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APRIL,

1888.

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REVIEW.

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1888.

ART. I.—TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANKS.

1. *Interim Report of the Commissioner appointed under the Act 50 and 51 Victoria, cap. 47, to inquire into the affairs of the Trustee Savings Bank at Cardiff* (1887).
2. *The Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1878 and 1879.*
3. *The Trustee Savings Banks Act, 1887.*

THE Report of Mr. Lyulph Stanley, the Commissioner appointed by the Treasury to inquire into the affairs of the Cardiff Savings Bank, can hardly fail to shake the confidence of the public in trustee savings banks, and is calculated seriously to affect their business. Its startling revelations of fraud and mismanagement cannot, however, be said to be in any sense new, for, though it has received but little attention, the insecurity of the position of depositors in these institutions has been more than once similarly forced upon the notice of the public during the seventy years which have elapsed since trustee savings banks first obtained legal recognition from the State.*

In 1825 the savings bank at Mildenhall, in Suffolk, was forced to suspend payment on account of the defalcations of the clerk, but the trustees declined to submit the question

* The first Savings Banks Acts (57 Geo. III. cc. 105 and 130), for Ireland and England, were passed in 1817.

of their liability to the arbitration of the barrister appointed under the Savings Banks Acts to settle all disputes relating to these institutions, and an action eventually brought by a depositor against one of the trustees was decided against him on the ground that the Acts ousted the courts of law of their jurisdiction.* Again, in 1848, the savings bank at Tralee had similarly to be closed on account of a deficiency of £36,768 in the funds. The barrister then holding the appointment went down in person to settle the affairs of the institution, and made several awards making every trustee or manager liable to pay every depositor twenty shillings in the pound. One of the trustees, however, refused to settle the claim he was thus ordered to meet, and, when the depositor whom he refused to pay brought an action against him, the Court decided that the barrister had neglected to comply with the rules prescribed by the Savings Banks Acts for the exercise of his powers, and that his awards could not therefore be enforced.† The closing, within a very short period of the failure of the Tralee bank, of three other Irish savings banks—that at Cuffe Street, Dublin, where the deficiency amounted to £64,774, that at Killarney, where it was £36,000, and that at Auchterarder, where it was not ascertained—led to the appointment of two Select Committees to inquire into the causes of the failures of the four banks, but space prevents us from attempting to consider their Report here.‡ There have

* See the case of *Crisp v. Sir Edward Bunbury and others* (8 Bing. 394; M. & Scott, 646), which, though it terminated unfavourably for the depositors, had the effect of establishing for them a far cheaper, speedier, and simpler process for the settlement of savings banks cases than could have been provided by the ordinary courts. There is, however, no evidence that the depositors ever recovered their money, and the fact that one of the pleas advanced at the trial by the trustees—who had previously declared that they had no funds to satisfy the plaintiff's claim—was that, as honorary trustees, they were not responsible for the embezzlements of the clerk, affords a strong presumption to the contrary.

† *Lynch v. Fitzgerald* (*Brunker's Digest of Irish Cases*, Com. Law and Ad. 1969). This decision still further established the jurisdiction of the barrister as sole arbitrator in savings banks disputes.

‡ See Report of the Select Committee appointed to inquire into and report upon the circumstances connected with the failure of the St. Peter's Parish Savings Bank in Cuffe Street, Dublin, and also the cases of the savings banks at Tralee, Killarney, and Auchterarder, &c. &c., 1850, pp. iii.-v.

been some notable instances of the same kind during the last ten years. The *Reports of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies* for 1878 and 1879 contained accounts of three instances in which savings banks sustained losses through the embezzlement of a manager or secretary. One of these occurred in the case of the savings bank at Thame, where the actuary was allowed to act as agent for the depositors, and, on the mere production of a deposit book, to receive a cheque for the amount he asked for, while the auditor did not take the trouble to compare one year's depositor's balance with another, so that £200 might be added to a credit balance from one year to the next without his discovering it.* Another arose in connection with the Alnwick Savings Bank, the trustees of which were also found to have permitted one of the managers to act as agent for depositors, paying money on their account, and keeping their deposit books, a position of which he apparently made use to forge their names and appropriate their deposits.† In both of these cases the misappropriations of the depositors' money were discovered before they had reached a sufficient amount to imperil the safety of the bank; but in the third case, that of the Epsom Savings Bank, the frauds of the secretary obliged the trustees to close the institution.‡ The bank had its office at that of a firm of solicitors, one of the members of which, who eventually became its sole representative, was secretary to the institution and kept the books, which were audited for some time by a person paid by himself. The managers, though several of them had been remarkably diligent in their attendance at the bank, professed, when examined, entire ignorance of their statutory duties. They seem to have allowed the bank to be virtually identified with its secretary, for whose sole benefit, as

* *Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies* for 1879, pp. 38, 48.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 37, 48.

‡ Both in the case of the Thame Savings Bank and the Alnwick Bank the trustees showed their desire to deal fairly in the matter by themselves applying for the exercise of the Registrar's powers, but the trustees of the Epsom Bank, instead of accepting his suggestion that the claims of the depositors should be referred collectively to him, insisted on contesting each claim *seriatim* before him, and thus prolonged the process of winding up the affairs of the bank, and at the same time put the depositors at the expense, in many cases, of employing solicitors to recover their money.—*Cf. Report of the Chief Registrar* for 1879, p. 49.

solicitor, it had avowedly been kept up during the last few years of its existence, in order not to deprive him of the business which he alleged that it brought him, and at his death it was discovered that he had been falsifying the books and pocketing the money of the depositors for some eight years.* Again, in 1880, a case came before the Superior Courts, which revealed a remarkable infringement of the provision in the Savings Banks Acts which prohibits double deposits under penalty of forfeiture to the National Debt Commissioners, and requires every depositor, when opening an account, to make a declaration that he is not entitled to any deposit in any other savings bank, or to any other funds in the same savings bank.† The trustees of the Newry Savings Bank, in Ireland, without requiring him to make the necessary statutory declaration, permitted a depositor, named Cochrane, to make deposits in fictitious names to the amount of nearly £1800, in addition to a sum of £100 standing in his own name, to receive the interest on all of them, and to vary the fictitious accounts as he pleased. At his death, in 1880, his deposits were claimed by his personal representatives, but the bank refused to pay them, and the Assistant Registrar of Friendly Societies for Ireland, Mr. Littledale, to whom the case was then referred, declined to hear the dispute, on the ground that the whole transaction, being fraudulent, was outside his powers. An attempt was then made to obtain a writ of *mandamus* to compel him to do so, but the Courts refused to grant it, on the ground that the deposits had been made in wilful contravention of the Savings Banks Acts. Owing, however, to a careless error on the part of the framers of the enactment, the penalty of forfeiture is made incident only where a depositor makes a false declaration, or is found to be possessed of funds in more than *one* savings bank, and the £1900 therefore remained in the hands of the trustees of the bank, who had aided Cochrane in evading the law.‡ Lastly, we have the case of the failure of the savings

* *Report of the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies for 1878*, p. 52, and *Report for 1879*, pp. 35, 41-49.

† *The Queen v. Littledale* (10 L. R. Ir. 78 and 12 L. R. Ir. 97). The provision in question is sect. 38 of 26 and 27 Vict. c. 87.

‡ An arrangement was, however, eventually made, by which Cochrane's legal representatives were permitted to receive a portion of the sum.

bank at Bishop's Stortford, which occurred within a few months of that of the Cardiff Bank, and which was caused by the embezzlement of some £7000 of the depositors' money by a secretary, who received the miserable stipend of £10 a year.

The history of the failure of the Cardiff Bank is therefore only a new version of a thrice-told tale, but it is rendered more impressive than those which have preceded it by the high position of many of those whose names appeared in the published list of the trustees and managers of the bank, by the magnitude of the losses it entailed on the depositors, the combined fraud and negligence which occasioned it, and the difficulty experienced in satisfactorily winding up the affairs of the institution. In order that the reader may form a true estimate regarding it, it will be necessary, however, first to describe briefly the safeguards provided by the law against malpractices on the part of the trustees and paid officials of savings banks.

While Post Office savings banks are under the control of the State, and the deposits in them are made "with the security of the Government for the due repayment thereof," the property and management of trustee savings banks, which owe their existence to private efforts, are vested entirely in the trustees and officers of the institutions, and the investments of depositors in them are made solely upon the security of trustees. In order, presumably, to enable the public the better to distinguish between the two classes of institutions, the Savings Banks Act, 1863, provides that the trustee banks are to be certified by the name of "savings banks certified under the Act of 1863,"* and it is important to note this provision here, because Mr. Lyulph Stanley's report shows us that it was entirely disregarded by the authorities of the Cardiff Bank:—

"This Cardiff Bank was commonly described either as a 'Government security bank,' the title on the pass book with the royal arms printed on them, or frequently on balance sheets, reports, and the official paper used by the late actuary for his bank correspondence, as 'Government Savings Bank,' and on the late actuary's letter paper there was, in addition, a most conspicuous coloured imprint of the royal arms. A large number of witnesses stated that depositors were deluded by this assumption of a title into

* Sect. 5.

the belief that the Government were responsible to the depositors for their money as soon as it was paid in." *

With the view of ensuring the stability and efficient management of savings banks, the Act of 1863 goes on to enact that no trustee, treasurer, or manager shall, either directly or indirectly, derive "any salary, allowance, profit, or benefit whatsoever" from the bank, "beyond their actual expenses for the purposes of such savings bank,"† and also that the certified rules of each institution shall contain certain prescribed regulations for the conduct of business, which are designed to secure that the trustees and managers should act as a check on the paid officials in every transaction.‡ Thus, no money may be received from or paid to depositors except at the office of the bank and during the usual business hours. One trustee or manager is required to be present with the actuary or other paid officer of the bank on all occasions of public business, and to enter in a cash book kept for the purpose every transaction of deposit or repayment. Each depositor has a pass book, in which all his payments and withdrawals must be entered, and each entry must be initialed by the trustee or manager present at the transaction. The trustees and managers are required to appoint a public accountant, or one or more auditors, but "not out of their own body," to examine the books of the bank and report the result of the audit to the board of management not less than once every half-year; and also to examine an extracted list of the depositors' balances, made up every year to the 20th of November, and certify as to the correct amount of the liabilities and assets of the bank. This extracted list of depositors' balances, as certified by the auditors, must also be entered in a book to be kept open at any time during the hours of public business for the inspection of depositors. Lastly, the trustees and managers, or committee of management, are required to meet at least once every half-year, and to keep minutes of their proceedings in a book provided for the purpose, and also to transmit weekly

* *Report on the Affairs of the Cardiff Savings Bank*, p. 6.

† These expenses are regulated by the rules of the institution with regard to the remuneration of the paid officers.

‡ The system of checks is contained in sects. 6, 7, 8, and 9 of 26 & 27 Vict. cap. 87. Cf. *Mr. Stanley's Report*, pp. 3, 4, and 5.

returns of the transactions of the bank to the National Debt Commissioners.

It will be evident that, though the system of checks embodied in the above provisions of the Savings Banks Act, 1863, is in itself well calculated to meet the object for which it was designed, its efficiency is entirely dependent on the mode in which the trustees fulfil the duties imposed upon them. It is clear that any carelessness, neglect, or want of experience on their part must always leave the depositors at the mercy of the paid officials of the bank, and, if we examine the nature of the only safeguard provided by the Legislature to prevent such contingencies, we find that it is entirely inadequate for the purpose. It is assumed apparently that the liability of the trustees and managers to repay the deposits entrusted to them is sufficient to ensure the due performance of their functions. Though, however, all "the effects, moneys, goods, and chattels whatever," are vested in them by Statute,* it is also expressly provided that they are only personally liable to the depositors—1st, for moneys actually received by them on account of, and for the use of the banks, and not paid over and disposed of in accordance with the rules; and 2nd, for moneys lost through neglect or omission in complying with the regulations for the maintenance of the system of checks above described.† In order, therefore, to enforce the claims of depositors for losses incurred through fraud on the part of officials, it is necessary to prove that such losses are due to the misconduct of the trustees with respect to one or more of these points—a task often necessitating an inquiry into the mode in which the business of the bank has been conducted during a long period of its existence, and the difficulties of which are materially enhanced by the voluntary nature of their responsibility, and the fact that the majority of the trustees not unfrequently leave the more zealous minority to perform almost all the work of the institution. This great defect in the savings bank system—the vague and indeter-

* Sect. 10 of 26 & 27 Vict. c. 87.

† Sect. 11 of 26 & 27 Vict. c. 87. Cf. *Mr Stanley's Report*, pp. 4, 12, 14, 15, 18, and 63.

minate nature of the liability of the trustees—is very clearly demonstrated by the Report on the Cardiff Savings Bank failure, which seems to combine in itself all the incidents of the previous cases which we have already noticed.

The bank was established in 1819, only two years after the passing of the first Savings Banks Act,* and must, therefore, be one of the oldest of these institutions in existence. We say *in existence*, for it must be borne in mind that, though it is now closed for business purposes, the affairs of the bank have not yet been finally wound up, and it seems likely that some considerable time must elapse before this can be done.

The ruin of the bank, as it is hardly necessary to remind the reader, was caused, in the first instance, by the frauds of the late actuary, Mr. Williams, who was appointed to the post in 1850. So far as can be judged from Mr. Lyulph Stanley's investigation, his defalcations seem to have extended over a period of at least twenty years, and were only discovered at his death. His plan of action seems to have been to conceal his frauds by means of his cash book, while he kept his receipts and payments on behalf of the bank correctly posted to the ledger, which enabled him to retain the clue to them.†

“It appears that for some years past the actuary defrauded the bank, partly by receiving money from depositors which he did not enter in his cash book, partly by entering in his cash book repayments to depositors which were either wholly fictitious, or sometimes to imaginary persons; in other cases where real depositors had withdrawn some money he would enter against them in the cash book the withdrawal of much larger sums. Thus he defrauded the bank by the embezzlement of sums which he had received on account of the bank, and by the forgery of receipts for money paid back to depositors which had not really been paid back.”‡

In 1884 the appointment of a new auditor, more vigilant than his predecessor, nearly led to the discovery of his embezzlements, for this gentleman, Mr. Marshall, in compliance with a provision of the Savings Banks Act, 1863,§ which had been previously entirely neglected, had an extracted list of depositors'

* 1817 (57 Geo. III., cc. 115 & 130).

† *Report on the Cardiff Trustee Savings Bank*, pp. 3, 4.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 3.

§ Sect. 6 of 26 & 27 Vict. c. 87.

balances made, which he verified. The actuary, however, was equal to the occasion.

"When entering receipts and payments in his cash book he introduced the practice of entering the correct ledger references with a black-lead pencil, then when the cash book had been duly posted to the ledgers, he would rub out the pencil references and write new references in ink which only referred to a limited number of ledgers—nine out of twenty-three. The others he kept upstairs, and concealed from the auditor." *

These concealed ledgers and their corresponding pass books practically represented the deficiency in the funds, which Messrs. D. Roberts & Sons, the accountants appointed to investigate the accounts of the bank, estimated in their report to the trustees at £37,024. In their remarks on the causes of the failure, they say:—

"The state of affairs would never have existed had the books been kept upon a proper system of double entry, and a comparison of the cash book entries ever been made with the ledgers. It is remarkable that in none of the ledgers in use for upwards of forty years are there any references to the folios in the cash book from whence the entries are posted." †

The frauds of the actuary were in short so clumsy that, but for the negligence of the trustees in maintaining the system of checks prescribed by the law, they could never have been committed, while they must inevitably have been discovered had the audit of the accounts been in any degree real or effectual. The blind confidence of the trustees in Mr. Williams seems to have been extraordinary, though it is only fair to them to say that it seems to have been also largely shared by others of his fellow-citizens in Cardiff, if we may judge by the evidence of one of the trustees, who stated in his examination that "he knew as a matter of common knowledge that people would meet Mr. Williams, the actuary, in the street, and they had such confidence in him they would give him money then." ‡

* *Report on the Cardiff Savings Bank*, pp. 5, 6.

† *Ibid.* pp. 10, 11.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 57. Another trustee excused his irregularities by saying he knew nothing of his duties, and did whatever the actuary told him (p. 57), while a third stated that he had signed a return to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt presented to him by the actuary without reading "one single word of it" (p. 58).

The trustees for many years permitted Mr. Williams to receive and pay money out of office hours, and frequently copied into their cash book memoranda furnished by him of such payments and receipts without seeing them made or seeing the pass books in which they were entered.* These entries in the cash book entirely deceived the auditors, who treated them as genuine, and really vouching for that of which they ought to be vouchers.† In addition to this, "the auditor was so negligently appointed, so uninstructed in his duties, and so miserably paid, that no one could expect a real and genuine audit under the circumstances, and when a later auditor, Mr. Marshall, called attention to irregularities in the conduct of the actuary, he got no encouragement to renew his complaints, but the reverse."‡

The implicit trust placed by the managers and trustees in their actuary, coupled with what Mr. Lyulph Stanley describes as their "invincible ignorance"§ of their statutory duties, seems to have led them to acquiesce in many other violations of the law on his part. One of these, the printing of "Government Savings Bank" on the pass books, reports, and official paper, &c., of the bank has already been mentioned.|| Another was the habitual neglect to require from depositors making a first deposit the statutory declaration that they are not entitled to any other deposit in the same or in any other savings bank, which has been referred to above,¶ and the equally habitual infringement of another provision of the Savings Banks Act, 1863,** which prohibits trustees from receiving from depositors more than £30 (exclusive of interest) in the year, or more than £150 (also exclusive of interest) in the whole—provisions designed to keep savings banks within such limits as shall prevent their coming into competition with ordinary banks, and guard the Exchequer from the increase of the slight loss entailed on it by the advantages given to them.

* *Report on the Cardiff Savings Bank*, p. 4.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 6, 7.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 7.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 63.

|| *See ante*, p 5.

¶ *Cf.* p. 4 *ante*. This provision is contained in sect. 38 of 26 & 27 Vict. c. 87.

** Sect. 39 of 26 & 27 Vict. c. 87, which goes on to provide that no interest shall be payable when the interest and principal of a deposit together amount to a total of £200.

"In the Cardiff Trustee Savings Bank it was usual for the trustees and managers to permit any depositor to pay in as much as he pleased, and to accumulate his deposits indefinitely, and this was matter of common knowledge and notoriety among the managers and trustees who attended the meetings of the bank. Indeed, when scrupulous depositors called attention to the rule on their pass books prohibiting these large deposits, the actuary would say, in the presence of the managers, 'pay in as much as you like; pay in till I tell you to stop.' . . . Not only did the trustees and managers accept these large sums from others, but some of them used the bank themselves illegally as depositors."*

The accounts exceeding £200—the total legal limit inclusive of interest—thus irregularly received from 145 depositors amounted in all to £52,178, while there were also 685 accounts the depositors of which had paid in more than £30 in one year, amounting to £49,833. These two classes of irregular accounts together made up nearly half the liabilities of the bank.†

Culpable as the conduct of the trustees and managers appears to have been prior to the discovery of the actuary's frauds, they can at least advance in extenuation of it the pleas—unsatisfactory though they be—that they acted in entire reliance on the integrity and ability of a man, who, until his death, seems to have borne an exceptionally high character in Cardiff, and also that their infringements of the law were the result of ignorance. It is extremely difficult, however, to find any reasonable defence for the line of action followed by the large majority of them after they had decided finally to close the bank.

The governing body of the bank, according to the first of the rules, consists of "one president, seventeen trustees, and thirty-seven managers, &c.," and it may be noted that the Act of 1863 makes no mention of the term "president," and apparently makes no distinction between trustees and managers. Mr. Stanley, at the end of his Report,‡ reviews in detail the conduct of each of some thirty and odd members of this large board of management, some nine or ten

* *Report on the Cardiff Savings Bank Case*, pp. 7, 8.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 8, 9.

‡ *Report*, pp. 53-63.

of whom appear to have taken only a nominal part in the proceedings of the institution both before and after its failure. It would be out of place here to attempt to discuss his judgments upon them, some of which are extremely severe, but we cannot forbear to notice that Dr. Vaughan, Dean of Llandaff, who never took any part in the management until after the closing of the bank, is honourably conspicuous among them as being the only one of the whole body who admitted the personal liability of the trustees and managers to the depositors, and endeavoured to procure their payment in full according to their respective claims and interests.* The bank suspended payment in April 1886, and the trustees and managers at once directed Messrs. Roberts & Sons, accountants, to investigate the accounts and report to them "without delay," and also delegated one of their number to consult with the Comptroller-General of the National Debt on their position.† Their next step was to submit a case to counsel for opinion as to the right of depositors to claim repayment of their deposits, and generally as to what course should be taken to protect the funds and the trustees and managers; and it is important to note that, throughout their proceedings after the failure of the bank, solicitors and counsel were employed quite as much, and even more, in their interest than in the interest of the depositors.‡ This first opinion did not fully satisfy the trustees, and they eventually consulted three other counsel in succession as to their position and course of action. It is unnecessary here to discuss these opinions, and it is sufficient to note that, while two of them advised the reference of the claims of all the depositors collectively to the Registrar of Friendly Societies, the other two advised the winding up of the bank as an unregistered association under the Companies Act, 1862, but that all of them alike seem to have warned the trustees of their personal liability under section 11

* *Report on the Cardiff Savings Bank*, pp. 22-24, 56, 57. The late Mr. R. O. Jones, Stipendiary Magistrate of Cardiff, and chairman of the trustees and managers, though he seems to have refused to admit any personal liability on the part of the trustees and managers, yet appears to have endeavoured to the best of his power to secure the winding up of the bank in a legal and orderly manner. (See *Report*, p. 20 *et seq.* p. 54.)

† *Ibid.*, pp. 9, 10.

‡ *Ibid.*, pp. 11, 12.

of the Savings Banks Act, 1863, and of the important distinction to be drawn between the claims of the regular and irregular depositors.* The majority of the trustees, however, declined to adopt either of these modes of settling the affairs of the institution, and persistently refused to admit their personal liability. They determined instead to force all the depositors, both regular and irregular, to accept the payment of a dividend in the pound in lieu of their full claims. Their action, however, will be best described in Mr. Lyulph Stanley's own words :—

“When the bank failed, their duty as trustees for the depositors was at once to do the best they could for those who had trusted them, and whose money they had permitted to be stolen through their culpable negligence. But their action as a body was immediately directed to protecting and screening themselves at the expense of those whose money they held. They used the trust funds to protect themselves; they threatened indefinite legal proceedings, in which the trust funds would be squandered, unless their terms were accepted; they refused to pay any dividend on account, and starved the depositors into accepting their terms, in the many cases through sheer necessity and indigence, and by the fear that the rest of their money would be spent in law.† They were advised of the fact that those of them who had violated sect. 11 of the Act were personally liable, yet they took no steps to ascertain what might be the amount of that personal liability, and how far the assets of the bank might be augmented by it, and they asserted to the depositors their denial of any personal liability, and never communicated to them any of the facts which would have disclosed that liability. They issued circulars ingeniously drafted so as to deceive those

* For the opinions of counsel see p. 12 *et seq.* of the *Report*.

† In proof of the serious condition to which depositors were reduced for want of money, Mr. Stanley gives the following letter from Mr. Thomas Evans, who was employed by the trustees to receive and pay money for them at their Aberdare branch :—

“Will you kindly inform me when the trustees are likely to pay the depositors the amount of their deposits, or a portion of it, as very many of them are in great distress, not having the means to purchase the common necessaries of life, having invested their all in the Savings Bank. I shall esteem it a favour if you will kindly give me what information you can, that I may relieve the minds of the poor depositors who are anxiously looking to me for information.—Faithfully yours,

“THOMAS EVANS.”

Mr. Stanley adds : “I have had evidence of depositors pawning their property, owing to their deposits being locked up in the bank all these months” (*Report*, p. 30).

to whom they were bound by the fullest obligations of good faith, and that in the teeth of the warning of the counsel who drafted the circulars in obedience to their instructions. They professed a determination to deal equally with all, and to show no preferences, and yet, when they were pressed by litigation, which might have opened the eyes of other depositors, their leading men and officers were parties to proposing and effecting secret settlements which should maintain the appearance of uniform action while really buying off opposition. It appears to me that the conduct of the trustees and managers who took part in procuring and issuing the circulars, and in the other acts which led to the payment of the composition, amounts to a conspiracy to defraud the depositors, though the full appreciation of what was done was probably clear only to a few leading spirits, some of whom are dead, and perhaps, where many managers took part and incurred equal civil responsibility, it may be hard to draw the line between them, so as to determine how far any of them overstepped the boundary of the criminal law." *

Mr. Lyulph Stanley concludes his strictures by recommending that a petition be presented for winding up the bank under sect. 3 of the Trustee Savings Banks Act, 1887.† This statute, the passing of which was almost entirely due to the public feeling aroused by the failure of the Cardiff Bank, authorizes the Treasury, on the representation either of such a number of depositors as it considers sufficient, or of the National Debt Commissioners, to apply to any Judge of the Superior Courts for the appointment of a Commissioner to inquire into the affairs of any savings bank which seems to call for such investigation.‡ It also provides that savings banks may be wound up as unregistered associations under the Companies Acts on the presentation of a petition by any depositor or trustee, by the National Debt Commissioners, or by a Commissioner appointed under the Act.§ It makes no attempt, however, to provide safeguards against the causes which lead to savings banks failures, the only effectual remedy to prevent which appears to be that trustees and managers must be made definitely liable, not only individually but collectively, for the

* *Report*, p. 63.

† 50 & 51 Vict. c. 47. Since this was written, the National Debt Commissioners have presented a petition in accordance with Mr. Stanley's advice.

‡ Sect. 2, which is founded on a similar provision in sect. 23 of the Friendly Societies Act, 1875 (38 & 39 Vict. c. 60).

§ Sect. 3.

money entrusted to their keeping. This course has been frequently advocated by Mr. George Howell, M.P.,* to whom savings banks depositors are deeply indebted for his energy and decision in forcing the dangers to which they are at present exposed upon the notice of the public; but there is one extremely weighty objection to it, which seems to be frequently overlooked. The duties undertaken by the trustees are purely voluntary, and, if they are to be held to their performance by the dread of incurring severe penalties in case they neglect them, it seems extremely doubtful whether men of leisure and position will be found willing any longer to saddle themselves with such dangerous as well as thankless obligations. "It appears to me," says Mr. Lyulph Stanley, who closes his Report with some valuable recommendations as to the amendment of the law, "that we cannot rely permanently on the unpaid supervision of trustees and managers. The work they are called upon to perform in their attendance at the bank is mechanical and uninteresting, and it is probable that after a time zeal will flag, and attendance will become perfunctory and irregular." It is clear that, if the uninteresting and mechanical nature of their self-imposed task is to be made still more unattractive by being enforced by a severe penalty, few trustees will consent to continue it.

There seems little doubt, therefore, that this mode of rendering the position of depositors in trustee banks absolutely secure must prove highly unsatisfactory, if not impracticable, and the second of Mr. Lyulph Stanley's recommendations as to savings bank reform appears to us to furnish the only real solution of the problem. "There seems to me," he says, "no reason why, now that Post Office savings banks exist, the nation should pay an additional subsidy to these private banks, where

* His last service in this respect was to draw attention to the important fact that, though there are a few exceptions, such as the banks at Glasgow, Hull, Liverpool, and Manchester, the majority of trustee banks cannot afford to pay for a proper audit. Mr. Howell gives several striking illustrations in proof of this from the official savings banks returns, some of the most notable of which are the cases of South Shields, which, with 5420 depositors, pays £10 a year for its audit; Taunton, which, with 7600 depositors, pays only £10 10s.; Charlotte Street, which, with 8602 depositors, pays also £10 10s.; and, lastly, Kingland Road, which, with 11,352 depositors, pays an unnamed person the ridiculous sum of £3 (*See a letter by Mr. Howell to the Times, Daily Chronicle, and other papers, Dec. 23, 1867.*)

the depositor has less security than in the banks now established by the nation itself." * All will be ready to admit that many of the trustee banks are most admirably managed, and exercise a very beneficial influence, and it must not be forgotten that these merits are very largely, and, in some cases, almost entirely, due to the integrity of character and business ability of savings banks actuaries as a class. But for this, the cases we have been considering show that savings banks frauds, instead of being numbered by tens, might be numbered by hundreds, since, as Mr. Lyulph Stanley justly observes, "in the long run the security of the depositors will be in the first instance in the integrity of the actuary." † In spite of these excellences, however, it must be also generally admitted that trustee savings banks have now served their purpose and could easily be dispensed with. They are at the best only a form of legalized private charity which was originated at the close of the last century, ‡ and the necessity for which ceased with the gradual development of the State undertaking to which it gave birth. While the Post Office savings banks, which now number 8351, have continued rapidly and steadily to increase during the twenty-five years that have elapsed since the system was first established, the trustee savings banks, which now number 405, have of late years slowly but steadily diminished. Friendly and other kindred societies, which formerly showed a marked preference for the trustee banks, have, since the Savings Bank Act, 1880, lowered the rate of interest given to depositors to £2 15s. per cent., apparently been deserting them for the Post Office banks, in which the interest is £2 10s. per cent., and during the five years between 1882 and 1886, no less than 2770 friendly, and 6586 trade, provident, and charitable societies have invested their funds in them. § The ultimate

* *Report*, p. 64.

† *Ibid.*

‡ The first savings bank in the United Kingdom was founded in 1799 by the Rev. J. Smith, rector of Wendover, in Bucks, and when the first Savings Bank Act was passed in 1817 there were 78 establishments of the kind in existence.

§ The number of Friendly Societies investing in 1866 was 646 as against 544 in 1885. With regard to this startling increase the Controller of Savings Banks remarks: "It may perhaps be hoped that the direct Government security afforded by Post Office savings banks is becoming better known and attracting increasing notice.

extinction of trustee savings banks through natural causes, would appear to be inevitable, and if a generous provision were made by the State for the actuaries and other paid officials employed in them, their immediate abolition, and the transfer of their business to the Post Office banks would injure no one, while it would also prove an undeniable benefit to depositors in them. The machinery for effecting this ought not to be difficult to arrange, for one of the Post Office Acts—26 Vict. c. 14—contains a provision* for transferring, under certain conditions, to Post Office banks the funds of trustee banks the trustees of which have determined to close, while the Trustee Savings Banks Act, 1887, as we have already seen, now makes provision for the winding up of trustee banks. The Report on the Cardiff Savings Bank would seem to make speedy legislation on the subject a necessity, and appears to us also to prove that such legislation, to be really effective, should aim at merging trustee savings banks in the State banks rather than at bolstering up an excellent, but now obsolete system, the ineradicable defects of which have been constantly manifested since its first establishment.

ART. II.—TWO MODERN NOVELS.

1. *Donovan*. By EDNA LYALL. London: Hurst & Blackett.
2. *We Two*. By EDNA LYALL. London: Hurst & Blackett.

IT is trite to say that the number of novels now read is enormous; but the fact thus stated, which would at any time be of not unimportant significance, becomes almost alarming when so many of these works of fiction are both devoid of

With reference to this point, the following is an extract from a letter lately received from an officer in Ireland:—‘At the present state of political agitation in this country, it is not safe to invest any monies in any funds or banks whatever, therefore trustees have desired me to apply to the Post Office savings bank.’—*Report of the Postmaster-General for 1887* (App. J. p. 37).

* Sect. 3. This Act, though earlier in date than the Trustee Savings Banks Act of 1863, is not comprised in the schedule of Acts repealed by that statute, and is therefore still in force as to transfer banks as well as to Post Office banks.

literary merit and also false pictures of human life. In the legion of books that by this double fault vitiate the taste, deprave the moral sense, and give misleading notions of the world of actual men and women, the so-called religious novel not unfrequently occupies the very worst place. The characters in such books are too often either contemptible, on account of their weak-minded sentimental pietism, or repulsive by reason of their mean and cold-hearted hypocrisy. The principal reason, no doubt, is that, as it requires undoubted genius to render ordinary characters interesting, and as in the crowd of novel writers only a very select few indeed possess this power, the great majority are obliged to endeavour to give piquancy to their characters by endowing them with angelic virtues or with hideous vices. But, whatever be the cause, that a large proportion of the novels which deal with religious life do, as a matter of fact, present as the portraits of human beings the most impossible assortments of qualities, few persons acquainted with this class of literature, who are at all competent to form a right judgment, will be disposed to deny.

The two books which we have placed at the head of this article, although they give evidence of unusual literary power, are, as representations of real life and character, among the most erroneous and most dangerous that we have ever read. As in a certain section of society they have been, and are likely to be, very popular, we deem it our duty to call attention to the mischievous influence they will be sure to exert upon the minds of those inexperienced and morbidly minded persons who will constitute the bulk of Miss Lyall's readers and admirers. The task we have set ourselves is not a pleasant one, not only because the gifted young authoress manifests great, though untrained, ability, but still more because her avowed purpose is the very laudable one of leading the members of the Churches to lessen the distance between their creed and their conduct, and thus to diminish the arguments and temptations which lead men to atheism. Her failure, however, is complete. What we consider to be the reason of her failure may be indicated by an anecdote. A preacher, it is said, wishing to contrast the Christian heaven with the Mahomedan paradise, drew, unfortunately, so glowing a picture of the Mussulman's

future felicity, that his congregation burst out into delighted hallelujahs. "Stop!" cried the dismayed orator, "you are shouting hallelujah over the *wrong* heaven." It is to be feared that many of Miss Lyall's readers, with disastrous results too serious for joking, will be led to regard atheism as very interesting, and as the sure sign of nobility of character.

That the following criticisms may be clearly intelligible to those who have not read the books, it will be necessary to give an analysis of the two stories. The analysis, however, shall be brief.

In *Donovan* we are introduced to the hero when he is quite a little child, who has the misfortune to have a silly old woman for a nurse, and a selfish, cold-hearted young woman for a mother. When old enough, he is sent to a public school, but is afterwards dismissed under grave suspicion of misconduct, his father, an officer just returned from India, being requested to take him away. The father soon afterwards suddenly dies in a little town in Devonshire, while he and his son were on a tour. Just before dying he makes his will, witnessed by the doctor of the place and a servant, leaving all his property to Donovan. The sole executor is a cousin, who, coming to the funeral, reads the will, and, not liking it, puts it in the fire. The cousin marries the widow, and lives upon her property in the country. Donovan, meanwhile, has become an atheist, dislikes his stepfather bitterly, but lavishes a wealth of affection upon a poor invalid sister, who very soon dies. While still a youth he is turned away from home penniless; becomes a card-sharper, gets disgusted with the pursuit in time, and makes many fruitless efforts to obtain honest work. In his wanderings he finds himself again in the little town in Devonshire, and becomes an inmate in the doctor's house. He falls in love with the daughter, learns the story of the will, but can get nothing from his stepfather beyond an allowance of fifty pounds a year. With this he goes to London as a medical student, where, after a time, he makes the acquaintance of Brian Osmond, a fellow-student, and is also introduced, by accident, to Brian's father, a London clergyman, who gradually brings Donovan back to Christianity. Hearing that his stepfather is ill of small-pox in town, and

abandoned by his wife, he goes to nurse him, the case, however, being hopeless from the first. Before death penitent acknowledgment is made of the burning of the will, when Donovan, coming into possession of his property, marries the doctor's daughter, the reader taking leave of him on the eve of a brilliant career.

In *We Two* the Osmonds appear again, and play important parts; but the principal characters are Luke Raeburn and his daughter, Erica. They are both atheists, and both faultless. Raeburn is the son of an Episcopalian clergyman in Scotland, and suffers the injustice of being turned out of doors, partly because of his infidel opinions, but principally, it seems, because, in a debate on the deistic controversy, he gets the better of his father, who had taken special pains to read up Paley's "watch argument" with the express object of putting his son down. Indeed, throughout the book Raeburn is invariably victorious in argument, while his opponents are as constantly victorious in meanness and in persecution. The Christian community has force on its side, and is probably to Raeburn what the Roman Emperor was to the philosopher—"It is useless to reason with the master of thirty legions." In London he becomes the head of a secularist propaganda, and, when not in the law courts defending himself from the wicked attacks of his enemies, spends his time in editing the *Idol Breaker*, and in delivering atheistic lectures. He has two sisters, one of whom (the cleverer of the two, of course) follows his fortunes and shares his creed, but as she does not contribute to the development of the story, and is, besides, a very dull character, it is difficult to see why she was introduced. The other sister, when we meet her, is married to Mr. Fane-Smith, a retired Indian judge, and has a grown-up daughter. The Fane-Smiths exemplify the ideal of a stupid, selfish, respectable, orthodox piety; and are brought forward as a foil to the resplendent virtues of their infidel relatives. Miss Raeburn is trained in her father's views, passionately devoted to his interests, described as very intellectual, and in every way perfect. Brian Osmond falls in love with her at the beginning of the book, and marries her at the end. The elder Osmond, the clergyman, appears often on the scene, becomes the friend

of the Raeburns, gives them his sympathy, and is the only Christian they can bear. In the middle of the book Erica, through his means, embraces Christianity; but after her conversion continues (as she ought) to live with her father with unabated affection. For the rest, one Pogson, a Christian, and retired cheesemonger, with others of the orthodox, and indeed with Christians generally, so far as he falls in with them, leads Raeburn a sad life with lawsuits and other persecutions. At length, after many vicissitudes, in a hypocritical world "not moving to his mind," while contending with an infuriated mob at Ashborough for freedom of speech, he unfortunately receives a kick and in a few days dies.

The outline here given of these two novels, but especially that of *We Two*, can convey no true idea of their religious tone, of their tendency to foster that kind of unwholesome sentimentalism which Carlyle has compared to the sweetness of sugar of lead, or of the way in which atheists are painted radiant in every moral excellence, while Christians are described, for the most part, as repulsive in every meanness and contemptible in every triviality. In order that all this may to some extent be seen and understood, we must exhibit the features of some of the principal characters a little more fully.

The youth Donovan, professing atheistic opinions and scorning to attend church, is represented as differing from the Christians around him only in being more conscientious, vastly more disinterested, and altogether nobler and purer than his religious associates. The blame of his infidelity is in no degree attributed to himself, but entirely to those Christians whose worldliness gave so severe a shock to his healthier conscience and more tender sensibilities. But, indeed, blame, in the true sense of the word, need not be attached to any one; for infidelity in Donovan, instead of a defect, is either the stem on which blossomed the beauties of his character, or else the intellectual side of the development of that richness of nature which, on its moral side of development, results in a rare crop of virtues. When he actually becomes a common cheat, not only is his conduct described in a way which exonerates him from all condemnation, and which enlists the sympathy of the reader, but he is made to appear as scarcely having made an

ethical descent at all. "I see your vanity peering through the holes of your cloak," said Socrates to Antisthenes, who affected poverty. The moral grandeur of Donovan is made to "peer" through the ugly rents of vulgar and despicable fraud. Even when he is cheating on racecourses, and wheedling money from passengers in railway carriages, he is so flatteringly treated that the reader is expected to feel "these are but the surface of his mind; the depth is rich in better things." Afterwards in London, as a medical student, he is made to exhibit the most manly and chivalrous qualities, while a religious young man, a fellow-student who shares his rooms, is made to behave like a coward and a sneak.

Raeburn, the hero of *We Two*, shines in the novel in the splendour of every intellectual gift and every moral virtue. He is learned, wise, logical, eloquent, and scrupulously fair in every statement he makes. In his public lectures he is opposed by Christians who are always ignorant and absurd, offensive and ill-bred. He himself, however, is ever courteous and dignified; and so anxious to say nothing but what is rigorously true, that he studies, we are told, his opponents' case more thoroughly than his own. Indeed, he is represented as having weighed all controversies in the balance of a singularly clear and impartial judgment. In character he is rectitude suffused with sympathy, holiness beautified with compassion. Nothing occupies his thoughts or incites his activity but the welfare of his fellow-men, whose wrongs and sorrows fill his heart with grief. At home he is the most affectionate father, abroad the most loyal and self-sacrificing friend; we

"Feel how awful goodness is,
Virtue in her own shape how lovely."

Besides all this, every accessory is attributed to him which can possibly heighten the reader's reverence. He is six feet four; his hair, "less with age than miseries," is quite white, even in middle life; every line in his rugged, honest Scotch face bespeaks strength and independence; nobody can see him walk without being struck with the straightforwardness revealed by his gait; in company he naturally attracts to himself the best persons present; his aspect is so devotional that he is on

one occasion mistaken for a Quaker, and on another he is supposed to be a bishop, surprise being felt that he did not wear gaiters.

The daughter Erica is, if possible, still more faultless. When barely half-way through her teens she discusses abstruse questions with the knowledge of a man of the world and with the wisdom of a sage. But, though of brilliant intellect, the graces of her character far transcend the gifts of her mind. Her one antipathy is a bitter dislike of Christians, but for that, we are given to understand, she has abundant excuse in the cruelty with which they had uniformly treated her father. For herself her only aim is to keep a clean conscience, holding on her unsullied way in unflagging endeavours to help her father and relieve human suffering. After she becomes a Christian no improvement is perceptible in her character or conduct. In fact, she had risen so high under the influence of the *Idol Breaker* that no loftier altitudes were possible under the influence of the Gospels. If, therefore, Erica Raeburn be a possibility, atheism certainly affords the means of a spiritual culture so rich and pure that a change to Christianity brings no moral gain.

"As stars give out their loveliest light when midnight shades are round them," so do these two characters shine like radiant orbs in the gloom of religious bigotry and folly. Nor do the other infidels brought forward appear with a lustre many degrees less. Although not of the same brightness as the two principal stars they belong to the same class, shine with the same kind of light, and give (so to speak) the same spectrum. But while the secularists who group themselves around Raeburn are made, with their leader, to form a moral constellation of unique magnificence, the religious men and women of *We Two*, if orbs at all, are most certainly "tenebrific stars, and ray out darkness." Pogson, the retired cheesemonger, who, however, is never allowed to show his face, or take part in any conversation, would be, according to report, a very Ahriman if he were not so silly. The clergyman, Cuthbert, is made dreadfully black; the Fane-Smiths are allowed neither sweetness nor light; while one can only regard as a whole system of evil planets the twelve jurymen

who, when compelled by the evidence to return a verdict in Raeburn's favour in a case of libel, cut down his damages to the lowest possible amount, "solely," we are told, "because he was an infidel;" though how the novelist, here acting the part of the historian, and supposed to be merely reporting the case, could possibly know that the jury had determined basely to be false to their oath would, in ordinary circumstances, be difficult to understand. She knows it, however, by a process of mathematical reasoning. Just as the truth that all the angles of a triangle are together equal to two right angles is deduced through a series of propositions from postulates and axioms, so Miss Lyall draws, with faultless deduction, her conclusion that the jury deliberately falsified their conviction, from what to her is a self-evident proposition—namely, that every one who does not believe these atheists always in the right must be actuated by bad motives. Only once in the book is a secularist treated with anything approaching to censure. Erica, displeased with a lecture by one of her father's co-workers, complained of him for adopting the coarse style of their religious opponents. Raeburn's reply was that "hawks should not peck out hawks' eyes," adding that "secularism as well as Christianity required its Moodys and Sankeys." That is all. In a book of four hundred pages, mostly made up of glowing panegyrics upon atheists and of bitter invective against Christians, only one-quarter of a page of the whole printed matter is set apart for a mild disapproval of a follower of Raeburn.

The solitary exception to the universal condemnation of Christian people is to be found in the case of the two Osmonds, the father especially, as a clergyman, being pronounced "the most Christ-like man." Whether the idea in the book of what constitutes a Christ-like man is correct may be open to discussion; but, at all events, Charles Osmond's sympathy with the Raeburns was perfectly right and proper. The pity is that he has no sympathy with characters of any other type, and that he is made to, at least, acquiesce in the one-sided assumption, the key-note of the story, that the blame of their atheism did not rest at all with themselves, that their intellectual errors as well as all their troubles were not traceable to any

faults of their own, but were owing exclusively to the bigotry of Christians. One illustration out of many that might be adduced will make this plain. On one occasion Erica, while still a secularist, having attended out of curiosity a Bible meeting in Exeter Hall, ridiculed the speakers to this "Christ-like man" without receiving a single word of correction or reproof. He enjoyed the fun ("merry twinkle in his eye"), but sighed, not at any defect or fault in the young atheist, but at the bigotry of the Exeter Hall speakers, of whom Lord Shaftesbury might have been one, who, with their like, were entirely responsible for the unbelief of this bold and obtrusive young woman.

We have endeavoured to deal fairly and honestly with these two singular novels, and, if we have not grossly misrepresented them, their character and tendency will now be apparent. That they were written to recommend atheism we do not, of course, believe; and yet, as a matter of fact, they unquestionably make atheists attractive as such, depicting them in "colours dipt in heaven," and representing atheism as a creed abundantly sufficient to supply every influence that can give beauty to conduct and purity to thought. It may be said that, if such characters as Donovan and the Raeburns are transcripts of real life, no fault can justly be found with an artist who holds them up to view, even although their exhibition be unfavourable to established religious beliefs. Exactly; and we are quite as prepared to accept the consequences of faithful portraiture as we are to abide by the results of truthful words; but our contention is that these characters are not by any means transcripts of life in the sense in which it is almost certain they will be regarded by inexperienced readers, and readers not sorry to find Christian people satirized and put to shame. We maintain that the characters in themselves are highly improbable, if not impossible; that unquestionably there is a distortion of those contemporary facts which, obviously enough, are meant to be reproduced; and that, even if the characters be real men and women, they certainly ought not to be put forward as ordinary types of atheists as a class. On each of these points a few words will be necessary.

As to the improbability of the characters, if we take Donovan

the following objections may with justice be urged. It is not probable that a youth with a devout nature of unusual purity and strength would abandon all belief in God as soon as his faith had to contend with difficulties. It is not probable that any one whose conscience would not permit him to attend church, and thus appear to believe what he did not believe, and who nursed his sister with the self-sacrifice of an Elizabeth of Hungary, should all at once fall to the level of a dishonest gambler worse than Thackeray's Rawdon Crawley or Barry Lyndon. It is not probable that a man with a fine moral fibre, lofty moral principle, and who was always in a state of chronic disgust at the meanness of mankind, would ever choose such a course of life. It is not probable, if he did so, that he would receive no moral blemish, but would emerge, as from a religious retreat, with finer moral susceptibilities than before. It is not probable, therefore, that any living human being could combine the contradictory qualities which, for the purpose of making a striking and impressive character, have been attributed to Donovan. The Raeburns having attained their full moral growth when the reader first makes their acquaintance, it is not possible to trace the process of their development. One or two questions, however, may be asked. Is it by accident merely that these perfect characters happen to be atheists? If so, there is no more justice in holding them up as specimens than there would be honesty in exhibiting the white partridge, reported some time since to have been shot by the Prince of Wales, as a type of all partridges whatever. Is it, then, by the natural influence of their creed that their great virtues have been produced? If so, it is surely strange that the exclusion of all belief in God should enable men to

"Strive upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die,"

more effectually than the quickening "light of life" of true religious faith. This, we think, to say the least, is improbable. Besides, if it were so the claims of Christianity to be a divine revelation would be effectually discredited, whereas the author writes on the assumption that Christianity is true and divine. As regards fidelity in the reproduction of recent or contemporary

facts, the scenes described are meant to be pictures of events that have taken place in England since the visit of Moody and Sankey about fourteen years ago. During this time we have never heard of an atheistic leader being all but murdered by a Christian mob in Hyde Park, and afterwards quite murdered by a Christian mob in a provincial town. Within this period the Blasphemy Laws have certainly been applied to repress infidel literature, supposed to be of a licentious and otherwise depraving kind. *We Two* is largely occupied with such prosecutions, which are considered dastardly and cruel. *The Idol Breaker*, the journal Raeburn edits, is represented as being of so healthy a moral tone that a pure-minded girl could assist in its production and be familiar with all its contents. What the character of the infidel journal, which was published and circulated nowhere except in the imagination of the novelist, may have been, we cannot tell. We only know that we could give from atheistic papers and pamphlets actually published in England quotations by the score which no virtuous woman could read without a sense of shame, and which must have operated as a vile compost upon the licentious passions of those for whom they were written. "Pogson" need have been neither a bigot nor a hypocrite to wish to put these things down, and a jury need not have been traitors to refuse large damages to a man technically entitled to a verdict who had sent abroad such obscenity and ribaldry.

But even if Raeburn and those like him are faithful copies of actual human beings, they are copies of characters so exceptional that to represent them in a way that must cause them to be looked upon as types cannot fail to be utterly misleading. The real practical effect upon human character and life of a denial of the supernatural, or of an exclusion of its influence, can only be learned after facts have been gathered from wide areas, and the effect of atheism observed in large numbers of ordinary men and women. In this view it may be asked, "Is it those who attend church and chapel, or those who stay away, who display most sympathy with suffering, and are most liberal in the support of charitable and philanthropic institutions?" "Is it the atheists or the evangelicals who build

most orphanages?" "Was it a clique of infidels or the sect of Clapham that secured the liberation of the slaves?" "Whether from the philosophy of Hume, or the preaching of Wesley, has the welfare of mankind received most help?" Has it been from the Renaissance in Italy or the Reformation in Germany, from a renewal of Pagan philosophy and taste or from the revival of Gospel truth and teaching, that European freedom has received its best inspiration, and European life and morals their healthiest purifying power? These two pieces of fiction, associating atheism with all that is pure and noble in human character, suggest answers to these questions very different from the replies obtained from the prosaic realities of biography and history. Biography and history show us the Duessa as she is, and when not transformed by the spells of the magician.

