
A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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Art. I.—OLIVER HEYWOOD.

1. *The Life of the Rev. Oliver Heywood: with Historical Sketches of the Times in which he lived.* By J. Fawcett, A.M. Second Edition. Halifax: Holden & Dowson. 1809.
2. *Memoirs of the Rev. Oliver Heywood, B.A.* By the Rev. Richard Slate. Idle: John Vint. 1827.
3. *The Rise of the Old Dissent, exemplified in the Life of Oliver Heywood.* By the Rev. Joseph Hunter, F.S.A. London: Longmans. 1842.
4. *Lancashire: its Puritanism and Nonconformity.* By Robert Halley, D.D. Manchester: Tubbs & Brook. 1869.
5. *Congregationalism in Yorkshire.* By James G. Miall. London: John Snow & Co. 1868.

IT is difficult to obtain a satisfactory description of the outward aspect of Bolton-le-Moors at the opening of the seventeenth century. We turn to Camden, but he is provokingly silent. He gives us peeps of Rochdale, Bury, and Wigan, he wanders tantalisingly about the neighbourhood, then wheels round, and leaves the moorland town to dumb forgetful-

ness a prey. We are, therefore, driven back to an earlier period. Leland, that friend of the belated antiquarian, furnishes us with this slight sketch. "Bolton-upon-Moor, market, standeth most by cottons, and cotton and coarse yarne. Divers villages in the moores abowte Bolton, do make cottons. Nother the site nor ground abowte Bolton is so good as it is abowte Byrie. They burn at Bolton much canale, but more of se cole of which the pittes be not far off. They burn turfe also." With this faint picture we must be content. It shows us a moorland town of some importance, to which, on market days, the village weavers carry their bales of "cottons," or woollen cloth, and from which they return in the evening with the goods they have exchanged for the products of their looms. Great and Little Bolton, connected by roads that twisted and turned according to the situation of the principal houses, seem to have become one, and the villages are linked to it by highways and tracks which straggle across the moors. Although Leland does not mention Bolton Church, we are able to detect it through the reek of "se cole" and peat. If our view of the outward appearance of Bolton in the seventeenth century is hazy, we are fortunately able to discern another aspect of it which is of greater importance. Green, the brilliant historian, has reminded us that towns, like individuals, possess a personal character. That character can be watched in the variations of its growth and manifestation, and it is necessary to an intelligent understanding of local history that it should be discerned and determined. Bolton, in the seventeenth century, was styled by the cavaliers, "The Geneva of Lancashire." The name reveals its spirit. The doctrines of the Reformation had been eagerly embraced, and the sturdy Protestantism of Bolton made it conspicuous in the cloudy morning which preluded the bright shining of the "Glorious Revolution." But the town had been influenced by a mightier power than that of doctrine. Its spirit had been nourished by the traditions of the holy lives and heroic sufferings of those who had been transformed by the teachings of the Reformers. Two men, especially, being dead yet spake with decisive force to the moorland Protestants. The pathetic story of their endurance for Christ was told by sire to son. With reverent lips men and women recounted the sacred

legends they had received from those who had caught a glimpse of the one, or had stood upon the weather-beaten slopes of Rivington Pike to listen to the "prison-letters" of the other. The names of the martyrs Bradford and Marsh were like trumpet blasts in the ears of the young Puritans of Bolton; and the relation of their heroic witnessing nerved their successors in those hours of battle, imprisonment, and death to which so many of them were doomed.

The "Geneva of Lancashire" gave a tone to the villages which dotted its engirdling moorland. About six miles along the highway between Bolton and Manchester lay a cluster of houses known as Little Lever. The Reformation spirit possessed its inhabitants, being especially manifest, at the opening of the seventeenth century, in a family which has given to the place its most exhilarating memory. The head of the family was Richard Heywood, a sturdy Puritan. During the dark days which preceded the Civil War, he might often have been seen in the secret assemblies which gathered together for prayer and spiritual communion. His house, indeed, was a well-known trysting-place; and memories of wonderful meetings there are enshrined in the pages of his son's biographers. When Presbyterianism, as a national system of Church government, was introduced by ordinance of Parliament in 1646,* Richard Heywood became a prominent member of the Church in Bolton. In consequence of a dispute, he severed his connection with the town congregation, and was received at Cockey Chapel. His son describes him as a man of "excellent natural genius, large capacity, tenacious memory; with a speculating head, always contriving something." He was strong and vigorous, and differed from the stock portraits of the typical Puritan in having "a naturally smiling countenance." He passed through great fluctuations of worldly fortune. In middle life he was exceedingly prosperous, but towards the end his schemes failed, and he was disappointed in all he undertook. In 1615 Richard Heywood married Alice Critchlaw, of Longworth, near Walmsley Chapel. In

* For particulars as to "The Form of Presbyterial Church Government," see Neal's *History of the Puritans*, vol. iii. appendix 9; also Halley, vol. i. pp. 436–8.

her he found "a tender-hearted wife." In her youth her sensitive spirit had been overwhelmed by the conviction of sin. As we read the story of her anguish, we become conscious of the presence of one of those mysterious problems which lie in a region too remote from the ordinary trackway of religious experience to be solved by the application of familiar rules. Modern writers are puzzled by the words of self-condemnation which men like Bunyan utter when describing "their youthful peccadilloes." They try to explain them away, and, failing in this, they apologize to their readers for reciting the language of an unhealthy enthusiasm. But it seems to be forgotten that there is not only a conviction of sin, but also of "righteousness." When a girl like Alice Critchlaw became conscious of the possibility of a purity the standard of which was the holiness of God, it is no wonder that, as the white light searched her life, and revealed its specks and flaws and blots of evil, she became intensely miserable. For two years she tortured herself with the arguments of despair. Then she heard a sermon which led her into the love, and therefore into the peace, of God. During her life her husband's affairs prospered, and she devised liberal things for all who were poor and needy. Her great love for ministers won for her the title of the "Mother of the Clergy." She took an intense interest in Church work, being "the centre of news for knowing the time and place of week-day sermons." She was, withal, an uncompromising Protestant. Any beginning of reformation in doctrine and modes of worship delighted her. Carried away by her anti-papistical passion, she even "showed her forwardness in demolishing relics of superstition." In all her sorrows prayer was her remedy. Her son, who touches his mother's portrait with a loving hand, says:

