Co-Hong, to find out how many of the foreign merchants, whose names had been sent to Peking eighteen months before, were still engaged in the opium trade. The following day he again summoned the merchants of the Co-Hong, and threatened that some of them should be strangled unless the trade could be stopped. Strange as this procedure may sound to us, it was quite in accordance with the traditions of suretyship and associated responsibility embodied in the constitution of the Co-Hong, in virtue of which a close trade guild had been erected into a court for the government of the "barbarian" merchants. On the same day an order from the Commissioner was posted up, directing that all the opium stocks should be forthwith surrendered. There were at that time 15,000 chests at the "receiving stations" outside the Canton river, and 5,000 chests at the coast stations, valued in all at about twelve million dollars. The foreign merchants evaded this demand, and tried to satisfy Commissioner Lin with insignificant sops. A thousand odd chests were first offered as the united contribution and refused. Commissioner Lin was inexorable. Communication with the foreign shipping anchored at Whampoa was cut off by the Chinese authorities, and the Factories practically placed in a state of siege. The Commissioner ordered every servant in the Factories to leave, the pressure a Chinese official can put on the relatives of the servant in his native village, of course, making the enforcement of a command of this sort quite easy. The European merchants had thenceforth to sweep their own rooms and to cook their own rice and fowls. No provisions were allowed to be brought into the Factories. This difficulty, however, was met on the part of the Hong merchants, by obtaining permission from the mandarins to select guards

for the Factories from among their own native servants, who were accustomed to foreigners' habits, lest native soldiers, by their ignorance on this point, should come into collision with the foreigners. The Hong merchants' servants, when mounting guard, were accustomed to take in big bundles of blankets "to keep off the dew." In these were of course concealed supplies of food and firewood for the inmates of the Factories. Ten days after the first demand for the surrender of opium, 20,283 chests were delivered into the hands of the mandarins, and destroyed in trenches filled with lime and sea-water on the Chunpee heights, about fifteen or twenty miles from the mouth of the Canton river. Incredible as it may seem, the interests of these unscrupulous and impenitent smugglers, called "merchants" by courtesy, and who had deserved no better fate than their opium, were defended by a British Government official who was then Superintendent of Trade. His words were: "This is the first time in our intercourse with this empire that its Government has taken the unprovoked initiative in aggressive measures against British life, liberty, and property, and against the dignity of the British crown." "Old Resident," commenting on that passage in Captain Elliott's despatch, says: "No words could more strongly confirm everything herein said in relation to the safety of property and life which we had enjoyed in Canton. But the despatch contained not a word of the provocation given by foreigners in continuing the condemned traffic under constantly repeated injunctions against doing so and persistent warnings to discontinue it. I, of course, do not blame my brother merchants at Canton, no matter to what nation they belonged, as we were all equally implicated. We disregarded local orders, as well as those from Peking, and really became confident that we should enjoy perpetual immunity as far as the opium trade was concerned." "Old Resident's" faith was not misplaced. The "perpetual immunity," however, came through the force of British arms and by the elasticity of the British conscience, not from the indifference or venality of mandarindom. After the surrender of the opium the native servants employed in the foreign factories were allowed to return. The British merchants, however, at the command of Captain Elliott, retired to Macao, placing most of their business meanwhile in the hands of American houses. The investment of Canton by the British forces

under Sir Hugh Gough, and its ransom for six million dollars, tell a story too humiliating to be lightly repeated. This sum paid for the ransom of Canton was appropriated to the indemnification of the merchant smugglers.

A curious illustration of the notions of integrity prevailing amongst the English opium merchants occurred in the very crisis of Commissioner Lin's anti-opium crusade. The events that had been transpiring in Canton had caused a serious decline in the value of opium in the Straits Settlements. One day an opium clipper weighed anchor and set sail from a new "receiving station" that had been established off the South China coast. The clipper had on board a few chests of opium that had arrived since the seizure. At the moment of sailing a letter was handed to the captain directing him to open a sealed envelope therewith enclosed at sea. The sealed letter was found to contain orders that the ship's course should be shaped to Singapore. He was directed, moreover, to announce in reply to all inquiries upon his arrival, that he had brought back a reshipment of opium. The chests on board were landed at Singapore, when the Bund was crowded by opium holders and brokers. The inference from this supposed reshipment was, of course, to the effect that Commissioner Lin's repressive measures against the use of opium would succeed, and the price at once fell to zero: 700 chests were then purchased at 250 dollars per chest, and sold on arrival in China at 2,500 dollars per chest. "Old Resident" scarcely sustains his own assertions that opium is a harmless luxury, and that its abuse was unknown in Canton, when he states that whilst Commissioner Lin was still carrying out his repressive policy in Canton, and traffic in opium was punishable with death, the price in Canton rose to 3,000 dollars a chest, and retail dealers could dispose of 700 chests at that rate. A craving for the drug that would lead men to dare capital penalties as well as pay a price so enormous to obtain it, surely indicates a much more intense and imperious appetite than that for intoxicants in Europe. "Old Resident" as a *raconteur* abundantly confutes "Old Resident" as a social philosopher and an observer of facts.

The incidents leading up to the opium war, as related by this mild apologist for the opium trade, furnish also a curious comment upon the words spoken on behalf of the Government, in April of the present year, by Lord E. Fitz-

maurice. In replying to Sir Joseph Pease, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs said, "that far from our having forced opium upon the Chinese, the case was entirely the reverse."* After that official declaration one would expect to hear that the Chinese mandarins had besieged the Factories with junks and jingalls, for the purpose of compelling the foreign merchants to supply opium to the famished crowds of Chinese smokers. Perhaps "Old Resident's" memory has failed him. He does not describe any such invasion. Or perhaps the invasion for that object forms a part of more recent history, not comprehended between the dates 1825 and 1844, and the latest issue of China correspondence may throw light on the subject.

The correspondence respecting the taxation of opium, recently presented to Parliament, brings us down to a stage in our relations with China forty years later than that at which "Old Resident's" narrative closes, but it is precisely the old contention which is still going on under more constitutional forms. It is because of our unwillingness to permit China to tax opium at its own discretion that the Chefoo Convention, signed on September 13th, 1876, remains unconfirmed. We declaim loudly enough against the wickedness of our opium wars with China, and boast that English opinion would never tolerate the repetition of them, and yet our minister at Peking is allowed to browbeat the Chinese Government on the question of opium taxation, and to refuse it the independent position on questions of taxation it possessed before the war. We call the war iniquitous, and yet utilise its unspent force and cling with pertinacity to its most questionable fruits. Commissioner Lin is succeeded by Prince Kung, Li Hung Chang, and Tso Tsung Tong. The East India Company has given way to the Marquis of Ripon, and the wealthy opium merchants of Calcutta, mostly Jews, and Captain Elliott, Sir Hugh Beach, and Admiral Seymour are represented to-day by Sir Thomas Wade. A word may be necessary as to the names that figure in the correspondence, to enable the ordinary reader to discriminate a feature or two of the personalities for which they stand. The Marquis of Ripon is so well known as to make description needless. Suffice it to say, that in his capacity of Indian Viceroy he

* Since the above was written, a more complete report of the Under-Secretary's speech has appeared, which limits the denial of force to the Chefoo Convention negotiations only.

is empowered, by the Foreign Office, to pronounce upon the new schemes of taxation the Chinese Government has proposed, and to veto them if they are considered to be likely to diminish the Indian revenue by limiting the use of opium in China. The Marquis has, at the same time, the misfortune to belong to a Church that has emphatically condemned the opium traffic by the mouth of its most prominent English ecclesiastic. His position is doubtless difficult, but it is absolutely indefensible. One pities him for the cruel dilemma in which he is placed.

Sir Thomas Wade is scarcely known to the public in his diplomatic character, although possessing a European reputation as a Sinologue. He commenced life in the navy; but, having manifested considerable interest in Chinese studies when in Hongkong, he was attached to one of the diplomatic missions as interpreter, from which subordinate position he ultimately rose, by dint of patient waiting and the claim of industrious study, to represent his country at the court of Peking. He entertains juster views of Chinese rights than some of his predecessors in office, but his fairness is obscured and his influence damaged alike by the policy he is compelled to represent, and by the violent outbursts of temper, followed by fits of penitence, which are said to signalise his interviews with Chinese statesmen. A cool-headed Oriental will always get the better of a diplomatist who stamps, and blasphemes, and tears his hair; and unless the gossip of his immediate subordinates is to be disbelieved, the visits of Sir Thomas to the Tsung Li Yamen are sometimes disfigured by rather unseemly exhibitions. To the terrible effects of opium smoking Sir Thomas Wade, in past days, bore testimony, which he would probably be now very glad to withdraw. Placed as he is between the claims of the Chinese Government and the rival claims of the Indian Government, backed by the Foreign Office, no wonder that he falls into inconsistencies of statement of which he cannot fail some day to be heartily ashamed. His comments on the proposed revision of the opium tax, addressed to the Viceroy of India, are not always pitched in the same key with those to Prince Kung, but seem to be intentionally suited to the varying tastes, principles, and interests embodied in those respective personages.

Prince Kung is a pro-foreign member of the imperial family, whose wise and moderate influence has hitherto predominated with few interruptions in the Tsung Li Yamen

or Foreign Office of Pekin. Li Hung Chang, the present premier of the Chinese Empire, is an enlightened reformer, eager to avail himself of all the resources of Western civilisation. He is the backbone of several influential native companies that have been formed for the introduction of steamships and Western machinery. His motto is, China for the Chinese, and, whilst anxious to transplant to Chinese soil all European sciences, he wishes to have as little to do with Europeans themselves as possible. Tso Tsung Tong, who bulks largely in the correspondence, is the general who marched a Chinese army across the deserts for the pacification of Kashgaria a few years ago, and who is now in high favour with the Court, as well for the stern, upright, and effective administration of the districts he has governed, as for his military successes. He has been described to the present writer by a retired mandarin, who was once intimately associated with him, as an irascible martinet, but a man of incorruptible integrity and red-hot patriotism. His head tapers towards the top like a pagoda, so that no hat will sit upon it; his court hat looks as though it had been stuck on a pike or a flag-staff. Tso Tsung Tong succeeded in stamping out the poppy, and suppressing all opium dens in two important provinces he once administered. Stirred by thoughts of the mischief opium is working, and fired with pride at the reflection that he has proved himself irresistible on the north-west frontier, he is in danger of underrating the European influences arrayed against him on the eastern side of China, and is less patient and flexible in his treatment of European demands than his colleagues at Pekin. It has been his dream for some years past to limit, and ultimately stop the consumption of all opium by increasing the impost on Indian opium, with the object of one day making the impost entirely prohibitive, and taxing the native opium in proportion to its comparative market value, a step the Imperial Government has never yet consented to take. Tso Tsung Tong was associated with Li Hung Chang at the first conference with Sir Thomas Wade on the revision of the opium tariff, but, irritated by Sir Thomas Wade's outbursts of temper and persistence in blocking the Chinese attempt to increase the taxation of opium, he refused to appear at the second conference on the subject, and finally gibbeted Sir Thomas Wade's loss of temper, and the policy of callous finance he represents, in a memorial to the Chinese throne,

which is a splendid exhibition of pagan morality and patriotism, in painful contrast to the selfish expediency that speaks in every line of the despatches penned by the representative of a quasi-Christian country.

But before enlarging on the question, it will be as well to explain the nature of the old tariff, and the proposed modifications of it that have been successively discussed since the Chefoo Convention. Opium was not legalised as an import till the Treaty of Tientsin in 1858. Up to that time the Imperial Government had not received a single cash from the taxation of opium, and the sums paid for the admission of opium into China were bribes that passed into the pockets of the local officials. When we pressed upon the Chinese Government, in the hour of its defeat, the legalisation of opium, and that Government reluctantly gave way, it was stipulated that opium should not be placed in the same category as the other articles of the tariff. Foreign imports were to be subjected to a double system of taxation. Fixed customs dues were to be paid by the importer on landing his goods within the treaty port areas, and then an inland tax, corresponding to the octroi duties in some Continental states, was to be paid on the goods in transit into the interior by the native purchaser. The goods might be franked to any town in the interior at fifty per cent. discount off the ordinary octroi duty, if the importer himself chose to pay the inland as well as the maritime customs dues on landing his cargo. Opium was expressly excepted from this arrangement. The importer of opium had to pay thirty taels per picul ($1\frac{1}{2}$ cwt.), and the different provincial governments imposed what dues they liked in the interior. Opium could not be franked into the interior in the same manner as other goods. In consequence of this, inland taxes grew up in the different provinces, ranging from twenty or thirty to fifty or sixty taels per picul.

A report on the growth of native opium is placed at the head of the correspondence, in which the substance of the recent negotiations is embodied. It is difficult to say for what reason, unless to break the shock an English reader must feel at the spectacle of Sir Thomas Wade, together with the Marquis of Ripon in Calcutta, and Earl Granville in London, pleading persistently through weary years for the admission of cheap and lightly taxed opium within the Chinese borders, regardless of the consequences that may

accrue to the Chinese people themselves. If this be his object, Sir Thomas Wade effectually defeats it by a statement made in a subsequent despatch to the Marquis of Ripon, to the effect that "the Chinese Government is discovering no tendency to encourage the development of a native opium trade." The report on native opium, although full of sneers at the philanthropists who oppose the Indian opium trade, admits the Chinese magistrate, even when temporarily forbidding the poppy for the sake of afterwards getting a larger "squeeze" for connivance at its cultivation, did nevertheless send private instructions to his subordinates "to prevent opium being planted along the main post-roads," a clear acknowledgment of the sincerity of the Imperial Government, if the local official found it necessary to confine the cultivation to districts not crossed by "the main post-roads." References to provinces almost covered with the poppy, instead of deadening the British conscience to the sin of the Indian opium monopoly, ought rather to quicken it. Within the memory of living men, the poppy was almost unknown in districts now white with it; and the tenacity with which we cling to the gains of our Indian opium trade has provoked and nourished the cultivation in the interior of China. Moreover, if opium is to be smoked at all, why should not China grow it for herself, especially considering the fact that the native drug is weak in quality, and almost innocuous in comparison with that produced in India?

The Chinese Government having fully resolved upon increasing the taxation on opium, it proposed to unite the two duties in one, and entrust the collection to a department of the Chinese Maritime Customs Service, officered by Europeans. A suggestion was made to the effect that this might be collected in Hongkong. Such an arrangement would have facilitated the sweeping away of octroi duties on other imports, and promoted the development of all branches of foreign commerce. Tso Tsung Tong proposed to make this all-inclusive duty 150 taels per picul, and Li Hung Chang 110. Sir Thomas Wade was willing to accept 80 or 90 taels. Finally he agreed to 90 or 100 taels, subject to the approval of the Indian Government. Sir Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of Chinese Customs, gave it as his opinion that opium would bear a total duty of 120 taels. The Indian Government, however, fearing that this increased taxation might abate and limit the use of opium

in China, and affect its own revenue, managed to quash the proposal for the time being, whether permanently yet remains to be seen.

Sir Thomas Wade then proposed an addition of 20 taels on the old port-tariff, leaving the Chinese Government free to settle the amount of the octroi duty with the native importer as heretofore. The Chinese Government, however, did not lend any very cordial encouragement to the scheme, as it gave extraordinary facilities for smuggling, and involved a complicated and widely ramified inland collectorate, with the expenses and peculations inseparable from such institutions.

A scheme was next discussed, in connection with which Sir John Pope Hennessey, then Governor of Hongkong, was curiously prominent, for forming a syndicate of Chinese capitalists to take over all the Indian opium upon its arrival in Hongkong, and discharge all claims of the Chinese revenue by a lump payment. Sir Thomas Wade feared the capitalists might not be able to give adequate security, and discouraged the scheme. It is difficult to see why Sir Thomas Wade should have felt it necessary to express his distrust of the financial ability of these capitalists. The exporters of the drug from India were surely capable of guarding their interests in that particular, and the Chinese Government could take care of its own exchequer in treating with such a syndicate without the paternal oversight of the British minister. It seemed as though Sir Thomas Wade were anxious to keep a field of free and open competition for Indian opium, and not allow it to become, at even its present tremendous figure, an inexpansive source of revenue for India.

The Chinese Government then proposed to take over all the opium in Calcutta and Bombay, and make itself proprietor, with the view of extinguishing the trade within a fixed term of years to be settled by treaty. A Chinese official was sent to Calcutta to confer with the Indian Government about the practicability of the arrangement. This proposition, laying as it did the Chinese hand on the very throat of our traffic, and contemplating, however remotely, the ultimate extinction of this profitable international abomination, was, of course, discouraged most peremptorily of all. The first proposition would seem to have been subsequently reverted to, and the negotiations for the final settlement were transferred to London, where they are now in progress.

A critical stage in the history of our opium trade has been reached, and it is to be hoped that English opinion will express itself before the die is cast for another term of years. In the last proposition a door of ultimate retreat from our dishonourable traffic, without any immediate shock to our revenue, had been opened for us by the Chinese themselves, but we have been content to see it slammed in their faces without a word of national protest. This curt unyieldingness in all matters that touch our Indian opium trade may finally compel the Chinese Government to enter into organised competition with us by formally legalising the cultivation of opium. We leave it no other resource. Let that day once dawn, and with the choice of soil, climate, and conditions available in China, and with inexpensive labour far in advance of that of the Bengal peasant in skilfulness, opium will assuredly be grown that will rival the Indian opium in strength and flavour, and then woe alike to our Indian revenue and the Chinese people. Far wiser were it to show some sympathy with the concern of the Chinese Government for the "remoralisation" of its own people, especially when that end is associated with a project that will bring no sudden and violent displacement to the Indian revenue; a project, moreover, that has the merit of originating with the Chinese themselves.

The Memorial of Tso Tsung Tong, referred to above, is a noble and suggestive document, and contains a quaint allusion to Sir Thomas Wade's infirmity of temper, which must have greatly edified the Chinese court. A few extracts from it may be welcome to the English reader.

"Memorialist would humbly premise that opium is produced in India, and is imported thence by British merchants: the poison thus disseminated through China being known as 'yang yao,' or the foreign drug. The evil effects are first felt in centres of trade, and in public offices. The idle and dissipated youth amongst the well-to-do of the middle class, who congregate together for purposes of amusement, make use of it to while away time. The taste thus acquired gradually develops into a craving, and when the craving becomes intense, health and spirits suffer, ruin follows, and death finishes the picture.

"The labouring classes in the interior of China abandon the cultivation of the different kinds of grain on the rich land, eminently fitted for the growth of cereals, and plant the poppy instead. They make incisions in the poppy-heads, and extract the juice,

which they call 'tu yao,' or native drug. The evil effects of this form of the drug first attack the market-towns, hamlets, and villages. The labouring poor and the idle and vagrant have in time come to consider it as a daily necessary of life, and ignore the nature of the prohibition against it. Hence the number of consumers becomes very great, the mischief becomes more and more confirmed, and reform becomes an almost hopeless task.

"Consumption of foreign opium by Chinese has increased, and the sale of foreign opium has extended in a corresponding degree. Formerly the annual import used to be something over 80,000 chests per annum, but it gradually increased till it exceeded 50,000 chests per annum, and the memorialist has recently heard that it has now mounted to over 70,000 chests. The price of foreign opium used to be over 700 taels a chest of 100 catties, but has now, so he understands, dropped to some 500 taels, or so, showing that the area of consumption has been extended by the diminution of price, a fact which also exemplifies the astuteness of the foreigner.

"When memorialist was made Governor-General of Shen Si and Kansuh, he made the prohibition of poppy cultivation his first business, directing his subordinates to pluck up the plant wherever they met with it, that the evil might be cleansed at its source. All foreign opium imported into his jurisdiction was labelled and deposited in warehouses, the importers being compelled to take it away again, and forbidden to sell it in either province. All opium sold in defiance of this prohibition was publicly burned in an open thoroughfare. This system, though it met with partial success in a given area, would not work if applied universally.

"A careful consideration of the whole question convinces the memorialist that increase of duty and li-kin upon opium, native and foreign, is the only possible solution of the problem.

"Increase of duty and li-kin will certainly raise the price of foreign and native opium. When prices are high those whose craving is not intense will give up the habit, and those whose craving is intense will reduce their consumption; and it may reasonably be expected that diminution of the consumption will lead eventually to the abandonment of the vice.

"Your servant, having been honoured by the command of your Majesty to take cognizance of foreign affairs, was, of course, not free to decline the responsibility; and when in discharge of it he received the British minister, Wei To-Ma (Thomas Wade), he discussed with him the question of raising the tariff-duty and 'li-kin' excise, with a view to diminishing the taste for it. Nor had Thomas Wade any objection to make thereto. But when Li Hung Chang arrived, your servant and he further discussed the matter with Thomas Wade on two occasions; Li Hung Chang having besides one separate conference with him alone; and at these

conferences Thomas Wade maintained opinions at variance with those of your servants. There was a considerable change in his language (or he retracted much), and with reference to the augmentation of the price of opium, he showed as much irritation as if the change were something to be deplored.

"The memorialist, in his ignorance, ventures to believe that the enforcement of strict prohibitions against the consumption of opium is a radical essential in the restriction of a popular vice, and the ordering of public morality. At the present time the ever-increasing diminution of price creates a corresponding increase of consumption, the evil effects of which become worse as they grow. And so when prohibitive measures come to be considered, it becomes apparent that the only plan is to increase the duty and 'li-kin,' both on the foreign and on the native drug. It is not merely with the object of reaping a richer revenue that this increase is suggested."

Sir Thomas Wade seemed to feel somewhat keenly the personal allusion to himself, and in a despatch addressed to Tso Tsung Tong asks if the newspaper report of the memorial is authentic, challenging at the same time the accuracy of some minor points in Tso Tsung Tong's report of the conversation. To all this Tso Tsung Tong, "presenting his compliments," quietly replies that "The Grand Secretary is given to understand that the *Shanghai Shen Pao* prints and publishes at once any news it obtains, and that there has never been any supervision or restriction placed on it or any regard paid to the importance of the news." After reaffirming the correctness of the statements in his memorial he goes on to say, "The points that his Majesty (the Chinese Emperor) considers as of chief importance are the moral improvement and protection of the people." Sir Thomas Wade evidently feels the moral inferiority of the position he occupies to that of the Chinese statesmen with whom he is dealing, for he addresses Prince Kung in the following apologetic strain: "If, during this long discussion, I have dwelt rather on the financial than the moral interest of the question, it is because I am convinced that so long as the opium produced in China is sufficient to supply the needs of the Chinese, the reduction of the quantity of opium imported, or even the total exclusion of foreign opium, will not remoralise the opium smoker." The apology, however, is too transparent when only six months before Sir Thomas Wade had thought well to challenge the Grand Secretary

Tso's memorial, which had proposed an equal incidence of taxation on native and foreign opium, and in the same despatch discusses the scheme proposed by the Chinese Government for the gradual extinction of both the native and foreign trades. The browbeating policy which has succeeded to the unrighteous wars of a generation ago is but thinly veiled in this correspondence, for when Prince Kung seeks to elbow the British minister into a speedy confirmation of the convention by suggesting that China may use its right of taxing opium without any restriction at the inland barriers, by imposing octroi duties of 150 taels per chest, a right repeatedly admitted by Sir Thomas Wade, Sir Thomas turns round and half frightens the mild old prince by describing that suggestion as a "threat." The Prince thereupon tenders a timid disavowal of the threat, coupled with a vague reassertion of it. "The Prince would observe in reply that the passage contained in his former note, 'If, after all, the proposition to collect li-kin with the tariff duty be not adopted, China may take it upon herself to increase the li-kin or to devise some other scheme,' was a simple declaration to the effect that inasmuch as China cannot but be anxious to promote the security of her (revenue on) opium, if protracted negotiations to that end lead to no result, it will not be in her power to throw (the whole question) aside and give it no further heed. There was no intention to employ a threat."

It is gratifying to see Sir Thomas Wade admit the reflex influence of the Anti-Opium Society's agitation upon Chinese statesmanship. In one of his communications he observes: "Some leading statesmen in China would not improbably attempt the taxation of foreign opium at rates that might endanger the life of the golden goose. The danger against which precaution is chiefly called for is the taxation of opium on the principle of seeing how much it will bear. The echo of the Anti-Opium movement in England has had no doubt a certain influence in this direction." It is devoutly to be wished that the agitation may grow and that the bird of evil omen, goose, vulture, raven or otherwise, may die ere long, despite its golden eggs.

The general conclusion drawn from a perusal of this body of correspondence is that England is not a whit more moral in her policy to-day than she was in the days of "Old Resident's" sojourn in Canton. We don't fight

for opium now. We only let our diplomatists harry the vanquished. We don't compel the legalisation of opium at the cannon's mouth. We only wear out Chinese patriots by a vociferous huckstering of five years' duration, compelling them in the meanwhile to keep taxation low and opium cheaper than it ever has been, lest the "goose that lays the golden eggs" should not be quite so "broody" as she has been in the past. It is high time that our government departments recognised the moral feeling of the country on these questions, and no longer met its solemn protests by an imperturbable "*non possumus*."

No surer mode of damaging the interests of the Crown can be pursued than that of withdrawing Indian and foreign questions involving the most fundamental moralities from the cognizance of Parliament till they are settled, and regarding them as the separate prerogative of the Crown. Too long have governments been suffered to raise petty, colourless party questions by which to try themselves before the electorates, whilst immoral absolutisms have prevailed in departments on such questions as the opium trade, and the cry of the outraged conscience of the nation, not to speak of the cries from tens of thousands of Chinese homes is disdained by statesmen like the Marquis of Hartington, who said: "The morality of the opium trade is no concern of ours. It is a question of finance only;" and Lord E. Fitzmaurice, who asserted in April of the present year, "That far from our having forced opium upon the Chinese, the very contrary was the case." Unless a change soon come over the treatment of this subject, it is to be hoped the time is not far distant when men who are moralists first and partisans afterwards, will unite to raise their voices in a cry that will be heard throughout the country, demanding that the convictions of the national conscience shall no longer be ignored. No party in the State is strong enough to disregard such a cry. The petition for the Sunday Closing Bill, with more than half a million Methodist signatures, ought to assure the religious bodies of this country of their power to control all moral questions, if they will only consent to forget political shibboleths for a year or two and utter an earnest protest—like that which put down the slave-trade—on behalf of the fundamental principles of righteousness and charity. A single religious denomination, if united, would be strong enough to turn the scales.

- ART. V. 1.—*Retrospect of a Long Life: from 1815 to 1883.*
By S. C. HALL, F.S.A., Barrister-at-Law, a Man of
Letters by Profession. In Two Volumes. London:
Richard Bentley and Son. 1883.
2. *A Book of Memories of Great Men and Women of the
Age, from Personal Acquaintance.* By S. C. HALL,
F.S.A., &c. Second Edition. London: Virtue and
Co. 1877.

Is the pursuit of literature as a profession conducive to the enjoyment of long life? It is a question of much interest, and in answer a good deal may be said on both sides. In the books at the head of this article we have a strong argument on the affirmative side. In them a veteran of the press, who saw the light in the first year of this nineteenth century, draws forth from a well-stored memory, and with a hand that has not lost its cunning, recollections of the days gone by, and of the brilliant host of writers whom he has met, missed, and mourned. But while Mr. Hall himself is a fine example of literary longevity, a considerable portion of his contemporaries passed away in early or middle life. And such, we fear, is the fate of a large proportion of the brain-workers, the genuine "press men," of the present day.

In the case of some who flourished fifty or sixty years ago, the fault of their fewness of days was entirely their own. Fast living was then rather the rule than the exception among literary men, as well as among the higher classes of society, and numerous were the admirers and victims of the Anacreontic style. Maginn—a man of vast learning and manifold powers, a valued contributor to *Blackwood* and *Fraser* in their palmyest days, who with unprincipled versatility wrote at the same time slashing articles in the *Tory Age* and the *Radical True Sun*—died, a miserable wreck, at the age of forty-eight. Theodore Hook—the marvellous improviser of verses in any number upon any topic, the ready wit and daring practical joker—was an old man when he should have been in his prime, and died at fifty-three, "done up," as he himself phrased

it, "in purse, in mind, and in body too." And these were but samples of many minor martyrs to the bad customs, slaves to the "free living" of the day.

But manners and customs have changed since those days; and though the literary man is, on the average, not more longevous than formerly, the shortness of his career is due rather to hard work than to fast living. In many cases, in the full bloom of youthful enthusiasm he realises an honourable ambition by getting on to the staff of a daily paper; then has to work by night, and every night, under pressure of the waiting monster that must "go to press" in the small hours of the morning, and, just when his brain should be regaining its spent vigour by repose, has to tax it to the uttermost in order to write brilliantly, or at all events, freshly and interestingly, on topics which he has treated again and again till he is tired to death of them. It must be indeed a tough texture that will stand the strain; and of late years a host of promising young writers have been sacrificed on the altar of this Moloch of journalism.

Then, as to the struggle for existence; was it greater amongst the literary men of fifty years ago than it is now? It could not be greater, and we incline to think it was much less. For, though there was then, as always, much hardship for the bulk of rising authors, there was a less crowded market—if not higher prices, better chances—a more certain income, for the vigorous ones who could fight their way to the front. Then, as now, the young author had to get a commission on the staff of a magazine or review, to gain a name amongst men, and to find food for himself and his little knot of dependents, whilst he was preparing the *magnum opus* which was to wake up the deaf and callous world and shake it out of its heartless *insouciance*. Battling against want and cold and debt and disease, sometimes he would win the victory, and command such work and such pay as he had scarcely ventured to dream of before. More often he has sunk, after a weary fight of ten or fifteen years, exhausted just as his last charge had carried the day; and the world has showered freely on his obsequies the applause and sympathy which it had dealt out to him, when alive, with such a niggardly hand. Butler and Chatterton, in their antitypes, like "the poor," we have "always with" us, at our very doors.

We will not dwell on the pecuniary phase of an author's

life. But it must not be ignored, since it is the big burden of daily care which gets between him and heaven, and shuts into eclipse all shine of sun and star; dwarfing his high aspirations, stunting the noble growths of his intellect, and chilling his genial warmth of heart. For, when the author—by profession, we mean, not amateur or occasional—finds his home threatened with disaster, the very existence of wife and children, or mother and sisters, trembling in the scale, he can no longer keep to the fond illusion that he is a prophet commissioned to propound his own particular views to an eager and astonished world. Perforce he has to learn from the indispensable middleman what the public is supposed to want or wish for—what will “take” and what will “pay.” And so, without hinting even to himself that he is flagging in his high purposes, or putting off the fulfilment of his noble plans, he submits, and cannot but submit, to be ground down to the ideas and arrangements of those whom he knows to be his inferiors in the inner and higher life, but who have the upper hand of him in that important outer life which swallows up so much thought and energy. Too often, drudgery and care combined wear out the tissues of the brain, and the author sinks under sudden paralysis, or slowly dwindles into numbness and imbecility. The latter is seldom the fate of the ladies: authoresses, as a rule, keep bright and nimble to the last, and live pretty long lives. Still there are notable instances of early decay; and while on the one hand we have the longevity of Hannah More, Amelia Opie, Barbara Hofland, Mary Somerville, Lady Morgan, Mary Russell Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Mrs. Bray (92), and others, these are counterbalanced by the comparatively short lives of Felicia Hemans, Grace Aguilar, Emma Tatham, “Ruth Elliott,” Mary Robinson, &c.

For man and woman alike Charles Lamb's faithful warning to Bernard Barton holds good now as when it first was written :

“Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support but what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather from the steep Tarpeian rock—slap, dash, headlong upon iron spikes. . . . Come not within their grasp. I have known many authors want for bread, some repining, others enjoying the blest security of a counting-house, all agreeing they had rather have been tailors, weavers—what not ?

than the things they were. I have known some starved, some go mad, one dear friend 'dying in a workhouse.' O, you know not—may you never know!—the miseries of subsisting by authorship."

Still, the profession of letters always will have supreme attraction for the young and talented. And the perusal of these interesting volumes of Mr. S. C. Hall will certainly not detract from the charm. What a crowd of illustrious names moves in his pages! Orators, statesmen, poets, philanthropists—he has conversed or corresponded with, or at least rubbed against, two generations of the most famous of them, and can tell us much that we wanted to know about the appearance, manners, disposition and character of these remarkable personages. His recollections carry him back to the earliest days of the century, and he notes down many a feature of London life that has long disappeared from view. The ancient tinder-box, the oil street-lamps, the old watchmen or "Charlies," the mail-coaches, the footpads, the pillions, the pattens, the many-caped hackney coachmen, the sedan chairs, the turnpikes, the pillory, the stocks—each of these departed glories has a few words of mention, in connection or contrast with the inventions and improvements that have superseded them. His retrospect has strongly impressed him with the opinion that the present age is in most respects better off than the preceding ones—those terrible "hanging" times, when in the space of but seven years, from 1819 to 1825, there were *five hundred and seventy-nine* executions, most of them being for such offences as cattle, horse, and sheep stealing, arson, forgery, burglary, uttering false notes, sacrilege;—those wine-bibbing times, when Pitt and Dundas are said to have entered the House of Commons in such an after-dinner condition that the one could not *see* the Speaker at all, while the other was so far privileged as to see *two* Speakers in the Chair;—those profane times, when oaths of the coarsest kind garnished the conversation of men of all ranks, and were not repressed even by the presence of ladies.

Yet there were some things in those old days which the veteran now misses with regret: notably the courtesy which caused a man to shrink from taking the wall of a lady, or keeping his hat on in her presence, or offering her his arm while a cigar fumed in his mouth. Vauxhall

Gardens, too, he considers to be badly replaced by the detestable music-halls, and he holds the cruelty of cock-fighting to be far surpassed by the wholesale heartlessness of pigeon-shooting.

It is not with the change of manners, for better or worse, that we purpose now to deal, but rather to take the opportunity of glancing rapidly over the popular literature of the last fifty years, availing ourselves occasionally of the help of Mr. Hall's valuable *Retrospect* and of his beautiful *Book of Memories*.

Fifty years ago, most of those who had made great names as authors in the brilliant period of letters which succeeded the close of the long war with the first Napoleon, were either dying off, or sinking into that torpid state which has been the fate and the dread of many a man of genius. Lord Byron, the unscrupulous poet of passion, who had burst the icy bounds within which the English Muse had for long years been frozen up, had died of fever at Missolonghi. Sir Walter Scott had just breathed his last sigh at Abbotsford, and left the domain of historical romance free for any master who could conquer and rule it as he had done. Thomas Campbell was eking out his pension by editing magazines—a task for which he was specially unfitted—and otherwise putting his Pegasus to the drudgery of a bookseller's hack.

Of the coming men, Charles Dickens was still on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, schooling himself for future Dutch painting by the minute observation of detail required in a press reporter. Bulwer Lytton had just issued his *Eugene Aram*, and was succeeding—with little success—Campbell in the editorship of the *New Monthly*. Macaulay had made his mark as an essayist and parliamentary orator, and was about to go over to India for a time, to brood over and evolve a grand scheme of law for our Eastern empire. Thackeray was travelling and constantly exercising that ready pencil which was *not* to gain him riches or renown, while his pen lay almost untried, its power unguessed even by himself. Carlyle was trying to find a London bibliopole who would venture on the publication of the first of his works in his later or grotesque style—the famous *Sartor Resartus*. Tennyson, the coming poet of the cycle, was just making his second essay as an author, and beginning to win a small but ever widening circle of readers.

The early part of these fifty years was especially nota-

ble for its wealth of tale-writers. In 1837 Dickens made his appearance with the *Pickwick Papers*, which at once gave him a reputation and attained a success which has scarcely been paralleled by any subsequent fiction, with the exception of Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Though vastly inferior to his later writings, *Pickwick* developed his talent for minute description and humorous characterisation, extending a vitality even to inanimate things; and its telling effect was aided not a little by the ingenious illustrations by Seymour and "Phiz," which clothed in tangible embodiment comicalities which might have seemed vague and rapid by themselves. A host of readers looked out for the monthly parts of this boneless tale, with an intensity of eagerness unknown to the present generation, and Sam Weller, with his racy cockneyisms and startling anecdotes and comparisons, was welcomed to many a table as "a fellow of infinite jest and humour," an English Sancho Panza equal in originality to Cervantes' renowned creation. But there was little in *Pickwick* to warn the world of the tragic power which lay in the grasp of the young author; and when *Oliver Twist* burst into life, it came as a surprise to the public, disappointing those who cared for nothing but amusement, but convincing the reading world that a writer of intense earnestness had developed from the chrysalis of the comic penny-a-liner. Then followed in due time the mixed humour and pathos of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, leading up to the most perfect of his works, the quasi-autobiographic *David Copperfield*. We will not attempt to assign to these and his subsequent books their relative place in the classics of the land: but any one who is doubtful of the advance made by Dickens beyond previous writers of the domestic novel, has but to compare *David Copperfield* or *Bleak House* with the tales of that class which had previously held sway in the circulating library. In the one there is life—life in all its details, etched with the hand of a master, and worked up into a dramatic *ensemble*, that is permanently photographed on the sensitive plate of memory: in the other there is but a faint and washy copy of insipid scenes, or a patchy presentment of impossible catastrophes. The former are the perfection of realism tempered with romance: but in enduing these and the other children of his soul with such intensity of life, their author parted with a large portion of his own vital energy, and his brain, taxed too

heavily with the conception and realisation of human affairs in all their mixed humour and tragedy, and with the "readings" which drained his very heart, sank suddenly beneath the pressure of engagements to which his nobler and better self, untempted by greed of money or applause, should have given a resolute "No."

And here, reverting to Mr. Hall's volumes, we note that, although that gentleman knew the great novelist as a boy, who, with bright, intelligent face, brought "penny-a-line" matter to the office where the elder Dickens was employed as a parliamentary reporter, he prefers to leave the subject almost untouched, as he "can write of Dickens nothing new, nothing important, nothing valuable." But he gives, under another head, Mrs. Hall's pleasant picture of the author's home in the earlier, happier days of his married life.

"In what is now 'the long ago time' Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens invited their friends to a juvenile party in honour of the birthday of their eldest son. Who would decline such an invitation? Who did not know how the inimitable story-teller made happiness for old and young?—his voice ringing out welcomes like joybells in sweet social tune, his conjuring, his scraps of recitations, his hearty sympathetic receptions pleasantly mingling and following each other, while his wife—in those happy days the 'Kate' of his affections—illuminated like sweet sunshine her husband's efforts to promote enjoyment all around. It was understood that after an early supper there was to be 'no end of dancing.' This was no over-dressed juvenile party, but a hilarious gathering of young boys and girls; not overlaid, as in our present days they too often are, with finery and affectation, but bounding in their young fresh life to enjoy a full tide of happiness."

We pass on to another style of fiction, in which another master of the art was making his early essays. Mr. Lytton Bulwer—afterwards Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton, and finally Lord Lytton—had attracted much notice by his novels of passion and fashion combined. His earlier works are not always of the most healthy tendency; but he rose to higher ground in his historical romances, and the domestic tales of his later years—*The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, and *What will He do with It?*—show a large advance in moral power and in exquisite delineation of character. His women especially are wonderfully fine and agreeable when compared with the bulk of the females whom Dickens portrayed.

In Thackeray we come to one who will probably live in his works as long as any imaginative writer of this half-century. Comparatively late in producing his really good work, this great master of satire spent year after year in sketches and studies, trials and essays, which were but convenient shadows of the perfect forms which were to take their place. It would be absurd here to compare the two great novelists of these times, Dickens and Thackeray, and to dispute about their respective merits. They were totally different in matter and form, in spirit and body. Dickens could no more have conceived the symmetric beauty of *Esmond*, or have added the nice touches of honour and delicacy which abound in that masterpiece, than Thackeray could have irradiated with a flood of light and love and pathos the poor homes and ragged children and world-despised men and women whom Dickens's pencil set forth with a magic born of the highest genius. A noble pair of brothers! The one, labouring, with touch upon touch, line upon line, till at length, when friends are almost tired of watching and waiting, the perfect figure fills the canvas and satisfies the eye. The other, thoughtfully weaving plot and plan, and then running off rapidly, yet with consummate art, counterparts of the common people around us, yet so picked out and gilded with the halo of imagination as to become the most interesting and amusing specimens of humanity possible. We need not enumerate Thackeray's works, the majority of which form a chain of pictures of several generations, and introduce a succession of family characters. He had just broken new ground among the smugglers of the Sussex coast, and was getting well into the history of *Denis Duval*, when his pen fell from his hand, and his promising story was left unfinished—a striking illustration of his favourite maxim: "*Vanitas vanitatum! omnia vanitas.*"

In stories of naval life Captain Marryat bears the bell, and was greatly in advance of writers of the Smollett school. His tales are still widely read, and have a special value, beyond their rough facetiousness, as accurately depicting a state of affairs on board the old wooden men-of-war, of which the present race of sailors know little or nothing.

A more prolific writer was G. P. R. James, whose name held a high place for at least half a century, but whose works are now not much sought after by the great body of

readers. This gentleman might have been thought to manufacture novels by machinery. Give him a famous name, a special era, or a striking incident, and he would clothe it with the historic properties of costume and custom, weapons and retinues, and all the paraphernalia of the period; reeling off to his hard-worked amanuensis an almost endless thread of glittering romance. Had he but written less, or, to speak more accurately, had he himself *written out* his stories, they would have been fewer in number, but much more forceful in character and lasting in popularity. His tendency to heap up minute circumstances in description, to overdo the upholstery business proper to such works, to paint too gaudily the field of the cloth of gold, had the effect of burying his better qualities—his high principle, good sense, historic insight, and encyclopædic knowledge—under a wealth of garniture like that to which good Queen Bess was prone. Yet no mean praise fell justly to his share by the award of Alison the historian, who says: "There is a constant appeal in his brilliant pages, not only to the pure and generous, but to the elevated and noble sentiments. He is imbued with the very soul of chivalry, and all his stories turn on the final triumph of those who are influenced by such feelings. Not a word or a thought which can give pain to the purest heart ever escapes from his pen." His private life rose fully to the high standard of his works, and proved him to be in every respect a Christian gentleman.

The name of the novelists at this era was "legion," and we cannot pretend to chronicle even the topmost of them; but we must spare a line for Charles Lever, who, if in his early works he gave the rein to his high spirits, racy wit, and frolicking fancy, in his later ones has not been surpassed for the mingled sadness and humour of his delineations of the life of the sister country. Mixed up with his most romantic tales there are invaluable sketches of Irish history and character, drawn with unrivalled power, and based on deep and accurate knowledge of the people and their past. In his later stories diplomatic life, of which he knew the inner workings, plays a prominent part, and from them much is to be learnt of a career and of a class of people quite unfamiliar to the stay-at-home plebeian.

The great name which Benjamin Disraeli—afterward

Earl of Beaconsfield—made as a statesman, naturally throws into shadow his work as a *littérateur*; and yet at the same time it adds interest and draws attention to that very work. The splendour of the position which he achieved as the successful leader of a powerful party, and then as the Prime Minister of a nation, is apt to dazzle the critical eye in weighing his merits as a novelist. Of course we are reminded that “the child is father to the man;” and, taking up that axiom, and applying it to his youthful works—beginning with *Vivian Grey*, which saw the light just fifty-seven years ago—we become liable and likely to torture sentiments and misconstrue speeches and twist situations, in order to show that the principles of the policy of his after life are embedded in these ancient strata. But this a somewhat misleading method; for in no case does the mind expand more rapidly than in that of a rising statesman; in none are the narrow principles of policy, which in the heat and inexperience of youth seemed fixed and unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, so completely lost sight of or reversed; and whether it be a Peel or a Gladstone or a Beaconsfield, the cramping trammels of childhood are speedily thrown off and forgotten, when the manhood of responsible power is attained. Still, no doubt some of the grand realisations of Disraeli's later years may be found in embryo in *Vivian Grey* and its successors; and while his tales from *Coningsby* to *Endymion* have a special interest as portraying from the life the world of politicians and schemers of the last forty years, his earlier ones will long excite sufficient curiosity to save them from oblivion. As a writer Lord Beaconsfield had a lively, biting, satirical style; and a dull paragraph is as rare in his novels as in his speeches, while the former commend themselves to the thoughtful reader as the outcome of a thoroughly original mind, the experience of a man who has seen much of the world at large.

Where must we class George Borrow—that delightful narrator of Spanish adventure and depicter of English roadside life? Novelist or historian, which is he? His *Bible in Spain*, which was published forty-one years ago, is one of the most charming of books, full of romantic story and picturesque description, with nice shades of mystery here and there, but no clouds of gloom. It well deserves reissue, with a series of characteristic illustrations, when it

would come as a new sensation to a generation almost unused to such really original work. The puzzle is that one is scarcely certain whether this book with a serious title is not, in part, a romance; and whether, on the other hand, his three-volume tale, *Lavengro; the Scholar—the Gypsy—the Priest*, which followed in 1851, is not a fragment of actual autobiography. At all events, it will well repay perusal. In all his works Borrow asserts a healthy individuality, and we cannot wonder that gypsies, both Spanish and English, were fascinated by such a rare athlete and linguist and explorer of highways and bye-ways.

It was in 1855 that Anthony Trollope issued his first tale, *The Warden*—brief and quiet, but giving promise of the remarkable family of which it was the father, and whose production extended over five-and-twenty years of unflagging, painstaking work. How the hand that limned the old Warden with such a firm yet delicate touch grew in power and skill and well-deserved popularity year by year, we must not stay to tell. In all the vast workshop of authorship there is no more conscientiously thorough work than that of Mr. Trollope, who has but recently disappeared from our midst, and in whom, we believe, his less fortunate brethren lost a most generous friend. To our mind he was at the best when he drew that exquisite picture of Lillie Dale in the *The Small House at Allington*—a feminine portrait to which neither Dickens nor Thackeray has produced anything at all equal in tenderness and sweetness and grace. In his later tales, though there is apparent much knowledge of man and woman kind, with excellent literary manipulation, the characters delineated are not of a description to deserve the labour bestowed or the study demanded; and, attached as the diligent reader may be to a writer who has won his esteem and admiration, he cannot but feel that it is not worth while to waste time and spirits in the perusal of works so depressing in their tendency.