With the literary merits and defects of these two novels we do not deal. We should not have dealt with the books at all had it not been for the warping religious influence they (but especially *We Two*) will be sure to exert on the minds of many readers. And yet we thoroughly believe that they are what they are without any evil intention on the part of the authoress. Their errors are owing partly to the writer's not having the artistic faculty of clearly delineating her own thought; partly to a narrow experience; partly to prejudice, acting with magnified force through an excitable temperament; partly to a peculiarity of character—the authoress not being able, it would seem, to sympathize with persons suffering under real or imaginary injustice without attributing to the sufferers every charm and every virtue; and partly to the kindred tendency to imagine the presence of every excellence where you see one or two, and, if one defect be visible, to suppose the existence of every other vice, believing that wherever there is a "hump upon" a "back" it is "the twin o' that upon" a "shou'ther." But whatever be the cause, the harm to many minds resulting from the unwholesome sentiment and untrue pictures of the books cannot but be great. Narrow-minded religious bigots, if they read them, might perchance learn a lesson of charity, but they more probably would be hardened in their evil ways by the gross

exaggeration. Those, however, who buy these volumes at railway bookstalls, or take them from public libraries, and who will be delighted with the characters, which they will regard as portraits, are for the most part likely to be already predisposed to accept as true everything said against old-fashioned Christianity. They will smile and rub their hands gleefully at the hard blows church and chapel folk receive, and will lay the book down weaker to resist temptation, and less susceptible to religious appeal, than when they took it up.

These observations would not be complete without a remark on a question of ethics. Is it right for novelists to draw characters just as they please, and to mix the good and bad in any proportion they like, and then exhibit the whole as a picture of human life? Or is it right for them, with whatever good intentions, to attempt to represent phases of life when they have not had sufficient opportunities of learning what they are, or have not taken every pains to free their minds from prejudice and passion? It is very easy to describe things without restraint as we fancy them or wish them to be. To do so requires none of that minute observation and sense of accurate proportion which together make up no small part of artistic genius. But is it right? Such writing of course gives the writer a delightful sense of power in "cracking the satiric thong" with unrestrained freedom and energy. If you do not like certain opinions, depict a poltroon or a villain, and make him a member of the sect you hate. This is a sure way to seeming victory. How could a lawyer fail in making out his case if he were at liberty to invent his own witnesses, and to put into their mouths any evidence he chose? And yet, however absurdly unfair it may be, that many novels are constructed on this principle there cannot be a doubt. Indeed, fidelity to actual life in works of fiction is one of those points as to which the public conscience is in need of serious instruction. Thucydides tells us, in the opening of his history, of a common custom related by ancient poets—that of hailing sailors and asking them if they were robbers, the inquiry not carrying with it any insult, nor the answer, if yes, being in any sense a disgrace. Piracy, it seems, had not at that date been brought under the dominion of the

conscience ; and at the present time it is no serious matter of reproach to write a novel according to one's own sweet will, and send it forth as a picture of life.

Works of fiction which are produced by true and healthy genius seldom, if ever, display this defect, because genius possesses an instinctive perception of the truth, and the power of describing what it sees. In the novels of Scott and Jane Austen, in the masterpieces of Thackeray and George Eliot, men and things are, as a rule, truly mirrored. Form and colouring, light and shade, are true to nature and life.

"The swan on still Saint Mary's lake
Floats double—swan and shadow."

These great writers would no more have thought of writing a novel to maintain a theory than a painter would think of painting animals to prove or disprove the theory of evolution. It is in this respect that the two novels under view, with many others, manifest only too clearly a wrong idea of the novelist's vocation. Bright colours are lavished upon characters the authors determine shall be beautiful, whether such characters with such colouring are found in nature or not, while those doomed by the novelists to reprobation are painted in hues dark as Erebus. This is not art ; for nothing is true art that is not true to nature and divine law.

And precisely as misrepresentation by deliberate painting is far more likely to deceive than misrepresentation by mere assertion, it deserves a far more severe censure. If a traveller were to state that an island known to be situated in high latitudes was admirably adapted for the cultivation of the vine, his mere opinion would probably not do much harm ; capitalists would not invest their money to cover the island with vineyards, nor would emigration societies send out colonies of vine-growers. But if he were to exhibit pictures, purporting to be views of the island, representing the sunniest of seas caressing its shores, and the warmest of skies bending over hills "on which the vine laid forth her purple grape and gently crept luxuriant," a great deal of harm might be done. It would never be supposed that the man would paint what did not exist. "Mistaken in opinion, a man may be," it would be

said, "but actual drawings, you know." To the admirers of these works of quasi-realistic art it never would occur that they came from the hand of an artist who, though a marvellously gifted being, did not possess the faculty of distinguishing between the subjective and the objective. If we only had the statements, "that atheism fostered purity and goodness;" "that atheism is the accompaniment, if not the cause, of unusual depth of sympathy and unusual tenderness of conscience," they would arouse suspicion, could be discussed, tested, and disproved. But when we have characters put before us, supposed to be portraits of living men and women, producing the noblest virtues in a soil of irreligion, while religion is represented as a soil producing weeds, the case is more difficult to meet, especially as so many readers of novels never doubt the fidelity of the pictures.

We do not think it necessary, having dealt with these two popular and typical novels, to take notice of any others of the same class, whether written by the same author or any other. We may do ourselves, however, the pleasure of referring to Lady Elizabeth Noel's beautiful story *Hithersea Mere*, as affording one instance of the way in which such subjects as we have glanced at may be handled at once gently and wisely. These two books, however, touch higher problems, and to these problems we will, in our final paragraph, refer. With many others of their class, they are imbued with that "advanced" Christianity which has honeyed words and the largest tolerance for almost every system of religion in the world except Christianity with distinct teaching and definite morals. In saying this we know very well that the value of a doctrine does not consist in its being definite, but in its being true; and we are also aware of the danger of clinging too tenaciously to traditional formulas. But the opposite evil of evaporating all theology into the mist of what has been called a "reverential vagueness," and all moral requirement into gush, is much less logical, less intelligible, less excusable, and vastly more dangerous. That "love is the fulfilling of law" we know, and as in Nature there may be only one physical force, but one that changes itself into light, heat, or electricity, according to conditions, so in Christian life

"the mind that was in Christ" may be a spiritual energy manifesting itself in every duty that conscience dictates or that the word of God enjoins. All this we know ; but there is in our time an affected and certainly mistaken representation of the beautiful and marvellously deep ethical generalizations of New Testament teaching. This new school leaves out the element of severity—of objective moral law. Sentimental talk about the All-Father is to renovate the world. The notion is, to minds of a certain class, absolutely fascinating. For them it meets a want, the craving after a Christianity whose creed has no difficulties, and whose highest moral result is to work the mind up into a kind of poetic enthusiasm for what seems beautiful or generous. Its ideas pervade modern religious thought, and make it increasingly difficult for Christian ministers to arouse godly fear or genuine repentance, to awaken the conscience to true sensibility or honest self-judgment, or to lead their hearers to earnest Christian life. While doing all this, the new theology delights in the name of Broad ; but its breadth is the breadth of the brooding vapour which conceals the forms of reality and the pathway of safety and of true service and progress in life, which at its best does but catch some glances of reflected radiance from the lights above it, and at its worst not only shrouds in obscurity the facts of earths but hides from our view the glories of heaven.

ART. III.—GESTA CHRISTI.

1. *Gesta Christi ; or, a History of Humane Progress under Christianity.* By C. LORING BRACE. London : Hodder & Stoughton.
2. *The Social Results of Early Christianity.* By C. SCHMIDT. London : W. Isbister, Limited.
3. *Anno Domini : A Glimpse at the World into which Messiah was Born.* By J. D. CRAIG HOUSTON, B.D. London : Religious Tract Society.

4. *The Divine Origin of Christianity.* By RICHARD STORRS, D.D., LL.D. London : Hodder & Stoughton.
5. *The Lives of the Twelve Cæsars.* By C. SÆTONIUS TRANQUILLUS. Bohn's Classical Library.
6. *Epochs of Ancient History. The Early Empire.* By W. W. CAPES, M.A. London : Longmans, Green & Co.

"IN our day," says Schmidt, "when the world is so full of sin and misery, and the remedies proposed are often more dangerous than the evils they are intended to cure, I remain convinced that the Christian faith and the love it inspires are the most efficacious means of raising the moral and the material condition of the masses of the people;" and one of the best ways of strengthening our faith in the Divine origin and power of the Christian faith, is an earnest study of what it "accomplished for the regeneration of human society in the early Christian centuries." Not that we may expect to find in the *Gesta Christi* of the first centuries an exact picture of what the Gospel is likely to accomplish in our day. Every age has its own special character and mission, and every age needs not only to study for itself afresh the Christian revelation, but also to receive fresh impulses and guidance from the Holy Spirit. But in these mighty works of Christ, wrought through His apostles and chosen servants—the men who turned the ancient world upside down—we have an *apologia* for the faith which specially commends itself to an age like ours, and which is full of inspiration alike for thinkers and workers. It is difficult for an ordinary reader of the New Testament to believe that social life in Greece and Rome was so utterly corrupt as it appears when seen in the light of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. We know that darkness covered the earth and gross darkness the people, even the "people of the Book;" we know that Pagan life was worse than Jewish life; but when we read the Apostle's descriptions our first thought is either that these darker phases of moral life must be exceptional, or that the Apostle's hatred of idolatry and his opposition to Gentile life must have made things appear blacker than they really were. "Can it be," we say, "that Greece and Rome, the lands that produced such men of genius, poets,

philosophers, orators, artists, statesmen, historians, and literary men, at whose feet the wisest of our scholars still sit, and from whose immortal works they still seek and find intellectual inspiration and guidance—can it be that these nations had sunk so low in the scale of civilization?" Such a question is natural under the circumstances, but even a very superficial acquaintance with the writings of the men who lived in the days of St. Paul, or with the actual life of all classes in the early Roman Empire, is sufficient to show us that this observer has not told us the half of what he must have known about the moral condition of Pagan society. Doubtless there were in the days of St. Paul, as there are in every age and nation, men who may be described as "seekers after God." Canon Northcote has demonstrated from "Pagan epitaphs" that the "natural virtues were by no means wanting in Pagan Rome, even when Juvenal was writing his hideous portrait" of Roman morals; these brighter features were, however, exceptional, and they by no means represent the ordinary life of this period. God never leaves Himself altogether without witness in any age or nation, and even in the worst of the Pagan cities, in Antioch, in Corinth, and in Rome, there would be found some who sighed over the abominations of their time, and who tried to live pure lives. We must judge, not by what was exceptional, but by what was common, and, if we apply this standard, St. Paul's estimate will be more than justified. According to Professor Jowett, and few are more familiar than he with Pagan life, even the earlier and purer periods of history were morally most degraded; and "if the inner life had been presented to us of that period, which in political greatness and art is the most brilliant epoch of humanity, we should have turned away from the sight with loathing and detestation." In those days, religion itself was one of the most corrupting of the influences at work in society. In our day, we always distinguish between the profession of religion made by men and the kind of lives they may chance to live, and when professedly religious men are guilty of acts that are base and unworthy, we do not scruple to brand them as hypocrites; in other words, we always think of religion itself as a power making for righteousness, and we estimate the worth of a religion by its

power to advance the social welfare of mankind. This view of religion and of the results of religious life is itself one of the fruits of Christianity in the world. In the earliest days of Roman history, religion, such as it was, did in all probability tend to the welfare of the State, but under the Roman Empire religion was one of the forces working towards moral and social degradation. In the first century of our era, Oriental religious rites were practised in the chief cities of the Empire, and the more debasing these rites were the more popular they became among all classes of the people. Gibbon's description of the celebrated grove of Daphne,* at Antioch, is familiar to all readers of history, and it illustrates far more vividly than any words of ours are likely to do the degrading character of idolatrous worship. In a very real sense the ancient world, as St. Paul suggests, was a world "without God." Not that in those days men were Atheists by profession; in all ages the number of these is few, but men had ceased to believe in the goodness of the beings whom they professed to worship; and when this is the case, men can hardly be said to believe in God, for, as Lotze reminds us, the highest good is a personal Being. In the atmosphere of a world that has ceased to believe in goodness, and in God as the chief good, there cannot long live any of the nobler impulses of humanity. Only as we believe in the eternal existence of Goodness, Love, and Truth, can we live pure lives or believe in the purity of those around us, so true is it that religion is the bond that binds man alike to God and to his fellow-men. The ancient world having no God, had no Hope. In our day, one of the forms of unbelief is pessimism; men that have ceased to accept the Christian revelation, or that have ceased to be even Theists, have come to believe that life is no longer worth living, and that some of its chief forms of good are only forms of evil. In St. Paul's day, nearly all the more intelligent men in the Roman Empire were pessimists at heart; they were hopeless of accomplishing anything good or worthy, for they had ceased to believe in the presence, the inspiration, and the help of the Great Co-Worker. A modern writer, speaking of Lucian's attacks upon

* *Decline and Fall*, chap. xxiii.

heathenism, says that, "like all his class, he was not satisfied with rooting the weeds from the field; he carried with them the fruitful soil. The human soul, when he has breathed upon it, resembles a desolate region sown with salt; true, no more do weeds appear, but absolute barrenness appears in their stead. There is one thing," he adds, "more deplorable than believing in error, and this is to believe in nothing. This is the essential error, the fundamental aberration of the soul, the invisible obstacle to the truth." And this was very much the condition, intellectual and spiritual, of the foremost Pagans in St. Paul's time; *they believed in nothing*, and, believing in nothing, they grew cold, hard, and hopeless. Nor was the other essential member of the trinity of graces, Love, to be found in the ancient Pagan world. As Dr. Uhlhorn remarks: "Our Lord calls the commandment of love which He gave to His disciples a new commandment. And such indeed it was, for the world before Christ came was a world without love." The very word *love* had become so degraded that it in turn degraded all by whom it was used. It is hardly possible for us in these days to realize the unutterable cruelty, hardness, and brutality of Pagan life. Woman received no love from man, and to man woman ceased to give anything worthy of the name of love. Marriage had become so hopelessly degraded, and its obligations so entirely one-sided, that both men and women refused to enter into this relationship, and neither the edicts of the Emperor, nor the decrees of the Roman Senate, could make this union tolerable to the upper classes in Rome. Fathers and mothers had ceased to care for their own children; exposure of infants was common in all ranks of society, and in the case of the weak, the deformed, and the unwelcome, this practice seems to have been universal. Slavery everywhere prevailed, and in the early years of Christianity it is probable that there were more slaves than free citizens in the Roman Empire. The condition of the slave was a condition of the most abject moral and social degradation. He had not only none of the privileges of citizenship, but the most elementary rights of humanity were denied to him, and he was subjected to every kind of insult and outrage. A world in which faith, hope, and love are dead must ever be miser-

able, and this misery seemed to have reached its climax about the time of our Lord's first advent. Mr. Arnold's lines about the "disgust" and "sated loathing" that fell upon the "hard" Pagan world are often quoted, and they not unfitly describe the condition of the "classes" in Rome and other cities. "Deep weariness and sated lust" had "made human life a hell" to themselves, and to all over whom they had any influence. We read in the pages of Suetonius the accounts given of the Emperors, their shameless vices, their luxury and extravagance; we read in the historians and satirists of the period the story of the ordinary life of the rulers and leaders of society, of their shameless self-indulgence, and of their efforts to corrupt and demoralize the people; and when we think of these things—of the hundreds of thousands of idle citizens, too proud to work but not ashamed to beg for their daily bread—of the tens of thousands, high and low, rich and poor, from the Emperor and his Court to the vilest of the people, who daily crowded the amphitheatre to witness the brutal sports and deadly conflicts of gladiators—we understand Pressensé's remark about that "expressive symbol of the Apocalypse, the faithful but repulsive image of this people *without soul, without conscience, sunk in the mire, and living only to feed, to play, and to kill.*" Nor was this terrible degradation confined to the metropolis alone, or to the great cities of the Empire; the cities may have been worse than the rural districts, for in the city there is always more of possibility, alike for evil and for good; but we must sorrowfully come to the conclusion, with Farrar, that the "same poison had infected each rural village and seaside town." Literally, no place was clean; the very minds and consciences of men were depraved, and the light that was in them had become darkness.

If one truth more than another is brought home to our minds in studying ancient Pagan life, it is this: that the world was not saved by its wisdom. Professing themselves wise, says St. Paul, they became fools; and his remarks may well be applied to the philosophers and the philosophy of the early Roman Empire. Even in earlier and better days philosophy had done nothing to save the people. No thinkers at any period of the world's history have been more profound or more

brilliant than the philosophers of Greece and Rome ; yet these gifted men and their systems did but little to save the people from ignorance, vice, and sensuality. We are familiar with the ideals of Plato, with the place he gave to woman and to family life ; had Plato been victorious, as one has well remarked, there could have been no family life. Parents could not have loved, for they would not have known, their own children, and it would have been impossible for children to reverence their parents. Philosophy, moreover, from Socrates to Seneca, concerned itself only with the "classes ;" as for the masses—the common people who heard Christ gladly—they were outside its scope, and to them it had neither message nor mission. "The peculiarity of Greek sensuality," says Lecky, "is that it grew up for the most part uncensured, and indeed even encouraged, under the eyes of even the most illustrious moralists." We may be reminded of the beautiful precepts regarding the dignity of man, regarding humanity and brotherhood, uttered by Stoic teachers ; we do not forget these, nor do we underrate their importance, but we must also remember that the men who left these behind them uttered no decided protest against the abominations of their age, and that they generally took the side of the oppressor rather than his victim. Philosophers did nothing for the social elevation of woman, nor did they enter their moral protest against the existence and vocation of the *Hetaerae*, the only "free women" in the ancient world. The visit of Socrates to a beautiful "companion," and the indulgent way in which he talked to her about her manner of life, is a good illustration of the relation of philosophers and philosophy to the graver evils of social life. And if this was the attitude of the "wisest of the Greeks," "that white soul clothed in a satyr's form," what could be expected of the representatives of wisdom in the early Empire ? Some of the greatest of the Stoics may have to some extent "kept themselves unspotted from the world," but they did almost nothing to make life purer and sweeter for others ; their doctrine was impotent to prevent exposure of children and slaves, and some of them even defended these atrocities ; nor did they speak in trumpet tones of moral indignation against many of the darker features of the life of their time. As for the

Epicureans, no one could hope for much in the way of moral and social reform from them. "Epicureanism," as the author of *Ecce Homo* well says, "popularized inevitably turns to vice: no skill in the preachers of it will avail for a moment to prevent the obscene transformation." In fine, the more familiar we are with the moral condition of the Pagan world, and the more we study the attitude and action of the ancient philosophers, the more we shall be able to appreciate the teaching of St. Paul, in his first letter to the Corinthians, that *the world through its wisdom knew not God*. We do not deny to philosophy a place in God's providential preparation of the world for redemption, but we affirm, with Professor Fisher, that it exerted but little "appreciable influence on the mass of mankind, either in the way of restraint or of inspiration." What philosophy failed to accomplish was, to a very large extent, effected by the Cross of Christ. It is admitted by all that Christianity transformed the ancient Pagan world; the Jews who dragged Jason and his brethren before the rulers of Thessalonica, declaring that they were consorting with men who had turned the *world upside down*, may have been somewhat excited and alarmed, and yet their hasty judgment of the effects of Christianity has been confirmed by history. The world has been changed—turned upside down in the first place—but out of the inevitable turmoil and confusion of the first revolution, and as the result of the new life that came to humanity when our Lord appeared, there is now a new order of society. Mr. Loring Brace mentions as among the "practices, principles, and ideals—now the richest inheritance of the race—that have been either implanted or stimulated or supported by Christianity," the following:

"Regard for the personality of the weakest and poorest, respect for woman, the absolute duty of each member of the fortunate class to raise up the unfortunate, humanity to the child, the prisoner, the stranger, the needy, and even the brute; unceasing opposition to all forms of cruelty, oppression, and slavery; the duty of personal purity and the sacredness of marriage, the necessity of temperance, the obligation of a more equitable division of the profits of labour, and of greater co-operation between employers and employed; the right of every human being to have the utmost opportunity of developing his faculties, and of all persons to enjoy equal political and social privileges; the principle that the injury of one

nation is the injury of all, and the expediency and duty of unrestricted trade and intercourse between all countries; and, finally and principally, a profound opposition to war, a determination to limit its evils when existing, and to prevent its arising by means of international arbitration. Ideals, principles, and practices such as these [he adds] are among the best achievements of Christianity."

Many of these ideals have yet to force their way into the thought and aspiration of the leaders of modern society, and they exist only as "the yearning to a beautiful denied" us, which "strains our powers" and nerves our hearts for the struggles of the future. Others have been more or less perfectly realized. Some of them have been embodied in national legislation, others are among the chief inspirations of reformers and philanthropists; but they have not yet taken their place among the accomplished purposes of men and nations. But even as ideals, as principles, and as aspirations of enlarged and noble hearts, they are most powerfully influencing the course of modern history, and they are determining the direction and the character of all social progress. As instances of these *Gesta Christi* that are so full of hope and inspiration for humanity, let us select the following for further study:—

One abiding result of the mission of Christ and the triumph of His Spirit in social life is that we have now a *new ideal of manhood*. All students of ancient history, and especially of the early Christian centuries, admit that there came to the human mind about this period a new consciousness of life's sacredness and a new sense of the brotherhood of men. Mr. Lecky traces these changes directly to the Spirit of Jesus, and he regards them as among the very noblest and most distinctive results of Christianity. In the Jewish and Christian Scriptures there is ever set forth a lofty ideal of the sacredness of humanity; even the ordinances of the ceremonial law, rudimentary and defective though they were, prepared the way for the nobler life in Christ. Corporal punishments, under the ancient Jewish law, were to be administered in such a way as to keep before judge, criminal, and executioner the essential sacredness and brotherhood of humanity: *lest thy brother seem vile unto thee*, are the words of the lawgiver! This truth is set forth still more clearly in

the teaching of Christ and His Apostles, and it has become deeply rooted in the life of all Christian nations. According to Lecky, the actual life of Jesus has "*done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers, or than all the exhortations of moralists.*" Even those who are farthest from accepting the creed of the Church yet profess to reverence the character of Jesus Christ, and to see in this character the new type of manhood, and in the "ideas of Christianity" new hope for the world.* Our Christian poet sings of a—

"Manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,
And find his comfort in Thy face."

What is this but a poetic description of the gentleness and tenderness of the Christ, or of the Christ-like man? This new manhood the Apostles ever kept before their converts as the ideal; conformity to the image of Christ, this is the highest possibility for man, and it is possible to all who surrender themselves, heart, soul, and life, to the spirit of Jesus. No longer do we think of man as ruler or as citizen merely; *man as man* has now become sacred to us, and we can despise no man, whatever may be his social position, his mental characteristics, or his physical defects and weaknesses. Christ has revealed to us the *potential* worth of man, of the slave as well as the noble, of the little child as well as the philosopher; He has by His divinely-human life, and in His divine message, taught us no longer to call any one common or unclean. We are familiar with the story of the young Florentine artist—the great Angelo—who begged the rulers of the city to let him have a block of marble that had been cast aside as useless by an inferior sculptor. Angelo believed that there was yet a "lost angel" in the rude and shapeless block, and he was anxious to bring this angel into view. His request, so runs the story, was granted, and the result was a beautiful statue for the adornment of the art-loving city. Jesus has taught the world the potential worth of humanity, and from the day of His first

* See, for example of this, Lange's *History of Materialism*, vol. iii. p. 269.

advent until now, all who have in any degree been brought under the influence of His Gospel have come to believe that there is a "lost angel" in even the vilest and most degraded of the children of men; and this faith in man, in the power of Christ to regenerate the most degraded, is one of the grandest results of the spirit of Christ in humanity. We may find it difficult to set forth in orderly propositions the various elements that combine to form this new ideal of manhood, and yet we are conscious that old things have passed away and that all things have become new. We think of the "meekness and gentleness" of the new manhood, but we must also think of the boldness, the courage, and the heroic devotion to the true and the right, that ever characterize all who have been taught in Christ's school. The new man is disinterested in his aims and ends, and in all who truly yield themselves to the spirit of Jesus there is an entire absence of self-seeking and of worldly ambition. Purity of heart, love of truth, openness and candour of mind, sincere love to God and sincere love to man, a disposition to believe all, hope all, and to think the best of even the worst of men—these are some of the most distinctive elements in this new manhood. To those who say that such Christ-like souls are nowhere to be found, we may reply in the words of Canon Liddon :

"Do you expect to meet them rushing along the great highways of life, with the keen, eager, self-asserting multitude? . . . Be assured that those who know where moral beauty, ay, the highest, is to be found, are not disappointed, even at this hour, in their search for it. It is a simple matter of fact that in our day multitudes of men and women do lead the life of the Beatitudes."

Or we may say, with the author of *Ecce Homo*, who will hardly be accused of any dogmatic bias :—

"Compare the ancient with the modern world; 'look on this picture and on that.' One broad distinction in the characters of men forces itself into prominence. Among all the men of the ancient heathen world there were scarcely one or two to whom we might venture to apply the epithet 'holy.' . . . Probably no one will deny that in Christian countries this higher-toned goodness, which we call holiness, has existed. Few will maintain that it has been exceedingly rare. Perhaps the truth is, that there has scarcely been a town in any country since the time of Christ

where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such eminence that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God Himself. And if this be so, has Christ failed? or can Christianity die?"

The fruit of the spirit, says St. Paul, is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, temperance; where this fruit appears we see the higher-toned goodness called holiness, which shames the bad and makes the good better, and this is the new ideal of manhood in Christ Jesus.

We see another result of the triumph of the spirit of Christ in the *Emancipation of Woman*. In the devotions of the synagogue men give God thanks that He has not made them women, and in the ordinary Jewish life of ancient times we may perhaps find traces of this spirit. It would, however, be grossly unjust to say that in Israel women held a position of inferiority. "To woman," says Deutsch, "the Talmud ascribed all the blessings of the household. From her emanated everything noble, wise, and true." It would be easy enough to find both in the Old Testament Scriptures and in Jewish writings references that are less flattering to woman, but it must be conceded that the religion of Israel gave to woman a high place alike in the home and in society. It is true that concubinage was common in various ages, and that even in the days of our Lord's earthly mission divorce was far too easy, but these evils were abuses arising from the *hardness* of the people's hearts, and they were contrary to the spirit of Old Testament teaching. From Genesis to Malachi, woman is highly honoured in the utterances of the lawgivers, prophets, and teachers of Israel. Sarah was the typical Hebrew matron, and her position in the house of Abraham seems not to have differed essentially from the position held by the wife in the Christian home. We know from the book of Proverbs what the virtuous wife was in later times. In the history of Israel there is hardly any position in the State that has not been occupied by woman. Deborah led the armies of Israel, and Huldah was in her day the highest organ of the spirit, and the wisest guide of king and rulers. However possible, then, it may be to find Rabbinic and other utterances that seem to give to woman a low place in social life, it must be admitted that among the Jews women were held in

high esteem, and that to woman was assigned a position of great dignity and influence. Among the Pagans, on the other hand, the position of woman was one of abject degradation. The wife and mother in the days of the Cæsars was little considered either by her husband or by her children; her highest honour, as one has said, was never to be named outside the circle of her own dwelling. She had, practically speaking, no rights at all. She was brought up in ignorance, kept after being married in complete seclusion, and her only companions were her little children or her slaves. "The courtesan," as Lecky reminds us, "was the one free woman of Athens," and, we may add, of the early Roman Empire. Many circumstances combined to give to the *Hetaerae* this position of influence and superiority, but on that subject we do not now enter. The abject subjection of woman is for man as well as woman a terrible evil. When to woman society refuses her proper, her divinely appointed, sphere as man's equal, his true companion or helpmate, she invariably takes revenge upon her oppressors, and, instead of being his friend, his counsellor, and helper, woman becomes his destroyer and his scourge. The *Hetaerae* were the instruments through which this vengeance came to the Pagan world, and terrible were the sufferings inflicted upon all classes by these women. They became not only the most free, but also the most *honoured* women in society, and, when honour is given to the most lawless, social degradation has reached its lowest depth. Marriage was despised by women as well as by men, and proud patrician ladies emulated the *Hetaerae* in the boldness and shamelessness of their behaviour. Divorce became so common that, according to one writer, women reckoned their age, not by the number of the consuls, but by the number of their divorced husbands. The Roman Senate attempted to deal with the alarming growth of celibacy, but the evils from which the State suffered were far too deep-seated to be reached by the impotent efforts of men who were themselves quite as demoralized as those against whom they levelled their abortive Acts of Parliament. As Schmidt remarks, "Customs were stronger than the laws, and more efficacious remedies were needed, but the morality of antiquity could not rise to the

restoration of woman, and a pure and spiritual aim in marriage. This is a height inaccessible to the egoism of man." A new era came to humanity, and a new hope to woman, when Jesus appeared as the Son of Mary, the lowly Jewish maiden; nor is there any part of the "sweet Galilean vision" more attractive than that which sets forth our Lord's relations to and teachings about woman. He fulfilled the ancient law by obeying His mother; in His public life He was willing to talk with women, and to impart to them the deepest mysteries of His kingdom; He blessed their little children, accepted their loving ministrations to Himself, and honoured them by making them His gospel-messengers. How was this? And under Christianity, as Brace remarks, "begins that position of woman which has been since an element and an evidence of the progress of the most civilized races." Criticisms are sometimes made by social reformers on what they are pleased to term the degrading views of St. Paul about woman's sphere, about marriage, and, speaking generally, about the subjection of woman. We cannot at present enter fully into these criticisms, but we may be permitted to remark that they are based for the most part on misconceptions of the spirit and meaning of the New Testament, and especially of the teaching of St. Paul. Rightly understood, the "sober liberty" of the New Testament is both for men and women the abiding charter of intellectual and moral freedom, and the more we keep to the spirit of the Christian revelation the more shall we contribute to the progress and enlightenment of communities and nations. The prophecy of Joel, expounded by St. Peter on the day of Pentecost, gives to women—even to bondmaidens—a place of honour. St. Paul accepts and emphasizes this charter of woman's freedom, when he says that *in Christ Jesus there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female!* The Gospel gave to woman from the very first a new position in the home and a new power for service. It asserted her moral equality with man, and her right to all the privileges and blessings of salvation; it taught husbands that they owed duties to their wives—a new lesson for the Pagan world—and it commanded children to reverence their *mothers* as well as their fathers. Above all, the Gospel gave

to woman a new sense of dignity, and a new consciousness of her worth, alike to herself and to God. So long as woman is compelled by her circumstances to regard herself, and to be regarded by others, as a chattel or a plaything—a mere instrument to minister to the pleasures, lusts, and desires of another—so long must she remain a degraded creature; when, on the other hand, she realizes that she is a person responsible to herself and to God for her acts and her moral character, a new life becomes possible to her. We may add that a new life becomes possible to humanity, for instead of being, as she was in the early Roman Empire, a fruitful source of evil to herself and others, woman becomes a well-spring of joy, hope, and salvation to the whole community.

“It is a fact,” says Storrs, “significant for the past, prophetic for the future, that even as Dante measured his successive ascents in Paradise, not by immediate consciousness of movement, but by seeing an ever lovelier beauty in the face of Beatrice, so the race now counts the gradual steps of its spiritual progress out of the ancient heavy glooms towards the glory of the Christian millennium, not by mechanisms, not by cities, but by the ever new grace and force exhibited by the woman who was for ages either the decorated toy of man, or his despised and abject drudge.”

There is much yet to be done before the *actual* life of woman—even among the most progressive of modern nations—corresponds to the Christian ideal; but, as we look back upon the *Gesta Christi* of the past in this field, we are full of hope regarding the future position of woman and the relations of the sexes—relations that lie at the basis of all moral and social progress.

Closely associated with the emancipation of woman is another of Christ's victories—*The new Ideal of Family Life*; and this ideal, as Farrar has pointed out, is the “direct creation of Christianity.” It is not too much to affirm that there was really nothing corresponding to our ideal of the family in the ancient Pagan world; the very word family, according to Sir H. S. Maine, in “classical Latinity means always a man's slaves.” The *Patria Potestas* of ancient times made the liberties and duties of all members of the household very easily defined: they had one absolute, universal, and inalienable right—the right of being governed; and they owed one duty—

the duty of absolute submission to paternal authority. In those days—as in all days—humanity would have its better instincts, and there would be many instances of sincere attachment between husbands and wives, between parents and children; these were, however, the exceptions, and by both custom and law woman's lot was made hard, and family life in the best sense of the words did not exist. Under Roman law, a woman at marriage simply passed out of one kind of slavery into another; she became by marriage, not the equal of her husband, but simply "his adopted daughter or ward," and as such the "sister of her own children." Equally despised were the children in the household, and where children are despised there can be no true family life. Much of the purity of the Christian home depends on the healthy influence of the mother, and in Christian communities a high position is given to her alike by Christian teaching and public sentiment; in the Pagan life the mother was not, as Ruskin has it, the queen of the home, she was merely the principal slave. We have already referred to the position of woman under the Old Testament revelation; here we find the first beginning of what we term family life, and the New Testament simply completes the Old Testament ideal. The Divine law gave prominence to the mother—"honour thy father and thy mother"—and in Jewish homes the mother ever held a place of honour. The Christian revelation confirms, deepens, and glorifies the ancient teachings of Divine truth on this subject. The teaching of Christ and His Apostles about marriage, about the relations of the sexes, and about the position of children in the home, is the foundation of the new order. Among the Romans there were different forms of marriage—the "*confarreatio*," or religious ceremony; the *coemptio*, or civil contract; and the *usus*, or intercourse"—and all these gave the husband absolute power over his wife. As a protest against this despotic authority of men there grew up another form of union—the "Free Marriage," by which woman obtained more liberty, but only at the expense of her still greater degradation, and also the degradation of society. Our Lord and His Apostles affirm *Monogamy* as the eternal law of marriage; they know nothing of the "polygamous instincts" of men, of which the pessimists make

so much, nor do they give any sanction to laxity on either side. Marriage a life-long union, based upon free choice and upon mutual affection *in the Lord*—this is the Christian ideal and the New Testament law of marriage. The complaints which are sometimes made about St. Paul's low views of marriage, as we have already remarked, arise out of partial readings of his Epistles. St. Paul, it is true, gives no sanction to what are called Platonic ideals, but neither does he degrade marriage. Take men and women as they actually are, and it will be found that his teachings meet the whole case. In a corrupt state of society, when licence was the law, and when both men and women had ceased to reverence purity, the Apostle declared that marriage was God's barrier against sin, and the appointed pathway to purity of life. In his Epistle to the Ephesians he presents a higher view of this ordinance, and he holds up an ideal capable, if heartily accepted, of purifying the whole of our social life. Three things are ever prominent in Apostolic teaching about the home:—First, marriage is to be a true union of hearts that are already one in Christ; secondly, there must be a godly training of the young; and thirdly, the whole of family life, with its arrangements, aims, and ends, must be subordinated to the revealed will of God and to the law of His kingdom. It would be too much to say that the Christian ideal has been actually realized, for man "is a frail being, ever open to evil influences, and only realizing in a very imperfect manner his own ideals." * We may however say, with Farrar, that "for families in which, like sheltered flowers, spring up all that is purest and sweetest in human lives; for marriage exalted to an almost sacramental dignity; for all that circle of heavenly blessings which result from a common self-sacrifice; for that beautiful unison of noble manhood, stainless womanhood, joyous infancy, and uncontaminated youth; in one word, for all that there is of divinity and sweetness in the one word *Home*; for this—to an extent which we can hardly realize—we are indebted to Christianity alone." Clement of Alexandria, who lived about the close of the second century, gives us beautiful pictures of the family life of his time. He tells how father, mother, and children began the

* Pressensé.

day with united worship; how, after reading of Scripture, praise, and prayer, they kissed each other, and then separated, each to his or her own special labour for the day; and how, at the close of the day, and before retiring to rest, they again joined together in family prayer, and gave to each other the kiss of peace! Equally tender and touching are some of his references to children, and to the child-piety of this early period; he speaks of parents bringing little children of "six years" of age to church, in order that they might make their simple profession of faith in Jesus Christ. We dare not assume that all parents did this, nor can we venture to suppose that every Christian home was as peaceful and pure as the homes described by Clement, but we see from such pictures that a new sweetness and sacredness have come to human life, and that which was the glory of the early days of Christianity has, in these later days, become yet more glorious. Who that has read the beautiful memoirs of "Catherine and Craufurd Tait" can ever forget the family life described in this volume? We know the heart-breaking sorrow and loss that came to this home. In one short week five daughters were taken from their parents. The words of the mother, in referring to this bereavement, are words of exquisite pathos and beauty; she speaks of these "five most blessed little daughters, each of whom had been received in prayer, borne in prayer, educated with prayer, and now given up, though with bitter anguish, yet with prayer and thanksgiving." Nor are these by any means isolated cases, either in ancient or modern times. No one can doubt that Christ has created our family life, and to-day, all over the Christian world, there are thousands upon thousands of homes where His love abides, and where purity and piety reign. The nation has recently been celebrating the Jubilee of the august lady who reigns as Queen and Empress over the great British Empire; may we not point to her life—as maiden, wife, mother, and queen—as an example of the new ideal? And may we not say, with the author of *Ecce Homo*, as we contrast the ancient Pagan *Familia* with the modern Christian family, "Look on this picture and on that"? A new glory has come to this earth, and a new inspiration has touched all our hearts and homes;

the glory and the inspiration we owe to Him who came to make all things new.

Jesus Christ has also *emancipated the slave*, and He has filled the minds of men with a new sense of the *dignity of honest labour*. When His Apostles went forth on their great mission, more than one-half of the Roman world consisted of *slaves*. The victories of Roman generals in every part of the world tended to fill the slave markets of the Empire, and the result of this was that Roman citizens despised labour, and handed over all kinds of manual toil to the foreign captives who became their slaves. Even the wisest and most enlightened of ancient philosophers seem to have taught that manual labour and the duties of citizenship were incompatible ideas. In order to be good citizens, men must have leisure; for, according to these wise men, work tends to make men *servile in spirit* and incapable of culture! Some of the later Stoic teachers were able to rise above these degrading ideas, and to teach that man is man, whatever may be his outward position or occupation; but in the earliest days of Christianity Stoicism did almost nothing to lighten the burden of the slave, or to deliver the minds of men from false notions about the *servility* of work. Everywhere the Roman citizen despised toil, and rather than work with his hands he was content to receive his daily dole of bread from the rulers. In the days of Julius Cæsar, more than three hundred thousand Roman citizens were publicly supplied with the necessities of life; and in later times the number of the idle and dependent in Rome had risen to half a million! Yet these "beggars" regarded themselves as virtuous citizens, and they despised the honest toilers and the poor slaves who did all the work of the city. Slaves had none of the most elementary rights of humanity; they could not be legally married, nor had they any right to the possession of their own children. When old or infirm, they might be driven forth like wild beasts to die of hunger, or they might be sold for what they would bring, like pieces of broken furniture. Their intellectual and moral condition may easily be imagined; men who are universally despised seldom respect themselves, and those who receive no social or moral rights and privileges from the State generally

contribute little to its stability. The Gospel of Jesus Christ was emphatically *good news* to slaves and toilers. Our Lord was Himself a son of toil, knew what it was to earn His bread by the sweat of His brow, and was even known among men as "the Carpenter." Nor can we perhaps fully realize the spiritual inspiration that has come from this one fact in our Lord's history to the toiling millions in all ages. A modern poet has given us a beautiful picture of a carpenter going to his shed—i.e., workshop—on Sunday, after his return from church, New Testament in hand, there to think about One who worked like himself at a bench. He thinks of the great Master with a kind of pride, as having, when on earth, belonged to his class—"same trade as me," he remarks—and this thought is to him full of ever fresh inspiration. And this lowly life of toil once lived by the Saviour and Judge of men has done much to cheer and bless the hearts of the busy toilers, and to make them feel a new contentment with their lot. As one who is not unfamiliar with the lives of the poor remarks: "To many of us it seems irreverent even to say that He whom we call Master and Lord was born in an outhouse, and had only sweet-smelling hay for His first infant bed, and that for thirty of the three or four and thirty years of His life He was known only as a thoughtful high-minded working-man, the hands that raised the dead and were laid in healing on the sick being labour-hardened palms, brown with years of toil." However difficult it may be for us to think of Jesus as an *artisan*, this is the picture of Him presented to us by His chosen disciples who knew Him best, and the thought is full of spiritual inspiration for those who toil. The example of Jesus, the example of His Apostle Paul, and of many of His first ambassadors, did much to bear down the ancient prejudice against work among the Gentiles, and to teach them the true dignity of honest labour. The Gospel also proclaimed liberty to the slave, the most degraded toiler of ancient times. The relation of Christianity to slavery is too large a subject to be dealt with here, but we may, without hesitation, assert that the Gospel of Christ proclaims *in principle* the equality of master and slave. When St. Paul restored Onesimus to his master,

Philemon, he sent him back, not to slavery, but to *brotherhood*. As Bishop Lightfoot remarks, "The word emancipation seems to be trembling on his lips, and yet he does not utter it. . . . In fact, he tells him to do very much more than emancipate his slave, but this one thing he does not directly enjoin." The spirit of the Gospel is emancipation, and the result of the progress of the Gospel has everywhere been dignity to the toiler and ultimate emancipation to the slave; and, as one reminds us, the word *servus* seldom occurs in Christian epitaphs, for in the Kingdom of Christ slaves felt themselves to be free men. The word workman was also raised in the estimation of the people, and instead of being a term of reproach it became one of honour. A modern economist divides mankind into three great grades or classes—workers, beggars, and thieves—and this is quite a New Testament view of life. In the Apostolic Epistles idleness is vehemently denounced as contrary to the spirit of Jesus; he who *will not work must not eat* is the economic law of the Kingdom of Christ. The followers of Christ are to make it their ambition to work with their hands and with quietness to eat their own bread, not the bread doled out by the State to its pauper, because *idle*, citizens. In fine, there is a complete change wrought in the world's thought and feeling about labour, and this new conception about the *dignity of work* is one of the most powerful forces in modern life. Ancient rulers despised the common people, and ancient teachers of wisdom considered them unworthy of regard, because incapable of virtue. The Lord Jesus preached His Gospel to the poor, and both toilers and slaves heard Him gladly, and by Him were delivered from what men call the "curse of labour." And to-day, all over the civilized world, the worker is honoured instead of being despised; we have only to think of the respect everywhere paid to honest toil, of the efforts made to bring all kinds of knowledge within the reach of the toiler, of the increasing tendency to popularize all subjects and to make all truth simple, in order to realize the enormous change that has taken place in society. Nor can we fail to see that this freedom to the slave, and this elevation of the worker with his hands,

are directly due to the triumph of the Spirit of Jesus Christ in modern life.

In this brief and most imperfect outline of the *Social Results of Christianity*, we have not been able to touch upon the larger subject of the relation of the Gospel to political and national life. Social reformers are sometimes disposed to be impatient with Christ's methods of reaching and removing the evils under which society has suffered so much, both in ancient and modern times. Mr. Brace confesses that it has often been to him a "subject of difficult questioning, why He, who felt so keenly the evils of humanity, should not have put forth one simple command against this gigantic system (*i.e.*, slavery) of injustice." Mr. Mill also reminds us that "it is in the Koran, not in the New Testament, that we read the maxim: 'A ruler who appoints any man to an office when there is in his dominions another man better qualified for it sins against God and against the State.'" It is natural for eager social reformers to be impatient of what they call delay, and for men anxious to see national progress and development to complain of the neglect of what are called the "civic virtues" in New Testament teaching. But we see in such impatience rather the sign of our weakness than of the failure of Christianity. "The peculiarity of Christ's teachings," says Brace, "in regard to political matters, was that He left them entirely on one side, but threw in a *principle* into human society which was destined in after-ages to overthrow or modify all existing institutions or governments. The *value attached by Him to the individual* has affected all modern political systems, and is destined to do so more and more." We have already tried to show how much Christ's Gospel has done to raise the fallen, to strengthen the weak, to emancipate woman, to purify family life, and to give dignity to the slave. The *power* that wrought these changes in the early Roman Empire is able to work still greater changes in our modern life. Christianity works through the individual upon the community and upon the world, and our own age is capable of furnishing many noble illustrations of reforms that have been both beneficent and wide-reaching. There are other reforms yet to

be accomplished, reforms that differ in many respects from the reforms of past generations. We must apply the Gospel of Christ to social life in such a way as to correct the "inequalities of our own social order," and we must find some means of redeeming the people from intemperance, from poverty, from laws that press upon the weak and that hinder the free development of Christian forces within national life. Moreover, we must rise to a higher and more Christian view of *international* life, and we must find other ways of settling international disputes than by appeals to brute force. The standing armies of modern Europe, the burdens of war taxation, the race hatreds and antagonisms that ever tend to plunge nations into war—these are the national and international mountains yet to be removed by the Christian faith. While admitting that much yet remains to be done, both in social and national life, we contend that the triumphs of the past not only encourage us to be hopeful regarding the future, but they also tend to *inspire us with greater fidelity to the method and spirit of Jesus*. Many modern reformers, as Schmidt well says, "upset society whilst writing on their flags the *rights of labour*. The Fathers transformed society by proclaiming the *duty of labour*." The contrast between ancient and modern methods is well brought out in this remark. It is possible to show, of course, that where there are no recognized *rights* there can be no prescribed *duties*; but the apostles of Christ taught the world the rights of man by proclaiming the duties of man; and in imitating their methods, as well as in manifesting their spirit, we shall find ourselves equally powerful to help and to heal in these days.

In conclusion, let no one say that these *Gesta Christi* are now and for ever the imperishable blessings of our race. *The world's future, no less than the world's past, depends on the presence in the hearts and lives of men of the spirit of Christ*. The ancient world tried to live without God, without hope, and without inspiration from conscious faith in the eternal source of righteousness, and we have seen the character, extent, and significance of its failure. There are not wanting intellectually brilliant men and women in our time who are apparently attempting the same experiment, and, but for the

higher forces at work in and around them, the same disastrous results would be witnessed. If the modern pessimistic and materialistic views of life were to triumph in society, men would again sink to the Pagan level, and woman would again become the plaything, the drudge, or the chattel of the physically stronger sex. *Apart from Christ we can do nothing* : this is true of social as well as of spiritual progress, and it is the lesson alike of earlier and later ages of history. Mr. Brace declares the *Christian Sabbath* indispensable to human progress, and where the Christian religion is rejected the Sabbath will not long be retained. He also reminds us that the "best of all safeguards against intemperance is the Christian faith." The same thing is true of other departments of intellectual and social life. Real progress is possible for nations only as they heartily accept, and as they are thoroughly loyal to, the spirit of Jesus Christ. In the words of a Socialistic writer, "if Christianity had been interpreted and applied in the spirit of Jesus Christ, if it had been well known and faithfully practised by the numerous portions of Christians who are animated by a sincere piety, and who have only need to know truth to follow it ; this Christianity—its morals, its philosophy, its precepts—would have sufficed, and would still suffice, to establish a perfect society and political organization, to deliver humanity from the evil which weighs it down, and to assure the happiness of the human race on the earth."

ART. IV.—TWO RUSSIAN REALISTS.

1. *Buried Alive.* By FEDOR DOSTOIEFFSKY. London : Longmans.
2. *Injury and Insult.* By the Same. London : Vizetelly & Co.
3. *The Idiot.* By the Same. London : Vizetelly & Co.
4. *Crime and Punishment.* By the Same. London : Vizetelly & Co.

5. *War and Peace : Before Tilsit.* By Count Tolstoi. London : Vizetelly & Co.
6. *War and Peace : The Invasion.* By the Same. London : Vizetelly & Co.
7. *War and Peace : The French at Moscow.* By the Same. London : Vizetelly & Co.
8. *Anna Karénina.* By the Same. London : Vizetelly & Co.
9. *My Religion.* By the Same. London : Vizetelly & Co.

IT is now about two centuries since the Czar Peter, whom men call *the Great*, began his singular work as a reforming Sovereign, doing his best to array, in a ready-made suit of Western civilization, not well-fitting or graceful, the much astonished nation that he governed. But it is only within the last fifty years that the myriads of the land, which his far-reaching ambition has made so important to European politics, have found an intelligible voice wherewith to speak to their Western brethren ; that a hand has been lifted to unmask the real traits of their national life. Pouchkine, Gogol, Turgenief, Dostoieffsky, Tolstoi, belong to our age, like Byron, Dickens, Thackeray, George Eliot ; and until they began to speak, men knew something of Czars and Czarinas, of their statesmen, their soldiers, their courts ; of the artificial society in St. Petersburg ; but Russia and the Russians they knew not. And now that the mute veiled Colossus has revealed its features and opened its lips, men hardly know how to deem of its aspect, of its speech. This is a new people, with strange new thoughts of its own, bending anxiously over the Book of Fate, to find therein the secret of its destiny ; for as yet it is unrevealed whether the good or the evil genius of Russia shall triumph. The solution of the riddle in the right sense concerns the world deeply, and our own land not a little.