"She was very conversant with the Lord alone; in humble retirement she practised self-conference, meditation, and the recollecting of sermons she had heard, whereby she had obtained a notable facility in remembering; for though, from age, her natural memory had decayed, yet she had the spirit of remembrance, and would mention much of what she had heard many years before. It was her constant course in the night when she lay awake to revolve them in her mind, and rivet them there, so that in her I have often observed the truth of that maxim, 'A good heart helps a bad memory.'"

In 1630, the discouragements and difficulties which marked the first years of Richard Heywood's married life began to disappear. His business prospered; he bought land and built houses; he sunk pits at Little Lever, and established a fulling mill and paper mill there. About this time his third son, and fifth child, was born. The exact date of his birth is lost, but it is almost certain the date of his baptism was March 15, 1630. Mrs. Heywood took her son to Bolton to be baptized. He received the name of Oliver, out of respect for the memory of his grandfather. Mrs. Andrews, of Little Lever Hall, was his godmother, and held him at the font. As soon as the vicar had pronounced the baptismal formula, she stepped back to prevent him from marking the child with the sign of the cross. As he was somewhat scrupulous in his own mind, that part of the ceremony was omitted, or else the sign was imprinted on the harmless air. The unconscious little Nonconformist was then borne away to grow up amongst the kindly influences of the Little Lever home. In stirring days of religious conflict, and in such a home as that of Richard Heywood, it is no wonder that a boy's most sharply defined memories should have been of preaching and prayers, fastings, and days and nights of communion. The secret assemblings of the persecuted Puritans would not lack fascination in the eyes of an adventurous lad, especially when he had the supreme joy of acting as sentinel in the passage of his father's house, his duty being to sing so lustily there as to drown the sound of prayer in the parlour. Our earliest glimpse of him as a boy shows us that he possessed his father's "naturally smiling countenance," and his mother's mingled strength and sweetness. He had a great affection for his mother. He used to trot by her side to hear the preaching of famous men. The joy of the walk was doubtless mitigated by the cross-examination which he had to endure on the contents of the sermon; but even this penalty was light when weighed against the bliss of his mother's companionship. The voices of Alice and Oliver Heywood chiming across the Bolton moors in sweet interchange and unison sound pleasantly out of the harsh jangling and sharp death-volleys of the seventeenth century. When Oliver Heywood was about fourteen, he was admitted into the fellowship of some religious persons who

lived in the neighbourhood of Little Lever. They met once a fortnight during the winter evenings for spiritual conversation and prayer. Notwithstanding his youth, the lad took part in the meetings, and thereby his gifts were ascertained, exercised, and developed. One day, after he had been reading in a clear, strong voice, "a gracious old woman" asked him if he would be a preacher. He replied, "Yes, if I may be a good one." His friends, perceiving the bent of his mind, did their best to help him. Although he found the first steps in the preacher's life exceptionally difficult, he kept his eye upon the goal, being convinced that "God designed him for greater works and higher ends than worldly and cumbering trade." In pursuance of his design, he went to Cambridge, being entered at Trinity College on July 9, 1647, and, after taking his degree, he went back to Little Lever in the spring or early summer of 1650. Whilst there he made a few attempts to preach in the neighbourhood, and finally received and accepted a call to be the minister of Coley Chapel, near Halifax.

Halifax is a town the history of which is suggested by its name. About the middle of the fifteenth century it consisted of thirteen houses, and seems to have borne the name of Horton. But an event occurred which gave it great notoriety, and attracted to its hillside an ever-growing population. Camden tells us that a priest there fell violently in love with a young woman, who indignantly repelled his advances. In a fit of madness he killed her, cutting off her head. The head was hung upon a yew tree, and became an object of pity and of pilgrimage. Crowds resorted to the spot. The tree was soon stripped of its branches by devotees, but its bare trunk was reverenced, as it was believed that "those little veins, which are spread out like hair in the rind, between the bark and the body of the tree, were indeed the very hair of the virgin." This circumstance gave the little town its new name of Halig-fax, or Holy Hair, and led to the rapid multiplication of houses. A century later it was possible to count five hundred and twenty householders, "that kept fires, and answered the vicar." Halifax was famous for the unusual extent and largeness of the parish, which, in Camden's time, had under it eleven or twelve chapels, and about twelve thousand men in it,

so that the parishioners were wont to say that they could reckon more men in it than any kind of animal whatever; by which they meant that in the most fruitful part of England elsewhere thousands of sheep could be found, but so few men in proportion, "that one would think they had given place to sheep and oxen, or were devoured by them." The inhabitants were very industrious, and, by means of the cloth trade, which was commenced in the town in the sixteenth century, had become rich, which fact "confirms the truth of that old observation, that a barren country is a great whet to the industry of the natives." One custom of the place made it the dread of all thieves. Under certain conditions, the "frith borgers" of the forest of Hardwick had a right to put thieves to death. Their heads were shorn off by a terrible instrument—the prototype of the Maiden and the guillotine—a figure of which may be seen in the Britannia. It was no wonder that the robber's litany contained a special prayer to be delivered from Halifax. In judging the influence of this peculiar "institution" on the character of the people, Hunter says:—

"The savage custom of the forest, which allowed execution by beheading to be done in a summary way on offenders convicted of crimes of no particular enormity, must have tended to brutalize the population. Seventeen persons, of whom four were women, were thus savagely butchered in the twenty-seven years before Mr. Heywood became a resident in the parish. Two persons had been beheaded in the spring of the year in which he settled at Coley. They were, however, the last" (p. 73).