To the very highest rank of tale-writers belongs also Charles Reade, whose *Never Too Late to Mend* and *Put Yourself in his Place* not only are amongst the liveliest and most fascinating of fictions, but inculcate the grand principles of kindness to the fallen, pity for the prisoner, and doing to others as we would be done unto. In the same category comes also the much-loved name of Charles Kingsley, who, in the stirring times of French Revolution and English

Chartism, threw his warm philanthropic genius into *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, and won his spurs on a wide field of glory, as poet, naturalist, novelist, and writer for children. A wise and loving soul. Nor must we dis sever from him his brother Henry, a writer well deserving of the success which he achieved; but, like his greater brother, taken from us all too soon.

From the pen of Wilkie Collins the latter part of these fifty years has been enlivened with stories of the most ingenious construction, their strong point being the skill with which the plot is concealed, while being worked out with wonderful naturalness and smoothness. The mystery of *The Woman in White*, and of other tales from the same source, has held many a reader to his seat till the book was finished. Of quite a different school are George MacDonald's stories. Far from being *doctrinaire* or sectarian, they yet inculcate the highest lessons, and add to that chosen company of bosom friends whom we gain from the society of the best novels, and who live in our hearts and give us counsel and sympathy.

Of other living novelists we can only record a few of the names. Amongst the veterans, Grant, Sala, Yates—all famous as journalists as well. Among younger men, Besant, Black, Blackmore, Fenn, Hardy, McCarthy, Meredith, Payn, Clark Russell—a roll which gives the best assurance that there will be no falling off in our day in this very important department of literature. But we must not forget to make mention of some of the ladies who have excelled in this branch of labour.

Hannah More, whose stories, chiefly in the form of long and lively tracts, exercised a mighty influence for good on our forefathers, died in 1833, at the ripe age of eighty-eight. Story-telling surely agreed with her active brain. In 1834 Miss Edgeworth, who had already won a niche in the Temple of Fame by her admirable tales, took up her pen once again, at the age of sixty-seven, and gave yet another excellent work—*Helen*—to the generation whom she had done so much to instruct and delight. Miss Mitford had by this time completed her beautiful series of sketches of English rural life, *Our Village*—a striking illustration of the proverbial "Eyes and no eyes," inasmuch as a large portion of the loveliness of character and surroundings, which gives a charm to her pictures, emanated from her own "internal consciousness." On

this point we cannot resist the temptation to quote a good anecdote from Mr. Hall :

“ ‘Sunny Berkshire’ was a very Arcadia to Mary Russell Mitford : she fought for it against all comers. Now and then, she was forced into admission that it was not quite perfect ; and very reluctantly confessed that its peasants were sometimes boors. She told me this story—how one day she was taken aback. A lady was walking with her through one of the lanes ; they had a tussle of words : one asserting, the other denying, that the peasantry lacked natural courtesy and politeness ; and both had warmed with the discussion. They had to pass through a gate : suddenly a boy who was leading a cow started forward and opened the gate for them. Miss Mitford was delighted : it was a death-blow to her antagonist. The lady was more than surprised : ‘ Ah,’ said she to the lad, ‘ you’re not Berkshire, I’m sure ! ’ This was the answer : ‘ Thee’rt a liar, vor I be ! ’ I contrasted this illustration of natural courtesy with an anecdote I have heard my father tell. He was in a boat with the daughters of Puxley, of Berehaven ; the six rowers did their best ; each was rewarded by a glass of whisky ; but a merry lass of the party, aiming to play a joke, observing that one of the boatmen was looking away, dipped the wineglass into the water and presented it to him. He drank it off, seemingly without notice, returned her the glass, saying, ‘ Thank ye, mee lady,’ instead of the sputtering she expected. In much astonishment she said, ‘ What, Pat, do you like salt water ? ’ This was his answer : ‘ No, mee lady, I don’t like salt water, but if yer ladyship had given me a glass of poison, I’d have drank it ! ’ ”

It was in this department of literature that Mrs. S. C. Hall first made a name. She began with *Sketches of Irish Character*, and soon became known as one of the happiest and most kindly delineators of Hibernian peculiarities. These were followed by longer and more ambitious works ; but she is chiefly remembered by her hundreds of sketches and short stories, rather than by her nine novels, which are now rarely to be met with, but which Mr. Hall hopes to issue “ as a series—revised, annotated, and prefaced by ” himself, with interesting additions. Blessed with a sunny nature, she had the excellent habit of looking on the better side of people and things ; and when she had to point out foibles and defects, she contrived to do it in a way that should not hurt the parties concerned, enlisting her readers on the side of amendment and advance. In a long literary career her pen was a power for good in the cause of temperance and other social reforms, and in softening the

asperities that seem inseparable from Irish politics and controversy; and her whole life was a chain of good works in the sister countries, and leaves behind it a memorable track.

To the earlier part of the fifty years at which we are glancing belongs Mrs. Hofland, as the writer of nearly a hundred books, principally tales for the young. Some of our elder readers will perchance recall the eagerness with which, in their youthful days, they begged or borrowed or bought *The Son of a Genius*; a tale for the copyright of which, for the term of twenty-eight years, Mr. Hall tells us that Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard, gave the authoress *ten pounds*! realising probably as many hundreds by the numerous editions issued in that period, and grudging an additional ten pounds for the renewal of the agreement. It is the old moral, from Virgil's time downwards: "*Sic vos non vobis mellificatis, apes.*" Mrs. Hofland exercised a mighty influence for good by her writings, which steadily inculcated, as an unknown critic has observed, "the vital importance of fixed principles of justice, honour, and integrity—of Christian virtues founded upon Christian faith—of all that is truly noble in man and lovely in woman." She was a Sheffield lady. Mr. Hall tells us that one of her earliest friends was James Montgomery, and he evidently regrets that the good poet did not marry the sweet authoress in her first widowhood, and so forestall her marriage with T. C. Hofland, the landscape painter, who was an undoubted genius, but as crusty and crabbed as Carlyle himself.

Grace Aguilar belongs also to this period; a young authoress who, dying at the early age of thirty-one, left a name precious alike to her Jewish kindred and to the great circle of Christian readers who treasure her pure and pathetic works. Mrs. Hall's portrait of her is very interesting:

"At our first introduction we were struck as much by the earnestness and eloquence of her conversation as by her delicate and lovely countenance. Her person and address were exceedingly prepossessing, her eyes of the deep blue that looks almost black in particular lights, and her hair dark and abundant. There was no attempt at display, no affectation of learning; no desire to obtrude 'me and my books' upon any one or in any way: in all things she was graceful and well bred. You felt at once that she was a carefully educated gentlewoman; and if there was more

warmth and cordiality of manner than a stranger generally evinces on a first introduction, we remembered her descent, and that the tone of her studies, as well as her passionate love of music, and high musical attainments, had increased her sensibility. When we came to know her better, we were charmed and surprised at her extensive reading, her knowledge of foreign literature, and actual learning, relieved by a refreshing pleasure in juvenile amusements. Each interview increased our friendship, and the quantity and quality of her acquirements commanded our admiration. She had made acquaintance with the beauties of English nature during a long residence in Devonshire, loved the country with her whole heart, and enriched her mind by the leisure it afforded. She had collected and arranged conchological and mineralogical specimens; loved flowers as only sensitive women can love them; and with all this was deeply read in theology and history. Whatever she knew, she knew thoroughly; rising at six in the morning, and giving to each hour its employment; cultivating and exercising her home affections, and keeping open heart for many friends. All these qualities were warmed by a fervid enthusiasm for whatever was high and holy. She spurned all envy and uncharitableness, and rendered loving homage to whatever was great and good. It was difficult to induce her to speak of herself and her own doings."

These ladies, workers in the golden mines of fancy, have had worthy successors in a bright host of authoresses. Miss Charlesworth, in her *Ministering Children* and *Ministry of Life*—Miss Mulock (Mrs. Craik), in her *John Halifax* and other stories—Miss Yonge, in *The Heir of Redclyffe* and a long series of domestic and historic tales—have upheld the standard of female influence for good. At the present day a long roll of amiable women, with the best intentions and a fair average of talent, present again and again the woes and trials of their own sex, or detail the miseries of poor little street Arabs, till the batch of this sort of fancy bread is a good deal overdone and palls upon the public palate.

Of a different class, and void of any obvious moral purpose, are the remarkable tales, of which Miss Brontë set the fashion in *Jane Eyre*—powerful, no doubt, but full of an excitement that can scarcely be held to be healthy for either writer or reader. Much higher ground was taken by "George Eliot" (Mary Ann Evans) in *Adam Bede*; and her subsequent tales, by their exquisite art, fine analysis of character, and rich mother-wit, placed her at the very summit of the hill of fame. Of her we need say the less,

because an appreciative critique on her writings appeared in this Review so recently as October, 1881. Mrs. Gaskell, whose pen dropped from her hand quite unexpectedly and too soon, will long live in the affectionate remembrance of all who have read her *Wives and Daughters*, the unfinished crown of a noble series of works. Amongst the living leaders of the great army of lady novelists may be mentioned such mistresses of the craft as Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie), Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Mrs. Riddell, who are followed by a regiment of fair aspirants to literary fame.

The old *mot* about making a nation's *ballads* is now pretty well out of date so far as England is concerned. It ought, in fact, to be altered so as to apply to *stories*. Nowadays you might make up a whole bunch of ballads, string together long strips of songs, and employ the sturdiest sons of Stentor to sing them through London or Manchester streets, without producing even a faint impression on national opinion. But there is a public, of every rank and condition, which will have tales of some sort, and gets them in the shape either of penny "weeklies," sixpenny reprints, or some more expensive form. And it is not quite impossible to insinuate unpalatable doctrines, without giving offence, almost indeed without the process being even suspected, in the engrossing pages of a well-told tale. To this fact many parties in the State are fully alive, and so we have High Church and Dissenting, Conservative and Liberal, Teetotal and other sentiments buried deep in delectable fictions, just as the jalap of early tradition was wont to be concealed in the attractive jam. Reading a miscellaneous assortment of novels, if not to be recommended as an intellectual tonic, at least should operate as an opiate to a careworn mind by distracting its attention from its own worries. But many of the well-meaning tales of the day have not even this recommendation. Lady authors are especially fond of depicting the disagreeables of business and family life in all their *minutiæ*. What good end can be answered by such books we are at a loss to divine—excepting, that is, the subjective benefit, that they yield a scant livelihood to the hard-working women who spin these melancholy webs.

This swarm of stories, then, does it really influence public opinion, or is it simply the reflex of that opinion? Partly the one and partly the other. On the one hand, it

is natural for those who are not in the habit of thinking for themselves—and the number is not small—gradually to adopt opinions quite foreign to their usual ones, if they find them reiterated in a book or a series of books. On the other hand, the novel-writer frequently sets his sail to catch the passing breeze of opinion which may waft him into popularity and the safe harbour of publishers' esteem. So the reader is influenced by the writer's surface opinion, and the writer by what he supposes to be the reader's current of thought.

But we will pass on to higher ground. Turning to the poets of fifty years ago, we find Coleridge, after giving the world a taste of his quality in his unfinished *Christabel*, his *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, and his fragmentary *Khubla-khan* and *Odes*, subsiding into complete *dolce far niente* at Highgate, where he poured out unending discourses, on things visible and invisible, to a patient circle of admirers. His poetry still holds a high place in the regard of true lovers of the Muses, and his misty philosophy influenced not a little the metaphysico-theological schools of the coming generation. Mr. Hall was often privileged to be one of his auditors, and his reminiscences of the "old man eloquent," given in his *Retrospect*, and at greater length in his *Memories*, are deeply interesting.

"The wonderful eloquence of his conversation can be comprehended only by those who have heard him speak—'linked sweetness long drawn out;' it was sparkling at times, and at times profound; but the melody of his voice, the impressive solemnity of his manner, the radiant glories of his intellectual countenance, bore off, as it were, the thoughts of the listener from his discourse, who rarely carried away any of the gems that fell from the poet's lips.

"I have listened to him more than once for above an hour, of course without putting in a single word; I would as soon have attempted a song while a nightingale was singing. There was rarely much change of countenance; his face, when I knew him, was overlaid with flesh, and its expression impaired; yet to me it was so tender, and gentle, and gracious, and loving, that I could have knelt at the old man's feet almost in adoration. My own hair is white now; yet I have much the same feeling as I had then, whenever the form of the venerable man rises in memory before me. Yet I cannot recall—and I believe could not recall at the time, so as to preserve as a cherished thing in my remembrance—a single sentence of the many sentences I heard him utter. In his *Table Talk* there is a world of wisdom, but that is only a

collection of scraps, chance-gathered. If any left his presence unsatisfied, it resulted rather from the superabundance than the paucity of the feast."

"At the time I speak of, he was growing corpulent and heavy; being seldom free from pain, he moved apparently with difficulty, yet liked to walk, with shuffling gait, up and down and about the room as he talked, pausing now and then as if oppressed by suffering. I need not say that I was a silent listener during the evenings to which I refer, when there were present some of those who 'teach us from their urns;' but I was free to gaze on the venerable man—one of the humblest, and one of the most fervid, perhaps, of the worshippers by whom he was surrounded, and to treasure in memory the poet's gracious and loving looks—the 'thick waving silver hair'—the still, clear blue eye; and on such occasions I used to leave him as if I were in a waking dream, trying to recall, here and there, a sentence of the many weighty and mellifluous sentences I had heard—seldom with success—and feeling at the moment as if I had been surfeited with honey."

If Mr. Hall could never recall a single sentence from Coleridge's lips, he has at all events succeeded in giving us a vivid picture of his oratory, which was wonderful in its flow, but left no rich deposit on the memories of his hearers—words, "brave words," and nothing more.

The laureate of the period was Robert Southey, whose name as a poet lives rather in his ballads and shorter pieces than in his longer poems. In fact, we fear that his famous epic, *Thalaba the Destroyer*, with its wealth of beauty and grandeur of conception, is thought a little tedious by most of those who peep at it in the present day. Its rhymeless rhythm doubtless is much against it, as well as the redundancy of its descriptions. His *Curse of Kehama*, which had the advantage of rhyme, is perhaps his greatest poem; but the world is oblivious of grand mythological creations, and Southey to-day is known most widely by *The Battle of Blenheim* and other simple pieces, and as one of the best of our English prose-writers. Of all the literary men of this century none bears a more unblemished reputation; of all home-lovers he was the chief and model; and of all family groups, that found under his roof at Greta Hall was the happiest, till death and change broke in upon the charmed circle.

His successor in the laureateship was one whose name will ever be associated with the beautiful Lake country, of which for long years he was as noticeable a feature as the

mist-crowned hills and the sheeny waters. Wordsworth read in nature high hopes and noble aspirations for man. In contrast to the reckless passion of Byron, his poetry gleans lessons from common grass and simple flower and the unspoilt children of the dales; while some of the sonnets of his early days are as stirring in their patriotism and as lofty in their style as those of Milton. Wordsworth belongs to the last century as well as this, but can never be out of date. When many a noisy reputation of our own day has sunk into oblivion, and the poets of sensuousness have returned to their native clay, his pure verse shall still charm the ear and refresh the spirit.

In Mr. Hall these two Lake-dwelling wearers of the laurel crown find an enthusiastic admirer.

"I knew Southey" he says, "only in London, meeting him more than once at the house of Allan Cunningham. I wish I had known more of him, for in my heart and mind he holds a place higher than is held by any great man with whom I have been acquainted. To me he is the *beau idéal* of the Man of Letters: a glory to his calling, to whom all succeeding authors by profession may point back with pride. . . . My remembrance of him is that of a form, not tall, but stately—a countenance full of power, but also of gentleness; and eyes whose keen and penetrating glance had justly caused them to be likened to the hawk's, but that on occasion could beam and soften with the kindest and tenderest emotion. His head was perhaps the noblest and handsomest among English writers of his time."

"I knew him"—Wordsworth—"only in London, where he was more than once my guest; for among his admirers there were none more fervent than were we. I regard William Wordsworth—and I cannot think I over-estimate him—as taking rank next to William Shakespeare among British poets of all the centuries. . . . Walking with him one day from my house in Sloane Street to Piccadilly, I felt prouder than I should have felt if the king had been leaning on my arm. It was said of him that he admired his own poetry more than any other person could, and that he was continually quoting himself. I believe he had that miniature fault. I may recall an illustrative anecdote. He was breakfasting with me, in 1831, and the topic of his exquisite poem on *Yarrow Revisited* in some way came up: he complained that Scott had misquoted him, and taking from a bookcase one of the Waverley novels, read from it the passage—

'The swan upon St. Mary's Lake
Floats double: swan and shadow.'

" 'Now,' he said, and I shall never forget the solemn sonorousness

of his voice as he repeated the lines, 'I did not write that ; I wrote—

“The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Floats double : swan and shadow.”

It was evidently, to Wordsworth's mind, a most serious subject of complaint.

“Tall, somewhat slender, upright, with a sort of rude grace, his movements suggestive of rustic independence tempered by the delicacy of high intellect—such was Wordsworth to outward seeming when I knew him.”

Fifty years ago Thomas Campbell, who had produced his *Pleasures of Hope* just on the eve of the nineteenth century, was struggling with debt and difficulties, which weighed heavily on his once hopeful soul, and pressed it down below the level of poetry. In 1842, however, he gave to the world yet one more poem, *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, which the ungrateful world did not receive in as kindly a spirit as it might have done, considering that it owed something to the veteran composer of *Ye Mariners of England*, and other classic verse. When Campbell was editing the *New Monthly*, Mr. Hall acted for a time as his “sub,” and his reflections on the way in which the chief performed his office are very amusing.

“There has seldom been a worse editor. . . . His friend and regular contributor, Talfourd, hit off his character in a sentence : ‘Stopping the press for a week to determine the value of a comma, and balancing contending epithets for a fortnight.’ . . . He never knew where to find the thing he was in search of. His study was a mass of confusion ; articles tendered, good or bad, were sometimes, after a weary search, found thrust behind a row of books on his bookshelf ; and he was rarely known to give an immediate answer, yes or no, to any applicant for admission into his magazine. In short, though a great man, he was utterly unfit to be an editor. I have nearly the same to say of Theodore Hook, Lytton Bulwer, and Tom Hood, who were his successors in the editorial chair.”

In considering the claims of such poets of the bygone years as Campbell and Moore, one may fairly ask, Would such a poem as *The Pleasures of Hope* now bring any young aspirant into the full blaze of popularity and make him a favourite with the public and sought after by the publishers ? Would a series of *Irish Melodies* now procure any man £500 a year for seven years ? We fear not. In

truth we are more exacting than our fathers, and the market is overstocked with precious wares. Probably there are at least five hundred men in the England of our day who are sure they could write about Hope to any extent of smooth hexameters; and there are certainly scores of ladies who fancy—not without some reason—that they could run off *Melodies* of Moore's quality to any amount ordered. But, if it were so, neither poet nor poetess would thereby attain rank or favour in the public eye: for the age has advanced in fastidiousness, and requires, to tickle its ear, something more than the easygoing verse that satisfied a simpler but not more prosaic generation. On the other hand, it is questionable whether the restless crowd of poets of to-day have the patience and the continuity of thought necessary to the composition of a few hundred couplets on one subject; and whether, again, their constant straining after effect would allow them to frame lays so simple, in humour and pathos, language and simile, as the *Melodies*, which, after all, it is more easy to sneer at than to outdo.

But, of all the veteran poets who still graced the stage of life at this period, there is none whose memory deserves more to be cherished than that of James Montgomery—the *Christian poet par excellence* of this century; the one on whom the mantle of the gentle Cowper had fallen, and who enriched our literature with a thousand happy additions of hymnal and other lyrical treasure. All honour to the brave and modest Moravian printer, who in his younger days suffered imprisonment for singing a joyous strain on the Fall of the Bastille, but who bore no bitterness for that against the powers that then had rule in this free England of ours! The mighty influence which he exercised on his contemporaries by his sweet but never vapid lines, his rounded but always purposeful verses—by his pleas for the climbing boy, for the slave, for missions, for progress and liberty of thought—by his hymns, adopted by nearly every Protestant denomination—can scarcely be over-estimated. The town of steel must never forget its quiet but most illustrious citizen.

With his we may join the name of Mrs. Hemans, whose lyrics, if more ambitious in style, and sometimes a little high-flown, are yet for the most part interwoven with the very fibres of the popular heart. In some respects she might be termed the English Longfellow, though she did

not live to carry out her workmanship to the polished finish and artistic excellence of the American master. Her admirers were not simply the select few, but the great body of her countrymen and women, by whom her shorter, less ambitious efforts, appealing strongly to home affections, were cherished as "household words." It is nearly fifty years since this highly gifted woman died, all too young, yet no way loth to leave a hard and troublous world. On Sunday, April 26th, 1835, just three weeks before her death, she dictated her last poem, *The Sabbath Sonnet*, which is characteristic at once of her style of thought and of her devoutness of soul :

"How many blessed groups this hour are wending,
Through England's primrose meadow paths, the way
Toward spire and tower, 'mid shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallowed day!
The halls, from old heroic ages grey,
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard blooms the soft winds play,
Send out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways, to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound; yet, O my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath filled
My chastened heart, and all its throbbings stilled
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness."

Among those who added lustre to this period, the name of Thomas Hood shines forth as a star. The quips and quirks and puns and happy conceits which stud his humorous pieces so thickly, and which have furnished a storehouse for the hard-beset scribes of the melancholy "comics" of our times, were not so much a part of himself as the more serious vein of poetry which he had worked but at intervals, and from which came forth the memorable *Song of the Shirt*, and the still more sterling *Bridge of Sighs*, which alone would suffice to keep his memory green amongst us. Though he was barely forty-six when he died, few pens have done more than his to enforce the true evangelic lesson of love to all, and of special kindness to the poor and unfortunate. He was succeeded by his son, Tom Hood the younger, a man of excellent parts and almost equal genius to his father, but whose brilliant talents and fine *physique* were quickly consumed in comic

journalistic work and the concomitants of a rapid public life. He died at the early age of forty.

We pass to a later generation of poets, among whom one commanding name bears sway—the bright, pure name of Alfred Tennyson, laureate by right as well as by royal appointment. His first volume of poems saw the light in 1830, and of itself would not have gained him permanent fame, though it contained the germ of later developments. His performance has been tenfold better than his early promise; and as a poet of the finest fancy and choicest diction, a religious philosopher of the highest stamp, a laureate fitted to commemorate worthily the death of mighty warrior or wise prince, or to draw immortal lessons from the loss of a bosom friend, he holds peerless rank in these later years of a stirring, advancing century. Long may he live, to charm and instruct a listening nation!

Standing nearest the throne of the poetic chief is the noteworthy figure of Robert Browning, a quite distinct and original genius, whose poetry is full—too full for the otiose reader—of an intense dramatic fire and force, piled up with life-like detail and allusion, yet even in its shorter pieces, attractive though they are, often demands three or four perusals before the intelligent student can get the clue to the riddle of its purpose. In his last volume, *Jocoseria*, Mr. Browning has made a decided advance in intelligibility, and there can be little doubt of his being one of the few who will live as a classic for the coming generation. His wife, Elizabeth Barrett, was of a different school. Learned as Lady Jane Grey or Elizabeth Carter, she yet was intensely human and modern in her sympathies, and has left the impression of being one of the very highest poetesses that England has as yet produced. For many years this distinguished couple were spared to do the best literary work side by side, fit companions in genius and geniality of spirit.

In like manner it was the happiness of the children's poet and story-teller, the good Mary Howitt, to pass a long life of literary work in the society of a noble-minded husband; he working away at his prose, and she at her rhymes and tales, or both conjointly at some miscellany of prose or verse. All honour to these worthy *collaborateurs*, who wrote so much to instruct and delight, and whose abilities were always enlisted on the side of the pure and

the just! William Howitt passed away in 1879, at the ripe age of eighty-four. Two of his early works—*The Rural Life of England* and *The Boy's Country Book*—deserve a niche on the shelves of every true lover of the country. The latter, in its unabridged form, is one of the best boys' books we know—that is, for the juniors, unadulterated by public school life.

The stirring times of the French Revolution of 1848, and of the Crimean War a few years later, gave impulse to much lyrical work, and several young poets burst into song. Amongst these are especially notable Sydney Dobell, Alexander Smith—both since dead, both full of the highest promise; the latter early giving up devotion to the Muse in consequence of the bitterly hostile and unfair criticism to which he was subjected by some jealous brother of the pen—and Gerald Massey, who still lives and writes, though unhappily he gives his old admirers no more of those sweet love-poems which won him fame thirty years ago, and one, or more, of which is to be found in nearly every standard selection from our best poetry. In this younger school are also to be included the names of Professor Aytoun, who published his popular *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*, in 1848—Philip James Bailey, the author of *Festus*—George Macdonald, poet, preacher, and novelist—John Westland Marston, the dramatist—and Charles Kingsley, whose fine genius was essentially poetical, and proved its power in *The Saint's Tragedy*, and a few beauteous fragments. Charles Swain, at this and an earlier date, wrote many popular songs; Dr. Charles Mackay has during a long life enriched the land with some of our best national ballads; and a host of others still living have laboured in the same field. Into the poetic merits of Morris and Buchanan and Allingham and Swinburne—all men of mark—we must not stay to enter.

In hymn-writing a decided advance has been made in our time. As our forefathers held that it was unfair that the devil should have all the good tunes, so it has seemed right to this generation that the highest poetic talent should be devoted to the service and praise of God. Hence it comes to pass that in the hymn books of nearly every denomination will now be found, interspersed with the sound old dogmatic verse of the ancestors, the beautiful lyrics of Heber, Milman, Montgomery, Keble, Lyte, Stanley, Elliott, Waring, Havergal, Bunting—Wordsworth, Trench, Baker,

Bonar, and others happily still living ; and there is now the less excuse for not selecting, at least occasionally, for the use of the great congregation, sweet strains of praise and prayer, instead of the condensed creeds in rhyme with which our fathers were too long content.

To pass to the region of history and biography. One bright name fills with its lustre the greater part of the era under review ; and though, of late, a narrow criticism has endeavoured to dim its radiance, we may safely predict that Macaulay's *History* will outlive the toughest of its depreciators. It was in 1848 that the first two volumes of it appeared, and by their marvellous success made a red-letter day in the publishing trade, rousing the dingy depths of Paternoster Row to an unwonted excitement. And now, after the lapse of five-and-thirty years, the work is still read and re-read, and, spite of a few errors, exaggerations, and prejudices, will hold sway till some historian arises with mightier gifts and more charming style than this exceptionally qualified man possessed. Armed at all points with a perfect knowledge of the period he treats, furnished with an inexhaustible memory—the despair of his imitators and rivals, he gives a microscopic view of an absorbingly interesting portion of English story, and depicts it with a skill and on a scale that will always keep his work distinct as an unfinished and incomparable fragment. It is amusing to find Carlyle sneering at the work, recommending as a *passetemps* “the last volume of Macaulay's *History*, or any other novel ;” since one is apt to remember that the sage of Cheyne Row was himself no mean romancer when he laboured ponderously to convert that pinchbeck professor, Frederick the Great, into a golden hero.

Lord Macaulay, successful in most of the affairs of this life, with brilliant reputation as orator, statesman, essayist, historian, and poet, was especially fortunate in having a model biographer—his nephew, Mr. Trevelyan, now filling with such ability the dangerous and glorious post of Secretary for Ireland—whose *Life* of his uncle is a most readable book.

To this period belongs also Carlyle himself, and in it he moves as one of the chief figures, massive, rugged, mystical. Some of his teaching, in his *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes*, was perhaps calculated to produce good effect on the rising men of the day, by rousing them to a bolder form of

thought and action. Amongst much dross and dust and rubbish, the pure gold of energy and hard work rings out here and there with shrill effect. "Do the duty which lies nearest thee," without waiting for some ideal opportunity to present itself—this is one of the points on which he strongly insists. Whether it was necessary or desirable to envelope some very simple truths and well-known maxims in such a fog and cloud of words, and to construct such an outlandish tongue out of the good English of which he had once been a master, is a matter on which we will not pronounce. Possibly he was in this respect wise in his generation, knowing well that the thick air of mystery clouding his axioms would pique the curiosity of the multitude of readers, who are inclined, now as ever, to accept "*omne ignotum pro magnifico*." The absurdities of his pantheism and hero-worship need not here be dwelt upon. In his histories and biographies his homage was given rather to the men of strong nerves and unscrupulous action than to those of noble aspiration and patient performance. He was most at home in describing the attack on the Bastille, or illuming here and there the congenial cloudiness of Cromwell, or worshipping the selfish autocrat of Prussia.

The late Earl Stanhope—long known as Lord Mahon—takes his place in this half-century, in the course of which he published many painstaking and conscientious works of history and biography, which, if they have not the picturesque power of Macaulay, or the grotesque force of Carlyle, possess a quiet value of their own for the plodding student. For an excellent History of France we are indebted to Eyre Evans Crowe; and for a popular one of Modern Europe to Dr. T. H. Dyer; whilst Sir George Cornewall Lewis displayed his acute critical faculty in several historical and linguistic essays; and Dr. John Doran—one of the earliest contributors to the LONDON QUARTERLY—discoursed, in his own inimitable fashion, on *Table Traits, Habits and Men*, and a multitude of quasi-historical subjects, lighting up the highways and byeways of olden life and manners from his unbounded store of anecdote and antiquarian lore. With him we cannot but commemorate one of the most brilliant essayists of our day—Thomas M'Nicoll, for a time editor of this REVIEW; whose high poetic ability and exquisite critical taste were lost to the world by his early death. Another delightful

author who has gone over to "the majority" is Sir Arthur Helps, who shone not only as a historian of the Spanish Conquest in America, but still more in his *Friends in Council*, a book which brings the lonely reader into lifelike and enduring companionship and converse with the finest minds of the day.

Both as tale-writer and as historian the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Mr. Gleig, has distinguished himself, and thrown light on the military career. Nor must we omit mention of that indefatigable author, Sir Archibald Alison, whose *History of Europe* from 1789 to 1852, in no less than twenty-eight volumes, while presenting an excellent item of furniture for the shelves of a roomy library, has at least the merit of being a well-arranged storehouse of important facts. To Miss Strickland also we are indebted for a great number of volumes, evincing much original research, and containing Lives of Queens, Princesses, Bishops, and Bachelor Kings—the last certainly a most appropriate subject for the pen of a learned spinster.

Amongst the historians and biographers of the last five-and-twenty years special notice is due to the late John Forster, whose Lives of Goldsmith, Eliot, and Dickens are admirable pieces of literary workmanship; to Mr. Froude, who has treated with much research and freshness of view the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; Mr. Lecky, who has discoursed on the Rise of Rationalism and the early History of European Morals; Mrs. Everett Green, for her *Lives of the Princesses of England*, and other valuable works; Mr. Freeman, who has pictured the Norman Conquest with vigour and ability; Professor David Masson, who devoted twenty-one years to an exhaustive Life of Milton in conjunction with the history of his times; Sir Theodore Martin, whose *Life of the Prince Consort* is a fitting record of a noble career; Canon Rawlinson, one of our highest authorities on ancient history; the late Mr. Green, whose *Short History of the English People* was regarded as the prelude to still better work, and was accordingly expanded by him into a much more perfect book; and Mr. Justin MacCarthy, who, notwithstanding his Home Rule proclivities, has given to the world a very readable *History of our Own Times*. This department of literature is continually being enriched by the publication of diaries and autobiographies of great interest; as a sample of which we may take the *Diary* of Crabb Robin-

son, and *The Greville Memoirs*, both full of amusing gossip about great men and small.

In the literature of physical and metaphysical science, we must content ourselves with a bare mention of a few of the names that have lent lustre to the last fifty years. In geology, Sir Roderick Murchison, Professor Sedgwick, and Sir Charles Lyell lead the way; all three born in the last century, and lasting respectively to the good literary ages of seventy-nine, seventy-seven, and seventy-six: a brave hard-headed trio, who did much to advance a most interesting study. Michael Faraday, the great chemist, also, who rose from being a bookbinder's apprentice to be the renowned discoverer in electricity and the popular exponent of science to delighted audiences of princes, philosophers, and children, at the Royal Institution, reached the fair age of seventy-six. Charles Robert Darwin, the minute explorer into the wonders of animal and vegetable life, the ingenious inventor of theories which have given unnecessary shocks to the weak in faith, by his numerous works exercised great influence on scientific thought. The venerable name of Professor Owen will always be associated with the great advance made within the last forty years in the fascinating science of Comparative Anatomy; in which a younger and no less illustrious authority is Professor Huxley; while Professor Tyndall discourses enthusiastically, in lectures and books, on the wonderful properties of Heat, Light, Dust, &c. From a literary point of view special interest attaches to the name of Hugh Miller, who, devoting a great share of his life to geological research, possessed a remarkable graphic faculty, which enabled him to infuse grace and vitality into the driest mass of material. His autobiographic fragment, *My Schools and Schoolmasters*, will always have intense attraction for the lovers of a good personal history.

Those charming old romancers, the buccaneers and explorers of olden times, have had a more staid and accurate, though no less adventurous, succession of sons in the African travellers of our days—Livingstone, Speke and Grant, Baker, Stanley, and Du Chaillu; while the ladies have been well represented all round the globe by Miss Bird, Lady Brassey, Miss Gordon Cumming, and other itinerants.

The study of metaphysics can scarcely be said to have made much advance in this half-century, or to occupy so

prominent a position in literature as it did in the preceding fifty years. Men's minds, whether for good or for evil, are bent more on solving mechanical and economic problems than on discussing the *Ego* and the *Non-ego*, and mapping out the higher provinces of thought-land. The chief publications have been, on the one hand, the Lectures of Sir William Hamilton, carefully edited by Mansell and Veitch, and, on the other, the various works of the acute but limited John Stuart Mill.

A great feature in the literature of to-day is the multiplication of periodical works. Magazines, reviews, weekly papers, are produced in an ever increasing ratio, till at length every shade of thought, every trade and profession, seems to have its own particular organ in the press. Amongst the older papers *Punch*, by its wit and wisdom, still keeps a foremost place. About its earlier and wilder years clustered such a galaxy of wits as England has seldom seen united in any undertaking—Douglas Jerrold, Thomas Hood, Thackeray, Dickens, Gilbert Abbot & Beckett, Mark Lemon, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor; aided by the ready pencils of Doyle and Leech and Tenniel. And now, though in this, as in some other things, we may sometimes think that the former days were better than these, still, under the genial editorship of Mr. Burnand, this oldest of the "comics" still maintains a deservedly high position. A new departure has been the throwing open of the pages of certain periodicals for the discussion of controverted topics by eminent men on both sides: a method which has striking advantages, but which also operates for the propagation of doubtful and noxious tenets, which would command no attention or circulation in the ancient form of book or pamphlet, but, like the "Gipsy Countess," would be left "to die in their own native shade."

Our glance at the literary life of the last fifty years has, of necessity, been cursory and imperfect. Such is the number of new books constantly issuing from the press, that without converting an article into a catalogue, it would be impossible even to name those that win a temporary fame. And it does not at all follow that those only are the "fittest" which survive for a few years. Success is often due—in books as in soap or starch or blacking—to persevering puffing, and to the influence of powerful friends. This is evidently an age of "the making of books," in every sense; and with the multitude of books there seems

to come, more and more visibly, a tendency to universal mediocrity. Possibly this is only a lull before a storm of great writers bursts upon us, as has happened once and again in our national history. The world of bright thought and poetic emotion is by no means used up as yet, and the dull level of a critical, matter-of-fact generation may be but a bit of the high road to a paradise of appreciation in which the coming poets and other masters of the literary art shall bask and revel. May they, when they have to quit the stage of life, leave behind them as kindly a chronicler of their foibles and as brave an assertor of their virtuous qualities as Mr. Hall is for the men and women of bygone years! To his volumes we refer the reader for much pleasant gossip about authors and artists, with the latter of whom his editorship of the *Art Journal* for forty-two years brought him into close intercourse. Through the whole work shines a devout spirit, and the close of a long life of literary labour is in his case brightened by the comfortable assurance of soon rejoining the excellent woman who was his companion on earth for fifty-six years. We feel sincere respect and regard for the veteran whose career has been an honour to the profession of letters, and who, in his *Farewell* to his readers and friends, can thus speak of the last enemy :

“Why shrink from Death? Come when he will or may,
The night he brings will bring the risen day.
His call, his touch, I neither seek nor shun;
His power is ended when his work is done.
My Shield of Faith no cloud of Death can dim:
Death cannot conquer me! I conquer him!”

ART. VI.—1. *The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament.*

By G. A. JACOB, D.D. London : Dickinson.

2. *Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority.*

By R. I. WILBERFORCE, M.A. London : Longmans.

THIS theory stands in the same relation to Romanism as the doctrine of Justification by Faith alone does to Protestantism ; it is the key to the whole system. With it the entire Papal system stands or falls. Not without good reason do Romanist preachers and writers put "the Church" in the forefront of all their teaching. To argue out each separate doctrine of Romanism would be an almost endless task. On such a method conversions would be few indeed. The Romish controversialist takes a far more summary course. His whole strength is spent on the effort to establish the position that God has appointed a living, visible authority—the Church—to be the sole interpreter of His will and Word. We are to believe, not what we think Scripture says, but what the Church says the Scripture says. In other words, not our understanding of Scripture, but the Church's interpretation of Scripture, is to determine our faith. On this subject High Churchman and Ritualist are at one with Romanist. Almost any day teaching may be heard on this vital question from Ritualist lips precisely similar to the teaching of Rome. "Prove all things," St. Paul says. "Hear the Church," is the modern direction. The very fact that this doctrine is being disseminated so widely in such influential quarters and in such plausible forms, renders it all the more necessary that the character of the doctrine, the issues it involves, and the grounds on which it rests, should be well understood.

When the Council of Trent co-ordinates the traditions preserved in the Church with Scripture as a rule of faith, it co-ordinates the Church itself with Scripture, because only the Church can tell us what these traditions are. Let it be observed that while the Church is verbally co-ordinated with Scripture, it is practically made superior, because we can only know Scripture through the Church. We are not allowed to check tradition by Scripture. The Church

is thus interposed between us and God speaking in His Word. All direct contact with God is cut off. Our immediate dependence is on this secondary authority. The greatest genius, the sincerest inquiry, may fail to discover the distinctive doctrines of Romanism in Scripture—Purgatory, the Eucharistic Sacrifice, Virgin-Worship, Prayers to Saints, but if the Church decides that they are there, we must accept the decision.

One obvious remark is, that Scripture says nothing of this power that was in after times to be co-ordinate with itself. According to Romanist teaching it lay in Christ's purpose that an elaborate organisation should be set up to be the interpreter of His will on earth, and yet neither He nor His Apostles say a word on the subject. No such intermediate authority existed or was dreamt of in the first centuries after the Apostles. The modern Romanist system can only be got out of the saying to Peter and the simple utterances respecting the Church and Kingdom of Heaven by being first arbitrarily read into them. This is surely passing strange. The addition made to the New Testament by the theory in question is quite as great as the addition made by the New Testament to the Old. At least if it is not, on what ground can Rome anathematise all who dissent from her? But while the New-Testament dispensation was foretold and prefigured in every possible way, of the later development no intimation was given. That there was to be a visible hierarchy, alone commissioned to speak in God's name, was never said, or anything like it. No prophet or apostle gives any sign of having anticipated it. Considering the issues involved, is it not reasonable to suppose that the New Testament would have contained some intimations of the intended supplement as the Old did? We do not ask to be shown the Papal system in Scripture, but any presentiment of it in the future.

Is it not also reasonable to suppose that this outward authority, putting itself on a level with Scripture, would be attested by evidence equally clear and decisive? When Rome challenges our obedience as imperatively as Christ Himself, we ask, What sign showest thou? Like demands should be supported by like credentials. Where is the miraculous attestation of the Papal claims? It need not be permanent in one case more than in the other. We only ask that the evidence be as complete and trustworthy. It need scarcely be said that no evidence is forthcoming that

will bear comparison with the credentials of Scripture. The fitful displays of miraculous power sometimes alleged by Romaniat writers will scarcely be brought forward in this connection. Alas for the history of the Gospels if its miraculous basis were no sounder than the history of Papal miracles! We are sometimes pointed to the antiquity and historical continuity of the Papacy. But old as the Papal system may be, it is not old enough for the purpose in view. Where was that system, either in theory or practice, during the first five centuries at least? Did Origen, Tertullian, Eusebius, the two Gregories acknowledge any dependence on Rome? Did not the High-Church Cyprian oppose the Roman bishop? Were the Great Councils of Nicæa, Constantinople, Chalcedon summoned by the Roman bishop? Where during these ages is there any trace of the supremacy usurped since? What becomes then of the boast of unbroken continuity? As to the history of the Papacy, the best that can be said truthfully is that it is of a very mixed character. No higher wisdom, purity and mercy mark it off as God's kingdom upon earth. The motto of the Popes has never been, "The weapons of our warfare are not carnal." There are no darker pages in human history than some of those which tell the lives and doings of the Popes of Rome. Wise advocates of Rome will not provoke retort by appeals to history.

It is evident that the theory of an interpreting Church implies that Scripture in itself is obscure, that the revelation given to teach man the way of life does not teach it effectually, that ordinary human judgment is not to be trusted to interpret Scripture correctly. And in fact all this is alleged in so many words by Romish writers as the ground of the necessity of an interpreter. The obscurity and incompleteness of Scripture, the danger of private judgment, the dissensions that are sure to spring up without an authoritative teacher at hand, are favourite topics with Romish advocates from Bellarmine to Moehler and Newman. As to all that is said about the Bible being a book with a history, a book steeped in strange associations, which must be understood in order to a perfect knowledge of the Bible, all this is beside the mark. No Christian writer of any age has made Biblical learning a condition of salvation. If it were, the majority of the members even of an infallible Church would fare poorly. In all that concerns the history, antiquities, chronology

of Scripture, an infallible Church gives no help. The only obscurity that can come into question here is that which is alleged to rest upon the central, saving truths of Scripture. Whether the fact is as alleged, we will not argue here, although we could do so with the utmost confidence. Assuming for the moment the truth of the statement, we ask, What is the substitute proposed? There is no more certain maxim of common sense than this, that anything professing to be an explanation should be clearer than the text it explains. Supposed to be unable to gather the teaching of Scripture for ourselves with certainty, we are sent to the authoritative definitions of the Church, which are to be found in the decisions of Councils and Popes, decisions scattered over a history of fifteen hundred years. Can we understand these? Every one knows that a very moderate acquaintance with all that there is to be known in this field is a mark of no ordinary learning. If there was ever a more palpable case of explaining the obscure by the more obscure, we never heard of it. As matter of fact, the believer in Church authority is not supposed to consult his teacher at first hand. The thing is impossible. The only part of the teaching of the Church that reaches him is what filters to him through ordinary fallible teachers. What then have we gained by forsaking the Bible for the Church? Instead of applying the reason God has given us to His own living words, we are applying it to the interpretation by a fallible priest of definitions and dogmas which we have no means of testing for ourselves, but which we simply accept on trust, and which the priest himself in most cases accepts on trust. Why not apply it at once to the original documents, which are the acknowledged basis of these human interpretations? Is one act more difficult than the other? To us the whole process seems like forsaking the fountain of living waters for broken cisterns that can hold no water.

We would here specially note how vain is the attempt to get rid of that terror of Romanism—private judgment. The right of the individual, on his responsibility to God alone, to interpret Scripture for himself, and try all teachers and teaching by it, is denounced in every possible form as the mother of heresy, the sin of Arius, Nestorius, Luther, and so on. One would think from the language used that it is only the Protestant who uses his own judgment in the acceptance of religious truth. Nothing

can be more fallacious. How does any one convince himself of the necessity of an infallible Church, and that the Romish Church is that Church, but by the use of the very same powers by which the Protestant judges of the truth and meaning of Scripture? How does any one persuade himself that private judgment is wrong but by the use of private judgment? If it is to be trusted on this question, why not on others? If it gives certainty to the Romanist, why not to the Protestant? How can any one, for example, outside the Romish Church bring himself to the admission of its claims but by inquiry and reflection, that is, by that use of the powers of reason which is so strongly condemned? All his subsequent course as a member of the Romish Church—his repudiation of the use of his own reason, his submission to authority—is based on that one supreme decision. The only difference we are able to discover between his position and that of the Protestant, is that the former concentrates the exercise of his reason into a single critical act, while the latter spreads it over his whole life.

Let us also carefully observe the nature of the question forming the subject-matter of this momentous decision. The question whether a particular Church is the infallible authority desired is purely historical, it can only be decided on historical grounds. We need scarcely say that there are no questions whose decision lays such a severe tax on the intellectual powers, as questions belonging to the sphere of history. To be quite sure that we have included all the necessary data, to hold an even balance between conflicting witnesses, to decide on opposing probabilities, to draw the right conclusion from a complicated mass of evidence, is the hardest of all possible tasks. And yet this is the kind of question decided in the present case. Before we can identify any particular Church with the authority supposed to be necessary, we must know the whole history of the Church, and be sure that it corresponds to the ideal. What is any question which arises for the student of Scripture in comparison with this one? If I am able to decide in such a case as the one proposed here, much more must I be able to understand all of Scripture that it is necessary to salvation for me to understand. It may be said that neither the born Romanist nor the convert to Romanism really decides any such question, but simply accepts the judgment of others. Still

he must decide respecting the competence and trustworthiness of those whose judgment he accepts. Turn which way we please, there is no escaping the necessity of reliance upon our own knowledge and reason. At last the faith of every one rests on the basis of his own convictions. "Every man shall bear his own burden." With what right, then, can Protestantism be called a religion of private judgment, the sport of individual fancy and caprice, and Romanism a religion independent of the fallibleness of the individual? What reason is there for this constant harping on the limits and infirmities of human reason? If such limitation and imperfection render a Protestant's faith uncertain, they do precisely the same to a Romanist's. Even if the latter really possesses—as he fancies—an infallible guide in religious truth, his belief in that guide as infallible rests on personal inquiry and conviction at some point. And the question which he has decided affirmatively is infinitely more delicate and complex than any which a Protestant has occasion to decide.