Ivan Turgenief, in one of the prose-poems that he has called *Senilia*, stands musing before the Sphinx, questioning it of its hidden meaning, and sees the vast Nubian features change and put on a new, a familiar aspect—the low white brow, the prominent cheek bones, the straight nose, the beautiful mouth, shaded by a crisp moustache, the wide apart

speaking eyes of the Russian peasant. He, too, is a Sphinx; the language of his eyes is unintelligible. Who can become his *Oedipus*?

Not Turgenieff, by his own confession.

It is something of the baffling, fascinating mystery here indicated that breathes on us from Turgenieff's own pages, and from those of his not inferior brother-artists with whose work we are going to deal. And at first sight there appears little difference in their manner and their message. All are realists; not of the French school; they are not affected with the strange colour-blindness of the soul which makes virtue invisible; they do not put vice under the microscope in order to present us with its hideously magnified image. Theirs is more the passionless realism of a faultless photographing camera, which may not choose, reject, harmonize, subdue; which must picture the wayside dunghheap as faithfully as the lordly castle above it on the height, the "twinn'd pebbles on the number'd beach" no less vividly than the flashing splendours of the illimitable ocean. This kind of faithfulness in portraying human life has been more steadily observed perhaps by Tolstoi and by Dostoieffsky than by Turgenieff, who, familiar with French models, conformed to them not unwillingly, and did not despise the motto of "Art for Art's sake." A deeper moral difference declares itself as we study the earlier and the later realists. Turgenieff, in face of the hard enigma of life, can but sit down with bowed head and folded hands, in a humble but hopeless submission. Not so his two brethren, on whom a gleam of hope has shone, and who have their own message which they are bent on imparting to the world, at whatever sacrifice of outward grace and artistic finish. They have felt the fascination and the sombre power of Death; they can express it with unsurpassed power; but the mystery of suffering life and its strife with Evil has a yet greater attraction for them. The "wind from the graveyard" may blow through their writings, but a fresher wind that comes from lands of hope pushes it aside often. Especially is this true of Tolstoi.

The fortunes of these two writers resemble each other less than does their genius; and the difference in their lot goes far

to account for the marked difference in their tone. The outward life of Count Lyof Tolstoi, since his birth in 1828, has been marked by no more startling events than are common to the lives of his equals, sons of the Russian *grande noblesse*. A liberal education in youth, some years of service in the army (he took part in the Crimean campaign); then the pleasures to be found by mixing in the highest society of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the joys of a plenteous and peaceful country life. Such is the outline of a career whose great crises belong to the intellectual and moral region only. But the life-story of Fedor Dostoieffsky has a tragic pathos unsurpassed in his saddest romances. Belonging by birth to the *petite noblesse*, he was very early initiated into the humiliating sufferings that beset the path of the gently born and nurtured poor, and his rash step in leaving the army, which he had honourably entered, for the profession of letters, soon made him acquainted with the added miseries of a struggling author; which, with his earlier griefs, are perhaps too faithfully mirrored in his pages. He had only won his first marked success with his novel of *Poor Folks*—a singularly faithful study of obscure but not ignoble suffering—when new calamities, portentous and cruel, came upon him.

Fedor Dostoieffsky, implicated with his brother Alexis in what was known as Petrachevsky's conspiracy, was, after eight months' imprisonment, condemned to death, along with twenty others; Alexis happily being acquitted. The death penalty was, "by the clemency of the Czar," commuted into various terms of penal servitude; but this reprieve was not announced till the condemned had endured the anguish of being suddenly led out for execution, of seeing their coffins piled up ready to receive them, and the firing party told off to shoot the first batch of victims, who were already bound in readiness, while their comrades, stripped to their shirts, stood in trembling expectation of perishing in like manner. Then abruptly came the theatrical appearance of an aide-de-camp proclaiming the Czar's "mercy"—for the full appreciation of which it is needful to remember that most of the young and ardent dreamers who were thus dealt with had aimed at nothing more mischievous than the emancipation of the serfs, and the establish-

ing of a liberal constitution ; that their proceedings had been of a boyish triviality ; and that some of them, like Fedor himself, had been actuated by mere pity for the suffering and the oppressed. It was this kind of offence which was visited with such mental torture as the scene we have described was calculated to inflict, with such successive shocks of agonized feeling—for the condemned up to the moment of hearing their sentence publicly read had no reason to suppose that they were held worthy of death—and that was further punished with long years of degrading misery, and of compulsory association with the vilest of criminals. We read without surprise that one of the victims of the dramatic surprise just mentioned was found to have lost his reason for ever under a strain so terrible ; but perhaps his lot was not more unbearable than that of the comrade who retained his senses, and who has left for us in his *Recollections of a House of the Dead* (translated into English as *Buried Alive*) a picture sufficiently appalling of his Siberian prison-house. A land where the disproportion between punishment and offence was so enormous could not fail to be a terribly good forcing-house for all such black poisonous growths of the soul as fatalism, nihilism, pessimism—all the creeds of Despair. But the hapless Dostoieffsky learned in his house of bondage a lesson not altogether of gloom, having instead some relish of salvation in it.

It is almost necessary, in order to a proper understanding of all Dostoieffsky's really great work, to make oneself acquainted with the singular, and indeed unique book just referred to, where, under the thinnest possible disguise, the true story of the writer's prison life among thieves and murderers of the grimmest type is related. Whatever may be the case now, there was at that time little attempt to classify offenders in Siberian prisons ; and the refined, cultured, tender, and poetic Fedor, clean of life and clean of hands, was flung defenceless into the midst of gross and violent criminals, who instinctively detested him. In order that *Buried Alive* should pass the Russian censorship, its hero had to be represented not as a political but as a civil criminal, convicted of homicide. We have to remember this false colouring, and the real innocence of the writer, as we read : otherwise the curious

antipathy which the convicts felt and expressed for their hapless companion remains a puzzle. Dostoieffsky himself seems inclined to credit "class-hatred" with this unreasoning dislike, and to have been thereby more alienated from the aristocratic institutions which bred it. But it had a deeper root than the peasant's distrust of the noble; it was the angry loathing of the guilty for the guiltless, who was yet "in the same condemnation." The picture which the lonely sufferer paints for us of the dreadful society which by day and by night he had to endure, is nothing less than appalling. Amid the thick light and noisome smells of the crowded dormitories, where the long winter evenings perforce were spent, we see and we hear, as he saw and heard, "the shorn heads, the branded brows, the ragged garments—the shouting, the laughing, the blasphemies, the noise of chains—the gossiping, tale-bearing, quarrelling, cynical jesting, vile and filthy actions;" we watch the felons at their hopeless work, at their murderous contentions, at their rare festivals which soon become mad orgies; we hear the sweeter voiced ones sing the wild weird songs that have such a heart-breaking pathos; we note "the under-current of sadness and despair in all the mirth and drunken revelry;" we agree with the writer that no better representation of Hell could well be found. And yet by-and-by we have to confess that all these poor lost beings are not finally lost—all good is not poisoned out of their hearts—it is Earth still, with its possibilities of redemption—not Hell. The convicts tell the tale of their crimes sometimes, and these grim narratives all unwittingly appeal to our pity no less than to our horror. Now it is a poor fair-faced lad of a recruit, sentenced to lifelong imprisonment for murdering his superior officer; the crime was very startling; but what despair had driven him to it! what long arrears of tyranny had been paid with that single blow! Now it is an innocent-souled Circassian boy, Aleï, who had obediently followed his elder brethren to a bandit foray that led them all to this prison. Of him our writer says, "There are some natures which I think must be especially blessed by God; they seem unable to turn to the bad, and one never need feel anxious about them. I feel perfectly sure about Aleï."

Taught to read Russian by Dostoieffsky, from the only book tolerated in the prison—the New Testament—Aleï the Mahometan showed a passionate appreciation of the teaching of Our Lord. "This is what I like best, where He says, 'Forgive, love, do not offend, love your enemies.' How beautifully He speaks, the holy prophet!" Aleï was crimson with delight. He parted from his teacher with tears and embraces when the day of his own freedom came. And the narrative goes on, and one redeeming touch after another lightens it as with a ray from Heaven; we see vile felons engaged in works of mercy, moved by soft visitings of pity; we look with them at the wasted corpse of a consumptive prisoner, still loaded with its chains when stripped of all other clothing. "He had a mother once!" says one of them with a quivering lip; and the simple speech "stabs to the heart" as if we heard it; we see these life-long prisoners setting free the eagle with the broken wing that had long drooped in the corner of the great yard, "so that he should not die a captive;" and we too, watching the bird, restored to "his own sweet little freedom," as he goes off without a sign of gratitude or farewell, are a little hurt at his indifference; we note with surprise that even a hardened, formidable, unrepentant murderer has still a tender spot in his heart, and that the once reviled political prisoner, offensively inoffensive as he is, can alone touch it. Other forms pass before us, hardened finished villains, loathsome monsters of iniquity, who prosper and thrive on the very vices of the less wicked; but these dread shapes are rare.

In this strange school Dostoieffsky took his Master's degree in the science of psychology. The traces of its teaching are manifest enough in every one of the masterpieces which he produced when, by the accession of Alexander II. in 1856, he had been restored to freedom, to literature, to life; not to health, not to prosperity; not, at once, to his country; for three years had to elapse before he might re-enter Russia; and in 1865 his cruelly straitened circumstances drove him anew into an unwilling exile, during which some of his greatest works were written. Suffering, that hard schoolmaster, was still to be his most efficient teacher. When we open *Crime and Punishment*—*The Idiot*—*Injury and Insult*—we receive an impression

not unlike that produced on their author at his first entry into the prison barracks. A crowd of figures suddenly confronts us, a crowd in which there are some beautiful, but far more grotesque or hideous faces ; their manners, their words, their actions, seem to us those of Bedlam. A sense of bewilderment, almost of loathing, comes over us ; why are we plunged into this society which seems composed either of lunatics at large or of unconvicted criminals ? But we read on, for the art of the writer, however strange and defiant of rule, is potent, and holds us like a sorcery. By degrees a certain order discloses itself in the seeming chaos ; the characters, which at first appeared no less fantastic than the shifting shapes assumed by clouds, put on an air of reality, and reveal themselves as true human beings, our brethren and our sisters, though driven astray by maddening woes, or following the will-o'-the-wisp gleam of false theories into paths of sin and crime. The author takes pleasure in making us recognize, under the convict brand of outward guilt, natures that should have been pure and noble, and that through purifying suffering may yet regain their lost glories ; he compels us to human pity even for the weak and contemptible. But when an irreclaimable criminal is introduced, no romantic lustre is allowed to invest his iniquities ; we look at him with terror, and turn from him with disgust ; much as Dostoeffsky in his prison shuddered and shrank from a certain convict who throve by purveying vile intoxicants for his comrades, and who resembled a gigantic spider.

Injury and Insult (better represented by its French title of *Humiliés et Offensés*) is perhaps the most repulsive work on our list ; and that largely by reason of the pervading presence of one of these hopelessly corrupt beings—the brilliant, attractive, wealthy prince Valkofski, who pursues his way through life with a single eye to his own advancement, and whose path is strewn with ruins. A sort of Pharisee of fine sentiments, his one weakness is the need he feels now and then to throw aside his mask and unveil the deep depravity, which he takes for wisdom, to a confidant whose simplicity and unselfishness reduce him, in Valkofski's opinion, below the rank of a human being. The domestic drama in which this moral monster

plays the part of Mephistopheles is best described in Dostoieffsky's own words, as "one of those gloomy tales—those sad, obscure histories which are so often and so mysteriously enacted beneath the dark St. Petersburg skies, in the foul secret lanes and alleys of the huge city, in the midst of the giddy whirl of ever-boiling life, of black egoism, of conflicting interests, of vile corruption, of secret crimes ; in the midst, in a word, of all that goes to make up the hellishness of the most senseless, abnormal conditions of the life of a large town."

Amidst this roaring stream of existence our gaze is invited for a group of simple-hearted people, caught like straws in a whirlpool, and swept away to misery—misery that is turned into anguish by the impetuous self-abandonment of the chief female character, Natacha—the beautiful rich-hearted creature, who in obedience to an overmastering passion destroys the happiness of her parents, her own future, and the best hopes of her faithfullest friend, by sacrificing herself to a boyish, nay, a childish lover, constitutionally incapable of constancy. Only when every hope is dead and her sacrifice proved a futile folly, does she summon strength to return to her desolated home, her outraged parents, and the duties she never ought to have renounced. And the unoffending and injured are left, at the close of the drama, in a hard-won mournful tranquillity, while the heartless oppressor has gained his ends and basks in the sunshine of prosperity. What is the possible moral of such a tale? Perhaps it is best expressed in the words of the wronged father when his returning daughter has fallen at his feet to seek forgiveness, and he, clasping her to his breast, cries out :

"Oh, I thank Thee, God, for all, for all—for Thy anger, and for Thy mercy ! and for the sunshine which is lighting our hearts once more after the storms ! Oh, let us be humiliated, let us be insulted ; let our insulters and the proud destroyers of our peace triumph over us ! Let them throw their stones at us ! We won't be afraid, Natacha—we will go hand in hand, and I will tell them all : 'This is my precious beloved daughter, whom you have insulted and humiliated ; but I love her, I love her ! and I bless her with my blessing for ever, and ever, and ever !' "

This pitying forbearance, this forgiveness for the partners of our misery ; this recognition that what is highly esteemed

among men may be abominable in the sight of God, while that which is scorned of men may move the Divine love and compassion; is again one of Dostoeffsky's prison lessons, and he does not fail to repeat it insistently. Thus, in *The Idiot*, the interest centres in two unhappy persons, one, a young man of singular purity, endowed with a strange insight into deep things and a helpless simplicity in worldly things, who, being afflicted with epilepsy in addition to his other peculiarities, is often deemed "an idiot"; the other, a girl unhappily gifted with beauty, and destroyed in her earliest youth by one of those repulsive egotists, connoisseurs in vice, who are held up for admiration in fiction of a certain base stamp. The victim cannot free herself from the sense of her deep degradation, it drives her from one wild deed to another, till her maddened course is cut short by murder; and the horror of her doom finally quenches the light of reason in him who had toiled to redeem her, and who thenceforth is in truth the *idiot* that men had falsely deemed him before. But in this luckless Nastasia, with her ruined wasted heart and brain; in the Prince Muishkin, whose pure unselfish devotion can neither save his reason from overthrown nor Nastasia from her self-sought fate; we are bidden to recognize true excellence, under clouds of defeat and dishonour. "You have suffered, you have passed through hell, and you have come out pure," says Nastasia's champion, endeavouring to persuade her that she will "honour him" by accepting the hand which he only offers that he may rescue and protect her. She proves that he was not at fault in crediting her with real nobleness, by the desperate resolution with which she rejects this one chance of social redemption, rushing at last to meet death at the hands of a madman, rather than drag down to her level the one person whom she had found worthy of reverence and trust. "Judge not," we seem to hear again from the artist who has painted this gloomy and terrible picture, at which it is not well to look long; "is not this despised outcast whiter than snow, beside the rich and honoured author of her misery?—has not this weak imbecile the wisdom of the heart, beside which worldly wisdom is but folly?"

There is sufficient daring in the choice of such a theme, and in the portrayal of the baseness and the moral deformity of

the minor actors in the wild drama. *Crime and Punishment*, however, is even more audacious, but with an audacity that is better justified by its sternly enforced moral lesson. The hero is a murderer, impelled to his crime by the sordid motive of enriching himself; the heroine—if heroine there is—we find in a poor girl sold into dishonour, and trampled under the hoof of the world's scorn, as one of the great city's many fallen women. Could anything be more unpromising or more repulsive? We shrink when the keen anatomist of the human heart invites us to watch him dissecting these diseased subjects; we ask what good can be derived from such an exhibition? But ultimately we have to confess that the terrible study has a certain profit, that the amazing skill bestowed on this perversely chosen subject has not been lavished all in vain. The mental history of the poverty-stricken student-assassin, Rodion Raskolnikoff, during the period of his descent into the depths of crime, and of his slow and painful ascent to expiation and repentance, is a masterpiece in its way. It is not love that is awakened as we watch the erring creature; still less is it admiration; but we behold his struggles with that intensity of pitying sympathy unknown to the world before the days of Christ; we recognize that this miserable criminal is still our brother. Raskolnikoff is pictured as an atheistic dreamer, who has broken with revealed religion, and with the law of Sinai; these have no claim, he fancies, on a mind like his. He is abjectly poor, but he has great aims. And here is an old pawnbroking woman, a usurious blood-sucker, a social pest, who is rich; what harm in *suppressing* her, in appropriating her ill-gotten hoards, which will open for Raskolnikoff, the young genius, the path to wide beneficent activity? So he reasons, and so he acts; but the success of his well-planned crime involves him in a second murder, that the first may be hidden. And lo! the despised but deathless moral law arises and rends him with the teeth and claws of a lion. He does not repent, but his deed is a horror to him; for very shame and dread he cannot profit by it; he leads a life of tormenting suspicion and fear; till, driven by an irresistible force, he accuses himself of the murder, and bows himself under the penalty—the long shameful exile assigned to his crime by the

law. And the first impulse to atonement, the power to carry it through, are communicated to him by Sonia, the hapless creature self-sold into shame that she might buy bread for the starving wife and children of her drunken father. For all the degradation into which her fearful sacrifice has plunged her has not destroyed her belief in God and His justice. And she, too, at last is raised and redeemed through her effort to save the one man who pitied her when he himself was more pitiable, and who, beginning his expiation in mere despair, ends it as a humble penitent.

Such is the art and such the teaching of Dostoieffsky, as exemplified in some of his greatest works. They are often morbid and unhealthy to the point of being misleading; the thunder-cloud broods too constantly over the scenes depicted; the figures are too extreme in beauty or in grotesqueness; the combination of good with evil appears more than once fantastically impossible. But we must remember that the artist drew life as he had been compelled to see it. His had been the squalid misery, his the enforced companionship with crime, his the painful self-denial which he depicts. His faults are pardonable when we recall the long years of torture that shook the health both of his mind and body, that afflicted him with the mysterious disease of epilepsy, which he takes a curious pleasure in describing. Every page being written with his heart's blood, we may not too fastidiously blame the strange hue of the letters and the waywardness of the words; we wonder only that so much in them is true, beautiful, and tender, and that this sworn champion of the oppressed is so keenly alive to the "sweet uses" even of adversity and oppression.

Count Tolstoi, whose life-story presents so complete a contrast to that of Dostoieffsky, is more sane, serene, and perfect as an artist, and has a more hopeful message for men. No pressure of poverty has driven him into doing hasty work; his great romances have been leisurely composed and completed; no wormwood and gall have been mingled with the cup of his life to make all its waters bitter. But not the less he has considered the evil work that is done under the sun, looking down from the heights of his prosperity as did the

Preacher of old, and, like him, has been well-nigh ready to "praise the dead more than the living," to esteem more highly the unconscious tree than the conscious suffering peasant, and the simple, untaught peasant than the over-cultured, sophisticated noble. For if Existence itself be the supreme evil, those beings who have the least conscious share in it must be the happiest and best. Such is the hopeless mood mirrored in Tolstoi's earlier work, and for which abundant justifying cause is shown in his pictures of the high Russian society native to him. Nothing more brilliant, varied, charming, than this society on the surface; but we are bidden to look below the surface, and note the avarice, the jealousy, the cold selfishness, the heartless lust, underlying the wit, the grace, the fine sentiments, the piety, and turning religion and virtue into a mockery, and home into a hell. It is a spectacle well fitted to drive a generous soul to despair. And indeed Lyof Tolstoi, like the heroes of his romances; once sank into the gloomy abyss of denial which men sometimes call Nihilism and sometimes Pessimism; but he did not remain there. Quite unconsciously this man of lofty genius, noble, rich, powerful, widely experienced, highly cultured; thinker, soldier, and statesman, has reached conclusions almost identical with those attained by George Fox, the labouring lad of Leicestershire; with those which guided Lollard and Vaudois centuries before Fox was born; and, unwitting of the existence of these his spiritual comrades, he marvels that to him alone, in these last days, the true Light has appeared. He has told the story of his spiritual development in *My Religion*, the work by which, in 1884, he bade adieu to the world of letters. Henceforth he will write no more, but living with and as the peasant, working with his hands on his own estate in the heart of Russia, he devotes himself to the daily literal practice of the teachings of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount. For despairing to solve the riddle of life, and ready to destroy himself—

"I had [says he] the idea of watching how the immense majority of men live; those who do not give themselves, like us the self-styled superior classes, to speculation; but who work and suffer, and yet are at peace, and acquainted with the end of life. I understood that I must

live like this multitude, return to simple faith. But my reason could not approve the vitiated instruction which the Church distributes to the simple. Therefore I set myself to study closely this instruction, and to distinguish between the superstitious and the true in it."

Pursuing this aim, Count Tolstoi finds the Church, as he knows it, deeply guilty before her Master, Christ, whose commands she has perverted. "Since Constantine, the Church has strayed from the doctrine of God to follow the doctrine of men. To-day she is heathen." She has substituted ritual and form for the living Gospel—she has taught that it was lawful to judge, to kill for the service of the State, to resist evil. But would all Christians obey Christ, who said, "Judge not, resist not evil, forgive, bless them that curse you," there would one day be no courts of law, no wars, no armies, no public nor private revenge, and the Kingdom of God would replace all earthly kingdoms, even in the present life. It is this vision of a renovated world which has rescued the great Russian writer from soul-killing despair; it is this ideal which he devotes himself to realize, and which is evidently set forth in his two greatest masterpieces, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karénina*. Mingling with his creed and marring it somewhat are strange imaginings, not warranted by the plain sense of the Scriptures—as, that the promised immortality, the "eternal life" of the Gospel is not individual, but collective. "We are but ephemeral particles of the indivisible soul of the world." "Love is God, and death is the re-absorption of an atom of love—that is myself—by the universal and external source of love." *The communion of saints, the life of the world to come*, are articles that bear another sense for Count Tolstoi than for us. But it is on the broad and simple moral commands of our Lord that he most passionately insists, opposing them triumphantly to the teachings of modern philosophy when he says that "the law of the world is the struggle for existence; the law of Christ is the sacrifice of our existence to others." He has chosen the latter; and whenever the heroes of his fictions are held up for our admiration, it is when they make the same choice.

War and Peace is, perhaps, the most powerful indictment of the irrationality, the futility, the destructiveness of aggres-

sive war that has ever been framed. A majestic prose epic, it deals with that repulse of Napoleon by Russia, that stupendous overthrow of the insolent conqueror by the indignant nation, with which none but a writer of the highest rank could cope. Tolstoi recounts the story of Austerlitz and of Moscow like a soldier who has seen war, and knows how little any commander can really control its fortunes, and how little any individual, in the thick of the battle smoke, amid the clash of the battalions, can see of the great movements going on. We are with him by the camp-fires, at the batteries, in the commander-in-chief's tent, among the wounded and dying—never on some lofty eminence, some "exceeding high mountain," watching all the mazy currents of the fight with a superior eye. Though his canvas is of panoramic vastness, he does not fear to crowd it with innumerable delicate details, and so perfect is his skill that all this minute finish adds to the sense of air and space and magnitude. His hand has not grown weak as he has painted in the historic personages, Napoleon, the Czar Alexander, Koutouzow, the veteran Russian commander-in-chief; they stand before us with the same vivid reality, they are drawn with the same fulness of detail, as the fictitious personages of the novel. Tolstoi's contempt for the arrogant egotism of Napoleon, and his respect for the stubborn single-minded patriot hero Koutouzow—whose faith for the salvation of Russia is not in his own genius, not in any "plan" that may be instantly disconcerted by events; but in time, patience, and God—is never distinctly formulated, but is made evident by a thousand little strokes of description, whose accumulated effect in regard to Napoleon is that of grand and severe irony. We thrill with the same solemn exultation as the writer while we watch the final discomfiture of the ruthless invader, flying at last when no man pursues him (for Koutouzow holds back his own eager troops, persuaded that the invading force will fall to pieces of itself, without waste of Russian life), and flying by the worst imaginable route that a madman could have chosen; we approve the long-sustained satire, so grave that it has been mistaken for earnest, which ridicules their theories who ascribe the rise and the ruin of Bonaparte to the action of "chance" and of "genius." Nay, but thus it was willed

by God, whispers the guide we have been following through this maze of events. An invisible Almighty hand urged Napoleon on, to work out purposes not his own ; and set him aside when the needed work was done.

Through the great stream of history thousands of smaller streams run—the lives of the obscure individuals who make history ; in this novel our attention is shared equally by the great and the small. The novel has several heroes, and in two of them at least we recognize two aspects of Tolstoi's own personality. Very differently circumstanced and inclined, they pass through the same intellectual phases—doubt, blank atheism, and recovered faith, firmly based and real. Prince Andrew, the sad-hearted soldier, dies of his wounds, just in sight of the domestic happiness for which all his life he has been athirst ; Count Peter, the gentler and gayer civilian, after strange mutations of opinion and fortune, is dismissed to wedded bliss, with one of the most charming, wayward, and intensely womanly women that ever novelist drew. But we are not allowed to think that it was better with him who lived than with him who died. The one had learnt the lesson of perfect forgiveness, unselfish love, in suffering and in death ; the other has found again the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man ; and his teacher has been an illiterate peasant-soldier, shot inhumanly by his French captors, but living after his death in the influence of his pure and simple spirit. We cannot dwell at greater length on the other attractions of this richly varied fiction ; on its vivid pictures of life in Russia—social, domestic, political, religious. It is a remarkable revelation of the inner existence of the nation ; as such it finds a not unworthy supplement in *Anna Karénina*, the last great work of the author, who at the age of fifty-seven has laid down the pen which he never wielded more ably, designing to use it no more. *Anna Karénina* derives its power to charm from no striking historical event ; the Servian war, introduced in a slight episodic way at the close, has no influence on the fortunes of the characters, save to find an employment for the energies of a despairing man, self-betrayed to misery. “ The abstract hero of this book,” says Tolstoi's ablest French critic, “ is duty opposed to the seductions of passion ; ” and this epi-

grammatic statement is fairly true. But the story has its flesh-and-blood heroes. The most brilliant of them, Vronsky, yields without a struggle to the seductions of passion, having formulated for himself a code of conduct common enough in his class, and false as common. Thus it runs :

"You must pay your debts of honour, you need not pay your tailor ; you may not lie to any one but a woman ; nor deceive any one but a husband ; you may insult, but never forgive an insult."

And guided by these admirable principles, Count Vronsky, whom God has gifted with a heart, with intellect, with some worthy ambition to be useful, follows a path which terminates in the moral ruin and the ghastly suicide of the woman he loves, and wrecks his own happiness and hopes for ever. Hastening to throw away his life in the cause of Servia—for which he cares nothing—we see him last, with a face "old and worn, like stone," uttering these hopeless words : "Life is of no value to me ; it is not only useless—I am disgusted with it. As a man, I am only a ruin ;" the past "remains for ever poisoned for him."

So fares it with the man of the world, who was meant for better things ; a lesson perhaps more terrible is enforced by the infinite skill with which the slow moral declension of the partner in his guilt is portrayed. Brought before us at the opening of the tale in all the charm of her unsullied grace, kindness, and intelligence, Anna does not lose a certain painful attractiveness until the very end ; all the more impressive is the ruin visibly wrought in her by the eating canker of her cherished sin. Were there nothing in the novel but this picture of decay and change, the impression produced would be purely distressing, and far from wholesome ; but the needed relief is afforded by the character and fortunes of Vronsky's friend, Konstantin Levin, the philanthropic young landowner, by the tale of his wooing and wedding and married life, and by all the family group of which his young bride, Kitty Shcherbatsky, is the most charming member. Levin, the faithful, pure-hearted votary of duty, meets a great reward. Coming before us as a victim of doubt, perplexed and terrified with life, with death, we leave him serene, joyous, satisfied ;

"acquainted with the end of life," having been led by his childlike wife, by the labourers on his land, to share their tranquil faith.

"We are children [muses he, as he watches his sister-in-law and her motherly ways]. Here am I, a Christian, brought up in the faith, surrounded with the blessings of Christianity, living upon these spiritual blessings without being conscious of them; and like children I have been reasoning, or at least trying to reason, out the meaning of life. But in the hour of suffering, just as when children are cold and hungry, I turn to Him. Yes, reason has taught me nothing. What I know has been given, revealed to me through the heart, and especially through the teachings of the Church."

And no dogma of the Church, which had once revolted him, now appeared other than true and good. "On the contrary, all tended to produce the greatest miracle, enabling the whole world and all its millions, however diverse otherwise, to comprehend the same great truths, so as to live that life of the soul which alone is worth living."

We are told that the religious writings of Count Tolstoi, though unpleasing to the Church and forbidden to be published in Russia, have been in great demand there in manuscript. "Students, women, poor people, snatch from each other the hundreds of autograph copies which circulate, spread them, and reproduce them;" and this thirst for the works of a writer who, amid whatever errors, seeks first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, is surely no evil sign. The study of these romancers, who idealize nothing, and extenuate nothing, leaves on our mind, despite the hard and terrible truths which they tell, an impression of great hopefulness for the land and people they describe. It is assuredly no light thing that—as one of Dostoieffsky's heroes asserts, no man gainsaying him—the millions of Russia have preserved intact their faith in God and in Christ. "Only among our select classes do you find unbelievers;" and even these are driven into unbelief by their "anguish of thirst" after God, whom they seek ignorantly. "Show them the restitution of lost humanity in the future . . . by means of the God and of the Christ of our Russian faith, and you will see how mighty and just and wise and good a giant will rise up before the eyes of the astonished world—

astonished because they expect nothing but the sword force from us, if anything. . . . We must resist Socialism and Atheism ; we must fortify, and quickly, quickly ; we must let *our* Christ shine forth upon the buttresses of the Western nations—our Christ, whom we have preserved intact.”

Is it the illusion of a dreamer which leads this Russian to prophesy so great a mission for his land, or is it the inspiration of a seer ? Is it true that the yet undeveloped force of gigantic Russia is to be employed in the advancement of Christ's Kingdom ?

Happy were it for the world if this were so.

ART. V.—DEAN PLUMPTRE'S TRANSLATION OF DANTE.

The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri. A New Translation, with Notes, Essays, and a Biographical Introduction. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Dean of Wells. London. 1886.

A YEAR ago we reviewed the first portion of this work—viz., the conjectural life of Dante, which Dean Plumptre has prefixed by way of introduction to the translation. The second volume being deferred for a season, we judged it better to postpone the consideration of the rest of the work until we had it before us in its entirety. The second volume, containing the translation of the *Paradise* and the minor poems, has now appeared, and accordingly it becomes our duty to attempt to estimate the measure of success which the Dean may have achieved in his most difficult task of presenting the great Florentine to the English public in an English dress.

The difficulty of the task can hardly be exaggerated. Of all poets of the first order Dante, if we mistake not, is by far the hardest to translate. It is not that he is obscure, as *Æschylus* in his choruses is obscure, partly from the corruption of his text, partly from deep brooding on the mysteries of

human life, or as Pindar is sometimes obscure by reason of the excessive swiftness of his thought; nor is it that, like Sophocles and Vergil, he affects extremely subtle modes of construction—on the contrary, Dante loves homely phrases, and strives always to express his meaning with the utmost brevity and directness, occasionally even pushing simplicity to the verge of baldness; it is not even, as in the case of Shakespeare, that the wealth of his ideas is too enormous to be adequately expressed by any language save that which he shaped and moulded to his will; no such transcendent exuberance of imagination can fairly be claimed for Dante; yet we doubt if even Shakespeare presents to the translator so intractable a problem as Dante. The difficulty is attributable to three principal causes: (1) the remarkable simplicity of his diction; (2) the no less remarkable precision of his style; (3) the boldness of his imagery. It is hard for a translator to approximate to Dante's elemental simplicity of diction without lapsing into baldness, to reproduce his rare logical precision of statement—the precision of one who had been trained in the schools and proved himself no mean proficient in dialectic—without seeming frigid and pedantic, while images, that in the original are pathetic or terrible, are too apt to seem in a translation merely sentimental or grotesque. Add to this that no translation is worth the name which does not reproduce the metres of the original, and that of those used by Dante the sonnet alone has been cultivated with success beyond the Alps, and it is clear that he who aspires to produce a really worthy translation of Dante has before him a task not perhaps insuperable, but yet of a kind to tax his powers to the utmost.

Such, then, being the difficulties with which a translator of Dante has to contend, even supposing him to have a real poetic faculty akin to Dante's own, it was with much misgiving that we applied ourselves to the examination of Dean Plumptre's work; nor are the results of that examination such as to warrant us in congratulating him upon more than a strictly limited measure of success. In point of mere learning he is indeed well equipped. In the translation we have found few cases of positive failure to apprehend the meaning of the original; and his commentary

strikes us as on the whole concise, precise, lucid, and virtually exhaustive. Such a commentary is absolutely essential to the student of a poem so full as is the *Divina Commedia* of allusions to every branch of mediæval learning and to the minutest details of contemporary history, and the sincerest thanks of every reader of Dante are due to Dean Plumptre for the industry with which he has ransacked all available sources of information, including the MS. commentaries of Guido Pisano (*circa* 1330), Giovanni da Serravalle (1414), and Castelvetro (a fragment of uncertain date first published in 1886). We fear, however, that he took but little by his researches in these MSS., as they are very seldom referred to, and never on any matter of first-rate importance. The commentary is chiefly based on the works of Scartazzini, King John of Saxony (Philaethes), Witte, and Lubin; but Dean Plumptre tells us that he has found his labours on the Hebrew prophets helpful, and that he has sought to "read the *Commedia* in the light thrown upon it by the minor poems, and the minor poems in the light thrown upon them by the *Commedia*; to trace in both the workings of the mind which wrote the *Vita Nuova*, the *De Monarchiâ*, the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, and the *Convito*;" and the notes give abundant evidence of this laudable endeavour to make Dante his own interpreter. The philosophical and theological portions of the *Divina Commedia* are illustrated by references to Aristotle and Aquinas; and the breviary and missal of the Latin Church, and Dante's favourite secular authors, such as Vergil, Ovid, and Lucan, are frequently laid under contribution. This vast wealth of material the author has with rare skill contrived to digest and compress into notes of which the brevity is really admirable, so that the commentary is kept within comparatively moderate compass. Unfortunately, the type in which the notes are printed is so small as to try the eyesight somewhat severely. We are sorry that we are unable to praise the translation as highly as the notes. Its chief faults are, as might have been anticipated, baldness, frigidity, and—we fear there is no other word—dulness. The light and colour of the original have vanished, the direct nervous speech has given way to strangely inverted and awkward periphrases, the result of the Dean's desperate struggles with the intractable *terza rima*. We are

sure that no student of Dante would read the book through except as a matter of duty, and we doubt very much whether most unlearned readers will not throw it aside in sheer weariness at an early stage, having acquired a thorough distaste for the subject.

The following passage is a fair sample of the work. Dante figures the immediate precincts of hell-gate as tenanted by those souls who in life had taken part neither with God nor with the devil. The description of their case is put into the mouth of Vergil, and is thus rendered by Dean Plumptre:—

“ And he to me : ‘ This wretched doom they bear,
 The sorrow-smitten souls of those whose name
 Nor foul reproach nor glorious praise did share.
 Mingled are they with those of evil fame,
 The angels who nor rebels were, nor true
 To God, but dwelt in isolated shame.
 Heaven, fearing loss of beauty, spurned that crew ;
 Nor were they harboured in the depths of Hell,
 Lest to the damned some glory might accrue.’
 And I : ‘ O Master, what doom terrible
 Makes them lament with such a bitter cry ?’
 And he : ‘ Full briefly I the cause will tell,
 No hope have these that they shall ever die,
 And this blind life of theirs so base is shown,
 All other doom they view with envious eye.
 Their fame the world above leaves all unknown ;
 Mercy and Justice look on them with scorn.
 Talk not of them ; one glance, and then pass on.’ ”

The faults in this passage are many and obvious. “ Those of evil fame ” is a poor substitute for “ *quel cattivo coro* ; ” “ dwelt in isolated shame ” is no translation at all of “ *per sè foro*.” In the next triplet the present tenses “ *caccian* ” and “ *riceve* ” are turned into preterites ; “ crew ” and “ accrue ” make a very bad rhyme, and the latter word is spoiled for poetry by its mercantile and legal associations. “ Is shown ” in line 14 is a piece of padding introduced for the mere sake of rhyming. “ Their fame the world above leaves all unknown ” is a very weak rendering of “ *Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa*.” We should prefer to translate the passage rather more freely as follows :—

And he to me : "The penalty he pays
 In anguish here, whoso to ill and good
 Indifferent earned on earth nor blame nor praise.
 Mingled are they with all that caitiff brood
 Of angels who nor rebels to God were
 Nor loyal subjects, but for themselves stood.
 Heaven casts them forth that it be not less fair ;
 Nor yet doth them the lower hell receive,
 Lest with them aught of fame the guilty share."
 And I : "O Master, say why thus to grieve
 Fain are they and thus loudly to make moan ?"
 Returned he : "Briefly thus I answer give,
 Hope may they not their life shall e'er be done ;
 Whereof the tenour 's so obscure and base,
 That whom they do not envy there is none.
 Fame of them in the world hath nowhere place,
 Justice contemns them, ay, and mercy too.
 Talk not of them : one glance, then on apace."

(*Inf.* iii. 36-51.)

A little farther down we come upon a most disappointing rendering of a line which has passed into proverb. Of Celestine V., the hermit of the Abruzzi, who was elevated to the Papacy in 1294, but voluntarily renounced the trust in the same year, Dante wrote : "Che fece per viltate il gran rifiuto." This Dean Plumptre weakly paraphrases as "Who basely from his calling high withdrew." Turning the pages in search of something to commend we come upon the following rendering of the celebrated scene before the judgment-seat of Minos (*Inf.* v. 13-24) :—

"Ever in size the crowd before him grew,
 And each in turn approaches and is tried ;
 They speak, they hear, and then are thrust below.
 'O thou who to this hostel dark hast plied
 Thy way,' spake Minos, when he saw me there,
 And for a time his great work put aside,
 'How thou dost come, in whom dost trust, take care :
 Let not the open entrance cheat thy soul.'
 Then spake my Guide : 'What means this cry I hear ?
 Seek not his destined journey to control ;
 So is this willed where what is willed is one
 (Ask thou no more) with might that works the whole.'"

Here "plied thy way" is not English. "How thou dost come, in whom dost trust, take care" is no translation of "Guarda com' entri e di cui tu ti fide." "Cheat thy soul" is clumsy, and "open entrance" is not exactly "ampiezza dell' entrare." The last two lines—

"Vuolsi così colà dove si puote,
Ciò che si vuole, e più non dimandare."

—are very hard to render, but the rendering given is weak and cumbrous.

We are only too well aware that it is much more easy to criticize Dean Plumptre's work than to improve upon it. As he truly says: "It may be easy to point to this faulty rhyme and that obscure construction, to meanings imperfectly apprehended and special beauties turned into commonplace mediocrities, but then there comes the thought, common alike to Horace and St. Paul: 'Mutato nomine de te Fabula narratur,' 'Thou that judgest doest the same things.'" It is therefore with much misgiving that we submit the following alternative rendering to the judgment of the reader:

Ever before him stands a mighty host;
 Draws near the judgment-seat each soul in turn,
 Pleads, and is tried, and added to the lost.
 "O thou that comest to this dolorous bourne,"
 So bade me welcome Minos, soon as e'er
 He saw me breaking off his inquest stern.
 "How thou goest in, whom trustest, have a care,
 Let not the roomy entrance thee deceive."
 To whom my Guide: "Peace, idle clamour spare,
 To turn him from the quest assigned him leave;
 Enough for thee that there where power with will
 Is one 'tis willed: so no more questions weave."
(Inf. v. 13-24.)

A little farther on, "Souls borne where fierce winds, as I said, combine" is a mistranslation, and very prosaic mistranslation, of "Ombre portate della detta briga." Dante has said nothing of any combination of winds, whatever that may be; he is simply comparing the souls to a flight of cranes borne on the blast of a hurricane.

The Paolo and Francesca episode is perhaps as favourable a specimen of the translation as can be quoted.

“ And as I listened to my Teacher famed,
Telling of all those dames and knights of old,
I was as lost, and grief its victory claimed.
And I began : ‘ O Poet, I am bold
To wish to speak awhile to yonder pair,
Who float so lightly on the storm-blast cold.’
And he to me : ‘ Thou’lt see them when they fare
More near to us : then pray them by that love
That leads them : they will to thy call repair.’
Soon as the winds their forms towards us move,
My voice I lift : ‘ O souls sore spent and driven,
Come ye and speak to us, if none reprove.’
And e’en as doves, when love its call has given,
With open, steady wings to their sweet nest
Fly, by their will borne onward through the heaven,
So from the band where Dido was they pressed,
And came towards us through the air malign,
So strong the loving cry to them addressed.
‘ O living creature, gracious and benign,
Who com’st to visit, through the thick air perse,
Us whose blood did the earth incarnadine,
Were He our friend who rules the universe,
We would pray Him to grant thee all His peace,
Since thou hast pity on our doom perverse.
Of that which thee to hear and speak shall please
We too will gladly with thee speak and hear,
While, as it chances now, the wild winds cease.
The land where I was born is situate there
Where to the sea-coast line descends the Po,
To rest with all that to him tribute bear.
Love, which the gentle heart learns quick to know,
Seized him thou seest, for the presence fair
They robbed me of—the mode still deepens woe.
Love, who doth none beloved from loving spare,
Seized me for him with might that such joy bred,
That, as thou seest, it leaves me not e’en here.
Love to one death our steps together led ;
Caina him who quenched our life doth wait.’
Thus was it that were borne the words they said,
And when I heard those souls in sad estate,
I bowed my face, and so long kept it low,
Till spake the poet : ‘ What dost meditate ?’

When I made answer, I began, ' Ah woe !
 What sweet fond thoughts, what passionate desire
 Led to the pass whence such great sorrows flow ? '
 Then I turned to them and began inquire,
 ' Francesca, ' so I spake, ' thy miseries
 A pitying grief that makes me weep inspire.
 But tell me, in the time of those sweet sighs,
 The hour, the mode, in which love led you on
 Doubtful desires to know with open eyes.'
 And she to me: ' A greater grief is none
 Than to remember happier seasons past
 In anguish ; this thy Teacher well hath known :
 But if thou seek'st to learn what brought at last
 Our love's first hidden root to open sight,
 I'll tell, as one who speaks while tears flow fast.
 It chanced one day we read for our delight
 How love held fast the soul of Lancelot ;
 Alone were we, nor deemed but all was right ;
 Full many a time our eyes their glances shot,
 As we read on ; our cheeks now paled, now blushed ;
 But one short moment doomed us to our lot.
 When as we read how smile long sought for flushed
 Fair face at kiss of lover so renowned,
 He kissed me on my lips, as impulse rushed,
 All trembling ; now with me for aye is bound.
 Writer and book were Gallehault to our will :
 No time for reading more that day we found.'
 And while one spirit told the story, still
 The other wept so sore, that, pitying, I
 Fainted away as though my grief would kill,
 And fell, as falls a dead man, heavily."

The magnificent speech of Ulysses in *Inf.* xxvi., of which Lord Tennyson's *Ulysses* is an echo, fares by no means so well at Dean Plumptre's hands.

" When I from Circe parted, who did make
 Me hide a year and more Gaeta near,
 Ere from Æneas it that name did take,
 Neither my son's sweet presence, nor my fear
 And love for my old father, nor the love
 Which should have given Penelope good cheer,
 Could check the strong desire I had to rove,
 And so become experienced in mankind,
 With human vice and virtue hand in glove."

The last three lines are positive bathos. Nor is the following much better :—

“I and my friends were old and spent with toil,
When to that narrow strait we came at last
Where Hercules set landmarks on the soil,
That they might never more by man be passed;
On the right hand I left Seviglia's shore,
And on the left by Centa had sailed past.”

The concluding lines are more successful :—

“And all the stars I saw that lit the night
Of the other pole, our own being sunk so low,
It rose not from its ocean bed to sight.
Five times was kindled, five times quenched the glow
By which the moon's inferior face was lit,
Since into that deep pass 'twas ours to go,
When through the distance dim and dark did flit
The vision of a mount that seemed so high
I ne'er had looked on any like to it.
Joyous were we, but soon there came a cry,
For from that new land rose a whirlwind blast,
And smote the good ship's prow full terribly.
Three times amidst the water's whirl it passed,
Then on the fourth the stern aloft did rise,
The prow sank as Another willed; at last
The sea's wild waters closed upon our eyes.”

The translation of the thirty-third canto of the *Inferno* is marred by some blunders of an excruciating type. It contains Ugolino's terrible narrative of his and his children's death by starvation in the tower at Pisa.

What are we to say to the following ?—

“And when unto the fourth day we had come,
Gaddo lay stretched before my feet, and cried,
'Why, father, help'st thou not?' and there, in sum,
He died; and as thou see'st me, so I eyed
The three fall down, and perish one by one.”

The words “in sum” at the end of the third line correspond to nothing in the original. They are simply make-weights, or rather make-rhymes. Moreover, for us at least, they have the effect of entirely ruining the passage by the comic associations
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which they bring with them, being just the kind of device which a mock-heroic writer is apt to adopt for the purpose of completing some more than usually rapid bathos. Witness the concluding couplet of one of the stanzas in the description of the shipwreck in *Don Juan* (canto ii. stanza li.)—

“She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And, going down head foremost—sunk, in short.”

“So I eyed the three fall down” is grotesque, besides not being English. Towards the end of the same canto we find the Dean perpetrating a piece of low slang. Dante wrote :—

“Ahi Genovesi, uomini diversi
D' ogni costume, e pien d' ogni magagna,
Perchè non siete voi del mondo spersi ?”

The Dean renders :—

“Ha ! ha ! ye Genoese, ye strange bad lot,
Ill-mannered, full of every purpose vile,
Why doth the world not cast you out to rot ?”

This is very bad. Not only is the dignity of the original entirely sacrificed, but the translation is not even approximately close. It is simply a slipshod paraphrase in a style of coarse vulgarity.

In the sixth canto of the *Purgatorio* we are introduced to Sordello, a troubadour whose scanty remains do not enable us to understand the reverential attitude which Dante assumes towards him, and whose history is still wrapped in obscurity. Like Vergil, he was a Mantuan, and it is clear that Dante regarded him as a type of the most exalted patriotism. The verses describing the meeting of the two Mantuans are translated in a better style :—

“We came to him. O soul from Lombardy !
How stood'st thou there in thy disdainful pride,
With glances slowly turned and nobly shy !
He spake to us no word, but turned aside,
And let us go, with look upon us bent,
Like lion, when he crouching doth abide.
Still near to him Virgilius drew, intent
To beg that he would point the speediest way,
And he to that request no answer sent.

But of our country and our life did pray
Fully to know. And my sweet Guide began :
‘ In Mantua ; ’ then from where he erst did stay,
All self-absorbed, full quick to him he ran,
Saying, as each the other clapsed, ‘ See here
Sordello, of thy land, O Mantuan.’ ”

In the translation of the magnificent passage which follows, in which Dante inveighs with all the fire of a prophet against the corruption of Italian political life, the Dean is by no means so successful :—

“ Ah, base Italia, home of grief and fear,
Ship without pilot, where the storm blows shrill,
No queen of kingdoms, but a harlots’ lair !
That noble soul showed this quick eager will,
At the sweet name of his dear fatherland,
His countrymen with gladness joy to fill ;
And now in thee the living never stand
From conflict free, and one the other tears,
Of those within one wall’s, one rampart’s, band.
Search round thy coasts, O thou of many cares,
Washed by the sea ; then look within thy breast,
If any part in peaceful gladness shares.
What boots it that Justinian did his best
The rein to mend, if saddle empty be ?
Without it thou would’st be less shame-opprest. 15
Ah, race that should’st be given to piety,
And let the Cæsar in his saddle sit,
If well thou hearest what God teacheth thee ;
Look how this beast grows wild in frenzy’s fit,
Seeing that no spurs are there its course to guide,
Since erst the curb did feel thy hand on it.
O Teuton Albert, who dost turn aside
From her that fierce and wild her way doth wend.
And oughtest on her saddle-bow to ride ;
May a just judgment from the stars descend
Upon thy blood, and be it clear and new,
That thy successor fear as dread an end !
Since thou hast suffered, and thy father too,
Distracted by the greed of distant lands,
The Empire’s garden to lie waste to view. 30
See the Montecchi, Cappelletti stand,
Monaldi, Filippeschi, reckless one,
Those sad already, these suspicion-banned ;

Come, cruel one, yea, come, to thee be shown
 Thy people's woes, and heal the wounds that ail,
 And see how safe Santafiore's grown !
 Yea, come and see thy Rome that still doth wail,
 Widowed, alone, and day and night laments ;
 ' My Cæsar, why dost thou to help me fail ? '
 Yea, come, and see how love her tribe cements ;
 And if no pity for us thine heart move,
 Let fear of shame stir up thy soul's intents !
 And—if the name be lawful—our great Jove,
 Who, on the earth for us wast crucified,
 Have Thy just eyes withdrawn their light above ? 45
 Or dost Thou, in Thy wisdom's depth, provide,
 And pave the way for some great good unseen,
 Which Thou from our perception still dost hide ?
 For all Italia's regions filled have been
 With tyrants, and each churl, on faction bent,
 Comes as a new Marcellus on the scene !
 Thou, O my Florence, mayst be well content
 With this digression, which is nought to thee,
 Thanks to thy people, wise in argument.
 Many with justice in their hearts we see
 Linger, lest unadvised they draw the bow ;
 Thy people hath it on the tongue's tip free.
 Many to bear the common charge are slow ;
 But thy good anxious people, though none call,
 Are heard to cry, ' The yoke I'll undergo.' 60
 Rejoice thee now, thou hast the wherewithal
 Rich art thou, thine is peace, and thou art wise !
 If true my words, facts will not hide at all.
 Athens and Lacedæmon, whence did rise
 The laws of old, on civil order bent,
 Took but short step to where life's true good lies,
 Compared with thee, so subtly provident
 Of wise reforms, that, half November gone,
 Naught lingers that was for October meant.
 How often, in the times to memory known,
 Hast thou changed laws, coins, polity and right,
 And altered all thy members one by one !
 And if thou well reflect, and see the light,
 Thou shalt behold thyself as woman sick,
 Who on her pillow finds no rest at night,
 And seeks to ease her pain by turning quick."