Halifax, like Bolton, occupies a prominent place amongst the towns that accepted the doctrines of the Reformation. It was distinguished for its Puritanism at an early period. The "Grindalizing" lecturers did their work thoroughly there in the reign of Elizabeth, and the "Exercises" in the times of James I. were similarly successful. Indeed, the latter obtained great reputation. They were held on the last Wednesday in each month. Two sermons were preached on the same day, well-known preachers being often engaged from distant parts, and the congregations were very large. Under its godly vicars the religious life of the town prospered exceedingly.

In the wild, mountainous country near Halifax stood Coley

Chapel, the scene of the early ministry of Oliver Heywood. The actual building in which he preached has disappeared, but another has been erected on its site. It stands on high ground, and is conspicuous to the traveller for many miles of his journey between Halifax and Bradford. The chapel was erected for the benefit of the inhabitants of Shelf, Northowram, and Hipperholm, in which last-named township it stands. Northowram was the village, and round it lay scattered the cottages in which the parishioners lived. The most notable building in the neighbourhood was Coley Hall, near which the chapel stood. In this hill country, scored with denes, and shaggy with woods, a wild and rugged people dwelt. Lightcliffe and Oakenshaw were called Sodom and Gomorrah, and of them Oliver Heywood says: "I have scarcely ever known any serious people live there." The natural viciousness of the villagers had been but slightly modified by the work of the clergy. Indeed, with very few exceptions, they had been "loose, tippling preachers," and "like priest, like people," might have been sorrowfully sighed over them. The ministers at Coley had fortunately differed from their neighbouring clerics. As a rule they had been godly, hard-working men. There was one exception, but even he, though an ethical failure, was a vigorous and successful preacher. He was a good scholar, an able expositor, and an earnest catechiser, but was sorely let and hindered by his love of drinking and company. Sitting in the midst of his roystering friends, he would solemnly say: "You must not heed me except when I am three feet above the earth"—that is, in the pulpit. Then the black Jack went to his lips, and the wit was out. But this motley minister was, as we have said, an exception. In other respects, the experience of Coley was in bright contrast with that of Lightcliffe and Oakenshaw. Oliver Heywood's immediate predecessor was Mr. Cudworth: "a good scholar, a holy man, and a good preacher; but so exceedingly melancholy that it obscured his parts." It must have been a relief to the parishioners to welcome amongst them the fresh, "naturally smiling countenance" of their young minister.

After continuing for nearly two years at Coley, Oliver

Heywood was ordained at Bury by the hands of the Presbytery on Aug. 4, 1652. The Presbyterian ordinations were formidable and solemn functions. Having been carefully examined as to his literary attainments, and having disputed in Latin on the question, *an Pædobaptismus sit licitus?* he preached a "trial sermon" before the ministers appointed to hear him. He bore with him the unanimous "call" of the members of the Church at Coley, witnessed by their signatures, and, moreover, was accompanied by some aged men sent as delegates to represent the whole of his people. His examinations being satisfactory, and the call of the Church unanimous, he was set apart to the work of the ministry by the imposition of hands. In concluding his account of his ordination, he says: "Mr. Tilsley excellently and profitably gave the exhortation; and there were many tears poured forth." In after days he reviewed the circumstances of his entrance into the ministry with great satisfaction. He considered that the voice of the Church was the voice of God, and throughout the whole of his life he refused to abandon the work which had been formally delivered into his hands by the Master whom he unfalteringly served. Three years after his ordination he was married to Elizabeth Angier, of Denton, the daughter of the famous John Angier, to whose sermons he had listened as a lad. His marriage crowned the happiness of the first pleasant years that he spent amongst his parishioners at Coley.

In 1657 Oliver Heywood began to feel the stress of the storm. For six years his happiness had been complete, and his relations to his people perfectly harmonious. Now the joy of his home was shadowed by the death of his beloved mother, and the peace of his parish was disturbed and broken. For many years before his appointment there the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper had not been administered at Coley, and, after his ordination, Oliver Heywood determined that his people should no longer be without the ordinance. But the introduction of the Sacrament carried with it the revival of Church discipline. He was not inclined to throw open the Table of the Lord to a promiscuous throng of communicants over whom he had no control. He determined that the "Table should be

fenced," and he spent many hours consulting men of large experience in this matter as to the best method to be adopted to gain his end. Then he acted. Preparing the way by preaching on the subject, he appointed a day for consulting the people on his projected reform. Many came, and it was proposed that a few persons of acknowledged piety and wisdom should be appointed by that meeting to assist the minister in the examination of those who expressed a desire of becoming communicants. But this suggestion was not adopted, the people feeling that this strictly spiritual and pastoral work belonged especially to their minister. It was finally determined that, in future, all intending communicants should apply to the minister, and should be approved by him before they sat down at the table. The names of the approved, however, were publicly announced, and any member of the Church had a right to object to any unworthy person. The whole proceedings cast a curious light on the Presbyterianism of the seventeenth century. Some persons violently dissented from the new regulations, and assailed the preacher with an anger which degenerated into ferocity. By the "fencing of the tables" Oliver Heywood made for himself uncompromising foes who shrank from no measures that would break his spirit and drive him from Coley. It was, however, well for him to endure this change of fortune. He needed to be braced up for the times of persecution that were before him. He had enjoyed much sunshine, now the sleet showers of an early winter were beginning to drive amongst the hills. With head well against the storm, he got firm footing on the solid ground of principle, and fared onward valiantly. Notwithstanding a tempting offer of the Vicarage of Preston, from Sir Richard Hoghton, he declined to quit his insurgent parishioners, being, as it would seem, appreciative of the disciplinary advantages of his position.