Another principal reason alleged for the necessity of a permanent authoritative interpreter is the possibility, and indeed certainty, of different views being taken of the meaning of Scripture. The "variations" of Protestantism are an inexhaustible topic of Romish controversialists. The misunderstanding prevalent on this subject is very great. A common mistake is in making Protestantism responsible for all the opinions of individual Protestants. There is no distinction on which Romanist writers more insist on their own side than the one between doctrines *de fide* (i.e., accepted doctrines of their Church), and allowable differences on points not settled, or different interpretations even of settled dogmas. But they always forget to make this distinction on the other side. Even learned writers like Moehler assume that all the opinions ever held by Luther, Calvin, and others, are part and parcel of Protestant belief, just as some writers nowadays assume that Wesleyanism is responsible for every opinion of John Wesley. Again, when Romish writers deny any distinction of essential and non-essential doctrines, they judge from their own standpoint. On the other hand, we strongly maintain the distinction between fundamental and non-fundamental, and assert that no divergence has ever arisen on any fundamental doctrine between Protestant creeds and Churches. Lutheran, Reformed, Presbyterian, An-

glican, Nonconformist, are all agreed on this class of questions. The most serious point of doctrine that has ever divided the Protestant world is Calvinism, and no Protestant would allow that it is fundamental. If the Romanist asserts that it is, we remind him that Augustine was the original Predestinarian, and that the same divergence has existed in his own Church. We know of no other doctrinal divergence within the limits of Protestantism that will compare in importance with this. The burning questions of Protestantism are, and always have been, questions of polity. The mode of controversy adopted by Romish writers on this subject is eminently unfair. Even the best of them invariably select the rare, exceptional cases, strong sayings of Reformers torn from their context, and treat them as representative. Never may Protestants imitate this example. To take a single example, much is made of the rigid doctrine of human depravity held by Luther, Calvin, and still more strongly by less known writers. But it is never stated that such phases of belief are peculiar to individuals or communities, and that Augustine, the favourite Father of Roman Catholics, held a doctrine of human depravity as extreme as the extremest ever professed in Protestantism. The argument from divisions of opinion must be made much better and stronger before it can serve the purpose of the Roman theory.

By way of showing the superiority of the Church to Scripture, Romanist and Ritualist preachers are fond of saying that the Church gave us the Bible and existed before it. As this mode of representation is calculated to impress ordinary congregations, it may be worth while to test its accuracy. When it is said that the Church is older than Scripture, to what extent is this true? The only period when the Christian Church was without the New-Testament Scriptures was during some portion of the lives of the Apostles, who were the living Scriptures of the Church. Any one who reflects on the matter for a moment will see that this must have been the case. Directly the inspired books were written, they became Scripture. If they did not bear this character at first, how could they have acquired it afterwards? The few extant traces of the New-Testament Scriptures during the earliest years, due to the scantiness of the literary remains of the period, the local circulation of some books, and the gradual coming into general use of all, do not affect the essential fact. All who

acknowledge the New-Testament books as the work of their inspired authors, as of course Roman Catholics do, must acknowledge that the case is as we have stated it. When the statement that the Church existed before Scripture is thus explained, to what does it amount? In what sense is the other statement true, namely, that the Church has given us the Bible? Not in the sense that the Bible owes its authority to the sanction of the Church. If it were so, of course the supremacy of the Church would be established. But we only owe the Bible to the Church in the sense that the Church is its guardian and witness. The Church received, it did not make, the Bible. The Christian Church has fulfilled the same function with respect to the New Testament which the Jewish Church did with respect to the Old. The functions of both are purely ministerial. The Church of the first centuries stood in the same relation to Scripture as the Church of the nineteenth century, *i.e.*, it is the servant, not the master, of the Word. This is the only representation which squares with the facts of history. If the Church ever by its own authority made any books into Scripture, *i.e.*, imparted to any books a canonical character which they had not before, it must be easy to say when and where this was done. But no such act can be pointed out. The first formal reference to this subject is at the Council of Carthage, 397 A.D. All that this merely local Council professed to do was to name the books which the Church then received and had received from the beginning as inspired. It would be absurd to suppose that it professed to do or could do anything else. Our faith in the New-Testament Scriptures rests not on the decision of this local Council, but on the continuous use and faith of the Church as ascertained from Christian writers long before. The next reference to the subject at any Council was at the Papal Council of Trent in the sixteenth century. These are the only instances of Church action on the subject, and on both occasions the Apocrypha was recognised as part of the Old Testament. We again ask, where and when did the Church by any official act ever attempt to constitute Scripture? In truth, the Church in its worst days has known better than to assume any such function. Before the days of the North African Synod, the great Councils of Nicæa (325) and Constantinople (381) appealed to the New Testament, and based their momentous definitions

solely on its teachings. Every Council that has ever spoken in the name of the Church, great or small, has always appealed to Scripture as supreme. How then could Councils ever make Scripture? And we are not aware that the Church has ever spoken unitedly except through Councils. None would be more amazed at this claim of superiority to Scripture made on behalf of the Church in the nineteenth century than the early Fathers and Councils. The settlement of the Canon of Scripture by the Church simply meant the recognition by the Church that such and such books had been received from the beginning as Divinely inspired. In the nature of the case it could not mean that the Church gave certain books a character which they did not possess before. The Church could only recognise what was already fact.

Writers of the school we are criticising are fond of quoting a saying of Augustine's in one of his writings against the Manichæans: "I should not believe the Gospel if the authority of the Catholic Church did not move me."* What Augustine means by "authority" in this sentence can, of course, only be learnt from the context. In our judgment the context utterly excludes the meaning put on the sentence by our opponents, namely, that the Gospel owes its acceptance as Divine to the "authority" of the Church. Augustine means the authority of the Church as a witness to the fact that certain books had come down from the Apostles. If he meant his words in the other sense, he was mistaken, as he was mistaken on other points; for example, in his rigid doctrine of predestination. Where and when before his days did the Church do what is attributed to it? Before his days we find Christian writers constantly using and appealing to the books of the New Testament as Scripture. Bishop Stillingfleet, in his *Grounds of the Protestant Religion*, has conclusively shown that the quotation from Augustine will, in its context, bear no other meaning than the one we have given it. At least, if his explanation can be refuted, we should be glad to see it done. We quote a passage or two from Stillingfleet. "The question we see is concerning the proving the apostleship of Manichæus, which cannot in itself be proved but from some *Records*, which must specify such an apostleship of his; and to any one who

* Shedd's *History of Christian Doctrine*, Vol. I. p. 144.

should question the *authenticity* of those *Records*, it can only be proved by the *testimony* and *consent* of the Catholic Church, without which St. Austin professeth he should never have believed the Gospel, *i.e.*, that *these were the only true and undoubted Records, which are left us of the doctrine and actions of Christ.*" After other illustrations, he proceeds: "If the question be whether any writing itself be authentic or no, then it stands to the greatest reason that the *testimony* of the Catholic Church should be relied on, which by reason of its large spread and continual succession from the very time of those writings cannot but give the most indubitable testimony concerning the authenticity of the writings of the Apostles and Evangelists." "Neither you, nor any of those you call Catholic authors, will ever be able to prove that St. Austin, by these words, ever dreamt of any infallible authority in the present Church, as might be abundantly proved from the chapter foregoing, where he gives an account of his being in the Catholic Church from the *consent of people and nations, from that authority which was begun by miracles, nourished by hope, increased by charity, confirmed by continuance*, which certainly are not the expressions of one who resolved his faith into the infallible testimony of the present Church."

This question of the relation of the Church to Scripture is so important, and is so constantly brought forward by preachers of the school referred to, that we must ask leave to be allowed to confirm the view we have advocated of the nature of the relation by another authority. Professor Charteris, in his recent work, *The New-Testament Scriptures*, puts the matter thus: * "If then we are asked why these books of our Canon are canonical, we must answer that it is because they are apostolical, and because the Church is founded upon the Apostles. If asked whether this is not such an acknowledgment of the power of the Church to fix the Canon as Roman Catholic apologists claim, we can easily show that it was very different. By 'the Church,' they mean the organised corporation; in point of fact, its office-bearers formally constituted. Some of them—witness Cardinal Newman—even go so far as to say that we receive the Canon on the authority of the Church of the fourth or fifth centuries. But the Church gave no decision during

* Page 187. The whole chapter from which this extract is taken is most interesting and important.

those centuries. There is not in the whole history of the Church of Christ down to the Council of Trent, in 1546, any decree or formal utterance of the Church fixing the Canon. There was in Carthage, A.D. 397, a local gathering (what Presbyterians would call a meeting of presbytery), representing forty-four parishes, at which Augustine was present. Its 'decree' speaks of Canonical Scriptures, but it does not claim any authority to fix the Canon. It regards 'Canonical Scriptures' as already agreed upon, how or when it does not say; and its only concern is to forbid any other books to be read in church under the name of 'Divine Scriptures.' It throws us back to earlier times for the process and the conclusions indicated by its familiar use of the phrase 'Canonical Scriptures.' The earlier Council of Laodicea, A.D. 364, has left no genuine decree on the contents of the Canon. We can challenge the Roman Catholic, or any imitators, to point to any authoritative utterance of what he calls 'the Church' before the Council of Trent. Even if he shared the belief enjoined by recent decrees of the Vatican, and claimed that a Pope should speak with Church authority, he would find on this subject no sure voice of even a Pope till about a hundred years before the Tridentine Council, when Pope Eugenius (A.D. 1441) promulgated the same list of books as the Council afterwards sanctioned."

So again he says, "Eusebius (A.D. 270—340) founds upon the acceptance or rejection by the Church, but not as though the Church had authority to make a Canon. It is only to the historical testimony of the Church he refers." Where does the opposite theory land us? If the formal sanction of the Church was necessary to the authority of Scripture, and that sanction was never in fact given for fifteen centuries, what is our position? But in reality the whole theory is wrong. All that the Church ever did, ever could do or professed to do, was to transmit what it received, and this function it discharged with perfect fidelity. No other books come down to us with such evidence of authenticity.

The second book placed at the head of this article is noteworthy for several reasons. It contains the best statement we have met with of the theory of the Church we have been combating. On that theory the author went over to the Roman Church, a course in which he was followed by his elder, as he had been preceded by his

younger, brother,—all three, sons of William Wilberforce. The book has been characterised by Roman Catholic organs as a "great work." And if the substitution of assertion for proof, of special pleading for manful dealing with the whole case, is any proof of greatness, we quite agree with the opinion. In reality we find it difficult to conceive how any able, sincere man, such as the writer undoubtedly was, could so thoroughly impose on himself by reading modern institutions into the past. The following are the positions laid down in the first five chapters: The unity of the Church is visible and organic, the Church is judge in matters of faith, this authority is universal and permanent, the collective Episcopate is the organ of this authority, the Episcopate necessitates Metropolitans, Metropolitans Patriarchs, Patriarchs a Pope. The natural sequence is delightful. But what of the proof? The proof of the first position is dismissed in six pages, and its most tangible portion is the assertion that no other meaning can be placed on the designation "body" as applied in Scripture to the Church. The chief proof of the second and still more fundamental position is that the Apostles, instead of settling the questions of the Creed and the Canon, left them to be settled by the Church! On the relation of the Church to Scripture the writer takes the view already criticised. The Church "judged what books were inspired!" The statement that the Church's authority in matters of doctrine is "implied" in what Ignatius, Polycarp, and Clement say about submission to Bishop, Presbyters and Deacons, is not borne out even by the extracts given. We believe those early Fathers would be not a little astonished at the immense structure built on their few, simple sayings. When we ask for evidence of the transmission of authority from the Apostles to the Church or "collective Episcopate," we are met by the statement that no "formal delegation" is necessary, "because the Church was not to come by observation." It would be hard to conceive of a more effectual way of getting rid of the necessity of evidence. Again, nothing could be more unhistorical than the way in which the author quotes early writers respecting the office of bishop, as if the term had the same meaning during the first five centuries. On two pages (pp. 68, 69) we have Ignatius, Jerome, Cyprian, Tertullian, Augustine, Ambrose, all quoted in reference to this subject, as if the term meant a diocesan bishop in the days of Ignatius. It might just

as well be asserted that the elders or bishops of Miletus in Acts were diocesan bishops. The author also takes up a very cavalier attitude in relation to Scripture. Conscious of the inconsistency of a perpetual appeal to Scripture after placing the Church above it, he informs us that he employs it merely "as an ancient record," and "as an *argumentum ad hominem* with those by whom its inspiration is admitted." How different is such a course from that taken by the early Councils, which all claimed to be simple expositors of Scripture! A far more straightforward course for such writers would be to discard Scripture altogether, but in the absence of independent attestation this is impossible. Accordingly while arguing against the sufficiency of Scripture, they display the most feverish anxiety to appeal to it wherever possible. Our author constantly asserts that the authority of the Church rests, not on Scripture, but on the presence of the Spirit in its midst. If the Church is the body, the Holy Spirit is the soul. But this argument will carry us much farther than those who use it suppose. Does it not follow that the Church is where the Spirit is? And how do we discern the presence of the Spirit except by His fruits? How can it be proved that the Spirit was promised only to a particular Church? It is here assumed again that Christ's only idea of the Church was that of a definite visible corporation. And again we repeat that the language of Scripture is capable of other interpretations, to say the least as probable as this one.

The further course of the argument is in keeping with the beginning. Chapters VI. to XI. deal with the Papal supremacy as the final outcome of the long course of development. But the word "supremacy" occurs for the first time in the eleventh chapter. What the writer needs to do in order to establish his conclusion is to show that Peter was invested with supremacy over the Church, which was intended to be transmitted, and was transmitted. At least this supremacy should exist in germinal form. But all that is claimed for him is "primacy"—something very different. There is often primacy where there is no idea of supremacy. Those who bring the latter out of the former are pretty strong believers in the development of species. And what are the proofs advanced even for the primacy of Peter? Such as these: St. Peter's priority in the four lists of the Apostles; St. Matthew's calling him "First," or "the First;" his new name of Cephas; his appointment

to be the Rock of the Church, and the Key-Bearer ; his charge to strengthen his brethren ; his threefold commission to feed Christ's flock. Such are the bases on which the Papal theory rests. Any reader can judge of their strength for himself. The prominent position taken by St. Peter in the first part of the Acts is adduced in illustration of his actual primacy. We can only say that the Petrine primacy of the Acts is a very innocent one—one which every Protestant admits, and altogether different from supremacy. Of the latter there is no trace, even in germinal form, in Scripture. What of the Pauline primacy of the second part of the Acts ? In order to make it possible to develop the later supremacy out of the Primacy, there must at least be identity of nature between the two things. We fail altogether to trace the identity. The rebuke of St. Peter by St. Paul is the great stumbling-block in our author's way. First of all, he diminishes its importance by representing it in Tertullian's language as "an error of conduct, not of teaching." Fancy a Romish dignitary rebuking the Pope for "an error of conduct !" He then contrasts the modern interpretations of the incident with the ancient. But after all he utterly fails to reconcile the event with his theory. Our author does not think it necessary to prove that the primacy conferred on Peter was intended to be transmitted. This is passed over in silence as self-evident. The arguments used to prove that the Bishops of Rome are successors of Peter and the primacy of Peter in Ante-Nicene days are of the same unsubstantial kind. The incident of Cyprian's rebuke of Pope Stephen is treated as the incident of the two Apostles is treated. Then all at once we come upon the sentence, "The supremacy of the Bishop of Rome is the Church's interpretation of St. Peter's Primacy." "The Episcopate, Hierarchy, and Primacy of Ante-Nicene times," needed to be harmonised ; and this is done in the Papal supremacy. "The Episcopate, Hierarchy, and Primacy of Ante-Nicene times," are of the most shadowy kind. But the fact is that the whole theory is made up of assumptions from first to last. This and that must be, in order that such and such results may follow. A certain institution, fully developed in all its parts, is set up as Divine, and then the whole of the previous history must be remodelled in accordance with it. In no other way can the Roman theory be established. It is amazing to see

how large a part "antecedent probability" plays in an argument essentially historical. Wherever there is an awkward gap in the evidence, "antecedent probability" is appealed to. Very early we are informed that it "might be argued from antecedent probability that the Church was intended to teach." And what is meant by the simple word "teach" is explained in the next sentence, where we are told that the "decisions" of the Church have the same force in the system of grace as "the consent of mankind in the kingdom of nature." The argument for a hierarchy is of the same kind. "If it is necessary that all bishops should agree, some means must have been taken for securing their agreement. We may use the same argument as before; if the Church was designed to teach, there must be an arrangement for her teaching; if it is essential that her teachers should accord, there must be a provision for her accordance. . . . It was not the introduction of any new principle. . . . The Hierarchy was only an organised Episcopacy." The same argument is then applied to show the necessity of a Primacy. "The antecedent probability is in favour of the Primacy, and not against it" (p. 145). Hierarchy, Councils, Papal Supremacy, all rest ultimately on "antecedent probability." We have already referred to our author's practice of evading, instead of meeting, difficulties. A crucial instance occurs in reference to the convoking of and presiding at general Councils, a primary attribute of the modern Papal Supremacy. The reason assigned for the summoning of the Councils by the Emperors is "because all the bishops were their subjects, and because as Christians they were interested in their results. The bishops could not assemble without their consent. Their consent, therefore, was of necessity to be had, just as a scientific assembly in the present day may be said to meet with the sanction of the police!" The explanation is more ingenious than ingenuous. Would the summoning of a modern Council by the civil authorities mean no more than is implied in such a comparison? Whether the Emperor or Hosius of Cordova presided at the great Council of Nice, certainly neither the Pope nor Papal Legate did. A writer of the fifth century makes Hosius preside as the Pope's representative; but even Mr. Wilberforce says: "This is only the explanation, which was given in a later age, of circumstances which subsequent custom had rendered perplexing."

We have noticed these points in Mr. Wilberforce's argument, because it puts the theory in the most plausible form for English readers, a form convincing to the author and many others. A more detailed examination would only serve to show its weakness still more clearly. Every favourable circumstance is magnified to the utmost; everything unfavourable is explained away; assumption supplies the place of proof. A theory needing such advocacy ought to be very humble and tolerant.

It must be remembered that the Anglican and Roman Apostolical Succession are absolutely coincident up to the time of the Reformation. Their arguments and evidence, strength and weakness, are the same up to this point. Whether the mysterious authority was really transmitted at the Reformation to the Anglican Communion depends on the question whether Archbishop Parker was validly consecrated. The whole controversy between the two communions hinges on this question. If Rome's answer is the right one, Anglicanism is placed in a fearful position according to its own doctrine. We have no intention to enter more fully into the subject here. Some points in it have been already touched on. Very few writers of the English Church have written so sensibly on the subject as Dr. Jacob, in his *Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament*. He stoutly maintains that Apostolical Succession is "not the doctrine of the Church of England." It is not found in the Articles and Prayer Book, or in the Statutes of Elizabeth stating the conditions of ecclesiastical preferment. In former days the English Church received men who had only Presbyterian ordination. We heartily wish that his book were more widely read, and its principles acted on. He clearly shows that Sacerdotalism is the great hindrance to unity between the different Churches of England.

Let it not be supposed that we have been discussing a mere speculative question. No more practical question could be raised than the one which divides Romanism and Protestantism. The people need to be fortified against vital error plausibly put. The controversy argued by the Reformers may need to be argued again in all its parts, and no better weapons can be found than those which the Reformers used so well. Their writings are a mine of information. But the mines must be worked, and their treasures made available for popular use.

ART. VII.—1. *Frederick the Great and Maria Theresa, from hitherto Unpublished Documents, 1740-1742.* By the DUC DE BROGLIE, Member of the French Academy. From the French by MRS. CASHEL HOEY and MR. JOHN LILLIE. Two Vols. Sampson Low and Co.

2. *History of Frederick II. of Prussia, called the Great.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. Six Volumes. 1858 to 1865. Chapman and Hall.

THE Duke of Broglie's book belongs to the now voluminous literature of the anti-Carlyle reaction. Such a reaction was inevitable sooner or later. The magic of Mr. Carlyle's style took the reading world captive, and it needed the rough shock of the Autobiography to break the spell. Since then, more even than before, men have begun to ask: "Is it true, all this abuse of men and things, which delighted us because it was couched in such quaint phrases? The verdict is often unfair, sometimes manifestly untrue, in regard to men and women whom we have known; how about those who have become historical personages? Is the Chelsea philosopher, with his trenchant style, his sentences that so easily become proverbs, less unfair to them?" To private reputations, Mr. Carlyle's method is felt to be so cruelly unjust that we hear of the American poet Whittier destroying his letters for fear that, if they fell into the hands of such an editor as Mr. Fronde, they too might give pain to somebody. The truth of history must not, of course, be sacrificed in the smallest tittle to the fear of giving offence or causing pain; but if a man is found to be in private life reckless in assertion, unkind in suggestion, and given to impute bad motives to what might be explained quite otherwise, we cannot help surmising that he deals with history in much the same way, and we shall look with suspicion on a good deal that might else pass unchallenged, and shall pause every now and then and strive to lay hold on the fact amid the whirl of wild phrases with which writers of Mr. Carlyle's school are so fond of ushering it in. Hence the timeliness of the present translation. It deals

with just that part of Frederick's life which is essential to form a right estimate of his character. Was he "the Last of the Kings, of whom it befits the nations (and England too, if it hold on) in their despair—blinded, swallowed like Jonah in such a whale's belly of things brutish, waste abominable, more and more to bethink themselves;" or was he a schemer who found things made easy for him by the weakness of his neighbours; and who, thanks to the well-drilled army and well-filled treasury bequeathed him by his father, and to his own thorough unscrupulousness in using them, was able to take full advantage of this weakness? The latter is pretty much the verdict of contemporaries, in England especially. Our nation chafed under the necessity of aiding and abetting such a very unsatisfactory ally. Having a Hanoverian king, we were bound to defend Hanover; but during the years of which the Duke of Broglie treats, the real English feeling was strongly anti-Prussian, and all Frederick's dexterous attempts to put himself forward as the Protestant champion remained for a long while unavailing. The success of attempts to force public opinion by rehabilitating those whom it had already dressed in the mantle of shame has seldom been lasting. Hazlitt, followed though he was by Professor Beesly, has left the bad Roman emperors in public estimation pretty much where he found them. They were madmen, no doubt; but there was method enough in their madness to make them answerable to the tribunal of history. And the worst of them all, Nero, stands forth in the pages of his latest historian, M. Renan, in more lurid colours than before. With Richard III. it is the same. He passed some good laws; he was not a fool as well as a villain; in insight he was even beyond his age; that is all. No special pleading can take us further than that.

Mr. Carlyle first formulated into a regular system the principle on which it had been sought to free Richard III. from the odium that has gathered round his name. If a man is strong, and proves his strength by successfully completing the work that his hands find to do, we need not trouble ourselves to scrutinise too narrowly his ways and means. The end justifies the means, if only the end is gained. Our own opinion is that this blatant hero-worship has done far more harm than good. Mankind is only too prone to make living idols, to reverence the man so highly that they forget to bring his aims always to the one true

test. All the loudest talkers of the generation that is drawing to a close have done their best to strengthen this tendency. Moreover, imbecile fussiness has thereby vastly increased. To "do something" has appeared to many who would otherwise have been content with obscure inaction to be a man's work rather than to wait and watch. Of course, to think thus was to read Carlyle the wrong way. He is never weary of enforcing golden silence on those who have nothing to say, and calm waiting on those who have nothing to do. But then all his heroes have something to do, and do it; and who would not be a hero if only he could find his right work?

The school, too, as is usually the case, went beyond the lines traced by the master. It seemed as though the agent in every one of God's great works was to be reckoned good because the work which he helped to carry out had been a blessing to men. On this principle Henry VIII. in Mr. Froude's hands became very different from the Henry of history, because he was God's agent in bringing to a head the long-delayed reformation in religion. Elizabeth, again, was extolled in terms which to students of Hallam must have sounded strangely exaggerated, and her courtier statesmen were put forward as model patriots, because she and they succeeded in the great and necessary work of checking Spain. In this case the pendulum soon swung back into its normal position. Mr. Motley's *Netherlands* gave us an insight into the despicable side of Elizabeth's character, and Mr. Froude himself in his *History* dealt the shrewdest blows at that unreasoning idolatry which he and Canon Kingsley had done so much to create. We all know how Mr. Carlyle's view of Cromwell has been modified by later writers, how the very things for which the philosopher chiefly praised him are those for which plain people find it hardest to make allowance. The growth of the reaction is shown in books like Mr. Picton's, the work of a thorough Liberal, but of one on whom the Carlyle spell has ceased to work; just as such a book as D'Héricault's *French Revolution* enables us to measure the difference between the true view of that event and the view which Mr. Carlyle had managed to persuade so large a number of so-called thinkers to accept.

Frederick, to whom Voltaire, with that base want of patriotism which marks all his dealings with the Prussian king, first gave this title of "the Great" on the occasion of

his concluding a peace by coolly throwing his French allies overboard, was Mr. Carlyle's latest effort in this direction. His six volumes have all that one aim, to show that Frederick was right in all he did because he was strength and insight opposed to "purblind Imbecility, enchanted wiggeries, phantasmal not to say ghastly and forbidding, not inviting to the human eye." They are delightfully written, and of the amount of research to which they testify we need say nothing. Very few histories can come near them in that respect; but then, if all our researches are made to establish a foregone conclusion, they are misleading in proportion to their thoroughness. With a superficial writer the reader is kept on his mettle; he is bound to think and to search for himself. But an apparition like that of Mr. Carlyle puts us off our guard. This man, we think, has read everything; he is sure to be right, for he must have had opportunities of judging far beyond those of the merely secondhand historian.

This plan of buttressing partisan views with a bulwark of small facts was carried to extremes by Lord Macaulay. As was shown in the Penn controversy and in other cases, his facts were all authentic; they evidenced a rare power of taking pains; but they were too well selected. There were other facts which were not produced, and which, when duly urged, profoundly modified the conclusions drawn by the very painstaking historian. So it is with Mr. Carlyle; his book is an enduring monument of industry; it is, like all his writings, full of fervid eloquence and grim humour, but it has not effected its purpose. Mankind will continue to think of Frederick pretty much as they thought of him before, and they will be strengthened in their view by the new facts which have been unearthed since the last of those six volumes was published.

For two reasons, then, Mr. Carlyle's was not the last word on the subject: first, because he takes up the subject with the fixed intention both of glorifying his hero and of decrying France at the expense of his favourite Germany; next, because so much has since been discovered to which, with all his zeal, it was impossible for him to have access. Mr. Carlyle had Rümer (*Beiträge der Geschichte Preussens*), but he made little use of it, calling it "a very indistinct," poor book, in comparison with what it might have been; but he had not Droysen, whose great work, in five volumes, on the history of Prussian politics, was com-

pleted two years ago, nor had he D'Arneth's *History of Maria Theresa*, the last volume of which was published at Vienna in 1879; above all, he had not Frederick's *Political Correspondence* (7 vols., Berlin, 1877-1881), which is as different from his general correspondence as his *Histoire de Notre Temps* is from the real facts of the case. Mr. Carlyle's work, completed in 1865, is altogether later than any portion of these authorities, except the first volume of D'Arneth, which came out in 1863. Had he seen the Correspondence, for instance, comprising, as it does, the royal writer's most private cabinet notes, his opinion of Frederick's letters would surely have been modified. From what he had seen he judged that "the chief feature of the letters is their refusing, in spite of their polite affability, their gracefulest flowing rapidity, to give you the least glimpse into the real inner man, or to tell you any particular you might impertinently wish to know." This "art of wearing among his fellow-creatures a polite cloak of darkness," Mr. Carlyle thinks, was learnt while he was living at Cüstrin, "corresponding with Papa and his Grumkow, and watched at every step by such an Argus as the Tobacco Parliament, a time when real frankness of speech was not quite the recommendable thing; apparent frankness may be the safer. . . . In this way gradually he became master of this art, as few are; a man politely impregnable to the intrusion of human curiosity; able to look cheerily into the very eyes of men, and talk in a social way face to face, and yet continue intrinsically invisible to them, an art no less essential to Royalty than that of the Domain science itself; and, if at all consummately done, and with a scorn of mendacity for help, as in this case, a difficult art." On the contrary, the verdict from this lately published Correspondence must be that, though he could wear his cloak of darkness when he pleased, he could be cynically frank when there was nothing to be gained by concealment. The letters to Podewils, his trusty counsellor, cited by M. de Broglie, show the innermost working of his mind, and prove that, instead of "a scorn of mendacity," lying on principle, deceiving every one all round, was part and parcel of his system.

Of course, M. de Broglie has his own purpose in publishing these volumes. He wishes to show the consummate folly of the France of that day in taking part with one who began as Frederick did by an act of gross injustice, and

to force his readers to draw a parallel between 1740 and 1860. Through dread of this bugbear of Austria which France has always felt herself called on to tear down, she was at both these dates setting up a power with which she would find herself wholly unable to cope. The Italian war of Napoleon III., by weakening Austria, prepared the way for Sadowa and the new German Empire and the disaster of Sedan. The war waged by Louis XV.'s marshals in concert with Frederick, by weakening Austria, forced her to give up Silesia, and gave the Prussian king such timely help that he soon grew powerful enough to crush his former allies at Rossbach. "It was not for the passing hour only, or for the issue of a single war, that France, by associating herself with Frederick's ambition, instead of crushing it in the germ, had dealt a blow, for which she could blame none but herself, to her own interests and to her future greatness : it was for a far-reaching future. In that old Europe where she had enjoyed undisputed sway, she not only left a new power which could henceforth disturb the general equilibrium by casting its sword into either scale of the balance, but she had fostered it. She had opened an era of spoliation and conquest, beginning at Silesia and extending to Poland, which has been perpetuated to our time throughout the vicissitudes of our revolutions, and from which we have suffered the most of all." Did France deserve to suffer? Yes, confesses M. de Broglie, who (we must remember) is not only a writer, but one who has himself helped to make history. Yes, because in spite of her engagements to Charles VI., she allied herself with one who, under favour of a quibble, began his king's career by entering a peaceful province that he might despoil a defenceless woman, the daughter of his benefactor. Knowing Frederick to be a man capable of such iniquitous aggression, how could she complain when by-and-by he threw her overboard because he found he could make a more advantageous bargain with the other side? France fell, as she has so often done, into the trap laid for her by her own vanity. At the death of Charles VI., one course, and only one, was open to her—loyally to support the young queen whose father had almost left Louis XV. her guardian.* That, unless she preferred to keep aloof from German politics, was her plain duty; but she was im-

* Charles VI. had intended to make Louis his executor.

pressed with the traditional idea that the humbling of the house of Austria meant the gain of France ; she had not forgotten Blenheim and Mons, and Frederick lost no opportunity of working on Cardinal Fleury's ambition, and pointing out that if he now gave Austria the *coup de grace* in Germany he would have proved himself a greater benefactor to his country than even Richelieu was. To be able to take sides against Austria in spite of all the provisions of the Pragmatic Sanction was a manœuvre that taxed all the ingenuity of the wily cardinal and his diplomatists. After all, France came out of the matter with honour sullied ; it was felt that she, even more than any other power, was bound to abide by an arrangement her consent to which had been purchased by the cession of Lorraine. She elected to throw in her lot with the aggressor, when, by keeping the line which honour demanded, she would assuredly have been the gainer. Maria Theresa offered her Luxemburg if she would only insist on the restitution of Silesia. She might also without difficulty have gained the Spanish Netherlands, and so have brought her eastern frontier almost to its natural limits, those which were embraced by old Gaul and are marked out by the great river. Why should she have given up both honour and palpable advantage for the uncertain (and, as it turned out, ruinous) course of allying herself with Frederick ? Partly, as we said, because she could not free her mind from this dread of her "natural enemy," Austria, nor resist the chance of crushing her ; partly also because she was dazzled with the notion of moulding the German Empire as she pleased, of setting up as emperor her own nominee, of playing, on a grander scale, the game which Louis XIV. had tried and failed. This is what M. de Broglie calls "going to war for an idea," and there certainly seems to have been no notion of territorial aggrandisement ; a divided Germany, with an emperor under French control, was a grander object of ambition than a part or even than the whole of the Catholic Netherlands, which might be again wrested from her by an Austria built up of all the remaining German states.

The "idea" was mainly due to Marshal de Belleisle, "Sun-god," "Belus," as Mr. Carlyle calls him. Grandson of Fouquet the financier, whose fall is one of the most remarkable events in Louis XIV.'s home policy, he had a hereditary genius for great enterprises. So long as the

Grand Monarque lived he was in obscurity—could only get into the army through his mother's relations, and was coldly passed over in promotions, though at Lille he had shown desperate courage, and had received an almost fatal wound. Under the regency he rose, not to favour only but to wealth, managing, among other things, to persuade the Government that Belleisle-en-Mer, the only remnant of Fouquet's property, was needful for the safety of the Breton coast, and so exchanging it for two rich Crown Countships in Normandy.

He had the fascinating manners of Fouquet, and he made the most of them; at the same time his talent for finance was considerable, and he was an indefatigable worker. Such a man was sure to make his mark among the frivolous nobility out of whom the heavy hand of Louis XIV. had crushed anything like originality. As M. de Broglie says: "Louis had so fashioned France that any man who aspired to rise knew beforehand how he must mould his character, and in what path he must walk." A noble's life was passed between fighting and canvassing for places at court. The enterprise of France went off chiefly to the colonies, doing in North America a work the importance of which was in its way quite equal to that of any of our English colonisers. The result of this iron system was the "French noblesse," a peculiar and not estimable type of aristocracy, having little claim to regard except on the score of personal bravery and fine manners. Over and over again, both in M. de Broglie and in Mr. Carlyle, we see that in Germany a Frenchman was looked upon as a fool, a feather-headed fop. Frederick says the Germans were astonished at M. de Belleisle; his quiet determined bearing impressed them. Adversity had thrown him out of the beaten track, and the path into which he struck was certainly a novel one. He had come well to the front during the last campaign under Berwick, that campaign the successes of which helped to keep Fleury in place, while its wasting effect on French finance was not felt till a generation later. At the end of that war we find him Governor of Metz, on intimate terms with the Elector of Bavaria, with whom indeed he claimed relationship through his wife, and maturing his idea of a divided Germany, out of which Austria should be altogether excluded, and over which France should be almost as completely sovereign as she was afterwards over Napoleon's Confederation of the

Rhine. The empire was to be given to France's old ally Bavaria, which had fought and suffered in her cause in the Marlborough-Eugene war. Of course, the empire was little more than a name. In Mr. Carlyle's emphatic words (vol. iii. 397) :

"It was pity that the 'Holy Romish Reich, Teutsch, by Nation,' had not got itself buried some ages before. Once it had brains and life, but now they were out. Under the sway of Barbarossa, under our old Anti-chaotic friend, Henry the Fowler, how different had it been! No field for a Belleisle, to come and sow tares; no rotten thatch for a French Sun-god to go sailing about in the middle of, and set fire to! Henry, when the Hungarian Pan-Slavonic Savagery came upon him, had got ready in the interim; and a mangy dog was the 'tribute' he gave them; followed by the due extent of broken crowns, since they would not be content with that. That was the due of Belleisle too—had there been a Henry to meet him with it, on his crossing the marches, in Trier Country, in Spring, 1741: There you see anarchic Upholstery-Belus, fancying yourself God of the Sun,—there is what Teutschland owes you. Go home with that, and mind your own business, which I am told is plentiful, if you had eye for it!"

Unhappily the world was not then arranged according to Mr. Carlyle's programme. Instead of Henry the Fowler, there was a Maria Theresa, brave and energetic, and determined to stand up for what she deemed her rights, but sore harassed through everybody repudiating the Pragmatic Sanction and her nearest neighbour seizing, without declaration of war, one of her fairest provinces. The Pragmatic Sanction, in fact, turned out not worth the sheepskins it was written on. "A Kaiser hunting shadows" is Mr. Carlyle's phrase for Charles VI., on whom, in vain, Prince Eugene used to urge that "a well-trained army and a well-filled treasury, that is the only treaty that will make this Pragmatic Sanction valid." "There never was such negotiating, not for admittance to the Kingdom of Heaven in the pious times. And the goings-forth of it, still more the secret minings and molecourses of it, were in all places. Above ground and below, no sovereign mortal could say he was safe from it, let him agree or not. . . . Most of the foreign Potentates idly accepted the thing,—as things of a distant contingent kind are accepted,—made treaty on it, since the Kaiser seemed so extremely anxious. Only Bavaria, having heritable claims, never would" (Carlyle, i. 554). And

Bavaria, besides these heritable claims, had claims on the gratitude of France; claims which could not be ignored, if gratitude is to count for anything in the dealings of nations with one another.

Everybody knows the object of this Pragmatic Sanction, to secure the empire, such as it was, to Charles VI.'s daughter. In Mr. Carlyle's clear trenchant way:

"That, failing heirs male, his daughters, his eldest daughter, should succeed him; failing daughters, his nieces; and, in short, that heirs female, ranking from their kinship to Kaiser Karl, and not to any prior Kaiser, should be as good as heirs male of Karl's body would have been. . . . The world in its lazy way was not sufficiently attentive to this new law of things. Some who were personally interested, as the Saxon sovereignty (which afterwards accepted it—for a consideration), and the Bavarian, denied that it was just; reminded Kaiser Karl that he was not the Noah or Adam of Kaisers, and that the case of heirs female was not quite a new idea on sheepskin. No; there are older pragmatic sanctions and settlements, by prior Kaisers of blessed memory, under which, if daughters are to come in, we, descended from Imperial daughters of older standing, shall have a word to say! To this Kaiser Karl answers steadily, with endless argument, that every Kaiser is a Patriarch and First Man in such matters; and that so it has been pragmatically sanctioned by him, and that so it shall and must irrevocably be."

He could urge, moreover, the fact that for some three centuries the empire had been hereditary in the Hapsburg family, and that for it to go elsewhere was at least as great a wrench as for it to pass into the female line.

The important point, however, is not what the Emperor aimed at, but what Fleury, in the name of Louis XIV., had assented to. Of course M. de Broglie is anxious to prove that France signed not unconditionally, but with reservations. He confesses that these reservations were not worth much. He admits "the righteous severity with which history should judge the conduct of France to Austria on the accession of Maria Theresa;" at the same time he thinks it fair to examine the arguments by which the Cardinal strove to justify his breach of faith. This he does in one of the appendices to his first volume. The justification turns on the phrase *salvo jure tertii*, "provided no injury is done to the rights already acquired by third parties." But then, as France had specially guaranteed the Sanction *contra quoscunque*, against everybody's rights, whether they

could be proved or not, she had placed herself in a difficult dilemma. The whole question, in its tortuous maze of seeming contradictions, is worthy of the strange intricacies of German law.

The very document (extracted by M. de Broglie from the *Correspondance de Vienne*, in the archives of the French Foreign Office) in which Von Schmerling is instructed to submit to the Cardinal that *contra quoscunque* means against Bavaria if needs be, ends with an unexpected and almost incredible concession, viz., that "the Emperor would never be for depriving Bavaria of the means of producing and defending its alleged claims; on the contrary, he intends to afford every satisfaction that may be justly claimed if the pretensions are well founded; and these alleged rights he wishes should be examined conjointly with France, although on no account before the peace. He is further willing to enter into special negotiations with the Court of Bavaria. . . ." After this, who will say that any of Mr. Carlyle's strong epithets on the strangely contradictory procedure of German law is uncalled for? The whole barren question M. de Broglie has patiently gone through, using the new lights of German history, and the archives of the French public offices, and his verdict amounts to this: France tried to get at the truth about the Elector of Bavaria's claims, sent the Marquis of Mirepoix for the purpose; but the Emperor on various pretexts delayed giving them. He feared to take a step which would clearly throw a doubt on his daughter's rights, and would leave those rights dependent on the interpretation of a very abstruse point of law. France ought to have insisted on these Bavarian claims being first thoroughly discussed, for to leave them in abeyance was to throw uncertainty over the whole treaty, seeing that one of the bases laid down in the Pragmatic Sanction was that *it injured no one*. But France was anxious for Lorraine, and therefore allowed all these matters—so important from a German point of view—to be slurred over. Another way of bringing the matter to a head would have been for Charles VI. to have had his son-in-law, Charles of Lorraine, crowned King of the Romans, *i.e.*, nominated successor to the Empire. The question would then, at any rate, have come before the Diet, and the Bavarian claims must have been discussed. What hindered him from doing this was Charles's unpopularity. He was far too French for his

German subjects; the Vienna populace disliked him so much that even Maria Theresa was also for a while an object of their dislike. Charles therefore delayed, hoping that in time this feeling would wear off. It did not during his lifetime; though, as soon as his death gave the signal for Prussian aggression, the young Archduke at once became the idol of his wife's subjects.

M. de Broglie is able to quote much good advice from Fleury to the Emperor respecting these claims: "Get them settled some way; give Bavaria something, a piece of territory even, if she will forego them altogether." There is no reason for thinking that the Cardinal wished to leave them unsettled, so as to have the chance of by-and-by interfering in German affairs in the interests of Bavaria. Fleury was more pacific than even Walpole himself. Unfortunately the wish to get Lorraine made him less emphatic till after the treaty had been signed, and when that was done it was Charles who hung back, not wishing to reopen a question which would inevitably disturb his beloved Pragmatic Sanction.

Enough of these miserable intricacies, amid which it is curious to note that a Lichtenstein was sent to Paris commissioned to give explanations on points of law, just as, before Louis Napoleon's Italian war, it was a Lichtenstein who had charge of Austrian interests at the French capital.

M. de Broglie abundantly proves that France would have been justified in postponing the recognition of Maria Theresa till the Bavarian claims had been examined; but then she must also have postponed the treaty which gave her Lorraine. She took her province, recognised the Archduchess, and then as soon as Frederick occupied Silesia she began to negotiate with him. This deprives her of the right of complaining when she found herself treated with the same perfidy. In M. de Broglie's words: "No subtlety can justify a breach of faith, as contrary to the law of nations as it is to natural equity." The fact is, the Cardinal was timid—almost in his dotage. On his accession, Frederick sent to Paris an Edict of Nantes *émigré*, Camas, with instructions (clearly set forth in the political correspondence) to work upon the French Minister's mind by pointing out that youth is enterprising. He was to say that if his master was neglected just now they could never be friends; while, if the French

won him over now, he could do them more good than Gustavus Adolphus had done. "Above all" (says Frederick), "excite as much as possible their envy of England. If they don't have me, England shall."

Fleury took the alarm. Frederick was increasing his already large and very efficient army. In his perplexity the Cardinal charged the congratulatory envoy, De Beauvau, to try to find out what all this enrolling and marshalling of troops meant. Beauvau could learn nothing; Frederick was markedly civil to him, and, as he was leaving, whispered one of those oracular sayings with which he was wont to rouse hopes that he never had the slightest notion of fulfilling: "Je vais, je crois, jouir votre jeu; si les as me viennent, nous partagerons." Voltaire, privately commissioned to find out all he could, fared no better. He was fêted and made much of, though he was soon allowed to find that the King of Prussia was a very different person from the Crown Prince who had looked on the friendship of the great Frenchman as a thing to be coveted. Then came the ignoble quarrel about money. Voltaire wanted his travelling expenses: "Solomon, who did not expect to pay for the visits of the Queen of Sheba, had something else to do with his money," and Voltaire went back to Fleury, wholly unenlightened as to the political situation, but able to say (and for the time to mean it): "If I have not been a good Frenchman hitherto, I am now quite converted." Beauvau's report, however, was sufficiently alarming: "Frederick detests France, and is seeking to do her an ill turn. His arming is the first act of a coalition; Camas brought back a very bad account of the state of our army and administration, and at the Rheinsberg it is the fashion to speak of France in a disdainful and insulting manner." That this last statement was true none knew better than Voltaire, who had abetted Frederick in his sneers. One wonders how any patriotic Frenchman can hear without disgust the name of the renegade who could listen to such verses as these:

"Ce peuple fou brutal et galant,
Superbe en sa fortune, en ses malheurs rampant,
D'un bavardage impitoyable
Pour cacher le creux d'un esprit ignorant ;"

and who, when by-and-by Frederick had suddenly made a separate peace, throwing over his French allies, and

exposing them to certain defeat, could write: "You are then, Sire, no longer our ally, but you will be that of the human race. Your desire will be that each may possess his rights and his inheritance in peace, and that there may be no more troubles. This will be the philosopher's stone of politics, and it is to come out of your laboratory. . . . By slipping into your letter that pleasant word peace, you the bleeder (*saigneur*, a play on the word *seigneur*) of the nations have crowned my wishes." Everybody knows how the royal philosopher had this letter printed and scattered broadcast over Paris. Voltaire denied the authorship of it, but no one believed him, and he took the extraordinary expedient of leaving out in his *Siècle de Louis XIV.* all mention of this peace, in making which his royal friend had sacrificed his countrymen.