The faults in the rendering are apparent enough. Thus

"shrill" is inappropriate, and therefore weak, in l. 2. It is not the shrillness but the force of the wind that is in question. The force of a blast cannot be measured by its shrillness. "Quick eager will" and "gladsome joy" in the next triplet are both cases of padding, the latter absolutely tautological. "Band," l. 9, is bad for the circuit of a wall. "O thou of many cares," in l. 10, is a verbose rendering of "misera," and "washed by sea" of "marine." We much dislike compounds such as "shame-opprest" in l. 15. "And oughtest on her saddle-bow to ride" in l. 24 is absurd. A seat on the saddle-bow would mean a seat on the pommel, and would be not merely awkward, but dangerous. We should have thought that Dean Plumptre, as an English gentleman, knew enough of horse furniture to avoid such a blunder. Dante wrote:—"E dovresti inforçar li suoi arcioni," referring simply to the fact that the bow of the saddle—i.e., the part where it rises towards the shoulder of the horse—is gripped by the knee in riding. The expression is accurate, and therefore picturesque, conveying the idea Dante desired to convey—of a strong rider riding well from the knee. In l. 30 there is nothing in the original to correspond to "view," which is simply a rhyming expedient. "Suspicion-banned" in the next triplet is a very awkward compound. "My Cæsar, why dost thou to help me fail?" l. 39, is hardly a paraphrase of "Cesare mio, perchè non m'accompagne?" "Cements" in the next line introduces an awkward metaphor not found in the original; while "Let fear of shame stir up thy soul's intents," is a poor and ponderous substitute for "A vergognar ti vien della tua fama." "Pave the way," l. 47, is a hackneyed expression.

The use of the past "filled have been," in l. 49, obviously dictated by the rhyme, for the present "piene son" is feeble. The next four couplets are far the most happily rendered in the entire passage, marred only by the superfluous "at all" in l. 63. Lines 68-69 contain a positive and, as it seems to us, scarcely excusable misrepresentation of Dante's meaning. It would not be reasonable to complain that what "was for October meant" did not last through November. If an enactment is intended for October it is *primâ facie* not

intended for November. What Dante meant to reproach Florence with was the practice of repealing laws not passed for merely temporary purposes before they had had a fair trial, and this he epigrammatically expressed by saying that what she "wove in October did not last until mid-November" ("che a mezzo novembre Non giunge quel che tu d' ottobre fili"). The last two lines are feeble. Pillow is no equivalent for "le piume," and the very sonorous "Ma con dar volta suo dolore scherma" is ill-represented by "And seeks to ease her pain by turning quick."

Apart from points of detail such as we have enumerated, no one who knew the original would, we imagine, admit that the general style of the passage was in any sense Dantesque. The original is one of the most animated diatribes to be found in any language. Dean Plumptre's version is tame and frigid. "The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn" have somehow evaporated. The energy of movement, too, has gone. The lines labour and drag. Ease and spontaneity are wanting. No doubt the translator of Dante has to make his choice between alternative evils. In aiming at literal accuracy he is sure to sacrifice the spirit of the original; in attempting to reproduce the spirit he will be compelled now and again rather to paraphrase than to translate: of the two it is clear to us that the latter is the less evil. Unless something of the poet's "vivida vis animi" can be infused into his version, it might as well, and indeed better, be in prose at once. How far the rendering of this celebrated passage which we subjoin does or does not steer between the Scylla of loose paraphrase and the Charybdis of bald literalness it is not for us to say; but, after the somewhat severe strictures which we have felt bound to make on Dean Plumptre's version, it is only just to him to give the reader an opportunity of criticizing the critic.

Ah, servile Italy, home of anguish thou,
 Ship on tempestuous sea with none to steer,
 Erst queen of provinces, a brothel now!
 How eagerly that gentle spirit gave ear,
 To list of his own land the name's sweet sound,
 And did his fellow-townsmen honour there!

Yet of your citizens are none now found
But such as ever each the other rend,
Whom wall and fosse within one circuit bound.
Search, hapless one, through all thy borders send
From sea to sea, thy heart inquire of it,
If any part of thee to peace is friend.
What boots it that Justinian set the bit
Firm in the steed's mouth ! Greater shame is thine
That in the saddle now no rider sit.
Ah, race that shouldest thy pride of heart resign
And let thy Cæsar the empty saddle gain,
Did'st thou but understand the will divine.
How proud the steed, how stubborn, guidance vain,
Lacking correction by the armèd heel,
Since first thy nerveless fingers held the rein !
O, German Albert, thou of little zeal
To tame the wild unmanageable steed,
That should strong limbs her flanks close clipping feel.
Heaven's judgment on thee light and on thy seed,
Just judgment, signal, and in novel wise
That thereto thy successor may take heed !
Thou, like thy father, with averted eyes,
Engrossed by sordid cares there sittest, while
The garden of the Empire desert lies.
Our Montagues and Capulets to smile
Would hardly move thee, careless though thou be,
Nor yet Orvieto's force and secret guile.
Come, cruel, hither come, the oppression see
Of all thy nobles. Oh, avert their doom !
Mark how great Santafor's security !
Come, see how desolate thy widowed Rome,
Lamenting loud calls day and night thy name :
' My Cæsar, why to me wilt thou not come ? '
Mark in what love the people dwell, and shame
If pity of us in no wise may thee move,
Teach thee to save them and thine own fair fame.
And if I may thee name, O sovran Jove,
That erst upon the cross did'st bear our pain,
Are thy just eyes fixed ever there above ?
Or is it of purpose deep some subtle skein
Past finding out by human care and skill,
Which in good time thou wilt to us make plain ?
For lo ! how each Italian city still
A tyrant vexes ; and a Marcellus he
Is vaunted whoso works his factious will !

My Florence, surely this digression thee
 Concerneth no more than an idle jest,
 Thanks to thy subtle-minded people be!
 Many there are have justice in their breast,
 But slackly comes it forth for want of care,
 But in thy people's lips doth justice rest.
 Many will not the common burdens bear,
 Thy zealous townfolk all together cry,
 Even before they are asked, Give us our share!
 So make thee joyful, sure thou hast reason why,
 Peaceful thou art, with wealth and wit to spare,
 If truth I speak the facts will testify.
 Athens and Lacedæmon, cities fair,
 Of ancient laws and customs wise the seat,
 Even they with thee in statecraft ill compare;
 Who compasseth (oh subtle wit!) the feat
 That what thou spinnest in October new
 Ne'er lasts till half November is complete.
 How often in such period as to view
 Of memory lies open has thy state,
 Laws, money, customs, offices shaped anew!
 And if thy soul thou would'st interrogate
 Like some sick woman, thou thyself should'st know
 Who finds no rest her anguish sore to abate
 On bed of down still tossing to and fro.—(*Purg.* vi. 76 et sqq.)

In his rendering of the *Paradiso*, Dean Plumptre seems to us, on the whole, much happier than in the earlier portions of the work. In particular the magnificent sixth canto, which describes the varying fortunes of the Roman power, from its early struggles with Alba Longa to the rise, decline, and fall of the Empire and its re-establishment by Charlemagne, furnishes a severe test of the quality of a translator, and Dean Plumptre, who is here both close and spirited, stands it well. We are happy to be able to pass an equally favourable judgment on cantos xv.—xvii., in which Cacciagnida dilates on the contrast between the good old times in Florence and the corruptions of the day, and foretells Dante's exile. The very beautiful opening stanzas of canto xxiii. are also felicitously rendered:

"As bird, within the leafy home it loves,
 Upon the nest its sweet young fledglings share,
 Resting, while night hides all that lives and moves,

Who, to behold the objects of her care,
 And find the food that may their hunger stay,—
 Task in which all hard-labours grateful are,—
 Prevents the dawn, and, on an open spray,
 With keen desire awaits the sun's bright rays,
 And wistful look till gleams the new-born day ;
 So did my lady then, with fixèd gaze,
 Stand upright, looking on that zone of Heaven
 Wherein the sun its tardiest course displays ;
 And when I saw her thus to rapt thought given,
 I was as one who, in his fond desire,
 Rests in firm hope, although by strong wish driven."

In canto xxv. we note an extraordinary mistranslation. At the close of the preceding canto, St. Peter is represented as encircling Dante's brows with a band of light, as token that he has satisfied him of his holding the true faith. In the next canto Dante's mind reverts to Florence. Perchance, he says, some day he may return thither crowned with laurel ; and then occur the following lines :—

" Perocchè nella Fede che fa conte
 L' anime a Dio, quivi entra' io, e poi
 Pietro per lei si mi girò la fronte,"

which Dean Plumptre translates :

" For there into the Faith I entrance found
 Which makes souls known of God, and since aright
 I held it, Peter thus my head *wheeled round*."

What could be more absurd or grotesque than the idea of St. Peter wheeling Dante's head round ? Of course, Dante is referring to the wreath of light of the preceding canto ; but because, to express St. Peter's action in investing his brow with the wreath, he uses the word *girò*, which may signify either *twisted* or *encompassed*, Dean Plumptre has ruined a passage of infinite beauty by taking it in the former sense.

In canto xxvii. there occur some lines which present a real difficulty. Dante has been insisting (ll. 121-135) on the rapidity with which the innocence of childhood vanishes away and gives place to the worst vices and crimes. He adds :

" Così si fa la pelle bianca nera
 Nel primo aspetto della bella figlia
 Di quei ch' apporta mane e lascia sera."

The lines are involved and obscure ; but Dean Plumptre's rendering seems very unsatisfactory. He writes :

"So black becomes the skin, that did appear
At first so white to see, in that fair child
Of him who quits the eve and morn doth bear."

A note informs us that "the white skin is commonly expounded of human nature, thought of, as in c. xxii. 116, as the daughter of the sun." It seems to us far better to suppose that Dante was thinking of the effect of the sun in darkening the delicate complexion of a girl. To get this sense out of the passage, it is only necessary to join "*primo aspetto*" closely with the third line. We should therefore translate :

Even so to black is quickly turned the white
Of some fair maiden's face at the first look
Of him that bringeth morn and leaveth night.

This is, of course, open to the objection that even the most delicate complexion is never actually blackened by the sun's rays ; but this seems to us a very subsidiary point. Probably Dante had in his mind the sixth verse of the first chapter of the Song of Solomon : "Look not upon me because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." In any case the introductory *così* shows that the passage is a simile (a point Dean Plumptre has overlooked), and if the meaning be what we suggest it cannot be denied that the simile is extremely apt.

Space does not permit of our examining the translation of the *Paradiso* in further detail. We must hasten to conclude this review. As might have been anticipated, it is in the translation of the minor poems that Dean Plumptre is at his best. Freed from the irksome trammels of the *terza rima*, he less frequently sacrifices sense and beauty for the sake of a rhyme. He cultivates the sonnet's little plot, and expatiates in the *canzone* with some success. He has translated, besides the sonnets from the *Vita Nuova*, the various *canzoni ballate sestine* and sonnets which make up the collection known as the *Canzoniere*, the *canzoni* scattered through the *Convito*, and some poems of doubtful authenticity, both Italian and Latin.

Some critical studies, of which the first, "On the Genesis and Growth of the *Commedia*," is the most elaborate, conclude the work.

We have not space to do more than touch upon one of the many interesting questions which are treated in these essays—that, viz., of Dante's originality, which is very sensibly handled. The painstaking research by which our age is so honourably distinguished has unearthed a considerable mass of literature, in which the reveries of the Middle Ages concerning the state of the soul after death embodied themselves, with much of which literature Dante doubtless was familiar, and portions of which present coincidences more or less striking with passages in the *Divina Commedia*—a fact which has seemed to some critics of the narrower sort to detract from his originality. The latest of these coincidences is furnished by the *Tesoretto* of Dante's quondam master, Brunetto Latmi, the master who taught him, as with a proud humility he acknowledges, "come uom s' eterna." The *Tesoretto* describes a vision which the author had in a wood, into which he had strayed when passing through the plain of Roncevaux, on his way from Spain to Italy. In this vision Nature appears to him in the guise of a stately lady, strongly resembling her of whom Boethius writes in his *De Consolatione*, a work which deeply impressed the mediæval mind, and discourses to him on the creation, the fall of the angels and of man, and on human fate and duty, refers him to Philosophy for further instruction, and vanishes, after giving him a charm which secures him against every kind of danger. Brunetto then makes his way through a dark and desert valley to an open plain, where he finds many kings, lords, and masters of wisdom, and amidst them all the Empress Virtue, with her four daughters—Courtesy, Liberality, Loyalty, and Courage. Thence he goes to the house of Love, where he meets Ovid, but, finding no solace there, he returns to the forest whence he started, and sets out again in quest of Philosophy. His wanderings bring him to Mount Olympus, on the summit of which he finds an old man with blanchèd face, and an immense beard covering his chest, and who proves to be Ptolemy the astronomer. The poem breaks off abruptly while the two are conversing on the four elements. That Dante knew

this poem there is no reason to doubt, and, though it would be absurd to suppose that but for it the *Divina Commedia* would not have been written, it may well have been one of many converging influences which helped to determine Dante's choice of his subject, though not his general treatment of it, and may even have suggested certain details.

The fact, however, that the great theme of human destiny here and beyond the tomb should have been handled by a multitude of writers from Homer to Vergil, from Vergil to Boethius, from Boethius to Brunetto Latmi, in no wise detracts from Dante's originality in any sense in which originality is of value, even when the fullest allowance has been made for such suggestions as he may have derived from his predecessors. True originality consists, not in hitting upon some entirely novel subject—the grandest subjects of human contemplation are few and old—but in so treating a subject, be it what it may, as to give your particular presentation of it a unique and enduring value. We heartily agree with Dean Plumptre that “there is no ground for imputing anything like deliberate plagiarism to Dante in this matter, or even for assuming, to any considerable extent, a conscious reproduction. His position is simply that of one who, like all great poets, is the heir of the ages that have preceded him. The supreme artificer uses all materials that he finds ready to hand. Whatever was grotesque, horrible, or foul in the mediæval conceptions of the Unseen World, no less than what was pure, bright, transcendent in its beauty, was likely to find its way into his treasure-house of things new and old, and to be used by him in the spirit of his own and not of a later generation.”

We close our study of this latest addition to the vast mass of Dante literature with very mixed feelings. The Dean has obviously performed his task with conscientious care, and it has doubtless been to him a labour of love. Yet we feel, much as we regret to say so, that it has been in a great measure labour thrown away. We doubt if, with all his learning and zeal, Dean Plumptre has ever really entered into the mind and spirit of Dante. To have done so thoroughly it would have been necessary that he should be, what we cannot think he is, a true poet of a genius akin to Dante's own. The only

Englishman we know of who seems to us to have satisfied in any measure this condition was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He at least was a true poet, though his actual achievement was small; and though ill health and recluse habits gave some of his work a rather morbid character, yet in the passionate intensity and concreteness of his imagination, there lived again some portion of the spirit of his great namesake. Whether he would have succeeded as well with the *Divina Commedia* as with the *Vita Nuova* may be doubted, but none who know his version of the Paolo and Francesca episode in the *Inferno*, which appeared in the *Athenæum* some years before his death, can doubt that, had he executed the entire work in a style equally noble, Dante would at last have found an interpreter worthy of himself, and the English-speaking world have been the richer by another masterpiece of literary art.

ART. VI.—THE PROPHET OF NATURAL SELECTION.

The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin, including an Autobiographical Chapter. Edited by his Son, FRANCIS DARWIN. Three volumes. London: Murray.

WHATEVER faults may be charged upon us English of to-day, we certainly cannot be accused of backwardness in hero-worship. Biography after biography, in which not seldom a quite commonplace life is made to fill two big volumes, is evidence to the contrary. We are only too prone to make heroes and heroines of very ordinary persons. Mr. Darwin, who is emphatically a hero to his children, was no ordinary person; and we are glad of every scrap of information, of every letter, however slightly connected with the great purpose of his life, feeling that the most trivial matters may throw light on the character of one whom a thinker so hostile to some of his conclusions as the Duke of Argyll, his steady opponent for nearly a quarter of a century, does not hesitate to call "the greatest natural observer who has ever lived."

Mr. F. Darwin devotes, as becomes a believer in heredity, some space to the Darwin family. Then follows the Autobiography, beginning with Charles Darwin's earliest remembrances, and going on to 1881. Of this the most interesting part is Darwin's estimate of himself. He complains how hard it is to express himself clearly and concisely: "This difficulty has caused me a very great loss of time, but has had the compensating advantage of forcing me to think long and intently about every sentence, and thus to see errors in reasoning and in my own observations or those of others." He deplors the sad fact that he cares not for poetry or art; whereas in his school days he took intense pleasure in Shakespeare, he finds him now (1881) nauseating. Music, which delighted him, though his "ear" was so imperfect that he could never discern a discord, "now sets me thinking too energetically on my work." Scenery he enjoyed to the last; while the taste for novels ("works of the imagination, though not of a very high order") did grow: "for years they have been a wonderful relief and pleasure to me. I often bless all novelists." Again and again he groans over "this curious and lamentable loss of the higher æsthetic tastes. . . . My mind seems to have become a machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, *but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend I cannot conceive.*" Had his mind, he thinks, been better constituted, or more highly organized, he would not have thus suffered; and he regrets that he did not read poetry and listen to music at least once a week, "so as to keep active those parts of the brain now atrophied. The loss of such tastes is a loss of happiness; it may be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature" (i. 101). He wholly disclaims "quickness of apprehension or wit such as Huxley's;" says he could never follow a long abstract train of thought; characterizes his memory as extensive, but hazy; claims superiority to others in noting and carefully observing things which easily escape attention; and, in reply to those who said: "Oh, he's a good observer, but has no reasoning power," points out that "*the Origin of Species* is one long argument from beginning to

end, and it has convinced not a few able men." He says he has steadily tried to keep his mind free so as to give up any hypothesis ("and I can't resist forming one on every subject") as soon as facts are shown to be opposed to it. Every one of his hypotheses, except that on coral reefs, he had to give up or to modify. "This has naturally led me to distrust deductive reasoning in the mixed sciences. On the other hand, I'm not very sceptical—a frame of mind which I believe to be injurious to the progress of science."* His success he attributes to his love of science, his unbounded patience in long reflecting on any subject, his industry in observing and collecting facts, and his possessing a fair share of invention and common-sense; and, he adds: "it is truly surprising that, with such moderate abilities, I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points."

Such a calm survey of himself and of the conditions under which he worked, written (as his son testifies) without any thought that it would be published, throws more light on his character than whole chapters of what some one else thought about Darwin. And the Autobiography is followed by an almost equally valuable chapter of "reminiscences," including his personal appearance (his ruddy face made people think him less of an invalid than he was), his gait, his habits, the quiet methodical life at Down, his ways with his children, &c. The rest of the first volume, after a few pages of "Cambridge Life," is taken up with letters ranging from 1828—those to college friends, such as Mr. J. M. Herbert, and his cousin, Mr. Darwin Fox—to 1854, and including many scientific discussions with Professor Henslow, Sir C. Lyell, and Sir J. D. Hooker. Sandwiched among these is an account of the voyage of the *Beagle*, the turning-point in his life; and a few pages (of which more anon) on his religious views.

The second volume is almost wholly devoted to his *magnum*

* Of scepticism to the extent of always verifying a statement he thoroughly approved; "it saves so much time." And he instances a newspaper report that "beans this year had all grown on the wrong side of the pod," backed by the statement that "it was always so in leap year," which of course, on inquiry, was found to be wholly baseless.

opus, the *Origin of Species*, and includes an eloquent chapter by Professor Huxley on the way in which the book was received. The last volume is chiefly a record of work, describing (under the general title, "The Spread of Evolution") the publication and reception of the *Variation of Plants and Animals*, of the *Descent of Man*, &c., followed by six chapters (chiefly letters) on plants—their fertilization, habits, and power of movement.

We are thankful that Mr. F. Darwin tells us so much, and gives us data whereon to ground a great deal more, about the man. For our present concern is with him, rather than with his work. The complete question of evolution is still *sub judice*; Mr. Herbert Spencer has lately been warning us not to look on it, as many have come to do, as a finality; so that it will be enough for us to firmly express our own opinion, and to leave discussion to a more suitable time. What everybody wants is to ascertain what manner of man Darwin was; for our estimate of the man is sure to tell on our appreciation of his value as a scientist.

The Darwins are an old family. Colonel Chester, searching among wills at Lincoln, has found that, about 1500, William Darwin was living at Marton, near Gainsborough. The name, spelt also Derwent, Darwynne, &c., seems to show that they originally came from one of the districts where there is (as in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, &c.) a river so called.

At Marton the Darwins thrived. A Darwin was Yeoman of the Royal Armoury to James I. His son, a mere boy, was Captain Lieutenant in Sir W. Pelham's troop; and, in consequence, the estate was sequestrated by the Parliament, and only saved on payment of a crushing fine. Like many more, the ex-captain was not exaggerating when he told Charles II. that he was utterly ruined in his father's service. A marriage with the daughter of Erasmus Earle, serjeant-at-law, repaired his fortunes; and, being called to the Bar, he became Recorder of Lincoln. By marriage, again, his son got Elston, near Newark, which, two generations later, was taken out of the family by the marriage of the famous Erasmus's niece with Francis Rhodes, who took the name of Darwin. Of old the Darwins were dabblers in natural science. Erasmus's father

was "fond of skeletons," and, about 1719, contributed papers to the *Philosophical Transactions*; his elder brother Robert, a bachelor, wrote *Principia Botanica*. Erasmus's botanical and poetical work—for in *The Loves of the Plants* he versified the result of his investigations—is well known. Between him and his grandson Mr. F. Darwin notes points of likeness and unlikeness: both were full of benevolence and sympathy, with quick bursts of anger at the sight of inhumanity or injustice; both had a vivid imagination and an overpowering tendency to theorize and generalize (severely checked, he adds, by the grandson); Charles, though tall, was not bulky like his grandfather; he had none of his mechanical tastes, but (unlike him) he was passionately fond of field sports. Charles's father, Robert, was Erasmus's third son; the eldest died at twenty-one from wounding himself while dissecting. The second son, who made a census of Lichfield, counting houses, and getting as far as possible the number of people in each, committed suicide. The third began and ended his life as a doctor at Shrewsbury. He married the daughter of Josiah Wedgwood the potter (her niece became Charles's wife), and was long the most popular physician round the Wrekin. "A good guesser," says his grandson, showing this power both in his choice of investments (he became a wealthy man); and in his diagnosis, in which his rivals said "he was generally right, though it was all haphazard;" and again in his intuitive perception of character. Of this many instances are given; he lent £10,000 without any legal security to a small manufacturer who would else have been wholly ruined: "he saw that he could trust him, and the event proved he was right." His son's verdict is: "he was not of a scientific mind, merely an observer of details, not generalizing them under laws. Yet he had a theory for everything; and he certainly distinguished between typhus and typhoid long before the distinction was generally recognized." Charles's elder brother Erasmus, a chronic invalid, is almost the only person of whom Carlyle, in the *Reminiscences*, speaks with unmixed kindness: "rather preferring him to Charles for intellect."

Enough of the Darwin family; of the man himself, born in [No. CXXXIX.]—NEW SERIES, VOL. X. NO. I. H

1809, the Autobiography, "written as if I were dead in another world, looking back at my own life," tells us a great deal—how he had the family taste for collecting; how he delighted to hoax, gathering and hiding some apples and then saying he had found a robber's hoard, telling a schoolboy that he could change the colours of flowers by watering with coloured fluids; how he used to run to and between Shrewsbury school and home, praying that he might be in time and attributing his speed to his prayers; how, "though always incapable of mastering any language," he never used cribs, and somehow managed to make patchwork Latin verses; how he got intense delight from the clever proofs of Euclid (read with a tutor, for it was no part of the school course); and how reading *The Wonders of the World* first gave him the longing for travel, which was gratified by the cruise in the *Beagle*. All this time he was working chemistry with his brother, and collecting and observing insects—a pursuit which led Dr. Butler, the head-master, to stigmatize him as a *poco-curante*, "a terrible name it then seemed."

When his father took him from Shrewsbury, where he ranked "rather below the average in intellect," he remarked ("he was angry and therefore somewhat unjust, this kindest of fathers," says Charles): "You care for nothing but dogs and shooting and ratting, and you'll be a disgrace to yourself and the family."

He was then sent to Edinburgh, where he read Lamarck and his grandfather's *Zoonomia*, "not seeing then how much mere speculation there is in them both." He took to marine zoology, and, with his acute powers of observation, discovered the ova of *Flustra* to be really larvæ; but the dulness of the Edinburgh lectures ("fancy Dr. Duncan prosing for an hour at 8 A.M. on a winter's morning on the properties of rhubarb") was too much for him; the geology course would have for ever disgusted him with the subject but for the keen delight with which, some time after, he read of icebergs carrying boulders. At Edinburgh he failed to make his mark; and his father now thought of the Church for him. "It is ludicrous to think," he says, "that I was once intended for a clergy-

man."* As a test, he was set to read *Pearson on the Creed*; and, being able to accept this, was, after a little brushing up of classics (he had forgotten even the Greek letters), entered at Christ's College, Cambridge (1828). He did not shine in the special studies of the place. "Of the early steps in algebra he could not see the meaning and would not go on in faith—quarrelled with surds and the binomial." He read only just enough for his B.A. degree (coming out tenth in the poll), the one subject he really studied being Paley, "whose natural theology delighted him as much as Euclid, while of the *Evidences* he could have written out the whole." He had had such a sickener of lectures at Edinburgh that he did not even go to those with which Sedgwick was delighting the University; but he began to make valuable friends—among them Whitley, afterwards Canon of Durham, who taught him Art at the Fitzwilliam; Dawes, afterwards the educational Dean of Hereford; and Henslow, the Botany-loving Professor, "so orthodox that he would be grieved if a word of the Thirty-nine Articles was altered."† At the same time his hunting and shooting threw him into company with a lower-minded set. "Sometimes we drank too much," he says, "with jolly singing and card-playing. I know I ought to feel ashamed of days and evenings thus spent; but some of my friends were very pleasant, and we were all in the highest spirits; therefore, I can't help looking back on it all with much pleasure." He had, besides, a strictly musical set, who hired choristers to sing in their rooms, and who used to test Darwin's knowledge by playing "God save the Queen" at railroad pace, and seeing if he could recognize it, and who were amazed at the fact that, dull

* He was much amused by hearing from the secretary of a German psychological society, who had begged his photograph, that one of the members declared he had "the bump of reverence enough for ten priests." The "chapels" at Christ's were not likely to foster reverence. The Dean galloped through the prayers; and, if either lesson was long, he would cut it short by starting the Canticle without giving notice to the reader.

† He was nicknamed "the man who walks with Henslow" beetle-catching and botanizing. He once discovered a new beetle, and says, "No poet was ever more proud of seeing his first poem in print than I of reading in *Stephens's Illustrations of British Insects*, 'Contributed by C. Darwin, Esq.'"

as was his ear, "a fine anthem in the King's Chapel always gave him a shiver down the backbone." After his degree he helped Sedgwick in his Welsh geological survey, and got much practical good from the work, though neither of them noticed the glacial scratchings on the Cwm Idwal rocks.

Then came the offer of a berth on the *Beagle* exploring cruise.* Captain Fitzroy, who "nearly rejected him because of his nose," and in whom the young prophet of heredity saw a strong likeness to Charles II., had an unfortunate temper. He and Darwin quarrelled about slavery. He was soured by feeling that he was losing money. The niggardly Admiralty had refused him a tender; so he had to hire, at his own cost, decked boats for the survey of Patagonia, &c. But the five years' voyage was invaluable to Darwin as a course of real training. On his return, his father noticed the shape of his head was quite altered. He had done something—solving the coral island problem, mapping out, Lyell in hand, the geology of St. Helena, and noting the relations of plants and animals in the Galapagos to those on the Continent (these relations became by-and-by the sheet anchor of his Selection theory). The *Beagle* was a very small ship of 235 tons, one of the old "Coffins" (deep waisted, three-masted, ten-gun brigs). The narrow space Darwin came to look on as an advantage; it forced him to be tidy, and this made him a strictly methodical worker. From sea-sickness he suffered terribly: "more in going home than even in going out. . . . Nobody who has been only twenty-four hours at sea knows what sea-sickness is." Often almost the only food he could take was his father's remedy—raisins. His son doubts whether the chronic ill-health which began soon after his return was not caused by this strain on the system. Yet he vastly enjoyed the trip. From his first sight of a new vegetation in St. Jago island ("the exquisitely glorious pleasure of walking amid such flowers and such trees"), to his wonder at coming across a Fuegian savage, and his ever new delight during the "grand geological trip" across the Andes to Mendoza, in which he saw that the Cordilleras are

* His father was very averse to his going. One of the son's arguments was "I'd be deuced clever to spend more than my allowance on board"! "But they tell me you're very clever that way," was the reply.

very modern, with metallic veins through quite new strata, close to petrified trees, &c., he was in a state of rapture, which did not prevent his making valuable collections, even in branches as to which his ignorance of anatomy, &c., was a sad hindrance.* The publication (1838) of the zoology of the *Beagle* voyage marks the time when he began the twenty years' work of collecting facts for the *Origin of Species*. Henceforth his life was determined by two conditions, permanent ill-health and that passionate love of scientific work for its own sake which grew during the *Beagle* voyage; while, having money and no profession, he was able to give to science his whole time and thought. Marrying in 1839, he settled in Great Marlborough Street, and began to meet the celebrities. But he soon found a home at Down, in Kent, where he had "the flora of the chalk" and the perfect quiet secured by a good distance from a railway. Here he gradually dropped his London visits and saw little society—a necessary step, since the least excitement often brought on violent shivering and vomiting attacks. "His chief enjoyment and sole employment was scientific work, the swing of which drove away, or made him forget, the daily discomfort of ill-health." Every now and then he broke down, and had to go to Ilkley or to Moor Park. Dr. Lane, of the latter place, speaks of him as "genial, altogether charming, with bright, racy, animated talk to all whom he met there—the combination of raillery and deference when talking to a lady who amused him was delightful." At Down his life was regular as clockwork. Breakfasting alone at 7.45, he worked from 8 to 10.30 ("my best time," he said). Letters and (if the bag was light) some novel read to him occupied an hour. From 11.30 to 12.45 he worked; and then, "with a free, loud sounding peal of laughter, exclaimed 'I've done a good day's work.'" There was a ride till lunch, or a run with his children round the "Sand walk" which surrounded his acre and a half of grass. Then drives to make distant observations, letters, more novel-reading (during which he would fall asleep), and, after dinner, more work and

* His pocket companion during his excursions from the *Beagle* was Milton's *Paradise Lost*!

backgammon with his wife. In diet he had to be most careful, "making vows against sweets which he did not hold to be binding unless made aloud." To visitors, whom he liked to limit to a couple of days, he showed the unvarying courtesy which marks his letters; yet seeing them often involved a great sacrifice: "half an hour more or less conversation would make to him the difference of a sleepless night and the loss of half the next day's work." His horror of losing time made him work up to the very limit of his strength; and hence the publication of every book—"the mile-stones of my life!" he calls them—was followed by an illness. "Coming to life again, having finished my accursed book, which half killed me," he writes to Huxley, from Ilkley Wells, in October 1859 (vol. ii. 172). Sometimes he had to stop suddenly while dictating with "I believe I mustn't do any more." His horror of losing time was equalled by his deep feeling of the sacredness of an experiment, however slight. If genius is "an infinite faculty for taking pains," there could be no question of the genius of one who never stated any "fact" which he had not abundantly proved. Some of his experiments seem, to the uninitiated, as niggling as Socrates' plan for measuring how many of its own feet a flea jumps, described in the beginning of Aristophanes' *Clouds*. Yet, when we find him as carefully washing the mud caked on a partridge's feet as a gold-digger washes his sand, we see that "great" and "small" are inapplicable to physical investigations. The mud contained seeds, and thus helped to prove the agency of birds in the transmission of plants. With this scrupulous care in experiment was combined the already mentioned love of theory which sometimes led him into error.* Thus for a long time

* For a long time he insisted on the submarine formation of coal—that the *Sigillaria*, &c., were gigantic seaweeds! One theory he was always vehement against—E. Forbes's Atlantis and Lemuria, and other sunken continents, of which islands are the mountain peaks. "All islands," he said, "above 500 miles from a continent are volcanic." To Professor Asa Gray he talks (ii. 89) of "one of my wild speculations," but then he took infinite pains to verify it by experiment. The positive French mind rejected him almost to a man; even Agassiz, the discoverer of glacier action. Reverence for authority could not be the cause, for Lamarck was a Frenchman as well as Cuvier; nor was it national opposition to the Germans, for

he insisted that the "parallel roads in Glenroy" and the glacial markings in Snowdonia were due to the action of the sea, of which he had seen so much in the raised beaches on the West Coast of South America. Even his coral island theory has of late been contested—wholly disproved, the Duke of Argyll thinks.

His son says:—

"It was as though he was charged with theorizing power, ready to flow into any channel on the slightest disturbance (*e.g.*, the occurrence of an exception in a course of experiments). And he would not condemn his theories unheard, testing what to most would not seem worth testing. These 'fools' experiments' he enjoyed extremely. Thus, finding cotyledons of *Biophytum* very sensitive to vibrations of the table, he made me play my bassoon close to a plant to see if they were sensitive to sound. Yet he never let the 'fools' experiments' interfere with serious experimenting, about which he often used Trollope's words: 'it's dogged as does it.'"

Theorizers seldom rate themselves too low; yet a marked feature of his mind was modesty. This comes out continually; there is not a trace of Socratic *εἰρώνεια* in his self-depreciation when he writes to J. M. Herbert (1833): "You rank my natural history labours far too high. I am nothing more than a lions' provider; I do not feel at all sure that they will not growl and finally destroy me." Mr. Wallace's first essay on the *Variability of Species* anticipated a good deal of the *Origin of Species*; but the idea of jealousy never entered into Darwin's head. For all questions of priority he had an intense dislike. "I cared little," he writes, "whether men attributed most originality to me or to Wallace, and his essay no doubt aided in the reception of the theory."* He knew that he had been for years pondering on the subject, and had col-

even they did not for some years take to what Elie de Beaumont called *science moussante*. Strangely enough, in Germany Darwinism was at first held to be connected with Socialism, and was boycotted accordingly.

* Wallace's essay was sent from the Indian Archipelago, where the mutability of species was impressed on him as strongly as the struggle for existence was on Darwin through reading "Malthus" in 1838. Though he gave way at once to Mr. Wallace, he stood out against Naudin, who claimed (*Revue Horticole*, 1852) to have anticipated him. Naudin had some "principle of finality or fatality which adapts and harmonises the forms of all beings" (ii. 247).

lected a mass of facts, the whole of which would have swelled the *Origin* to five or six times its size ; it was, as he said, "only an abstract."

It would be the greatest mistake to compare him with the author of the *Vestiges of Creation* and such traders on other men's work. Beginning his scientific career with little more than the usual stock-in-trade of a University man, he thoroughly mastered each branch as he found the need for it. Thus, of his monograph of the Cirripedes (barnacles), which, with interruptions from sickness, occupied eight years, from 1846 to 1854, Professor Huxley writes :—

"Like the rest of us, he had no proper biological training. Happily, he saw the necessity of giving himself such training, and did not shrink from the labour of obtaining it. He was building a vast superstructure on the recognized facts of geological and biological science ; and in natural science statements of facts are not exhaustive—can't be dealt with deductively, like propositions in Euclid. Whether any particular fact will bear every speculative conclusion which may be logically deduced from it is quite another question. Hence it was so necessary that he should gain the same practical acquaintance with anatomy and development that he had with geology and palæontology. This he gained by his Cirripede work."

This conscientious thoroughness belonged to the temper of mind of which the parson of Down, the Rev. Brodie Innes, says :—

"He once came to me at night, after a parish meeting, to tell me that, though what he had said was quite accurate, he thought I might have drawn a wrong conclusion, and could not sleep till he had explained it. I believe that if on any day some certain fact had come to his knowledge which contradicted his most cherished theories, he would have recorded the fact for publication before he slept." *

This is valuable testimony, for Mr. Innes, though quite opposed to his views, knew him well and watched him closely. He speaks of "his most remarkable truthfulness in all matters, allied to extreme carefulness of observation." This solicitude

* Professor Romanes had a similar experience. He was in the smoking-room with the sons, when Darwin, who had gone to bed, came about 1 A.M. in dressing-gown, and said : "I was wrong in telling you I felt most of the sublime on the top of the Cordillera ; I am quite sure I felt it even more when in the forests of Brazil. came to tell you this at once, in case I should be putting you wrong."

on the score of accuracy was joined with great tenderness for others' feelings.

And here, since our business is chiefly with Darwin the man, it may be well to say more about his relations with his children. He lived their lives in a way that very few fathers do.

"I remember [says his son] his patient look when he said, after repeated raids into his study, 'don't you think you could not come in again? I've been interrupted very often.' . . . I don't think his exaggerated sense of our good qualities, intellectual or moral, made us conceited, but rather more humble and grateful to him. . . . He always made us feel that we were each of us creatures whose opinions and thoughts were valuable to him, so that whatever was best in us came out in the sunshine of his presence. He delighted to tell how, when he had found his son Leonard dancing on the drawing-room sofa, and had said: 'Oh, Lenny, Lenny, that's against all rules;' the answer was: 'Then I think you'd better go out of the room.' I don't believe he ever spoke an angry word to any of his children in his life; but I am certain it never entered into our heads to disobey him. He kept up his delightful, affectionate manner towards us, sadly undemonstrative as we were, all his life. He was hardly ever angry with his servants. It shows how seldom this occurred that when, as a small boy, I overheard a servant being scolded, and my father speaking angrily, it impressed me as an appalling circumstance, and I remember running upstairs out of a general sense of awe."

And this habitual tenderness is the more remarkable when we consider his state of health. "For nearly forty years he never knew one day of the health of ordinary men, and thus his life was one long struggle against the weariness and strain of sickness. No one but my mother knows the amount of suffering he endured, or the full amount of his wonderful patience." Even as early as 1837, when he was urged to accept the Secretaryship of the Geological Society, he says: "Of late anything which flurries me completely knocks me up afterwards, and brings on a violent palpitation of the heart." The wonder is that this chronic ill-health should not in the least have told on his temper. The tenderness of nature indicated in the above extracts was not confined to human beings. He gave up shooting before he left Cambridge, because going over some ground which he had shot the day before he found a bird not quite dead. The feeling must have been strong which led to such a sacrifice on the part of one who not long before had

written : " Upon my soul, it's only a fortnight to the First ; then, if there's a bliss upon earth, that is it." His friend Herbert says : " It stirred one's inmost depth of feeling to hear him groan over the horrors of the slave trade,* or the cruelties perpetrated on the suffering Poles." Of vivisection he said, at a meeting of the Royal Society, " It deserves detestation and abhorrence."

He generally had a good word even for the unsympathizing. The first lieutenant of the *Beagle*, Wickham, he spoke of as " a glorious fellow," although Wickham, answerable for the smartness of the ship, was aggrieved at the very narrow space being littered with specimens, and would say : " If I were skipper, I'd soon have you and your d——d beastly devilments out of the place."

The portrait of the man would be sadly incomplete without a sketch of his religious belief. And this is all the more necessary because of the position taken up by some of his followers. This position Dr. H. Hardwick (*Gentleman's Magazine*, January 1888) defines only too clearly : " The phenomena of mind are but functional manifestations of protoplasmic developments ; and the highest intellectual product of the human mind exists, and has existed from eternity, in a state of latent potentiality in every atom of matter in the universe." And, lest we should comfort ourselves in the thought that intellect is not spirit after all, Dr. Hardwick is careful to note the development in "ape-like man" of definite morality, superstition, reverence, awe, ecstasy—states of mind which certainly affect the spiritual nature. Dr. Hardwick and Mr. H. Spencer show how " Darwin's elastic phrase, with its

* He sharply attacked Lyell for giving, without express condemnation, in his *Travels in North America*, a planter's views on slavery. Compare his letters to Professor Henslow (1832) : " The captain has not made me a renegade to Whig principles. I would not be a Tory if only on account of their cold hearts about that scandal to Christian nations—slavery ;" and to his sister (1833) : " I was told before leaving that after living in slave countries all my opinions would be altered. The only alteration is a much higher estimate of the negro character. Impossible to see a negro and not feel kindly towards him : such cheerful, open, honest expressions, and such fine muscular bodies. I never saw any of the diminutive Portuguese, with their murderous countenances, without almost wishing for Brazil to follow the example of Hayti. . . . What a proud thing it will be for England if she is the first European nation that utterly abolishes slavery."

huge elements of metaphor taken from the phenomena of mind," may be extended in one direction; the Duke of Argyll ("natural selection explains nothing physically; it refers us directly to those supreme causes to which the physical forces are subject"—*Nineteenth Century*, January 1888) points out how Darwin's work, "rightly viewed, is a complete recognition of that primordial inception and subsequent development and continuous adjustment on which alone selection can begin to operate." Here are the two extremes; on the one hand an endeavour to get rid of purpose ("variations arising fortuitously are the sole factor in the origin of species"—H. Spencer); on the other, a claim that one may be (what the late Professor Asa Gray said he was) "scientifically a Darwinian, philosophically a convinced theist, religiously an acceptor of the Nicene Creed." But, since we are giving a sketch of Darwin, not discussing the tendencies of Darwinism, our business is rather to see how the man himself felt in regard to the great problems, to solve which his theory has done nothing.

Despite the reticence due to his strong feeling that a man's religion is an essentially private matter, he said enough to leave no doubt as to his own views. In 1879 he wrote to Mr. Fordyce (who published his letter in *Aspects of Scepticism*): "My judgment often fluctuates. Yet I have never been an Atheist in the sense of denying the existence of a God. I think that generally (and more and more as I grow older) an Agnostic would be the correct description of my state of mind." He was frequently questioned on the subject. To a German he replied:—

"Science has nothing to do with Christ, except in so far as the habit of scientific research makes a man cautious in admitting evidence. For myself I don't believe that there ever has been any revelation.* As for

* To Asa Gray he writes (ii. 377): "You ask what would convince me of Design. If I saw an angel coming down to teach us good, and I was convinced from others seeing him that I was not mad, I should believe in Design. If I could be convinced that life and mind was in an unknown way a function of other imponderable force, I should be convinced. If man was made of brass or iron and no way connected with any other organism which had ever lived, I should perhaps be convinced. But this is childish writing." Nevertheless the first "if" is a clear echo of Paley (*Evidences*), who also gave the key-note to Gray's *Natural Selection not inconsistent with Natural Theology*.

a future life, every one must judge for himself between conflicting vague probabilities."

To a Dutch questioner :—

"The impossibility of conceiving that this wondrous universe with our conscious selves arose through chance seems to me the chief argument for the existence of God; but whether this is an argument of real value I have never been able to decide. If we admit a First Cause the mind still craves to know whence it came and how it arose. Nor can I overlook the difficulty from the immense amount of suffering in the world. . . . The safest conclusion seems to me that the whole subject is beyond the scope of man's intellect; but man can do his duty."

Dr. Abbott, of Cambridge, U.S., tried very hard to get him to write his views for the *Index*. He sternly refused: his health was "not equal to deep reflection on the deepest subject that can fill a man's mind." While on the *Beagle*, he says in his Autobiography, he was quite orthodox—

—"But from 1836 to 1839 I gradually came to see that the Old Testament is no more to be trusted than the sacred books of the Hindoos. The question continually haunted me—is it credible that, if God were now to make a revelation to the Hindoos, would He permit it to be connected with the belief in Vishnu, Siva, &c., as Christianity is connected with the Old Testament?"*

The feeling that "the more we know of the fixed laws of Nature the more incredible do miracles become, and that the men at that time were credulous and ignorant to a degree almost incomprehensible by us," helped to unsettle his faith.

"But [he adds] I was very unwilling to give up my belief. Often I would invent day-dreams of old letters between distinguished Romans, and MSS. discovered at Pompeii, which confirmed all that is written in the Gospels; but it grew more and more difficult to invent evidence that would suffice to convince me. This disbelief crept over me, though at so slow a rate that I felt no distress. Much later I began to think about the existence of a personal God. Paley's argument for Design fails now that the law of natural selection has been discovered. There

* To this it has been excellently replied: "Yes, incredible for the very reason which makes it incredible that man should be evolved directly from a fish, and not incredible that he should be evolved from one of the higher vertebrates. He has organic relations with both; but these are not such as to make it indifferent from which he is derived."

seems to be no more design in the variability of organic beings than in the course of the wind." (The question is discussed at the end of his *Variations of Animals and Plants*.)

The loss by him of his old "inward feelings" (which are, he thinks, the commonest argument for an intelligent God), "cannot," he says, "be compared with colour blindness, for it is not the fact that nearly all men are inwardly convinced of the existence of one God." He holds the feeling to be simply what is called the sense of sublimity—"of which it is hard to explain the genesis, but which is no more an argument for the being of God than the powerful feelings excited by music." More weighty he felt to be the argument from the impossibility of conceiving the universe and man as the result of blind chance or necessity. "When I wrote the *Origin of Species* I felt compelled to look to a First Cause having a mind in some degree analogous to that of man. But then comes the doubt, can the mind of man, which, as I fully believe, has been developed from a mind as low as that of the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions?" As he puts it to Mr. W. Graham, author of *The Creed of Science*, "Would any one trust the convictions of a monkey's mind?" The danger of cutting oneself loose from all moorings was never more pathetically shown than in his conversation with the Duke of Argyll (*Good Words*, April 1888, p. 244): "The evidence of design often comes over me with overwhelming force; but at other times it seems to go away." He had actually come to depend on the state of his mind for his opinions as to the very highest things.