It is well known that the Presbyterians bore with ill-concealed restiveness the iron rule of Cromwell. In their secret hearts they yearned for the restoration of the monarchy, flattering themselves with foolish visions of the Christian clemency of a Stuart king. Although Oliver Heywood had no wish to pose as a politician, he was in thorough sympathy with the leaders of his party, and heartily wished that Charles

should "enjoy his own again." In 1659 he had a rude reminder of the dangers incident to political agitation. In August the "Cheshire Rising" took place, and for a moment it seemed as if the signal for another civil war had been given. But Lambert, with iron heel, stamped out the smouldering embers of insurrection, and laid his hand upon the advocates of restoration. The embittered enemies of Oliver Heywood seized this opportunity to accuse him of sympathy with the insurgents, and on August 9 he found himself in the clutch of the soldiers. For one night he was detained as a prisoner, then his friends interposed, explanations were given, and he was released. Notwithstanding Lambert's victory the hours of the Commonwealth were numbered. On April 4, 1660, Charles issued his Breda Declaration, in which he said, "We do declare a liberty to tender consciences, and that no man shall be called in question for differences of opinion which do not disturb the peace of the kingdom." Lulled into foolish, false confidence by these seductive words, the Presbyterians threw themselves into the plots which secured the King's return without making any stipulation with him as to the exercise of his prerogative. On May 29, Charles II. passed through the City of London on his way to Westminster. The Presbyterians flocked around him. They appointed one of the most venerable of their number to present him with a richly adorned Bible, which he unctuously promised "to make the rule and government of his life." Whilst most of the Presbyterians were blinded by the Breda Declaration, some were sufficiently shrewd to forecast the probabilities of the future. Richard Baxter and others uttered gloomy prophecies, but their voices were drowned in the great shout that greeted the crowning of the King.

In 1661 the process of disillusion began, and was soon completed. On January 23 a meeting for fasting and prayer, which Heywood had designed to hold, had to be abandoned in consequence of the King's Declaration forbidding such assemblies. Heywood, who was eager to be deceived, put a naïve construction upon the action of his "dread sovereign." He looked with honest eyes upon the Declaration of Breda, and attributed the King's later action to the supposed

fact that his royal clemency had been abused. Indeed, at this time we cannot blame him for inventing a comfortable hypothesis regarding public events. The shadows were creeping towards his home and soon covered it. His wife, always fragile, died in her father's house at Denton, on the 26th of May, leaving her two sons to the care of her husband. Returning to Coley he found the house lonely without her; and, as he began to feel the first gusts of the storm which was sullenly gathering over the Presbyterian Church of England, he sorely missed her tranquillizing presence and her strengthening prayers. It was fortunate for him that he had in his house a faithful servant, Martha Bairstow by name, who belonged to that race of domestics which pessimistic mistresses tell us is fast dying out. Thoroughly identified with the interests of the family she served, perfectly sympathetic with the religious convictions of her master, ready in her espousal of his cause to manifest her affection by painful sacrifice, she put her toilworn, tender hand under the cross which Oliver Heywood had to bear. The Coley minister had not much time to expend in private griefs. His good-natured explanation of the King's conduct was soon tested and destroyed. The bishops had been reinstated at the Restoration, and they made their power felt. The spectacle of the National Church governed in the Presbyterian method was hateful to them. They determined to begin the ecclesiastical revolution by insisting on uniformity in the ceremonial of worship. The standard of uniformity was to be the Prayer Book, which was particularly obnoxious to the Puritan ministers. On August 25, when Oliver Heywood was going into his pulpit, a man appeared and tendered him the Prayer Book. He asked his authority for this action, but, making no reply, the man placed the book on the cushion. The minister removed it, and proceeded with the service in his usual way. On September 13 a bailiff brought him a citation to appear, and answer for his conduct, at St. Peter's, in York. He did so, and indeed wasted much time by frequent journeys thither. During a whole year he was harassed by repeated citations, "not knowing but every sermon he preached in the chapel might be his farewell." At last his suspension was published in Halifax Church on June 29, 1662.

He made no appeal against it, knowing that it would be impossible for him to retain his office longer. The Act of Uniformity was soon to make short work of conscientious Presbyterian ministers. On August 24 all were to resign their livings who would not, amongst other things, "declare their assent and consent to all and everything contained in and prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer." As Oliver Heywood had not the slightest intention of making such a declaration in August, he concluded that it was better to relinquish his living at once. He bade his flock farewell, and waited patiently for the historical day when the fidelity of the Presbyterian ministers was to be proved. It is well known that two thousand of them refused to comply with the Act of Uniformity. How could they, as honest men, make such a declaration as that which we have cited? In 1689, when the Comprehension Commission sat, six hundred alterations were proposed in the Book of Common Prayer, and Stillingfleet asserted that they were "fit to be made were there no Dissenters whatever." The Nonconformists of 1662 were aware of the fact that became plain to an Episcopalian twenty-seven years later, and they could not put out their eyes for the sake of retaining their churches. Some of the Presbyterian ministers were able, by some occult means, to give the necessary assent. It was no doubt with respect to them that one of Nathaniel Heywood's Ormskirk parishioners said: "Oh, sir, many a man now-a-days makes a great gash in his conscience; cannot you make a little nick in yours?" But the Heywoods were not accustomed to slight woundings of conscience; and the Act of Uniformity severed them at once and for ever from the National Church. Oliver Heywood's sentence of suspension found its conclusion in his excommunication, which was published on November 2 at Halifax. Having ventured to preach a funeral sermon for a friend at Bolton, he was also excommunicated in the parish church there on January 4, 1663. In order to prevent a repetition of his preaching in Lancashire, a warrant was taken out for his apprehension should he venture into the county.