To return to Fleury. What he heard from Valori, the French ambassador at Berlin, only increased his alarm. There was much talk about "Prussia being able to help France in that Bavarian business without compromising her at all." "If the king reflects, he will see (added Frederick) that my alliance is not to be despised; but I warn you that I am in haste, and must know what I am to depend on." In spite of all this, Valori was full of distrust—knew that all the while Frederick had sent Count Gotter to Vienna to try to arrange about his claims on Silesia; and his advice, which chimed in with Fleury's temporising policy, was to wait and let the young king set Germany in a blaze without meddling either way.

A word about these Silesian claims, before we answer the question why Fleury did not act on his own feelings. Mr. Carlyle makes a great deal of these claims, which came from the Polish Dukes of Liegnitz, one of whom, in 1587, had made an *Erbverbrüderung* ("Heritage Brotherhood") with his friend Albert of Prussia, whereby on the failure of heirs to either, the other was to succeed to his lands. It was a question for German law whether a Duke of Liegnitz, being a crown vassal of Bohemia, could make such an arrangement. That it should have been thought possible shows how completely national feeling was overgrown with feudal and hereditary notions. Much in the same way it strikes one as incongruous that the king of Prussia should hold Neuchâtel, though it did not strike an eighteenth-century statesman as strange that Orange and Arles and other morsels of France should belong to out-

lying powers. Those who care to study the subject will find it canvassed in detail in Mr. Carlyle's first volume. The sum is that Ferdinand, king of the Romans, Charles V.'s brother, moved the States of Bohemia to declare the transaction null and void, and forced the duke to give up his deed of *Erbverbrüderung*, which was thereupon publicly burned. Joachim of Brandenburg refused to give up his copy of the deed, and the Duke of Liegnitz, dying without heirs, solemnly declared that he held the arrangement to be still valid, "though overruled by the hand of power"—a phrase which enters largely into Mr. Carlyle's further account of the matter. Other Prussian appanages were forfeited by John George, who took sides with "the Winter King" in that brief war in which we played such an inglorious part, and who, in consequence, was put under the ban of the Empire. This was in 1621. Forty years later the Emperor, much needing the Elector of Brandenburg's help against the Turks, and being met with a demand for the Silesian duchies, offered to give instead "the circle of Schiebus," which touched on the Brandenburg domains. The exchange was made; though the next Elector sold Schiebus back to Austria. On such paltry grounds it seems scarcely credible that any serious claims could be based, and M. de Broglie is content with the general statement that they had long died out, and that treaty after treaty between Austria and Brandenburg had been made without any reference to them. That the Hohenzollerns should have clung to them, though content to keep them in the background, is an instance of that tenacity which, combined with thorough unscrupulousness, may be looked on as the hereditary characteristic of that family.

The change in Fleury's policy was due to Belleisle. This brilliant schemer's plan would have been admirable had France been able to back it up with a large, well-equipped army. Instead of this, the last war had left her broken down in resources and almost bankrupt. To the success, then, of Belleisle's scheme it was necessary that France should keep on good terms with the rising power in Germany. Frederick knew this, and used his advantage mercilessly. M. de Broglie does not shrink from exposing the humiliation of his country, a humiliation all the deeper because so many Frenchmen of that generation, Voltaire among them, seemed insensible to it. The studious insults to Valori (Frederick, for instance, kept him constantly

on horseback, because, being a very fat man, he found horse exercise unpleasant), the coarse buffoonery (reminding us of Cromwell's practical jokes) which was played off on the representative of the Most Christian King, the fooling of Belleisle, the snubbing of De Broglie (Broglie, Mr. Carlyle will call this French Piedmontese), all had to be submitted to; "put up with everything, concede everything; at all events we must not lose our ally," Fleury kept repeating. France had got into a difficulty through which the co-operation of Frederick alone could carry her, and this he would not give. In spite of all Valori's submissions, in spite of the alternate pleading and protesting (equally energetic) of Belleisle, he kept the French dangling on in complete uncertainty as to his intentions, or, rather, forced those who had any insight to see that he intended not to trouble himself in the least about them, provided he could make a better bargain elsewhere.

And how came Fleury to have been persuaded against his convictions? Simply because he lacked energy to say "No." He was ninety-two, and yet he clung desperately to office. Belleisle, for whom (as for Fouquet) the ladies worked effectually, as they can always work in France, got the ear of Louis XV., through one of the sisters whose infamous *liaison* with the King the Cardinal connived at. President Hénault says that Belleisle gave Madame de Vintimille, the younger sister, 200,000 livres for her good word; but, remarks M. de Broglie, this was a needless expense, for he had her good word already. Fleury's fear was that if he did not give way with a good grace he would be overthrown by those who were already caballing for his successor. Piteously he pointed out that France needed rest, and that this was also the King's real opinion. Sadly he prophesied that no good could come of an alliance with such a proved trickster as the King of Prussia. But in the end he yielded, and Belleisle went off triumphant, and at last after an incredible waste of energy in persuading and bribing the electors, and after manifold rebuffs from Frederick, which often so galled him that he was fain to write to the Cardinal: "I am for turning to the other side, and no longer being the dupe of such a prince," he succeeded in getting the Bavarian Charles Albert crowned Emperor, as Charles VII., on the very day on which at Linz, in Upper Austria, Ségur, with a French army, had surrendered with little more than a show of resistance, to the

Austrian Khévenhüller. After this the affairs of the allies went from bad to worse. Frederick's own expedition into Moravia was an inglorious failure, "through want of French co-operation," said he; "because, eager to make a dash on Vienna, he refused to see the difficulties which we pointed out to him," said the French marshals. There was disunion between Frederick and all his allies. The Saxons he was surely justified in being enraged with when Augustus III., their Elector, had come to the siege of Brünn utterly unprovided with artillery, "because he had no money to buy any," while the day before he had given 400,000 livres for a diamond. There was also still more serious dissension between the French generals. De Broglie, supported by different female influence from that which had brought Belleisle to the front, came to the army almost as his censor. The officers, after the French fashion, began to take sides; and it was only by giving each rival marshal an army, and keeping them in different parts of Germany, that anything like unity was maintained. During the whole war the French had no triumphs but the bloodless taking of Prague, due to the skilful daring of Maurice of Saxony; the taking of Eger, also mainly due to the same dashing commander; and the little victory of Sahay, gained over Prince Lobkowitz. In spite of this last, the two Austrian generals were enabled by Frederick's inaction to unite and force the French into Prague, whence they made their famous winter retreat, only one in eight of the troops that had crossed the Rhine recrossing it. This retreat, "the only very cold expedition we know of, brilliantly conducted, and not ending in rout and annihilation," says Mr. Carlyle, ought to be almost reckoned as a success. The French brought off their sick and wounded; for Chevert, left with them in Prague to the number of 4,000, refused to surrender, and threatened to burn the city unless the Austrians agreed to provide waggons and convey them to Eger, where the remainder of their countrymen were resting. Mr. Carlyle's description of this retreat when "happily the bogs themselves are iron; deepest bog will bear," is one of his most telling pieces (vol. iii. 641). Six months before this Frederick had signed the separate peace of Breslau, after infinite tergiversation owing to Maria Theresa's strong dislike to giving up Silesia (she was, in fact, only urged thereto by the strong and persistent pressure exerted by our envoy Carmichael, Lord Hyndford). With this Hyndford,

and Sir T. Robinson, his fellow ambassador, Frederick had been playing fast and loose, and treating them in almost as cavalier a way as that in which he behaved to the French envoys. Behind their backs his language about them was couched in his coarsest style. To Podewils he wrote: "Get rid of this jackanapes of an Englishman. If he is not off in twenty-four hours I shall have a fit. Refuse him an audience if he demands one. Let him go back to his fool of a king," and so on. Yet on Hyndford, when at last the peace of Breslau was concluded, he lavished all his flatteries and fine gifts. He could afford to do so; for the British lord had at last gained him all he wanted, undisputed possession of the whole of Silesia, and the opportunity of doing what he so ardently wished, thoroughly snubbing the French and spoiling their game. On a former occasion, when Maria Theresa was standing out for some part of her much-loved province, Frederick thought that Lord Hyndford's zeal wanted a "refresher," and, knowing him to be in needy circumstances, got Podewils to offer him a bribe of not less than 100,000 crowns, receiving the well-merited rebuke: "The King does not know me, and does not know the peers of England." Yet Hyndford's conscience, tender on this point, on which he had all the ministers of the day against him, was elastic enough to countenance Frederick's double game, to the extent of writing to Frederick a letter that was to be shown to Valori, complaining of the King's impracticability and deafness to all proposals. "Send other letters of a like tenor all round, to Presburg, to England, to Dresden; if the couriers are seized it shall be well," said the king. So much for the strange way in which right and wrong were understood in that century even by highly honourable men.

M. de Belleisle's book, then, covers a very short space of time, less than two years (nearly all contained in Mr. Carlyle's third volume), from Frederick's accession to that peace of Breslau which was a betrayal of his allies, and above all of those French for whom, while holding them up to ridicule among his friends, he professed on occasion the most effusive admiration. Of course, this is only the first act in the drama in which Frederick was henceforth to be the chief actor. As he himself said, the stone of Nebuchadnezzar's vision, which broke in pieces the image of brass whose feet were of clay, was let loose by his victory of Mollwitz. Schwerin's victory rather; for Frederick and

the Prussian horse had fled, he narrowly escaping capture. We cannot resist quoting Mr. Carlyle's very characteristic summing up of the matter (vol. iii. p. 332) :

"Directly on the back of Mollwitz there ensued, first, an explosion of diplomatic activity such as was never seen before ; Excellencies from the four winds taking wing towards Friedrich ; and talking and insinuating, and fencing and fudging, after their sort, in the Silesian camp of his, the centre being there. A universal rookery of Diplomatsists—whose loud cackle and cawing is now as if gone mad to us ; their work wholly fallen putrescent and avoidable, dead to all creatures. And secondly, in the train of that, there ensued a universal European War, the French and the English being chief parties in it, which abounds in battles and feats of arms, spirited but delirious, and cannot be got stilled for seven or eight years to come ; and in which Friedrich and his war swim only as an intermittent episode henceforth."

Now, in this limited space of time, what are the chief differences between M. de Broglie and Mr. Carlyle, with whom Droysen agrees in so far that he cynically exposes all Frederick's double-dealing only in order to put it forth as an object of admiration ? One we have already seen. Mr. Carlyle believes in the claims on Silesia (for which at one time the French suggested that Prussia should accept East Friesland). M. de Broglie does not. Then, as to the Pragmatic Sanction, while Mr. Carlyle thinks that France signed unreservedly, and was therefore bound without reserve, M. de Broglie points out that there were reservations enough to justify France in withholding her consent. She erred, not in insisting that Bavaria's claims should be discussed, but in first acknowledging Maria Theresa and then deserting her. Perhaps of all the nations she had the most excuse ; for she was bound to Bavaria by ties of old friendship, and she was not seeking any fresh territorial aggrandisement. England, we must not forget, put herself also in a most dishonourable position. For the sake of protecting Hanover (upon which Frederick threatened the Prince of Anhalt Dessau should fall) she, too, repudiated the Pragmatic Sanction ; and though Austria could not afford to give up her help, we may fancy that the relations between them were often much strained. The meanest, perhaps, and most offensive of all Frederick's deceptions, was his plea of " Protestant interests " both to George II. and to the States General. To the latter he said that he should always be warmly attached

to Holland as to the most devout of his co-religionists, and that it was in reality oppressed Protestantism which he was defending on Austrian territory (slily adding that the Dutch moneys in Silesia would run no risk at his hands). Writing to George II., though in reality appealing to the English people, he said: "The tyranny under which the Silesians have groaned is frightful, and the barbarity of the Catholics towards them inexpressible"—barbarity in which the Silesians proved their belief by rising, as soon as they learnt that Austria had not wholly given them up, and carrying on a fierce guerilla warfare against their self-styled deliverer. It is humiliating to think that the gullible English public could have believed in the Protestant zeal of the avowed agnostic and friend of Voltaire.

So much for the Pragmatic Sanction; another difference is in regard to the sham treaty or protocol of Klein-Schnellendorf, a sort of rehearsal of the separate peace of Breslau. M. de Broglie brings forward much out of Valori which Mr. Carlyle has not thought proper to quote. The interview, for instance, after the sham siege and capture of Neisse, was a very stormy one. Valori roundly taxed the king with double-dealing. Frederick replied: "Can I prevent mischief-makers from spreading lying reports and fools from believing them?" "But, sire, they come from Marshal Neipperg himself." "Ha! has he said so? That is a lie which shall cost him dear. . . . Count on my word of honour that the reconciliation is not made, and never shall be made, except in concert with my allies." And, when Valori still urged the assertion of the Austrian marshal, he answered: "This is an impertinence that shall cost his mistress dear; she will have a few provinces the less for it" (De Broglie, ii. 92). A fortnight after, at Berlin, he hastily said to Lord Hyndford: "My Lord, the Court of Vienna has entirely divulged our secret. Everybody knows it." On this and on Frederick's other acts of treachery, M. de Broglie writes with calmness and dignity. He differs little with Mr. Carlyle as to the facts, not much as to the way of setting them forth. The difference is in the estimate which each takes of the individual. M. de Broglie leaves the facts to speak for themselves; they prove Frederick to have been worse than Fleury or Belleisle, or any of them, inasmuch as the tempter is worse than those who fall into temptation, and because he clearly was not warring "for an idea," but from the most

selfish of motives. Mr. Carlyle actually justifies his hero's deceptions in a passage which is too characteristic not to be quoted: "Of the political morality of this game of fast and loose, what have we to say—except that the dice on both sides seem to be loaded; that logic might be chopped upon it for ever; that a candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity) and what of folly (which is always falsity) there was in Friedrich and the others; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Friedrich in the circumstances? And, in fine, it will have to be granted that you cannot work in pitch and keep the hands evidently clean." And thus, having laid down the extraordinary principle that worldly wisdom (*i.e.*, shrewdness such as Frederick displayed) and truth are one, he goes on to talk about Frederick having "got into the enchanted wilderness, populous with devils and their works," as if he had not voluntarily chosen such a sojourning place when he began his reign by an act of ungrateful treachery.

In regard to the other gross betrayal of his allies, the peace of Breslau, M. de Broglie does set former writers, notably Mr. Carlyle, right. They speak of an Austrian general, Pallandt, mortally wounded, taken prisoner at Chotusitz, who told Frederick that Cardinal Fleury was carrying on a separate negotiation with the Court of Vienna. This M. de Broglie treats as a falsehood; and as the charge was Frederick's chief justification for deserting his allies, the point is important. Into that justification he enters at length; showing the absurdity of most of the points alleged, and remarking that, except the Pallandt myth, Frederick himself did not profess to set much store by them. This Pallandt story he gives very good grounds for discrediting. It is not noticed by Droysen or any of the latest German writers: "It was reserved," says M. de Broglie, "for French historians to pick up the lies which the Germans have flung aside." He has Michelet in view, whose hatred of the old *régime* led him to follow Mr. Carlyle in his glorification of Frederick. Our British historian, by the way, he only casually mentions, in company with Michelet. The fantastic singularity which at one time seemed likely to form a school in England, and which did lead Canon Kingsley and others into a good deal of wild writing, has clearly not made much impression on thoughtful Frenchmen.

Of course M. de Broglie's chief aim is to point out the folly of France (repeated more than a century later, with still worse results), in building up Prussia at the expense of Austria. She went to work, too, not only with a foolish aim but with such inadequate agents. France has often failed through the futile because ill-supported vanity of her ministers and diplomatists, made more mischievous by the imbecility of her rulers. Only a ruler like Louis XV. could have given up the reins to a Minister like Fleury, and have sent a man like Valori as his envoy-extraordinary. And, as M. de Broglie hints, her history repeats itself; the unutterable folly of an envoy like Benedetti, combined with the boastful recklessness of De Grammont and the rest, and feebly withstood by an Emperor whom sickness made as helpless as his *fainéant* ways made Louis XV., hurried her into the war of 1870. We have not quoted at length from M. de Broglie's book, because his strength lies not in fine writing but in plain straightforward statements. Even scenes like the taking of Prague he treats with brevity and dignified reserve; the storming of Eger is dismissed in a single line.

Our task is done. We are glad the book was written, if only as a protest against the Carlylean way of treating history, viz., fixing on a hero and setting down everything honourable or dishonourable, straightforward or underhand, to his credit, because in the final issue he carried his point. Against this gospel of success it is well to be on our guard. To accept it would be to ignore the moral instincts which lie at the basis of society. When a man like Droysen is found publishing all Frederick's shame and glorying in it, we feel that he has, by accepting this gospel, thrown conscience off its balance.

So much is clear. Another point which we think comes out very plainly is the moderation of France. The French statesmen and generals of the time were unwise in many things; they had the old dread of Austria and a childish desire to weaken her, no matter by what means; they were taken with the prestige which they thought would come from France acting as arbiter of the Imperial crown. But they were true to their old friendship for Bavaria, and they were eminently unselfish in the matter of territorial aggrandisement. Then was the time to have "rectified the frontier," to have insisted on making France continuous with Old Gaul by giving it

the Rhine as a boundary except where the stubborn little Dutch States formed a sufficient barrier between her and Germany. Had this been done, how much war and bloodshed and bitter feeling would have been saved. The people of the Eifel and the rest of the annexed country would have become as French in feeling as the Alsatians; for (despite the *fanfaronnade* of patriotic professors) they rejoiced in the French occupation during and after the Revolution, and to this day they are full of thankfulness for the Code Napoleon. Indeed, we think M. de Broglie rather overrates the dislike to his countrymen among the Germans of 1740. It was Louis XIV.'s manner, his high-handedness, that had done harm; for, in the matter of annexation, the Grand Monarque was by no means unscrupulous. Locally, cruelties like those in the Palatinate had left a legacy of hatred; but Germany had been too much accustomed to such a style of fighting during the Thirty Years' War to be greatly shocked even by Turenne's ruthless proceedings. When Frederick insultingly said to Valori: "The only objection the Germans have to making your Bavarian Elector Emperor, is that he is your friend," he was speaking not as a German but as a Prussian, and there are signs all through these volumes that the bitterness which showed itself in Napoleon's wars, and again in 1870, was not caused by Napoleon's ill treatment (as the Prussians are fond of asserting), but is due (as far as national feeling can be due to one man) to Frederick, who hated the French because in his every action he was wronging and fooling them. One thing worthy of note is the precision, at that early date, of the Prussian fire. Belleisle judges Frederick's army most favourably in all respects (and Belleisle knew war—had fought at Denain); but what struck him most was the firing, so steady and yet so rapid. "They fire as many as twelve shots a minute, and at least six when it is by platoon and division; a thing incredible unless one has seen it" (Belleisle to Amelet)—and to M. de Broglie incredible altogether, seeing the nature of the firearms then in use. Belleisle consoles himself by saying the French would surely beat them with the side arms; but he wishes the French officers were, like the Prussians, made to drill with the men.

It must not be thought, because we make no extracts, that M. de Broglie's book is deficient in style. On the

contrary, it is worthy of his high reputation as a writer. The portraits of Maria Theresa, so lovely that she fired old Sir Thomas Robinson, "florid Yorkshire squire," Mr. Carlyle calls him, with fatherly enthusiasm; and of Frederick, first at the Rheinsberg as prince, and then, as king, changing even more completely than our Henry V.—"though Voltaire was certainly no Falstaff," are well drawn. "I am setting on foot an army and an academy," is the only *mot* which shows that the new king did not forget the vows which, as prince, he had plighted to literature. The character of Fleury is sketched in masterly style; but the episode of Maria Theresa among the Hungarians is, perhaps, the most lively piece of writing in the whole work. The abject terror of the German councillors, when the young queen insisted that her Hungarians should be allowed to arm; the stampede from Vienna—the river being covered with boat-loads of precious things which the nobles were carrying to places of safety; the scene at the coronation at Presburg; the *levée en masse* ("insurrectio"); the meeting of the Chambers, at which the queen, in deep mourning, promised (in a speech wholly unlike that invented by Voltaire) to preserve the liberties of Hungary; and the assembly did not, indeed, utter the mythical "*Moriamur pro rege nostro Maria Theresa*," but with grave voice repeated after the prelate the yet more solemn words: "*Vitam et sanguinem consecramus*"—all this M. de Broglie paints most vividly. "It would be better to trust the devil than these folk," was the verdict of a German councillor, who had just been present in the Chamber—a sentiment which, muttered to his neighbour, but overheard, well-nigh cost him his life. This shows the incongruous elements with which the Austrian generals had to make head against the wholly homogeneous force of Prussia; just as the whole episode shows the strength of character and courage of Maria Theresa. Combined these were with rare wifely tenderness. Charles of Lorraine, the husband of her choice, for whom she had sacrificed so much, was in no way up to her level; yet she was a devoted wife in the full sense of the word. "Write often," she says, during a short absence; "far from you *je ne suis qu'une pauvre chienne*." In everything she insisted on his being associated with her; only in Hungary was it impossible to make the queen's husband a king-consort. The Magyar Diet would not hear of a regency, a new, unknown power

erected in favour of a stranger. D'Arneth draws a curious picture of the Grand Duke, who had no place in the ceremony of the coronation or of the procession, walking about all day in the city incognito, placing himself at the corners of streets, that he might exchange a look with his wife as she passed. M. de Broglie, while happily he does not affect Mr. Carlyle's monstrous mannerism, shows himself, on occasion, a master of picturesque narrative, though narrative takes the second place in a work which, as we have shown, has a special political import.

ART. VIII.—*The Two Holy Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, according to Scripture, Grammar, and the Faith.* By the Rev. S. C. MALAN, Vicar of Broadwindsor. D. Nutt, London.

THIS is an exceedingly valuable and well-timed treatise. It is the protest of an Anglican divine, deeply versed in patristic literature, against the errors, on the subject of the Eucharist, which have been winning acceptance in the Church of England for many years past, and never needed effectual refutation so much as they need it now. The essay was published many years ago, but has been long out of print. It is now reprinted with some alterations and the addition of a few pages on baptism. The whole furnishes a beautiful example of what controversy should be. We see the force which sound learning has in the hands of a man who knows how to use it without running into extremes. But it is much more than a controversial treatise. It is really a compendium of sacramental doctrine, in which are some strikingly put, if not original, views. On some of these we have a few remarks to make, which will have their use for many who are exercising their minds on the subject.

Something, however, must first be said as to the polemical aim of the book. The following sentences tell us plainly enough what opponents it assails and by what kinds of argument it assails them :

“For we hear a great deal of the Catholic Church and of the Catholic truth, as if they both were a new discovery, from certain men lately sprung up in the Church of England who call themselves Catholics, but ‘whom,’ said Archbishop Laud in 1673, ‘I ever observed to be great Pretenders for Truth and Unity, but yet such as will admit neither, unless they and their faction may prevail on all ; as if no Reformation had been necessary. For there is no greater absurdity stirring this day in Christendom than that the reformation of an old corrupted Church, will we, nill we, must be taken for the building of a new. And were not this so, we should never be troubled with that idle and im-

pertinent question of theirs: Where was your Church before Luther? For it was just there where theirs is now.' How well these words suit the present time I need be at no great pains to show. For, in sooth, one may well wonder at sundry things, both in doctrine and practice, which are now taking place in the Church; while the works of such men as Jewell, Bishop Jeremy Taylor, Archbishop Laud, and Hooker are yet to be had. Are those writings too old or too plain, too sound, too honest, or too learned, for some of the present race of clergy, who talk and write as if they alone were 'the Catholic Church,' and alone knew 'the Catholic truth;' and as if wisdom was born, and would die, with them? Strange that they should strive so hard—as if no Reformation had been necessary—to undo the work their fathers did, by disloyal acts towards the Church for which those frail yet great and good men hazarded their lives unto death."

"To the law, however, and to the testimony. To that word which, says St. Augustine, 'nunquam silet, sed non semper auditur,' 'which, though it never be silent, yet is not always heard. That it is never silent is His great mercy; and that it is not always heard is not the least of our misery,' says again Archbishop Laud. For Holy Scripture alone draws the boundaries of the Catholic Church, and settles what is the Catholic truth; against, over, and above all possible assumptions, pretensions, or professions of men, be they who they may."

These words read like a specimen of the style and spirit of a class of men who are becoming more and more rare in the English Church: men who stand by the English Fathers of the Reformation, search into the earlier Fathers for support of their new teachings, and at the same time appeal over the heads of both to Holy Scripture as final authority. And why is their number diminishing, their influence becoming gradually less, and their cause growing almost hopeless in their hands? Because they have never, from the beginning, been perfectly faithful to the last of these three conditions of all ecclesiastical controversy. If "Holy Scripture alone draws the boundaries of the Catholic Church," what right have they to exclude and throw outside of that sacred boundary so many Christian communities which, equally with themselves, maintain the principles of the Reformation, respect catholic antiquity, and base their whole fabric of religion on the Holy Scriptures? In this they are deeply inconsistent. They hold fast the continuity of the Church of Christ, which was in the constitution of the Anglican Church only reformed, and thereby admit the catholicity of the ancient corrupt communions; but they deny

the term catholic to all bodies in England besides themselves. Does the Scripture they appeal to limit the Church of any land to a national communion, or anywhere draw a line which, if continued into future ages, should shut out one half the Christian world? Holy Scripture "settles what is catholic truth:" does it ever deliver as truth any such doctrine of the Church as these advocates of Anglicanism maintain? This is a subject which branches out into large issues. We cannot follow them now. Our business is with Dr. Malan's protest against the sacramental tendencies of a large and always increasing part of his own community.

This is commenced by a luminous disquisition on the terminology of the sacraments. The term Mysteries was applied by the primitive Apostolic Greek Church to these "outward and spiritual signs of inward and spiritual grace," in token of the deep, hidden and mystical relation of the visible signs to the invisible graces, "whereon our faith is brought to bear as evidence of things not seen." But our author lays more stress than is usually laid on the element of secrecy contained in the ancient Greek meaning of the word; and, as this idea pervades his whole interpretation, we must give his own language:

"The term mystery is said to come from *μύω*, to initiate, itself derived from *μύω*, to shut one's mouth, and partly one's eyes, in token of silence to be kept about things hidden, little understood, and too sacred to be made known. Hence *the mysteries*, a household word in every Greek family, was said of the sacred rites and ceremonies to which only certain persons were initiated (*memuemenoi*) and taught the hidden and mystical bearing (*mustikos logos*) of things represented by outward signs or symbols, which they were forbidden to mention, not only because they were sacred but also because they were mystical, hidden; and, therefore, but dimly seen, imperfectly known, or altogether unintelligible. The public festivals connected with these outward symbols, or representations of mystical subjects, were celebrated with great pomp in the presence of the people; but the rites themselves were performed with the utmost secrecy; and only before the initiated, for whom they were held to be of untold benefit by reason of the mystical thoughts and contemplations to which they led."

This was the term which was readily adopted by the Greek Church to express all doctrine and revelation that was beyond man's intelligence. For them the word was at hand, and sprang into universal use as it were naturally. Indeed, it may be said that the New Testament sanctioned their employment

of it; for St. Paul and St. John sometimes use the word for revelations which must be rather pondered than spoken, or signs the full meaning of which will appear hereafter. So Justin Martyr speaks of the bounds of the sea and the course of the heavenly bodies as "God's mysteries, which all elements observe faithfully." It must be remembered, however, that the inspired writers never apply the term mystery to the sacred rites either of the old or the new covenant. There are points in the teaching of the Epistle to the Corinthians where one might have expected the word to be introduced, and where its absence may be supposed—by us, that is, versed and vexed in later controversy—to be intentional and deeply significant.

Our author has not noted this: had he done so, it might have modified his subsequent remarks. For, turning to the word *Sacramenta*, which the less imaginative and less elegant Western Church substituted, he argues as if *mysteries*, with its meaning of secret and reserved, had been the better norm from which the Latins had departed. Neither mystery nor sacrament has the sanction of Scripture. Still it is a good use which is made of the term, and a good lesson that is drawn. Dr. Malan thinks that the use of the word *Sacraments*, a word which does not directly express a mystical act, and which therefore does not by the very sound of it lay an interdict on speculation, is the reason why so much strife has taken place about the "sacraments." He charitably thinks that if men looked upon them more as *mysteries*, namely, things which, as Bishop Taylor says, "are not fit to be inquired into," they would hearken to Hooker's sensible advice, "rather to meditate with silence what we have by the sacrament, and less to dispute of the manner how." This is expressed only as a "charitable hope." But we cannot help thinking that the term "*mysteries*," as applied to these ordinances, has not, as matter of fact, been the protection that is here presumed on. This little volume gives many honest and discreetly-culled proofs that "the manner how" was quite as keenly investigated by the Greek as by the Latin Christians. A long list of theological terms might be quoted in proof of this: quite enough to show that the maligned Latin term *Sacrament* is not responsible for the sacramental polemics of Christendom.

But that word itself, what was its meaning? "The term *Sacrament* comes to us from the Latin *sacramentum*, which has various meanings, all of which, however, imply faith, and

the sanctity of that faith when pledged." As the Greeks found the "mysteries" of initiation ready to be sanctified for Christian service, so the Latins found the "sacramentum," or the oath of faithfulness pledged by a soldier when enlisted to his captain, ready also for its sanctification. The passages usually quoted, which are in this volume collated better than anywhere else, make it plain that both the oath and the peculiar sanctity of its obligation were expressed by the word; and that it was applied in various significations where, however, sacredness was the leading idea. Hence, among the ecclesiastical writers it was used with great laxity: Ambrose, for instance, who called the sacraments *mysteria*, speaks of the sacrament of truth preached, of Christ in the flesh; and Tertullian, who took great liberties in the application of Latin terms, adopts the word sacrament for religion generally, for the Gospel, for the incarnation, for martyrdom, for divinely-inspired dreams, for parables, for the resurrection, for Christ Himself, and, among the rest, for Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Dr. Malan would have done good service had he used his large patristic learning in a complete examination of the mutual bearings of the two words Mysteries and Sacraments on the construction of the sacramental doctrine of the earlier and later Church. This is a subject of considerable importance. It is certain that they joined in one common meaning: that the rites which they designated were in a deep and peculiar sense sacred in the sense of reserved, and exclusive and separate from all other observances. To that meaning they alike converged, whether both started from it or not. But, while they united in this, they retained more or less their several and distinct significance. The Greek word kept always its meaning of profound, unfathomable "mysteries" of communion between God and the soul, in the Christian rites; the Latin word never altogether lost its meaning of binding obligation implied in the performance or acceptance of them. Hence it is obvious that the Latin word more aptly than the Greek expresses the relation which the two rites bear to the covenant character of the Gospel. The Lord in them binds Himself, as it were, by a sacramental oath to confer the blessings of His grace, and gives His pledge to that effect; and the believer in them binds himself to comply with all the conditions on which that grace is suspended. But the Greek word more fitly expresses the spiritual meaning which underlies the outward

act : a spiritual meaning which scarcely any Christians deny, whatever may be their sacramental theory. The external ceremony certainly signifies more than meets the eye : what more it means is its mystery. Combining the two—as they were sometimes combined, though more often by the Latins than by the Greeks—the word *Mystery* expresses the benefit of the two Christian ordinances ; the word *Sacrament*, their sealing character in the covenant of redemption. We partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and we renew our pledges of devotion in the strength of the Divine renewal of His pledge ; we partake of the mystery of the Lord's Supper, and we enter anew into the fellowship of that union with Christ which it signifies. Similarly, baptism as a sacrament is a transaction in which Divine and human obligations meet : the Divine obligation to confer on the baptised the blessings promised in the covenant Christian, on the condition that the recipient undertakes the obligations which are binding on him ; and, as a mystery, it directs the eye of faith to the blessings of the Christian estate into which it gives admission.

There are many who disapprove equally of both terms, as innovations on the phraseology of Scripture. They would prefer, if possible, to give each rite its Scriptural name, and leave the idea common to them where Scripture leaves it—undefined. But practically they find that impossible ; just as they find it impossible to do without the terms *Trinity*, *Incarnation*, and many others. The substitutes they really adopt are not really improvements. For instance, the term "*ordinances*," or "*sealing ordinances*," is a halting one, which expresses the more limited meaning of the old Latin sacrament, but omits the meaning which the Greek mystery connects with it : in other words, it does full justice to the "*seal*," but less than justice to the "*sign*." Could a word have been found which should blend these two in one, that would have been the word. But it cannot be found.

This, however, must be admitted : that the use of the two terms *Mystery* and *Sacrament* brought with them the inconvenience that they were too wide to be limited to the two covenant rites of Christianity. This objection lies against both ; for both in the East and in the West other sacred things besides these were erected into mysteries and sacraments. But that would have been the case whatever words had been adopted. Dr. Malan is a second time rather hard on the Western word. As he thinks that the notion of

"mystery" might have saved these rites from the irreverent scrutiny to which they have been subjected in controversy, so he thinks that the Latin word, with its wide laxity of application, is responsible for the gradual addition to the sacraments. But surely he knows—no one better knows than he—that the extension of the sacramental idea had its growth in East and West simultaneously. But here are his words :

"To this variety of meaning given to the term *sacramentum* in the early Latin Church, we may ascribe the origin of the five other sacraments than the two we receive, as having been ordained by Christ ; namely, Baptism and the Holy Communion. For, as to the other so-called sacraments of chrism, repentance, holy orders, extreme unction, and marriage, generally observed by the Western and Eastern Churches, not only do they rest on no special institution by Christ—but as some of them are neither necessary nor generally applicable to all, it is clear that they are not indispensable ; and that therefore they are not, strictly speaking, Sacraments in the sense in which we rightly understand Baptism and the Supper of the Lord ; that is, means or channels of certain spiritual graces, which, for aught we know, are necessary to salvation in the Church of Christ."

"For aught we know : " this is a parenthesis which is not quite in harmony with the general style of the volume. Surely the Author of Christianity would never leave for a moment undecided what is and what is not necessary to salvation. Neither sacraments nor anything else in the economy of the Gospel can be said to be absolutely necessary to that salvation which is given only through His name and faith in His name. It is right to make qualifications, and say "generally necessary to salvation," or even in a subordinate sense necessary, but not "for aught we know." But perhaps the limiting part of the assertion lies in the words "in the Church of Christ." But, even then, it is painful and perilous to assert that the sacraments are necessary "to salvation." Without them a believer has stopped short of his duty and of his privilege ; and his relation to the visible Church is questionable, to say the very least. But the word "salvation" carries with it issues too sacred and too awful to be placed in the same category. Certainly, there is something vague in making the distinction between the two sacraments and the additional ones, surreptitiously brought in, consist in this, that the former are needful to salvation and the latter not. It is only right, however, to say that afterwards a clearer note is

given, to which we shall return. Meanwhile we will follow this honest representative of High Anglicanism in his remarks on these added sacraments in particular.

And, first, as to *Chrism*, in the Greek Church, which uses this term, Dr. Malan quotes the testimony of an Armenian theologian. "It is administered in memory of the descent of the Holy Ghost at Jordan, and also at the Pentecost, according to our Saviour's promise. The Holy Ghost was conferred by the laying on of the Apostles' hands; but this sacrament is now administered by anointing the forehead, nose, and other organs of sense." And this, let it be remembered, both before and after baptism. Rome, calling it *Confirmation* or *Chrism*, administers it when the child reaches years of discretion. On this, Dr. Malan says, after denying the sacramental institution of Christ:

"If so be the 'inward and spiritual grace,' whereby we understand the promise and gift of the Holy Ghost, implied in baptism, is deferred until later in life, it not only derogates from the intention and meaning of that sacrament, and makes it of less effect, but it also places the baptised child in a less happy relation to his heavenly Father. But chrism, when administered at baptism, whether by pouring it on the water as a figure of the Holy Ghost at Jordan, by anointing the child, or by both ceremonies, is an entirely human addition to the rite of baptism as ordained by Christ. For, if so be chrism is intended to represent the gift of the Holy Spirit, then (1) our Saviour's words 'and of the Holy Ghost' used at baptism are useless, and (2) if the gift of the Holy Ghost be delayed until afterwards, and not promised, offered, or given to the child from the first, according to his years, in what relation does he stand to God as member of His Church?"

The question of confirmation or chrism is here regarded as a concomitant of infant baptism. But it should be remembered that both the Greek and the Roman communities based it upon certain passages in the Acts of the Apostles (for instance, Acts viii. 14-17, 2 Cor. i. 12, 22) which refer to adults. The imposition of the Apostles' hands certainly conferred on adults sundry gifts of the Spirit which without it they had not; but the sealing of the Spirit in the Epistles was most assuredly simultaneous with their believing, and not divided from it by any necessary interval. The rite of confirmation in the case of infants has, of course, no Scriptural basis; and those who think that a certain negative benefit is conferred on children in baptism which a positive benefit supplements in confirmation, have no support in the

teaching of Scripture as to the baptism of adults. Hence we quote the rest of the passage with much satisfaction :

“For this chrism, as part of baptism, we have no warrant whatever in Scripture ; and by Scripture we will abide. ‘*Ad initia redeundum est,*’ rightly says Bishop Jewell. The Church of England, therefore, very properly holds Confirmation to be what it really is, namely, a holy rite whereby the promises made for the child at baptism are solemnly confirmed by him and God’s gifts ratified ; wherein it differs greatly from the Greek Church, that teaches respecting a chrism administered immediately after baptism that ‘the grace it confers, namely, receiving the Holy Ghost, is different from the grace given at baptism.’ This, however, is clearly against Scripture and common sense. For if it were true, and the sacrament of baptism were thus divided into two distinct rites at the will of man,—the one of water for the outward sign, and the other of holy oil for the inward grace,—then would this inward grace clearly become man’s gift, as much as the outward sign. Man’s part, however, is only to administer the outward visible sign, as a minister of God’s ordinance ; but the inward and spiritual grace is God’s gift, and His only.”

These last words are sound and true. Those which immediately precede them seem rather obscure ; but this, at least, is plain, that our author will not divide the sacrament. Whatever baptism does or confers, it confers and does without need of supplement. That being granted, we may concede everything as to the value of a subsequent ceremonial or rite which shall solemnly mark the season when the children of the Church’s promise give themselves voluntarily to God and the service of His Son, and resolve to abide by free choice in the Church which they entered without any concurrence of their own. No Christian community is thoroughly organised without this. It is well to speak of a grace that grows up with Christian children ; and none can withstand the evidence that multitudes of them go from strength to strength through early years guided by the good Spirit. But there must come a time of deliberate consent to the will of God and the service of religion. It has been a true instinct which from the beginning has shaped the services of all churches more or less in this direction : in a most perverse and superstitious way indeed, as the quotations above given show, but with a certain groping after the right way that cannot be despised. We pass, however, to the next false sacrament, or rather to those two which cannot well be separated, Penance and

Orders. Here we shall condense a few sentences, which will show how an Anglican, himself high enough, admonishes his Romanising brethren.

“Even supposing this ‘power of the keys,’ as it is called, to have been handed down from the Apostles, in the same degree in which they received it—a doctrine for which assertion does not suffice, but which requires proof, seeing sundry other gifts, such as healing the sick, raising the dead, &c., made to the Apostles, ceased altogether with the Apostolic office—if the inward grace of the remission of sins, said to follow upon the outward and visible sign of the priest’s absolution, constitute this a sacrament, then clearly must other priestly functions be sacraments as well. Faith, which is often called ‘sacramentum,’ is a grace that ‘cometh by hearing,’ and hearing comes by the outward preaching of the Word of God; preaching, therefore, must also be a sacrament.” “There would at first sight be more to say in favour of the so-called sacrament of Holy Orders; for if so be Baptism is an enlistment into the ranks of Christ, what else are Holy Orders than that in a greater degree? Yet, neither is this a sacrament in the sense we take it, inasmuch as it does not belong to the whole of Christ’s body, but only to some of its members thereby set apart for their office, neither is it necessary to their salvation, inasmuch as they might be saved more easily without it, since it entails on them far heavier responsibilities than on any other members of the Church. Yet, the more the clergy look upon these orders in a sacramental light, the better for their own individual benefit.”

These last words are meant in a very good sense; but they may be read by some who will think that they betray something of the spirit and tendency which produced the added sacraments which our author is condemning. As they are meant, they are of great importance. The minister of the Gospel who is set apart to its service has given his pledge to have but one business in the world, and he has received in his ordination a gift which he is to “stir up.” But between that and the sacramental relation to Christ which makes him as it were a living sacrament, the channel of grace which may not be obtained save through him, there is an enormous difference. Looking at their office in too sacramental a light, is one of the greatest errors of the ministers who form the majority in England. There lies the secret of their affinity with Rome: they are priests of the mysteries, and embodiments of the sacrament in themselves. Dr. Malan is evidently here under

restraint. "I will not here discuss the question of absolution, leastwise that of *Indulgences*, sold or given by the Romish Church; but only state that, how far soever the question of Absolution be supposed to reach, and howsoever it be understood, it was neither ordained nor instituted by Christ at any particular time for any definite object, like Baptism and the Lord's Supper; but it only was a power given to His Apostles as part of their Apostolic office; to be by them used at discretion, as occasion required." We must believe that Dr. Malan here gives the right solution, in part at least. The authority was given to the Apostles as a body; even as it had been given to St. Peter as their representative; when it was given to St. Peter, it was a personal prerogative, marking him out as the first of the Apostles of the circumcision to the end. But it was repeated, and with an important change, to the whole company, lest St. Peter's primacy should be misunderstood, and in fact to condemn beforehand that gigantic misunderstanding which was foreseen. It must be remembered, however, that on the second occasion, or the renewal of the commission, the whole company of the Church were present. The authority was given to the Eleven in their midst, in their presence, and as part of them: betokening that their departure would not rob the Church of its prerogative to represent the Saviour in the world. The Apostolic office ceased, and with it the special functions and prerogatives that were limited to the time of the Church's foundation. When they were gone, that part of their function which was for permanent service passed on to the ordinary members of the Church, whose first representatives the Apostles themselves chose.

But why do Dr. Malan and all his brethren persist in retaining the word Priest, now that the term has become almost the watchword of a certain class of extreme opinions? He is careful, when dwelling on the function of the "priest" at the Lord's Table, to say that the priest is no other than the presbyter or president, so called in the earliest documents, and that "no supernatural virtue comes from his hands, as virtues of healing came from those of the Apostles; for he has nothing in himself, but his authority lies wholly in his office." We have no complaint to make against our author's orthodoxy in this respect. But his constant and very noble vindication of the supreme and sole authority of Scripture as the norm and regulator of all views, and of all the methods of their statement, suggests the inquiry why in this particular he does not raise his protest. Of course it

will be said that the formularies give the word, which it is not for him to change. But the word means something different from what it originally meant when used for presbyter. A "priest" standing before the table is perilously suggestive of officiating at an altar. To a very large portion of Christendom the term is appropriate. They believe that there are "priests on earth" who as really offer up the Eternal Sacrifice as the High Priest offered Himself on the altar of the cross; and "that they might have somewhat to offer," change by their priestly authority the bread and wine into the very Sacrifice Himself. The English priest, in Dr. Malan's teaching, is a very different office-bearer; and we wonder that, leaving scarcely an error unnoticed by his keen and well-instructed eye, he nevertheless says nothing about the absence of a priest from the ministry of the New-Testament Church.

Turning to the Two Sacraments themselves, we are impressed first with the vigorous exhibition here given of their counterparts—if such a word may be used—in the Old Testament. The reader or student must try to follow the author through his discussions of the ancient analoga or prefigurations of baptism: the more thoroughly he masters the subject the better for himself. We shall content ourselves with an extract or two, rather for our own readers' instruction than anything else, respecting the much-vexed question of the baptism of Proselytes. On this subject, Dr. Malan follows Maimonides, whose testimonies he analyses and sums up as one who knows the great rabbinical authority at first hand, and puts a confidence in him which modern strictures have not shaken. Referring to the stricter class of Proselytes—those of the Covenant—he says:

"When a Gentile presented himself to the Sanhedrin for admission into the Jewish Church, or, in other words, 'to gather himself under the wing of the Shekinah,' he was asked why he wished to do so, and many other searching questions. He was told to consider the reproach of Israel, as well as the glory thereof; and a strict inquiry was made into his antecedents and into his knowledge of the Jewish faith. If he persisted, he was then baptised, after again professing his repentance of his past life of heathenism, in presence of three witnesses or assessors; who repeated to him the commandments, while he stood up to his neck in water—whether in a font or in some other place—three cubits deep. After that, he bowed his head under water an instant, as being dead to the past, and buried; and then came out thence,

another man : that is, in an altered condition. A female proselyte was baptised before three women, who also repeated the commandments to her while she was in the water. If she was with child, her offspring was considered as being baptised with her, and was not rebaptised when born. The offering after baptism was two turtle doves, or two young pigeons, or some head of cattle. But as now there is no place of sacrifice, this is omitted; and circumcision with baptism is held sufficient for men, but baptism alone for women."

Now comes the point. The proselyte after baptism was regarded as "like an infant or a child born anew of water." He was dead utterly to the past, and alive to the new life of the future. "Some Rabbis held that circumcision is alone necessary; but a greater number of Jewish doctors contend that baptism alone is sufficient; asking how their mothers in the wilderness, and afterwards, could have been 'taken under the wings of the Shekinah' except by baptism, which always accompanies the sprinkling of blood (Ex. xxiv. 8)." Thus in rabbinical writings there is a tendency to carry baptism as the rite of proselytes up to a very early time; and even to exalt it above circumcision, which they do not regard as a distinctive badge of Israel, it having been practised by Egyptians, Phœnicians, and other nations. This ancient union between circumcision and baptism, and even rivalry between them, is very remarkable. It might almost appear as if the Jewish doctors, seeing that the new rite had robbed their ancient rite of its pre-eminence, took this method of making baptism their own, and something that Christianity borrowed, as they assert it borrowed the Trinity and most of its peculiar doctrines. This, indeed, is the account given by many of those who are bent on disturbing old opinions, and see the full bearing of the fact in favour of Christianity, and of the sacramental institute in particular. For ourselves, we are quite content with our author's learned guidance, and shall let him say a few more striking things, which we shall condense in our own fashion.