On immortality, he said: "Believing as I do that man will grow to be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation (by the dying out of the sun) after such long-continued slow progress. To those who fully admit the immortality of the soul, the destruction of our world will not appear so dreadful." "If you don't grant (he would say) the accumulated variations by which man has created a pouter or a fantail to have been providentially designed for man's amusement, why rank as providentially designed those by which the woodpecker has been adapted for its work? It

is easy to imagine the crop or tail as of some use to birds in a state of nature having peculiar habits of life." Whether a First Cause exists, and, if so, what is His nature, he came to look on, not only as beyond our intellect, like predestination and the origin of evil, but as having no bearing on our life. Here it is, of course, that the Christian—nay, the Theist—must join issue with him. This made Professor Sedgwick read the *Origin* "with more pain than pleasure, because it seeks to break the link of final causes. Break this link between the material and the moral, and human nature will suffer a damage that may brutalize it." This made Lyell, at first so ardent, "draw back and withhold his judgment" when he came to publish his *Antiquity of Man*. This prompted the onslaughts of Bishop Wilberforce, first at the British Association meeting at Oxford and then in the *Quarterly Review*—in which, by the way, there was far more of ridicule than of argument; while, to ask Mr. Huxley whether he was related to an ape on his grandfather's or grandmother's side was ungentlemanly as well as irrelevant. Darwin's own views are thus expressed to Asa Gray in 1860: "I am inclined to look on everything as resulting from designed laws, with the details, whether good or bad, left to the working out of what we may call chance" (ii. 312). Yet his mind was mostly in a flux; to the same correspondent he writes a year later: "Of late I grieve to say I come to differ more from you. It is not that designed variation makes, as it seems to me, my deity 'Natural Selection' superfluous, but rather from studying lately domestic variation, and seeing what an enormous field of undesigned variability there is ready for natural selection to appropriate for any purpose useful to each creature" (ii. 373). Here is an opening to the track along which Darwinism has led Mr. Herbert Spencer. Development does not connote anything as to the nature of what is developed. As an idea, it is logically consistent either with the continuous action of an external power or with the internal working of a force which again may either have been originally implanted in matter by Him Who made it or may belong to it we know not how. Is the middle one of these three hypotheses compatible with belief in a Providence? We may admit evolution as a mode in which God willed that

matter should take shape and assume function; we may even fancy we can "explain" Genesis i. on evolutionist principles; but, if we hold to the words of Christ, we cannot give up our faith in a living God, Who not only sees and knows, but Who foresees and guides. If we are to begin arguing that in such and such cases "the interposition of the Deity is uncalled for" (ii. 303), we at once make man the arbiter of great and small, and throw God into the background. Is it true, then, that, as some say, "the patient disinterested study of the visible world, instead of leaving men on the threshold of the invisible, does at the present day take them far away from it?" Mr. Huxley, in the chapter on "The Reception of Darwinism," in which Lyell, as the eliminator of catastrophe from geology, is spoken of as "the chief agent in smoothing the road for Darwin," says: "I do not assert that all the leaders of biological science have avowed themselves Darwinians; but that there is not a single zoologist or botanist or palæontologist among the multitude of active workers of this generation who is other than an evolutionist, profoundly influenced by Darwin's views." Now, is it true that these men, thus influenced, have been "drawing away from the threshold of the invisible?" Darwin, it has been well remarked, suffered from *atrophy of faith*, as well as from what he himself calls (i. 101) "the atrophy of that part of the brain on which the higher tastes depend." "It is an accursed evil," he writes to Hooker, "to become so absorbed in any subject as I am in mine" (ii. 139). Certainly, the letter of Darwin's argument is not opposed to belief in Design. As Mr. Huxley says: "Evolution is neither Anti-Theistic nor Theistic. It simply has no more to do with Theism than the first book of Euclid has. . . . Physical science creates no religious difficulties. . . . In respect of the great problems of philosophy, the post-Darwinian generation is in one sense exactly where the pre-Darwinian generations were. They remain insoluble." And, we may add, science can do nothing towards the solution of them, because they belong to another order of truth. Development, evolution, natural selection—call by what name we will (and let us not forget that each name is metaphorical) the principle which guides the "survival of the fittest," or rather the "struggle for existence"

—is (as Mr. Huxley admits, ii. 197) simply “a working hypothesis.” It may rightly express the mode in which He Who worketh hitherto hath wrought from the beginning; it certainly does not, in the opinion of any calm reasoner, do away with that Worker, or replace Him by a law in framing which He had no hand.

If, then, the tendency of Darwinism has been to multiply Agnostics—nay, to turn men’s thoughts from the unseen—the fault has been with those who, too blindly following their teacher’s lead, have deliberately put God out of their thoughts. Darwin himself thought God needless after the act of creation. He says (ii. 174, to Gray): “I cannot see the need of this continued intervention of creative power. Admit it, and you make a theory of natural selection valueless. Grant a simple archetypal creature, like the mudfish or lepidosiren, with the five senses, and some vestige of mind, and I believe natural selection will account for the production of every vertebrate animal.” Too many of his followers have come to disbelieve even in any primal act of creation. On the two all-important points—how do you come at your archetypal creature? and what about the soul whereby the highest of vertebrate creatures is marked off from every other?—the prophet is wholly silent; the disciples have not imitated his silence. Some of them have triumphantly asserted that God, being unnecessary, cannot exist; and that, as for the soul, it differs not in kind from the “emotional part” of apes, or even of yet lower creatures. Conscience, responsibility—if you predicate them of man, you are told you must also predicate them of the animals of whom he is as yet the latest development; “indeed,” says Dr. Hardwick, “the difference between right and wrong, the knowledge of good and evil, is often manifested among dogs and some of the higher apes, whereas in some of the lowest human tribes we find hardly any evidence of it.” If Darwinism inevitably leads to such confusion as this, it must be eschewed by all Christians; but it does not. Only by inverting Darwin’s teaching could men arrive at such results as have been reached by some who claim to be his true disciples. They set up as their idol matter, which they hold to be gifted with an inherent power that develops first the life of the crystal, and then that

of the *moneron*, and so on. He, on the contrary, gives man his true place in the physical universe, thus rendering impossible that reversion to Nature-worship which is the tendency of materialism (see *Descent of Man*, p. 48).

The sum, then, of the matter is this. A man, whose smallest eccentricities (his economy of paper—using half-burnt spills, writing on letter-backs, &c.) are worth noting; whose life was sorely burdened with illness, and whose bugbear for his children was hereditary weakness; whose modesty was even more remarkable than his passion for accuracy: this man gave such an impulse to natural science as had not been given since the publication of Newton's *Principia*. Unhappily, his followers have seldom imitated his patience. They have rushed into speculation, not content with collecting facts as he did, and with striving to fill up some of those gaps in the geological record at which even he sometimes stood aghast. They have assumed evolution to be an efficient cause, and not merely a mode in which creative action shows itself; and hence they have confounded knowledge and faith, or rather have altogether abolished the latter. This is not the place to consider how far Genesis i. is logically consistent with the Darwinian hypothesis.* According to Professor Mivart, one may be a thorough evolutionist, and yet a good, sound Roman Catholic. The *Guardian* (February 1, 1888), speaking for the Anglican Church, says: "No well-instructed Churchman supposes that the faith of Christ stands or falls with the theory of special creations." Canon Kingsley, in 1859, insisted that "to believe God created primal forms capable of self-development ennobles our conception of Deity" (ii. 288). For our part, we think it unwise to seek to adapt the text of the Mosaic record to evolutionist theories. We prefer to wait, believing that the needful adaptation will come, as it has done in the case of geology; protesting meanwhile, with all our energy, against any attempt at setting up natural selection as the *vera causa* which Darwin asserted it to be, much more as a complete solution of the whole mystery of creation, as some of Darwin's

* "Can you be certain (asks a careful reasoner) that 'after his kind' implies the Linnæan classification, on which, improved by Cuvier, our idea of species is based?"

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advanced followers have absurdly taken it to be. We need not add that the point at issue is all-important. Periodical literature has fastened on it ravenously. That evolution was "in the air" when Darwin published his book has been denied, because of the violent opposition with which his theory was received by almost every one. No one will repeat that denial now. The subject is in every one's mind, and in almost every one's mouth. Let us beware lest, amid all this reply and rejoinder, any of us lose sight of what will remain untouched, whether Darwinism holds its ground, or whether (as Mr. Huxley puts it) "another Darwin should arise to force a new generation to revise their convictions" (ii. 204); the truth that God works still, and that man, whom God made a "living soul," has the glorious privilege of working with Him, will be as true as it was in St. Paul's day, even should future observation show us a species in actual process of change, and should thus add the evidence from hybridism to that from embryology. We should still feel that evolution simply explains things up to a certain point, and cannot from the nature of the case take us further.*

ART. VII.—PRE-WESLEYAN HYMNOLOGY.

THE Evangelical development of the eighteenth century has left an abiding impression upon the whole hymnology of Christendom. It is the hymn-book, rather than the class ticket, which is regarded by certain romancers as the peculiar

* Many will be interested in Darwin's attitude towards missions. In 1886 he wrote to Professor Henslow: "It is admirable to behold what the missionaries, both at Tahiti and at New Zealand, have effected. I firmly believe they are good men, working for a good cause. I much suspect that those who have abused or sneered at the missionaries have generally been such as were not very anxious to find the natives moral and intelligent beings." But at that time he was (as he often says) strictly orthodox. Then, too, he drew the line at Tahitians, always prophesying utter failure for the Terra del Fuego mission. Not till 1869 did his old shipmate, then Admiral Sir J. Sullivan, convince him that that mission was a success. From that time forward he regularly sent £5 a year for the work, coupled with remarks such as this: "I certainly should have predicted that not all the missionaries in the world could have done what has been done" (iii. 128).

symbol of a Methodist, and in the eyes of many the main distinction between a Church and a Chapel service is, or used to be, that between the saying of an office and the singing of a hymn. It should be of some general interest to examine how far the publication of hymn-books on the part of the Wesleys was a novelty in the religious life of England, and how far it was the outcome of all that went before. It is our present aim, therefore, to inquire whether the issue at Charlestown, in 1736-7, and in London soon after, of a book entitled, *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, was, in the devotional world of the time, a revolution or an evolution.

The task before us has of late been made less burdensome, in virtue of the fact that one of the most complete sub-sections of the Allan Library * is its unique collection of hymnals and metrical psalters. Taking the year 1736 as a cardinal line, there are in the Library about 39 pre-Wesleyan metrical psalters, of which 23 are English, seven Latin, six German, and three French and Italian; besides 41 hymnals, of which 19 are English, one Latin, and 21 German. Of post-Wesleyan psalters there are 25, all English; of hymnals, 68 English and 18 German. Between these groups may be placed a good series of 34 Wesleyan hymnals. Mention should also be made of 17 books of devotional poetry of pre-Wesleyan date, 11 collections of early Latin hymns, partly in the form of late translations, and 15 works on the science of hymnology. There is, moreover, a large series of tune-books and treatises on church-singing, to which but little reference will now be made. The authors indicated hereafter by means of italics may all be found on the shelves of the Allan Library.

From the earliest Christian ages singing has been held to have a definite place in the public worship of God. To say nothing of the chanting of the Great Hallel, which was the prelude to the Agony and the Betrayal, or of such rhythmic measures as *Ephes.* v. 14; 1 *Tim.* iii. 16; vi. 15, 16; and 2 *Tim.* ii. 11-13; the whole of the remotest story of Christendom is surcharged with records of psalmody and song. As early as the first century, Ignatius introduced antiphonal

* For the present housed at the Wesleyan Conference Office, City Road.

singing into the Antiochene Church, and the Alexandrian Christians, as Philo avers, sang stanzas with refrains, in which all heartily joined, men and women alike. The rival camps of Arius and Athanasius resounded with the shout of polemical hymns, and St. John of the golden-mouth broke up the open-air meetings which the hymn-singing Arians held nightly in the streets of Stamboul by organizing ornate musical processions, after the fashion of some moderns. So Ambrose also, to resist the doctrinal persecution of Justina, wrote hymns for the Church of Milan, lest, as Augustine in his *Confessions* bears witness, "the people should wax faint through the tediousness of service." In like manner Bardesanes, the Edessene, and his son Harmonius had in earlier years dispersed the Gnostic heresy by means of hymns, which girls and children sang at play, until Ephraem Syrus arose, with his more beautiful rhymes, and drove forth the anthems of the heretics. Renouncing the ribald iambics of the street, the Christian song-writers adopted the device of the recurring rhyme instead of the recurring foot as the basis of their measures, and the struggle of the accent of classicism with the rhymed versc of the new religion was indeed but one phase in the wider battle of Christian faith with paganism. So, by slow stages, there grew up, during the centuries preceding the Renaissance, a large body of Christian hymnody, which has been the direct or indirect foundation of almost all that has come after. Thus Bernard of Clairvaux wrote a hymn ("Jesu, dulcis memoria"), perhaps the sweetest of that age, which has furnished a theme for Wesley and Doddridge and Newton, while Thomas of Celano, two centuries after, sang another ("Dies irae, dies illa"), certainly the most majestic of hymns, which has been an inspiration to Ringwaldt and Wesley, Crashaw and Scott. That the hymn-writing of this early period was of great strength and beauty may be perceived from a study of such collections as the Tübingen black letter *Liber hymnorum in metra* of Bebelius (1501), which contains annotated selections from Ambrose, Gregory, Hilary, Prudentius, Sedulius, Fortunatus, Aquinas, and some others. Various sixteenth-century missals are also, in this connection, worth examining, as well as such modern translations as Neale's *Mediaeval Hymns and Sequences*,

and *Chambers' Lauda Zion*. But it should be remembered that to the common people of England the deep passionate devotion of these archaic songs was, in its Latin dress, as yet an unrealized spiritual energy.

While in this way monkish singers, at Poitiers and Milan, Clairvaux and St. Gall, were adding to the hymnal wealth of the breviaries of the Western Church, there were not wanting writers, lay and cleric, who in this land poured forth their feeling in the common tongue. It is true that their work was fitter for private reading than public use, but the fact that they wrote at all possesses the significance of the unseen term of growth which ever precedes the outward birth of things. Thus in the thirteenth century, before as yet English was recognized as a proper medium for teaching knowledge and practising law and statecraft, there was found one to cry—

“Jesu, thy love be all my thought,
Of other things no reck I nought;
I yearn to have Thy will y-wrought,
For thou me hast well dear y-bought.”

Yet for many long years, so utterly was the worship of the many under the dominion of the learned few, that there is known to-day no single English hymn of pre-Tudor age in any modern hymnal of repute.

As early as 1467 the followers of Huss had formed the Society of the Bohemian Brethren, and had begun to write hymns in their own tongue. Some collections of German translations of the Latin hymns were made before the century was out, but it was not until 1504 that Christendom beheld a collection of original vernacular hymns. Few years passed away before Luther, influenced in part by the Bohemian example, put forth on his own score a handful of eight hymns, which grew to many more before he died. In England, the *Primers* of 1535 and 1539 began to show the mark of the growing fashion in a few rough original hymns, which were replaced in 1545 by metrical translations of some of the best of the early Latin hymns. Had there been at this moment in our midst a Martin Luther to give that shape and perma-

nence to the new movement which fell to the lot of Germany, the Elizabethan age might have left behind it the priceless legacy of a school of hymnists. But five years before, a little volume had been published in France, which was to dominate the worship of men for two centuries, in London and Edinburgh, no less than in Paris and Geneva. *Clement Marot's Pseaumes cinquante de David*, completed by Beza, rose at a bound to the height of Gallic fashion, and was at once adopted by Calvin as a part of his ecclesiastical system. In 1730 the Synod of the United Provinces was still ensnaked by the psalm-theory of church-singing, as a version of *Les Pseaumes de David*, then published at the Hague, shows amply.

At the time that the French chambergroom was setting in his own land the mode of public song, an English groom, Thomas Sternhold, was likewise, by a strange coincidence, publishing metrical versions of fifty-one psalms. In 1551, two years after, another edition of these was put forth, with seven more by John Hopkins, and in 1562, by the aid of other writers, the "Old Version," commonly called *Daye's Psalter*, was complete. Choice psalms had, from about 1300 at least, been done into English verse, and Sir Thomas Wyatt, Howard Earl of Surrey, John Croke, and others of less note had followed the prevailing way. The metrical psalter came to stand in some sort for the new spirit of reform, all such innovations meeting with the prompt disapprobation of the Papal See, and its popularity was thus assured on grounds apart from merit. Bearing in mind its origin, it is little wonder that it exhibits a uniform flatness in all moods, whether of joy or penitence, and the imagined need of precise paraphrase led to the construction of verse more curious than poetic. Thus—

"So many buls do compass mee
that be full strong of head;
Yea, buls so fat, as though they had
in Basan field beene fed" (Ps. xxii. 12).

Lest, however, our estimate of the Old Version should be debased unduly, it should be remembered that it is to one of its writers that we owe the psalm, "All people that on earth do

dwel," which at this day still lifts up the hearts of Christian worshippers.

The channel of song was by this version grooved for many years to come. When the verse-makers of the time turned aside from their sonnets and their dramas to the poetry of Church worship, their song followed abjectly the Hebraic thought and style of David's psalter. Even New England fell under the dominion of the prevalent way, and one *John Cotton* issued at Boston, in 1647, an elaborate Scriptural vindication of psalm-singing, under the title *Singing of Psalms a Gospel Ordinance*. Some there were, as Sidney, Mary Countess of Pembroke, Miles Coverdale, Bacon, Hall, Milton, Donne, the Fletchers, and Baxter, who permitted their freer muse to hover over the main thought of the Hebrew singers without enshacklement as to word and diction; and even Elizabeth herself acquired a new glory as the versifier of at least two psalms. The lack of poetic power in the style of Sternhold and Hopkins was felt in their own age, and it was not long before new efforts were made in the way of version-making. Despite the ridicule aimed by the early Stuart writers at these "Geneva Jiggs" and "Beza's Ballets," men were yet found to try their hand at doing the psalms into English metre. *King James* himself put thirty-one into verse, the rest being done by others, and the whole published by his son in 1631. It may be that in some instances this version was a close imitation of the prose-psalter as revised by the Royal command, and therefore meritorious on the score of verbal dexterity. But there is no doubt that it was on this account at times even less musical than Sternhold's. Before this the *Kirk of Scotland* had put together, in 1587, a psalter in which, in place of some of Sternhold's, appeared versions of native origin, and, as may be supposed, of a ruggedness almost uncouth. In 1644 *William Barton* issued a metrical psalter, which differs from the Old Version, in that it takes upon itself to illustrate the Psalms by exegetic interpolations. There is otherwise no wide divergence between the two, and Barton's periphrase, though not perceptibly better than the older paraphrase, was in its time a good working translation. Richard Baxter admitted that Barton's "various meters will be grateful," and the widening

of the range of measures certainly had the effect of generating a larger body of psalm-tunes. Such literary athletics as the version of Psalm cxi., the verses of which commence with the equivalents of the Hebrew letters in alphabetic order, are quite in the manner of the age :—

- “ A. Applaud the Lord, whom I will praise
with my whole heart and might;
B. Both in the secret of the just,
and in the churches' sight.”

Francis Rouse, a member of the Long Parliament, issued in 1646 a version which clings closer to the original text than Barton's. The first stanza of all is a fair example of its merit :—

- “ The man is blest that in th' advice
of those that wicked are
Walks not, nor stands in sinner's path,
nor sits in scorner's chaire.”

At this time a new version, towards which these writers and many others had for years been working, was made the subject of legislative demand, and the Commons House of Parliament favoured that of Rouse; the Lords, on the other hand, preferring Barton's. The matter was referred to the Westminster Assembly, which approved of Rouse's, and it therefore became the basis of the version adopted by the Kirk of Scotland, and used in North British churches even to this day. *Thomas Ravenscroft* had, in 1621, completed a new tune-book accompaniment to the psalter, which contained contributions from twenty-one English musicians, including John Milton. It maintained for many years a foremost place in the choirs of the National Church, until *John Playford* issued his *Divine Companion, or David's Harp Retuned*, which ran through many editions before the publication of the earliest Wesley tune-books. But many were still dissatisfied with the lack of musical taste and chaste literary form displayed by these authorized versions, and they would fain have set them aside in favour of their own less-blemished work. Thus *George Sandys* published a “*Paraphrase*,” which was reprinted in 1676, many years after his death, with tunes by Henry Lawes, of the Chapel Royal, and its excellence

is best proved by the fact that it is more largely quoted by the present Wesleyan hymn-book than any other unofficial version. It was this book which was the solace of Charles I. in Carisbrooke Castle; *Denham* uses of it the epithet "musical;" *Holland*, in his *Psalms of Britain*, "most reliable;" *Montgomery*, in his *Christian Psalmist*, "incomparably the most poetical in the English language." *George Wither*, too, put the psalms "into Lyrick-Verse," in 1623. Approaching the translation from the standpoint of the poet, he was not bound by the necessities of the prose-version, and his work, as literary art, is of high merit. The very first couplet—

"Blest is he, who neither straits
Where the Godles man misguideth"—

may be usefully compared with other versions of the same quoted before and after. The *Hon. Sir John Denham* perhaps excelled both *Sandys* and *Wither* on the score of poetic art, certainly on that of varied measure, even essaying at times, as in Ps. xlv., an iambic triplet—

"My heart indites a pleasant thing;
A matter, which concerns the King.
To light my ready Pen shall bring."

James Chamberlaine wrote a paraphrase marked by much metrical ease; *Charles Darby* one which adopted as its main principles the transition from Semitic turns of thought to good English idiom and Christian feeling, and the condensation of many Bible-verses, in the longer psalms, into one quatrain. The former, for example, boldly widens the area of Ps. lxxiii., "Surely God is good to Israel," when he says—

"All who are sincere shall find
God most gracious, just, and kind"—

while the latter is clearly moved by the spirit of a more perfect ethic when he cries, in expansion of Ps. lxxvii. :—

"Have mercy on us, Lord;
And show thy grace divine."

Luke Milbourne, again, attempted, with less satisfaction, to

follow the bald style of Waller and Cowley, succeeding only in losing the sober strength of the original, and earning from a contemporary the epithet "exuberant." He begins:—

"A thousand blessings crown his head,
Whose Heart all impious Counsel flies."

Lastly, *John Phillips*, in a volume now very rare, criticizes his predecessors, and makes some new adventures of his own, marked chiefly by their abandonment of the strict rule of rhyme. With this volume are bound up two pamphlets, one of which abases the Old Version as mean and vulgar, to exalt the New Version, then just written, in 1696, by Tate and Brady; the other, by way of retort, defends Sternhold and Hopkins at the expense of the upstart version. Yet even this new version did not suppress the rage for making new paraphrases, for in 1721 *Sir Richard Blackmore* put forth another, which aimed, with indifferent success, at correcting the undue license of explanation (as he deemed it) affected by Watts. And more recent times have been almost as prolific of new versions as the past.

These versions, and many others of less worth, mark the trend of religious poetry throughout the whole seventeenth century. Beginning with the servility of the "Old Version," the poet-critics one by one essayed to free the wings of the muse, with the result that, before the century was out, a "New Version," no less servile, though perhaps less gross, was appointed in its stead. But while this long experiment was being made, men could not repress their natural aptitude for singing, and so the more earnest of them put their thought and feeling into verse which was not the less devout for being unfit for public use. *George Herbert* was not thinking of the practical needs of his Bemerton choir when he wrote his quaint choice flowers of song, although many a worse stanza than this of his has been sung in the great congregation:—

"Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see;
And what I do in anything
To do it as for Thee."

Francis Quarles borrowed from the Jesuit *Hermann Hugo's Pia Desideria* the plates for his strange *Emblems*, leaving the Latin text to be Englished by *Edmund Arwaker* later in the century. These pious thoughts exerted a profound influence on the devotional life of the time, not less real for being associated with the quietness of home reading. Nor were Ben Jonson's *Poems of Devotion*, or John Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*, or Henry Vaughan's Odes meant for church use. Perhaps of this period there is no poem which better merits, but for its brevity, a place in our hymnals than this of Walter Raleigh's :—

"To Thee, O Jesu ! I direct my eye,
To Thee my hands, to Thee my humble knees ;
To Thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
To Thee my thoughts, Who my thoughts only sees ;
To Thee myself, myself and all I give ;
To Thee I die, to Thee I only live."

This of Donne's deserves to be quoted, having been, as Izaak Walton tells us, "often sung to the organ by the choristers of St. Paul's Church" :—

"I have a sin of fear, that when I've spun
My last thread, I shall perish on the shore ;
But swear by Thyself, that at my death Thy Son
Shall shine, as He shines now and heretofore ;
And having done that, Thou hast done :
I fear no more."

This of Joseph Hall's was written by the Bishop for his Exeter choir :—

"Lord, what am I ? A worm, dust, vapour, nothing !
What is my life ? A dream, a daily dying !
What is my flesh ? My soul's uneasy clothing !
What is my time ? A minute ever flying ;
My time, my flesh, my life, and I,
What are we, Lord, but vanity ?"

Surely, too, there breathes the spirit of all true hymnody in this verse from Robert Herrick :—

"In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me."

And this from Sir Henry More :—

“ Now myself I do resign :
Take me whole, I all am thine.
Save me, God, from self-desire—
Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,
Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire ;
Let not lust my soul bemire.”

Selected stanzas such as these are of supreme interest, as showing that, while men were labouring under the influence of the Hebrew psalter, they were yet striving in other ways to put their spiritual emotion into words all their own. And the desire to sing in the sanctuary about matters outside the range of David's recorded experience was not wholly crushed even by the powerful influence of Geneva. One or two hymns crept into the “ Old Version,” mainly, it is true, metrical forms of the *Magnificat*, the *Te Deum*, and the like, but before many years verse-writers varied their psalm-making by the construction of hymns.

George Wither wrote a collection of *Hymns and Songs of the Church*, which embraces such various occasions as “ Whilst we are Waiting,” “ For a House-warming,” “ When we cannot Sleep.” One of the stanzas in the last may be quoted :—

“ Let not vain hopes, griefs, doubts, or fears
Distemper so my mind,
But cast on God thy thoughtful cares,
And comfort thou shalt find.”

But this collection was never adopted for public use. *William Barton* published 600 hymns and psalms, in the making of which he applied the principle of psalm-translation to other parts of Scripture as well, quoting—so potent was the argument of authority—Justin Martyr, Eusebius, and Tertullian, in warrant of so perilous a novelty. One of his Gospel verses is—

“ Which make the outside of the cup
and platter clean enough,
But leave the inside all fill'd up
with vile and odious stuffe.”

In a like manner *John Reeve* wrote *Spiritual Hymns upon Solomon's Song* (1693), from which this stanza is taken :—

"O thou hast been to me
Garden of nuts so hard,
So dry, such husky shells; from thee
All comforts were debar'd."

But the worthlessness of this production is in a way redeemed by a collection of "near 300 sacred hymns" bound with it, of which this extract is perhaps above the average:—

"Prayer is a Duty ev'ry one
Should use both day and night,
Prayer is a Duty God does love,
And in it takes delight."

A *Clergyman of the Country* issued in 1699 *Devotional Poems*, which are recognized as forming one of the original sources of the Moravian hymn-book. Perhaps its best stanza is—

"One peculiar thing for me,
Above the rest I beg of Thee:
A most angelic purity."

The writer deems it needful to attach an explanatory glossary of "words less common," amongst which appear—abstemious, adore, agonizing love, conduct, conspire, ecstasy, guardian angel, influence, martyr, mansions, object, rapture, rejected, seraphic, transporting, tremendous. *Edward Cooke*, in 1694, published seventy-three *Divine Hymns*, from which this stanza is taken—

"Come, O my Soul! my nobler part,
Thy nobler pow'rs now bring;
Rouse up thy self with ravish'd heart,
Thy Maker's praise to sing."

Thomas Harrison, in 1719, wrote *Poems on Divine Subjects*, of which this is a good specimen:—

"'Tis Heav'n itself on earth to see
Thy face, my dearest Lord,
The noblest, most substantial joys
Thy cheering smiles afford."

Less good than either, *Jeff Bartlett*, in 1710, wrote *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, of which this is a stanza:—

“Betwixt two malefactors He
 Did hang upon the Cross,
 And all the while they did revile
 This great THEANTHROPOS.”

And this, another, and a good one :—

“Rouse up, my soul, awake,
 Why dost thou sleep in sin ;
 Behold thy Saviour stands and knocks,
 O let Him enter in.”

Better than any of these are a number of hymns published during this period, of which some indeed are very fine—“The spacious firmament on high,” and “When all thy mercies, O my God,” by Joseph Addison ; “Creator, Spirit, by Whose aid,” by John Dryden ; “Father of all in every age,” by Alexander Pope ; “Lord, it belongs not to my care,” by Richard Baxter ; and “Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,” by Simon Browne. The Morning, Evening, and Midnight Hymns of *Bishop Ken* are so superlatively good, that one turns with eagerness to the collected edition of his *Poems Devotional and Didactic*. Yet they contain little better than this specimen :—

“Sighs, whether swift to heaven they rise
 As morning gilds the skies—
 Or God, by omnipresent ear,
 When they are sighed, is near—
 Since God vouchsafes what I desire
 ’Twere fruitless to inquire.”

But, amongst the productions of this age, one which bears closely upon our subject should be noticed. It is the *Spiritual Songs or Songs of Praise* of John Mason, and the *Penitential Cries* of Thomas Shepherd. A stanza of Mason’s is curiously like one wherewith a writer of this generation has made us familiar :—

“To Him that lov’d us from Himself,
 And dy’d to do us good,
 And wash us from our scarlet sins
 In His own purest Blood.”

By the end of the seventeenth century collections of hymns were becoming more common. In 1708 *Divine Hymns*

and Poems, by several *Eminent Hands*, was put forth, containing selections from Cowley, Herbert, and Hales. In 1694 appeared the second edition of *R. Davis's Hymns composed on Various Subjects, some by other hands*, which ran through seven editions in a half-century, and surely merits the opprobrium of being doggerel. This quatrain is not an unfair specimen :—

"O worthy is the Lamb of God
To be exalted in
The hearts of the redeemed ones,
'Cause he saves them from sin."

But of chief interest is *A Collection of Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, issued in 1701 anonymously by *Samuel Bury*. There are 144 in all, and they include selections from Barton, Boise, Crashaw, Dorrington, Burgess, Foxton, Herbert, Milbourne, Patrick, Baxter, Scotch Psalms, *Songs of Praise*, Tate and Brady, Vincent, and Woodroof. Yet, it should be carefully noted, this anthology, which fairly enshrines the main result of all the hymn-writing, or rather psalm-writing, of the seventeenth century in England, was intended, not for public singing, but for private use in the family. Thus the incomparable "*Dies irae*," which, in its Latin dress, and its best modern translation, is quite fit for church singing, became in the hands of Crashaw, as quoted in this collection of Bury's, suitable only for the secluded devotion of the home :—

"Mercy, my Judge! mercy I cry,
With blushing cheek, and bleeding eye;
The conscious colours of my sin,
Are red without, and pale within."

But the Georgian period was not to be born until due preparation had been made for a newer manner of church song. To the fancied right of the Hebrew psalter to hold sway over the public praise of men was to be imparted a new gloss. Isaac Watts followed in the path trodden by the psalm-writers of a century and a half, but he refused to be bound by ways of thought which pertained to a vanished age. And so it was that his psalter became, not a version, but a hymn-book, having at its back a firm Hebraic foundation,

glorified by the effulgence of the New Covenant. The spirit of his work is mirrored in this sentence from his preface: "Why should I pray to be sprinkled with Hyssop, or recur to the Blood of Bullocks and Goats, . . . when the Gospel has shown me a nobler Atonement for Sin?" Once free from the fetters of the Jewish psalmody, Watts developed a wholly new style of religious poetry, which differed as much from the casual work of the seventeenth century already noticed as from the archaic Latin harmony, which by his time was almost forgotten. The mere enumeration of such hymns as "When I survey the wondrous cross," "Lord of the worlds above," "Come, ye that love the Lord," "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," "Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise," "Not all the blood of beasts," "Come, let us join our cheerful songs," and "Salvation, O the joyful sound," suffices to show how vast a stride forward was made by the hymnal work of Watts. It was during this time that Samuel Wesley had shown, perhaps more than any one, the full strength as well as the weakness of psalm versions, in his fine rendering of Pa. cxiv. :—

"What ailed thee, O thou sea,
To leave thine ancient bed?
Why did old Jordan flee,
And seek its distant head?
Ye mountains, why
Leaped ye like rams,
While hills like lambs
Skipped lightly by?"

It may thus with some fitness be said that, while Samuel Wesley was teaching his sons the practical lesson of the futility of slavish versions of the Hebrew psalms as media for the expression of spiritual experience, Isaac Watts was showing them, by a method all his own, in what direction they should turn for the best material of choral worship.

But the two centuries which preceded the year 1736 had witnessed in Germany a development wholly diverse from that of the English versions. It is true that Ambrose Lobwasser published in 1573 a German translation of the Psalter of

Marot and Beza, which was the only hymn-book admitted into the Church of Calvin, and formed a model for subsequent imitators, after the manner of Sternhold and Hopkins in England. But, fifty years before, Luther had written the preface to the *Erfurter Enchiridion*, and, unbiassed by the strong tendency of fashion during his lifetime, saw with clear vision that it was in the compilation of hymns that the chief strength of the movement to which he stood in some sort as sponsor would lie. He therefore attracted to his table a house-choir, whose work it was to write new hymns and tunes. He himself wrote many, notably the thunderous "Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott," and the result of his example grew with the years, until Lobwasser, Eber, Walther, Babst, Ringwaldt, Selnecker, Helmboldt, and many others had put forth their best emotion in a new burst of song. The seventeenth century was young when Johann von Rist published in ten collections some seven hundred pieces, which met every conceivable need of the life of the soul. Paul Gerhardt, in a measure the Herbert of his nation, wrote 123 hymns, which had this merit, denied to Herbert's, that they could be sung in the congregation. Scheffler issued a collection in 1657; *August Frank* (one of whose works was "abridged by J. W., M.A." in 1740) put forth his *Spiritual Zion* in 1674. Nicolai, Opitz, Rinkart, Spee, the Pietists Spener and Freylinghausen, the mystics Arnold and Tersteegen, are but a few amongst a crowd of hymnists who flourished on the soil of Germany during the troublous years in which its States and Principalities were learning how to exert a united influence in the affairs of Europe. For all of them hymn-singing was a solid earnest thing, a method of worship not to be treated with levity, for out of it might arise loss of position, at times even of life itself. Not all these writers are represented on the shelves of the Allan Library, although the history of the hymn-poets of Germany may be gathered from an *Evangelischer Lieder-Commentarius* issued from Leipzig in 1724 by *John Martin Schamelius*, as well as from the more exhaustive and critical pages of *Eduard Koch's Geschichte*. There are early, if not original, editions of *Luther*, *Lobwasser*, *Scheffler*, *Gerhardt*, and *Freylinghausen*, to which the student is referred for fuller know-

ledge of their hymns. Ninety-three of the hymns were translated by Jacobi in his *Psalmodia Germanica* of 1722, and in a later edition many more, and this, with the hymn-books of the Moravian Brethren in this country, had familiarized the England of George I. with some of the results of German hymn-writing.

And so, standing on the threshold of a new departure, we may briefly survey all that under the Tudors, the Stuarts, and the early Hanoverians, had been done for public worship. The metrical psalters still held their own in the National Church; but Mason and Shepherd, with here and there selections from Barton and Herbert and some others, had already found their way into Nonconformist congregations. In Germany there had grown up a *corpus* of hymns and spiritual songs which, to one acquainted with the tongue, were fitted to open up vistas invisible in the choral life of England. And to all this was now added the lyrical work of Isaac Watts, which attained, from the very first, an unwonted popularity. Out of 1410 English hymn-writers catalogued by a recent authority, only 197 preceded the year 1710, and these, as the present review will have shown, were for the most part psalm-writers, or, at the best, writers of occasional hymns only. It was with such a past that John and Charles Wesley entered upon the mission of their lives. John Wesley's critical estimate of the hymn-singing of his youth was associated with "the formal drawl of a parish clerk, the screaming of boys who bawl out what they neither feel nor understand." And the only word he could find in description of *Daye's Psalter* was its "miserable, scandalous doggerel." Finely strung as his scholarly ear was, it is little wonder that he set himself to mend the fashion. On his way to Georgia, in a vessel which also conveyed about thirty Moravian Brethren, he studied the German language, and then, as he himself writes, "translated many of their hymns for the use of our own congregations."

And so we reach at last the genesis of the epochal hymn-book, which first represented the intrinsic strength of the Evangelical movement. It contains seventy psalms and hymns, of which twenty-seven are from Watts and five from Herbert, the latter of necessity much altered. The rest were in the

main the first fruits of the fertile pens which were to labour unceasingly, for a full half century, to perfect a collection of hymns such as the world had not dreamed of hitherto.

This is no place to engage in a critical study of the Wesley poetry. That has been done elsewhere more leisurely by other hands. Yet it may at least be noted here that the Wesleys, consciously or unconsciously, reverted to the ancestral manner of the primitive Church for the main changes which they effected in the hymnal environment of their generation. Thus the generous use of the refrain, for men and women alike, was an unmeditated revival of the Alexandrian practice; the utilization of doctrinal truth in the subject-matter of their hymns was a renewal of the ways of Chrysostom and Ephraem Syrus; the adoption of a choice style, lucid but not vulgar, recalled the best characteristics of Prudentius and Adam of St. Victor; and the frequent use of the hymn in all services was but a new birth of the ancient Ambrosian habit, for the same reason, "lest the people should wax faint through the tediousness of service." This reversion to the principia of church hymnody is associated with a resolute avoidance of the faults of contemporary origin. The doggerel which marred the later seventeenth-century work has already been illustrated. It will suffice to quote Jacobi's version of a hymn of Gerhard's, by way of comparison with Wesley's "Commit thou all thy griefs,"* to show how immeasurably finer was the work of the great evangelical teacher:—

"Commit thy ways and goings,
And all that grieves thy soul,
To Him whose wisest doings
Rule all without controul.
He makes the times and seasons
Revolve from year to year,
And knows ways, means, and reasons,
When help shall best appear."

With all this, the Wesleys were no inventors of new-fangled metres. It cannot be said of any stanza that it is Wesleyan, in the sense in which men speak of Sapphics or of Spenserian verse. The embryonic pre-history, in form and substance,

* Hymn 831-2 in the present Wesleyan Hymn-Book.

outward shape and function, of the Wesley hymns lay buried in the environment of the time, and awaited only the coming of the hands whose touch was to give them birth.

What place, then, in the hymnody of Christendom, falls of right to the Wesleys? That there existed before them a large body of hymns and psalms of more or less merit, in Latin, German, and English, has been briefly shown. The threads which bound the evangelical leaders organically with the past were none the less real for being slender, and their work must therefore be held to have flowed by natural sequence out of all that for many years had been working silently towards its final fruitage in their hymns. The whole lesson of this inquiry is to show that, just as Luther was the inheritor of the slow-ripening fruit which sprang from the seed sown by Huss and Tauler, and Jerome and Dante—just as Newton was the final term of a long process of growth in which Kepler and Copernicus and Galilei were ancestral factors—so the Wesleys were the heirs of a hymnal past, but for which their own work would, perhaps, never have been born. It was one chief end of their life to bring to a focal point the tendencies of many centuries, and to direct them into a strong permanent channel, whence they have now once more spread forth divergently with a potent beauty unknown before. And now that the third jubilee of their first English publication is passing away, it is possible to estimate the measure of their influence on the Christian song of the world. They are the dominant factors in the hymnals of the voluntary churches, and also control more than any other writers the public song of the Establishment. Two of Charles Wesley's hymns are to be found in more than fifty Church hymnaries in current use, a distinction enjoyed by no others, except only the Evening Hymn of Bishop Ken and the "Rock of Ages" of Toplady. Nearly one in ten of all Church hymns in the best collections is by Wesley, a larger proportion than that afforded by any other writer. And so it may with justice be said that the long term of growth of English hymnody burst into flower in the work of the Wesleys, and from the fruit of this has sprung a bright garland of devotional poesy, which but for it might have had no effectual life at all.

ART. VIII.—DR. STEPHENSON'S CHILDREN'S HOMES.

IT is sometimes said that the Evangelical Revival of the last century has spent its force. By this is probably meant that the peculiar phases of Christian doctrine which were characteristic of that wonderful movement have ceased to be so conspicuous as they once were, and have, to some extent, made way for other phases of truth required by the mental and moral conditions of our own times. We cannot discuss the question here and now. One thing, however, is certain: that the fruitage of the Evangelical Revival has never ceased to grow and increase in more and more abundant results of Christian philanthropy. The beneficent forces which were generated by the great Methodist movement are not only still in action, but in action of vastly greater volume and extending over a continually widening area.

Of the religious and philanthropic enterprises which have characterized the century, it is really surprising to find how few are not directly traceable to the spiritual movement whose first tidal wave overflowed the latter half of the eighteenth century. Bible societies, missionary societies, Sunday schools, popular education, cheap Christian literature: all these have that common origin. And many enterprises, not so distinctly religious, but yet generously humanitarian in their spirit, are traceable to the same inspiration. Indeed, it is not difficult to trace nearly all our modern conceptions of the relations between man and man to that great Revival which touched so profoundly the springs of English life, which probably saved England from the fate of Revolutionary France, and without which, so far as we can see, this age of great cities must have become an age of riot, of terrorism, and of anarchy.

Since such have been the practical results of the Evangelical movement with which the name of Wesley is identified, it seems strange, at least at first, that the people who have most closely clung to the doctrines and practices of John Wesley should, as a community, have done little or nothing in organized philan-

thropic work for nearly a century after their Founder's death. It is true that the Strangers' Friend Societies have been doing their quiet but most valuable work of mercy for more than a century, and not a few individual Methodists have become eminent for their devotion to the cause of the prisoner and the fallen. With two other great enterprises, moreover, both profoundly religious, one of them educational and the other humanitarian, Methodism has been so closely associated that it may fairly claim to have provided for them their chief momentum. We refer to the Sunday School, and the Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies. Many Methodists also, we need hardly say, have been deeply interested in movements for the fallen, the neglected, and the orphan, in which they have been associated with members of other Christian Churches. Still, it may seem singular, and is undoubtedly true, that not until very recent years has Methodism, as an organized community, undertaken collectively any great enterprise of Christian social philanthropy, except so far as its Foreign Missionary Society, certainly a very noble and comprehensive effort of Christian zeal and charity, including in itself many sections of pure and high philanthropy, may be so regarded. It is barely twenty years since the earliest beginning of the first purely social enterprise undertaken by the Connexion—an enterprise at first on the humblest scale, and not yet in any strict sense Connexional—for the uplifting of the outcast children of England and for the comfort and protection of the orphan. Undoubtedly the thought of this was in the mind of John Wesley, and the purpose of it in his heart. He even built at Newcastle an Orphan House, in which, however, no orphans were ever actually housed. But the idea slumbered in germ for more than a century. The causes of this it is not difficult to find. Scarcely had Wesley breathed his last when most anxious and difficult questions of Church organization were forced upon the Connexion, occupying it with painful intensity; and no sooner had Methodism begun to crystallize into its modern ecclesiastical form than demands were made upon its liberality and energy to provide appliances, churches, schools, and what not, necessary to keep pace with its prodigious development. These demands taxed to the uttermost its

goodwill and its resources. Moreover, the splendid energy and self-sacrifice of Dr. Coke and the early missionaries gave to the great Foreign Missionary enterprise, to which we have already referred, an imperial position in the regard of the Methodist people, so that for many years it absorbed and exhausted the resources which could be spared from the necessities of their Home organizations. It was, however, inevitable that upon the Methodists, at least as much as upon other English Christians, there should come the sense of pressing and paramount duty in reference to social questions. They formed part of a great Christian community, and all its noblest life-currents passed through their veins. Nor could they be indifferent to the great social forces so mightily working around them. When all that was best in the nation was turned with an eager enthusiasm and a painful anxiety to questions touching to its very centre the life of the people, it was inevitable that Methodism, pulsing with religious thought and emotion, should be earnestly desirous to take its share in the solution of the great social problems still unsolved.

The Children's Home and Orphanage (more commonly known as Dr. Stephenson's Homes) has proved to be the main channel into which, during the last twenty years, have flowed the philanthropic sympathies and efforts of the Methodist people. The rapid development of this great institution, with its different branches, has been a surprise to all who have witnessed it, and not least—so his own publications assure us—to their founder.

Of the Principal of the Children's Home it is not necessary here to say anything. Indeed, Dr. Stephenson himself continually insists that this is not *his work*, if by that phrase is meant that it is the outcome of a deliberate plan originally laid down in all its details, and then persistently worked out through a course of years. He declares that the work itself is "the child of Providence," and that, whilst he has constantly held to certain fundamental principles which he believes to be essential to such a work, the development of it, the provision of the vast sums of money requisite for its establishment and maintenance, and the calling forth of the many agents necessary for so difficult an enterprise, have been the fruit of Christian

sympathy, responding to his efforts and proposals from far beyond, but especially from within his own Church, and have been due, above all, to the guidance and blessing of Providence, signally shown at many points and in many ways.*

The little book quoted at the head of this article does indeed tell us that for many years previous to the commencement of the Home, Dr. Stephenson's mind had been greatly occupied with questions relating to the social side of Christian effort. This probably was an unconscious preparation for the work awaiting him. But the actual commencement was on the smallest scale, and owing to, what many would call, accidental causes. Unexpectedly appointed to the pastoral care of a very poor district in London, such social problems as had already been occupying his thought and heart were in a moment thrust under his very eyes. Especially the condition of the neglected children, who swarmed in their wretchedness in his neighbourhood, moved his compassion. Little was at that time being done for them. The Ragged School movement was indeed in full flow. But the modern educational enthusiasm, which enabled Mr. Forster to carry his great measure, had by no means reached its height, and scarcely one of those large enterprises which now have their centres in London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Glasgow had come into existence. But here was a distinct need. Children were found in circumstances so deadly to all that is good and pure, that the only possible escape seemed to lie in their removal from the associations and influences which surrounded them. The following may serve as illustrations:—

A boy is given up by his own mother to a vagabond who gets his living by singing songs in public-houses, and who desires that his own efforts should be reinforced by the shrill treble of the child. What could open a decent future to that lad, except his rescue from the hands that held him? A lad is found sleeping in an empty fish-box. His mother is dead: his father living in open sin. The only brother is found in

* It is proper, however, to state, what all our readers will not know, that the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, LL.D., is a Wesleyan minister, and also the son, nephew, and cousin respectively of Wesleyan ministers, who form a considerable group, some labouring in England and some abroad. His Methodism is very deeply dyed.

the one room which they call a home, stark naked, the father's paramour having pawned the little fellow's clothes. What chance was there of such children becoming Christian men, unless they were lifted out of the moral miasma in which their lives were being spent?

A girl is found whose parents are dead, and who is left to the cruel mercy of a hard-hearted step-mother. The girl is beyond the age at which any legal provision, other than the workhouse or the gaol, is made for her. She takes to a wandering life, declaring that she will die rather than go back to be under the hand of this cruel woman. How can such a girl be saved from a fate worse than death, unless love, such as she has never known, and kind and considerate treatment, which she cannot, as yet, even imagine, are supplied to her from outside the circle of her own relationships and experiences?

Facts such as these, brought to Dr. Stephenson's knowledge while doing pastoral work in the low heart of Lambeth, led to a conviction on his part that something should be done: and to the three or four who in the first instance joined in this experiment it seemed no sufficient reason for doing nothing that they could not hope to do all that needed doing. So the work was begun. A small house was taken, and a few poor lads were welcomed into it. For two or three years the development of the work seems to have been comparatively slow. After a time, however, larger premises, capable of enlargement and adaptation, were secured for the London work, and a great impetus was given to the whole movement by the offer of a Training Farm in Lancashire by the late generous philanthropist, Mr. James Barlow, a plain but noble-hearted Lancashire Methodist. How, subsequently, other training homes came into the hands of Dr. Stephenson and his associates, the story of the Home tells us, and the story may well take its rank among the romances of Christian charity. The last report enumerates a Certified Industrial School at Gravesend, an Orphanage at New Oscott near Birmingham, a Training Home at Ramsey in the Isle of Man, together with Convalescent Homes—dependencies of the London branch—at Ramsgate and Aldershot. No figures are given which enable us to judge of the total sum devoted to this work

from the beginning ; and, indeed, some of the most generous gifts have been in kind, and so cannot very well be estimated in cash ; but we should judge that many scores of thousands of pounds have been expended in the erection of the various buildings now used for the purposes of this work, and the annual expenditure upon it has reached a very large sum. The Report for 1887 shows a total expenditure under all ordinary heads of more than £17,000, besides an expenditure in that same year of more than £5000 upon the property account. It is true that an uncovered debt of £6786 is also reported ; but this fact, though sufficiently serious, is not surprising, when it is remembered that it represents the entire indebtedness of the whole institution, that none of the properties belonging to the institution are brought into the account as assets, and that the debt has rather been occasioned by developments and extensions than by any serious deficits in the current income. We earnestly hope that the committee will soon be able to report the entire liquidation of the debt, for so long as it continues it will inevitably dishearten many friends of the work, and interfere with that cautious yet enterprising development which must take place if it is not to become hide-bound.

We have said that this work began as the result of a kind of accident. None the less, however, were certain definite educational and philanthropic principles clear before the mind of its founder. It was not commenced as a protest against State provision for neglected and needy children. Dr. Stephenson has indeed a very definite conviction that the State cannot do all that needs to be done ; that the State seldom, if ever, does work of this class as well as volunteers can ; and that the State is likely to do its own work vastly better when it is aided, guided, and stimulated by the pattern of voluntary enterprises. Moreover, he has a definite opinion that the orphan children of the thrifty and godly poor have a claim upon Christian charity to be kept out of contact with pauperism and its inevitably degrading associations. No wild idea that it is possible to empty the workhouse schools by establishing competitive private charities, or that such charities can ever render needless the legal provision of certified and regulated industrial schools, caused the establishment of the Children's Home.

But there was a conviction that the case of many truly necessitous children lies beyond the purview of any State system; that many of the children whose need is greatest cannot, in fact, be brought within its grasp, although they may be seized and saved by the hand of Christian philanthropy; in a word, the Children's Home is the embodiment of a belief that so long as human society exists, whatever the State may be able to do, there will yet be many children whose need, for one reason or other, can only be dealt with by volunteer Christian enterprise.