The question which confronted the Nonconformist preachers at this crisis was whether they should cease or continue their

ministrations. That question was soon settled. Believing that the voice of God had spoken to them in their ordination, they counted not their lives dear unto themselves, so that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God. Excluded from his chapel, Oliver Heywood had to find other preaching places. As an excommunicated man, watched by the eyes of his old enemies, he had to proceed with the greatest caution. It was necessary that his meetings should be held in the night. He stole out when the darkness came down on the hills, and groped his way to the rendezvous, and preached, expecting every moment to hear the signal which told that the troopers were upon him. But his faithful people gathered around him in the midnight, and so for their sakes he ministered the word which shone as a light in a dark place, until the day dawned, and the day star arose in their hearts. At last the news of these secret meetings came to the ears of his enemies, and once more he was excommunicated in Halifax Church. A writ was issued for his apprehension, but his adversaries had over-reached themselves. By the unbridled violence of their proceedings they had made him an object of sympathy. Dr. Maude interested himself in the case, and used his influence in his favour. At a meeting of bailiffs, held May 3, 1664, it was decided that the writ should not be enforced if he would promise to be forthcoming when called upon by the sheriff. Upon this he enjoyed a sudden enlargement of liberty, and tells us that "three whole Lord's days" he preached in parish churches to great congregations. We can imagine how he would revel in his freedom. Preaching was his chief instrument of usefulness. His was what is called "a converting ministry." It effected marvellous moral changes in those who listened to him, and led them into the joyous experience of the spiritual life. As an ardent evangelist he fretted under the restraint laid upon him, chiefly because it checked his attempts to rescue men and women from the death of sin. Any relaxation of that restraint he welcomed and used to the uttermost.

Excluded from their churches, sometimes turned away from the services conducted by their successors as excommunicated

persons, fined for not attending such services, the Nonconformist ministers comforted themselves in their private meetings for conference and prayer. These meetings did not escape the vigilance of the ecclesiastical authorities, who at length brought the law to bear upon them. On July 1, 1664, the iniquitous Conventicle Act was passed. This measure, with its hideous death penalty, failed to daunt the spirit of Oliver Heywood. He gathered the people into his own house, and there preached to them in spite of eavesdroppers and threats of apprehension. It is wonderful that he escaped capture. On all sides the officers of justice were breaking up conventicles, and packing the gaols with Nonconformists. But he moved hither and thither, no man laying hands upon him. One reason of his freedom from arrest was the profound respect felt for him by those who had watched his life and listened to his ministry. When we glance at his portrait we are struck by his *bonhomie*. His frank, open, smiling face attracts us at once, and is in striking contrast with most of the portraits which appear in the Nonconformists' Memorial. Possessed of the strongest convictions, he does not seem to have asserted them with that offensive pugnacity which detracts from the merits of the typical Puritan. He was a broad-hearted, catholic man; and it is an indelible disgrace upon the temper and legislation of the period, that infamous laws ever enabled malignant men to inflict a single pang on his Christlike spirit. Of course we do not forget that under the Commonwealth the same temper and spirit had visited with persecution not a few Anglican saints.

The year 1665 was one of horror in England. The Great Plague devastated London, and the news of its ravages created a feeling of awe throughout the country. As a matter of fact, the London Nonconformist ministers found that the Plague befriended them. As many of the Episcopal clergy fled from the metropolis, the silenced ministers had a chance of preaching to the terror-stricken people. In the country, however, the dreary work of suppressing conventicles went on; the remorseless determination of the King's clerical advisers was that Nonconformists should be effaced. Although, as we have said, Oliver Heywood escaped arrest, his sufferings were in-

tense. His pecuniary means were small; indeed, once he found himself penniless. Dr. Fawcett tells us that his little stock of money was quite exhausted, the family provisions were entirely consumed, and the faithful Martha Bairstow could lend no more assistance from the savings of former days. When the children began to clamour for food the crisis became acute. Calling his servant to him, Oliver Heywood told her to put on her hat and cloak, take her basket, go to Halifax, and call upon a shopkeeper in Northgate, and ask him for a loan of five shillings. When she started he went into his chamber to pray. The road from Coley to Halifax has been described as "down one precipice and up two others." Along this road, with her empty basket on her arm, trudged Martha Bairstow, and at last reached Northgate. She came to the shop; but her heart failed and she passed by. Then she made several other attempts to execute her errand, but shame overcame her, and she wandered aimlessly in the street. At last the shopkeeper strolled to his door, and looked out. He caught sight of the hesitating woman and called her to him. He asked, "Are you not Mr. Heywood's servant?" Finding that she was, he continued, "I am glad that I have this opportunity of seeing you. Some friends have remitted to me five guineas for your master, and I was just thinking how I could contrive to send it." Martha burst into tears. Then she told the shopkeeper her errand, and he generously invited her to come to him at any future time in case of similar need. Very soon her basket was filled, and she hastened home. The hungry boys had often peered through the window, longing for her return. When she knocked, the bolts and bars, which had always to be fastened for fear of the bailiffs, were rapidly undone, and she received a warm welcome. The lads danced around her, shouting for joy. The more sober father smiled and said, "The Lord hath not forgotten to be gracious; His word is true from the beginning; the young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