As the Jews well knew these rites of admission, our Saviour justly wondered at Nicodemus, a Master in Israel, not knowing these things. "He who was of that sect which 'compassed sea and land to make one proselyte,' might have understood what was meant by being born again of water, even if he did not know what to be 'born of the Spirit' could mean." The fact that certain privileges were

conferred upon him—the adoption, the glory, and the covenants, and all that St. Paul describes (Rom. ix.)—would make his baptism more than a mere ceremony to the proselyte : it was the sacramental means of his sharing the prerogatives of the people of God. “At any rate, these privileges became his, whether to receive or reject, the moment he was admitted into Abraham’s family, by being baptised, and thereby incorporated into the Jewish Church. If this baptism, then,—a mere washing administered in nobody’s name,—was of such significance even under the law, is it likely, nay, is it possible, that the same sacramental rite when ratified, perfected, and instituted by Christ Himself, as the rite of admission into His Church, should be of less avail than the shadow of it was to a proselyte ? It cannot be.” Of course the pith of this depends on baptism having been administered under the old covenant. Dr. Malan is of opinion that it was. Supposing him in error on this point, his remarks will still hold good, inasmuch as he regards the Church of God as having had the two sacraments in a figure, even before the giving of the law. “Even then had the sacraments of ‘the Paschal Lamb,’ and of ‘Baptism, in the cloud and in the sea,’ been instituted : both of them so much greater than other legal ceremonies, and than the civil rite of circumcision, as Abraham’s faith was higher, greater, and of more value than the seal put to it after he had believed.” At this point we mark a note which had escaped notice : which might well be the case, unlimited as the notes are in their affluence, though there is not one of the smallest of them which ought not to be marked.

“There has been a question among scholars as to whether Christian baptism was, in form, borrowed from the baptism of proselytes, or that of proselytes from the Christian rite. One of the chief arguments in favour of the latter opinion is the total silence observed in the Old Testament regarding it in the admission of proselytes. But (1) it may have been taken for granted, since Jewish Doctors say it was greater than circumcision ; (2) we have no account of a formal admission, under the law, of a ‘Proselyte of the Covenant ;’ and (3) Jewish Doctors, who bear no love to the Christians, are unanimous on the subject.”

When our author comes to the second sacrament, he follows in the same track, linking it with the Old Testament in a very striking and in some respects original manner. “Without dwelling on facts familiar to us all, we must

nevertheless notice how little of chance or of accident, and how much of deliberate purpose and settled design, there was in the way in which God led His Church at her beginning. Christ, says the holy Apostle, was with her in the wilderness, where He already fed her with spiritual meat and drink; yet only after she had been baptised in the sea, unto death in Egypt, and unto life in God." But did not the ancient Eucharist precede that ancient Baptism? Yes, as an institution, just as the Lord's Supper was instituted before the baptismal formula was given. Here we must quote a passage which will require some pondering:

"But as the salvation, the rescue, and the flight, could only be wrought that once; and as the same circumstances would never again take place, so also were all the special ceremonies connected with that one night only, never again to be repeated; as, for instance, the sprinkling of blood, the common way of eating the lamb, the hurried departure, &c., reckoned to nine particulars, which distinguished 'the Passover of Egypt,' say the Jewish Rabbis, from the Passover of the following generations; the Egyptian Passover being the Institution of the Feast, and all other after celebrations of it being kept only in remembrance of that one. Thus in the wilderness was Israel told that when he came to the land of Canaan the Passover would only be killed in one place; in the place which the Lord would show. And He showed Jerusalem, the Salem of Melchizedec, who, there also, met Abraham and refreshed him with bread and wine. For, while Israel was with Joshua taking possession of the Land of Promise, no particular place could be named wherein to celebrate the Passover; since the country was not yet declared to be God's territory, nor Jerusalem the city of the great King. The first Passover, therefore, of which we hear after the one kept in Joshua's time, was at Jerusalem, neither could it have been kept anywhere else; when once the Ark had found a resting-place in the temple, reared on Mount Moriah, hallowed as this hill had been by the sacrifice of Isaac, by the blessing of Melchizedec; and consecrated as it was to be, for evermore, by the Sacrifice upon the cross of the Son of God Himself—of the lamb without blemish and without spot, prepared before the foundation of the world. 'The sacrament (mystery), therefore, of the lamb which God commanded to be sacrificed at the Passover, was a type of Christ, with whose blood those who believe in Him sprinkle (anoint) their own houses, that is their own selves, according to the analogy of faith in Him (Justin M.)' It is here, therefore, at Jerusalem, that we must look for the rites and ceremonies of the Passover, which bear directly on the institution of the Lord's

Supper by Christ, at the last Passover which He kept with His disciples."

Then follows a dissertation on its relation to the season of the year, and the prescriptions for the permanent reckoning of the time, and other particulars, which we reluctantly omit, coming to the celebration in the time of our Saviour. The fourteenth of the month was strictly the Passover; the next day was "the feast," commencing the seven days of "unleavened bread." "But, inasmuch as the Passover was eaten with unleavened bread on the night of the fourteenth, therefore was this night reckoned both to the fourteenth and the fifteenth day, according to Jewish custom; which was, in civil matters, to reckon from sunrise to sunrise, and, in sacred ones, from evening to evening:" a statement of considerable importance in reading the Gospel narratives. "Then did the people rejoice greatly, every man thinking himself honoured with the office of a priest, when every one of the people killed for himself, not waiting for the priests; the law having granted to the whole nation (*πανδημει*) one chosen day every year, for them to offer their own sacrifices" (Philo): a shadow, as our author says, of one real and holy priesthood, and a fact that deserves notice in connection with the celebration of the Lord's Supper, as our Passover.

After the preparation of the lamb, it was suspended with a stick of pomegranate wood thrust from the mouth downwards (according to Justin Martyr, with a transverse stick, thus forming a cross), and laid roasted on the table; with it were laid the chagigah, or feast-supper proper, and unleavened loaves, and the charoseth, a thick mixture of apples, pears, figs, with morsels of ginger and cinnamon, to represent bricks, straw, and stubble used by the Israelites in Egypt, and bitter herbs with vinegar into which the loaves were dipped. The lamb was eaten last, that the guests should be full when they partook of it, and no second course might follow it. The loaf was blessed whole, and a broken portion given to every guest. The cup of wine was blessed also at the beginning, and mixed with a little water. After the lamb was finally partaken of, "the Body of the Passover," and the affliction in Egypt was memorialised, the cup of blessing was passed round, a hymn was sung, and the company dispersed. All this, from the sacrifice to the eating, was called *ποιεῖν τὸ πάσχα*, to celebrate or keep

the Passover; and must be so interpreted in the Gospels: the Lord did not bid the disciples to sacrifice when He said "Do this," but simply to keep the new feast. This our author abundantly proves; and it is of great importance as against all who found upon this word the sacrificial meaning of the celebration. The Evangelists render our Lord's words, when He ordered the room to be ready, whatever they were as He used them, by two Greek phrases, having the same meaning: "that I may keep" and "that I may eat" "the Passover."

It seems hard, when treating of the institution of the New Passover, to be obliged to discuss the reconciliation of the Evangelists, and to determine precisely on which day the Lord kept the feast. Dr. Malan declines the task; but gives his own view, that He ate the Passover on the Thursday evening which was reckoned to the Friday on which He suffered. This, the fourteenth, was both the day of the Passover and "the preparation day" before the Sabbath: it was, however, "the preparation of the Passover," not as of the eve of the feast, but as that "preparation day" on which this year the Passover was kept. The evening of this thirteenth was called, as by St. Matthew, chap. xxvi. 17, "the first day of the feast of unleavened bread," this day being considered as one with the following, or, more probably, the "first" means "before" the actual day when they killed the Passover. But into the discussion of these points we need not enter. It is refreshing to lift our minds out of them as our author does, in the following way:

"Interesting as these details be, and awful as the warning is, that among twelve disciples who were sitting down with the Master at His table one was a traitor, yet are such details mere incidents in the outward acting of the mystery that was then being fully wrought out. On that small band of men, humble and despised, who sat at meat in that upper room of a poor dwelling in a crowded city, Angels, Watchers and Archangels waited in worship, unheard and unseen; bid as they were by their King to stand aloof, and leave Him alone, until He had wrung out the very dregs of that bitter cup of sorrow He was about to drink for our sakes. This was His last Passover on earth: the next would be in the kingdom of God. When? He had earnestly longed to eat this one with His disciples ere He suffered; that side by side with the emblem of Himself, He might point to the real sacrifice. He, the true Paschal Lamb, without blemish and without spot, prepared even before the foundation of the world, was about to

accomplish : that He might point to Himself, the victim of propitiation then offered for the sins of men ; and that He might make His Apostles, to whom He gave this earth, pass over at once from the shadows of the Old Testament to the realities of the New ; from the bondage of the law He was now obeying to the uttermost to the freedom of a spiritual worship which is life and peace."

Dr. Malan then proceeds to the heart of his treatise, which is the Benefit of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper to ourselves. And he begins with a noble vindication of faith as the sole means of our intercourse and communion with the Redeemer. He gives us a glowing picture of the triumphs of faith during our Lord's sojourn on earth before the cross ; and leaves the impression on our minds that faith is the everlasting bond of union between the sinner and Him whose virtue saves the sinner, a bond which nothing sacramental or other should ever supersede. "That is 'the one thing needful ;' all the rest, whatever it be, comes after this—living faith. In no other way can we place ourselves in fellowship with Him who is present with us in spirit only." But his application of this to the reception of the Eucharist requires a little caution. For instance, it is well to dilate on the fact that ignorant but faithful Christians, who understand nothing about real presence, transubstantiation, consubstantiation, receive the "same practical and real benefit, neither more or less, as the priest who administers to them the sacred elements," and to urge that "the 'healing in His wings' is not matter of intellect, but of feeling, in those whom He quickens into new life. It depends less on education than on the heart opening itself like a flower to His rays, through unfeigned faith in Him ; and the process that then takes place is spiritual, in all men alike ; for all men have a spirit, though all men have not intellect." All this is perfectly true as a protest against the attempt to understand the mystery of the sacrament. Still, we cannot but think that in this, as in every mystery of the Gospel, faith must have its object. We cannot understand "the undiscernible secret, not fit to be inquired into," of the Incarnate Person of Christ ; but the believer's faith in Him who is God and man steadfastly beholds Him as such, and is taught to acknowledge Him as this and no other : not only to wait on Him as a Power to be felt, but also to go out after Him as actually the Son of God incarnate. So the believer must bring a specific faith to the sacramental commemoration, a faith

ad hoc, a faith that must be educated to know what it may expect there: in other words, it must be not general but specific. Faith is "the evidence of things not seen." As our author beautifully says: "The spirit, like light, gives as it were form and colour to the spiritual, unseen things of God, which faith beholds." But we hesitate to follow him when he says that "in this as in everything else that belongs to our spiritual life, faith comes first and the Spirit follows; or rather comes with it, though second in order, into the heart." Hardly "second in order" in the case of the worthy communicant, to whom, according to the theory of the Gospel, the Spirit shows the things of Christ to the faith which first sees them and then lays hold on them. Doubtless, we are really at one with the author in this matter. But we are desirous to guard against an error which is very prevalent, and one which this book itself does much to guard against, that it is a matter of no moment what idea of its meaning is brought to the holy ordinance; that the blessing is there for all who come, eating and drinking with the simplicity of little children fed by their parents with food convenient, but knowing nothing and caring nothing about the source and nature of the provision. All the noble sayings on this subject which are quoted from Jeremy Taylor, and Hooker, and the Fathers, are true and memorable, as they refer to the impenetrable secret of Divine communication of grace in the sacrament. These fine sayings, "summed up in the words of St. Isaac the Great, Bishop of Nineveh, 'Faith beckons to thee; draw near and eat, in silence; and drink; but ask no questions,'" express the profoundest and most blessed truth. But we must believe with the mind as well as with the heart: "by faith we understand." And it seems to us that it is no small part of the duty of Christian pastors, "stewards of the mysteries of God," to show their people what is the object of faith when they draw near to the table of the Lord. Those who pervert the simplicity of the Gospel, and are written against throughout this volume, forbid attempt to penetrate the mystery; but they set a very clear object before the faith of their votaries. Those who receive the sacramental wafer firmly believe in a transcendent object. And the great value of the book we are reviewing, not to say our justification for reviewing it, is that the thorough study of the subject helps to give clear apprehensions to our believing communicants.

The consecration of the Eucharistic elements occupies much attention in this volume, and is handled in a masterly way, as against the extreme Ritualists. But while Dr. Malan is successful against them, he seems to us somewhat inconsistent with himself. He sets out with the assertion: "We believe [that a 'riteful consecration' of the elements, whether of water at baptism, or of the bread and wine at the Eucharist, gives them their supernatural efficacy: that is, fits them for the purpose intended by Christ, as outward symbols of inward union and communion with Him." Applying this specially to the Lord's Supper, he goes on: "What, then, is this riteful consecration? It is in the Eucharist the act performed by the priest, presbyterus, or, as it used to be, 'president of the brethren;' in place of our Saviour's 'giving of thanks' and 'blessing,' together with 'the words of institution' or 'consecration.'" Now, if consecration gives the elements "their supernatural efficacy," and consecration is an "act performed by the priest," we naturally ask what the precise act is which accomplishes so great a result. "It resolves itself into the devout utterance of a certain form of words embodying a portion, or the whole, of those spoken by our Lord at the Last Supper, the mode of which differs in the several Churches of Christendom, but is unquestionably fullest and best in the English Church." We cannot help feeling that there is some confusion here. Dr. Malan tells us that "we must give heed not to the opinion of any one man, since no man understands this secret—but to the words of our Lord; resting on them, and on nothing else, according to the proportion of faith of every one of us in particular. Unless, indeed, we had the unanimous voice of the Church in explanation of these words." Now, surely the Saviour gave no command as to this consecration, viewed as the "giving the elements their supernatural efficacy." There are many words which might have been used by Him, and by St. Paul after Him, to express this kind of consecration. They are not used. The Church, and the ministers of the Church as its representatives, invoke the Divine blessing in the form of a prayer of thanksgiving; in this closely imitating the Lord Himself. But there the function of the ministry ends. They do not in any sense continue the mysterious power of the Lord, who by His Spirit does give a "supernatural efficacy" to the elements, or rather to

the believing reception of them, that is, to the whole sacramental act. This is precisely what Dr. Malan really means, as is evident from the entire tenour of his argument; but it is unfortunate to speak of "giving them their supernatural efficacy." It is precisely the language which the advocates of the Objective Presence, in Rome and out of it, would elect.

But to return. The words of consecration are not to be found authoritatively in our Lord's institution. Dr. Malan proves triumphantly that we have no exact guidance here, either in the Gospels or in antiquity. As to antiquity, he sets Eustathius, Bishop of Antioch (340), with his "figures of the bodily members of Christ," against his brother Theophylact (1100), with his "elements which are not a figure, but the Body itself." As to the words of institution there is the same difference. Rome says that "This is My body," said by the priest, causes a sudden transformation, while the Greek Church teaches that the change, whatever it be, is wrought entirely by the efficacy of the Holy Ghost, who is asked to come down on the bread and wine. Again, St. Gregory tells us that the Apostles consecrated the Eucharist by only saying the Lord's Prayer. "Which of the saints," says Basil, "left us in writing the words of invocation in the offering of the bread and wine of the Eucharist? For we are not satisfied with those left on record by the Apostle, or in the Gospel; but we use many others before and after," &c. Dr. Malan, whose quotation of course this is, adds: "This is indeed true; for of the very many liturgies I have examined, not two are exactly alike." While Jeremy Taylor, than whom we have no greater and better authority on this subject, adds this consideration: "That it is certain Christ interposed no command in this case, nor the Apostles; neither did they, for aught appears, intend the recitation of those words to be the sacramental consecration, and operative of the change, because themselves recited several forms of institution in St. Matthew and St. Mark for one, and St. Luke and St. Mark for the other, in the matter of the chalice especially; and by this difference declared that there is no necessity of one, and therefore no efficacy in any as to the purpose." Now we do not complain of the phrase "words of consecration," or "consecration prayer." They precisely express that heavenly invocation of our Lord which blessed the Table to the end of time; and that

emphatic declaration of the Apostle Paul concerning the "cup of blessing which we bless." No solemnity, no reverence, no ardour of gratitude, no beauty of fervent words, can be imagined to exceed what should precede this celebration: at which we invoke the Lord's blessing, in His own words, on His own Feast. But we have the choice words of St. Basil still in our ears: not in the translation, but in the original, where *ἐπικλήσις* says all that consecration means, and quite enough for us, and *ἀναδείξις* says all that the "offering" of the elements means, and quite enough for us. All possible beauty of devotion within the limits of the old Greek Invocation! None so profitably partake with the Lord and of the Lord as those who prepare themselves at the table, as well as before coming to it, by entering into the spirit of this prayer. Invocation, not consecration! And the "offering" that follows surely is rather a "spreading out" or an "exhibition" or "an ordering" of the feast than its presentation to God, though in another sense, and not as a feast, there is a commemorative oblation too. Dr. Malan insists on the Scripture alone. And he is not far from perfect submission to his own canon: only not far.

The form and words of our Lord's institution are very elaborately treated; but, before discussing them, Dr. Malan refers to the way in which our modern celebration deviates from the symbolism of the first feast, a deviation which, in somewhat exaggerated language, is said to "give us little or no idea of what took place at the institution thereof, in the upper chamber at Jerusalem." That may be, and is, deplorably true of the dramatic exhibition of the mystery of the Passion which the old communions present; but is not strictly true of the celebration to which the Protestant usage has habituated us. Our author bids us remember that in Scripture there is no such thing as "bread" distinct from "loaf." Our Saviour at His Supper took "a loaf," saying as He blessed and brake it, "Take, eat, this is My Body (not 'My flesh') which is broken for you."

"Taking this in connection with His being, not 'the bread come down from heaven,' but—if one could express the idea of the original by 'the loaf,' the one whole Staff of Life for the world; and not a portion only—'this (loaf) is My Body broken for you' might, perhaps, imply His Body; the Church, which He condescended to love, to redeem, to save, to join unto Himself, and to break and divide into several members; 'for you,' for His

Apostles, about to go forth and spread it over the earth, and for those who 'should believe through their word;' that every one of them might become a member of His Body, thus broken into many members for their sakes. 'Take, eat,' in token to them that they lived by Him, and He in them, for they 'could do nothing without Him' who is the Head of His Body, and who spake these words at the time. It is evident that a square bit of bread-crumbs, divided into regular pieces, or a wafer, give no idea whatever of the symbol intended in the 'breaking of a loaf.' A very desirable alteration, therefore, would be the introduction of such 'a loaf' in the administration of the Holy Communion. It would be to the purpose; and it would tend to edification, by giving to one of the symbols in this Sacrament a meaning far higher and deeper than sundry vain ceremonies of human invention. We should then understand better the words of the Apostles, that bear on the breaking of a loaf: 'the loaf which we break is it not the communion, or fellowship, of the body of Christ?' 'Because we, however many we be, are one "loaf," one Body; for we all partake (share in) that one (loaf) Body' (1 Cor. x. 17)."

All this we cannot understand. The distinction between Bread and Loaf may have its value; but not to the extent here asserted. The "loaf" is, after all, better in the margin, where the Revisers have placed it, than in the text. We are persuaded that our Lord is the Bread or nourishment of life, in that more general sense which the Hebrew term as well as the Greek bears throughout the Scriptures. Our author quotes the language of the Temptation: "Command that these stones become loaves;" but he forgets what follows, "Man shall not live by bread alone:" not "by loaves." As to the symbolism of breaking the bread during the celebration, we do not feel the force of what is here so earnestly insisted on. The "breaking" of the bread is a doubtful word in connection with any account of the original institution; and in the description of the feast afterwards it is rather the conventional expression for joining in the feast generally. If the usage were retained, or rather adopted—for it has not been the catholic usage—the question would arise: Does it mean to symbolise the sacrificial violence done to the Lord's sacred body? or, Does it signify the One Body, the Church, in its several members? It is the latter which our author seems to prefer. But that seems quite inconsistent with the application of the word "Communion" in St. Paul's Corinthian passage; and even in that theory the breaking of the bread would make what after all is subordinate become central and supreme. Of

course, if the breaking refers to the Saviour's sacrifice itself, it is opposed to the Scripture, which says that "not a bone of Him was broken." With the symbolical "pouring out of the wine" the case is somewhat different.

The doctrine of the Real Presence lies at the basis of every error on this subject. And it has two bearings on it: the actual and real presence through transubstantiation of the Eternal Sacrifice in the elements to be offered; and the real presence of the glorified Christ in the elements to be received. It is the latter which is generally understood, and to that this book limits itself; but it seems obvious that the former also belongs to it. And the question arises: In what way, or by what words, or by what prophetic indication, did our Lord signify that He was to be offered in sacrifice after the consummation of the cross? The only expression that can possibly be pressed into the service is, "Do this in remembrance of Me;" or, rather, "Do this," since remembrance or commemoration of a sacrifice cannot be the sacrifice itself, excepting in typical ritual. "The Greek word," says Mr. Carter, the Anglican writer on "The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist," "is constantly employed in connection with the idea of sacrifice or offering; so that in the original 'Do this' would involve the thought of 'Offer this,' or 'Make this' sacrifice. . . . It involves a question of Greek scholarship."

Dr. Malan has, as we think, thoroughly settled the meaning of these words; and we recommend his pages to the Greek-Testament student with great confidence. In a few sentences we must give the pith of his argument. The appeal to the Septuagint is of no avail; for the Greek *ποιεῖν* does not mean there "to sacrifice" or "to offer," save in an idiomatic use, which explains itself, and is quite independent of its use in the New Testament. It implied a sacrifice "wrought with hand, which consists, as regards victims, in slaying, skinning, cleaning, burning, &c.; and as regards flour, wine, bread, &c., in mixing, kneading, baking, &c. All such sacrifices, wrought with hand, under the law, being fulfilled in that of Christ, we see why *ποιεῖν θυσίαν*, said in the Septuagint of legal offerings, does not once occur in the New Testament." The result of examination cannot be other than that to which we are here led. The Saviour could not and did not use the words "Do this" in a sacrificial sense; He simply enjoined on His disciples that they should do what He was then doing; to

bless and give thanks and eat and drink and distribute in remembrance of Him. He would not have used this indefinite and unsacrificial word to signify His supreme oblation: what terms He would have used we find everywhere throughout the Epistle to the Hebrews, and indeed the New Testament. Let the reader take the passage, Heb. vii. 27, where two words occur, one of which is "offer up" and the other "do:" "we have both 'this He did' and 'He offered up' so used—the former in its plain sense and the latter in the sacrificial, so that the one may not be taken for the other, but each retain its proper sense." The question seems one that may be easily settled; but the arguments of the opponents are very subtle, and the pains here taken to meet them are by no means superfluous. Moreover, we feel, with our author, satisfaction in thinking that the sacrificial interpretation of "Do this" is not supported by antiquity or the sound learning of any age. Neither Chrysostom, Clement of Alexandria, Ambrose, Theophylact, Euthymius Zigabenus, Nonnus, nor any of the Fathers—we are giving this on Dr. Malan's authority, "so far as I know"—even alludes to the sense which is thus put now on our Saviour's words, while Jeremy Taylor remarks: "The blessed Sacrament is the same thing now as it was in the institution of it. *Hoc facite* commences it, This do: What Christ did His disciples are to do. Christ did not give His natural body in the Last Supper, neither does He now."

The other part of the sacred words, "in remembrance of Me," is laid bare in a skilful and most instructive manner. Our High Priest, having accomplished His sacrifice on the cross, ceased from sacrificial functions altogether; He does not minister in Heaven, but sits as Intercessor and Advocate. He instituted the Eucharist in remembrance of Himself, "not as He is at present, but as He was then," when about to be sacrificed, and to die for us; that is, in remembrance of His death and passion, and of nothing else. The Greek word *ἀνάμνησις* is "the remembrance of a thing that is past and not of a thing present." It is of course for ever associated with Plato, and Dr. Malan gives us copious illustrations of its use by him, as well as of its distinction from its synonyms; as showing its original meaning before "the falling away of Greek philosophy and correct style." It has not the sense of "memorial." "In the sense of memorial or monument—in any other sense, in short, than

the metaphysical operation of the mind that recollects things gone by, it is *infimæ Græcitatæ*." Here, again, however, the Septuagint becomes a stumbling-block to those who are superficially versed in it; but confirms the true meaning, rather than otherwise, when thoroughly studied. "It must be self-evident to every accurate scholar, that *anamnesis* cannot be used for the objects through which the remembrance is produced in us, except in debased style: for it is a barbarism." In the important passage, "in these sacrifices there is a remembrance (*anamnesis*) made of sins every year," the word does not signify "a memorial, to remind God of them:" "an expression utterly unintelligible; since the command given to offer those sacrifices for sin was a standing order from God, that there was a daily or yearly account to be settled with Him; which He, therefore, never forgot; but which sinners themselves might easily overlook." The "memorial" was not in "the remembrance," but in the sacrifices appointed to cause the remembrance. "Had He meant that His disciples should do this in memory of Him as He would be soon afterwards, and as He is now, in glory, He would have said, 'Do this in memory,' not 'in remembrance:' *mnemen*, not *anamnesin*." "As regards the intention and performance of the holy rite itself, it has regard to that sacrifice only; while the contemplation of the further 'benefits of His passion,' gained for us by it, is left to the thought and consideration of every faithful partaker of the Sacrament; but forms no part of the rite itself." Finally, Dr. Malan directs attention to the objective form of the personal pronoun *εἰς τὴν ἐμὴν*, not *μου*, which gives a peculiar force. "It is somewhat singular that those who find a great deal more in *anamnesis* than it ever meant in Greek, overlook this, I may say, earnest and touching expression in our Saviour's words."

It is of great importance to bear in mind that, as the Eucharist is not the repetition of the sacrifice past, so it is not the reflection on earth of a sacrifice going on in heaven or continually offered there. Mr. Carter represents the Roman doctrine, toned down for Anglicans thus: "St. John saw our Lord thus offering Himself as 'a lamb as it had been slain,' His death-wounds still visible on His body. He saw Him there still pleading His sacrifice once offered on the cross, and thus interceding, and applying its merits for the salvation of the world. Our Lord ordained that

this same offering, with this same worship, should continue to be celebrated in a sacrament on earth, even as it is visibly within the courts of heaven." Concerning which our author says: "All that is pure imagination. Pious imagination, no doubt; yet still a mere fancy and nothing more; for, where and when did our Lord ordain such an offering?"

The advocates of the Real Presence as objective—that is, in the elements, apart from the faith of the recipient—are flatly contradicted by the doctrine of the Articles of the Church of England. "The Body of Christ," says Article xxviii., "is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper, only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the mean whereby the Body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is faith." Our author gives us his earnest testimony on this subject of the real presence only in faith in words which we will not condense:

"The offence some people take at the words 'real presence of Christ in the sacrament,' comes from mistaking them. Both Papists and Anglicans use the term 'real presence;' but Papists—whether certain men who call themselves Anglicans, while teaching Romish doctrines, differ much from them, I cannot tell—mean by 'real presence' that Christ is materially present in the bread and wine; or rather that these symbols are changed into His natural flesh and blood. So that they materially and mechanically eat and drink Him; a doctrine so gross and so forbidding that the mind recoils from it; as also from details into which those who hold it are obliged to enter. Whereas Anglicans, such as Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, and other like sober-minded men, understand by real presence in the sacrament—not that Christ forms part of the elements, which after the consecration remain in every respect unchanged in form, nature, and substance, as Theodoret says—but that Christ is then specially present in a spiritual or sacramental manner; and that He thus verily communicates Himself in His whole Person as 'EMMANUEL, God with us,' to every faithful partaker of the Lord's Supper: 'the mean,' says Article xxviii., 'whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Lord's Supper being—faith.' He then is really present, as He also is really present where two or three meet together in His name; and everywhere and at all times, with those who love His company. In prayer, in thought, in contemplation, in the study of His life and of His doctrine; in sorrow, in danger, or in fear—were it not for His real presence with us, life would often be too heavy to bear. So that it can only be from a misunderstanding that His real presence in the same way should be denied at the commemora-

tion of His death ; of the only act on His part that won for us the boon we would sooner die than lose, namely, His being one of ourselves."

It should be remembered, however, that the term "Real Presence," *presentia realis*, gives offence simply because it has become, indeed always was, a technical term for the expression of the very doctrine that is here protested against. They do not object to the doctrine that the Lord is present in the most sacred service that He instituted on purpose to make His presence a reality ; nor do they hesitate to believe that, as He is present in all assemblies, He is specially present in this, or that as He is always giving Himself to His people's faith in a perpetual feast, so in this, "the great day of the feast," He gives them "the finest of the wheat." We would go further than this ; and say what Dr. Malan often hints at, but never formally and sufficiently lays down, that in this sacrament the Mediator of the new covenant gives the great and abiding pledge and assurance in the confidence of which all other ordinances are resorted to and used : it is the standing seal of all the blessings of the covenant of grace. But the term "real presence" has an ineffaceable stamp on it that forbids its use. It fares with it as with the word priest, of which our author, though he uses the dangerous word, says : "Nowhere do the Apostles, or the Apostolic Fathers, use the term *ιερεύς* for priest in the Holy Catholic Church, but only *πρεσβύτερος*. The so-called Apostolic Liturgies are utterly worthless as authority. Even in the so-called Apostolic Canons, 'priests' are never called *ιερείς* but presbyters."

The interpretation of John vi. in relation to the Eucharist is of essential importance ; and all the more because the discourse there recorded was not spoken with direct reference to the sacrament, the institution of which lay yet in the future, and had not yet been in any way alluded to by our Lord. The Divine Teacher, however, "knew what He would do" hereafter, and so ordered His teaching that it should in the future bear an application of which the hearers in Capernaum had no foresight. And when the Evangelist was moved by the Spirit to record the words which for that purpose were brought to his remembrance, he must have had the Supper of the Lord present to him in every

sentence that he wrote. As his third chapter was written and read with the sacrament of baptism in presence, so the sixth chapter was written and read in presence of the sacrament of the Eucharist. The right exposition of this chapter is therefore vital to the whole question.

The two sayings, "It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing," and "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life," cannot be taken as perfectly distinct, but as explaining each other. But much depends on which of them is the key of the exposition. If the former rules, the flesh is the human nature of our Lord, and the spirit His Divine nature; and then comes in the extreme sacramental theory that it is the Divinity of Christ which gives the reception of the elements its quickening power both in the souls and in the bodies of faithful recipients. If the latter rules, then it is the intention of our Lord to say that His whole discourse must have a spiritual and not a carnal interpretation. And for this Dr. Malan pleads, with his usual force of argument and wealth of patristic illustration: Athanasius is quoted as showing that "the Lord spake of the Holy Ghost, in contrast with the flesh, not of Christ's body, but of our sinful nature." Basil: "The Apostle speaks of the law as of the letter, and of the doctrine of the Lord as of the Spirit: witness the Lord Himself, who says, 'My words, they are spirit and they are life.'" Chrysostom seems first to blend the two expositions: "By bread here He means either the saving doctrines, and the faith that is in Him, or His body, for both receive the soul." But on "It is the Spirit that quickeneth" he writes: "What He means is this: you must understand spiritually the things which concern Me; for he who understands them according to the flesh neither profits at all nor benefits thereby. It was their carnality to doubt that He was come down from heaven, and that He would give His flesh to eat. All these things were according to the flesh, which they ought to have understood mystically. My words are divine and spiritual, having nothing carnal; neither are they to be construed literally, for they are above any such necessity." After other citations, Dr. Malan concludes: "This is assuredly enough to show that those 'godly doctors' of old did not, like younger ones, take the words 'flesh and spirit' in this sixth chapter of St. John to mean the human and the Divine natures of Christ; even when they admitted that a portion of this chapter might pos-

sibly refer to the Eucharist." And he makes the application thus: "Certain it is, as far as we can understand these words of Divine mysteries, according to the analogy of faith, that the symbols of bread and wine are then fitted, by virtue of Christ's institution, to be the special means of making the soul travel back to the sacrifice of Christ on the cross, in remembrance of it; or, more correctly, 'for remembrance of it,' in order to bring it present to the memory, and on it to dwell, and spiritually to feed by faith."

"The body and blood of Christ are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper." This seems plainly enough to declare that only believers enjoy the benefit of grace which it pleases the Redeemer to connect with this sealing ordinance. But worshippers of our Lord's Real and Substantial Presence in the elements, and the advocates of the Lutheran Consubstantiation, will have it that all receive, some to their benefit and others to their hurt. The Anglicans feel perplexed by the word "faithful;" and resort to the device that the word does not stand for true believer. Canon Carter says, "Its meaning in the catechism is not its meaning in the ordinary use of the present day; but as we use it when we speak of Abraham as the Father of the Faithful, *i.e.*, believers as distinct from heathen." With this our Doctor joins issue: fortifying himself and us with wholesome quotations from the Fathers of the English Church and the Church catholic. Some of these are familiar enough to some; but will bear repetition. That from Hooker is good music: "The Real Presence of Christ's most blessed body and blood is not, therefore, to be sought for in the sacrament, but in the worthy receiver of the sacrament. And with this the very order of our Saviour's words agreeth, first, 'Take and eat,' then, 'This is My body which was broken for you;' first, 'Drink ye all of this;' then followeth 'This is My blood of the New Testament which is shed for many for the remission of sins.' I see not which way it should be gathered by the words of Christ, when and where the bread is His body or the cup His blood, but only in the heart and soul of him which receiveth them. As for the sacraments they really exhibit, but for aught we can gather out of that which is written of them, they are not really nor do really contain in themselves that grace which with them or by them it pleaseth God to bestow."

The examination of ourselves prescribed by the Apostle is strictly connected with the spiritual character of the Sacrament as "purely of the province of faith." It is very emphatic that this is a personal matter. The words of Chrysostom here quoted are of great interest in the light of modern abuses of confession; especially this sentence: "The Apostle does not enjoin that one man should be examined by another; but that every man should examine himself: thus settling that the judgment be not public, and that the proof be conducted without witnesses." This leads to another point: the question of the frequency of communion. As to this, our author repairs as usual to precedents from the Primitive Church, which certainly are very striking, almost startling. For instance, in this style St. Chrysostom addresses his hearers: "I address you all, therefore—not only you of this place, who communicate once or twice a year, or oftener still—but those also who live in the desert: for these communicate only once a year, and sometimes even only once in two years. What then? Which of them will be most approved of us?—those who communicate once, or those who do so often, or those again who do it seldom? Not any of these, but those who come to the Lord's Table with a pure heart, and with a life unrebukable. Let such men always draw near; others not even once." How does a testimony like this comport with the theory and practice of those who make the Eucharist not only the sum and substance of Christian worship, but the sole appointed channel of the sustenance of the spiritual life? Their theory and St. Chrysostom's are almost contradictories. But it is no disparagement of the feast to deny to it this almost exclusive prerogative. It is not intended to be "the daily bread" of the household of faith: He whose ordinances are wisely ordered in all things has not limited the nourishment of the soul to a daily common feast, which only under very rare conditions can be found by the hungry soul. No disparagement, we say: there is a special refreshment provided at set times, which is all the more desirable because of its comparative infrequency. "For, albeit Christ commune with us otherwise than in the Eucharist, as, for instance, in prayer as our Advocate and Intercessor; in meditation on Him as our Friend; and in sickness of heart as our Physician; yet, unless we receive, through the Eucharist, the special benefit it is intended to

confer, which is our being refreshed and strengthened in our souls by spiritually feeding on Christ's death and atonement for us, thereby growing in grace and union with Him, we cannot be sure of receiving it equally in another way, at another time."

Few sentences in this earnest and honest book will be felt by Ritualistic Anglicans to be more shocking than this: "As to early communions, fasting, they are not quite after our Lord's example, who instituted His own Supper, after having eaten the Passover in the evening. And, as to late communions, though more in accordance with His institution, if against custom, they need not be introduced. As regards daily or weekly communions, there might be danger for some lest the Holy Eucharist, if taken too frequently, might become too common, and thus lose its awful solemnity; while others, differently constituted, do not think they can take it too often. But this, again, must depend entirely on a man's own feeling; for St. Chrysostom, we see, tells us that it matters little one way or another." This is undoubtedly true; but it is scarcely satisfactory to leave the matter thus. The member of the Christian Church is not left altogether to his own discretion. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is a common feast, appointed for a set time; and, that set time being fixed by the community according to the discretion allowed by the Master, all are expected and supposed to be there. According to the theory which has become prevalent, the feast is supposed to be as it were always spread; a kind of embodied Christianity, fellowship and worship, to which the faithful repair, according to the impulse of their own subjective feeling. One important element in the solemnity is withdrawn, if this is forgotten: the festal assembling in order to commemorate the death of Christ. But Dr. Malan lays open the very kernel of the whole subject in a passage which we must quote:

"If our faith were what it ought to be, so as to cause the spirit of adoption to reign in our hearts, and 'Jesus Christ thus dwelt in us by faith,' we should exist on His love for us, and on ours for Him; it would be, so to speak, the spiritual breath of our soul. Pledges of that love would then, of course, be most welcome and precious; and the Eucharist would then be for us a real refreshment and strengthening by the way; but not our daily food.

But here we are suddenly arrested by our limits, and take leave of our learned devout instructor with regret.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

FAIRBAIRN'S CITY OF GOD.

The City of God. A Series of Discussions in Religion. By A. M. Fairbairn, D.D. London : Hodder and Stoughton.

THE series is divided into four parts, the first part discussing the general relation of religions and science, the second the Jewish revelation, the third Christianity, the fourth practical topics. Reversing the usual order, Dr. Fairbairn names his volume after the last discourse contained in it. While exception might be taken to incidental expressions and sentiments, and some readers might desire greater quietness of style, the volume as a whole must be pronounced equally timely and able. The author is familiar with every winding of modern controversy, knows every shoal and quicksand, and skilfully lays down buoys at every critical point to guide ordinary voyagers. Speaking without figure, ordinary readers will learn from the volume the bearings, the true and false elements, of modern scientific speculation. Full of admiration for the true achievements of modern science, the author none the less points out the dogmatism of many scientists in fields outside their own. Mr. Spencer is "as prosaic in handling ancient beliefs as he is imaginative in handling primordial forces." Unbelief is "most dogmatic where most sceptical, most omniscient where most agnostic." "It is significant that the most distinguished of our living agnostics, the man whose fundamental principle is that the Infinite, the First and Ultimate Cause, cannot be known, is yet the author of our most comprehensive and omniscient system of philosophy." Renan "was meant by nature to be a romancer." "The modern master of phrases" has borrowed Buddha's great doctrine of Karma, baptising it "stream of tendency," but is indebted to Christianity for the pregnant addition, "that works for righteousness." Significantly enough Dr. Fairbairn says, "This century has seen more than one man relegate God to the limbo of dying superstitions, but only to make the memory of a woman the centre of a religion infinitely lower and less human." In the

same paragraph he insists that atheism is artificial, not natural. Just as true is the following sentence: "We have more than once watched a distinguished scientist work himself into eloquent astonishment over the infructuose abstractions of schoolmen and divines, but only as a prelude to his losing himself in a wilderness of metaphysics, where, becoming enchanted, he has lavished on his physically-named metaphysical entities an affection that quite shamed Titania's admiring love of the illustrious weaver; only, unhappily, in his case the disenchantment has not been so clear or so complete."

We thoroughly agree with what Dr. Fairbairn says in his essay on "Faith and Modern Thought" respecting the spirit in which modern thought is to be met. A foe who reasons and constructs, who is reverent and ethical, must be shown that these elements belong pre-eminently to the Christian position. It did not lie within the writer's province to add the qualification necessary on the first point. But of course he would not with the Rationalist make reason the supreme and absolute judge of all truth. On the last point mentioned he has some strong, true words. We quite believe that the moral teachings of Scripture offer an unworked mine of wealth to Christian apologetics. "Christian teachers have never done even common justice to Christian ethics. . . Christianity is full of untouched ethical riches; its mines of moral teaching are almost unwrought. . . The Churches have been more concerned about doctrine than about ethics, about polity than about conduct."

Perhaps the ablest essay in the volume is the one in the First Part, on "Theism and Science," in which the author argues that the assumption of the theistic proof being bound up with a special theory of creation is without basis. Theism existed long before any theory of the mode of creation was worked out. We understand the author to accept the modern theory of physical evolution, and yet to maintain the theistic ground. We may acknowledge the soundness of his argument without committing ourselves to evolution. It is as plain as anything can be that evolution only gives us the mode, not the real cause, of creation; or, in our author's language, it is a modal, not a causal theory of creation. Dr. Fairbairn almost condemns the old "artificer" theory of world-making. He thinks it distinguishes too strongly between God and His work, approximating to the Deistic view. No doubt he touches here on a point which needs guarding. But is not his own view, that God is rather to be regarded as the immanent life or force of creation, exposed to a danger on the other side? How can he keep clear of Pantheism? If one theory distinguishes too sharply, does not the other go perilously near confounding the Maker with His work? Does not the truth rather lie in combining the two conceptions? It may perhaps

yet appear that the two are by no means irreconcilable. We do not see how it is possible to deny a resemblance between the kind of design apparent in nature with the kind apparent in products of human intelligence. The mode in which the Divine Artificer works may be very different from the one in which man works. He may be within, instead of outside, His work. Here the idea of immanence comes in. But how does it exclude the other truth? The use of such nicknames as "carpenter-theory," by Spencer and others, always seemed to us very unworthy. Why not take the higher forms of creative design in man? This essay will bear repeated perusal and careful study.

The essay in the Third Part, on 'The Jesus of History and the Christ of Faith,' is also singularly effective. Strauss wrote a work with the same title, with the purpose, of course, of proving the contradiction of the two pictures. Dr. Fairbairn proves beyond doubt that each corresponds to the other as the stamp to the impression. The one is unintelligible without the other.

Of a different order, but very tender and beautiful, is the sermon in the Last Part, on "The Love of Christ." The distinction between instinctive and rational love is well worked out and applied. "Many a devout soul has said, 'I cannot love my Saviour as I love my child. I do not, I cannot, love God more than I love my husband. I need to be reconverted. I must be altogether wrong.' But the error lies in confounding things that differ. Man's affection for man must be more or less instinctive. Man's love for Christ must be altogether spiritual. The instinctive must be intense, because passionate and confined; but the spiritual mild, because calm and expansive. The eagerness of the first, and the serenity of the second, belong to their respective natures. . . . The one seems to be, but the other is, the greater. . . . We enjoy the privilege of never having seen Jesus. Ours is the blessedness of those whose eyes have never beheld the marred visage, whose fingers have never felt the wounds. The memory of weakness, or shame, or death, never troubles our love." We thank Dr. Fairbairn for a very notable addition to Christian Apologetics.

CHARTERIS'S CROALL LECTURES.

The New-Testament Scriptures: their Claims, History, and Authority. The Croall Lectures for 1882. By A. H. Charteris, D.D. London: Nisbet and Co.

THE present work does for the general reader what the author's *Canonicity* does for students. The substance of the work answers well to the title. Whoever desires to obtain a complete, trustworthy account of the "claims, history and authority" of the

books forming the New-Testament Canon, freed from all technical detail and put in bright, graceful language, cannot do better than get Professor Charteris's book. To professed students the work entitled *Canonicity*, and Canon Westcott's standard *History* are still indispensable. But general readers need something at once less condensed and less extensive. Much that is there taken for granted needs to be stated in full, while unfamiliar names and details have to be omitted or summarised. Dr. Charteris's book exactly meets the case. It is the opposite of superficial. A strong vein of reasoning runs through it, ample evidence is adduced, the whole field is covered. Not the least impressive feature in the book is its tone of assured conviction; and this on the lips of a master who knows the worst that can be alleged by the enemy is eminently satisfactory. He does not believe in shirking inquiry. "I speak as to wise men, judge ye what I say," said the fearless and frank Apostle. 'I think myself happy that I am to make my defence before thee this day,' were his words when called to expound his gospel to one who may be described as an educated sceptic. . . I believe with all my heart that the New Testament can bear the fiercest light of modern investigation. I believe that the unparalleled vigour of the critical assaults which have been made upon it since the nineteenth century began have not brought down a single tower of its citadel." The boldness of this language is more than borne out by the argument of the volume. Again, respecting the much-disputed testimony of Justin Martyr, the author says, "It may seem strange that Justin's testimony should be so much more of a battle ground than that of any of those others. But a battle ground it has been for many a day; though it needs no prophet to see that the tide of war must soon flow away from it, and leave it in possession of orthodox Christians. Our older critics and apologists claimed him as a witness for all our gospels; their recent followers, especially in England, have been too timid to take the same position, but now they are taking heart of grace again, as well they may."

An excellent feature in the work is the way in which it takes up and disposes of the most recent objections. The latest misrepresentation on the subject is that the New-Testament books are simply the survivors of an extensive literature of the same kind. We cannot even summarise the argument which disposes of this statement, but the result is worth quoting. "It has often been alleged that the books which we now have were 'selected by the Church' from among a host of competitors, so that our Canon is really the result of a 'struggle for existence,' in which the strongest won. There is a sense in which we not only admit this, but hold by it. These books *were* the strongest, and at one time—the first time of their history—there were others in cir-

culatation which have perished from their side. But that there were other books making such a claim as theirs, and that those books have perished, is not only not an ascertained fact, but the ascertained facts are against it. And that the Church at any date, or at any succession of dates during the first two centuries, took counsel and resolved to put an end to the existence of some books, selecting certain others for honour and permanent estimation, is a grotesque impossibility. . . We have no proof of either gospel or epistle like those now in our possession having once existed and being subsequently lost. The 'Gospel of the Hebrews' is the only gospel which can for a moment offer an apparent contradiction to this statement. But it was not another and independent gospel, like the four now in our possession. It was our Gospel of Matthew, with a few additions made by the Jewish Christians among whom it circulated."