Another cardinal point in the theory of this institution is that such work should grow out of, and be constantly fed by, earnest Evangelical sentiment and experience. No one would imagine that religion should be excluded from any school in which children are boarded all the year round. The most ardent advocate of secular day-schools would confess that there ought to be a religious element in schools which are also homes. But this by no means expresses the principle lying at the foundation of the Children's Home. Religion must not be only an element in the training force; it must not be merely an influence brought in to crown all other influences; still less must it be merely a round of religious observances and religious instruction indicated upon the time-table. Religion must be the inspiration of the whole; it must be the atmosphere in which the entire work lives and moves and has its being. None but earnest religious persons must be knowingly admitted as officers or agents. The glow of an Evangelical enthusiasm must shine upon it continually. In a word, it must not be so much an institution as a mission. Its chief support, its all-pervasive life, must be drawn from the Gospel of Him who said, "Suffer the children to come unto Me." Dr. Stephenson claims that no lower ideal than this represents his work, and from the beginning he has declared that, whilst it is necessary to use the best agents procurable, the work can never be done at its best except by those who are conscious of a distinct vocation to it. He holds this to be *a* ministry, though not *the* ministry. He maintains that just because many of the children, through the misfortunes of their early life, come with minds warped and maimed, the work of training

them into a happy, symmetrical, holy life is far more difficult than that of the ordinary school, or even the ordinary family; and that, therefore, men and women of excellent education and good social position and of the highest Christian endowment are best fitted for the work. There was a time when the English people were content to leave primary education in the hands of old women with horn spectacles and a blackthorn stick. The scientific methods of modern education have superseded that state of things, and the national conscience demands that they shall be applied to the education of the poorest children. But in schools which are philanthropic or charitable in their nature it is still supposed by some that persons of good character who are not exactly fitted for anything else may be trusted to care for the children. This might be if all that is wanted were the washing of the children's faces, the carving of their dinners, and the mending of their clothes. But the true work to be done is the formation of character, the shaping of habit, the training of heart and mind by a thousand minute acts and arrangements, by innumerable and unremitting quiet influences. For such a work women of good education, of gentle manners, of kind heart, and of firm will are best. For children who have lost parental care, or have never known a mother worthy of the name, the best and highest style of "mothering" is wanted. It is pleasant to know that for many years past Christian ladies have in an increasing degree, devoted themselves to this work. The plan appears to be now systematized, a certain probation being required, definite regulations being in force, and efforts made, by the wearing of a uniform, and the holding of appropriate religious and social festivals, to maintain the idea of a confederation for Christian work, rather than the mere performance of certain duties required in the holding of a situation.

The Children's Home has thus been the pioneer in modern Methodism in encouraging the systematic devotion of educated Christian women to Christian work. From the commencement of Methodism, indeed, a place in Christian work has been given to women more prominent than that allowed in any other save the Moravian and Romish Churches. While, however, in the Roman Church the devotion of women has been founded upon

the monstrous perversion of the marriage of the individual soul to Christ, and has too often been saturated with ideas deadly to purity as well as to liberty, in Methodism, on the other hand, the employment of women has been confined to such work as could be done without withdrawing from the surroundings of ordinary life, and the sentiment of devotion to a definite and systematized work for Christ's sake had found no regulated embodiment in Methodism till it took shape in connection with the Children's Home. Quietly and steadily the realization of that idea in its fulness and completeness has been approached. Even yet, though this sentiment is earnestly proclaimed in connection with some recent Home Mission developments and in Foreign Missionary enterprise, much has to be done before the idea can be said to have attained its proper and legitimate development in the system of Methodist work. Nevertheless, one of the incidental services rendered by the Children's Home to the Church which has fostered and sustained it is the introduction and exemplification of this fruitful idea.

Women are very largely employed in the actual work of the Homes. Their presence seems indeed to be demanded by that very family system or principle upon which in this work so much stress is laid. When, nineteen years ago, this principle was embodied in the work of the Children's Home, it had received a practical testing nowhere in England. The apostle of this principle was Emmanuel Wichern, in his now celebrated experiment of the *Rauhe Haus*. When he began his work for the reclamation of lost boys, he received them into his own residence; and when the little cottage became too small for the growing numbers, the happy idea came to him to use another cottage, which should be in the charge of a man like-minded to himself, and in which a similar group could be welcomed and trained. So the institution grew by the addition of cottage after cottage, each of them being under the charge of a devoted man, who was assisted in his work by young men, or "Brethren," of earnest religious zeal. The experiment worked well, and proved itself to be an incalculable improvement upon the old system, by which the children were trained in huge barracks under a species of police control.

But Wichern's system had one great defect. It allowed no place for women in the boys' houses. The Mother, or the "Sister," who supplies the place of mother, was absent. When the idea of the family group was transferred to English soil, Dr. Stephenson, not less than those who subsequently adopted it, felt that this defect must be supplied. Attempts to supply it have, in this country, been made in various ways. In one interesting case, working men and their wives are employed as the heads of the several families. This is found, however, to be attended with very great difficulties, and in the Children's Home it is believed that, by the employment of Christian women, who shall devote themselves with sisterly love and tenderness to the care of boys as well as girls, advantages are (of course in separate houses) gained which would not be obtainable on any other plan. A higher class of women, better educated, more refined, can be secured—a class superior either to the ordinary working-man's wife or to the men whom it would be possible to secure for such work on any terms consistent with due economy. Whilst, therefore, the chief superintendence is in the hands of men, and a sufficient staff of male officers is maintained for drill and all such purposes as in the nature of the case can only be met by men, everything that belongs to the domestic life of the children, both in the boys' houses and the girls', is, under Dr. Stephenson's system, confined to women. This is a bold departure from the habits and ideas which have hitherto prevailed in England in reference to such work. It is the very opposite to the Roman Catholic system in which the training of the boys is given up wholly to men; and it goes far beyond the idea hitherto ruling in similar institutions that the presence of men in every boys' house is necessary to discipline. Of course these women need to be carefully selected, in point of age, of temperament, of will power. They need a special adaptation for the work they have to do, and it has not been found easy to secure a constant and sufficient supply of every way competent "Sisters." On the other hand, the advantages of the system are very great. Boys are not less, but more, amenable to the finest influence of a good woman than girls. In the ordinary family, the mother's influence is, in the majority of cases, more powerful than the father's, and

almost always so upon the boys of the household. So we may be sure that, in the hands of thoughtful, kindly, and cultivated women, the training of even rough lads is safer and more thorough than it would be if attempted by any such men as could be commanded for the purpose.

The merits of the family system have become so largely recognized that it is scarcely necessary now to explain or insist upon them. Almost all philanthropic institutions for children which have been established since the Children's Home have adopted this plan, and several of the Boards of Guardians throughout the country have also chosen to follow this method. The first to do so was the Board at Birmingham, the Chairman of which, himself a warm friend of the Children's Home, inspected the methods and plans actually pursued in this work, and was able, through his influence with his colleagues, to carry out the same ruling idea in the establishment at Marston Green. The plan was subsequently followed by the Board of Guardians at Bolton, also largely influenced by the success of the Children's Home at Edgworth. It is doubtful whether these interesting experiments will succeed in all respects as well as the one upon which they are modelled. For no public board can secure the same class of workers as an institution which relies upon religious principle and zeal to produce them. It can scarcely be expected that in an institution controlled by a body which must necessarily represent all shades of religious opinion, and the absence of them all, so high a tone of Christian and moral feeling could be produced as in an institution of which religion is the very life-blood. But, whatever drawbacks belong to such Poor Law schools, those of them which are founded upon the family system are, for all truly educational purposes, a great advance upon the older methods.

It is a corollary of the family system that, as far as possible, the mere institution idea should be kept in the background. Hence uniformity in the dress of the children is avoided; the boys and girls are usually addressed by their own names, and not by numbers; younger and older children are mingled in the same family group. The presence of very young children in the family groups is not only not discouraged, but welcomed, for there is perhaps no mightier educator in the family than

the baby brother or sister. Indeed, it appears to be the desire of those who have charge of the Children's Home that, as nearly as possible, family life itself, in all the sweet and gracious meanings of that word, shall be secured for the children. Many of them have been deprived by the cruel hand of death of the love and care that would have surrounded them. Others, through the vice or folly of their relatives, have never known it previous to their entrance into the Home. The best prospect that they shall develop healthily and graciously in mind and body is to be found in the training of their early years in the midst of a system which, as nearly as possible, follows the Divine plan of family life.

With all this it must not be supposed that sentimental ideas rule in the upbringing of these orphans and waifs. They are taught from the commencement that their success in life must depend upon their own hands and heads, and all of them are trained to practical usefulness by the performance of daily tasks. All the work of the Homes, in cleansing, arranging, and attendance, is done by the children. As their strength and fitness grow they are told off to various industrial employments. At Edgworth the very face of Nature has been changed by the labour of the lads. A considerable tract of moor land has been actually broken up and made productive, and an amazing amount of improvement in the draining and general culture of the land has been effected. Boys are there also selected to work in the quarry; others attend upon the horses and upon the cattle owned by the farm. For similar reasons, in London and at other branches various handicrafts are followed. A considerable number of boys at Gravesend are trained as tailors, others as shoemakers. In London, beside other trades, a large amount of printing is done, and done in a very respectable style. The dresses, of course, of the girls are made on the premises, and the entire domestic service of all the Homes is performed by the children themselves.

Such a discipline, in which are combined the elements of religious influence, sound elementary education, softening and elevating home life, and steady industrial training, seems to be a wise and adequate preparation for the after-life of the children. The desire ruling the work is to fit the girls for domestic

service and the boys for systematic industrial life. Wood-chopping and shoeblackening, and some other expedients by which poor lads have been temporarily provided for, are not employed. These, however valuable as temporary makeshifts, do not open a lad's way to steady and comfortable employment in after-life. On the other hand, training on the farm, in the garden, in the stable, or in the workshops gives a man a definite place in the industrial world and a recognized rank in the labour army.

The out-door work of the several Homes is found to be specially valuable, both in its moral influence and in the introduction it gives to desirable situations in this country, and especially in the colonies. The girls, with rare exceptions, go to domestic service. Some exceptions there are, and surely some exception there ought to be amongst so large a number of children. In a few cases there is physical inability for the work, often very trying, of the domestic servant. In other cases there is a marked intellectual force, which seems to indicate that the child has been meant by Nature for another kind of work. Such exceptional cases are provided for by means of the pupil teacherships in the several schools of the institutions, by the work in the dressmaking department, and by other incidental openings. The reports, however, again and again declare, not only that the training of the girls is definitely directed towards fitting them for domestic service, but that, with very rare exceptions, they go cheerfully and contentedly to that work and do themselves credit in it.

It would, however, be more difficult to find suitable positions for the boys and girls, and especially for the boys, but for the advantageous opening that is presented by the emigration arrangements. In the year 1872, on the invitation of the late Dr. Punshon, Dr. Stephenson visited Canada, and not only came to the conclusion that a valuable opening for the children was provided by means of emigration, but that Canada offered exceptional advantages for it. Canada is mainly a country of small farmers. Life in the country districts has still about it much of the patriarchal simplicity. The labourer lives with his master. Boys received into the farmers' homes are practically considered as one of the family, accompanying them to church, sharing to a consider-

able extent their social life and enjoyments, and growing up with them in a thoroughly healthy and natural development. Moreover, a lad who is steady and industrious can, without difficulty, by the time he is twenty-two or twenty-three years old, save enough to begin farming for himself on a free grant of land, after the simple methods which are sufficient in that country.

The Canadian opening for the children, therefore, is peculiarly valuable, not only because of the favourable social and religious influences which surround them, but because of the ultimate prospect of advancement and independence in life which lies before them. For the girls, the advantage is scarcely less. Those who enter the houses of the wealthier Canadians are able to command slightly larger wages and have a more comfortable and respectable social position, whilst the prospect of their marrying well and settling in life respectably are much greater there than here.

The emigration work, therefore, of the Homes has been steadily carried on for fifteen years past, and the results have been gratifying in the highest degree. One strong reason in favour of the emigration of children must not be overlooked. To an extent of certainly one-third, and probably more, of all those received at the Home, separation as complete as possible from the influences and associations of their early life is a distinct advantage. If they were sent to situations in this country, many of the children would be pursued and influenced by selfish and unworthy relatives, whose one anxiety would be by a show of kindness to get the children into their hands, that they might control their earnings, and the infallible result of such a course would be that, in many cases, old habits would revive and evil influences reassert themselves, and the work so laboriously done would be wrecked after all. The emigration work, however, of the Homes appears not to be confined to Canada, though that is its chief centre and field. Some of the children have been sent to the other colonies, and several of them, of their own mind, after leaving the Home, have gone to sea or into the army. Whilst, however, these openings are not unwelcome in certain special cases, the preference of the managers is very strongly for such steady industrial work in

England or in the colonies as is likely to check and overcome the tendency to wandering habits and to undomestic life.

The Reports show that substantial and valuable results have already been reaped from this enterprise. It appears that near 2500 children have been aided and benefited by the Home. The outflow in recent years, since the system has been more largely developed, has become larger and more rapid than in earlier years, and the harvest of work done will become greater year by year, in proportion as the Homes are extended.

It is part of the system to encourage the continued association of the former inmates of the Home by occasional visits to the Homes, by visits to the children in their situations, by correspondence carefully maintained, and by a system of recognizing and rewarding good conduct. For some few years after the children have left the shelter of the Home, efforts are made to keep upon their lives a kindly and helpful influence. This enables the management to trace the children and to estimate their conduct, so that the reports as to the success of the work do not depend upon vague general impressions, but upon carefully gathered statistics. It is true that figures can never show all the results of any moral enterprise, and probably they seldom show those results with accuracy; but they are valuable as tending to correct loose and general estimates. It appears from the Reports that less than 5 per cent. of those who go forth from the Homes have lapsed into vicious and evil life; or, in other words, nearly 96 out of every 100 of those who have been trained in the Home are now living respectably, obeying the law, obtaining an honest livelihood, and so contributing in some degree to the welfare of society. Instances of exceptionally gratifying character are quoted here and there. It is mentioned, for instance, that some of the children have become certificated teachers, several are useful Sunday-school teachers, and some few have already begun business for themselves. But we confess that, gratifying as these isolated cases are, we set more value upon the general result. For, in the long run, the value of any such work to the nation and to the Church of Christ must be judged by the average result achieved. If any wide and large impression is to be made by such work as this upon the mass of pauperism and tainted child-life, the highest

credit will belong to that institution which sends forth into the world the largest percentage of steady, trustworthy, wage-earners. And when it is remembered with how many disadvantages these children have started in the race of life—disadvantages physical, moral, and social—it is really wonderful that so small a percentage of them have failed to fulfil the hopes of their patrons. In what other class of society would it be likely that a better result could be reported?

Much of the valuable moral result of this work has arisen, no doubt, from the class of agents employed. Scarcely less important than the influence and labour of its founder have been the devoted and able services rendered by some of its chief representatives. Mr. Manger, who, from the first, has been the chief officer of the Lancashire farm, was, with Mr. Horner, called into counsel by Dr. Stephenson at the very commencement, and for some time acted as the honorary secretary. Like Mr. Pendlebury, who at a later period joined the enterprise, and has been for many years chief in charge at the London Home, his devotion to this work involved considerable pecuniary sacrifice. These gentlemen, with others who have subsequently been attracted to it, have brought to the work the finest spirit of self-denying devotion. Indeed, it is characteristic of this work that those who join it abide in it. Many of the ladies who have charge of the houses have been seven, ten, twelve, and even fifteen years associated with the Homes. Dr. Stephenson seldom loses an opportunity of expressing his own thankfulness for the collaborateurs whom, as he believes, Divine providence has called to his side. An examination of the Report will indeed show, here and there, that in this matter all is not plain sailing. Not unfrequently persons of good intentions and well recommended present themselves for employment, and after a short period prove themselves utterly incompetent. They indicate that they do not possess that fine and delicate feeling without which the best training of children cannot be accomplished. And in some cases the most conspicuous failures have been those who have had every social advantage and every kind of sense but the one sense required. Indeed the securing of perfectly competent and satisfactory workers, to meet the growing demands of the enterprise as it has expanded, has been the most serious and

anxious difficulty which its founder has had to face. The system of testing and training, however, to which experience has led him, is making this difficulty less and less as years go on.

It was inevitable that a philanthropic enterprise thus originated and thus organized should impress its founder with the desirability, and indeed the necessity, of associating with it other forms and methods of Christian usefulness. The swarming child-life of East London, which could not be brought wholly under the fostering wing of the Home, clamoured for some measure of religious care. Hence the Bonner Lane Children's Mission. Girls employed in factories need an evening home in which they may be taught and influenced for good. The Girls' Parlour helps to meet this necessity. The Girls' Helpful Society, with 900 lady associates in all parts of the country, and a Servants' Registry Office are already doing an incalculable amount of good. A Girls' Lodge, under the care of an experienced "Sister," is available throughout the night for the temporary housing of any friendless and homeless girl who may apply, and no night passes without an appeal for shelter. In all these departments—in the Gordon Hall Evangelistic Mission, and in the Bible and Prayer Union—the officers of the Home, and in some of them elder girls—are employed, and thus, as a collateral advantage, training for Christian service is secured.

This hasty survey of one of the most remarkable philanthropic enterprises of modern English life inevitably suggests two or three questions, on which, perhaps, we ought to say a word. Some may ask, Why should not the State do this? Is there not, and, if not, ought there not to be, an adequate public provision for all the children of these classes—the orphan and the outcast? To this the answer is twofold.

1st. Orphan children of the godly poor ought not to be dependent upon the public provision of the State. It is impossible that in any such institution there could be that glow of kindly feeling and that definite and powerful religious influence which the parents of such children, in dying, might well claim from their fellow-religionists.

2nd. After all that the State has done, and can do, there will remain many children of the waif class who cannot be reached by such a provision. The State must act in all such

matters upon sharply defined rules and regulations. Further, it is the natural instinct of State officials to make access to any public provision difficult. And this is not unreasonable ; because, if such cases were made at all easy, there would be a wholesale recourse to State provision, and all ideas of individual responsibility and independence would be sapped at their foundation.

Another element of great importance must not be overlooked. Whatever explanations or apologies may be made, it is a fact that amongst the poor whose children most need such help there is the strongest possible objection to resorting to State officials for help. So strong is this that many parents will prefer to let their children die of starvation rather than sue for help from any officer of the public board. Whilst, when the chief need of the child is its rescue from moral peril, the relatives are those frequently least capable of appreciating that peril, and least anxious that their children should be delivered from it. Yet these very persons have confidence in the management of voluntary Christian Homes. The children enter them gladly. The relatives even compete with each other for a chance of admission for the children. In fact, voluntary work of this class does touch and benefit multitudes of children who would infallibly have slipped through the meshes of any State organization.

Another criticism made upon this and similar Homes is perhaps somewhat more deserving of consideration. Enthusiastic supporters of the boarding-out system will tell us that it is better far to place the children in cottagers' homes, where they will grow up amongst the other children of the family, under conditions absolutely removed from those of the ordinary institution life. These friendly critics declare that, superior as the family system of the Children's Home is to the old barrack system, it is still greatly inferior to their pet plan, in which children are placed one by one in the very midst of ordinary family life. We are not disposed to undervalue the boarding-out system. Where it is conducted on a scale not too large ; where it is managed by enthusiastic philanthropists who grudge no time and pains ; and where the supervision of the cottages in which the children are placed is frequent, thorough, and by really competent visitors, the system has very great advantages.

As originally worked out by Pastor Brahms in Germany, it succeeded to a marvellous extent. But in the little community in which he first tried it the number of the children was very small. He himself knew every one of them, and knew personally every cottage in which he placed one of them, and he was able to exercise over the children and their foster-parents alike the most powerful and continuous influence. When the supervision of the children has to be entrusted to sub-committees of Boards of Guardians, and when they are received into houses in which the payments made on behalf of the children are an important and coveted item of income, it is to be feared that the results are by no means so universally satisfactory. But, however valuable this system may be—and we are not wishful to condemn it; rather we have much sympathy with it—it is quite certain that it could not meet the whole case. The average person, who, for 4s. or 5s. a week, is willing to board and lodge a strange child, is not likely to be fitted for dealing with the most difficult and anxious cases, which need the help of the Children's Home or some similar institution. Where the moral nature is already somewhat warped; where evil habits, strengthened through years, have to be broken; where higher and better moral ideas have to be carefully and tenderly developed, there needs much more than average moral power and average skill in training character. It might as well be expected that any kindly and well-meaning mother of a family could be able to do the difficult work of a hospital nurse, as expect that same woman to deal satisfactorily with the most anxious and difficult cases of moral need which come under the hands of those who have charge of these Rescue and Reformatory Homes.

On the whole, therefore, it appears to us that the Children's Home has its distinct place in the economy of the Christian Church, and that, as society becomes more and more complex, larger demands must be made for work of this sort upon the devotion and labour and money of the Christian Church. At any rate, the experiment which Dr. Stephenson, for now nearly twenty years, has been so successfully working, deserves the candid study of all religious and educational reformers, and must commend itself to the warm practical sympathy of all Christian philanthropists.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Church of the Sub-Apostolic Age. By the Rev. JAMES HERON, B.A. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

THIS volume is, to a considerable extent, founded on that recently recovered, but now well-known, treasure, *The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles*. The writer, it may be inferred from internal evidence, is a minister of the orthodox body of Irish Presbyterians. It is a very careful, interesting, and every way competent work on its subject, which is described as "The Life, Worship, and Organization" of the Sub-Apostolic Church, viewed "in the light of" the ancient tract to which we have referred. The able writer, holding that "the tendency of the historian to read the peculiarities and features of his own denomination into the sacred records, has been the bane of Church history," expresses his own "sincere desire to look at the facts fairly, and without prejudice or bias." We do not think he has fully succeeded in accomplishing his desire in this respect, as we shall presently indicate, but he has succeeded very fairly for an Irish Presbyterian, who cannot easily place himself at the Anglo-Episcopalian point of view. The clearness of his writing, the succinctness of his style, and his exactness in the citation of authorities deserve emphatic recognition. The first eighty pages or more of the volume are occupied with a translation and explanation of the "Teaching," the date of which he fixes, rightly as we think, "not later than the opening of the second century," adding, "it may have been a good deal earlier." He then proceeds to show the light thrown by the venerable tract on a number of Church questions—on the Canon, family and social life, Christian unity and charity, Baptism and the Eucharist, the Lord's Day, and Church organization. On all these subjects what he writes is very sensible and suggestive. As to Baptism and the Lord's Day, however, whilst what he says is excellent, very little of it indeed is suggested by what can be found in the "Teaching." The learned writer's materials are almost wholly derived from other and much later sources. Nevertheless, on all these points it is wholesome and refreshing to note how clearly and firmly, though very quietly, the author, on the one hand, eschews the embroidery of superstition which was wrought around primitive truth by the patristic influences of hierarchical error and corruption, and on the other

avoids the extreme of rationalistic hardness or latitudinarian laxity. His longest and most elaborate chapter relates to "Church Organization," and occupies one hundred pages. Here he criticizes the views of Dr. Hatch, which certainly savour of rationalism, and tend to reduce the Church organization of the earliest ages to a very hard matter-of-fact residuum, and those of the learned and able Bishop of Durham, which are open to no such objection, but which do not at all points secure Mr. Heron's approval. For ourselves, we agree with his criticism of Dr. Hatch, but hardly with his objections to the views of Bishop Lightfoot. Mr. Heron seems to us to be a little wanting in the power of realistic historical imagination. He fails to perceive how, various and widely differing social, political, and racial conditions could not but materially modify, in various and divergent forms, the necessary adaptations and the inevitable developments of Christian life and organization in different cities. He assumes that in Philippi and Corinth—such extremely contrasted communities—the Christian organization must have been identical from the beginning. Similarly he would identify the Church organization of vast, mixed, ancient, Asiatic Ephesus in the later Apostolic age with that of Philippi—the small Macedonian country town and the strictly ordered Roman *colonia*. This defect seems to us to beset the whole of Mr. Heron's discussion of Dr. Lightfoot's arguments as to the development of Church organization and the episcopacy. Here and elsewhere his Presbyterianism appears to have limited and prejudiced his view. Mr. Heron, as an orthodox Presbyterian, teaches that the elder of the Church—the "ruling elder" of to-day—is substantially equivalent to the presbyter-bishop of the Apostolic age, while he justly holds that the "minister" stands in relation to the elders as the "bishop" of the Ignatian writings did to the "presbyters" over whom he presided. He points out incidentally that the fact of the elder or the presbyter being engaged in business for his livelihood is altogether immaterial. The primitive presbyter-bishops commonly laboured with their own hands—some more, some less—although a few, who were pre-eminent as teachers and preachers, may not have worked at all. To this day many pastors of Congregational or Presbyterian Churches in Wales are tradesmen or farmers; indeed, in not a few small country churches outside of Wales, and even in London, the like is the case. On this point of the ruling eldership, Mr. Heron confirms the judgment of all the highest authorities on Presbyterian Church-order, including such recent writers as Dr. Cunningham and Dr. Bannerman. The term lay-elder is simply an irregular and unorthodox phrase in the lips of a Presbyterian.

A Manual of Introduction to the New Testament. By Dr. BERNHARD WEISS. Translated by A. J. K. DAVIDSON. Vol. I. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

An excellent addition to "The Foreign Biblical Library." Dr. Weiss's three great works, "The Life of Christ," "New Testament Biblical Theology,"

and the present one, contain the fruit of a long professorial life devoted to New Testament study. To German exhaustiveness he unites a vigorous mind and pen. Learning does not smother originality. His position is moderately critical. Entirely unfettered by tradition, master of all modern theories, he arrives at what in the main may be described as conservative results, and, we need scarcely say, his independence greatly enhances the value of his testimony. It is pleasing also to see evidences, as is the case in all Dr. Weiss's writings, of genuine Christian interest and feeling. Thus, in the Preface he says, "Holtzmann in his Introduction says, Christianity has been 'book-religion' from the beginning. In answer to this I can only say, God be praised, that it is not so. . . . Christianity has from the beginning been life; and because this life pulsates in its primitive documents, these cannot be explained or understood on the hypothesis of 'literary dependencies.'" It is quite pleasant to find life "pulsating" in a work on New Testament Introduction. By the way, it is unusual to see an author, in his historical account of the science, describing his own works (p. 23). But why should he not?

The "First Part" traces the growth of the New Testament Canon both as a fact and an idea. There is little to object to in the account, if it is remembered that such accounts must to a large extent be conjectural. The test of hypothesis is its explanation of the facts, and Dr. Weiss's hypothetical history is far better than many others. The incidental exposures of the arbitrariness of extreme critics are curious. The latter are not at all agreed whether Ephesians is borrowed from Colossians or Colossians from Ephesians. In the minute account given of the traces of our New Testament books in early Christian writers it is remarked, "The Pastoral Epistles," which are most severely questioned, "manifestly belong to those that are best known." "The opinion that Justin was not yet acquainted with the fourth Gospel, once so obstinately adhered to by the Tübingen school, must be regarded as definitely set aside." "It is *à priori* a great mistake on the part of the Tübingen school to make the doctrinal system of the great doctrinal and polemic Epistles the criterion whereby to prove which of all the Pauline epistles that have been handed down to us are genuine." The "Second Part" contains a most elaborate discussion of the Pauline epistles collectively and severally. The chapter on "Paul as an Author" is on the whole an admirable characterisation of the apostle's writings.

The translation is carefully done, and reads easily. There are inevitable slips. To "make religious experiences" is surely bad English, though it is good German. In the sentence, "It is plain that only the same relations of time can have given rise to the need of going back to the apostolic writings" (p. 73), we fancy that "the same circumstances of the time" would give the meaning better, as the sentence is scarcely intelligible, not to say that the meaning might be expressed less cumbrously. Dr. Weiss does occasionally fall into ponderousness.

The Sower and the Virgin. By the Right Hon. Lord ROBERT MONTAGU. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

This work is an extraordinary one in several respects—in its subject, in the amount of erudition displayed, and in the feeling of indignation and bitterness which often colours the language used. The latter feature is scarcely to be wondered at. The author has been caught in the snare of the fowler, and has escaped. It is little wonder that he says hard things of his captor. His subject is the novelty of the doctrine of the Virgin Mary's Immaculate Conception. By a long catena of testimonies he shows that the idea was undreamt of in the early church, and far more opposed than approved in the mediæval church. The witnesses are arranged in seven periods, and cover the whole field of church history. "Fathers, reputed saints, popes, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, doctors and theologians" are among them. The quotations are exceedingly numerous and apt, many of them from most recondite sources, and all are precise and definite. They seem to prove the author's case up to the hilt. Of course it will be said on the other side that the author only presents one side of the case, and that till a doctrine is ratified by final definition it is open to controversy. But we very much doubt whether such an array of opinion could be adduced on the opposite side. Aquinas himself is against the doctrine.

The author enables us to trace the growth of the error, first excessive veneration for the Virgin, then worship; next the idea that, although born in sin, she was perfectly sanctified before birth, and finally that she was conceived without sin. Each of these stages covers a considerable period of time. We suppose the development will continue until it includes all the Virgin's ancestors. Directly the opinion was broached it was felt that if the Virgin was exempt from sin she did not need salvation. A Roman Cardinal and saint of the fifteenth century is quoted (p. 341) as rejecting the notion, "because it takes after the heresy of Pelagius, because it is contrary to the truth of our faith, because it is due to a false interpretation of Scripture, because it is in opposition to the authority of the Church and its Councils, because it is a denial of Mary's redemption by the sufferings of Christ, because it is the same as asserting that she was of equal purity with Christ, and because it amounts to an assertion that she never could have died." Gerson had previously said on the other side, "The blessed Virgin was not conceived in Original Sin, is one of those truths which have only recently been revealed or defined, partly by the miracles which we read of, and partly by the fact that the majority of the Church holds that opinion."

Whether the author's advocacy of a good case is always wise is another question. He uses exceedingly strong language. Thomas à Becket is a "turbulent, seditious, headstrong, overbearing, worldly-minded, obstinate and insolent prelate, who deserved to be flogged at a cart's tail until he had been thoroughly humbled, and who suffers under cold encomiums and spiritless

panegyrics from Cardinal Manning, simply because he, the saint, was an outrageous scoundrel." His death was a "happy despatch." The delicate subject of the work is not always treated with reticence, and there are several statements and allusions which we do not care to particularize. There are certainly many things to justify warm indignation, such as Bonaventura's *Psalterium Beatae Mariæ Virginis*, in which the inspired Psalter is perverted throughout into worship of the Virgin, "The Lord said to our Lady, come and sit, my mother, on my right hand, until I make thy foes thy foot-footstool" (p. 272). The author also tries to prove too much. The enigmatical title, "The Sower and the Virgin," is explained thus. The author thinks that the four classes of hearers in the parable of the Sower represent respectively the Pharisees, Christ's mother and brethren, the common people, and the disciples; and he undertakes to show at length that the Virgin was a disbeliever in her Son's divine mission. She is represented as pierced with remorse on this account. "'Good ground' denotes the contrary to such persons as the Virgin Mary." So true is it that one extreme provokes another. Again, in order to refute the doctrine of prayer to dead saints, the author seems to maintain the unconsciousness of believers till the Resurrection. "The Holy Scriptures, and, with them, the early Christians, speak of the blessed dead as 'sleeping in Jesus.' Perfect sleep is perfect unconsciousness;" and much more to the same effect. These elements weaken the argument of the work, and are quite unnecessary. The fanciful exposition of the Sower is distinctly an excrescence. To the strong language about such Popes as John XXII. and Sixtus IV. we have nothing to object, if the author cares to use it. An obscure Archdeacon of the thirteenth century is charged with "Gladstonian hairsplitting" (p. 279), a slight anachronism.

Is there Salvation after Death? A Treatise on the Gospel in the Intermediate State. By E. D. MORRIS, D.D., LL.D., Lane Theological Seminary. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

A temperate, comprehensive, thoughtful argument against the theory of probation after death as held by American writers like Munger, Smyth, and the author of "Progressive Orthodoxy," and English writers like Farrar, Cox, Plumptre, Maurice. The author is a thinker and a Biblical scholar; he reasons well and writes well, and his treatise is an admirable one in every respect. He tests the theory in question in four ways, by Scripture, by the Church creeds, by the conclusions of theology, and by Christian experience. The argument under each of these heads is an excellent specimen of close, consecutive, and terse reasoning. The chief attention is given to the Scripture argument, particular passages and the general strain of Scripture teaching being well discussed. He shows conclusively that if the future life had formed part of the field of probation, Scripture must have been constructed on different lines and in its pre-

sent form is most misleading. The strongest chapter, however, is the last one, dealing with the favourite appeal to human sentiment. The limits within which such an appeal is valid, the utter vagueness of much of the declamation under this head, the false place in which human judgment is put, are carefully stated. The writer does well in pointing out so often what opponents try to conceal, the revolution which the acceptance of the theory must produce in the case of other essential doctrines. It is foolish to suppose that the question of man's future destiny can be isolated. Change here must react on other parts of the body of divine truth. The faintest strain of Calvinism tinges the treatise. The author says in a note, "The allegation that modern Calvinism is dying out, is wholly unsupported by facts; on the contrary, the system bearing that maligned but noble name was never so strong in the esteem of Christendom as at this moment." This element, however, does not affect the subject of the volume, or the way in which it is treated.

Christianity and Evolution: Modern Problems of the Faith.

By the Revs. Dr. MATHESON, T. W. FOWLE, M.A., Professor
MOMERIE, Professor CHAPMAN, &c. London: J. Nisbet &
Co. 1887.

The twelve essays contained in this volume vary considerably in merit. Those which discuss the bearing of evolution on Inspiration, the Problem of Evil, Man's Faculty of Knowledge, the Doctrine of Heaven and Hell, do not, to our thinking, shed much light on the subject; indeed they contain teaching which is more than doubtful. Of several it is hard to divine the drift. These at least will be innocuous. The others, while largely tentative and in the form of debate, display considerable ability and suggest interesting trains of thought. The ablest essays are the two by Professor Chapman, treating of Evolution in relation to Sin and Redemption, and the Biblical Conception of God. The writer well discriminates the different senses in which the term "evolution" is used and the different degrees in which it is held. His discussion of Spencer's Unknowable in the second essay is particularly able. While showing conclusively the inconsistency between Spencer's theory of the nature of mind and his doctrine of the inscrutable reality at the basis of phenomena, he recognizes the value of the positive elements in Spencer's doctrine. Mr. Adeney's paper on Immortality goes to show that the doctrine is analogous to the first appearance of life, conscious life, and personality. Professor Momerie's discussion of Design is exceedingly vivacious, we may almost say brilliant. Mr. Darnton's paper on Biogenesis is a criticism of Professor Drummond's book; and makes good points. Dr. Matheson is as abstract and ingenious as ever. His new definition of miracle is "the initial stage of the process by which a lower plane is transcended by a higher one." We wish he had shown us how the definition will work. After turning it over a good deal, we confess that it still remains very nebulous. As far as we can make out, it is simply

the old idea that each new plane of existence is miraculous to the one below. These essays make the volume well worth reading.

The Christian Fulfilments and Uses of the Levitical Sin-Offering.

By the Rev. HENRY BATCHELOR. London : J. Nisbet & Co.
1887.

This little volume is a most timely and vigorous argument against current religious fallacies, principally on the subject of the atonement. Without parade of learning or profession of completeness, it thoroughly exposes the so-called moral theories in the light of Scripture and reason, and contends earnestly for the old objective and forensic views both of atonement and justification. The author says truly, "We are in an age of subjective theologies. Notions of God are not derived from a calm, rigorous and submissive induction of facts and assertions of Holy Writ, but are projected by the inclinations and tastes of those who fabricate and adopt them." The unsubstantial theories of Maurice, McLeod Campbell and others are briefly characterised, but very wisely not much space is spent on them. The author devotes his strength to justifying the objective doctrine by expounding the teaching of Scripture. Take away the objective ground, and the moral effect vanishes into thin air. "As soon as we know that the only reason of any endurance is to touch our feelings, it impresses us no longer. If any one jumped into a furnace to convince us that he loved us, we should not be able to doubt his affection, but we could not respect the act, nor the intelligence which prompted it." There are many other excellent points in the volume which we wish we had space to dwell on, such as the emphasis placed on the spirituality of the Old Testament dispensation, the elaborate parallel between the doctrine of the Old Testament and that of the New, and the contrast between the Pagan and Christian views of atonement. It is well said that our subjective teachers are playing into the hands of Rome. "There is no need more human and more universal, where the religious sense is active and vivid, than a real objective atonement. Those teachers have much to answer for who are offering their congregations metaphysical and moral speculations, instead of preaching the sacrificial death of Christ for sinners. They are doing more than any class of men to drive poor souls to the High Anglican and Romish Mass. Impoverished souls are sure to turn from rationalistic husks in the hour of their awakening need." Then follow some pages of most weighty and impressive counsel respecting the best modes of presenting the truth.

Studies on the Book of Psalms. By JOHN FORBES, D.D.,
Emeritus Professor of Oriental Languages, Aberdeen.
T. & T. Clark. 1888.

Dr. Forbes' name is best known south of the Tweed by his Exposition, published some years ago of the Epistle to the Romans, based upon the

principle of parallelism. In the present volume he applies the same method to the Psalter. It must not be understood, however, that by "parallelism" is meant simply that arrangement of thoughts and words which is characteristic of Hebrew poetry. The whole structural connection of the Psalms is here investigated, both in single psalms and in the Psalter as an organic whole. Dr. Forbes believes that the arrangement of the 150 psalms that have come down to us has been most intelligently and carefully made, and that much is to be learned from the grouping of psalms in separate collections or books, and in subordinate groups, each psalm shedding light upon the meaning and interpretation of its neighbours. Dr. Forbes' advanced age has prevented him from fulfilling his whole plan—the work is edited for him by Rev. James Forrest—but enough is now given to the world to enable us to understand the principles on which the value of these *Studies* depends.

Our judgment upon it is that a sound principle is here indicated, but that it is unduly strained in its application. We doubt if the principle can be strained in its application so far as an individual psalm is concerned. Each of these is an organic whole, and though in some the "lyric cry" which gives unity to the majority is not discernible, there is no psalm in the whole collection which ought not to be studied most carefully as a whole before any part can be fully understood. When, however, we come to the arrangement in groups and "books," the case is altered. Without entering upon the obscure and controverted question of dates of collection, and what we may call the principles of editing, we prefer to say that any conclusions concerning the interpretation of a single psalm derived from the place in which it is found must be drawn with the greatest caution and hesitation. When we have fixed the dates of the several psalms as nearly as possible, much may be learned no doubt with regard (*e.g.*) to the measure of Messianic interpretation admissible from a knowledge of the time and other psalms of the same period. In this part of his subject Dr. Forbes makes some acute and ingenious remarks, and all that he has to say on Messianic interpretation is well worth reading. But he strains excessively, sometimes most fancifully, the principles of arrangement which he thinks he has discerned, and in these parts of his argument our judgment refuses to follow him.

The arrangement of Dr. Forbes' own work, by the way, is confused and very difficult to follow. The book, however, is that of a close, careful, and learned student of Scripture; it contains much valuable matter, and its perusal will stimulate thought and study, even where it fails to carry conviction.

Sermons and Addresses; Chiefly Official. By R. N. YOUNG, D.D., President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, 1886. London: T. Woolmer. 1888.

This volume is a worthy memorial of Dr. Young's year of office as President, and an admirable specimen of the kind of work which for many years he has

done as a minister of the Gospel and professor in the Theological Institution. It contains the charge delivered to newly ordained ministers in 1887, the annual address delivered to Westminster and Sonthlands students, an address to the students of his own college at Handsworth, and seven sermons, six of which were delivered on special occasions. Sermons and addresses alike present the same careful structure, and are characterized by the same finished style. Comprehensive in plan, full and detailed in treatment, each part most carefully fitted into its place in relation to the whole, in language scholarly, dignified, often eloquent, always sustained and weighty, these sermons and addresses are admirably suited to one occupying a high official position and speaking *ex cathedra*. They are "finished" compositions in every sense of the word; polished—in a classical phrase specially appropriate in this case—*ad unguem*; and will prove, we think, even more valuable when read than they were impressive when delivered. Space will not permit of our making extracts; or we might select from almost any one of these pages a passage to illustrate the elevated and sustained style of the whole. But better than any excellence of diction is the evangelical fervour which warms and animates the whole book. It is a valuable addition to Connexional literature, and now that Dr. Young is freed from the cares of presidential work, we hope we may look for further productions of his practised pen. There are many important topics which call for such treatment and such a combination of excellences as are illustrated in the volume before us.

Holy in Christ. By Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. J. Nisbet & Co.
1888.

The volume before us is uniform with preceding volumes by the same author which have obtained large and deserved popularity—*Abide in Christ, Like Christ*, and others. It contains a series of meditations for each day in a calendar month founded upon verses of Scripture, all bearing in some way on the subject of holiness. We have read it with delight and profit. The style is simple but thoughtful, and the writer uses Scripture abundantly in the substance of his comments, without multiplying quotations, so that the portion for each day forms a suitable introduction to a study of the teaching of Scripture itself. A beautiful and helpful devotional book.

Outlines of the Philosophy of Religion. From the Lectures of
HERMANN LOTZE. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1887.

It is a good sign that the works of Lotze have been attracting considerable attention in England during the last few years. His *Microcosmus*, *Logic*, and *Metaphysic* have all been well translated and edited in this country, and now a series of outlines, including the "dictated portions" of his lectures, is appearing. We heartily welcome this little volume, which contains the only sketch that exists of Lotze's views upon the philosophy of religion. Its

appearance just now is timely, and, though we cannot follow Lotze in some of his methods and conclusions, we rejoice in the vindication here given by a cautious and many-sided thinker of a truly spiritual philosophy. His main contribution to the subject is his complete and able removal of supposed metaphysical objections to the doctrine of the Personality of God, the freedom of man, the possibility of miracle and revelation. Lotze deals rather summarily with the ontological, cosmological, and teleological arguments for the existence of God, but his point of view must be understood if the nature of his work is to be rightly estimated. He seeks to ascertain "how much of the content of religion may be discovered, proved, or at least confirmed, agreeably to reason;" and most rigidly does the philosopher confine himself within these limits. These outlines will make excellent reading for all ministers of religion who wish to clear their minds on the special points here treated of, and they furnish a sufficient answer to many current objections to religion proceeding from "science, falsely so called."

The Mental Characteristics of the Lord Jesus Christ. Rev.
H. N. BERNARD, M.A. J. Nisbet & Co. 1888.

The lessons of the life of Christ are inexhaustible, The above volume contains a number of *Essays* originally written for the *Homiletic Magazine*, and intended "to place before the mind of the reader a true perception and clear idea of the divine-human personality of the Saviour." The aim of the book is undoubtedly good, but we cannot say that, on the whole, we have been favourably impressed by it. The title, and the point of view apparently indicated by it, is not promising. It is difficult, indeed, to understand what the author means by "mental characteristics," when we find him writing upon "the physical weariness of Christ," His miracles, temptation, and resurrection. The pity, sympathy, and other qualities which he enumerates in the chapter headed "Mental Characteristics" are not, strictly speaking, *mental* at all. But we need not closely criticize a phrase; our objection lies deeper. There is no lack of reverence in the writer to our Blessed Lord and Saviour, we are sure; but in what he has written concerning Christ's "mental depression," and the "agony of Gethsemane as a study of character," there is much which jars upon tender and reverent feeling, and in our opinion the whole point of view of the *Essays* is mistaken. What warrant is there for saying, with regard to the mother of our Lord, that "the very goodness of the child, who was never naughty, or the sinlessness of the youth, who never needed a rebuking word, had estranged her affection?" (p. 147). We would not be understood to ignore better qualities in the book, or to hint that in the writer the study of what he calls "mental characteristics" of the human personality of the Master has blinded him to the majesty of the Son of God, but he has chosen to emphasize in his *Essays* the very features which, to our mind, are the least admirable part of his work. Some errors in spelling have escaped attention—Assisiz, Chieselden, and others.

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M

Gospels of Yesterday. By ROBERT A. WATSON, M.A.
J. Nisbet & Co. 1888.

The *Gospels of Yesterday* are the teachings, respectively, of Professor Drummond, Mr. Herbert Spencer in his *Data of Ethics*, and Mr. Matthew Arnold in his *Comment on Christmas*, and other writings. Two of the three papers, in which Mr. Watson criticizes these writers, have been published before, and all are worthy of being preserved in a permanent form as specimens of acute, good-humoured, uncompromising criticism. Mr. Watson pours upon each book criticized a stream of clever *persiflage*, but his banter rests upon a substratum of argument, which in each case it would be difficult to refute. Mr. Drummond's book has been sufficiently assailed already and its weak points shown; but Mr. Spencer and Mr. Arnold are each sufficiently confident and dogmatic as teachers, and impose upon so many by their cool assumptions, as to make such destructive criticism as is here presented timely and useful. We can recommend the book to any who are inclined to accept these *Gospels of Yesterday* instead of a certain "old story" whose worth as a Gospel neither Mr. Spencer nor Mr. Arnold can impair.

Manual of Biblical Archæology. By C. F. KEIL. Translated
by the Rev. P. CHRISTIE. Vol. I. T. & T. Clark. 1887.

Keil's book on Biblical Archæology is a standard, if not the standard, work, on the subject. Ewald's *Antiquities* is characterized by the learning and genius of the author, but is neither so full and detailed nor so trustworthy as this. The translation now being issued by Messrs. Clark is from a new edition of the original, which contains a large amount of additional matter, dealing with the recent literature of the subject, and discussing at length the views of Kurtz, Richm, and others, who have given attention to the subject since the first edition was published. The present volume contains some chapters on the Holy Land, its soil, products, &c., but is mainly occupied with the place of worship—tabernacle, temple, and synagogues—and the priests and sacrifices of Old Testament worship, a full and admirable account of the last mentioned occupying nearly half the volume. The book is a valuable addition to Messrs. Clarks' Theological Library: as a book of reference it is well-nigh indispensable to the student of the Old Testament.

Christian Classics Series. De Incarnatione Verbi Dei. Athanasius on the Incarnation. Translated, with an Introduction, Analysis, Synopsis, and Notes, by T. HERBERT BINDLEY, M.A., Merton College, Oxford. London: Religious Tract Society. 1887.

The Christian Classics Series, to which we have previously called attention, is admirably suited in type, binding, and general get-up, to the great subjects

treated in its neat little volumes. Mr. Bindley's introduction gives no sketch of Athanasius, but refers readers to Mr. Bright's monograph on Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography*. This somewhat mars the completeness of the work, though perhaps it may be unavoidable. Attention is concentrated on the treatise itself, written by Athanasius in 319, before the Arian heresy burst on the world. The introduction, which points out the scope and chief beauties of the *De Incarnatione*, is followed by a painstaking synopsis, which gathers up every thread of the argument. This work is excellently done. We are a little in doubt, however, as to the wisdom of such a method. Perhaps if each paragraph of the treatise had its purport condoned into a sentence or two set at the side, and if a few more notes were added with an historical account of society in Alexandria when this treatise was composed, it would prove more helpful to ordinary readers. It will be understood that in offering such a suggestion we are not reflecting on Mr. Bindley's work, but pointing out the way in which it seems to us that the value of this admirable series might be increased. It would be hard to gather from any notes or hints in the present volume that Alexandria in Athanasius' day was one of the chief seats both of Judaism and of Paganism. Yet the treatise cannot be understood without a careful remembrance of that crucial fact.

The Covenant of Peace. By MARVIN R. VINCENT, D.D. London : J. Nisbet & Co. 1887.

Dr. Vincent sets himself to deal, in a direct and practical fashion, with certain hard, painful, and puzzling phrases of Christian experience, and with certain mischievous mistakes in popular Christian conceptions of duty and privilege. His homilies are eminently practical—words in season for those who are weary. We may quote one or two of the topics treated to show the drift of the volume:—Knowing by Doing, The God of the Unsuccessful, Maiming and Life, The Kingdom of Patience. These and similar titles explain themselves. The whole book is suggestive and helpful. The homilies have no special artistic or literary merit, but they are useful and will help devotion.

Lectures on the History of Preaching. By the late Rev. JOHN KER, D.D. Edited by Rev. A. R. MACEWEN, M.A. Balliol, B.D. Glasgow. Second Edition. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

Dr. Ker, of the United Presbyterian Church, was an eminent preacher, and his very suggestive *Sermons* are held in high esteem. He was also Professor of Practical Training for the Work of the Ministry in the Theological Hall of his Church, an office which left him free to teach any practical subject which had a bearing on the training of ministerial candidates. These lectures, already in a second edition, although only first published a few months ago,

were one of the results of his appointment. His method was not to write out his lectures in full. Of some very slight outlines are here given, of others the outlines seem to be pretty full. Hence the lectures are of varying value. Those relating to preachers and preaching before the Middle Ages are too slight to be of any real worth to a student. Those, however, which relate to German preaching from the Reformation downwards, are very valuable, giving in a small compass a carefully prepared outline of a most interesting and suggestive history. Luther, Spener, the Pietists, Bengel and Zinzendorf; the Illuminists, or eighteenth and early nineteenth century Rationalists; the circle of earnest and devotional spirits, of which Claudius and Lavater may be regarded as typical members, with which the name of Perthes, the bookseller, is associated, and who even in the worst times maintained the life of Christian consecration in Germany; Schleiermacher, who made the transition from mere rationalism to a more spiritual, though at first very heterodox, form of faith and teaching; in later and better years, Nitzsch and Tholuck, Hofacker and Harms, Stier and Krummacher—these and others their successors, of not less mark, pass before the reader's view. We give this volume, as a whole, a warm recommendation, although we regard more than a quarter of it as more worthy of omission than of printing.