The sanguine spirits who had looked for some mitigation of persecution and compensation for the devoted services of the London ministers during the Plague must have been inexpres-

sibly grieved and indignant at the conduct of the Parliament. On October 31, 1665, the Five Mile Act was passed, and it was announced that it would come into operation on March 24, 1666. This Act was the refinement of cruelty. It effectually severed the Nonconformist ministers from the little companies they had gathered together in the places where they had exercised their ministry. They felt the stroke keenly, but they comforted themselves with the thought that "the persecution of the seedsmen is the dispersion of the seed." Oliver Heywood had to quit Coley. He came to Denton to live, stealing across the wilds sometimes to visit his family by night. He found it safer, however, to wander about Cheshire and Lancashire, having no certain place to dwell in. In the face of danger he contrived sometimes to preach occasionally to hastily gathered congregations; and when this field of usefulness was closed, he took his pen in hand, and began to write that series of books with which the learned in Puritan literature are acquainted. In June 1667 a change took place in Oliver Heywood's domestic condition. He married a second time, his wife being Mrs. Abigail Crompton, who survived him. Martha Bairstow also married, and her place was taken by a worthy successor, Susannah Tillotson, who remained in the service of the family for twenty-six years. About this time persecution showed some signs of languishing, but in 1669 a proclama- was issued by the Government that the Conventicle Act must be rigorously enforced. So once more the informers commenced their hateful work, and the gaols were crowded with their victims. In 1670 the Conventicle Act was renewed, and made more ruthless, and on March 14 Oliver Heywood felt the keenness of its edge. He was preaching in a private house near Leeds, when he was interrupted, and carried before the mayor. The mayor treated him roughly, and ordered him to be confined in a dungeon called Capon Hall. By the mediation of some of the respectable inhabitants he was, however, set at liberty the next day. Then he wandered away, to risk anew his freedom by proclaiming "liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

On March 15, 1671–2, Charles II., to the surprise of the

simple-minded, published a Declaration of Indulgence, which gave sudden relief to the Nonconformists. By the exercise of his prerogative he made it possible for them to evade Acts passed by the Parliament. The Nonconformists were too thankful for relief to examine critically the key that unlocked their fetters. Throughout the country they acted as though the day of redemption had come. On May 4, 1672, Oliver Heywood took out a licence in conformity with the proclamation. He bought a house at Northowram, and removed there. He formed a Society in his house, and united with it an Independent Society, one member of which was Robert Tillotson, the father of the celebrated Archbishop. In February 1673, Charles had to reckon with the House of Commons for the use of his prerogative. They voted the King's act illegal; and, in 1674, the bishops persuaded him to recall his licences, and put the laws against Nonconformists into execution. Once more the ministers were silenced. They mourned sorely over the blighting of their hopes. The words of Nathaniel Heywood expressed the universal lament: "Other afflictions are light compared to a muzzled mouth and silent Sabbaths. Oh! it goes heavily! Being cast out of our great places was not so afflictive as being excluded from our poor little retreats, where we hoped to promote the welfare of souls, in peace and security." On February 14, 1675, Oliver Heywood once more bade farewell to his people, and exiled himself for conscience sake. He preached when he could, but was anxious and restless. Then, in 1677, came "a dark and dismal year." His father, his sister Alice, his brother Nathaniel, and his father-in-law, Angier, all died. The one bright point in his clouded experience was the admission of his two sons into the Society at Northowram, which kept together in spite of internal dissension and public persecution. That internal dissension could be possible at such a time is extraordinary. It evoked from the pen of Oliver Heywood the too well warranted exclamation: "Oh! what a nest of wasps is the heart of man." But from all his sorrows the evangelist found relief in abundant work. In spite of King, bishops, and Parliament, his diary shows that, as an itinerant preacher, he proclaimed the Gospel in number-

less places. In 1680 his work was suddenly stopped. On August 15 he, his wife, and several of his neighbours, were cited into the Consistory Court at York, for not going to the sacrament at the parish church at Halifax. As they failed to appear they were excommunicated. Once more he was obliged to keep himself shut up for a time in his own house; then he began his work again. In 1681 he had the joy of seeing the ordination of his son John, and recording in his diary: "God hath helped me in preaching on week days one hundred and five sermons, keeping fifty fasts and nine thanksgiving days, and in travelling fourteen hundred miles about my Master's work." From 1682 to 1685 the laws against Nonconformists were enforced with great strictness, and once more Oliver Heywood found himself in their grasp. He was indicted at the Wakefield Sessions for "keeping a riotous house," found guilty, and fined £50. As he declined to pay, or to find sureties that he would preach no more, he was sent to York Castle, where he remained a prisoner for almost a year.

During Oliver Heywood's imprisonment Charles II. died, and on February 6, 1685, James II. ascended the throne. Being released from York, Heywood resumed his work, and very thankfully availed himself of the indulgence granted in 1687. In that year a licence office was opened, and on payment of fifty shillings a preaching permit might be obtained. The King also published a declaration for liberty of conscience. Whatever may be said about the motive of these measures, it is certain that they brought to the Nonconformist ministers and their harried congregations a welcome interval of peace. Seizing this favourable opportunity, Oliver Heywood built a meeting-house at Northowram, laying the foundation stone on April 23, 1688, and opening it for worship on July 8 of the same year. It was not, however, until the "Glorious Revolution" brought with it the Toleration Act that the liberties of the Nonconformists were established on a firm foundation. Protected by the law the ministers of the Presbyterian Churches renewed and extended their evangelistic labours. From 1688 to 1702 Oliver Heywood became the apostle of the North. His activity was incessant. He rode throughout Yorkshire and Lancashire, preaching and forming societies, and for a