We venture to think that the story of the *Muratorian Fragment* and Tatian's *Diatessaron* was never before told in such perspicuous language as by our author. Those to whom the names have been mere cabalistic terms will find them here lighted up with pregnant significance. We earnestly advise our readers to consult what is said about Tatian's work at pages 144 and 177. Tatian was a pupil of Justin in the second century. Antiquity makes frequent reference to his *Diatessaron*, but unfortunately the work itself is lost. Quite recently, however, a commentary on it by Ephrem, a Syrian scholar of the fourth century, has been discovered, which throws important light on its character. The *Diatessaron* was not a Harmony of the Four Evangelists, as the name might suggest, but a life of Christ constructed out of them. The prologue of St. John's Gospel forms his first paragraph. "It is not easy to exaggerate the importance of this, the most recent discovery in Biblical literature. It confirms the ordinary view of the Church as regards the age and authority of the books of Scripture. Its importance is immense, for it not only proves that Tatian used our Gospels in making his work, but it necessarily throws back light upon the earlier quotations in Justin, in Basilides and the rest, so as to show that even the Fourth Gospel was not an invention of the second century, as advanced critics would have led us to believe, but was accepted at the very earliest times as the work of the beloved Apostle himself." The author of *Supernatural Religion* denied that there ever was such a work as Tatian's *Harmony*, or that Ephrem wrote on it. "He will need to alter his text in regard to Tatian as he had to alter it in regard to Marcion." He has, however, a loophole of escape by a quibble about the word "Harmony," which of course the *Diatessaron* is not.

Another important point discussed is the relation of the Bible to the Church. There is no more frequent assertion of Romanist

teachers, repeated by popular Ritualist preachers, than that the Bible is the work of the Church and depends upon it. Like many such assertions, it is true in the sense which these teachers do not intend and false in the one they intend. The Church is the historical witness to the genuineness of Scripture, the appointed depositary and guardian of its treasures. But what atom of evidence is there to show that the Church ever made Scripture? What Council ever decreed that to be Scripture which was not so before? The Local Council of Carthage in 397 was the first to decide anything on the subject. But who will assert that it ever professed to do more than give expression to what had been the uninterrupted belief of the Church? Besides, if the question was settled then, what need, even on the Romanist theory, of a fresh decree at Trent in the sixteenth century? During the first four centuries was the Church without a Bible, received, appealed to, acknowledged as such? What book, uncanonical before, was canonised then, or at any time? The assertion referred to is the keystone of the whole Romanist and Ritualist system, and a more baseless position could not be taken. The whole statement of Dr. Charteris is so important and so just that we must be allowed to quote it. "If then we are asked why these books of our Canon are canonical, we must answer that it is because they are Apostolical, and because the Church is founded upon the Apostles. If we be asked whether this is not such an acknowledgment of the power of the Church to fix the Canon as Roman Catholic apologists claim, we can easily show that it was very different. By 'the Church' they mean the organised corporation—in point of fact its office-bearers formally constituted. Some of them—witness Cardinal Newman—even go so far as to say that we receive the Canon on the authority of the Church of the fourth or fifth centuries. But the Church gave no decision during those centuries. There is not in the whole history of the Church of Christ down to the Council of Trent in 1546 any decree or formal utterance of the Church fixing the Canon. There was in Carthage, A.D. 397, a local gathering, what Presbyterians would call a meeting of presbytery, representing forty-four parishes, at which Augustine was present. Its 'decree' speaks of Canonical Scriptures, but it does not claim any authority to fix the Canon. It regards 'Canonical Scriptures' as already agreed upon, how or when it does not say; and its only concern is to forbid any other books to be read in church under the name of 'Divine Scriptures.' It throws us back to earlier times for the process and the conclusions indicated by its familiar use of the phrase 'Canonical Scriptures.' The earlier Council of Laodicea (A.D. 364) has left no genuine decree on the contents of the Canon. We can challenge the Roman Catholic, or any imitator, to point to any authoritative utterance of what he calls 'the Church' before the Council of

Trent. Even if he shared the belief enjoined by recent decrees of the Vatican, and claimed that a Pope should speak with Church authority, he could find on this subject no sure voice of even a Pope till about a hundred years before the Tridentine Council, when Pope Eugenius (A.D. 1441) promulgated the same list of books as the Council afterwards sanctioned. There is therefore no acknowledgment of 'the power of the Church' when we accept the New-Testament Canon."

In the same interesting chapter from which the above extract is taken the author discusses the nature of the grounds on which we receive the New Testament as canonical. These grounds are not wholly objective, as in the Roman and Greek Churches, nor yet wholly subjective, as in writers like Coleridge and Martineau. Even the early Reformers, in their recoil from the Romanist extreme, went very near the opposite one. The right view undoubtedly is the one which seeks to combine the truth on both sides. The reference made by our author to Dr. Martineau and the late Professor Beck of Tübingen was very interesting and just.

Dr. Robertson Smith largely reproduces the views of German and Dutch writers, and reproduces them with all their errors of fact. Diestel, in his learned work on the History of the Old Testament in the Christian Church, makes Irenæus teach that "Apostolical tradition" is the key to the meaning of Scripture, the very ground taken by modern Rome. Dr. Smith duly repeats this statement, enlarging its sweep. The note (p. 224) in which this error of the original writer and his copyist is exposed is well worthy of consultation.

The subject is tempting. The criticism of Matthew Arnold and "his many beautifully verbose books" is exceedingly happy. Mr. Arnold "tells us at once what is the essential portion of any part of Scripture, what was St. Paul's original meaning in some of his doctrines, and how he grew out of any physical meaning of the phrases he used, spiritualising them altogether, though he himself never understood how he had changed, which, however, Mr. Arnold happily explains for him, and how most unhappily 'Paul was led into difficulty by the tendency—making his real imperfection both as a thinker and as a ruler—the tendency to Judaise.'" We hope we have said enough to induce many of our readers to study the book for themselves.

SEISS'S APOCALYPSE.

The Apocalypse. A Series of Special Lectures on the Revelation of Jesus Christ. By Joseph A. Seiss, D.D., Pastor of the Church of the Holy Communion, Philadelphia, U.S. Three Vols. London: James Nisbet & Co. 1882.

A NOTE is appended to each of these three volumes, stating

that "This work has been put before the British public in conditions so unwarrantably mutilated and changed without knowledge or consent of the author, and with omissions and accompaniments so unfair to his presentations, that he has been moved to arrange with the present publishers to issue this complete and only authorised edition unaltered from the American copyright plates." The contents of the work are so extraordinary that we are not surprised at their being seized upon with avidity and published in various forms on this side of the Atlantic. We suspect, however, that he is indebted to his friends for the unfair treatment of which he complains. His opponents would be content to set forth his views accurately, with a strong conviction that to a very large extent they carry with them their own refutation.

In the preface to the first volume, published originally in 1869, Dr. Seiss informs us that his theological standpoint is that of Protestant orthodoxy. "He claims to be in thorough accord with the great Confessions of the early Church, and of the Reformation. Contrary to them he has nothing to teach, though he is quite convinced that they have not in every direction altogether exhausted the contents of the Scriptures. Their eschatology, particularly, is very summary, rendering further inquiry and clearer illustration desirable" (p. iv.). He therefore thinks it his duty to push his inquiries into unexplored regions of revealed truth, and begs that if anything is advanced in his lectures beyond what has been commonly thought, it may not be rejected too hastily, but dispassionately weighed in the fear of God, and in just regard for His infallible Word.

His claim to Protestant orthodoxy will be cheerfully conceded, and the Christian spirit which pervades the whole book will convince all his readers of his perfect sincerity and honesty of purpose; but his theological views revolve in two circles, the one within the other: and the inner one cuts him off completely from the great majority of his Protestant brethren. He is an ultra Calvinist: and he has adopted the extreme futurist mode of interpreting the Apocalypse. Though he is a very able exponent of this method, he has, by adopting it, placed himself in direct antagonism with the ripest scholarship, the deepest piety, and the most profound learning of the age.

The three volumes before us consist of fifty-two lectures, apparently delivered on Sunday evenings at his church in Philadelphia, during a period of about eleven years. They contain a complete exposition of the Book of Revelation, a new translation of which is given in sections as the texts on which the Lectures are based. A criticism of this new translation does not fall within the scope of the present notice. It is sufficient to say that there is, on the whole, a substantial agreement with our English Revised Version.

"Unto the ages of the ages," however, which our English translators have relegated to the margin, he has introduced into the text. We prefer the good old English "for ever and ever!" It is probably in his futurist views that our author claims to be in advance of the Christian scholarship of the age; and though there is little in his work which may not be found elsewhere, it will doubtless be received by the Christian public as the most complete exposition of the Apocalypse on futurist principles which has yet issued from the press. The style is clear and vigorous; sometimes eloquent and intensely earnest; but whilst there are some brilliant passages, the lecture occasionally sinks to the level of the ordinary Sabbath-evening sermon, and would have been improved by a little pruning. Such expressions as "Out upon such doctrine!" are offensive to the English taste: and his exposition of the "sacred numbers" which occur in the Book of Revelation and elsewhere, is occasionally so extremely fanciful as to tend rather to mirth than edification. For instance, "Six is the Satanic number. As the darkest hour immediately precedes the dawn, and the darkest years are the last before the Millennial Sabbath, so the number immediately preceding the complete seven is the worst of all. The sixth body in the solar system is a shattered one!" &c.; and we are solemnly assured that these numbers "have an important significance, rooted in the nature of things, and acknowledged in the Scriptures, and in the common language and thinking of the great mass of mankind. They are not inventions of men, but expressions of God and His works" (i. 137). Unfortunately for our author, it has been discovered, since this lecture was delivered, that Mars has two satellites, so that if the asteroids are really fragments of a broken planet, they represent the eighth body of the solar system, and not the sixth! It is also said of the seraphim, mentioned in Isaiah vi., and of the "four living ones" seen by John, that "each one had six wings;" so that the number seems to be quite as much angelic as Satanic.

These are minor blemishes, however. The strictures we feel compelled to pass upon the book refer to matters of a far more serious kind. We cannot regard it as, in any sense, a sober and instructive exposition of the Apocalypse. In its bald literalness of interpretation, it is a romance of thrilling interest and power, with which we should have been completely fascinated, but for the deepening conviction as we proceeded from lecture to lecture, that the whole scheme is unreal. It is not a true presentment of the sublime and mysterious scenes which it professes to unfold.

We shall only be able to follow the author a very little way, but we must in the first place briefly state his guiding principles of interpretation. (1.) He contends that, as the Apocalypse is

in its very nature a *revelation*, it was intended to be fully understood by Christians of all ages; and that, if its meaning is not quite as plain as that of some other portions of the Word of God, diligent study will bring out all its stores of wisdom and knowledge. By treating nearly all its symbols as facts, he seems to have no more difficulty in dealing with it than he would have in writing a commentary on the Acts of the Apostles. (2.) He contends that it is not a revelation *by* Jesus Christ, but a revelation *of* Jesus Christ—that is, of the power and glory bestowed upon Him by the Father, which can only be fully manifested at His Second Coming. This interpretation, however, is entirely at variance with the Inscription of the Book, “The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto Him to *shew unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass.*” This surely means a revelation from Jesus to His servants of truths which God gave to Him for the purpose; though of course it is a revelation of the Saviour’s glory, so far as it is described therein. The title of the book, therefore, does not shut us up to the closing scenes of the world’s history, and the very foundation of futurism fades from view. (3.) He contends that John’s declaration that he “was in the spirit on the Lord’s day” means that “he was caught up out of himself, and out of his proper place and time, and stationed amid the stupendous scenes of the great day of God, and made to see the actors in them, and to look upon them transpiring before his eyes, that he might write what he saw and give it to the churches” (i. 21). He can see no essential difference between ἡ Κυριακὴ ἡμέρα and ἡ ἡμέρα Κυρίου translated respectively *the Lord’s day* and *the day of the Lord*; nor is there any essential difference of meaning in the corresponding English terms; but they are, nevertheless, used in an entirely different sense by common consent. There is no ground whatever for the futurist interpretation that this expression refers to ‘the day of the Lord,’ as in 2 Thess. ii. 2;”* and however John’s words are translated we shall still apply them to the Christian Sabbath. There is not the slightest indication in the text that John “was caught out of himself and out of his proper place and time;” but, on the contrary, the Saviour’s words directed his thoughts across the Ægean Sea to churches then existing, and with which he was personally familiar. With these unwarranted assumptions as his guides, he takes the entire Apocalypse, and, stripping it as far as possible of all mystery, weaves it into a connected and literal description of events, the greater part of which are to occur within the next few years, and the effect of which will be to destroy the Church of Christ on earth, to break up human society, to deluge the world with blood, to let loose upon mankind untold horrors

* *New-Testament Commentary for English Readers*, in loc.

from the bottomless pit, and to deliver over a large proportion of them to swift and terrible destruction.

In the author's view the Book of Revelation, from the beginning of the second chapter to the end of the twentieth chapter, deals exclusively with the final judgment of mankind. The judgment of the Church is described in the seven epistles to the churches of Asia Minor, which represent 1. The Universal Church as it existed at the close of the first century; and 2. The entire course of the Church through seven stages of ever deepening darkness and corruption till it reaches the Laodicean state, and is finally cast off with loathing and abhorrence; the few righteous meanwhile being caught up to meet the Saviour in the air, together with the saints who have part in the first resurrection. This is the first vision of judgment. The second is the marshalling of the glorified saints for Christ's forthcoming to judge the world. (Rev. iv., v.). Thirdly. We have the judgment of the seals, including the prophesying of the two witnesses, and the overthrow of Babylon. Fourthly. Christ's manifestation to the world in the great battle of Armageddon, &c. Fifthly. The final resurrection and judgment of the rest of mankind. We cannot deal with all these points, but must touch briefly on one or two of them.

The epistles to the seven churches represent prophetically the whole course of the Church of Christ on earth. Ephesus stands for the Apostolic age; and, therefore, according to our author, the final judgment must, in some sense, have commenced from the day of Pentecost itself! Smyrna represents the Church of the second and third centuries—the age of persecution. Pergamos sets forth the development of prelacy and priestcraft in the fourth and following centuries. Thyatira is popery full-blown, and Jezebel is the scarlet woman. Sardis is the type of the reformed churches of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The great revivals of the eighteenth century are represented by Philadelphia; and now the Church universal has reached the Laodicean stage, and is about to be cast away! But in what sense can we regard these epistles as visions of judgment at all? In six of them there is commendation of that which is good; in five there is reproof and threatened punishment; but in all seven there is exhortation and encouraging promise. In no case is the decision final, as the door of mercy is left open to all, so that the epistles take their place, not amid the closing scenes of the dispensation, but amongst the "all Scripture" which "is given of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."

And how does it appear that the Church has sunk lower and lower from age to age in its moral and spiritual condition? In what sense was Smyrna worse than Ephesus? The latter had left its first love and was threatened with destruction; the former

was commended for its works and its patient endurance, and received no reproof at all. To get over this difficulty Dr. Seiss incorporates the blaspheming Jews with the Church at Smyrna! But in that case the words should have been "I know the blasphemy of those Jews who say they are Christians and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan;" and they should have been threatened with punishment, unless they repented and did the first works. These men were clearly unconverted, and had no place in the Christian Church whatever, and if it be true, as our author affirms, that there was a vast increase of judaizing teaching through the second and third centuries, there is no indication of it in this epistle—a clear proof that it was not intended to be prophetic of the state of the Church of that period. It may be confessed at once that Pergamos was worse than Smyrna; but Thyatira, notwithstanding the monstrous wickedness of some of its members, was in a better state than either Pergamos or Ephesus; for it was commended for its "works and love, and service, and faith and patience;" and punishment was threatened, not against the Church, but against Jezebel and her followers.

How is all this applicable to Popery? Was the Church from the sixth to the sixteenth century in a better spiritual condition than it was during the Apostolic age? Sardis had not a single word of commendation. A few individual members only were undefiled, and should walk with Christ in white. Was the Reformed Church, then, worse than the Popish one, and was the Reformation a step from bad to worse? So says our author, in effect; and further, he is compelled to admit that this epistle was not a prophetic description of the whole Church, but only of the reformed section of it, and he thus abandons his principle of interpretation. This he does still more emphatically in the case of Philadelphia. He applies the epistle, not to the Universal Church of the seventeenth century, but only to a small, struggling fraction of it; which was, perhaps, hardly a thousandth part of the whole. The little revival band has not only survived to the present day, but has leavened every Protestant Church in greater or less degree. It has spread itself nearly over all lands, so that it is shaking existing nations, and moulding the religious life of the infant communities which will be the great nations of the future. It is doing more in a single generation for the extension of the Redeemer's Kingdom than the Universal Church did during a millennium of stagnant corruption. It is altogether the vastest power for good the world has ever seen, not excepting the Church of the Apostolic age; and yet our author, driven by the necessities of his prophetic theory, asserts that it has sunk into a state of Laodicean indifference—in its own estimation "rich and increased with goods, and needing nothing;" but in the judgment

of its offended Lord "wretched and miserable, and poor and blind, and naked." Nor is there any possibility of improvement. Christ is about to inflict upon this Laodicean age the Laodicean fate. The final scene may be expected any day; the trumpet is about to sound; the dead in Christ are about to rise; and all living saints are about to be caught up to heaven. The author knows of nothing in the prophecies of God which stands between the present moment and the first resurrection except perhaps a fuller development of existing evils.

And what will follow the rapture of the saints and the close of the dispensation? The greatest revival the world has ever seen! Not the concession of sinners, for that will be impossible; but the Laodiceans who have been "spued out of the Saviour's mouth" will be so awakened and alarmed that they will repent and turn to the Lord; and though there will be no thrones and no crowns for them, as they can never belong to the "general assembly and Church of the first-born," they will be admitted into heaven as the *servants* of the Church! They will pass through the tribulation of the first five seals, and will then be translated to heaven without dying. This will be the second rapture of the saints. These recovered Laodiceans will be the great multitude before the throne, with palms in their hands, as described in Rev. vii. Their state is unspeakably glorious; but it will be very inferior to that of the throned and crowned ones. Dr. Seiss estimates their number at four millions, or thereabouts!

Much of the foregoing will be familiar to many of our readers. To those who have not heard of them before, we have only to say that "the half has not been told." We would gladly go further, but our space forbids. We will only indulge in one more statement. The author believes that the two witnesses who are to prophesy in sackcloth and ashes for three years and a half, and then to be slain, will be Enoch and Elijah; and that the Beast and the False Prophet who are to slay them will be Nero and Judas Iscariot, whose souls are to be brought up from the bottomless pit, and their bodies "resurrected" by Satan for the purpose! We think we need offer no apology for saying that we reject Mr. Seiss's futurist scheme as a perversion of the Truth of God.

REDFORD'S PROPHECY.

Prophecy: Its Nature and Evidence. By the Rev. R. A. Redford, M.A., LL.D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

THIS volume, following closely upon *The Christian's Plea Against Modern Unbelief*, by the same author, possesses both the

good qualities and the defects of its forerunner. The evidence of the Divine origin of Christianity, supplied by the Messianic prophecies of the Old Testament, is developed with unanswerable force; and the supernatural character of the revelation is clearly exhibited. The predictions contained in the Holy Scriptures are carefully distinguished from the forecasts of the unaided human intellect. Such terms as "insight," "intuition," "inspiration of genius," and others of like import, are examined and set aside; and Mr. Redford contends successfully that, after making all allowance for the exercise of the natural faculties of the sacred writers, we have in the Bible a body of moral and religious truth which was miraculously communicated to the authors, and through them to the Church and the world. Sometimes the revelation was "from mouth to mouth," and we have the very words of God, as in a large proportion of the writings of Moses, embodied in the Pentateuch. In other cases the impression might be mental, but so vivid that the very words of the Divine communication were again exactly reproduced. On the other occasions the revelation was by vision, the prophet being in an ecstasy or trance; his natural faculties being in abeyance, or under the direct control of the Holy Spirit; and dreams were also used by the Spirit as the medium through which the will of God was revealed to man.

It will be seen, therefore, that our author is an able and zealous defender of the Christian religion; and he upholds the cardinal doctrines of our faith with complete fidelity; but it is to be regretted that he uses the word inspiration in a sense so low that, if his theory were true, many parts of the Holy Scriptures would possess no more Divine authority than the writings of Wesley, or Jonathan Edwards, or Spurgeon, or any other of the great lights of the Christian Church of modern times. In the preface Dr. Redford says, "The view of inspiration, which underlies the author's method in dealing with prophecy, is expounded in his Handbook of Christian Evidence, *The Christian's Plea Against Modern Unbelief*." The latter work was noticed in this REVIEW some time ago (No. cxiii. p. 206), and we then took exception to the author's view of inspiration as conceding too much to the rationalistic spirit of the age, and seriously weakening the authority of the Bible as a whole. We need not, therefore, go largely into the subject now; but must briefly indicate the opinions which we cannot endorse. If all the objectionable passages were gathered together they probably would not fill half a dozen pages: but, being there, they flavour the whole book and greatly detract from its value. For example, we occasionally meet with such passages as the following: "It cannot be doubted that very much of the extreme bitterness which has been introduced into criticism, and the controversies

attending it, is owing to a reaction from a bigoted and narrow-minded bibliolatry; from the worship of the mere letter of the sacred writings; from the overstrained literalism of some of the interpretations of prophecy," &c. (p. 121). "When a prophet sat down to write history he may have adopted methods which were handed down to him from former times, or were the result of a diligent application of his own faculties to the matter in hand. . . . But it is going too far to take it for granted that he was miraculously preserved from historical inaccuracy, or miraculously directed as to the arrangement of facts and description of them. In like manner, when he preached (and it must be remembered that a great proportion of what is now preserved to us under the name of a prophet is probably the remains of his preaching) . . . there is no need for us to suppose that he was lifted up by a supernatural afflatus above the use of his ordinary faculties. If he spoke poetry, it was because he was poetically endowed. If he uttered lofty sentiments of morality, it was because he was living and acting daily in a region of lofty feeling; he was filled with the spirit of righteousness; he drank deeply into that Word of God which had already spoken to the fathers." "His heart was open to the suggestions of God's Spirit on contemporary events, and on the moral and spiritual condition of the people." "While, therefore, we recognise in a large proportion of the prophetic language just such words as a faithful prophet would feel it at the time quite natural to utter, we do not on that account regard them as any the less inspired because there is nothing in them which presupposes an abnormal state of mind" (pp. 82, 83). Here we have an inspiration which does not carry with it the idea of infallibility, and therefore the Divine authority of a large proportion of the Holy Scriptures is given up. In stigmatising those who have throughout consistently maintained the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures as "Bible worshippers," Dr. Redford surely borrows a shaft from the enemy's quiver, and with it seeks to wound his friends. He also says, "The student of Scripture must not be afraid of critical investigation. If he must, after mature inquiry, yield some positions which have been assumed, he has many others which remain unassailed. . . . We have sometimes to be content to fall back upon what may be called the main line of prophecy, withdrawing from a branch which seemed to belong to it, and yet may be found to have no true connection with it" (p. 121). If there are positions not yet attacked it is because the battle has been waged chiefly round the outworks hitherto; but how long will the citadel remain unassailed after the outworks have been carried? It appears to us that the author has, without sufficient cause, given up the first line of defence—the infallibility of the Holy

Scriptures—and retired upon the citadel; but we prefer to maintain the old position. We do not know on what other principle the perfect unity which pervades the whole Bible can be accounted for. It bears the stamp of the Infinite Mind throughout; and we find the same characteristics in the Book of Revelation as in the Book of Nature—entire unity of purpose with endless variety of expression. Dr. Redford would, doubtless, admit this; but we cannot see by what means the result was attained if the sacred writers were liable to error. If we adopt his theory of inspiration we are not even sure that the words of Jesus have been faithfully handed down to us. It is true that He is reported to have said to His disciples, "The Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in My name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you;" but how are we to know that John's memory did not prove treacherous, and that he was not mistaken in supposing that the Saviour ever gave this promise at all, seeing that his so-called inspiration did not preserve him from inaccuracy?

We shall presently point out another inconvenience which arises from the author's theory, but must first say a few words about a very interesting and important section of the book—the chapters in which he deals with the prophet's training, office, and mission. He divides the subject into two parts: the prophetic office and mission as they existed before the time of Samuel; and the more systematic form which they assumed during the period from Samuel to Malachi. The following short extract is very suggestive: "Employing the term prophecy in a large and comprehensive sense to represent the whole free manifestation of the Spirit of God in utterance, we may say that it was developed in two separate departments in the ages that followed Samuel—the one was the department of Worship; the other was the department of Revelation" (p. 66). The influence, on the religious life of the nation, of the schools of the prophets instituted by Samuel is traced out; and the author conjectures that these schools were colleges in which the youths of the country were instructed in reading, writing, music, the law, the history of their fathers, the principles of theocracy, &c.; the Pentateuch being the basis of instruction. From the study of the Pentateuch "under the guidance of the Spirit of God, prophecy itself as a distinct growth in Israel came forth." It is set before us in its broad features as a system, and the prophets are studied as a united body, or order of Divinely-commissioned teachers, though, of course, there are separate notices of the individual writers of the Old-Testament Scriptures.

In considering this part of the subject the vital question arises, on what principle the sacred writings, which may be

properly called inspired prophecies, were "separated from all others, and how they came to be taken to represent the 'Word of the Lord'?" Admitting the entire absence of any data as to the way in which the Old-Testament Canon was formed, the author replies, in substance, that it was mainly the fulfilment of predictions contained in the writings which led to their ultimate acceptance by the Jewish Church; but this does not cover the whole ground, as some of the books contain no predictions, or only such as would receive their fulfilment in remote ages; whilst some of the prophets, according to Mr. Redford, received no direct revelation, and had no knowledge of Divine things except that which they had derived from the study of the sacred books already written. He therefore falls back on the voice of the Spirit in the Church, indicating the prophets whose writings must be admitted into the sacred Canon. "The work of the Spirit of God in the people of God must be as real as that which distinguishes the sacred messenger. The coincidence of the two voices—the voice of the Spirit in the congregation, the voice of the Spirit in the individual—though it may be long waited for, becomes at last an undoubted fact" (p. 79). The authority of the Holy Scriptures, therefore, rests on a twofold basis: "the authority of one great and good man who declares what he has seen and heard and handled of the Word of Life; and the authority of many good men, inspired with the spirit of faith and love, though not themselves organs of the Spirit, declaring, through their united testimony, their acceptance of the Word" (p. 79). This view, of course, we accept, but it brings us once more into collision with Mr. Redford's theory of inspiration. If the Holy Ghost did not preserve the sacred penmen from mistakes, and their writings were mixed with human error, how could He testify to the Church that their word was His Word? And if He did not preserve the prophets from mistakes, what guarantee have we that the "congregation" did not also make mistakes sometimes, rejecting inspired books, and receiving those which were not inspired? We are here brought face to face with a twofold element of uncertainty; and it appears to us that we must maintain the infallible inspiration of the writers on the one hand, and the unerring providential guidance of the Church on the other; or to a large extent give up our confidence in the Bible as the Word of God.

SAVILE'S FULFILLED PROPHECY.

Fulfilled Prophecy in Proof of the Truth of Scripture. By the Rev. Bouchier Wrey Savile, M.A. London: Longmans, Green and Co.

FOR many years the subject of prophecy has lain under a cloud of

prejudice. The name has been enough to repel hearer or reader. Instead of confining themselves to the fulfilments of the past, where there is abundant scope for research, interpreters of a certain school have used prophecy merely as a means of speculation about the future. The Divine has been mixed with the human, the certain with the utterly uncertain, and the whole subject has been involved in discredit. We are thankful for so many signs that reason and sobriety are likely to resume their sway in this important field. Several writers have lately treated prophecy in the spirit of Davison and Newton and Fairbairn. Mr. Savile's work, as a whole, belongs to the same honourable class. With the exception of the last chapter, in which the writer expresses his belief in a future return of the Jews to Palestine, the book is faithful to its title, *Fulfilled Prophecy*. All the chief subjects of Scripture prophecy are included in the survey,—the Supremacy of Japheth, the History of the Jews, the Man of Sin, the Messiah, the Great Empires. It seems to us that a chronological order would have been better than the one adopted. To treat of the fate of Babylon, Nineveh, Tyre, Egypt, after an account of modern Christendom, scarcely seems happy. On all these subjects the reader will find abundance of curious learning and ingenious suggestion. Indeed, the author is too prodigal of interesting matter; he tells us too much. It is hard to see the use of detailing fanciful legends (e.g. respecting the fate of the spoils of Jerusalem, p. 65), only to reject them. So again, the chapters on the Growth of Christendom, on Modern Rationalism and Infidelity, are somewhat irrelevant, and mar the continuity of the argument. The point on which the author has spent his chief strength is the identity of the "Little Horn," "the Apostasy," "the Man of Sin," and "Babylon the Great" with the Papacy. To this subject four chapters are given. The course of argument pursued, the exposition of texts and array of facts brought to bear, are well worthy of consideration. The author is almost angry with Canon Farrar for classing an interpretation, which has so many great names on its side, among "exploded expositions." Canon Farrar, however, had said that the exposition is held by "no sane man of competent education in the present age." It is well that the last clause was added, or Jewell, Hooker, Andrews, Usher, Butler, Warburton, Van Mildert would have been included in the condemnation. Mr. Savile gives much interesting information respecting "The Taxes of the Apostolic Penitentiary, or the Prices of Sins in the Church of Rome," the persecuting principles of that Church, and the evil lives of some of the Popes. He also gives some curious illustrations of the dogmatism of scientists. Büchner calls his opponents "mental slaves, speculative idiots, yelping cura." All who do not accept his teaching "for the most part

are either ignorant or superannuated." We suppose we must be thankful for the qualification. Huxley is scarcely more tolerant when he describes his opponents as "persons who not only have not attempted to go through the discipline necessary to enable them to be judges, but who have not even reached that state of emergence from ignorance in which the knowledge that such a discipline is necessary dawns upon the mind." We are sorry to say that the revision of the press in Mr. Savile's work has been very carelessly done. On page vii. the sentence beginning "Mindful" is unfinished. On page 3 is a sentence with a superfluous "not." "Mr." Thomas Aquinas (p. 285) is extraordinary. The following are among the misspelt names: Astrue, Shotten, De Witte, Bückner, Voght, Haechel, Shöttgen, Lozomen." Some of these are spelt rightly in other places.

RAWLINSON'S RELIGIONS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD.

The Religions of the Ancient World. By George Rawlinson. M.A. London: Religious Tract Society.

QUITE a model introduction to an important subject. A great drawback to the ordinary manuals of comparative religion is the difficulty of distinguishing between ascertained facts and the author's theories. No such difficulty is met with in Professor Rawlinson's book. Comment is avoided. The chapters deal exclusively with facts. Indeed, the author is of opinion that the time for generalisation on so vast and obscure a subject is yet far off. We heartily wish other writers held the same opinion and acted on it. The religions dealt with in the present work are those of Egypt, Assyria, Persia, India, Phœnicia, Etruria, Greece, Rome. Not the least interesting part is that which describes the deities and worship of ancient Egypt. The points of resemblance between Egypt and India are numerous and striking, as in the place held by sun-worship, animal-worship, and the priestly caste. The advanced point of culture reached early in Egypt is one of the greatest problems of ancient history, although the same difficulty presents itself in India in a somewhat less degree. Whether the problem will ever be solved, is doubtful. In his "Concluding Remarks" the Professor states some results which may seem inconsistent with his disclaimer of any attempt to generalise. However, his conclusions are negative, and are separated from the facts on which they are based, so that every reader can judge for himself of the extent to which they are borne out by what precedes. Among other conclusions Professor Rawlinson holds it proved that neither the religion nor the

Scriptures of the Jews could have been derived from other nations, and that "the facts point to a primitive religion, of which monotheism and expiatory sacrifice were parts gradually corrupted and lost, except among the Hebrews." Accurate and trustworthy, the work gives in small space a vast amount of information, and is a worthy supplement to the handbooks on separate religions published by the Christian Knowledge Society.

Jews in Rome.

A History of the Jews in Rome. By E. H. Hudson. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

THE title of this book does not accurately describe its contents. It is true it contains a history of Judaism in Rome, but it contains as well, in outline at least, a history of the rise and progress of Christianity and of the Roman Empire and its fall. The dates to determine the period, the earliest points of which are to be considered, are from B.C. 160 to A.D. 604: that is to say, from the advent of the Maccabees to the death of that Gregory who was practically the first Christian pontiff. Of course, in the history of any people, a period of nearly 800 years cannot be otherwise than eventful and at times of deep and critical interest. But what of a period which sees the ruin and dispersion of such a race as that of Israel! the development and decay of the colossal power of Rome! and the evolution of the mightier influence of Christianity! Miss Hudson is favourably known to a considerable circle of readers as the biographer of Queen Louisa of Prussia, but it argues no small amount of courage to make the attempt which is the *raison d'être* of the comparatively small volume before us. Still, as this is not an ambitious work, and the author does not seek to place herself by the side of Ewald, Renan, Milman, or even Farrar, but merely to provide that which is "suitable for reading in the family," there is no need to be exacting. The question is: does the book attain its end? and on the whole the answer must be in the affirmative. Another really serviceable volume has been provided for the shelves of the household library. Something of this sort was wanted. It is not always judicious to send young people, however carefully educated, to the fountain head of history or to the works of such scholars as those we have named. The fountain head itself is too often turbid and impure, and the scholarship of the critical historian is too often dissociated from reverence and faith.

Always the Jew is a problem, but most people are content to differentiate him by means of a general impression of his stubborn national vitality and keenness in commercial pursuits. Comparatively few are versed, for instance, in the heroism of the san-

guinary war which preceded the dispersion, and fewer still in the subsequent efforts of this indomitable race to resist the remorseless tyranny of imperial Rome, quenched only, as Josephus tells us, in rivers of blood. As far as the necessarily limited space at the writer's command permits, these topics are clearly put before the reader, and will help him to understand how it has come to pass that no form of civilisation, Pagan, Christian, or Oriental, and no development of barbaric oppression, have ever been able wholly to crush the Jew. But it is where Miss Hudson's pages are most consistent with their title that they are most attractive. The Jewish colony, first established on any large scale by Pompey, became one of considerable importance even in the capital of the empire. A wealthy Jew was one of the chief agents in the overthrow and assassination of Caligula when he had worn out the patience of Rome, patrician and plebeian alike, and it is a remarkable fact, which Miss Hudson has failed to point out, that a Jew, Tiberius Alexander, lived to see a statue erected to him in the forum—a distinction beyond which it was scarcely possible to go. Between this point of exalted privilege and the wretched garbage-mongers and beggars of the Ghetto in the trans-Tiberine district, every condition of life was known to the Jews. They were slaves, freedmen, soldiers, artificers, money-lenders, merchants, members of the imperial household, and everywhere to be met with in the city itself and its precincts. But the mass scarcely ranged above poverty, and that of an abject kind, and it is in the delineation of their lives that Miss Hudson is, perhaps, most successful. We obtain from her a graphic picture of the kind of people among whom St. Paul worked, when he had liberty to work at all, during his residence in Italy, and her description of the Jews' quarter, of which we reproduce a few sentences, will give an idea of the style and quality of her work.

"We see very narrow streets united by crooked lanes, houses so old as to be falling into ruin, yet utter ruin has not abolished the Jews' Ghetto—it has lived on in a perpetual state of decay. Here and there its buildings are supported by huge props of timber, but they are full of Hebrew life, lying prostrate at the foot of the majestic height crowned by the Capitol of Rome. Some of the houses have been grand in their day, irregularly built and mostly with overhanging roofs, but not without pretensions to architecture, as some of the ancient pillars and doorways indicate; and woodwork on which are quaint carvings and devices of beasts and birds and a few Jewish emblems, all in a worn-out, neglected condition, all in harmony with the surrounding relics of the portico of Octavia, the theatre of Marcellus, the fish market of old Rome, the Flaminian circus, the Jewish ambassador's residence in the Forum Judæorum, and the circus of Balbus. . . . European costumes have changed, but everywhere the poor Jew is still conspicuously shabby

and dirty ; not as picturesque as the ragged Italian, nor does he look as lighthearted. The air in these narrow streets is so revoltingly impure that one can but expect to see pale and haggard faces. The wonder is, how people can live on, enjoying any degree of health and strength and spirit in such a noxious atmosphere. They look thin, sickly, and miserable ; yet here they are, in spite of all the revolutions that have overthrown governments and institutions, political and religious."

Not the least interesting part of this book is the narration of the history of the seven-branched golden candlestick and the golden table taken from the Temple at Jerusalem. It will be a matter of surprise to many to find that their history can be traced for several centuries after their deportation by the victorious Titus ; that they were removed from Rome to Carthage by Genseric, the Vandal king, recaptured by Belisarius, the general of the Eastern empire, transported to Constantinople, sent thence by Justinian to a Christian Church in Jerusalem, there to remain until they were captured by Chozroes II., who (A.D. 614) once more despoiled that often despoiled city. Here their history ends, and in what way they further ministered to Eastern cupidity no one can tell.

Miss Hndson has digressed, we have said, from her programme, but the digression is pardonable. There is an almost unrivalled attractiveness in the story of the upgrowth of a maligned and persecuted few, possessed of revolutionary and mystic ideas in religion, taking as their most sacred emblem the last sign of degradation amongst men, into a power in the State, into a position of unchallenged superiority. Both these stories, the survival of the Jew and the predominance of the Christian, are told by Miss Hudson in a wholesome way, and although it may be that, at times, her subject matter seems to be ill-distributed and undue attention is drawn to comparatively insignificant facts, yet it cannot be said that any matter of real importance has been overlooked. Those who read this volume will have a fairly adequate notion of what really took place in the period with which it is concerned. The writer frankly declares that it is little more than a compilation, and acknowledges that her ignorance of the dead languages has compelled her to fall back upon translations, histories, and comments. She has had the sense which all writers on this and kindred subjects do not possess, not to encumber her pages with numberless references to authors, many of whom would otherwise never have been heard of, and much to the distraction of the reader. She has used the writings of those who have really made solid contributions to history, and has used them with discretion. Now and again there are traces of the truth of the author's assertion that she has studied her subject in Rome, as, for instance, in the sentences previously quoted. Sometimes there are blemishes to be noted, not, it is true, of an aggravated character, but which, nevertheless, do not seem to have

a sufficient reason for existence. Apparently they are due to a want of careful revision.

On the second page there is an instance of failure in literary instinct which surely will be removed should a second edition be called for. As a prelude to the whole subject, the sublime words of the patriarchal covenant are cited. "And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee and make thy name great, and thou shalt be a blessing. And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee; and in thee shall all the families of the earth be blessed." They are joined to and followed by this:

"But then there came a voice:

'Abram,' it said, 'I bid thee come
Forth from thy kindred and thy home,
To a far land which I will show,
Where I will make thy name to grow:
The favour of thy God possessing,
Thou shalt be blessed, and a blessing.'

—"From 'The Call of Abraham,' by Han Kinson."

Still the book is a good book and useful, and answers its purpose so well that it ought certainly to enlarge the audience which for some years Miss Hudson has been seeking to address.

JENKINS'S ROMANISM.

Romanism: A Doctrinal and Historical Examination of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. By the Rev. R. C. Jenkins, M.A., Honorary Canon of Canterbury, and Rector of Lyminge, Hythe. London: The Religious Tract Society.

AFTER referring to a work on the Papacy by his maternal ancestor, Dr. Valentine Alberti, written nearly two centuries ago, at the command of the Elector of Saxony, Canon Jenkins says: "The modern treatment of such a subject must, however, on account of the almost protean changes which the Church of Rome has undergone even in our own day, be essentially different from that which was adopted by our forefathers, . . . and as the new theory of development, though not outwardly accepted by the Papacy, is indirectly countenanced in the Bull *Ineffabilis* and the Vatican definition, and presents itself to too many minds with an almost fascinating influence, it is necessary to prove historically that modern Romanism is neither 'the faith once delivered' nor the natural outcome of that faith, but rather a development of those germs of spiritual disease which led the great Apostle to declare 'the mystery of iniquity doth now already work'" (Pref., pp. 5-6). The object and scope of the

present volume are explained in the first chapter, of which the following is the opening sentence: "It is less with a view of converting those who are within the pale of the Roman Church, than of confirming in the faith those who have had the privilege of a birthright in any of the reformed communions, that these pages are written" (p. 29). In view of the Romanising tendency of much of the teaching in the Anglican Church, and the energetic and persevering efforts of a large section of its clergy to bring about its reunion with Rome, this work is very seasonable; and we have no doubt that it will confirm the wavering minds of many whose attachment to Protestantism has been weakened by the progress of the Ritualistic movement.

It is a close and incisive criticism of the creed of Pius IV., which is professedly based on the decrees of the Council of Trent; and although his arguments are drawn mainly from ecclesiastical history, his final appeal, in all cases, is to the Holy Scriptures, as the only standard of Divine truth. The author points out the essential difference between the Apostolic Councils, which met under the direct guidance of the Holy Ghost, and were therefore able to secure unanimity, and to speak with Divine authority on all matters of faith and practice, and the Councils of a later age, open as they were to "every influence of fear, of fraud, of bribery, of intrigue, and of party feeling" (p. 18). In considering the general subject, an all-important question arises at the outset: What was the character of Pius IV., who undertook to dictate a form of faith to the entire Christian world? And the answer is, "He is described by his Roman biographers as 'passionate, envious, impatient, bitter in his replies, greedy of power, cunning, a dissembler, and, at the same time, timid and ungrateful'—'a lover of money, over-indulgent to his kindred'—in fact, to have had every quality which could unfit him for the task. . . . His pontificate was stained with one of the most terrible tragedies which ever darkened the gloomy annals of the Papacy. The great family of the Caraffa, which had ruled Italy in the days of their kinsman, Pope Paul IV., after suffering an inhuman series of imprisonments and cruelties at the hands of Pius IV., was at last almost cut off, every chief member of it having been strangled or beheaded by the order of the relentless pontiff; even those against whom no guilt could be proved being compelled to redeem their lives with large sums of money" (p. 16). Another question of equal importance is, What was the character of the Council of Trent, on whose decrees the creed of Pius IV. was professedly founded? The author applies a number of general principles to it as tests; but we can only give a very brief summary of them.

After the Apostolic age, when the Church had spread over the world, the freedom of meeting and means of access to general

councils became impossible without the co-operation of the supreme civil power. The conversion of Constantine first rendered such a gathering possible, as the convulsions arising out of the Arian heresy rendered it necessary; and from that time to the separation of the Eastern and Western empires, the general councils were convoked by the emperors. They alone could make these assemblies a practical reality; and therefore they only had a proper claim to convoke them. But when the empire was broken up the imperial right to convoke the councils was divided amongst the heads of those states, without whose co-operation the council would not be general. The Council of Trent, however, was called only by the Pope, with the consent of the German emperor; but "all the Protestant states refused to take part in it, not a single legitimate bishop appearing from England, Ireland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland, or the Protestant States of Germany" (p. 19). And further, a general council should be thoroughly representative. "It should represent all orders and degrees of the Christian Church, as the Apostolic Councils did, and as did, in later ages, the Councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basle, returning herein to the primitive law" (*ibid.*). But this was not the case at the Council of Trent. The laity were not represented at all, "and many were admitted to vote who, in the earlier Church, would have been strictly excluded; among them the bishops *in partibus*, as they are called. These, the creation of the popes, in order to perpetuate the fiction of an Eastern Church within that of Rome, as they had no jurisdiction, would have had no place at Nice or Chalcedon. Yet they formed almost the majority in the Council of Trent, and being (to use Cajetan's emphatic words) the *servi nati Pontificis* (born slaves of the pontiff), carried everything their master required in the council" (pp. 19-20).

Freedom of discussion and voting also was entirely suppressed. "The learned Vargas, the Spanish envoy at Trent, shows over and over again in his invaluable letters, written from the council, that its liberty was utterly destroyed. Bribery, intimidation, and even violence were resorted to so unscrupulously that the legates carried all before them. The clause *Proponentibus Legatis* reserved the right of initiating any motion to the legates alone; while the freedom of debate was effectually destroyed on every occasion on which it was claimed. Every one who ventured to differ from the fictitious bishops, with whom the Pope had packed the council, was cried down as a heretic or an innovator" (p. 20). "But the intimidation of those who could not be bribed was perhaps less fatal to the legitimacy of the council than the bribery of those who were too weak to need intimidation. The hundred and eighty Italian bishops, with whom the council was packed, besides the poor Greeks

and foreigners who helped to swell the majority, depended, with few exceptions, upon the Pope for their daily bread" (pp. 21-22). So that Vargas, "who was an eye-witness of the whole scene," said, "It is a premeditated game. The council can do nothing of itself. It is divested of all its authority. It has no liberty. The legate is the master, and holds everything in his hand. After this, we must not be surprised at anything" (p. 22).