New Outlines of Sermons on the Old Testament. By Eminent Preachers. Hitherto unpublished. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

This is the eleventh volume of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's *Clerical Library*. The binding is neat, but the type is not quite bold enough to make a pleasant page. Eighty short sermons are given, with an index to subjects and another to texts, which will facilitate the use of the book. The outlines are brief, simple, clear, and practical.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Very Rev. Dr. SPENCER, Dean of Gloucester, and the Rev. Jos. S. EXELL, M.A. *The Gospel of St. John.* Introduction and Exposition by Rev. Dr. REYNOLDS, President of Cheshunt College, &c.; Homiletics by Rev. Dr. CROSKERY, and others. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1888.

Among the many valuable as well as massive volumes of this remarkable Commentary, the present volume may almost be said to be the most important. We may at any rate say that no introduction to any one of the books of Scripture in this great series has been comparable for the critical importance of its subject, combined with the learning, ability, and thoroughness of the discussion, to that which is here furnished by Dr. Reynolds. His Lectures on John the Baptist are of admirable grasp and learning and completeness. But the fourth

Gospel is the very *enceinte* of the Christian position, the most central and the very nearest to the Divine Saviour of Men, of all the sacred writings. Against this precious book, therefore, unbelief has of necessity directed its most formidable artillery and made its most strenuous efforts. That the assailants have been signally repulsed, that their attack has recoiled upon themselves, we know. But it is of the utmost importance and value to have the evidence of this made complete and convincing, to have the whole controversy from the Christian point of view summed up by a master-hand. This is what is done by Dr. Reynolds in his introduction, which is a work of extraordinary learning and of very great ability, the ripe fruit of many years of reverent but searching and independent study. All students of the New Testament should possess this treasure. The Exposition is of a piece with the Introduction, while the Homiletics combine the light and warmth of several able divines.

The Expositor's Bible. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A.

1. *The Gospel According to St. Mark.* By the Very Rev. G. A. CHADWICK, D.D., Dean of Armagh.
2. *The Book of Genesis.* By MARCUS DODS, D.D. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1887 and 1888.

1. This is a good beginning of the "Expositor's Bible," edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll. Dr. Chadwick's exposition is thoughtful and penetrating, his sentences are sharp and crisp. The style is striking, possibly too much so sometimes. A calmer, more patient-like investigation, might sometimes suit better the thorough student. But the exposition is the result of close thought, even when the steps of thinking are not fully indicated. Often bright, aphoristic sayings occur which are likely to print themselves on the memory of the reader. The expositor would almost seem to resemble his subject in the practical and condensed, yet graphic, style in which he has done his expository work. It is often profound, and not seldom eloquent, but never obscure or verbose. We very heartily recommend it. The writer belongs to no special school either of his Church or in theology. But we can guarantee that he is neither narrowly low, nor superstitiously high, nor laxly broad. He is a very penetrating and impartial expositor.

2. Dr. Dods' reputation as an expositor is well established. His work on *The Parables* has taken its rank among the books of the day. Mr. Nicoll has shown his accustomed sagacity in selecting Dr. Dods for this particular section of the *Expositor's Bible*. The characteristics of sober and orthodox, and yet popular, exposition belong to this interesting and attractive volume, which is just of the right sort to be placed in the hands of intelligent young persons. Occasionally, perhaps, the expositor becomes almost too pointed and

"popular" in his style of illustrative comment. We can hardly go with him, for example, in some of his observations on Lot. He speaks of him as "having no feeling," and adds: "He was the kind of man out of whom wreckers are made, who can with gusto strip gold rings off the fingers of doomed corpses; out of whom are made the villains who can rifle the pockets of their dead comrades on a battle-field, or the politicians who can still ride on the top of the wave that hurls their country on the rocks." This is the sort of thing that we might expect in the *ad captandum* preacher; the sober and learned expositor, however popular, should not indulge in such writing. It is unworthy of Dr. Dods, who is a man of real ability and attainments.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON NICOLL, M.A. Third Series. Vol. V. With Etching of Canon Westcott. Vol. VI. With Etching of Dr. Maclaren. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

This fifth volume of the *Expositor* contains a large number of very valuable papers. The variety of the contents, the freshness and candour of the writing, the distinguished character of the contributors, combine to make this volume one of great interest and value. In Volume VI. the papers are by no means all equally valuable, but taken together they keep the student abreast of the time. There is given, as frontispiece, a portrait of Dr. Maclaren, whose contributions on Philippians and Philemon are among the most valuable papers in the volume. These expository papers alone might serve as a sufficient defence against the shallow criticism with which a sceptical *a priori* philosophy is compelled by its necessities to pretend to challenge the authenticity of those two letters of St. Paul. This monthly journal of exegetical criticism is indispensable for all students of Scripture.

The Second Advent. British Weekly Office.

Canon Fausset, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Guinness, and Dr. Godet argue for the Pre-Millennial Advent; Professor Beet, Principal Edwards, D.D., and Dr. David Brown, the great old master in this subject, take the opposite side. Better champions for each school of teaching could hardly be found. This shilling volume is worth more than its price.

Bible Readings: Selected from the Pentateuch and the Book of Joshua. By the Rev. J. A. CROSS. Second Edition. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

The second edition of this convenient book for Bible-reading schools has been enlarged, and an appendix added of short explanatory notes.

The Homilist: The Expositor, Preacher, and Reviewer. A Magazine for all who are engaged in Preaching, Teaching, or Studying the Word of God. Edited by D. THOMAS D.D., and J. J. S. BIRD, B.A. Vol. LVIII. London: Houlston & Sons. 1887.

There is something to please all ministerial readers in this annual volume of the *Homilist*. Notices of books and jottings on matters of ecclesiastical interest are interwoven with an Homiletic Commentary on St. Peter's Epistles, Notes on the Epistle of St. James, and Brief Homiletic Hints. There are also some careful articles on subjects helpful to preachers. The neatness, clear printing, and careful arrangement of the volume make it a pleasant companion for a quiet hour in the study.

1. *A Homiletical Commentary on the Prophecies of Isaiah.* By R. A. BERTRAM and ALFRED TUCKER. Volume II.
2. *A New Volume of Outlines and Sketches of Sermons.* By Eminent Wesleyan Preachers. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1888.

1. This substantial volume forms part of the *Preacher's Complete Homiletical Commentary on the Old Testament*. Mr. Bertram and his co-worker have already dealt with the first forty chapters of Isaiah. The remainder of the prophecy is so rich in evangelical truth that it furnishes abundant matter for a second volume. The sermons seem to be largely drawn from the works of popular preachers. They are evangelical in tone, clear in style, and happy in the manner of treatment. The book will be useful to many preachers if they refer to it to provoke thought, not to avoid the necessity of thinking. An index of the authors quoted and another of the topics treated add largely to the usefulness of the work.

2. The *Sketches of Sermons* are well chosen, and condensed with great care and sound judgment. The topics have been handled skilfully, and they are topics which are always fresh and forcible. It is a blemish in the book that there is no attempt at arrangement. The sketches seem to have been thrown together haphazard.

The Gospel according to St. Luke. With Introduction, Notes, and Maps. Chapters XIII.-XXIV. By THOMAS M. LINDSAY, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1887.

We noticed the first volume of this pocket commentary in our July number. It is only necessary to add that the explanations of the text in this

second part are crisp, clear, and suggestive—all that could be desired in a handbook for Bible Classes. An elaborate summary of the Life of Christ from the four Gospels, with contemporary political events, and a copious index, make the work complete in itself. It is a thoroughly good little commentary.

The Epistles of St. Paul to the Colossians and Philemon.

By ALEXANDER M'LAREN, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

This is the second volume of the *Expositors' Bible*. Many readers have month by month followed Dr. M'Laren in these admirable expositions, as they appeared in the *Expositor*. They are a treasure for any library of a Christian man.

The Bards of the Bible. By GEO. GILFILLAN. Seventh Edition.

London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1888.

It is nearly forty years since this book first appeared, and in the interval it has delighted the ardent imagination of some thousands of young people, and of children of a larger growth, who have not outgrown their love for the sweetmeats of literature. The exuberantly florid style of the author will always have a charm for a certain class of readers, and his undoubted power of presenting Bible scenes in a pictorial fashion must be held to cover many violation of the laws of a severer taste. Perhaps it was impossible to prune the book of such passages as this, describing St. Paul at Athens:

"Is he not afraid or ashamed to address the overwhelming audience? Shrinks he not from the task? Falters not his tongue? Gathers not his cheek crimson? Ashamed! Shall the archangel be ashamed when he comes forward amid a silent universe to blow the blast that shall call the dead," &c. And without doubt, if all such passages were deleted, there would be little left. But "a verse may find him who a sermon flies," and colours bright, even to garishness, have their uses.

The Scripture Doctrine of the Holy Spirit. By CLEMENT

CLEMANCE, B.A., D.D. London: Snow & Co. 1887.

We have been much attracted by this modest but useful book. The subject is one which is always profitable and always a little in danger of being slighted. Dr. Clemance writes pointedly, Scripturally, and earnestly. His chapter on "The Two Paracletes" is excellent, and a thorough apprehension of its doctrine would dissipate many errors—millenarian and other. We hope and believe this book will be widely useful.

Non-Biblical Systems of Religion. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

This is a very useful popular compendium. Canon Isaac Taylor would have been wiser than he has shown himself to be if he had understood what Sir

William Muir here teaches as to Islam and Christianity. It will be well for the Canon on this subject to become a student of the writings of the Principals of Edinburgh University. The sketches are too slight indeed, averaging only about sixteen pages for each religious system. Nevertheless, they are useful and convenient. Of course we have Canon Rawlinson among the writers—Egypt being the subject of his pen; he, however, is allowed double measure on his vast theme—two papers, The Jewish Faith, Buddhism, the Ancient Religions of Scandinavia (two papers), Positivism, the Canaanitish and the Hellenic Religions are all dealt with. Christianity, as the “one purely moral religion,” being outlined last, in two papers, by the Rev. W. Nicholson, while Archdeacon Farrar, in the first paper, takes up the difficult subject of “Ethnic Inspiration.”

Studies in the Life and Character of St. Peter. By Rev. H. A. BIRKS, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

This is not precisely a volume of sermons, though not improbably its contents have done duty in that capacity. It is a series of very interesting sketches of Bible scenes and comments on Bible narratives, taken from the life of St. Peter. Mr. Birks is evidently a student of the text of Scripture, and has a happy way of bringing out points that have not been previously dwelt upon. He does not allow his homilies to become wearisome, but makes each Scripture-study preach its own sermon. Very good are the chapters on “The name Peter,” on “Peter’s First Easter Day,” and that on “The Identity of Peter’s Character.” We must not omit to say that an introduction contains some sensible and instructive remarks on the way to read the Bible profitably.

Present Day Tracts on Subjects of Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals. Vol. IX. The Religious Tract Society.

The excellent and admirably managed Society which publishes this series of Tracts has laid Christian inquirers under great obligation by this, among many other, contributions to truth and faith. The present volume includes six tracts, xlix. to liv. Principal Cairns writes the first, in which the question is discussed whether it is credible that Christianity could have been derived and evolved from merely natural sources. Sir J. William Dawson, the eminent Christian *savant*, of McGill University, Montreal, writes on “The Day of Rest in relation to the world that now is and that which is to come.” Dr. Murray Mitchell contrasts “Christianity and Ancient Paganism.” Dr. Maclear, whose merits as a Christian apologist are now widely recognized, contributes a suggestive tract on “The Evidential Value of the Lord’s Day” analogous to his argument in the Boyle Lectures (1879) on “The Evidential Value of the Holy Eucharist.” The Rev. W. Lewis writes on “Christian Creation: a Two-Sided Quest.” The Rev. John Kelly writes a very thoughtful and comprehensive “Survey and Forecast,” founded on the “Present Conflict with Unbelief.”

We strongly recommend this series of compendious arguments by first-class men on questions so important and profound.

Daily Strength for Daily Living: Twenty Sermons on Old Testament Themcs. By JOHN CLIFFORD, D.D. London: Marlborough & Co. 1887.

When we noticed the first edition of these sermons we could not profess altogether to admire Dr. Clifford's style. In aiming at what is popularly effective, he occasionally passes the bounds of good taste, and is apt to forget the reverence due to the authority of Scripture. Why should a minister indulge in such language as "God was the first Socialist?" Again, the author heaps up quotations gathered from the most miscellaneous sources, and uses them often with little discrimination. His exposition is sometimes doubtful. We dwelt at some length in our earlier notice on what he calls "Abraham's mistake" in offering Isaac, but we are still of opinion that the mistake is on the part of the expositor, and are not convinced by the arguments given in the appendix. Notwithstanding these necessary criticisms, the sermons are full of power, of living interest; and they must, we should judge, have been very impressive in delivery. That on "Social Purity" is an admirable sermon to young men, and the first sermon in the volume, as well as others, is full of instruction and comfort to Christians. We have noticed an unusual number of awkward printers' errors, which ought not to have been left in a "second edition."

Gospel Ethnology. By S. R. PATTISON. London: Religious Tract Society. 1888.

The writer of this book has set himself to show that the reception of the Gospel among all races of mankind is proof of its divinity. This fruitful idea is well worked out. After three introductory chapters on the physical and spiritual unity of man and on the science of ethnology, the acceptance of the Gospel by black, yellow, brown, and white races is illustrated by quotations from the note-books of missionaries in every age and clime. A brief conclusion and summary of the argument close the volume. It is unnecessary to add that it abounds in missionary facts and incidents, which are concisely put. It is also enriched by many pictures of the different races. Some of these are very effective. The full-page illustration of a Bedouin Arab and Egyptian Fellah is a striking success.

A New Rendering of the Hebrew Psalms into English Verse. By A. COLES, M.D., LL.D. New York: Appleton & Co.

This volume has probably been a labour of love. It is neatly got up, and an introduction, carefully prepared, contains useful information concerning the

Psalter, compiled from various sources. We cannot honestly say, however, that we find the "new rendering" of the Psalms successful. Dr. Coles attempted a difficult task, in which to fail is no disgrace. But his version is prosaic without being terse or quaint, bald where it attempts to be literal, and too regardless of accuracy almost everywhere. For the author's sake we will not quote the extracts we had marked, but regret that he apparently has had so inadequate a sense of the elementary conditions of success in an undoubtedly difficult undertaking.

The Philosophy of the New Birth. By J. E. BRIGG, Vicar of Hepworth, Huddersfield. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1887.

The nature, subjects, agent, necessity, mode of attainment, antecedents and concomitants, effects, and high privilege of the New Birth are expounded in as many chapters. The exposition is marked by close fidelity to Scripture and much good sense, though we question the aptness of the term "philosophy" in the title. The subject was suggested to the author by Professor Drummond's book, and one feature of the exposition is the frequent reference to analogies in the natural world. The illustrations of the oak, insect, chicken and infant recur in nearly every chapter. Still these illustrations scarcely justify the term referred to. The strongest part of the book, however, is the clear, consecutive exposition of the important subject, accompanied by many apt quotations from Scripture as well as from Wesley, Bushnell, Jukes, Hopkins, Ryle and others. If there is nothing new or very striking, there is much that is instructive and edifying.

The Kingdom of God. By F. J. B. HOOPER, B.A., Rector of Upton Warren. London: Elliot Stock. 1887.

A pamphlet on the nature of Christ's Kingdom, and the reasons why Christ's promises regarding His coming are not fulfilled. It contains a thoughtful examination of Scripture declarations on this subject.

Christian Ministry to the Young. By S. G. GREEN, D.D. London: Religious Tract Society.

An admirable little book on a topic which needed systematic handling. The substance of the book was originally delivered in a series of lectures to the students of Regent's Park College, and the lectures well deserved reprinting. They deal with Christian childhood generally, religious services for the young, preaching to children and catechetical instruction; and on all these subjects the advice given is sound, practical, and most useful. We heartily recommend young ministers to study it instead of buying the last volume of religious anecdotes to garnish their addresses to children.

Everyday Christian Life; or, Sermons by the Way. By ARCH-DEACON FARRAR. London: Isbister. 1887.

This is a volume of sermons delivered by the eloquent and pious author in the ordinary course of his ministry. Perhaps in his ordinary ministry Dr. Farrar is at his best. We heartily recommend these earnest, practical, faithful, and unaffectedly eloquent discourses. The brief preface is in its way a gem.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVEL.

The Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN. Vol. XIII., Craik—Damer. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1888.

THIS is a very interesting volume. Of Cranmer's seven successive recantations Mr. James Gairdner says: "Protestants and Roman Catholics alike have censured them as acts of insincerity prompted by the hope that they would buy his pardon. They may, however, have proceeded from real perplexity of mind. Royal supremacy over the Church had been Cranmer's fundamental doctrine; but, if royalty chose again to acknowledge the Pope's authority, what became of the very basis of the Reformation?" Matters were still more complicated by his having written against transubstantiation; but what cut him off from pardon was that, "owing to his abuse of his archiepiscopal functions the Queen had been actually declared a bastard and all but cut off from the succession." Mr. Gairdner notes the strange fact that "in his last hours"—indeed all through his imprisonment—"we hear but little of his wife and family." We must remember he had been tried for high treason along with Lord Guildford Dudley on account of his adhesion to Lady Jane Grey's cause; but, though convicted, he had been specially pardoned by the Queen. Mr. Gairdner's comment on his share in this bad business is a very good summary of Cranmer's character: "No doubt he upheld Lady Jane's cause 'without dissimulation' as long as it was tenable." The editor, who has hitherto written the lives of most of the poets, handed Crashaw over to Mr. S. L. Lee. Mr. Lee speaks of Crashaw's "metrical effects as often magnificent, though very unequal." Mr. Swinburne talks of the poet's "dazzling intricacy and affluence in refinements, the supple and cunning implications, the choiceness and subtlety." Coleridge complains that he gives "the first ebullience of his imagination unshapen into form"; but Coleridge when he wrote that must, says Mr. Lee, have overlooked "the sweetness and artistry" in "*Wishes to his Supposed Mistress*," included in Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. Mr. L. Stephen,

however, contributes the life of Mrs. Cross (George Eliot), whose sex, it seems, was divined by Dickens from the first publication of *Scenes of Clerical Life*. Of the Lewes affair Mr. Stephen says: "Lewes's home had been broken up for two years; and Marian Evans always regarded the connection as a marriage though without the legal sanction," and was "astonished how any unworldly unsuperstitious person could regard it as immoral." Long before she knew Mr. Lewes she had strongly objected to the indelibility of the marriage tie. Involving social isolation, the relation placed her in a false position, "enforcing a painful self-consciousness which is traceable in many passages of her writings." The prices she got for some of her works were large. She was paid £10,000 for the copyright of *Romola*, and accepted £7000 for its appearance in the *Cornhill*. Most readers will endorse Mr. Stephen's criticism that, "though it represents her reflective powers at their ripest, it is another question whether any labour could make the reproduction of literary studies equal to her previous reproductions of personal experience." *Romola*, as Mr. Cross, whom she married in 1880, says, "ploughed into her more than any of her other works. She began it a young woman; she finished it an old woman." But Mr. Stephen is surely too hard when he says, "the personages are scarcely alive, except Tito Melema," and why he calls Tito "one of her finest feminine characters" is a mystery. Among Mr. J. M. Rigg's contributions is Michael Dalton, legist, author of *The Country Justice*; and Croxton, a colonel in the Parliamentary army, who held out in Chester Castle against Sir G. Booth till relieved by Lambert, prefacing his defence with the words: "As perfidiousness in me is detestable, and as the Castle that I keep for the Parliament is disputable, if ye will have it ye must fight for it, for the best blood that runs in my veins in defence thereof shall be as sluices to fill up the Castle trenches." It is well that two Dallases, Sir George and Sir Robert, fell to the same writer, Mr. G. F. Russell Barker. The latter of the two was counsel for Warren Hastings, and composed the stinging epigram, usually attributed to Law:—

"Oft have I wondered why on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile ever yet was found;
Reveal'd the secret stands of Nature's work,
She saved her venom to create a Burke."

Robert Dallas was also on the commission for trying the Luddites at Derby, and summed up strongly against them, as he did against the Cato Street conspirators three years after, in 1820. It was in his chambers that the point about Lord-Lieutenants' knights was settled. In spite of the Union the Viceroy's knights were held to be "knights throughout the world." The two Cromes are by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. "Old Crome" began life as an errand boy to Dr. Rigby, a Norwich physician, father of the present Lady Eastlake, and is said to have first brought into Norwich the art of "graining." "Young Crome" was unequal; of his best pictures it may be said they are so like his father's as to be scarcely distinguishable from them. A less-known Crome, fellow of Gonville Hall, Cambridge, and friend of Archbishop Cranmer, was always preaching

against the Mass and Purgatory, and then explaining away his views. This he did with such success that, though tried along with Hooper, Rogers and others, who were martyred, he died rector of St. Mary Aldermary. Among the Dalys, we are glad to find not only Sir Dominick, the genial, sagacious, and strictly impartial governor of South Australia, but also the earlier Dominic, founder in 1630 of the Irish College at Lisbon, which so progressed that in 1644, Portugal in the meanwhile having gained her independence, it was made a "Studium Generale" (University with the privilege of granting degrees). This very interesting life, which takes us behind the scenes in the troubled times of the Parliamentary war in Ireland, is by Mr. J. T. Gilbert, F.S.A. Mr. C. H. Firth had a congenial task in the life of Oliver Cromwell, which occupies nearly thirty pages. It is so full that even the student need read no other; and Mr. Firth has gone to all the newest authorities—among them the "Squire Papers," for a discussion on the authenticity of which he refers us to the *English Historical Review* for 1886. Mr. Firth gives his own estimate of the Protector's general character. He quotes Baxter—"Cromwell meant honestly in the main, and was pious and conscionable in the main course of his life, till prosperity and success corrupted him. . . . His temptations conquered him when he had conquered others"—and then corrects this hard judgment with, "he was honest and conscientious throughout, for his general religious zeal was identical with the ambition to which Baxter says it gave way." The following conversation throws light on many of his high-handed proceedings: "'Tis against the voice of the nation" said Calamy, of the enforcement of taxes not imposed by Parliament, "there will be nine in ten against you." "Very well," replied Cromwell, "but what if I should disarm the nine, and put a sword in the tenth man's hand? Would not that do the business?" Lilburn and his fellow democrats hated Cromwell even more thoroughly than the Royalists did. Their testimony was: "You shall scarce speak to him about anything but he will lay his hand on his breast, elevate his eyes, and call God to record. He will weep, howl, and repent, even while he doth smite you under the fifth rib." Cromwell's conduct in Ireland Mr. Firth thus summarizes: "Relentless though he was, he abhorred the indiscriminating barbarities practised by so many English commanders." Mr. J. A. Hamilton contributes a good life of Curran—"so ugly that he looked like the devil with his tail cut off." But Mr. Firth's is the *pièce de résistance* of an exceptionally interesting volume.

A Short History of the Irish People, down to the date of the Plantation of Ulster. By the late A. G. RICHEY, Q.C., Deputy Regius Professor of Law in Dublin University. Edited, with Notes, by R. R. KANE, LL.D. Dublin: Hodges & Figgis. London: Longmans. 1887.

The fact that this book is almost a reprint of Dr. Richey's lectures at the Alexandra College, Dublin, at once places it out of the pale of partisan-

ship. The reviewers, too, have been unanimous in praising its impartiality. The encomiums of the *Saturday Review* and of the *St. James' Gazette* prove that it is free from any suspicion of *United Ireland-ism*; at the same time there is no attempt to under-rate the wretched effects of that mismanagement, culminating in Elizabeth's disastrous Machiavelism, which Mr. Lecky (*History of England in the Eighteenth Century*) aptly compared to a spear-head rankling in an unhealed wound. Fortunately Dr. Richey leaves off before the questions which now make up "the Irish difficulty" become "burning"; but, as nations have long memories, and chronic evils are not soon got rid of, he is quite right in attributing to the way in which Ulster was "planted" much of Ireland's subsequent misery. Of Elizabeth's Presidents he says: "The history of each is merely a monotonous recital of petty battles, sieges, and executions, by which not a step was gained towards the settlement and civilization of the country. All local authorities which might have assisted, and would have been interested in assisting, in good government, were ignored and destroyed, and the whole population insulted and exasperated to the utmost" (p. 516). Even the elder Earl of Essex, "who, in the English phase of his life, appears as a Christian and gentleman, was guilty of extreme atrocities (among them the treacherous murder of the O'Neills at a banquet), and stopped short at no amount of devastation and slaughter, his dealings with the native chiefs being almost a counterpart of those of the Spaniards with the Mexican caciques." Yet he hastens to redress the balance: "Irish writers naturally misrepresent Essex. He was a pure-minded chivalrous Christian after the fashion of his day. The killing on the Bann and the massacre of Raghlin did not lie heavy on his soul. His death in Dublin, in 1576, was as remarkable and noble as that of Sir Philip Sidney" (p. 522). A man who writes thus substantiates the claim laid down in his introduction, that "*the honest study of Irish history does not excite political animosity*, but leads to the very opposite result—to a sympathy with all parties, and a comprehension of their prejudices, their difficulties, and their errors. It is the half-knowledge of history which enables political intriguers of both parties and creeds to influence by garbled accounts the passions of their dupes." Of Henry VIII. Dr. Richey writes with thorough fairness:—"We must not hastily condemn his policy, contrasting it with an ideal or impossible mode of government. It must be compared with Henry VII.'s *laissez faire* policy, with Elizabeth's frightful wars, and James I.'s plantation." Henry VIII., he thinks, honestly desired to do justice to all. James's much-lauded "Plantation" he unreservedly condemns. It was as needless as it was cruel. "Had Tyrone, instead of being harassed and insulted by English bishops and garrisons, been frankly and loyally dealt with, we might have an Ulster as thriving and cultivated as the present, but inhabited by the descendants of its original possessors; the rising of 1641, and all its consequences, might have been spared, the miserable results of which form the staple of our subsequent history" (pp. 598, 600). Dr. Richey, adopting Mr. Green's method as well as his title, has a very interesting chapter on the physical

geography of Ireland, which has so greatly influenced its social and political history. This is followed by one on the Irish race, in which ("since I am speaking to an Irish audience") he freely quotes Mommsen's strictures on the Celtic character. At the same time he insists on the predominance of the fine-featured "Iberian" (i.e., pre-Celtic, possibly Basque) element in Ireland, and remarks that the prognathous and macrognathous type, which English caricaturists give as Irish, are "not common there, though very common in the lower type of Scotch face;" it is mostly found in Ulster—is, in fact, "Scotic," as opposed to primitive Irish (p. 27). Those who want a thoroughly impartial and very readable history of Ireland down to 1610 should study Dr. Richey.

1. *Personal Remembrances of Sir F. Pollock, Second Baronet, sometime Queen's Remembrancer.* Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co.
2. *Richard F. Burton, K.C.M.G.; his Early Private and Public Life.* By FRANCIS HITCHMAN, Author of *Lord Beaconsfield's Public Life*. Two vols. London: Sampson Low & Co.
3. *Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia, including a Residence among the Bakhtiyari and other Wild Tribes, before the Discovery of Nineveh.* By Sir H. LAYARD, G.C.B. Two vols. London: Murray.

This season has brought an abundant crop of biographies, all worth reading. Mr. Frith's *Reminiscences*, noticed in our last, was rich in racy anecdotes; and much in the same style is Sir E. Pollock's book. He was a member of that very select body, the Cambridge Conversazione Society, alias the Apostles, to which belonged Spring Rice, Helps, Maurice, Sterling, J. M. Kemble, Tennyson, Arthur Hallam, &c. The Apostles, however, had not very much helpfulness for others. A young Scot, son of an Edinburgh minister, was for a short time among them. His means were so small that his getting slightly into debt was unavoidable. Some of the twelve arranged to pay his debts; but, as there was no future prospect, he had to leave Cambridge. Very differently Tavel, tutor when Pollock's father was up, had behaved. "You can't pay your college bills at once; well, don't be uneasy; pay when you can." And thus Pollock *père* was enabled to stay up and become Senior Wrangler and Fellow of Trinity. Like Mr Frith, Sir Frederick didn't care for Thackeray, whose egotism he contrasts with Dickens's remarkable freedom from that failing. Of Lord Nugent he has several good stories. His lordship seems to have made quite an income by bets. Once, when in company with Campbell, he said he knew a heroic couplet wholly composed of words of one syllable, and quoted:—

"By that dread name we wave the sword on high,
And swear for her to live, for her to die."

"I don't believe in the lines," said Campbell; "where do they come from?" "From your 'Pleasures of Hope.'" "How do you know that?" "I know it all by heart." "I'll bet you a guinea you can't repeat it," said Campbell. "Done," replied Nugent. After a little while Campbell got tired, and said: "I give it up. I see you know it. Don't go any further." "I will win my bet fairly," replied the peer, "and must go on unless you double the bet," whereupon Campbell pulled out his purse and paid two guineas rather than hear it all out. One of Lord Nugent's bets he won wrongly. He had asserted that Shakespeare nowhere showed any fondness for dogs, and Sir H. Holland, not being able to quote any passage, paid his guinea. As Sir F. Pollock remarks, Theseus's description in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* could not have been written by a man who did not care for dogs; and besides, there is Launce's dog. Clifford's apologue of the Trilobites came in in his Declamation at Trinity. "They lived in the dimness of an ancient ocean. One, more enterprising than the rest, got to the surface, saw the sun, and reported it as their source of light. He was at once put to death as an innovating heretic. Afterwards another went up, and, seeing the moon, announced it as a second source of light. Meanwhile the belief in the sun had first been tolerated and then had become orthodox; but this moon novelty was not to be endured, and the new discoverer was put to death. But now a trilobite is thought very ignorant who does not believe in both." One would like to know the name of the British Consul at Porto Rico, who, speaking of the Chinese coolies, wrote: "They are worked hard, but not treated like slaves; and, if ill-used, they have the redress in their own hands by cutting their own throats."

Very different are Sir R. Burton's and Sir H. Layard's lives. They are not collections of anecdotes, but records of travel in countries seldom or never visited by Europeans. Burton's story reads like one long disappointment; generally through some misunderstanding with his chief, he never got what he wanted; and was, after much hardship, and many geographical discoveries, and a translation of the *Arabian Nights* which is a life's work in itself, shunted to the poorest and most unhealthy Consulate in Europe. It cannot be denied, however, that there was a painful flaw in this accomplished man's character, and that there were circumstances in his life which go far towards explaining his want of success or favour. Layard's start in life is a remarkable instance of the importance of seeming trifles. Destined for Ceylon when quite a youth, he was persuaded by a young friend, Ledwich Mitford, who was going the same journey and who had a great dread of the sea, to go strictly overland. The Geographical Society commissioned him to explore *en route* Seistan, with Lake Furrâh and the Valley of the Helmund, and he got no farther. Life among the Bakhtiyari tribe is admirably described; and at every page we are impressed with the energy and wealth of resource displayed by the young traveller. The most sensational part of the book, however, is the horrible tyranny of the Matamet,

or governor, sent out by the Shah to punish those tribes. Their chief could not be made to disbelieve that Layard's mission was in some way political—we were on the eve of a war with the Persians, and by-and-by took from them an island in the Gulf; but the highland tribes we, of course, left to their fate, though a very little diplomacy would have saved them. The devilish ingenuity of the Matamet's punishments exceeds belief. He was fond of planting men heads downwards in the ground, leaving their legs sticking out above the surface. For a change he would build human towers, laying his victims like balks of timber, each row at right angles to the other. Surely, in making peace, the condign punishment of such a monster might have been insisted on.

Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century. From the MSS. of JOHN RAMSAY, Esq., of Ochertyre. Edited by ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE, Author of *Life of Admiral Lord Keith*, &c. Two Vols. London: Blackwoods. 1888.

For an antiquarian student of history, these goodly volumes will be full of interest, especially if he be a Scotchman. Ramsay, of Ochertyre, was a Scottish gentleman of good estate, and an advocate. He is said to have furnished some hints to Sir Walter for his character of Jonathan Oldback, in the *Antiquary*. His learning and scholarly cultivation inform and colour these volumes throughout. He has also the genuine Scotch lawyer's love for a good story. He was born in 1736, and died in 1815, having never married. His connections gave him the *entrée* to the best Scotch society. His mother was a Dundas, and a niece of Bishop Burnet. His wife's sister was married to "Abercromby of Tullibody," and became the mother of Sir George Abercromby. His politics were those of a firm, but tolerant Whig. In Church matters he was a Presbyterian of the "Moderate" complexion. He is a careful, able, and, so far as we can judge, a very well-informed chronicler of Scotch social and domestic history during the period with which he deals. He evidently plumes himself—though this inference is founded only on unconscious hints and implications—on his accurate English style. Certainly the absence of Scotticisms in these volumes written by a Scotch country gentleman, who but seldom visited England, is somewhat remarkable. He left behind him extensive MSS.—three vols. on the Language, Literature, and Biography of Scotland; two vols. on the Religion and Church Polity of his country; one on Government, Clanship, and Law; three vols. on Prospects of Private Life; and one of Tracts, on Forestry, Female Education, Superstitions, &c. The two volumes before us consist of matter selected from several of these volumes. They form a coherent and generally consecutive account. The editor seems to have done his work well. The principal subjects included are—the Revival of Letters in Scotland, the Judges, Lord Kames, Church and Universities before 1745, Men of Genius and Taste from 1745 to 1763, Professors and

Clergymen 1745-1760, the Church and the Secession, the Scottish Gentry, Some Scottish Ladies, Agriculture, Some Scottish Worthies—these are nearly all eminent lawyers, *i.e.*, judges or advocates; Experiences of a Landlord, the Highlanders, Highland Superstitions, the Highlands, and the Rebellions. These volumes might well form a part of the historical section of every English gentleman's library. The memoirs of the great lawyers are very racy. To an Englishman hardly less than to a Scotchman, the light cast in these volumes on the habits and manners of the Scottish middle and professional classes in the last century makes them full of interest and instruction. The *raconteur* may find many a "plum" in them for the entertainment of his friends. The grave student will prize them for their serious historical value.

Three Friends of God: Records from the Lives of John Tauler, Nicholas of Basle, and Henry Suso. By FRANCES BEVAN.
London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1887.

This beautiful piece of work has evidently been a labour of love. Mrs. Bevan's volume lacks definiteness in arrangement. It would have been better if the three sketches had formed three separate parts, with an historical sketch preceding each. But having made this criticism, which, as we shall see, Mrs. Bevan herself anticipates and somewhat guards against, we may express our gratitude for these interesting sketches of the three "brethren" and their teaching. They belonged to the widely scattered and much persecuted Lollards, or Boni Homines. The book is based on Dr. Carl Schmidt's histories of Tauler and Nicholas of Basle, with Dr. Keller's work on "The Reformation and the Older Reforming Bodies." Mrs. Bevan's aim has been rather to record "the light and teaching vouchsafed by the Lord to His servants," than to furnish "a complete biography of either of them." The sixty short chapters abound with interesting details of the manner in which these "Friends of God" struggled into the light, and not less interesting summaries of the truths to which they bore witness amid the darkness of the Middle Ages. The teaching is carefully contrasted with that of Thomas à Kempis. "That life in God, and walk with God, which is spoken of by the author of the 'Imitation of Christ,' as an attainment won by mortifications and effort, is spoken of by Tauler and by other 'Friends of God,' as an unmerited gift of grace, never to be attained by penances and mortifications, but, on the contrary, making such efforts to cease and to be cast aside, as the work of man which hinders the work of God, Who alone worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure." The "Friends of God" were not troubled like the Reformers of the sixteenth century by the error and ignorance of the Church; it was the fact that Christ was loved so little, and "that so few were found who dwelt in His secret place, and learnt the lesson as the Master [Tauler] had said of the Father's heart."

Whoever feels drawn to the study of these old saints of God will prize this book. Their sermons are not yet out of date.

Correspondencies of Faith and Views of Madame Guyon: being a Devout Study of the Unifying Power and Place of Faith in the Theology and Church of the Future. By the Rev. HENRY T. CHEEVER. London: Elliot Stock. 1887.

The somewhat ambiguous and heterogeneous title needs explanation. The phrase "Correspondencies of Faith," points to the bond of union formed by experimental faith between Christians of the most diverse creeds and communities, and this is the chief theme of the work. "The Unifying Power and Place of Faith" has the same meaning; but why this effect should be limited to "the future," we utterly fail to see. The theme is illustrated first by a review and summary of two works—namely, the "Life of William Carvoso," and "Windings of the River of the Water of Life," by Dr. G. B. Cheever. To judge from the extracts given, the latter must be an excellent book. In the second part we have a longer account of Professor Upham's valuable life of Madame Guyon, pointing out again similarities between her teaching and Protestant writers such as Dr. Cheever. Part Three is a briefer review of Professor Upham's "Life of Faith." The subject is interesting, and it is treated in excellent spirit and with an excellent aim. Numerous "correspondencies" between the author of the "Windings" and Madame Guyon are given in parallel columns. The author pleads earnestly for a larger share of the edifying element in pulpit teaching: "Ministers in America are good for bringing sinners to Christ, for clearing the way of obstructions to the atoning Saviour, and urging repentance, submission, and justifying faith; none perhaps, are better. But there we too commonly leave the Church, or Christians once housed in it." We are sorry that a useful book is to some extent spoilt by awkwardness of style and redundant metaphor. The first sentence of the Preface runs, "This work is the contribution of a rill to the copious literature of Faith; and it is now turned into the broad current of popular religious reading for what only it is worth." Again, "Must we not then quickly leave the management of these precious barks of immortality to infinite wisdom and love, navigating by faith alone, and ever singing as we glide or dash along by quicksands and breakers,

"A thousand deaths I daily 'scape,
I pass by many a pit;
I sail by many dreadful rocks
Where others have been split."

We should be sorry to sing any such rubbish.

Eminent Workers: Some Distinguished Workers for Christ. By the Rev. A. W. MURRAY. Author of *Missions in Western Polynesia*, &c. &c. London: Nisbet & Co. 1887.

Here are brief biographies, from a good and practised pen, of David Brainerd, Samuel Pearce, Henry Martin, Edward Payson, R. M. McCheyne, Richard Knill, Fidelia Fiske, all well-known as eminent and exemplary Christians, "burning and shining lights," and of a converted chief of one of the Loyalty Islands, in the South Pacific. Need we say more?

The Life of William Barnes, Poet and Philologist. By his Daughter, LUCY BAXTER ("Leader Scott"), Hon. Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Florence; Author of *A Nook in the Appennines*, &c. London: Macmillan & Co. 1887.

The story of the Dorset vernacular poet, who died in 1886 at the age of 85, is very charming—perfect in itself, from first to last—an idyll of fact, which reads like the matter of a poem, a poem racy of Dorset life, and nothing else, from first to last, except where the byplay of philological study, itself the outgrowth of Dorset vernacular enthusiasm, comes in. William Barnes has been compared to Burns, and in one respect there is a close resemblance. His power of so using a local dialect as to bring out for the service of poetry in the song or ballad form all its points of melody and of tender or pathetic association, so that for the homely native of the locality no language could be so essentially poetic, none so sweet and harmonious, none so touching or suggestive, resembles closely that of Burns, and is not inferior within its range. But then the range is much more limited; the exuberant humour, the fun and rollick, and the pæan-notes, all of which enter so largely into the song-writing of the versatile Scotch poet, are absent from those of William Barnes, who, however, has a gentle and sly humour of his own. It need not be said that of anything like the coarseness of Burns there is no taint in the verses of Barnes. Mrs. Baxter's volume is, we think, rather overgrown; and, in particular, there is too much philological litter about it. Mr. Barnes, no doubt, thought as much, or nearly so, of his philology as of his poetry; but that is hardly a good reason why even his daughter should in the biography make much of what was, on the whole, ineffectual occupation on her father's part. Nevertheless, as we have said, this is a charming biography of a most interesting and original character. There is nothing at all like it in the world. The aroma of the life, as of the poems, is Hymettian—fragrant of rare and pure, though simple, country perfume—redolent of the field, the heath, the wood, the cottage-home and garden.

Travels in Bengal: Calcutta to Independent Tipperuh. By

SAMBHU C. MOOKESJEE. Calcutta. 1887.

This is a capital specimen of the writing of a cultivated Bengali. The style is almost always that of a cultivated and practised English writer—the peculiarities of Hindu euphuism very rarely and but slightly making their appearance. For many years the author has been the *doyen* of the native press in Bengal. It is a pleasing and an interesting volume, a very remarkable production for one who has never left his own land. We regret that our space does not allow us to give any specimens of the easy and polished style of this accomplished and cosmopolitan Brahman. British rule in India stands accredited to the nations by such a result as this volume.

Insulinde: Experiences of a Naturalist's Wife in the Eastern Archipelago. By ANNA FORBES. London: Blackwood & Sons.

This is a delightful book. Mrs. Forbes is careful to assure us that she is not a naturalist; but her interest in her husband's pursuits led her to confront discomforts and perils, while her energy and womanly resource enabled her to overcome them in a way to which few readers will grudge the epithet heroic. How she lived through those weeks of fever in Portuguese Timor—utterly lonely (her husband had gone specimen hunting), just managing to save her life by making broth of a pet chicken, yet very near death's door when, at last, the people at Dilly noticed her absence, and sent to look after her—is simply but forcibly told. We do not envy her husband's feelings when he returned from his expedition into the interior. The kindness with which she was nursed by the Da França family, and treated by the Portuguese generally, was in marked contrast with the churlishness of the Dutch Resident at Amboina, who, in spite of their excellent introductions, declined to help Mr. Forbes's work in any way or even to offer him and his wife shelter for the night. "There is no hotel in Amboina"; and they would have had to leave by the steamer which brought them but for the kindness of the Captain of the Chinese, who welcomed them cordially, and offered them the use of a newly built house. When he said: "Take house one monce, two monce, three monce," Mrs. Forbes fairly broke down. Instead of thanking him, she burst into tears. "A gentle voice close to me, conveying in its tones a world of sympathy, said: 'You got fazed? you got mozer? you got home?' The good old gentleman knew I was homesick. I must ever feel kindly towards his race for his sake." And so will her readers. Mrs. Forbes breaks new ground. European ladies are rare in most of the islands that she visited; but she was "the first white female who set foot in a New Guinea village." Here the kindness of the Rajah's wife, who took her (in her excitement dragged her) to her dwelling, was as great in its way as that of the old Chinaman. No wonder Mrs. Forbes

is sad when she thinks that this genial simplicity will soon pass away. As she says of the Tenimber women: "Manchester looms will weave their *sarongs*; and after visitors will not be able to see matrons, maidens, and the tiniest girls who can hold a twister, busied in every spare moment, as they loiter by the doorway or trudge along with their burden, spinning thread for their excellent and durable petticoat." But for the faith, that when the old order changes, God fulfils Himself in many ways, such changes from palm-leaf cloth to "grey shirting" would be deplorable. Mrs. Forbes's book deserves a much longer notice than we can give; we heartily recommend it to all who like a fresh well-written book of travel.

History of the Church. By GEORGE PARK FISHER, D.D., LL.D.,
Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale University.
With Maps. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

A history of the Church in one volume—a massive and closely printed volume, it is true—but still one volume! We should not have thought any valuable history, the product of real research and individual study, could have been packed within the compass; but in this volume the feat has been accomplished. It is a carefully thought out, an independent, a fair, and catholic-spirited work, in which the vast and voluminous history of the Church is admirably condensed. To the student of limited means it will be a precious boon, and will serve as an excellent introduction to later and larger studies in the great masters of Church History. The style is clear, vigorous, and very readable. To the Early Ages, the Middle Ages, the history of Continental Christianity in connection with and since the Reformation, to Germany especially, to America, and to England, equal justice is done in proportion to the space available. It is, of course, a Protestant work. But the question of the Papacy is dealt with sufficiently, and by no means in a bigoted spirit. Much attention also is given to the Gallican phase of Roman Catholicism in France. This, in short, is a real good book—a true *multum in parvo*.

History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster. By
the late E. BAINES, Esq. A Revised and Enlarged Edition.
Edited by JAMES CROSTON, F.S.A., Vice-President of the
Record Society. Vol. I. Manchester: John Heywood.
1888.

County histories are part of the groundwork of general history, and have therefore a great general value, as well as a special local value. Amongst such histories Baines's history of Lancashire has always held a high place. Mr. Croston, already known as a county historian, and as a student of original historical sources, has undertaken to revise and enlarge, making it correct "to date." The first volume lies before us. It is a mine of valuable historical

lore, and the hand of the editor in completing and correcting Baines's text by the most recent knowledge relating to the history and social condition of the county at all periods is traceable everywhere. It is enriched with excellent maps and illustrations, and with nine valuable appendices.

Short History of the English People. By JOHN RICHARD GREEN
New Edition. Thoroughly Revised. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

In this edition some dates are corrected, and a few other minor errors. Also the style and statements are here and there somewhat abated or chastened and some additions have been made. In doing this delicate work the accomplished widow of the author has acted strictly according to the directions or suggestions of her husband, and has, besides, had the help of her husband's gifted friends, such as Bishop Stubbs, Mr. Lecky, and Professor Gardiner. The history, valuable as it was before, is materially improved by the changes and additions made in this edition.

BELLES LETTRES.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

L'Art: Simples Entretiens à l'Usage de la Jeunesse. Par ÉLIE
PÉCAUT et CHARLES BAUDE. Paris: Larousse.

THIS is a notable little handbook. The illustrations are good and (rare in such works) for the most part new, and the French is crisp and idiomatic; but what leads us to give it a hearty recommendation is that at the end of each chapter are four or five (not more) questions and answers. This style, the time-honoured catechetical, is at far too great a discount among us. There is nothing like it for impressing on the young the scope and meaning of what they are else quite likely to read listlessly and unprofitably. Mangnall and Dr. Black and Pinnock and Dr. Brewer are laughed at by the specialists of to-day; but one who had thoroughly mastered Mangnall's questions had an intellectual armoury ready to hand which many of those who are brought up on our improved system might well envy (see Miss Sewell on this subject in the *February Nineteenth Century*). The questions in *L'Art* may sometimes seem a little pedantic, but we must remember that in France the standard of style is different from ours; what with us would be bombast is with them good sound

prose, and naturally, therefore, what would be stilted and artificial for an English child is natural for a French one. Besides, after all, a boy or girl cannot be taught too soon to recognize the difference between Greek art, whose horizontal lines fix us to the earth, and Gothic, of which the characteristic is "the spire whose silent finger points to heaven." MM. Pécaut and Baude write for "the masses," for what in France answer to our Board schools. They quote W. Norris (who is he?), "I don't want art for the few any more than I want education or liberty for the few;" and they believe that "the future of freedom depends on our success in reconciling the conditions of brevity and simplicity, needful for primary instruction, with those of the highest culture. The people, as well as the classes, ought to have their *humanities*." But, whether we agree with this sentiment or not, we shall find in *L'Art* a thoroughly practical and suggestive book, whether for home-teaching or for class work in schools.

Joshua Reynolds. Par ERNEST CHESNEAU. Paris: J. Rouam.
London: Gilbert Wood & Co.

This is one of that admirable series of biographico-critical stenographs on great artists of various epochs and countries, issued under the general title of *Les Artistes Célèbres* by the enterprising publisher of *L'Art*—the monthly journal. When we say that the present volume is worthy to rank with its predecessors we already pass upon it no mean eulogy. M. Ernest Chesneau exhibits ample knowledge of his subject, and a real faculty of appreciative and discriminating criticism. We are glad to see that he has a good word to say for Hudson, Reynolds's early master. "If it is true," he remarks, "that the pupil far outwent the master, it is no less true that he retained during long years the impress of his teaching." He appreciates both the unique strength and the essential limits of Reynolds, his wonderful sense of form and colour, his great intelligence and his want of the highest ideal faculty, his exquisite sensibility to the beauty of the human face and form, his comparative insensibility to the beauty of Nature. We need hardly say that the book is admirably written, and that the eighteen engravings by which it is illustrated are worthy of it.

The New Year's number of *L'Art* contains a study by M. Adolphe Badin of Gustave Guillaumet, the celebrated painter of Algerian life and landscape, which is concluded in the first February issue. The text is interspersed with plates from his sketches, which give lively pictures of the Arab *chez lui*. This issue also continues M. Emile Molinier's interesting study of Venetian *fresco*, splendidly illustrated. M. A. Venture contributes to the second February issue the first of a series of articles on Francesco del Cossa, of Ferrara, a painter well worthy of careful study, both for his intrinsic merits and because of the peculiar position which he occupies in the history of Italian art, exhibiting, as he does, in the most striking way the imperfect conquest of an intensely realistic nature by the spirit of the Renaissance. This comes out

with remarkable clearness in the fragment of the "Triumph of Venus," and the picture of the Annunciation, of which admirable plates are given.

Four Ghost Stories. By MRS. MOLESWORTH. London : Macmillan & Co. 1888.