time it seemed as though he would anticipate Wesley's work in the northern shires. Nor did his brisk hand falter. He published book after book, and laboured with all his might for the Saviour whom he loved with a passionate devotion. His preaching was popular. Those were days when men brooked sermons three hours long, and Heywood often preached for that length of time. But it was not difficult to listen to him. He had a bright, attractive, conversational style of preaching, and people heard him with eagerness. In his last days his personal influence was very great. He was often called in to assist at the ordinations of young ministers, and to advise in matters which concerned the welfare of the Presbyterian Churches. We have chosen to dwell upon the days of cloud and darkness he endured, rather than upon the eventide of light which closed his life. But that evening was very beautiful, and its tenderness and grace might well make us linger. Although his sun was setting it still shone with helpful and inspiriting radiance; even now its glory has not quite faded from the historical horizon of Christian students of the past. He died on May 4, 1702. The place of his burial is not known. It is probable that he was interred near his mother in the south chapel of Halifax Church; but in the course of "restoration" that consecrated ground has been disturbed. There is no spot on earth which can be distinctly identified as the grave of Oliver Heywood. But why should we seek for the living amongst the dead? If we will lift up our eyes, we may discern the home of his spirit in that pleasant land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

It is a duty, binding on our historic conscience, to add that Oliver Heywood can by no means be taken as an average sample of the Presbyterian clergy of his day, any more than Leighton of the Episcopalians, or Howe of the Independents. Dr. Halley's *Lancashire* and Dr. Stoughton's *Religion in England,* both Nonconformist authorities, furnish proof enough that the Puritan clergy, especially those of Lancashire, and most of all during the period of the Presbyterian Establishment, however superior on the whole in ministerial qualifications to the Anglican clergy, often partook too deeply of the coarseness of

the times. Not very seldom they were sporting, sometimes they were even cock-fighting, ministers. Nevertheless, it is an honour to English Presbyterianism that it should have produced such saintly and every way exemplary servants of Christ and His Church as Heywood, the Henrys, and many besides that might be named.

From Oliver Heywood sprang a family of great distinction in Lancashire, the successive generations of which have been distinguished by that combination of trained intelligence with high principle and social virtue and refinement which has been the hereditary character of not a few leading Presbyterian families, such, for example, as the Norwich Taylors and the Martineaus. The Arianism into which the hereditary Presbyterianism lapsed did not obliterate, or indeed, so far as we know, obscure, these characteristics in the case of the Heywoods. The late Sir Benjamin Heywood was the head of one branch of this family, and James Heywood, Esq., M.P., of another. It is striking to observe that in the present generation all the sons of Sir Benjamin Heywood have returned to orthodoxy, and have left the ranks of Nonconformity; and that Sir Percival Heywood, the present baronet, is the High Church patron of ritualistic schism, who distinguished himself by his conflict with the late Bishop of Manchester on behalf of the principles against which his illustrious ancestor so faithfully contended.

Art. II.—RICHARD JEFFERIES.

The Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus. 1888.

IF Disraeli the elder could to-day revisit the glimpses of the moon, and, with full knowledge of the things that have happened on the earth during his forty years' absence from it, could again take up that busy pen of his, he might add one or two new chapters to his curious book on the *Calamities of Authors*. Since his day the mournful lives, full of disaster and defeat, of Hartley Coleridge, of Edgar Allan Poe, of

Thomas de Quincey, have come to their end, and their story has become the common property of their admirers; since his day the domestic tragedy of the Brontës, those ill-starred children of genius, has been put before the world. These stories have an infinite pathos, whether they show us a winged poet-soul caught by its feet in sensual slime, and beating its pinions in vain endeavours to escape and soar; or whether they reveal to us spirits as fiery pure as they were strong of flight, encaged and shackled and held down by the folly or the vice of others. An interest not less tragic, a sorrow not less piercingly pathetic, belongs to the life which closed not two years ago, and which another and a more cunning hand than Disraeli's has just recounted for us—a tale of author-calamity and endurance, which once read cannot be forgotten; but diverse from the rest in that its calamity was due to no one's folly, to no one's vice. The "great giants" with whom Richard Jefferies did fruitless fatal battle—Disease and Poverty—came on him through no sin of his or of his parents or kinsfolk. His life was pure as it was laborious; his work clean as it was beautiful. In him we find none of the "slips in sensual mire" which alternate with the "bursts of great heart" in Byron, in Burns, even in Shakspere. Errors of judgment in his case there were, errors which, wise after the event, we see to have been of a damaging and almost fatal kind; but the pity which they awaken is without a tinge of moral blame.

This tragedy, in which there is no crime and no villain, seems at first sight to move on the very simplest lines. The book-loving son of a not very successful farmer, taking to literature as a congenial means of support, finding his chosen pursuit less easy and lucrative than he had dreamed, but still succeeding in living by it; marrying in early manhood on the strength of his first real success, and continuing to work at his author-craft, not fruitlessly, until his health breaks down under the ceaseless strain, and he sinks exhausted into the grave; what is there at all unusual in this? If we stray but a short distance into the forgotten byways of literature, will not our feet strike at every turn against the sad relics of some life wrecked in the same fashion?

But that which lends its mournful distinction to the story of Richard Jefferies is the personal character of the sufferer, that most rare and delicate genius which he possessed, the iron resolution by virtue of which he still went on working for wife and child through all the long and dolorous road he trod towards death, the deep silent conflict of soul by which he attained at last to peace and hope in believing. Under every one of these aspects the life we are contemplating rises high above the commonplace.