Another test applied by the author is the necessity of moral unanimity. He argues that though the actual unanimity of the Councils in Apostolic times was unattainable in later ages, there should be at least moral unanimity in general councils in all matters of doctrine if their decrees are to possess any authority in the Christian Church; though, even then, their decisions would not be binding, as the final appeal must always be to the Word of God. The object of a council is not to originate religious truths, but to discover them; or rather, to ascertain what are the doctrines which God has revealed, and therefore the truth of a doctrine cannot be determined by a mere majority of votes, as the minority may have discovered a truth which the majority refuses to receive. "What is to be done, then, if there is not this moral unanimity?" asks a bishop quoted by the author, and the reply is, "I answer in a single word—*nothing is to be done.*" After a lengthy extract from a memoir drawn up by this bishop, Canon Jenkins presents crushing evidence of the utter and hopeless ignorance of the Romish bishops and clergy at the time of the Reformation, and consequently of their total unfitness to decide the great questions at issue between the Papists and Protestants. "Thank God," said the Bishop of Dunkeld, "I have lived many years without so much as knowing whether there were an Old, or yet a New Testament!" and a member of the Sorbonne exclaimed, "Unhappy man that I am, that these young men should be ever referring me to the New Testament. God knows I was over fifty years old before I knew that there was any New Testament at all" (p. 26). The general spirit of the Council, and the character of its proceedings, are thus summed up: "The tumults, the conflicts, the invectives, the altercations, sometimes resulting in personal outrage, which are unveiled to the reader of the great collection of Le Plat, must convince every impartial reader that the Council of Trent, of whose conclusions the creed of Pius IV. is the quintessence, was the most worldly, the most ignorant, and the most turbulent assembly which ever undertook to direct the hearts and lives of men into the higher doctrines of a Church whose distinctive character it is to be 'first pure, and then peaceable'" (pp. 36, 37). It is clear, therefore, that neither the decrees of the Council of Trent nor the creed of Pius IV. have the slightest claim to authority in the Christian

Church, and that they must be rejected as utterly untrustworthy and pernicious. It was impossible that such a tree as the Council could bear any other than evil fruit.

The author devotes an entire chapter to each of the thirteen articles of the creed, and there are three appendices: on The Doctrine of Intention and its Results; The Pre-Reformation Doctrine of the Eucharist, as illustrated by Bishop Tonstall; and The Illegitimacy of the Present Roman Church. Of course we cannot even indicate his various lines of argument, but the work is, in our opinion, a complete demonstration of the hollowness and rottenness of the Papal system. Though, as we might expect from a man of Canon Jenkins's high position, the book may be regarded as a learned treatise, it is very readable. The interest is sustained throughout, and the foot-notes—those terrible barriers to progress if we have little time for reading—are few and brief; whilst the marginal summary of the contents of each paragraph is a great aid to the memory. The young student of theology and ecclesiastical history will find in its pages much food for reflection; and the general reader will derive both instruction and entertainment from it, though the information is sometimes of a ghastly kind. We read of fingers and other fragments of the human body being found amongst the consecrated wafers after the act of transubstantiation—a blasphemous imposture which priestcraft can easily practise by a little manipulation of the paste of which the wafers are made. We read also of the absolution of dead bodies, to entitle them to full canonical burial; of the administration of "Holy Communion" to corpses, by placing the wafers in their mouths; of "bleeding wafers, lacerated hearts, ghastly wounds, and a mutilated Christ" in the modern visions and revelations upon which the "heart worship" in the Roman Church was founded, &c. As a set off against these "lying wonders" we may introduce our readers to Thomas de Hasselbach, a great German divine, "whose doctrine (Pope Pius II. observes) was to be applauded but for the fact that he had been lecturing for twenty-two years on the first chapter of Isaiah, and had not even then come to an end."

Canon Jenkins's views on Apostolical Succession, continued in chapter xiii. are specially valuable. He entirely repudiates the dogma as held both by Romanists and Anglicans. The following passages contain the germs of his argument: "Our belief is in the Holy Catholic Church, and not in any of the officers of that Church, however exalted their position may be in the body." "The Church was, in fact, an incorporation of baptised persons, possessing all its powers and privileges in community, having a perpetual succession in itself, and not merely in its officers or teachers, whom, by the process of election (as in the case of Matthias), it created out of its own body." "But the elective

right is in the people, and therefore the root of ecclesiastical power and privilege is in the whole Church and not in a special order or dynastic succession. And indeed a corporate body is the only human institution which never lapses and never dies" (257-8-9). His remarks on "the Power of the Keys" in chapter v. are to the same effect, and are worthy of special study, but our author is a Churchman of the noblest type; he combines (if we may judge from the book before us) the good qualities of all the schools without their defects. He is high without bigotry, broad without laxity, and evangelical without any trace of Calvinism. If the terms seem paradoxical, we may vary them by saying that he is at once a sound Evangelical Protestant and a true Catholic. We hope that the volume may have a very large sale, and that it will find its way into every Christian household.

JENKINS'S DEVOTION OF THE SACRED HEART.

The Devotion of the Sacred Heart. An Exposure of its Errors and Dangers. By Robert C. Jenkins, M.A., Rector of Lyminge, Hon. Canon of Canterbury. London: The Religious Tract Society.

CANON JENKINS'S larger work on the Creed of Pope Pius IV. has been quickly followed by the little volume before us, the value of which must not be measured by its bulk, as it is a thorough and searching exposure of the revolting superstition and idolatry with which it deals. The origin and history of the devotion of the sacred heart are traced, its nature defined, and its special aim—the conversion of England to Popery—pointed out. The author's object in writing it is thus stated at the end of the preface: "to exhibit, as briefly as possible, the history and inevitable results of a devotion which involves in its *foundation* the principle of Montanism, in its *practice* the errors of Arius and Nestorius, in its *implied teaching* the heresy of Macedonius, and in its moral principles and precepts almost every one of the fatal errors denounced by Pope Innocent XI. in his Bull *Cœlestis Pater*, directed against Molinus and the Quietists in the last century." It will be seen, therefore, that Canon Jenkins's appeal is mainly to ecclesiastical history; but the principles which underlie his arguments throughout are unequivocally Protestant and Scriptural. His perfect mastery of the subject indicates sound learning and patient research, and he leads his readers into comparatively untrodden paths; but the interest is kept up on every page, so that whilst the student will find much to repay its perusal, the general reader will find nothing to repel, and much to interest him.

There is one point, however, on which we do not agree with our author, and to get at it we must briefly summarise his account of the origin of this pernicious delusion. He begins at an early

period in the history of the Church—the claim of Montanus, supported by two “prophetesses,” about the year 174, to an inspiration and a prophetic spirit which were designed to supplement, if not to supersede, the final revelation of God in the Holy Scriptures; and he shows how closely these were imitated by the Jesuit de la Colombiere, Mother de Saumaise, and the nun Margaret Mary Alacoque, the inventors of “the devotion of the sacred heart,” exactly fifteen centuries afterwards. Having pointed out the relation of these two events, he proceeds to trace the origin of the new superstition to the dogma of the continued suffering of our Lord even in His glorified state, which has been so largely developed in the Papal system. The introduction of this error into the Christian Church is attributed to Origen (“that arch-heretic,” as the late Dr. Kitto styled him), who asserted that Christ continually sorrows over our sins, and cannot joy whilst we remain in error. This dangerous heresy was effectually refuted by St. Bernard in a special sermon preached A.D. 1091, a striking passage from which is quoted on page 20. Origen, however, contemplated only mental and spiritual suffering, whilst the sufferings described in the hysterical visions of Margaret Mary and other Popish “saints,” are bodily, and marked by revolting features of material and sensuous horror.

Closely allied with these is the Popish dogma of the Corporeal Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, which gave rise to the festival of *Corpus Christi*, established by a Bull of Urban IV. in 1264. “Parts of our Lord’s body appearing suddenly in place of the wafer, bleeding hosts, and other ghastly spectacles, in which the integrity of the Divine body is disturbed, were the visionary phenomena on which the festival was established. These were carried on in Margaret Mary’s visions by the apparition of a lacerated heart, a wounded Christ, and many other morbid dreams” (p. 23). One of the outgrowths of these superstitions, also, is the worship, not only of the wounds of Christ, but of the nails, the spear, and other instruments by which they were inflicted. The “blessed wood” of the cross, and the “happy lance” that was thought worthy to pierce the Saviour’s side, are familiar terms in Popish and Ritualistic Manuals of Devotion. After pointing out the tendency of pious devotees to address our Lord as a suffering rather than a glorified Saviour, which was so remarkably developed in the hymns, prayers, and courses of devotion in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, he remarks that whilst the great Reformation cut off many of the more repulsive forms of the materialistic worship of Popery, it did not correct the tendency to address Christ rather in His suffering than His glorified state. This brings us to the point—explained in the following extract—on which we feel compelled to differ from Canon Jenkins.

"This is specially illustrated in the hymns and meditations on the passion, which are to be found in every Church more or less, and which the Puritan divines not less than their Laudian opponents, and the Nonconformists not less than the members of the Church of England in our own day, have composed or authorised. It was left, however, to the eminent and excellent Dr. Goodwin, the favourite chaplain of the Protector, to reintroduce in a more direct form the theory of Origen on the continuous suffering of Christ. Hence it is to him that the Italian bishops, who so energetically opposed the worship of the 'Sacred Heart,' assigned the reproduction of the principle upon which it rests. Pannilini, the Bishop of Chiusi and Pienza, in his famous pastoral to his clergy, observes, 'You know the origin of this false devotion, whose promoters wish to derive it from the celebrated revelations of Sister Margaret Alacoque, whom they acknowledge as their mother and instructress. But it is certain that it has its origin from Thomas Goodwin of the Calvinistic or Nestorian sect. Its first beginning was in truth obscure, but the heart worshippers think it well to save their reputation by rather deriving it from the revelations of the Sister Alacoque.'"

Passages from Dr. Goodwin's treatise on "The Heart of Christ in Heaven towards Sinners on Earth" are quoted, on which the Italian opponents of the new devotion ground their very grave charge against him. It is surprising that our author does not see that as their object was to discredit the worship of the Sacred Heart with all good Catholics, they could not do so more effectually than by assigning to it a Protestant origin, and that this was the reason why Dr. Goodwin's writings were pressed into the service by them. We admit that the passages quoted by the Italians are strong, but they fall very far short of Origen's broad and literal statements. The descriptions of the glorified Saviour's mental and spiritual suffering with His people on earth are guarded and qualified by "as it were" and other such expressions, which shows that he was speaking figuratively and "after the manner of men." The following passage is the most extreme: "Although Christ in His own person be complete in happiness, yet in relation to His members He is imperfect, and so accordingly hath affections suited to this His relation, which is no derogation from Him at all. The Scripture, therefore, attributes some affections to Him which have an imperfection joined with them, and those to be in Him until the day of judgment" (pp. 29, 30). We take exception to the application of the word "imperfect" in any sense to our Saviour in His heavenly state; but we regard it rather as an indiscretion on Goodwin's part than as a deliberate assertion of a pernicious error. The other passages adduced are rather overstrained presentiments of the undoubted sympathy which binds our Lord in heaven to His suffering people on earth.

Of course such words as "sympathy" and "compassion," strictly speaking, carry with them the idea of suffering; but how can we speak of heavenly things in human language without such imperfect adaptations? With the exception of the unfortunate use of the word "imperfection," we think that Dr. Goodwin's views are borne out by the plain teaching of the New Testament. Our High Priest is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." He said to Saul of Tarsus, "Why persecutest thou Me?" and in His description of the Day of Judgment He says to the righteous, "I was hungry, and ye gave Me meat," &c. Is such identification of Christ with His people incompatible with the glorified state, and inconsistent with perfect bliss? Is not sympathy, in fact, a blissful feeling and a source of pleasure? The sense of suffering, if we suppose it to exist, is swallowed up and turned to gladness by the joy of helping the distressed. The perfection of Christ's human nature implies perfect sympathy; but the view of the Italian writers, which Canon Jenkins appears to endorse, is that His affections are annihilated, and that the human nature is swallowed up and lost in the Divine. Dr. Goodwin, unlike Origen, asserts the *complete happiness* of our glorified Saviour; and dwells on the *remembrance* of His own earthly sufferings as the source of His sympathy with His people; and he thereby exonerates himself from the charge preferred against him. We regret that our author thought it worthy of reproduction; but with this exception we can very cordially recommend this little book to our readers. We hope that it will be widely read, and that the manly Protestantism which is breathed in every sentence will stir up the Christian public to be very jealous of all Popish innovations, and very zealous for the faith once delivered to the saints.

MCARTHUR'S EVIDENCES OF NATURAL RELIGION.

The Evidences of Natural Religion and the Truths Established Thereby. By Charles McArthur. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Few who observe the signs of the times will doubt that the chief danger to religious faith is from materialism. Notwithstanding all the efforts to revive Spinoza's teaching, pantheism has little chance in an age like ours. The great stress of the conflict is with the materialism which is too often favoured in the high places of science. Mr. McArthur's book is a welcome addition to Christian apologetics in this direction. Thoroughly familiar with the teachings of modern science, he considers the great truths of natural religion—the being and government of God, the immortality of the soul—as they are affected by these teachings.

The topic treated at greatest length is the Immortality of the Soul, which forms the subject of three chapters, or rather it is the existence of an immaterial principle that is argued. The three branches of evidence considered are the historical, physiological, and psychological. Under the first head we have an appeal to the universal consensus of belief as expressed in the faith and worship of mankind as well as in the forms of language. The two other heads, of course, deal with the argument proper. Chapters vii. and viii., which give the physiological and psychological evidence, are exceedingly forcible. The difficulties of materialism and its utter failure to explain the commonest facts of thought and life are well brought out. How is the very existence of abstract ideas, or the process of memory, to be explained on a materialistic basis? "If the soul were material," or if there were no soul, but only matter, we may add, "we gather from our knowledge of the qualities of matter, that it could only entertain impressions," or there could only be impressions, "of objects having either material or real existence; and therefore the fact that the soul is capable of entertaining ideas which do not correspond with anything that has either material or real existence," or the fact that such ideas exist, "implies the immateriality of the soul." "Furthermore, there are pleasures and pains which are physical, inasmuch as they arise out of and are determined by bodily conditions, and there are also joys and sorrows of a spiritual nature, inasmuch as they do not result from physical causes, but are engendered by abstract ideas." Materialism makes much of the difficulty of understanding how two such different substances as matter and spirit can co-operate. Our author remarks that the objection assumes "an utter disagreement between the two, so that the two substances have nothing in common, an assumption for which there is no warrant, since we are not acquainted with the absolute nature of the matter." "If there may be in some one or more respects an agreement in the nature of matter and of spirit, the two substances may enter into relation at the point or points of agreement." The treatise is condensed in thought and expression.

GRANT'S GREAT MEMORIAL NAME.

The Great Memorial Name: or, The Self-Revelation of Jehovah as the God of Redemption. By P. W. Grant.
London: Hodder and Stoughton.

REGARDING the Divine name "Jehovah" as the symbol of redemption, the author traces the progressive revelation of both in the pages of Scripture. The stages of revelation reviewed are the Primitive, Mosaic, Prophetic, Messianic, Apostolic. The work

is thus at once a condensed summary and explanation of the passages of Scripture bearing upon the central theme—Redemption. It would be difficult to speak too highly of the spirit of reverence and faith pervading the work. That the author is right in recognising the unity of aim running through Scripture, we have no manner of doubt. The style is eminently sober and veracious. We wish that it were somewhat more bright and attractive. The book will scarcely convince opponents, but it cannot fail to be instructive to believers. The modern sceptical school claims the progressive, historical aspect of Scripture as its special discovery. On the contrary it would be hard to find an age when this truth was not recognised in a greater or less degree. The very structure of such a work as the one now before us, and as Pye Smith's *Scripture Testimony to the Messiah*, proceeds on this supposition. The truth recognised by the present writer and Pye Smith, along with the other, is the one which the historical school "so called" persistently ignores and implicitly denies, namely, the character of special revelation in Scripture. The gradual revelation, not of a body of supernatural doctrine or a perfect system of morals, or even of a scheme of redemption, but of a personal Redeemer—Jehovah, this the author believes and demonstrates to be the one ruling purpose of Scripture from first to last. The author disclaims all pretensions to learning and all desire to settle controverted questions. At the same time it is quite evident that he has read and thought much on the questions discussed, quietly noticing and refuting by anticipation the usual objections raised.

NAVILLE'S MODERN ATHEISM.

Modern Atheism; or, The Heavenly Father. By Ernest Naville. Translated by Rev. Henry Downton, M.A. Second Edition. London: Nisbet.

WE are pleased to see these excellent lectures in a second edition. M. Naville has all the ease and force of the best French writers. His discussions of the nature, methods and tendencies of modern atheism are not unworthy to rank beside the writings of Lacordaire and Didon on kindred subjects. We have been especially struck by the forcible exposition of the bearings of atheism on liberty of conscience and morality (pp. 68, 196). Even such a writer as Lecky, and still more, Draper, is fond of tracing modern toleration to scepticism. On such a view the most unbelieving ought to be the most charitable in word and act, the firmest believer ought to be the most intolerant. Is it so? Are positivists and materialists generally the most tolerant towards those who differ from them? Are even unbelieving scientists

models of charity in their treatment of opponents? Was the French Revolution, which was the political embodiment of the principles of Voltaire and his school, a time of freedom for all opinions and faiths? Atheism has had as long a history as Christianity. Where are its charities, its missions, its monuments of benevolence? In point of fact, modern toleration is the fruit, not of the destruction, but of the enlightenment of faith. M. Naville says, "Sceptical writers affirm that toleration has its origin in the weakening of faith, and, drawing the consequence of their affirmation, they recommend the diffusion of the spirit of doubt as the best means of promoting liberty of conscience. We have here the old argument which would suppress the use to get rid of the abuse. Persecutions are made in the name of religion; let us get rid of faith, and we shall have peace. Prisons have been built and the stake has been set up in the name of God; let us get rid of God, and we shall have toleration. Observe well the bearing of this mode of argument. Let us get rid of fire, and we shall have no more conflagrations; let us get rid of water, and no more people will be drowned." After showing the intolerant tendencies of unbelief, he proceeds: "Faith carries with it the remedy for fanaticism, but where shall be found the remedy for the fanaticism of doubt? In the claims of God? God is but a word, or a worthless hypothesis. In respect for the convictions of others? All conviction is but weakness and folly. When I hear some men who call themselves liberal tracing the ideal of the society which they desire, the bare imagination of their triumph frightens me, for I can understand that that society would enjoy the liberty of the Roman Empire and the toleration of the Cæsars." As for the question of morality, the renunciation of the moral standard is open and unblushing. Perhaps this was never done more openly than in some words of M. Taine quoted on p. 197: "We no longer know anything of morals, but of manners; of principles, but of facts. We explain everything, and, as has been said, the mind ends by approving of all that it explains. Modern virtue is summed up in toleration. That which is has for us the right to be. In the eyes of the modern savant all is true, all is right in its own place. The place of each thing constitutes its truth." We need not quote M. Naville's indignant exposure of such sentiments.

MAHAN'S INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.

Introduction to the Critical History of Philosophy. By Rev. Asa Mahan, D.D., LL.D. London: Elliot Stock.

THIS Introduction, extending to eighty pages and arranged in five sections, indicates the principles and sketches the plan of a

Critical History of Philosophy which the author intends to publish in two volumes. At the same time he somewhat anticipates criticism by quoting in the preface the opinions expressed by Dean Payne Smith, and several American scholars, to whom the Introduction was submitted in manuscript. The opinions are highly favourable, and we sincerely agree with them. The author is evidently qualified for the formidable task to which he has set himself, not only by thorough acquaintance with the subject, but also by his eminently clear and vigorous faculty of exposition. He does not indulge in metaphors. The language is as condensed as the thought. Nor does he merely deal in criticism. He has a positive system of his own to advocate. This brief Introduction alone contains much valuable matter. One of the author's fundamental distinctions is that between principles and assumptions. He then shows how the proposition, lying at the basis equally of materialism and idealism, is an assumption, of which no sort of proof is ever attempted. The criteria of necessary truth are also expounded with admirable clearness. With equal cogency he states and explains the only four forms which philosophy can take—materialism, idealism, scepticism, realism. It would be hard to find a clearer outline of the nature of these theories than is given in pages 87-65. The plan of the volumes which are to follow is exceedingly comprehensive. The different systems of Oriental philosophy are to come first, then Greek philosophy, to be followed by mediæval and modern. To the latter "special attention" is to be devoted. If the body of the work is at all equal to the Introduction, it cannot fail to be of great service in the cause of truth. "Compte" (p. 40) and "ex concessis" (p. 74) are misprints.

HANDBOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES.

Handbooks for Bible Classes. "Romans," by Principal Brown. "Joshua," by Principal Douglas. "Life of Christ," by the Rev. J. Stalker, M.A. "Presbyterianism," by the Rev. J. Macpherson, M.A.

THE Clark series of *Handbooks for Bible Classes* answers strictly to its name, and has a special claim to confidence. In addition to portableness and excellence of matter—qualities which it shares with some other series—it has the not unimportant merit of cheapness. For a very moderate sum a Sunday-school teacher or teacher of Bible classes may obtain a commentary on Scripture in handy form. Such teachers will find in one of these manuals all the explanation necessary as a starting-point for their own teaching. The Scotch series, indeed, goes beyond the sphere of Scripture.

With a wisdom that is highly commendable it seeks to instruct the young in the nature and history of Presbyterian doctrine and polity. These extra volumes will naturally find their chief circulation in Scotland, although they are well worth the attention of outsiders who wish to understand the Scotch Churches. The two parts of Mr. Macpherson's volume deal with the officers and courts of Presbyterianism. The case for the peculiar function of the Ruling Elder is put as well as it can be. The gradation of Church courts gives Presbyterianism a compact organisation. Mr. Macpherson is careful to explain that by the *jus divina* of Presbyterianism is simply meant that the *fundamental principles* of Apostolic church-government have been retained, a very moderate position, and one taken by most writers in other churches. Mr. Stalker's manual has reached its eleventh thousand, and well deserves the honour. The subject is treated as well as so wide a subject can be treated in such brief compass. The work is bright, definite, suggestive. In his little book on Joshua, Principal Douglas has incorporated the results of the most modern travel and exploration. Any one who will master the book of Joshua, with such a guide, will have no mean acquaintance with the geography of the Holy Land. "To this hour, we are told by travellers, that there is no better guide to their geographical studies than the book of Joshua." We wish that it had been possible to add a map, however rough, to the handbook. We are surprised, also, that no table of contents is prefixed, as in the other volumes. The brief introduction touches lightly on all necessary points. We can easily believe that Principal Brown's *Handbook on Romans* is "the fruit of fond, unwearied, lifelong diggings in an exhaustless mine." The work is done lovingly, thoroughly. Compared with Mr. Moule's excellent handbook, we should say that the present one is more theological, dealing more closely everywhere with the doctrine of the epistle. Even in those parts where we should differ from the venerable author, we gladly acknowledge that the tone is by no means controversial. The expositor is in thorough sympathy with the Apostle. Joy, wonder, rapture inspire the one as the other. The study of such an exposition will be as great a blessing to the heart as to the head of the reader, and this, we think, every commentary on Scripture ought to be. While admiring the spirit of Dr. Brown's work, we by no means imply that the exegesis is inferior. On the contrary, it is eminently solid and thorough. The expositor knows as much as any one man can know of the literature of the epistle. We should like the student to weigh carefully every word of the exposition of chap. v. 12-19. In the exposition of the latter part of chap. vii. and chap. ix. he takes the line we should naturally expect him to do, but he is not aggressive. On chap. viii. he is very good. Take

this, on viii. 33: "If there could be any doubt as to the meaning of the all-important word, 'justification,' in this epistle—whether it means, as the Church of Rome teaches and many others affirm, '*infusing* righteousness into the unholy so as to *make* them righteous,' or, according to Protestant teaching, '*absolving, acquitting, or pronouncing righteous* the guilty'—verse 33 ought to set such doubt entirely at rest. For the Apostle's question in this verse is, 'Who shall *bring a charge against* God's elect?'—in other words, 'Who shall *pronounce or hold them guilty?* seeing that God *justifies* them,' showing beyond all doubt that to *justify* was intended to express precisely the opposite of 'holding guilty'; and, consequently (as Calvin triumphantly argues), that it means 'to absolve from the charge of guilt.' After the same unanswerable mode of reasoning, we are entitled to argue that if there could be any reasonable doubt in what light the *death* of Christ is to be regarded in this epistle, verse 34 ought to set that doubt entirely at rest. For there the Apostle's question is, 'Who shall *condemn* God's elect, since Christ *died* for them?' showing beyond all doubt (as *Philippi* justly argues), that it was the *expiatory* character of that death which the Apostle had in view."

STANLEY'S AMERICAN ADDRESSES.

Addresses and Sermons delivered during a Visit to the United States and Canada in 1878. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. London: Macmillan and Co.

THE executors of the late Dean were well advised in republishing these characteristic Addresses and Sermons. In them will be found all that was distinctive of the Dean's teaching and style. Freedom and order, the supremacy of morality, the good and evil in every one, the truth and falsehood in everything—it is wonderful what freshness is imparted to these ever-recurring themes in his writings. We need scarcely say how thoroughly we are opposed to the innermost principle of the late Dean's teaching. According to him nothing is entirely true and nothing entirely false. Absolute certainty, therefore, is out of the question for man. Logically, of course, doubt rather than faith is the normal posture of man. But, happily, logic does not govern human conduct, and, however inconsistently, those who hold the principles just stated believe instead of doubting. The natural counterpart of the other principle would be that nothing is quite right or quite wrong; but this has never been held. The moral consequences would be too serious. If the memorial-character of the present volume did not disarm criticism, there would be much to say in that direction. On p. 10 Professor Lightfoot is

represented as continuing at Cambridge the work begun "so admirably" at Oxford by Professor Jowett. This we suppose is a clever defence of the latter. The whole of the address on "The Prospects of Liberal Theology," from which this comparison is taken, is full of most questionable assertions. On p. 9 Dr. Stanley is made to say that "the non-Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews is now maintained by no one of any name or fame." We imagine Dr. Stanley said the opposite. Wherever the Dean is dealing with non-controversial topics, he must charm every reader of goodness and taste. He never wrote with more ease and grace and feeling than in the present volume. His happiness of allusion, eye for scenery, power of historic illustration were never better exemplified. Wesleyans will read with interest his address on John Wesley at a reception by bishops, pastors, and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in New York. Twice he quotes from Charles Wesley's hymn, "Wrestling Jacob." To our mind the most charming piece in the volume is the sermon on "The Holy Angels," full as it is of the peace and purity of the heavenly world, of which it treats so delightfully. The volume is worthy of one who was greatly beloved, despite all the perilous tendencies of his teaching.

RULE'S METHODISM IN THE ARMY.

An Account of the Establishment of Wesleyan Methodism in the British Army. By William Harris Rule, D.D.
London : T. Woolmer.

WE thank the venerable author for this brief, but exceedingly interesting and valuable monograph on a subject which no one else knows so well. But for such a record, much of the knowledge preserved here must have died with the author. The struggle, not for the rights of Methodism, but the rights of the Methodist soldier, was a long one. Tact, energy, enthusiasm, were needed to carry it to a successful issue, and these qualities Dr. Rule manifested in a high degree. It is a long way from the dreadful story told of two corporals reduced to the ranks and punished with 250 lashes for attending a Methodist service in 1803 to the present days of full and honoured recognition. Many disappointments and delays lay between. Dr. Rule's chief opponents were not commanding officers or Government departments, but Anglican chaplains, High and Low, who worked indefatigably in public and secret to defeat his plans. We can easily believe him when he says, "It gives me sincere pain to disclose such facts as these, and to find myself speaking in these pages as if Methodism and the Church of England, as it is still called,

were in open enmity ; whereas we were only in battle in that Church with a party, and our part in the contest was not on the side of aggression, but defence." The secret of his triumph is disclosed in the motto on the title page, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." Looking back on the long conflict the aged veteran may truly say, "I have fought a good fight." Besides its worth as a mere history, the volume will be invaluable to all ministers at work in the army as an example of fine tact and a manual of conduct. In such work knowledge is no less necessary than zeal. Dr. Rule never dreamt of contesting an officer's order, however mistaken or even illegal he might deem it. He always went to the highest source of authority, and worked through appointed officials. His course will always remain on the whole a model to his successors in a noble field of toil. "Monogram" in the preface is, we presume, a misprint for "monograph."

ALLAN'S GOOD SHEPHERD.

The Good Shepherd. In Twelve Chapters, Embracing the Twenty-third Psalm. By James B. Allan. London: Elliot Stock.

THE intention of the writer is excellent. It is "to strengthen the believer, restore the backslider, convert the unbeliever, and turn the sceptic from his dark and comfortless negations." These are very large aims, but we can scarcely venture to hope that the present volume will realise them. Any new work on the pearl of the Psalms ought to be marked by striking excellence. The twelve chapters into which the present work is divided seem to us to be very ordinary homilies. The "sceptic" is little likely to be influenced in favour of immortality by the spiritualist stories at the end of the volume. The author asks, "Why should not the testimony of William Armstrong, John Miller, and Matthews Fiddler be accepted as proving the return of the departed Mrs. Miller?" Persons who are not sceptics will ask, "Why should it be accepted?" Such writing is worse than useless for the purpose avowed by the author. The references to spiritualism, however, are only few. The bulk of the volume is edifying but weak.

II. MISCELLANEOUS.

SAINTSBURY'S FRENCH LYRICS.

French Lyrics. Selected and Annotated by George Saintsbury. London: Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. 1882.

Was there ever reader yet who, on looking through a volume of selections, and of poetical selections more especially, did not wonder why some old favourites, loved perchance through many years, had been excluded from the august assembly, why other aspirants had been admitted?

If there be such a reader, we have never met him. Nor have we ourselves, in fluttering bee-like among these French Lyrics, sipping honey here and there, been able altogether to escape an occasional shock of mild surprise at the special flower selected, and the others cast aside. Mr. Saintsbury would scarcely expect that it should be otherwise. As he says in his introduction, "He who writes this has found fault with too many anthologies to expect that fault will not be found with his own." But we fully recognise that, taken in its simple form, criticism of this kind applied to a book of selections is commonplace and mainly idle. "First come, first served." Let the selector by all means have his first choice, his liberty of imposing his own taste upon us, so long as that taste is not manifestly wanting. And no one could for a moment think of bringing such a charge against the taste of Mr. Saintsbury whose knowledge of certain aspects of French literature is probably almost unique among Englishmen.

Though, however, we acknowledge the futility of much questioning why, for instance, Béranger's *Etoiles qui filent* should be preferred to *Ma Vocation*, yet there is a larger point of view from which, as it seems to us, the volume may be criticised without futility. With the selection from individual poets we shall not quarrel. But against the selection of poets we think we have a fair claim to object, and the more so that that selection seems to imply a certain narrowness of view and sympathy, and therefore that a protest may not be useless.

What do we mean? This. Mr. Saintsbury gives us specimens of the quite early French Lyrics; enjoys to the full the grace of Charles D'Orléans, the strength of that good-for-nought of genius Villon, the direct inspiration of Ronsard, one of the most genuine certainly of French poets; and even condescends to quote in full—though they gain by curtailment—Malherbe's fine and well-

known lines addressed to Du Périer on the death of the latter's daughter. But here his sympathies, which have been growing sensibly colder, freeze suddenly altogether. To read his preface, to go through his selections, one would imagine that the classical movement, which Malherbe did so much to inaugurate, which, speaking generally, ruled over French literature from Malherbe to André Chénier, had been mortal to all lyric life. Some half dozen poems as typical of the work of nearly two centuries! That really is very little. There was, we remember, a certain Minister of Napoleon III. who summed up what thirty-three years of Parliamentary government had done for France in the one word *rien*—*nothing*. Did no song ring at all in France during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in which so much that is fairest, most really national of spirit, came to adorn French literature? Might we not, at least, have been favoured with a chorus from *Athalie*? Molière and Lafontaine are great names. Is it so clear that no lyric could have been culled from their works? The latter wrote *Ballades*, as well as fables and *Contes*. Better poet in his own line was never none. Is it even evident that nothing with lyrical movement could be found among the tragedies of Corneille—say *Polyeucte* for example.

Whence comes this insensibility on the part of Mr. Saintsbury? Sainte-Beuve writing his first book in the first ardour of his *romantic* zeal,* brought no such railing accusation against the ruling gods as does Mr. Saintsbury when he speaks of "the Malherbe-Boileau dungeon, where the lyre was an instrument forbidden under pain of instant transformation into a Jew's harp." But then Sainte-Beuve, even in his earlier days, was not a "youth of Sion," and may never have heard of the national instrument to which Mr. Saintsbury refers. However that may be, it seems to us that Mr. Saintsbury, in a very laudable desire to get behind the scenes of French poetry, to study it not merely from without, as a foreigner, but from within, must have surrendered himself too entirely to the latest poetical influences reigning in Paris. This, of course, is mere conjecture. But how else shall we account for antipathies that extend to the whole classical literature of France, and go even so very much beyond? We have named Sainte-Beuve. His relations with the *Romantiques* were, as we all know, very much strained towards the latter part of his life. He no longer formed part of that true church in which "Papa Hugo" pontificates. Accordingly this volume contains no lines from the pen of Sainte-Beuve. Again, it has been the fashion of late in Paris somewhat to decry Lamartine. Accordingly Mr. Saintsbury seems to think that he has furnished an adequate account of that real and great poet's genius

* The *Tableau Historique et Critique de la Poésie Française au XVI^e. Siècle*.

when he has stated: "Almost the whole poetical value of Lamartine is expressed in the following famous piece (*Le Lac*). He made infinite variations on the note"—whatever that musical operation may be—"but seldom changed it to advantage." Nay, looked at in this connection Mr. Saintsbury's silence itself is suspicious. He quotes unhesitatingly from living poets—Victor Hugo, Leconte de Lisle, Théodore de Banville. Why not from the younger men? His own explanation is—"The French Parnassus is so well peopled now that full selections would be impossible, while a scantier choice would be invidious as well as doubtfully wise." "Invidious"—*there* seems to be the rub. And yet should not the London critic stand too far removed from the local influences of Paris to be in fear of such a charge? De Quincey long ago complained that criticism was becoming too cosmopolitan—losing its liberty. There are degrees of excellence, and of a very marked kind, among the younger French poets. Mr. Saintsbury might well have given us a few verses from M. Coppée, or M. Sully Prudhomme. We should even have been glad to see their senior, M. de Laprade, represented.

But all this while we are not doing justice to what of real insight, pains, and research is to be found in this volume. Once admit Mr. Saintsbury's standpoint—and after all, what author or compiler may not fairly ask as much as that?—and then his selection is interesting and admirable. The time has fortunately gone by when the average English reader, even when he knew French, had made it a fixed article of his belief that there was no such thing in existence or possibility as French poetry. Ah, those dreary schoolboy hours spent in painfully conning inappropriate French classics—whose beauties are not for schoolboys—how much they had to answer for! But a better time has dawned. French poetry in England has now many votaries. And to all who wish to fan the flame of their love for an old favourite, or to enlarge, it may be, the sphere of their affections, we cannot do better than recommend this daintily compiled, daintily printed, daintily got up little volume.

LANG'S ILIAD.

The Iliad of Homer done into English Prose. By Andrew Lang, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; Walter Leaf, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Ernest Myers, M.A., Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. Macmillan.

THIS translation, of which Books I. to IX. are Mr. Leaf's, Books X. to XVI. Mr. Lang's, Books XVII. to XXIV. Mr. Myers's, of course challenges comparison with the *Odyssey* by Messrs. Lang and Butcher; and both invite us to discuss the general question as to

the superior adequacy, in the full sense of the word, of prose or verse renderings. We must resist the temptation of discussing this enticing question, and confine ourselves to remarking that, if the consensus of critics has pronounced this volume not quite equal to that in which Mr. Lang previously had a share, the reason is not in the execution but in the subject. The wonderful diversity of the *Odyssey* makes it pleasant to read in terse idiomatic prose, just as the tales of the Round Table are eminently readable in old Sir Thomas Malory. But the *Iliad* through whole books is taken up with an account of battle after battle, each battle being a series of single combats, which it needs all the art without art of a consummate poet to render interesting. In Homer's Greek it is the magic of the language, the glorious rhythm, the little changes of particles and tenses, which carry us through; but even Horace felt that *bonus interdum dormitat Homerus*; and, though habit prompts us to make allowance, to accept as matter of course the permanent epithets (as when a man who is standing in a council-hall is called swift of foot, and so on), we sometimes feel a sense of weariness. This feeling is of course much stronger when we are reading a prose translation. In verse, even the level verse of Lord Derby, we are kept on the alert by curiosity; we know, or half-know, the Greek, and we want to know what the translator will make of this or that phrase, how he will turn this or that expression. In prose all this is lacking, and therefore all the more credit to the translators for having given us what is not only a school-boy's crib, or a scholarly rendering, but what any cultured non-Greek reader can take up with real pleasure. We note (and it is noted in the preface) a want of consistency in spelling the proper names. Mr. Myers would spell all in Latin fashion with *c* and *us*; as it is, the plan arrived at is a compromise; we have Phœbus and Cretans, but Kronos and Antilochos. On this we make no comment. As to the character of the work and the merits of the respective translators, we leave that to speak or it self by extracting three brief well-known passages:

Iliad i. 47. "So spake he in prayer, and Phœbus Apollo heard him, and came down from the peaks of Olympus wroth at heart, bearing on his shoulders his bow and covered quiver. And his arrows clanged upon his shoulders in his wrath, as the god moved; and he descended like to night. Then he sate him aloof from the ships and let an arrow fly, and there was heard a dread clanging of the silver bow." The author of the Holy Grail would have done this more grandly: but then we must bear in mind the probable aim of the authors, to help on general culture, not merely to give a rendering which should redound to their own credit. We have underlined the words which seem to us inadequate; but the passage is a very trying one for mere prose. Here is a battle scene admirably done by Mr. Lang. *Iliad* xi. 90: "And in rushed

Agamemnon first of all and slew a man, even Bienor, shepherd of the hosts, first himself and next his comrade Oilens, the charioteer. He easily leaped from the chariot and stood and faced Agamemnon, but the king smote the brow of him with the sharp spear as he came eagerly on, and his vizor heavy with bronze held not off the spear, but through vizor and bone it sped and the brain within was all scattered, and so was Oilens overcome, *despite his eagerness*. And then did Agamemnon, king of men, leave in that place with their breasts gleaming when he had stripped them of their corslets. . . . That, except in the words which we have italicised, is worthy of the author of "Helen of Troy." This is from Iliad xxii. 342: "Entreat me not, dog, by knees or parents. Would that my heart's desire could so bid me myself to carve and eat raw thy flesh, for the evil thou hast wrought me, as surely is there none that shall keep the dogs from thee, not even should they bring us gold or gold ransom, and here weigh it out and promise even more, not even were Priam, Dardanos' son, to pay thy weight in gold, not even so shall thy lady mother lay thee on a bed to mourn her son, but dogs and birds shall devour thee utterly." We have chosen this passage, because, from its revolting character, so utterly unlike our conceptions of chivalry, even in its faintest beginnings, it presents difficulties to the translator. Readers will judge how Mr. Myers, so well known as a critic and a writer, has overcome them.

These two lines, "Take heed now, lest I draw upon thee wrath of gods, in the day when Paris and Phœbus Apollo slay thee, for all thy valour, at the Skaian gate." How different from Pope's:

"Phœbus and Paris shall avenge my fate,
And stretch thee here before the Scaian gate."

The translation is prefaced with two highly finished sonnets, from each of which we extract a few lines. This is by Mr. Lang:

"The sacred soil of Ilios is rent
With shaft and pit: foiled waters wander slow
Through plains where Simois and Scamander went
To war with gods and heroes long ago."

And this is by Mr. Myers:

"Athwart the sunrise of our western day
The form of Great Achilles, high and clear,
Stands forth in arms, wielding the Pelian spear.
The sanguine tides of that immortal fray,
Swept on by gods, around him surge and sway,
Where through the helms of many a warrior peer,
Strong men and swift, their tossing plumes uprear."

Here is a specimen of Lord Derby's "level style," as we have called it:

"Fierce round the ships again the battle raged.
Well might ye deem no previous toil had worn

Their strength who in that dread encounter met
 With edge as keen and stubborn will they fought
 But varying far their hopes and fears ; the Greeks
 Of safety and escape from death despaired,
 While high the hopes in every Trojan's breast
 To turn the ships and slay the warlike Greeks,
 So minded each, opposed in arms they stood.
 On in swift sailing vessels stern that bore
 Protesilaus to the coasts of Troy,
 But to his native country bore not thence.
 Hector had laid his hand."

Contrast this with the following, which we really must quote from Mr. Lang, it is so exquisite :

"And straightway they made a stand round the two Aiantes, strong bands that Ares himself could not enter and make light of, nor Athene that marshals the host. Yea, they were the chosen best that abode the Trojans and goodly Hector, and spear on spear made close-set fence, and shield on serried shield, buckler pressed on buckler, and helm on helm, and man on man. The horsehair crests on the bright helmet-ridges touched each other as they nodded, so close they stood each by other, and spears brandished in bold hands were interlaced ; and their hearts were steadfast and lusted for battle. Then the Trojans drave forward in close array, and Hector led them, pressing straight onwards, like a rolling rock from a cliff, that the winter-swollen water thrusteth from the crest of a hill, having broken the foundations of the stubborn rock with its wondrous floods ; leaping aloft it flies, and the wood echoes under it, and unstayed it runs its course, till it reaches the level plain, and then it rolls no more for all its eagerness—even so Hector for a while threatened lightly to win—to the sea through the huts and the ships of the Achaians, slaying as he came, but when he encountered the serried battalions, he was stayed when he drew near against them."

MUIR'S ANNALS OF THE EARLY CALIPHATE.

Annals of the Early Caliphate, from Original Sources. By Sir William Muir, K.C.G.S., LL.D., D.C.L. Author of "Life of Mahomet." With a Map. Smith and Elder.

THE Life of Mahomet is incomplete without a history of his immediate successors. These extraordinary men, who, with forces numerically insignificant, crushed the Persians on the one hand and the Romans on the other, were full of the spirit of the Founder, and managed to inspire their followers with it to a degree to which the world has seldom seen a parallel. "A people is upon thee, loving death as thou lovest life," was the message sent by Khalid (The Sword of God) to the Persian satrap Hormuz.

and the words tell the secret of Arab success. Enthusiasm nerved every arm and heightened courage to recklessness, at the same time that the leaders showed the most consummate skill in planning the wild forays which resulted in the conquest of whole countries.

The difficulty in Sir W. Muir's way is that all his authorities are Arabian; the Christian writers are silent about defeats the crushing nature of which is proved by what followed from them. It is one of those cases in which we wish the lions had been painters; the Arab style is monotonous, and it is sometimes hard to know how much of the detail is fact. Thus after every great victory we are told that numbers of the enemy's troops were found chained together lest they should run away—a statement which Sir W. Muir is disposed to regard as a "contemptuous fiction." But besides the Arab Annalists—Tabari, Ibn al Athir, &c., he has gone to Dr. Weil, and Von Kremer, and also to the admirable essay of Caussin de Perceval. It is rather disgraceful to us English, whose Mahometan subjects are reckoned by millions, to have to look to Germany for our facts and to France for the inferences from them. "The endowment of research," which was so much canvassed not long ago, may be valuable; but the endowments of literature, so much more valuable in this country than in any other, have certainly failed to produce anything like that phalanx of scholars which, in the very slenderly endowed universities of Germany, have attacked and mastered almost every subject with a thoroughness to which we can lay no claim.

Sir W. Muir's work, however, though with little pretence to originality, is carefully and thoroughly done. He begins with the election of Abu Bekr in A.D. 632, the eleventh year of the Hegira, and tells in great detail the story of the first Caliphs,—Abu, Omar, Othman, Aly, continuing his narrative through the reign of Hasan, who resigned the throne to Muavia, and of Yizid, Muavia's son, in whom the precedent of hereditary succession was established. It was Yizid who at the battle of Kurhala defeated and killed the sons of Aly, Hassan and Hussein. After him began a succession of troubles ending in the substitution of the Abbasside for the Ommeyad dynasty, to which intricate history Sir William devotes his last chapter. Thenceforward, as he says, the history of Islam spreads itself out into the history of the world. Such an eventful period, the founding of what was to be for centuries the most powerful empire in the world, cannot fail, however treated, to be full of interest. Sir W. Muir's treatment of it leaves a sense of want in the reader's mind. Not that he is deficient in picturesqueness; for nothing can exceed the vivid pictures which, quoting from the Arab chroniclers, he gives of separate scenes; but he seldom attempts to generalise upon his

facts, to search out the spirit which underlies the picturesque details. This is in our eyes not altogether a defect; we would much rather have a history all fact than all inference, and we cannot but feel that the mind of the public is weakened by having so much of its thought done for it. Historians, following in the wake of newspaper editors, often seem as if they wished to turn history into a series of leading articles. It is positive relief to find a writer who is content to compress his own reflections into a few pregnant lines in each chapter and to suppress altogether those disquisitions on the possible feelings of the chief actors of a story which are such a poor substitute for history.

Caliph means successor; and Abu Bekr (The True) was a worthy successor of his son-in-law. It is strange, looking to the family quarrels which soon became chronic in Islam to find him and Omar, connected with the prophet by precisely the same tie, yet absolutely without personal jealousy; it is as strange as is the picture which Sir W. Muir gives of the two old men with hair and beard dyed red more like Etruscan gods than like our notion of Arab chiefs.