The first of these stories is called in its sub-title *A True Ghost Story*. Sometimes, we believe, writers think themselves at liberty to call a pure fiction "a true story," as if this were only putting the last lawful touch to the literary composition of the story. We confess that we do not think this is defensible, when gravely and in a matter-of-fact way it is said that the tale is a true story. It is not said in so many words that the other three stories are true; but the second one, called *Unexplained*, is left, it seems to us, almost too obscure and unfinished to have been a matter of invention—though, to be sure, that might itself be a fine subtlety of invention on the author's part. On the whole, we incline to think that Mrs. Molesworth, who dedicates this volume to her nieces, "Lilian and Georgina," may have been fortunate enough, though such good fortune we suppose to be rare, to have become acquainted with four ghost stories on the testimony of persons whose competency and credibility she could not doubt. If they are invented stories, their realism is marvellous. If they are only reproduced stories, still the art and mastery with which they are told is remarkable. They will not terrify their readers, though they are weird. If true, they teach lessons as to spiritual activities and relations on the part of those who have "shuffled off this mortal coil" of a similar character to some contained in the volumes entitled *Phantasms of the Living*. It will be inferred that we part from them with a puzzled and unsatisfied mind—as to their reality, in the first place, and, as might be expected, as to their import and meaning, if they are matter of fact. But as to the art and skill with which they are written, there can be no question. Incidentally, the longest of them may be regarded as a study of life in the Black Forest. Those who are accustomed to talk of the superior civilization of educated Germany, as compared with England, may read with instruction this picture of peasant life in Thuringia.

A Garland for Girls. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT,* Author of *Little Women*, &c. London : Blackie & Son. 1888.

Whatever the author of *Little Women* writes is brightly written. We may be sure, besides, that her stories will be wool-dyed American, if we should not say New England, throughout the whole product of her weaving. Those who want to understand what average American homes and American life and society are like, apart from such modish centres of cosmopolitan fashion as

* Since we wrote the above notice, intelligence has reached England of the death of this popular and esteemed writer, in what may be regarded as her literary prime.

New York, or the great hotel resorts of the American continent, should read such books as Miss Alcott's. They will learn how wonderfully young and fresh in social life and social feeling are Americans, as compared with Europeans, at least in country towns and average circles. They will learn, too, how different and how differently placed is the self-trained and largely self-taught, the energetic, thrifty, and independent school-teacher, almost always a woman—the "school-marm" of these stories—from the college-trained female teacher of England or Scotland. The virtuous heroine of these stories—the pattern girl and woman, rising to independence and influence out of poverty by her own exertions—is always, or almost always, the school-teacher. On the other hand, for the wealthy and highly educated, the model for imitation in their own superior sphere is continually represented to be the English young lady, with her quiet manners, her modest deportment, and especially her dutiful behaviour to her parents and senior friends. Yes, the English young lady of superior society, and the hard-working American schoolmistress, are the ideals here presented for the study and improvement of American girls of good social position, who are represented as apt to be self-seeking, bent only on having a "good time," and wilful and insubordinate in relation to their parents. If Miss Alcott is a true witness, children in America do not, as a rule, consider themselves at all as bound to obey or even defer to their parents. The contrary practice seems to prevail.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Letters of General C. G. Gordon to his Sister, M. A. Gordon.

London: Macmillan. 1888.

THESE letters are not only dedicated to her Majesty by special permission, but two of the Queen's letters to Miss Gordon are bound up with them. The first has been quoted in most of the newspapers. It shows how deeply her Majesty mourned over the fate of one of the most heroic subjects of her reign. Her people will be more proud of their Sovereign when they learn from her own pen that the non-fulfilment of the promises given to Gordon made her ill. The letter is one of the best monuments, even of the hero of Khartoum. The second letter is a note of thanks for the Bible which Gordon used at Gravesend, Galatz, and during his first term of work in the Soudan. The worn-out volume is now at Windsor Castle, where it rests on a white silk cushion in an enamel and crystal case. It is one of the Queen's best prized treasures. In her brief preface Miss Gordon says that this collection of letters is specially intended to portray her brother's religious life for the comfort and help of

others. Her brother acknowledged no sect, "looking beyond, to the foundation of all, Jesus Christ; and taking for his guide his Bible, with the 'traditions of man' stripped off." Religion, as all the world knows, was Gordon's very life. He expresses his feeling in a homely illustration:—"I like my religion; it is a greatcoat to me." His eyes sparkled with delight when he spoke of the subjects which lay nearest to his heart! "Is it not lovely?" he would say. The earliest letter in the collection, dated Pembroke, 1854, was written soon after his first Communion. He had been wont to laugh at his sister for taking in Scott's *Commentaries* in numbers. But he had come over to her side now. "No novels or wordly books," he writes, "come up to the *Sermons* of McCheyne or the *Commentaries* of Scott." Eight years later he says that a slight attack of small-pox had brought him back to his Saviour. From that time his life seems to have been wholly given to God. His humble trust, his eager pursuit of truth, his strikingly original views are seen on every page of these letters. The volume will, we have no doubt, become, as it deserves to become, a book of devotion in many an English home. The letters are arranged chronologically, so that they help the reader to trace the development of the writer's character for thirty years. They contain many references to his surroundings in the Soudan which will be valuable for the historian, but their main value is to be found in the unveiling of one of the truest and bravest hearts that ever beat.

The letters from the Soudan, as those who are familiar with Dr. Birkbeck Hill's delightful volume would expect, are the most striking. In his loneliness Gordon seems to put all his thoughts on paper. One cannot open a page without finding some suggestive saying. On November 14, 1877, he writes: "If God puts ten pounds on a man, He will give him strength to bear twenty pounds. And if He puts twenty tons on a man, He will (if He wills) give him power to carry sixty tons. This He has done for me; and I, saying this, do not seek the praise of any man, or society, or king, or power. I would have your prayers—they will be heard; but no praise; for He is the GOVERNOR-GENERAL, and I am only His useless agent, by whom He deigns to work His will. Therefore, bear in mind that the censure or praise I may acquire from any of my actions are as water on a duck's back, and will not make me swerve from what I think He expects me to do." Another passage is somewhat in the minor-key: "Man generally works with the hope of success. I have had so many rebuffs in these countries that I work with my best will, but am rather inclined to believe that things will go on contrarily to what I expect. No country in this world is better than Africa for the 'Know thyself.' You and I are flies on the wheel; try and realize this, that you do not move the wheel." There is a piquant note on intolerance: "Men who travel much are seldom bigots (Paul was not; he let that badly behaved Corinthian off very easily)." We might easily multiply quotations. "When a man is internally ill, it is no use poulticing his toe." "The 'religion' of a man is his house, built up of doctrines." "When you have ceased to struggle in the utterly hopeless task of trying to better yourself, and can say,

I give it up,' then peace comes. There is one little danger when peace comes—namely, that you may be inclined to call all, who do not see it, blind, so manifest will it appear to you. One could reason on it for hours—namely, that God is incarnated in each of our bodies, which bodies are merely clothes to the real *us*." The last letter in the volume is from Khartoum: "14th December, 1884. This may be the last letter you will receive from me, for we are on our last legs, owing to the delay of the expedition. However, God rules all, and, as He will rule to His glory and our welfare, His will be done. I fear, owing to circumstances, that my affairs are not over-bright." A postscript is added: "P.S.—I am quite happy, thank God, and, like Lawrence, I have *tried* to do my duty."

Spinoza. By JOHN CAIRD, LL.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow. London and Edinburgh: Blackwoods. 1888.

This little book, which forms part of Blackwood's Series of Philosophical Classics, is distinguished by a certain originality. The author dissents no less from Professor Pollock's than from Dr. Martineau's estimate of Spinoza. It would be misleading to say that he treats Spinoza from the Hegelian point of view; for the judgment passed by Hegel on Spinoza in his *History of Philosophy* differs materially from that of Principal Caird. The difference may be expressed by saying that Hegel lays stress on the abstract, while Principal Caird emphasizes the concrete, element in Spinoza's doctrine. Nevertheless, the book is an attempt to show how the said concrete elements, duly developed, tend in the direction of Hegelianism, as understood by the author. In so doing we own we think he is chargeable with reading more into Spinoza than is fairly to be found in him. In other words we think the concrete elements are undoubtedly immensely overbalanced by the abstract. Both Hegel and Spinoza agree in rejecting decisively the idea of a supermundane Creator; but, so far as we can see, that is substantially the extent of their agreement. Spinoza never really transcends the notion of substance as the reality of the universe, while with Hegel the phenomenal world is the manifestation of absolute spirit; with Spinoza the human spirit is but a mode of the absolute substance, with Hegel it is co-eternal and in essence identical with the absolute spirit. Spinoza's is an abstract, Hegel's a concrete, Pantheism. That there are in Spinoza approximations to the Hegelian point of view we are by no means denying, or that from them Hegel himself may have learnt much; but we question whether they reach as far as Principal Caird would have us believe. Thus the obscure utterances scattered here and there throughout the ethics, on which Professor Caird mainly relies to prove that Spinoza was struggling towards a view of God more in harmony with religion than his formal definition, seem to us to afford a very slender basis for the theory. The book, however, is written with great lucidity, and the chapters on Spinoza's relations to his predecessors, Descartes, the Jewish thinker Maimonides, and Giordano Bruno, are interesting and valuable.

Domesday Studies. Papers read at the Meetings of the Domesday Commemoration, 1886. Edited by P. S. DOVE, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I. London: Longmans.

It was a good thought to collect the papers, many of them excellent, which were read at the Eight Hundredth Anniversary of Domesday Survey. The object of the commemoration was, as Mr. Hyde Clarke says in the preface to this volume, to encourage historical studies; and the best way to make national history a vital subject is to show how, in almost every neighbourhood, there is some link between the tillage of to-day and that of bygone times. We have no State-supported *École des Chartes*; and, therefore, individual zeal must be stimulated by showing what individuals have done, and how valuable has been the help of those little local societies which often depend for their very existence on an individual. Mr. Clarke pleads for a new way of teaching history in primary schools. Children care little for general manuals: "What's Antony to them, or they to Antony?" But they may be made to care a great deal about the battles and other incidents connected with their immediate neighbourhood, the chronicles of the big house, &c. It is encouraging that "scarcely a local archaeological society failed to send delegates to the Conference; and a like concurrence was shown by the Historical Societies of the United States, and of Canada and Australia, &c." Eight papers are published in vol. i., the rest are promised for vol. ii. Mr. Hyde Clarke compares with our Domesday the Turkish survey of Hungary; Mr. Stuart Moore vindicates the character of William I., much preferring "his masterly order-loving Norman mind, working with the strictest impartiality (P), to the growl of the unthrifty, unintelligent Saxon monk"; Canon Isaac Taylor has an interesting paper on "The Ploughland and the Plough," and a still more interesting one on "Domesday Survivals." What the Canon says about traces of open fields, and ox-gangs, and run-rig, at Rowleston in Holderness, at Hitchin, at Tottenhoe near Dunstable (only enclosed in 1886), at Burton Agnes, and elsewhere may well prompt others to look around them and see if they cannot find like traces. "The strange winding of our roads, still more of our lanes, is due to the former following the division between the moorland and the ancient arable; the latter following the lines of the balks and headlands which separated the furlongs in the open arable fields."

Wallenstein. By F. VON SCHILLER. Translated by C. G. N. LOCKHART. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1887.

It is a bold undertaking for a translator to venture to follow Coleridge in one of the most successful attempts to translate a great poem ever made. The present author tells us he had never heard of Coleridge's work till his own was nearly finished, and explains this by adding that he was for many years in service in the Austrian army, till German became to him even more of a

mother-tongue than English. Such a life was indeed, in many respects, a preparation for the work of translating *Wallenstein*, and, judged by an ordinary standard, we might congratulate Mr. Lockhart on a good measure of success. He has translated many passages which Coleridge deliberately passed over or had not before him in his edition of the *Piccolomini* and *Death of Wallenstein*, and throughout keeps much more closely to the original than Coleridge's version does. But Mr. Lockhart has given us prose, not poetry, and, we had almost added, German, not English. His lines are rugged, often very awkward; German idioms abound, and the indescribable touch which distinguishes a poetical from a prosaic line is seldom discernible in this translation. Such phrases as a "kinglike-minded" man, to "grip in boldly, let them rip what may," "much other," "due uncommon man" are not English. And testing the translator by two different passages—Octavius' speech with the figure of the cannon-ball in act i. scene 4, and Thekla's lovely song in act. iii. scene 7—we cannot congratulate Mr. Lockhart on success in a confessedly difficult task. The whole work, however, is carefully and conscientiously done, and faithfully gives the meaning of the German in a way that will be useful to many English readers who want a literal rather than a poetical translation.

By-Paths of Bible Knowledge and Scripture Natural History.

1. *The Trees and Plants mentioned in the Bible.* By WILLIAM H. GROSER, B.Sc. Lond. London: Religious Tract Society, 1888.

One of the most instructive and pleasant books of this valuable series. A careful sketch of the vegetation of Palestine and neighbouring countries gives the general bearings of the subject. This is followed by six chapters, which abound with details as to Timber and Fruit Trees and Shrubs, Grain and Vegetables, Herbs and Flowers, Perfumes and Medicines, Emblematic Use of Plants in Scripture. Under these headings Mr. Groser gathers up all the facts. He carefully quotes authorities and then judiciously sums up, taking care to avoid dogmatism on points which cannot be decided. It would be hard to find a more sensible book on this fascinating subject. Thirteen columns of Scripture references given at the end bear witness to the value of such a manual. There are some excellent illustrations.

The Gospel in Nature: Scripture Truths Illustrated by Facts in Nature. By HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D. With an Introduction by W. CARRUTHERS, President Linn. Soc., F.R.S. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

Dr. McCook, who is both a theologian and a naturalist of some note, has gathered together here a series of Sunday afternoon lectures delivered in Philadelphia. His church is near the University. He, therefore, specially

adapted his discourses to the taste of the students. They are based upon such phenomena as dew, hail, snow, the rainfall, and the rainbow. After a simple explanation of the natural facts, the lessons of each are drawn and applied. The explanations are clear and instructive; the lessons educed are lighted up by illustrations and poetic quotations, which well sustain the interest. Dr. McCook is an effective word-painter, an enthusiastic naturalist, and a whole-hearted Christian teacher. His book will be welcomed by all intelligent readers. The two closing discourses deal with the contention of Communism that the land belongs to the people and should be held by the Government for the use of the community. Whilst acknowledging that some who hold such views are worthy of all respect, Dr. McCook clearly shows that both the Old and the New Testament distinctly recognize "a man's natural right to own land." These discourses, like all the rest, are sober-minded, clear, and practically helpful.

Tenants of an Old Farm: Leaves from the Note Book of a Naturalist. By HENRY C. M'COOK, D.D., Vice-President of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, Vice-Director of the American Entomological Society. With an Introduction by SIR JOHN LUBBOCK M.P., F.R.S., &c. Illustrated from Nature. Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

This is reprint for England of a book which has gained wide popularity in America. It reminds us somewhat of an old favourite of our boyhood, long ago, we suppose, forgotten—*Philosophy and Sport*. Natural history, however, not experimental science, is the subject of this volume—"insects, and especially ants," as Sir John Lubbock says of it. The knowledge is conveyed in an attractive form—in the disguise of something like a story—in lively and familiar conversations. Sir John Lubbock's guarantee for the accuracy of the natural history and for the popular value of the book will be sufficient for all who need assurance on the subject.

Insect Ways on Summer Days: In Garden, Forest, Field, and Stream. By JENNETT HUMPHREYS. Copiously illustrated with full-page and text engravings. London: Blackie & Son. 1888.

These papers are certainly witty and amusing. The tarantula talks Spanish-English for the edification of the young, whilst wasps, beetles, and earwigs lay bare their inmost heart to their little friends (or enemies?). The illustrations, which enliven almost every other page, are life-like, and will be found not less instructive than the papers. Some of the sketches are very slight, and that on the Hessian fly is somewhat misleading, both as to the rise of name

and the danger of an English invasion. It is not by any means up to date. But with this reservation we can recommend this book very heartily to all our young friends.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *The Coming of the King.* By Rev. J. ROBINSON GREGORY.
2. *Christian Childhood.* By the Rev. A. E. GREGORY. New Edition.
3. *A Handbook of Methodism for Stewards, Office-bearers, &c.* By THEOPHILUS WOOLMER. Revised and Enlarged.
4. *Psalms and Canticles.* Printed for Chanting, and set to Appropriate Chants.
5. *The Land of the Ghauts ; or, Pictures of Life in Southern India.* By the Rev. JABEZ MARRAT.
6. *Praise : Meditations on the One Hundred and Third Psalm.* By MARK GUY PEARSE. Ninth Thousand.
7. *Avise Tennant's Pilgrimage : a Tale of Bunyan's Days.* By KATE T. SIZER.
8. *Fortune and Misfortune, and Other Stories.* Founded on Fact. By the Rev. W. H. BOOTH, F.R.G.S.
9. *With Steady Aim ; or, Herbert Ford's Life Work.* By WILLIAM J FORSTER.
10. *One Too Many.* By E. M. EDWARDS. London : T. Woolmer. 1887.

1. This volume fitly closes, at least for the present, the little series of devotional books entitled *Helps Heavenward*. Mr. Gregory has thought and written already on the important subject which he here treats for devotional purposes. It is a subject which possesses difficulties of its own, and has been unfortunately associated too much with controversy, and that often of a narrow and unedifying sort. Mr. Gregory has treated his great theme with judgment and skill, and presented it in such a way that Christians may meditate profitably on that great Advent which for us all forms the consummation of history. In tracing out two distinct lines of Scriptural statement on the subject of the millennium, Mr. Gregory is not anxious to force a harmony between them, but says, "If we have convinced ourselves that uncertainty overshadows the interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy, we have reached an important and fruitful conclusion." The "mental habitude" and the "posture of the heart," with which the coming

of the Great Day should be regarded, are with him rightly the prominent consideration. Great care has been given to the arrangement of the book, and great ability is shown in its patient exegesis of Scripture. We heartily thank Mr. Gregory for a very interesting, profitable, and useful little book, which suitably closes what ought to be a helpful series of devotional manuals.

2. This little book will be a treasure for every home. It is clearly recognized that there can be no permanent revival of religious life unless its roots are found in a deepening of domestic piety. The writer of these suggestive pages is enthusiastic in his endeavours to promote that end. He treats the following crucial topics—Birth and Birthright Holiness, Baptism, The Theology of the Nursery, A Child's Religion, A Child's Conversion, Children and the Church, A Child's Sunday and Sunday Books, A Child's Bible and Prayers, A Child's Heaven—in a reverent and suggestive manner. To mention the headings of the chapters is, perhaps, the best recommendation we can give to this thought-provoking little manual. It is lighted up with suggestive quotations, drawn from a wide range of reading.

3. It might seem superfluous to write a recommendation of a book of which thirty thousand copies have been sold. Nevertheless, the need of such a handbook as this was never greater or more widely felt than now. Many even of the officers of Methodism would seem to be strangely ignorant of the rules by which they ought to be guided. The results are always injurious and sometimes very serious. The author has carefully revised and enlarged this little book so as to bring it up to date. For a few pence every Wesleyan Methodist may, in outline, have a complete knowledge of the system of his own Church, while every office-bearer may be saved from error or unconscious neglect. The arrangement is exceedingly clear, the references to standard publications are numerous and exact. The constitution of the Conference is the first subject; in appendices an outline is given of the business done both at the District Meeting and the Conference. The interval is occupied with the ordinary arrangements and details of the Wesleyan Methodist economy.

4. This shilling chant-book contains the eight canticles of the Morning and Evening Prayer, with thirty-one psalms from the Authorized Version. The name of Mr. C. J. Dale, to whom the Book Committee "are greatly indebted for the compilation of this collection of chants and canticles," will recommend it to all who are familiar with his excellent work as conductor of a church choir. The Rev. Marshall Hartley has seen the book through the press, and has secured the use of a large number of copyright chants from Messrs. Novello, and such leaders of church psalmody as Dr. Stainer, Dr. Bridge, Dr. Monk, Dr. Hopkins, and others. It will give the best idea of the wealth of this little volume if we say that the index to the composers covers six and a half pages. Many churches need such a chant-book. It contains an adequate variety of chants for each canticle and psalm by the best composers; it is clearly printed, well arranged, cheap, and printed in clear type. Special attention has been given to the pointing. The singer will find that a simple use of signs, includ-

ing bars, double bars, and heavier type, makes his work comparatively easy. The book supplies a great want in a way that should make it popular in our congregations.

5. Mr. Marrat groups his facts under six headings—Introductory, Geographical, Historical, Hindu Idolatry, Social Life, Mission Work. It will be evident from this enumeration that his little book covers the whole subject of Indian life and history. It is true that this is done in outline, but the book is packed with useful information, which will stimulate the interest of juvenile collectors and other missionary workers. There is no need to say that the book is lively and graphic—that is true of all Mr. Marrat's books.

6. We have already recommended this beautiful little devotional manual to all who seek to "offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." Mr. Pearse is very happy in his bright and attractive set of homilies. We hope that the book will in its cheaper form have a still wider circulation. It will do good to all who read it.

7. Miss Sizer's story charmed many readers as it appeared in the *Christian Miscellany*. It will have a warm welcome from old friends, and will win many new readers in its volume form. It is clearly printed, brightened by some good woodcuts, and is a delightful story, which will help all readers to love the pilgrim life.

8. Mr. Booth's sketches are evidently from his own journal of work in London. We have turned over his pages with no little interest. The book makes a manly and helpful religion more alluring to young people of both sexes. The stories are told without affectation, but with earnestness and true feeling.

9. *With Steady Aim* is a capital book for boys. Herbert Ford's happy and honourable career is sketched brightly, with a skill that steadily sustains the interest of a young reader. Mr. Forster is rather too fond of describing him as "our young hero." This becomes a trifle stilted, but the book is racy and profitable.

10. This is a well-written and interesting story of a boy who was the youngest of a large family. His mother died soon after his birth, and he was regarded by his father and by his brothers and sisters as a trouble, and somewhat of a disgrace. We find it hard to think that a boy, however fond of mischief, should be thus regarded by all his kin. We are bound to describe the story as a well-told but somewhat improbable.

An Introductory Text Book of Zoology for the use of Junior Classes. By H. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, M.D., &c. Sixth Edition. Revised and Enlarged. London and Edinburgh: Blackwoods. 1887.

We need only point attention to this new and improved edition of an established standard book for schools.

WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Duchess Renée; or, An Episode in the History of the Reformation.* By SARSON C. J. INGHAM.
2. *Frank Armstrong and other Stories.* By S. C. J. INGHAM.
3. *Sire and Son: a Startling Contrast.* By the Rev. AMOS WHITE. A New and Revised Edition.
4. *Hazel Haldene.* By ELIZA KERR.
5. *In Pawn: the Story of a Pledge.* By ANNIE M. YOUNG.
6. *Elsa's Holiday, and what came of it.* By ALICE BRIGGS.
7. *Broughton Manor.* By EDITH RHODES.
8. *Arrows for Temperance Bows.* One Hundred Readings and Recitations Suitable for Bands of Hope, Temperance Meetings, and Family Use. Edited by OLIVER PACIS.
9. *Our Boys and Girls for 1887.*
10. *Thoughts for Thoughtful Teachers in Sunday Schools.* Selected from the Writings of the late Rev. SAMUEL JACKSON. London: Ludgate Circus Buildings. 1888.

1. *Duchess Renée* was one of the friends of our childhood, so that we can promise many young people a treat in this graphic historical tale. It is a piece of Miss Ingham's best work.

2. *Frank Armstrong*, and the other short stories which are bound up with it, are pleasant reading. They make an attractive little book.

3. *Sire and Son* is a temperance story, which describes the ruin of a father—a promising young doctor—and the honours of the son. The latter becomes a famous Queen's Counsel, and wins the hand of a lovely heiress. The book is likely to be both popular and useful in its revised form. We wish Mr. White had made the dialogue a little easier, and the temperance speeches also. He does not seem to know that a barrister applies for silk when he pictures the surprise of young Mr. Douglas at his honours.

4. *Hazel Haldene* is a beautiful story, well told.

6. 7. *Elsa's Holiday* and *Broughton Manor* are two of the best tales for children we have read for a long time.

8. The gatherer of *Chips from a Temperance Workshop* has done good service by his timely new volume. The readings are such as young and old delight in, and will keep out questionable matter wherever they are used.

9 *Our Boys and Girls* is printed on rather poor paper, but it is a book in which young children will find all that they can desire in pleasant stories and competitions.

10. Mr. Jackson's old age was given to the children. The short extracts from his works contained in this fourpenny pamphlet touch on many solemn questions—the conscience, the will, meeting in class, moral development, &c.—as they bear on the training of the young. We would bespeak from teachers and parents a careful reading for a valuable little treatise.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST PUBLICATIONS.

1. *The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review and Christian Ambassador*. Edited by COLIN CAMPBELL M'KECHNIE. Vol. IX. New Series.
2. *The Primitive Methodist Magazine* for 1887.
3. *The Christian Messenger*. Vol. XXII. for 1887.
4. *Springtime: A Magazine for our Young Men and Maidens*. Vol. II.
5. *The Juvenile Magazine*. New Series. Vol. XXI. 1887.
6. *The Teacher's Assistant and Bible Class Magazine*. 1887.
7. *The Child's Friend* for 1887. London: J. Toulson. 1887.

We are not surprised, with these handsome volumes before us, that the Primitive Methodist Magazines enjoy an extensive circulation; every class of readers and workers is catered for—neither young nor old are forgotten.

1. *The Quarterly Review* to our thinking needs brightening up. It has some good biographical and historical articles, a valuable symposium on "The Methodism of the Future," and two racy papers entitled "My College Life," which contain some amusing incidents of a young preacher's life in a rough country circuit forty years ago. The notices of books are careful and judicious. All that the *Review* needs is to be made more attractive in form, and to have a little more variety of taking matter. It is well edited, and must be a valuable educational organ among ministers and laity.

2. *The Magazine* is full of good reading, well spiced with anecdote and incident. Descriptive articles on Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hayes Place (Lord Chatham's Retreat), Windsor Castle, &c., are very good. An interesting serial story runs through the monthly numbers. The woodcuts form a great attraction to the volume, but the portraits are not quite so satisfactory. They seem rather coarsely executed. The matter is varied and entertaining.

3. *The Christian Messenger* has rather too crowded a page for most eyes. It would look better if the type were larger. The volume is well illustrated, and has a wide range of pleasant reading in prose and poetry, with some good music both in the Tonic Sol Fa and the Old Notation.

4. In *Springtime* young people will find every wish consulted. English history and antiquities, natural history, poetry, serial stories, and articles upon

almost every conceivable subject will be found here. Woodcuts add to the attractions of a delightful periodical.

5. The children are not forgotten. *The Juvenile Magazine* has the puzzles pictures, poems, and stories in which young folk delight.

6. *The Teacher's Assistant* brings us to graver topics. Here busy workers in Sunday Schools will find information boiled down for their use in the class. Hints for addresses and guides in questioning their scholars are supplied.

7. *The Child's Friend* is a smaller book, crowded with anecdotes. Its amusing pictures are its special feature.

The Statesman's Year Book. London : Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This is an absolutely indispensable book. The wealth of information contained in it is wonderful. All the dominions of the world are accurately outlined here, with their chief official statistics. Not only every statesman, but every public writer, every merchant, and every general reader needs to possess this year-book ; it ought to have a place in every library, public or private. The editor is Mr. Scott Keltie, Librarian to the Royal Geographical Society.

One Thousand New Illustrations : For the Pulpit, Platform, and Class. With Exhaustive Subject and Textual Indices. By the Rev. H. O. MACKEY. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

These illustrations are drawn from sources which are not too familiar and are well arranged. Though concisely put, they are clear and graphic. We have been much pleased with the volume, and feel confident that it will prove a valuable cyclopædia of story and incident for teachers and speakers. The extract entitled "Death the Antidote of Death," which tells us that "Señor Castelar was once strongly opposed to the death penalty in the army, but later in his life he urged it, &c.," seems likely to mislead. Most people would gather from it that the brilliant Spanish orator was dead. The index of texts is very full, but it would require no little ingenuity to make some passages illustrate the texts which are thus joined to them.

Dictionary of Religious Anecdotes. By the Rev. WALTER BAXENDALE. London ; R. D. Dickinson. 1888.

This very large volume of anecdote "is selected and arranged for the pulpit and the platform." Need we say more to bespeak the attention of a large circle of inquirers ? We are glad to note that the authority is generally given for the anecdotes, which, of course, adds indefinitely to their value. We wish it were always given. The compiler, also, has consulted an immense variety of books, many of them quite beyond the reach of most of those who need, or seem to need, the help of anecdotes to point their sermons or speeches. The copious and carefully compiled Indexes, in view of the purpose of the Dictionary, are invaluable.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (February 1).—M. Taine's second article on "The Making of Contemporary France" holds the place of honour in this number. The passage from the Republic to the Empire is his subject. In his first section he shows how the country, after its disastrous experiences under both Republic and Monarchy, had no other resource than the Empire. "The alliance of philosophy and the sabre" led the sovereign hands of the First Consul towards the formation of a new France. It was no longer the chimerical and communistic France of Robespierre and Saint Just, but a France that was possible, real, and durable. With his force of character, his promptitude, and his activity the First Napoleon could not desire a different task, nor reduce it to smaller dimensions. He reared an edifice so colossal, so compactly knit together, so mathematically exact, that it could not entirely perish; its blocks were too massive, too well quarried. The new France was the *chef d'œuvre* of the classical genius which the Diocletian of Ajaccio, the Constantine of the Concordat, the Justinian of the Civil Code, the Theodosius of the Tuileries and Saint Cloud, constructed.

(March 1).—M. Augustin Filon is writing a series of critical papers on English historians. His September article was devoted to Froude. In this number he discusses Mr. Lecky's works. His article opens with a reference to the burial of Thomas Carlyle at Ecclefechan, where Froude and Lecky represented "history in mourning." Those who love contrast, he says, could not desire one more complete. Froude is bitter, sour, and downright; Lecky sweet, even-tempered, and peaceful. One is absorbed in a past which will not revive; the other fixes his eyes on a future which can never come. Mr. Froude believes in individual effort, in the intermittent action of some privileged individuals, bearers of a divine mission; Mr. Lecky, on the other hand, believes in the strength of principles, in the indefinite progress of institutions, of which the march, slow but sure, has its laws, like those of glaciers. The career of the two historians presents as marked a contrast as their teaching. Mr. Froude has several times changed sides. He has attempted to give himself to the Church, then to the professorate; he has busied himself with romance, polemics, and journalism. Mr. Lecky, on the other hand, has been true to his youthful purposes. His mature years are devoted to the studies of his earlier days. The writer is able to give little information about Mr. Lecky's personal career. He was born in 1838, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. The article tells us nothing more. M. Filon says little about Lecky's first work on the great leaders of Irish opinion—Swift, Flood, Grattan, O'Connell. He considers that in choosing this subject the historian fulfilled a duty rather than obeyed an instinct. He seems to attach little value to the work, and has never seen fit to yield to the wish for a new edition. His more mature views upon Ireland are given in his great work on the *Eighteenth Century*. His true vocation is to study religious and social problems in their eternal aspects in history. For this he has prepared himself by prodigious reading. He has studied all the English theologians of the seventeenth and eighteenth century; he knows intimately the Fathers and the Councils. Dean Milman was the master of his youth. Lecky pays a well-deserved tribute to his fervent love of truth, his large tolerance, his generous judgments of men and things; his disdain of noisy triumphs, and the popularity which a writer may gain by patronizing sectaries. His tender respect for the past was united to a lively sympathy with modern life. Buckle also exercised considerable influence on Lecky, though the younger writer saw and has helped to correct some of Buckle's errors. M. Filon discusses Lecky's *History of the Rise and Influence of Rationalism*, and *History of European Morals, from Augustus to Charlemagne*. In the first of these works he had expressed the opinion that Christianity had been an unmixed benefit to the world up to the time of the Crusades. His history of European morals attempts to prove that statement. Rationalism gave to the world intel-

lectual liberty; Christianity gave the moral law—that is the gist of Lecky's contention. An ingenious and complete analysis of the various systems of morals is given in his work. "To this theoretic section, rich in original views and in subtle analyses, the history, properly so-called, succeeds." High praise is given to the power of arrangement which preserves harmony between the logical and chronological order throughout. The latter part of the article is upon Mr. Lecky's *History of the Eighteenth Century*. Abundant justice is done to this great work, though the critic complains that the letter-writers of the period are rarely mentioned. He is always sage, temperate, and impartial. M. Filon thinks indeed that he pushes his impartiality too far, and pleads for a more passionate style of treatment. "Be unjust, violent, passionate, provided you are exact," is his advice to historians. "Let your anger have vent if it is honest. Be partisans rather than philosophers, if in becoming philosophers you would cease to be men." Whilst claiming for Lecky a sympathetic reading, M. Filon does not think that he will be one of the lights of the future. "Each thinker has his day, and Lecky's is past." The bearers of a message of conciliation must, he maintains, be torn in pieces by two opposing and irreconcilable elements—divine reason and its enemies.

LA NOUVELLE REVUE (February 1).—Comte Paul de Turenne, in a short article on "The Gold Mines of the Transvaal," gives the result of inquiries made on the spot. He says that chiefs, such as Khama and Zobengula, knowing that their independence must disappear from the day that the stream of foreign immigration crosses their territory, have made every effort to stop it, and threatened capital punishment to all their people who extract gold. The Kaffirs, however, must, sooner or later, make terms with the adventurers who are pressing on their frontier. He considers that the nation which makes itself mistress of the country south of the Zambezi will have in its hands the gold market of the world.

REVUE CHRETIENNE (January, February, March).—This bright little review, devoted to the defence of the Gospel and liberty, has some good articles. M. Allier's "Study of Contemporary Psychology" is an interesting paper, which discusses the views of Renan, Amiel, and other writers, and shows that if Christians would save the world from its moral maladies they must themselves exhibit the life which they wish to propagate. It is time to recall them to their vocation. Among them, as among the Israelites in olden times, the prophets of justice and love must arise, and their words must awake the consciences and stir the hearts of the hearers. The hour is critical. Christians must not take the passive attitude which accommodates itself to the evils around. They must combat evil in every form, and work for the triumph of good in every department. In the February number Herr Lichtenberger pleasantly notices a French version of Herr Hensel's *Memoirs of his mother, Fanny Mendelssohn*. The first edition of this work in its French dress was exhausted in a month. The article is an eminently readable epitome of the *Memoirs*. The first article in the March number is on "Concentration." M. Draussin shows how weak Protestantism is in France. The loss of Alsace-Lorraine was greater to religious patriotism even than to national feeling. Nearly three hundred thousand of its best Protestants were thus lost to France. In 1787 there were about two million Protestants, but thirty years later Samuel Vincent estimated that there were only one million left. At the Restoration Protestantism began to awake from its torpor. Encouraging progress has been made. The number of pastors has risen from two hundred to seven hundred. For one eminent convert to Popery the Protestants can quote ten who have come over to them. M. Draussin urges that the little Protestant world should seek to develop the spirit of solidarity in the face of its common enemies. He also suggests that a library should be formed in each parish to keep out of circulation the impure literature which is increasing so fast.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW (February).—Henry Cabot Lodge, M.C., writes on the Fisheries Question. He opens his article by a statement that a strict adherence to its title would make his paper as brief as the famous chapter on "The Snakes in Ireland," for, properly speaking, there is no fisheries question. The dispute which passes under that name is more far-reaching than the interests of a single industry, and involves not merely the safety and prosperity of a single class of American citizens, but the dignity and honour of the United States. "Our fisheries and our fishermen have been merely the instruments and the victims of a policy by which

Canada seeks to extort commercial concessions from the United States. The real question now is not whether we shall fish within the three-mile limit, but whether we shall have the ordinary commercial rights in Canadian waters which we extend in our own ports to all civilized people, Canadians included." By a review of the history and facts of the case, Mr. Lodge endeavours to substantiate this view. The conduct of England and Canada is represented as unscrupulous throughout. The writer blames his own Government for suffering such a policy to have any effect. He boasts that America has a greater empire than either Rome or England. The concluding paragraph of the article shows its tone. "The ultimate solution of all these recurring troubles with Canada will be found, no doubt, in union with the United States. Such an outcome will benefit both sides, but Canada far more than us. We can afford to bide our time, and abide the inevitable result of the laws of political, financial, and social gravitation, for it is a case of manifest destiny. Meanwhile, American citizens must be protected, and when that is done, and not before, we can arbitrate and make treaties with our neighbours if we choose. As Washington said a hundred years ago, 'Whenever we shall have an efficient government established, that government will surely impose retaliating restrictions, to a certain degree, upon the trade of Britain.'"

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW (January).—The article on "American Authors and British Pirates" contains a good letter from Mark Twain. He says: "English pirates have hurt me somewhat; how much I do not know. But, on the other hand, English law has helped me vastly. Can any foreign author of books say that about American law? You know he can't." Mr. Brander Matthews, to whom this letter is addressed, had complained that American authors were pirated in England. "Well, whose fault is that?" asks Twain. "It is nobody's but the author's. England furnishes him a perfect remedy; if he does not choose to take advantage of it, let him have self-respect enough to retire to the privacy of his cradle, not to sit out on the public curbstone and cry. To-day the American author can go to Canada, spend three days there, and come home with an English and Canadian copyright which is as strong as if it had been built out of railroad iron. If he does not make this trip and do this thing, it is a confession that he does not think his foreign market is valuable enough to justify the expense of securing it by the above process. . . . I think we are not in a good position to throw bricks at the English pirate. We haven't any to spare. We need them to throw at the American Congress, and at the American author who neglects his great privileges and then tries to hunt up some way to throw the blame upon the only nation in the world that is magnanimous enough to say to him: 'While you are the guest of our laws and our flag you shall not be robbed.' All the books which I have published in the last fifteen years are protected by English copyright. In that time I have suffered pretty heavily in temper and pocket from imperfect copyright laws, but they were American, not English." The postscript is not flattering to Mr. Matthews: "Why, dear soul, you haven't a leg to stand on, anywhere. I have known you long and loved you always; but you must let me be frank and say, you haven't a fact that cannot be amply offset by the other side, you haven't an argument that cannot be promptly turned against you." Mr. Twain is a doughty champion for English publishers.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW (January).—Principal Cairns contributes a valuable article on "The Present Struggles in the National Church of Holland," which deserves the closest study. He hopes that a great change for the better is taking place in Holland, but the struggle is still in its acute stage, and opinion is greatly divided even among the orthodox. Holland followed Calvin, and the Synod of Dortrecht left the people in the main attached to their old opinions. The Remonstrants, in spite of great fame and literary power, lapsed in the course of a century into something like semi-rationalism. The National Church retained its faith, though it had little zeal or life. The great revolutionary wars of 1792 to 1815 tended to discredit French rationalism, but there was no revival of religion such as Germany witnessed. The present constitution of the National Church of the Netherlands was fixed by William I. in 1816. Some slight modifications were made in 1852 and 1869. The Provincial Synods were mere Boards of little more than a dozen members, with a General Synod, or last Court of Appeal, sitting at the

Hague, which was a concentration of the Board scheme, having only thirteen ministers and six elders. One of the ministers gave a pleasant account at Edinburgh in 1877 of the life of a quiet country pariah forty years before. In one of the remotest villages, among a population of farmers and peasants, he found "even in the poorest cottages the large Family Bible, with its copper locks and ornaments, and next to that Bible a larger or smaller library, where *Baxter's Saint's Rest*, and the best practical works, were to be found. The Bible was read at every meal, the first day of the week was a real Sabbath, and a good many understood so thoroughly what they read," that Mr. Van Scheltema's four years among this simple people were quite another course of practical theology for him. Dr. Cairns fears that few of the thirteen or fourteen hundred parishes could compare with this. Widespread laxity of doctrine was the rule, and where the people were orthodox they were sunk in formalism. "The Christian Reformed Church," which was formed out of the National Church in 1834, helped to rouse the people. Dr. Cairns clearly shows that division is sometimes strength. The withdrawal of the reformers roused the National Church. They set the example "of faithful contending for truth, and of ultimate separation." The Reformed Church now has three hundred and seventy nine congregations, and a theological school at Kampen, with eighty-five students. The withdrawal has not weakened the National Church. Dr. Hoedemaker was able to report in 1877 that 400 of its 1600 ministers preached the Gospel. These men had taken a prominent position in the great cities, "and crowds flocked to hear them, just in proportion as they preached the living Christ." In Amsterdam the National Dutch Church has about 190,000 adherents. They have only eleven churches, though some of these are so large as to accommodate three or four thousand persons. The ministers are chosen by an electoral committee, voted for by all male communicants who are not paupers. Elders and deacons are chosen in the same way. The Amsterdam Church as a whole is governed by these delegates, who form a Kerkeraad of about one hundred and forty members. In Amsterdam the strictly orthodox party who wish to restore the Church on the ultra-Calvinistic basis of Dordrecht is in a majority. In 1885 a controversy arose as to admission to the Communion. Orthodox office-bearers hesitated as to the admission of young people who belonged to the modern school. On March 23 they refused to grant permission to partake of the elements unless the applicants declared that it was their intention thereby "to confess the Lord Jesus Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour, who was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification." On appeal to the Provincial Synod the Kerkeraad was ordered to issue the certificates as usual. That body seemed about to refuse compliance, but the higher court stepped in and itself granted the certificates. The "Session" was afterwards accused of attempting to alienate the church property of the city, and thus to break the bond of ecclesiastical unity. The reforming party, which had a majority in the Session, wished to prepare for the worst by "making good what they believed to be their just title to the property of the Church." The higher courts annulled the resolutions which the Kerkeraad had drawn up with this intention, and suspended all who had voted for them. This stroke excluded seventy-nine of the hundred and thirty-six members. The Bestuur sought to get possession of the churches also, but though the struggle threatened at one time to become "physical," the venerable Nieuwe-Kerk on the Dam remained in the hands of the Kerkeraad. A war of pamphlets followed. The ministers who were under ban hired large halls in Amsterdam where they could minister, and Dr. Cairns found that, while the Oude Kerk was almost deserted, the neighbouring hall was crowded. The end of the controversy is not yet clear, but he hopes that a movement "which has in it so much of intelligence, energy, and self-denial, may, with whatever imperfections adhere to it, bring blessing in its train, and give a much-needed impulse to soundness in doctrine and earnestness in life among the Churches of Europe."

CENTURY MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—The January number has some valuable articles. Dr. Schaff writes an instructive but somewhat slight article on the Catacombs of Rome, with descriptions of the furniture, symbols, pictures, sculptures, and epitaphs of the famous tombs. The article on John Ruskin by his old friend and disciple, W. J. Stillman, metes out somewhat hard measure to our renowned critic. "The world's art," he says, "does not present anything to

rival Turner's in its defiance of Nature. He used Nature when it pleased him to do so, but when it pleased him better he belied her with the most reckless audacity. He had absolutely no respect for truth. His colour was the most splendid of impossibilities, and his topography like the geography of dreams; yet Ruskin has spent a great deal of his life in persuading himself and the world that his colour was scientifically correct, and in hunting for the points of view from which he drew his compositions." Mr. Stillman holds that Ruskin is much over-rated as an art critic, but as a moralist and reformer he places him above all his contemporaries. Mr. Keenan's description of "Russian Provincial Prisons" shows that a John Howard is still needed. In some of these prisons the laws enacted for their regulation are almost a dead letter. One of them is described as "a little tsardom, where the highest law was the will of the warder, and where the superior officials of the prison either did not dare, or did not care, to show their faces." The "knock alphabet" and "checker-board cipher," which the prisoners use in order to communicate with each other, are described in detail. The article is a valuable study for all who are interested in prison discipline. In the February number Mr. Keenan describes "The Fortress of Petropavlovsk." The only particulars he is able to furnish are from the vague reports of political prisoners who were immured in what they believed to be the "Trubetskoi bastion." The terrors of solitary confinement are vividly brought before the reader of this depressing article. One young surgeon managed to find some relief in a simulated hiccough, which naturally defied all medical treatment. The knock alphabet was ingeniously employed by some of the prisoners, who managed to tap gently on the iron tables which are fixed to the walls. The vibrations were thus transmitted to the adjoining cells. The system of espionage over prisoners and warders is unutterably painful. Dr. Buckley (of the *New York Christian Advocate*) contributes a valuable paper on "Astrology, Divination, and Coincidences." It will greatly interest all who are drawn towards such a subject. Dr. Buckley un masks not a few specious prognostications, and ably treats the difficult subject of coincidences. The March number has some articles of great interest. Mr. Roosevelt's "Home Ranch" will introduce English readers to the cow-boys and ranchmen of the Missouri. The viciousness of the wild stallions and the enormous fighting power of the jackass are illustrated here. Mrs. Rensselaer's paper on Salisbury Cathedral is excellent; so also is the sketch of Liszt's best-known pupils. The most thrilling article is on "Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison," by which one hundred and nine men escaped from the Confederates. Forty-eight were recaptured, but fifty-nine safely reached the Union lines.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—"The Man at Arms" and "The Great Pyramid" are two of the leading articles in the January number. They are profusely illustrated. The reader of the first will wonder how mortal man could fight in such cumbrous armour; the reader of the second will scarcely be less surprised that any should attempt to scale the Pyramids after Mr. Wilson's amusing description of the Arabs who stand by each shoulder of the traveller and the assistant who pushes him behind. It must be much more pleasant to read than to experience. Mr. Stevenson's "Chapter on Dreams" is really an account of his own feats as a dreamer. He confesses that he must divide the laurels won by his *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with the *Brownies* who have been his life-long friends. He dreamed the scene at the window, and the scene in which Hyde, pursued for some crime, took the powder and underwent the change in the presence of his pursuers. In SCRIBNER for February, "Mendelssohn's Letters to Moscheles" are a prominent feature. They bear abundant witness to the warm heart of the young composer, but they have no special value. The second paper, on "The Man at Arms," gives some peculiarly interesting details of ancient warfare. It is amusing to read of the Florentine institution, "La Martinella," a bell placed upon a wooden tower on a wheeled platform. This rang for thirty days before the commencement of hostilities, "for greatness of mind, that the enemy might have time to prepare himself." The illustrations are excellent. The article on "Volcanoes" is both readable and instructive. Mr. Rope's paper, "On the Campaign of Waterloo," in the March number, is a careful study of the ground over which the great struggle of 1815 raged. The illustrations help the reader to follow each turn in the battle. Mrs. Field's "Shelf of Old Books" lingers lovingly over the Leigh Hunt volumes in

the library of the late James F. Fields. Portraits and facsimiles enrich the article.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (January, February, March).—Archdeacon Farrar's paper entitled "The Share of America in Westminster Abbey" will be to many the most interesting feature of the January number. It is well illustrated. Among other monuments that of John and Charles Wesley is well represented. "The Italian Chamber of Deputies" will give English and American readers some helpful details about the political leaders of Italy. Mr. Black's interesting story, "In Far Lochaber," abounds with characteristic sketches of Highland scenery, and has more incident than is generally found in his novels. Dr. Van Dyke's paper on "The Adoration of the Magi" is a splendidly illustrated and most instructive article. The article on Quebec is a special feature of the February number. "Modern Spanish Art" is the leading feature of **HARPER** for March. We know no sketch of contemporary painting in Spain which gives such a capital bird's-eye view of it as this. The training and chief works of modern artists are carefully described. "Canadian Voyageurs on the Saguenay" introduces us to the district between the watershed of the St. Lawrence and that of Hudson Bay. The rough amusements of the long nights, the hard work of the voyageurs on the river, and the position of the Catholic Church among the people are some of the topics touched on. The parish church is called the people's palace, because of its material beauty in the squalid settlements. The services are well attended, but the people "settle down into a life devoid of any intellectual interests, and look to the Government and to charity for the execution of all public works."

ST. NICHOLAS (January, February, March).—"London Christmas Pantomimes" is a racy article in the January number. "Sarah Crewe," by F. H. Burnett, the writer of that delightful story "Little Lord Fauntleroy," will be a great attraction to children. The February and March numbers have much racy fiction, with historical and descriptive papers. The "Story of an Old Bridge" is crowded with pleasant sketches of life on the Thames.

OUR DAY (January).—This new candidate for public favour is published in Boston as "a monthly record and review of current reform." Joseph Cook is the editor, and his Monday lectures delivered in February and March each year, with their preludes on current events, will appear regularly in the new periodical. Six associate editors are linked with Mr. Cook. Dr. Pentecost is responsible for the department on Church work. He begins his work with a homely article on "The Responsibility of the Pulpit and the Pew." Dr. Eby, "the distinguished lecturer of Tokio, Japan, has consented to take charge of the department of news and discussion as to religious and educational progress in Asia." Miss Willard, President of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, is entrusted with that department, the White Cross Union, and allied topics. The Review is neat and attractive in form. Most of the articles are alight and not specially attractive. The Rev. R. G. McNiece, for some years pastor of a Presbyterian church in Salt Lake City, writes powerfully on the attempt of the Mormons to make Utah a State. Their sole purpose, he says, is to have liberty for their polygamy.

(February).—An article by Professor James, on "Socialists and Anarchists in the United States," occupies the first place in this number. The writer states that since the great railroad strike ten years ago, when hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of property and scores of lives were sacrificed, and especially within the last five years, one great strike after another has followed with increasing rapidity and extension until it is now rather an exception to find any great industry in the States in which strikes do not form a frequent incident of business. The number of labourers involved in these strikes from 1881-6 has been over one million; the loss of wages over sixty million dollars. Out of this "industrial war," which is such a strange feature of life in a democratic country, Socialism and Anarchy have grown. The writer earnestly pleads for a careful consideration of this grave subject.