It was only a year after Mahomet's death that the Arabs first measured swords with the Persians, and that same year the horrible carnage of the "river of blood" was perpetrated:

"The Persians advanced, and the Moslems were hard pressed as they had never been before. The battle was fiercely contested, and the issue at that time so doubtful as to make Khâlid vow to the Lord that if he got the victory, the blood of His foes should flow in a river. At last the Persians, unable to withstand his impetuous generalship, broke and fled. To fulfil his savage oath, it was proclaimed by Khâlid that no fugitive should be slain, but that all must be brought alive into the camp. For two days the country was scoured by the Moslem horse, and a great multitude of prisoners gathered. Then the butchery commenced in the dry bed of a canal, but the earth drank up the blood. Company after company was beheaded, and still the gory flux remained stagnant. At last, on the advice of an Arab chief, Khâlid had a flood-gate opened above, and the crimson tide redeemed his vow. There were flour-mills upon the spot, and Tabari tells us, with apparent satisfaction, that for three days corn for the whole army was ground by the reddened flood. The memory of the deed was handed down in the name of the 'River of Blood,' by which thereafter this stream of infamous memory was called. When the battle was over, the army found ready spread in the camp of the enemy a sumptuous repast, to which the Persians, when surprised by Khâlid, were about to sit down. It was a novel experience for the simple Arabs, who handled the white fritters with childish delight, and devoured rich pancakes and other delicacies of an Eastern table with avidity. Khâlid ate his supper leaning on the

body of a stalwart hero, 'the equal of a thousand warriors,' whom, in single combat, he had but just cut down."

The next year 40,000 Moslems discomfited the vast host, 240,000 strong, sent against them by Heraclius, 100,000 of the Roman troops having been engulfed in a ravine at the fatal field of Wachsaa,—"toppled over the bank even as a wall is toppled over."

The marvel is that the Arabs were fighting at the same time the two most powerful empires in the world: very soon after Wachsaa was fought the four days' battle of Cadesiya, in which Rustem and his generals were not only defeated but their force annihilated. These astounding victories were stained with cruelty such as might have been expected from the teaching of the Koran. After Cadesiya we are told—

"No sooner was the battle ended, than the women and children, carrying pitchers of water, and armed with clubs, on a double mission of mercy and of vengeance, spread themselves over the field. Every fallen Mussulman, still warm and breathing, they gently raised and wetted his lips with water. But towards the wounded Persians they knew no mercy; for them they had another errand; raising their clubs they gave to them the *coup de grâce*. Thus had Islam extinguished the sentiment of pity, and, against nature, implanted in the breasts of the gentler sex, and even of little children, the spirit of fierce and cold-blooded cruelty."

It is curious to find Yezdegurd, one of the refugee princes of Persia, taking refuge in Merv and calling on the Khan or Khacan of the Turks and on the emperor of China for help. The Khan espoused his cause; but in the end the Turks retired from the quarrel. Curious, also, is the way in which "popular feeling" at Kufa and Bussorah, cities which the Arabs had founded on congenial soil, soon took shape as a sort of Socialism which opposed the supremacy of the Koreish and led to the troubles which eventually destroyed the Ommeyyad dynasty. The beginning of these troubles was the rising which resulted in the death of Othman. Othman had been weak, and given to nepotism; but his reign was on the whole the most prosperous of those which can be called purely Arab. With the Abbassides foreign influence came in, the Shiyites (followers of Aly, i.e. Abbassides) being tinctured in religion as in politics with Persian heresy. The death of Othman is one of Sir William's "cameos of Moslem history," and deserves to be quoted as a sample of his style. After his guards were overpowered and slain, Othman "had retired by himself into an inner chamber of the women's apartments; and, seated there awaiting his fate, read from the Corân, spread open on his knees. Three ruffians, sent to fulfil the bloody work, rushed in one after another upon him thus engaged. Awed by his calm demeanour, his pious words and mild appeal, each one returned as he went. 'It would be murder,' they said, 'to lay hands upon him thus.' Mohammed,

son of Abu Bekr, in his hate and rage, had no such scruples. He ran in, seized him by the beard, and cried, 'The Lord abase thee, thou old dotard!' 'Let my beard go,' said Othman, calmly; 'I am no dotard, but the aged Caliph, whom they call Othman.' Then, in answer to a further torrent of abuse, the old man proceeded: 'Son of my brother! Thy father would not have served me so. The Lord help me! To Him I flee for refuge from thee.' The appeal touched even the unworthy son of Abu Bekr, and he too retired. The insurgent leaders, on this, crowded in themselves, smote the Caliph with their swords, and trampled on the Corân he had been reading from. Severely wounded, he yet had strength enough to stretch forth his aged arms, gather up the leaves, and press them to his bosom, while the blood flowed forth upon the sacred text. Thus attacked, the faithful Nâila cast herself upon her wounded lord, and, in endeavouring to shield him, received a sword-cut which severed some of the fingers from her hand, and they fell upon the ground. The band of slaves attempted his defence. One of them slew Sudân, the leader, but was immediately himself cut down and killed. Further effort was in vain. The rebels plunged their weapons into the Caliph's body, and he fell lifeless on the ground. The infuriated mob now had their way. A scene of wild riot followed. They stabbed the corpse, and leaped savagely upon it; and they were proceeding to cut off the head, when the women screamed, beating their breasts and faces, and the savage crew desisted. The palace was gutted; and even Nâila, all wounded and bloody, was stripped of her veil. Just then the cry was raised, 'To the Treasury!' and suddenly all departed" (p. 399).

The battle of the camel, the rise of the strange sectaries called Kharejites (theocratics) whom our author likens to the Covenanters, and who, proclaiming the absolute equality of all, rushed to the charge with the cry, "On to Paradise;" and the conflict between Aly and Muavia, give colour to Sir William's closing chapters. We have been careful to compare Sir William with the portion of Gibbon which bears on the same subject. The proper names are differently spelt, and it is notable that Gibbon wholly distrusts the Arab historians; thus in regard to the victory of Wachsâ (or the Yermak, as he calls it, from the name of the river) he prefers the very meagre narrative of Theophanes. How it came to pass that the Roman hosts, flushed with victory from the campaign against the Khosroes, went down before the Arab irregulars is a mystery about which Sir William can only make the following remark: "In discipline and combined movement, and in the weight and style of his equipment, the Roman, no doubt, surpassed the Arab. But the armament of the Roman did not so greatly excel as to give him a material advantage. It had no analogy, for example, with the superiority which in these days crushes the barbarian

before the sanguinary appliances of modern art and science. It is strange to reflect how a single Gatling might have changed the day and driven Islam back to wither and die in the land of its birth" (p. 104). The early success of the Arabs against Rome was no doubt helped by religious disputes among the population of Syria, and by the fact that a large part of that population was very near of kin to the invaders. But still that such insignificant forces should have been able at the same time to utterly crush Persia and to cut off several limbs from the great Roman empire cannot be adequately explained. It was in God's providence, and is one of His mysteries.

HERICAULT'S LA REVOLUTION.

La Révolution, 1789-1882. Par Charles D'Héricault. Appendices par Emm. De S. Albin, Victor Pierre et Arthur Lotte. Paris: Dumoulin. 1883.

M. D'HERICAULT, looking at France as she is, sees revolutionary ideas in full force; and he rightly judges that the best way to combat them is to show categorically not only that the "old Revolution" was effected at a terrible cost—such an outburst of savage cruelty having seldom disgraced humanity—but also that it wholly failed in all that it undertook to do. Everything—public charity, the administration of justice, arts, literature, finance, education—was hopelessly out of joint. The men of the Terror, with true Nihilist instinct, had pulled everything down, but they had rebuilt nothing, at any rate in a practicable shape. By the year IX. of the Republic, roads were out of order, bridges, &c., falling to ruin, the country drifting back to barbarism, the advent of the despot inevitable to hold the commonwealth together. This is for many a new way of looking at the matter. We have been accustomed to deplore the excesses of the Terror, but at the same time to condone them because of the supposed good that ensued, and because it is always imagined that the *ancien régime* was so bad, so rotten to the core, as to make a wild and cruel upheaval inevitable at its overthrow. M. D'Héricault and his co-workers show that this is a mistaken view. Nothing came of the Revolution which would not have come in the ordinary course of peaceful reform; and the old *régime* was not radically bad. On the contrary, it had built up France to be the foremost power in Europe; it was in many ways less oppressive than the governmental system of other European countries; it might have been reformed, and the king and the higher orders were most anxious to go on rapidly in the path of reform. The burdens on the people have been shamefully exaggerated by writers whose aim has been to find excuses for the Revolution. M. D'Héricault gives chapter and verse to show that they were far less galling than those to

which Englishmen were subject in Stuart times. Our struggle between King and Parliament was needlessly embittered by faults on both sides; but how different it was from the Revolution! Of course M. D'Héricault, who looks on Luther as the first mover of the mischief, and classes Lutherans, Jansenists, and Freemasons together as alike in fault, cannot see the real reason of the difference. The English Parliamentary party were Christians, the French Revolutionists were unbelievers. But, though one of his hands is thus tied in combating the Revolution, our author makes out a terribly strong indictment against it; and, we think, is quite right in charging its excesses on "philosophic hatred of Christianity." It was this prevalent infidelity (and the lesson is surely one for us of to-day) that paralysed the resistance of the Court party and made a very large section of the nobles willing, nay ready, to favour any changes just because they were new. The king himself was a noble character; anxious for reform, he was yet sound in faith, and the way in which he upheld his clergy is in favourable contrast with the way in which Charles I. gave up Laud, who, whatever were his faults, had been a zealous and devoted servant of the crown. But the mind of the country was saturated with new ideas. A great and sweeping change had come to be looked on as inevitable. The vast majority in the States general were lawyers, who brought (as French lawyers always do) an inexorable *logique* to a subject to which strict logic was inapplicable. Hence instead of accepting the *cahiers* (bills of reforms brought on at the opening of the States) every one was bent on making a clean sweep of the past; guilds, corporations, every organisation that could form a nucleus for resistance was pulled down; and thus, when (as always happens in a revolution) the men of violence came to the front there was no force to meet and check them. As to the exaggerations about the old *régime*, it is enough to record the fact that under it the number of peasant proprietors was then fully two-thirds of what it now is. The reports of travellers vary. Arthur Young is gloomy enough; but Horace Walpole, not long before, signalises a vast improvement on what he had seen on a former visit. There were cottage gardening societies, local agricultural shows, the prize-men at which were invited to dine with the President; one of the original engravings which add so much value to M. D'Héricault's book represents a bashful peasant taking his seat among lords and ladies. All might have gone well but for the violence of such men as Diderot, who, while he was a pensioner of the Empress of Russia, actually wrote: "We must strangle the last king with the entrails of the last priest." That this insane hatred of priests was in any way due to the vices of the clergy is open to grave doubt. There were sad scandals in high places; but De Tocqueville's testimony is very weighty. Beginning (he says) with a thorough hatred of the old *régime*, he closed his researches with a deep respect for it;

and the French clergy of that time he is sure were as God-fearing, self-denying, progressive as any clergy the world has ever seen. Their fate was terrible. M. D'Héricault's account of the treatment of those banished to Guiana, but unhappily not sent there, is enough to make the blood run cold. Marched across France in the depth of winter; dying on the road (the *déportés* were all over sixty years old); met by processions in which a pig was dressed as the Pope, and they, each tied to some brute beast in stole and chasuble, were forced to see some brother priest guillotined; servant maids who gave them a bit of bread seized and put in prison; they were at the ports condemned to months of living death in holds so foul that no doctor dared go near them. Of one batch of 827, in ten months only 285 were left alive. The treatment of the nuns passes belief. How could Frenchmen with a spark of manhood left strip Sisters of Charity, and flog them in the streets? And meanwhile, when his friend Meillan pointed out to Robespierre that man after man of his confidential agents was a scoundrel, a thief, a fraudulent bankrupt, a debauched wretch, his only reply was: "Never mind; he's a good patriot." The amazing thing, which even the fact, noticed above, that every organisation capable of taking the lead in resistance had been destroyed, is hardly sufficient to explain, is that the mass of the nation stood by and saw all this done. So little interest did the general public take in things that at Pétion's election only 6,000 voted out of 80,000 voters.

M. D'Héricault, throughout, is looking at the present while writing of the past. France has changed eighteen times her form of government since '98, and she seems no nearer to settled content. He has one thing strongly in his favour—all the men, De Tocqueville, Taine, Lanfrey, Quinet, who have really studied the subject, have given up that "Republican legend" which Erokmann Châtian's novels have done so much to extol. We have said that the engravings in this volume add vastly to its importance. Of course a certain license is allowed to the caricaturist. Gilray is not an unimpeachable authority about George III. and his times. But the greater number of these are not caricatures. Most of them are Republican prints, "glorying in their shame." Such a scene as the "*Fête de la Nature régénérée*" sufficiently condemns the system under which it was possible.

BROCKLEHURST'S MEXICO TO-DAY.

Mexico To-day; a Country with a Great Future: and a Glance at the Prehistoric Remains and Antiquities of the Montegumas. By Thomas Unett Brocklehurst. With Coloured Plates and Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. Murray.

THE frontispiece of Mr. Brocklehurst's book, the rich plain of

Mexico, with its lake and floating gardens and rows of poplars, and beyond them the white city, a mass of domes and campaniles backed by the stern array of the snow mountains, is an index to the work itself—so picturesque, so full of varied interest, so glowing with colour.

He writes as an enthusiast, but then he has a subject which might well rouse to enthusiasm the most unimpressible of travellers. A glorious country, where nature is bounteous in a way almost beyond the imagination of a native of our latitudes; two old civilisations, the Aztec (or rather the Tottec) and the Spanish; everything to be done, and no reason why it should not be done with full success—that is Mr. Brocklehurst's subject; and he treats it in the most delightful manner. A few lines from his description of the market show him in his lighter mood: "... Vendors who are not possessed of stands spread out their wares on mats, utterly regardless of space. . . . Indian women stretched on mats indolently watch their wares. . . . Fruits of fifty kinds, very few of them worth eating. Dealers in fried meats dole out their commodities to hungry customers. Tortilla vendors do a roaring business. Girls with great coops of chickens on their backs, and a dozen live fowls hanging with their heads downwards from their waist-belts, jostle past you; while a donkey places his pointed unshod foot on your favourite corn. The *duénas* (housekeepers of swell families) drive hard bargains in the shrillest possible tones. *Rancheros* in gay and gaudy *sarapes* or *ponchos*, whiff cigarettes, while huckstering over some desired object, which, when bought, they will hang on the saddle pommel of their mustangs, patiently waiting for them at the gates. Look out for the sticks that support the awnings covering the stalls, or they will poke you in the eye. Look out for the merchandise spread beneath your feet, and look out for a peek from the beak of some half-strangled turkey; look out for the fat little happy Indian babies, mixed up with everything. Look out for discarded but still-lighted ends of cigarettes which are thrown carelessly about; and don't look out for the bad smells." It is hard to catch Mr. Brocklehurst in serious mood; even while discussing the Pyramids of the Sun and Moon (the former 682 feet at the base and 180 high—that of Cheops being 728 feet at base and 448 high) near the site of the old Aztec city of Teotihuacan (once twenty miles in circumference) he is in his usual high spirits—the result of the perfect health which he enjoyed during his visit. Thus, of the quaint little clay implements found, like the small clay and stone heads, in myriads as the plough passes over the fields where once the city stood, he says: "Will any one corroborate my idea that these were made for the purpose of holding joss-sticks to be burned before the household deities?" He is most serious when he points to Mexico as a promising field for the investment of capital. Americans are thronging in; they

are even very anxious to push life insurance among the as yet unwilling Mexicans, and there is something very comical in Mr. Brocklehurst's account of a colonel who had been through the Federal war working for the New York Life Company, and bemoaning the folly of some don, recently deceased, of whose large personal property more than two million dollars was found in old trunks in his bedroom. Of the common people he speaks in high terms. They are hardy, and, where sure of pay, exceedingly hard-working, which is a great wonder, considering the demoralising effect of centuries of compulsory labour with little or no pay. This Spanish system accounts for the drudgery to which the women are subject (making *tortillas*, besides doing much of the farm work). "The Spaniards exacted for themselves the labour of all the men, so that the women had to take more than their share in providing for the households." The only people likely to succeed as immigrants are Italians, for they can readily learn Spanish, the language of the civilised part of the community and that used in all the schools. What Mr. Brocklehurst is anxious for is that England should resume diplomatic relations with Mexico; she may thereby, he thinks, do the country an immense amount of good. He also looks for great benefits from the railway which is soon to connect New York with Mexico city, though the engineering at the Mexican end, both of roads and railways, struck him as defective—the tunnels and culverts being perfectly inadequate to take off any fall of water, such as sometimes occurs in the tropics.

Possibly under English and American influence the strange rule may be rescinded which prevents you from buying postage stamps beforehand, "every sender has to take his letters to the central office and wait while they are stamped." The prison regulations, too, whereby (as under the Spanish rule) an accused man may linger for years without being brought to trial, might well be altered for the better. Mexico, no doubt, is a country which must improve under the vigorous efforts that are being made to promote education and culture. It has been kept back, as Ireland was, by losing at the conquest nearly every native of the higher classes. As Humboldt years ago remarked, "the monks burned all the hieroglyphical paintings by which all kinds of knowledge were transmitted from age to age; and the missionaries, ignorant of the language, could substitute few new ideas for those which they had uprooted. . . . If all that remained of the French and German natives were a few poor agriculturists, could we read in their features that they belonged to nations which had produced a Descartes or a Leibnitz?" Mr. Brocklehurst says little about the unhappy Maximilian. He saw the rifles which had been used at his execution, as well as the old muskets used to shoot Iturbide. His comment is, "No man with the mouth and chin of Maximilian could rule a turbulent country." His illustrations add much to the

charm of his book ; he has had the help of Mr. Whympers and Mr. Vincent Brooks ; and he is thus able to give the strange picture of the side of Popocatepetl ("the mountain that smokes")—on which the ice rises into cones and pillars which remove all danger of slipping to any distance, but on the other hand cut sadly the hands of those who try to climb without gloves. His drawings of Aztec works of art are very curious ; while the plate representing Felix Parra's grand picture of "Las Casas" shows that that picture deserves all the praise he gives it. The healthiness of the city (as a fact centenarians abound) is remarkable considering the evil smells and the great difficulty of draining a dead level. The abundance of flowers (the corridors and courtyards of all the houses being full of them) has often been noted ; so had the revulsion from clericalism which now leads to the neglect of valuable church property ; Mr. Brocklehurst found some fifty splendid vellum chant books, date about 1600, rotting in the precincts of a disused church. Among the most promising objects of cultivation he instances coffee, hitherto much neglected, but now much in demand for the United States. There is one hindrance to all tillage, the Mexican mole, three times the size of ours, and furnished with outside teeth, enabling it to keep its mouth shut so as to prevent its being filled with earth, while it eats through the roots. As we said, the archæological and historic parts of the book are full of interest ; they correct Prescott, who unhappily had never seen Mexico when he wrote, and who "has turned history into a romance." But every chapter will instruct as well as amuse. The stories are good—the curious history of Señor Gillow's family, for instance ; and the tale of the magistrate who had both his watch and his turkey stolen by dexterous thieves. Thieving by the way, wholly unknown in Yucatan, is strangely common in Mexico. We part with Mr. Brocklehurst unwillingly. His adventures with the "volcano man," with the one person in Ameca-Ameca who spoke English, and whose apology for short-comings was, "Im zpeaks ze French better zan de England ;" his experiences of hotels—in all alike, small matters as well as great, he is a cheerful and evidently thoroughly well informed companion.

COLQUHOUN'S ACROSS CHRYSE.

Across Chryse : being the Narrative of a Journey of Exploration through the South China Border Lands from Canton to Mandalay. By A. R. Colquhoun. Two Vols. Sampson, Low and Co. 1883.

COMMERCE may claim as her own these fine volumes which Mr.

Colquhoun has just given the public. He had returned to England in May, 1881, after thirteen years' absence in the East, and felt all the seductions of home life after long and hard service, but his desire to survey the vast territory of Indo-China, to discover how it might best be opened up to British trade, was too strong to leave him at rest, and by the middle of December he was in Canton ready for his journey. "Chryse," the scene of his travels, represented to the ancient geographers their vague notions of the region between India and China. After much delay, caused by the difficulty of finding interpreter and servants, the exploring party started from Canton on February 5th of last year. The captain of one of the best ho-tans (literally river ferries) had entered into an agreement to take them up the West River to Pe-sê—about 600 miles—in forty days. The little party of seven consisted of Mr. Colquhoun, his friend and assistant, Mr. Charles Wahab, C.E. and interpreter-in-chief, and his assistant, Coolie cook, and two boys. Instruments for survey, photographic apparatus, visiting cards of the modest size 7 by 3 inches, complete Chinese dresses, &c., were on board. It was found necessary to carry money in silver ingots of 13 ozs. each, as no credit could be procured on any of the towns en route, and this increased the risks of a long journey among river pirates and road bandits. Mr. Colquhoun is no believer in firearms for foreign travels, and says he would infinitely prefer an umbrella, or, better still in China, *a baby*, but this treasure was so precious that they were obliged to place revolvers in sight to deter any would-be robber.

The voyage up the river was occupied in careful surveys of the country, but the Chinese regarded them with such suspicion, that it soon became necessary to use great precautions and to adopt the full Chinese dress to avoid the painful and dangerous curiosity of the mob. A gun-boat was given them as an escort up the river, and they felt comparatively secure now. Their Chinese cook had the national love of pork, and it needed all the explorer's firmness to save them from a daily repetition of the dish in some form or other. The account of the various incidents on this voyage has great interest. They passed through all kinds of scenery—sometimes it was quite wild, then beautiful country villages were seen nestling in groups of fine trees. Mr. Colquhoun and Mr. Wahab spent about twelve hours a day in surveying the river, and kept a meteorological register and aneroid readings with great care. These heavy duties left no idle hours. High tribute is due to the boatmen. There was never any occasion to find fault with them. They were hard-working, sober, and good-natured. One morning Mr. Colquhoun watched them gathered in two little groups, round two wooden trays, on which were little bowls filled with coarse beans and roots. Near the tray was a large bowl of beautifully cooked rice. Each man had a small bowl of this rice in his left

hand, while with his right he worked his "nimble lads" (chopsticks) with wonderful dexterity. Near Pe-sé the party was amused by watching a group of thirty fishermen of one of the aboriginal tribes who were busy on their canoe-rafts. Each man had two cormorants which dived for the fish, and were awarded at each capture by a small fish or bean curd. At Pe-sé the journey in the ho-tan ended. The little party had received great kindness at the hands of the Mandarins of the various towns, and had gained very accurate knowledge of the river. Great curiosity was felt about them at Pe-sé. All day a crowd of 500 thronged their boat. The windows were darkened by faces flattened against the panes. From Pa-ot, a little above Pe-sé, to Bhamo their land journey was full of troubles. Servants deserted them or became mutinous and could not be trusted. The difficulties of their position will be understood when it is known that neither Mr. Colquhoun nor his friend could speak Chinese, and their disobedient servant was the only man who could act as interpreter when they visited the Mandarins to seek redress. Money ran short, and fever was only ward off by frequent applications to the medicine chest. Sometimes their road was along the Chinese highways, worse than a London street with the pavement up. Their route lay through the province of Yunnan, the extreme south-west province of China. Many interesting glimpses of the Aboriginal tribes, subdued by the Chinese, are given. The horrid "clubfoot" of Chinese civilisation was rare. The women were often strikingly pretty, and, without the affected prudery of the towns, were modest and friendly. They saw faces which would have been reckoned beautiful anywhere in Europe, and at one village fair they managed to get a sketch of the village belle and heiress, "a tiny creature, with a light yellow bamboo hat, stuck coquettishly on one side of her head," who was "most bewitching."

The country had been desolated by plague and civil war. For the present the civil war is over, but the oppression and injustice of the Chinese Mandarins in Mahomedan suits makes it improbable that men who are so much superior to their oppressors in physique will long continue quiet under such provocation. The population was greatly reduced, and the ruins of costly and extensive works gave evidence of better days in the past. At Talan a blue-balled Mandarin came out to receive the party with soldiers in gay uniforms, and red banners floating on the breeze. The Sub-Prefect of the City pressed them to occupy rooms in his own Yamen—an honour which perhaps no other modern traveller has received. This welcome hospitality saved them from the incessant tumult of the inn, which often disturbed their rest far into the morning. From Talan Mr. Colquhoun intended to enter the Shan country and survey it down to Rangoon. In one of the first villages a crowd of men, women and children came round them

asking for medicines. Fever, goitre and eye diseases had attacked almost every one in the village. Soon after, on the very edge of the Shan country, the interpreter refused to proceed, and Mr. Colquhoun was left helpless. "Those days were amongst the most bitterly disappointing of my life," he says. The route was changed and after a long and trying journey the party reached Tali, where Mr. George Clark, of the China Inland Mission, received them with great kindness, and they had the pleasure of hearing a hearty English voice again. The survey of 1,500 miles from Canton to Tali ended the exploration work, but a twenty days' journey to Bhamo was still before them. From Bhamo they intended to sail down the Irrawadi to Rangoon. This journey to Bhamo was not the least adventurous part of their travels. Their guide mutinied, and it was only the great kindness of Père Vise, the Roman Catholic priest of Chu-tung, that enabled them to overcome their troubles and get safely to Bhamo. There the American missionaries received them on the 12th July, with a kindness which no words can express, and Mr. Stevenson, of the China Inland Mission, opened his house and purse to the worn-out travellers. Two days later the party sailed down the Irrawadi. Mr. Wahab, utterly prostrate, was carefully tended, and reached Rangoon and Calcutta, but never recovered. Mr. Colquhoun was better and could act as nurse to his little party. On the 12th of September all his arrangements were complete, and he started for England on one of the P. & O. steamers. Mr. Colquhoun is now in England. He has brought his survey before the Chamber of Commerce, and hopes also to receive Government aid in further exploration of the Shan States, with a view to the opening out of trade. No one can read this book without feeling that there is a great future before British Burmah and the Shan States. Railways could be constructed from Rangoon, which would pass through rich provinces that cannot be developed for want of carriage power. All merchandise has to be borne on the backs of porters, ponies or mules, and the cost is enormous. Gold and other metals; rice, maize, peas, beans, most European fruits, &c., are found. The most celebrated tea in China comes from this territory, but it is so costly when delivered at Shanghai, that it cannot be exported to Europe. The peasantry in the south and west of Yunnan are in such a comfortable condition that they drink tea everywhere, while in other parts of the province they drink principally hot water. (The water is so bad that it is not safe to drink it cold.) There is a splendid future for railway extension in this district, and its vast wealth would abundantly repay development. In four days Mr. Colquhoun counted over 2,000 animals laden with cotton.

Missionary workers in this part of China, are coming to the conclusion that it is necessary to commence with the children to obtain real converts among the Chinese. The Aborigines, who are

not steeped in Buddhism and Confucianism, give greater promise, and good work is being done among them. Opium smoking causes great mischief. Nearly all the Chinese Mandarins Mr. Colquhoun met begged for medicine to quench their craving for this drug. The Yünnanese cannot use it with the moderation of some of the Chinese proper who live in the plains, and soon become sodden in body and mind. "We constantly met Mandarins," says Mr. Colquhoun, "being carried in their sedan-chairs under the influence of the drug, lying sunk in a heavy sleep while they were conveyed over some precipitous road." In one place they saw a man, lying in heavy sodden sleep, and his wife and two companions were only able to rouse him after ten minutes' effort.

Mr. Colquhoun's volumes are full of beautiful engravings, mostly from photographs taken on the journey. They are of manifest interest, and are likely to bear lasting fruit in the extension of railways, and the opening up of new fields of commerce.

RIDSDALE'S GREAT NAMAQUALAND.

Scenes and Adventures in Great Namaqualand. By the Rev. Benjamin Ridsdale. London: T. Woolmer.

It is a long time since we have read a missionary narrative of such intense interest. The book is nothing more than the story of the writer's three years' labour in the Namaqua territory to the north of the Orange River in South Africa; but the story is told so simply and naturally, and the life described is so complete a contrast at every point to life in this country that the interest continues and grows to the very end. The ruling feature of Namaqualand is the terrific heat, which lasts nine months of the year, often making sleep impossible and life next to intolerable. The vast sand plains, almost bare of shelter of any kind, burn like an oven. Oxen sometimes journey four days without finding water. The author's three years' toil, from 1844 to 1847, so reduced him in health as to make a change of sphere essential. The first chapter describes very vividly the nine weeks' journey of 600 miles in waggons from Cape Town to Namaqualand. Supplies for a year or two had to be carried the whole distance, and, when exhausted, had to be replenished by a special journey to the Cape. In crossing the Orange River the English travellers were disgusted with the native modes of crossing and tried their skill at a raft, but after several narrow escapes from drowning were only too glad to return to native ways. Nisbett Bath was the central mission station. But a large portion of the book is occupied by deeply thrilling accounts of the periodical visits made

by Mr. Ridsdale to out-stations occupied by native agents. Many are the hairbreadth escapes chronicled. Still more interesting to lovers of missions is the account of the work done by the missionary in teaching and training the native churches, the simplicity and gratitude with which the people received the truth, and the wonderful transformations effected by Christianity in native character. A touching practice on the part of the native Christians was that of retiring from the noise of their huts to the bushes for secret prayer. Again and again has Mr. Ridsdale come upon them engaged in this way. We do not find Namaqualand or Nisbett Bath on the list of Wesleyan Missions at present.

SMITH'S DR. DUFF.

Men Worth Remembering. "Alexander Duff." By Thomas Smith, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

DR. DUFF was one of the greatest modern missionaries. He was the founder of the system of English education for Hindus, and as a missionary advocate at home he has had no equal in his own line. Dr. Smith was his colleague in labour at Calcutta, and writes therefore from fulness of knowledge and sympathy. On minor points we might find fault with the biography. The word "disrupt" seems to us far from classical. Nor do we understand the sense of "appropriating," in the following sentence: "The pulpit, church-court and platform were his appropriate rostra—appropriate because his whole life was spent in appropriating himself to them." On one of the early pages too, speaking of the common phrase used in biographies, "the son of poor but pious parents," Dr. Smith adds, "As it is officially ascertained that Scotland is now the richest section of the British Isles, it is to be feared that it has lost somewhat of its pre-eminence in piety." We may accept the first officially ascertained fact, but scarcely see the logic of the inference. However, we admire the brief biography greatly for its stubborn honesty. Like the painter of Cromwell, Dr. Smith does not omit the warts. He rightly believes that any one good enough to have his biography written is strong enough to have his defects known. Like his teacher, Chalmers, Dr. Duff possessed a nature of passionate fervour and eloquence of inexhaustible copiousness; but, unlike Chalmers, Duff had none of the discipline of severer studies. His biographer says that he was averse to philological and mathematical study. We are surprised to learn the extent of the preparations he made for public efforts. His faculty of mental, apart from written, preparation was extraordinary. One of his duties as Missionary Convener to his

Church was "by long and frequent letters—for which he ever apologised as 'brief notes'—to cheer and sustain the missionaries who were bearing the burden and heat of the day." We are glad to see Dr. Smith's advocacy of higher education in India as a missionary agency. "The abandonment of our higher class missionary institutions would be simply a handing over of the mind of India to atheism and scepticism. It can only be a question of idle speculation whether it would be a gain or a loss to put an arrest at once on unchristian and on Christian education. The unchristian cannot be arrested; I trust that the Christian shall not" (we leave the Scotticism of the "shall" unaltered). At the same time Dr. Smith insists that the missionary educator shall keep his missionary aims uppermost. It was scarcely necessary to characterise Simeon, the father of Anglican Evangelicalism, as "overpolished and exquisitely finical" (p. 17).

JUDSON'S LIFE OF DR. JUDSON.

Adoniram Judson, D.D., his Life and Labours. By his Son Edward Judson. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

ANOTHER missionary, as great as Duff, although of a different order. Judson's greatness is in spiritual, rather than intellectual qualities. Not that the latter were inferior. His Burmese Bible and Dictionary prove his ample mental equipment for the work to which God called him. But his intellectual powers were overshadowed by the moral. In spiritual stature, in absolute self-surrender and absorption in God's work, he was of the truly heroic type. In the calendar of the universal Church his name will ever rank beside the Xaviers, the Martyrs, the Brainerds, the Careys, the Livingstones, the most Christ-like because the most self-renouncing souls. His distinctive glory in the future will be as the Apostle of Burmah. Landing in Burmah in 1813, the first messenger of Christ to its shores, he did not return to America till 1845, and then only for a year. Four years more of toil and suffering weakness, and he lay in his ocean-grave almost within sight of the land to which his whole life had been given. It is because Judson's spirit of intense faith and intense devotion is indispensable to the Church, that we rejoice in the publication of lives like this. May many readers catch the holy flame! Judson died so far back as 1850, and a complete life now appears for the first time. No explanation is given of the delay, and we will not ask it. The biography may not commend itself to a fastidious taste. Many would have preferred greater quiet and simplicity of tone in some parts. But greater defects than these would not suffice to hide the greatness of the character and life here described. We have no

doubt that a mere worldly judgment would set down the intensity of Judson's Christian character to fanaticism. But a similar charge would lie against the very greatest names Christianity has to show.

The time of Judson's arrival in Burmah was long before the days of British power. He toiled six years before seeing a single convert. He and his work lay every moment at the mercy of a cruel, capricious heathen despot. In 1823 he tried to establish a mission in imperial Ava itself. But just then the first war with the British broke out. The emperor threw all the Europeans into prison. There they lay amid almost incredible horrors twenty months. The story of suffering told in the seventh chapter is well-nigh without parallel. Perhaps the most heroic figure of all is Mrs. Judson with her infant incessantly seeking to mitigate the prisoners' condition by appeals to authorities and jailers. Strange it is that flesh and blood survived so long a martyrdom. No wonder that after the trial was ended, to be followed by the death of wife and infant, there came a terrible physical reaction. This is the explanation of the fit of asceticism described in the ninth chapter. For a time Judson shunned society, spending much of his time in a solitary hermitage. But this mood passed away. His self-denial needed no outward austerities for its exhibition. His whole life was a continuous sacrifice.

Judson was married three times. His wives were all memorable women, as full of missionary ardour as himself. In the hope that a long voyage would be a benefit, he was carried on board ship in what proved to be a dying state. He died in great suffering a few days after leaving the Burmese coast. His widow did not hear of his death for several months.

The volume is full of interesting details of missionary methods, trials and triumphs. We see the founding of the Burmese church amid hardships, peril and fierce persecution. Judson was permitted to reap as well as sow. At the time of his death there were upwards of 7,000 Christian Burmans and Karens in 68 churches. The missionaries, native pastors and assistants numbered 163. One of Judson's chief means of usefulness was found in the *zayats*,—buildings in favourable thoroughfares for preaching and worship,—where he sat through the day and conversed with inquirers. America may well glory in having given to the Church so saintly a soul, so apostolic a life.

PRENTISS'S LIFE OF MRS. PRENTISS.

The Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss, Author of "Stepping Heavenward." By the Rev. G. L. Prentiss, D.D.
London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1882.

Mrs. PRENTISS was well known by her writings to the religious

public, and this book will tend to make her not only more widely known but more highly esteemed. The cheery tone of *Stepping Heavenward* rings out on every page of the biography. Dr. Prentiss would have done wrong if he had withheld from the religious world such a record of devotion—devotion of all kinds, filial, conjugal, parental, philanthropic, and above all Christian—as this book contains.

Mrs. Prentiss was highly favoured in her birth and early surroundings. A daughter of Dr. Payson, her educational advantages were considerable, while her father's house was the resort of scholars and men of culture. Her marriage introduced her to some of the best circles of the Presbyterian Church; and as she was a good correspondent, her letters furnish a series of pictures of American life hardly anywhere else to be met with, and very different from those we encounter in the pages of foreign visitors. The main interest centres, as it ought to do, in Mrs. Prentiss herself, a soul of rare endowments, overflowing with sympathy toward all around her, and combining in an extraordinary degree the apparently opposite qualities of exuberant wit and deep spirituality. Some critics have complained of the profusion of the feast provided for them, but we cannot endorse their criticism: there is such freshness, picturesqueness, simplicity, in the book that he must be a very prosaic reader indeed that can easily get tired of it, and the multiplicity and occasional smallness of the details only gives naturalness to the whole.

LIFE OF MRS. LEGGE.

A Life of Consecration. Memorials of Mrs. Mary Legge. By one of her Sons. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1883.

IN Mrs. Legge a more homely personality confronts us, also the wife of a minister, but leading a very different life from that of her vivacious American sister. Mrs. Legge's story is that of a long battle with adverse fortune, waged with the indomitable hardihood that is inspired by deep convictions of duty. Her lot was cast in the Eastern counties, where her husband spent the whole of a long and laborious ministerial career, sowing on most unfriendly soil and content to reap but a scanty harvest. Mrs. Legge was an admirable help-meet, managing the affairs of a large household,—which for many years comprised a number of students for the ministry,—educating her family, and cultivating her own mind with an energy truly remarkable. Her letters, mainly addressed to her children, display an intelligent interest in many subjects besides those which most naturally inspire them. Though necessarily void of much incident, the life of Mrs. Legge was well worth writing, and we have pleasure in commending it

to our readers as the memorial of one who might be truly termed a model pastor's wife.

WORDSWORTH'S SHAKESPEARE.

Shakespeare's Historical Plays, Roman and English, with Revised Text, Introductions, and Notes Glossarial, Critical and Historical. By Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrew's. Three Volumes. Blackwood and Sons. 1883.

THESE three volumes form the first instalment of what will no doubt be in future honourably known as "Wordsworth's Shakespeare," and are the result of an attempt to "edit the twelve historical plays of Shakespeare in a thoroughly readable form for families and students." The task has not been lightly undertaken: it has been before the author's mind for twenty years, being suggested by the need he felt for a work better adapted for general reading than the ordinary expurgated editions of Shakespeare. Besides passages expunged on the score of indelicacy, such "peccant redundancies" have been removed as appeared objectionable on account of obscurity, doubtful allusion, quibbling, excessive buffoonery, slipsbod diction, or bombast,—a wide field for action in such an author as Shakespeare, and requiring to be worked with great care, if all parties are to be satisfied. Conceding the right to such procedure—it is an age of revision—we cannot complain of the way in which the editor has accomplished his task. The Clarendon Press Series will "bear him hard," to quote a thoroughly Shakespearian expression; but outside the range of schools and competitive examinations these volumes will probably have a circulation befitting their merit, and this most recent attempt to popularise the writings of "the myriad-minded man" will meet with deserved success.

The type and binding are, we need hardly add, altogether worthy of the eminent firm who have undertaken the publication.

DOBSON'S FIELDING.

English Men of Letters: "Fielding." By Austin Dobson. London. Macmillan and Co.

WE doubt whether it is wise to add lives like Fielding's to the series. Interest of its own it has none. Mr. Dobson has corrected many details and done all that can be done by industry and a clear style, but even he cannot make bricks without straw. The sole interest of Fielding is in connection with his writings, and even for these we cannot wish an unlimited circulation. Fielding

may have been the "robust and masculine genius" Mr. Dobson speaks of; "Joseph Andrews," "Jonathan Wild," "Tom Jones," "Amelia" may deserve all the praise he bestows; but morality, we are thankful to say, still counts for something in the world. We are willing to accept the biographer's own estimate on this point. We wish to use no stronger epithets than "recklessly immodest," "unbridled license" applied to some of Fielding's plays; these are enough to condemn any writer, whatever his intellectual qualities. Unfortunately Fielding's works were but too faithful a reflection of his own life. We are astonished at the following sentence of the biographer's: "That Henry Fielding was wild and reckless in his youth it would be idle to contest;—indeed it is an intelligible, if not a necessary consequence of his physique and his temperament." We can only characterise the opinion of the last sentence as monstrous and mischievous in the extreme. Daniel Macmillan, whose memoirs so many have lately read with delight, would scarcely have endorsed such a sentiment. It may be true that Fielding's "pet antipathy" was "hypocrisy." But hypocrisy is not the only sin in the world. As an author, Fielding was guilty of sins quite as worthy of reprobation as hypocrisy. But even apart from this feature, there is nothing in Fielding's life to make it worth telling at length. The incidents strung together are quite barren of interest or moral.

SIDGWICK'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

The Principles of Political Economy. By Henry Sidgwick, Author of "The Methods of Ethics." London: Macmillan and Co.

THE time had come for an elaborate treatise like this. Economical writers like Mill, Jevons, Cairns, Macleod, had put forward widely divergent views on the cardinal points of the science, views on which ordinary students were little able to decide. Mr. Sidgwick comes, and in his clear, calm, judicial style, compares, discusses, and adjudicates upon the conflicting theories and arguments. In our judgment the treatise is one of the very best, if not the best, on the subject. The plan is comprehensive, the language precise and clear, the tone impartial, the line taken on all disputable points moderate. Simply as an exercise in reasoning, or a model of direct exposition, the work is an admirable study. In relation to the subject matter, its merits are just as high. The treatment is as thorough as the variety of topics allowed. If a certain amount of haze is often allowed to rest upon the final conclusions, this is due either to the nature of the subject or the present stage of research. The temper of the whole work is in close conformity with the author's language respecting the possibility and value of

definitions on some questions. On p. 52 he says, "The economists who have given most attention to the matter seem to me commonly to fall into two opposite errors at the same time. They underrate the importance of *seeking* for the best definition of each cardinal term, and they overrate the importance of *finding* it. The truth is—as most readers of Plato know, only it is a truth difficult to retain and apply,—that what we gain by discussing a definition is often but slightly represented in the superior fitness of the formula that we ultimately adopt; it consists chiefly in the greater clearness and fulness in which the characteristics of the matter to which the formula refers have been brought before the mind in the process of seeking for it." The spirit of this just remark pervades the entire volume. The reader will find no exact definition of those most abstruse subjects—Value, Wealth, Capital; but after reading Mr. Sidgwick's chapters his knowledge will have attained "greater clearness and fulness."

At the outset Mr. Sidgwick discusses the question whether the subject is to be regarded as a science or an art, a mere generalisation of facts or an enunciation of rules of conduct. In reality it is both, a science first and an art afterwards. The first two books treat the subject on its scientific side, under the two heads of Production and Distribution. Under the first head the reader will find such questions discussed as Value, Wealth, Capital; under the second such questions as Exchange, Value, International Values, Money, Interest, Rent, Wages general and particular, Monopoly and Combination. Into this part of the work the writer has thrown all his strength. Any one who thinks that he understands such plain things as Money, Capital, Rent, will speedily find himself undeceived on reading these chapters. Every definition set up is at once shown to be defective. Thus, after canvassing the various definitions of money that have been given, the writer says, "Still, under existing circumstances, the distinction between metallic money and banker's obligations—especially in a community that abstains from inconvertible paper—remains fundamentally important; and I should have no objection to restrict the term money to the former, if any short word, sanctioned by usage, could be found for the whole medium of exchange. Since however this is not the case, it seems best to use 'money' in the wider signification which it has in the money market, and refer to metallic money as 'coin.'" But even this definition is not wide enough to cover all cases. Bullion, not coin, is the medium of commerce. Some government and railway bonds are shown to come under the denomination of money. Many thorny points emerge in connection with capital. For example, are a manufacturer's uninvested money and his stock part of his capital? Mill's view is that "the distinction between capital and not capital lies in the mind of the capitalist—in his will to employ them for

one purpose rather than the other." On this Mr. Sidgwick remarks, "But granting that it is the intention of the owner of wealth, rather than the consequences of his acts, which determines whether that wealth is or is not capital; it yet seems more according to analogy to regard the wealth as becoming capital, not when the owner's intention is formed, but when it is executed." If so, it is not intention merely which makes wealth into capital. Another difficult point is the relation of land to capital. "English economists generally agree in excluding land from their definition of capital." Yet Mr. Sidgwick thinks that "a fundamental distinction between land and capital, extending throughout the whole range of economic discussion, must be abandoned." When capital is considered from the individual's point of view, it includes land; when considered from the community's point of view, land forms no part of it.

The third book, which contemplates Political Economy as an art, evidently opens up a wide field. Mr. Sidgwick wisely limits himself to one section of the field, the relations of government to the question in hand, and even this section he treats rather in the way of suggestion than of exhaustive discussion. It is almost needless to say that on such subjects as Protection, Communism, and the whole question of government intervention or non-intervention, he has much to say that will repay attentive study. As one reads his arguments for and against, the instantly recurring thought is that there is much to be said on both sides. The decision generally turns on practical, rather than theoretical, grounds. Thus, in reply to the question, "how far government may legitimately go in preventing acts that are not directly or necessarily harmful, on the ground that they are likely in some indirect way to have harmful consequences to other persons besides the agent," he says, "The question would be generally admitted to be one of degree; and it does not appear to me that the answer to it in concrete cases can reasonably be decided by any broad general formula; but rather that every case must be dealt with on its own merits, after carefully weighing the advantages and drawbacks of intervention." So again as to patents he remarks, "It seems hardly possible to frame the regulations of a patent law on any other principle than that of carefully balancing opposite expedencies." We wish we had space to quote the sensible comments on "unearned increment" (p. 509). Such increment, if it does not belong to the landowners, still less belong to the tenant. The only party that can put in a claim is the community. But two objections lie against the enforcing of such a claim. First, the fact that "at least a great part of the future unearned increment of rent is already discounted in the present market price of land;" and secondly, the difficulty, we may say the impossibility, of separating the unearned from the earned increment.

The earnest study of a reasoned, solid treatise like the present one will inevitably tend to the formation of intelligent and moderate views on some of the burning questions of the day.

COPYRIGHT AND PATENTS.

Copyright and Patents for Inventions. Vol. II. Edinburgh :
T. and T. Clark.

Now that the question of patents is under consideration, this volume cannot but be full of importance for those interested. The compiler calls it "a thing of shreds," but the shreds are exceedingly valuable, consisting as they do of opinions by experienced students, Reports of Commons and Lords' Committees, Royal Commissions, and special societies. The compiler is no friend of the principle of patents, preferring the public interests to private monopolies. Even if such monopolies are allowed he would give them a more limited range than they have enjoyed hitherto. But whether he is right or wrong in his own views is immaterial. In the body of the work (a body of considerable bulk) he has given the reader abundant materials for confirming or correcting the opinions intimated in the preface.

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