Those who would know the outward circumstances which shaped this author's mind and character, and would learn what inner life was nourished by those circumstances, will find both pictured with mirror-like faithfulness in his best writings. Things outside his own experience it was more impossible for Jefferies to deal with adequately than it has been for any writer who, forgetting the precious motto, "That is best which lieth near thee," has tried to think himself into the thoughts and to re-live the lives of men whose manner of life was alien to his own. But what he lacked in the penetrating divining imagination, so royally exemplified in Shakspere, was made up to him in a pictorial memory of rarely equalled power, and in the keenest poetical insight into the glamour and the manifold beauty of the natural world. So when he found his true literary vocation of interpreting the magic of wood and meadow, of hill and river and valley, to men of duller eyes and slower heart, he drew on his own store of richly coloured recollections, on the wood-craft and field-craft loved and practised in his youth; and in acquainting his surprised readers with the secret joys known to a loving observer of Nature, he let them see also the very heart of his young existence, which grew and found its fitting food within a circle of ten miles' radius, the centre of which was the farm-house of Coate, "on the road from Swindon to Marlborough, about two miles and a half from the former place. . . . . I suppose," says Mr. Besant, "there is no district in the world that has been more minutely examined, explored, and described. Jefferies knew every inch of ground, every tree, every hedge. . . . . He lived elsewhere, but mostly he wrote of Coate."

Within this little portion of North Wilts there was enclosed much beauty and interest for one who could feel and see. It is a country of great swelling downs, grassy and largely treeless, bearing on their broad shoulders traces of ancient hill forts, and dominating over the lower-lying farms with garden and orchard and coppice about them; a country where in certain directions "a man may walk all day and meet no one;" a country where ancient monuments abound, full of "tumuli, barrows, cromlechs, stone circle," full too of "memories or whispers of old wars and prehistoric battles," of days when the Roman drew across the land his long straight lines of roads, four of which meet at Wanborough, and when Briton clashed against Saxon in the long-forgotten decisive fight at Barbury. Straying over the lonely downs with the great pure sky overhanging them, sitting by deserted fosse and nameless barrow, the curious inquiring youth drew in the spirit of the past, and learned how it lives in the present, hearing the wind that is always young and always old whisper in his ear, "There never was a yesterday and there never will be a to-morrow. It is all one long to-day."

There were other attractions and dearer associations for him about the beautiful old farm-house under whose thatched roof he was born, in the November of 1848, and where his home lay for full twenty years. Here during long generations his fathers had dwelt, tilling their own land which they loved, planting the many fruit trees which enriched and embowered the homestead, and the sweet homely flowers which embalmed the air about it; and all their love for their native soil and their delight in the things that grew and lived on it was transmitted in full force to their heir. They were a noticeable race, these Jefferies; possessing "qualities or eccentricities which cause them to be remembered," and not the least noticeable of them must have been the father whose likeness Richard loved to introduce into his delightful books; the massively built, powerful, and stately man with the small, shapely hands and feet; full of wisdom and thought; speaking now in broad Wiltshire and now in clear, good English; "one who meditates aloud; one who roams about his fields watching and remembering; one who brings to the planting of potatoes as

much thought and care as if he were writing an immortal poem." This father, who loved and studied his garden, his orchard, his fields, as so many beautiful and wonderful pages of the book of Nature, who knew every bird that flew across his lands, and could tell its habits and history, was a priceless companion and teacher for that reserved, sensitive, nervous eldest-born son of his, who, from dreaming over fairy tales and stories of adventure in the sunny parlour-window at Coate, and acting them out with brothers and sister among the bushes and ponds of the farm, went on to read "everything," the boy's love of reading developing into a devouring book hunger. The loved companionship of his father saved Richard Jefferies from sinking into a mere bookworm; it gave the right bent to his genius; it taught him to find the divinest joys all about that remarkable place called Coate, with its handful of poor cottages set among quiet fields and bare hills. Not the boy Wordsworth himself knew more of "the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower;" and not only the joyous beauty of unconscious life, but the bliss and the agony of conscious life in field and woodland, all their multiform drama, entered into the experience of the youth who hour by hour would watch, entranced, the movements of all the wild living things whom his statue-like stillness cheated into unconsciousness of his presence.

There is a sad satisfaction in gathering up the many indications afforded by his works that these early years were crowded with delight, that for Richard Jefferies, as for Robert Burns, there was a long, bright season when he "walked in glory and in joy." For days of darkness were coming, and their darkness was to be great.

Into the child's paradise there steals, sooner or later, the unquiet desire for a wider experience, the longing to know good and evil. At twenty we find Jefferies complaining of the quiet and monotony of country life, the "sublime sameness" of Coate. He had been guilty, four years earlier, of an attempt to escape out of that monotony, which reads like a stray page from the life of Oliver Goldsmith. With a neighbour's son he planned to run away from home and make a walking tour across Europe as far as Moscow. Some doubts

as to the scheme just crossing their young minds, the lads referred the question to the oracle of the dog's tail; if he wagged it within a specified time, they would go. "The tail wagged, and the boys ran away." They reached France and were checked there by their lack of language; they then proposed to sail for America, but were stopped by the failure of their funds. Moneyless and defeated, they were fain to return home. The incident has its importance, for it sadly foreshadows the future doings of the boy whose high imaginative ambition never could see obstacles in any path he chose to tread, and who was only to learn what were his true powers and what their limitations through many a year of misdirected effort.

This outbreak of young impatience came at a critical time of the lad's life, the time when he must choose his future occupation. Pure hearted, but unsocial, reserved, and impetuous, for what work was the young lover of books and Nature fit? The straitened family circumstances would not allow of any profession needing a costly training. Imprisonment in a shop, in a warehouse, at a desk, were not to be thought of; the breath of his life was the fresh, open air; but for farming he never showed the smallest turn. So, almost inevitably, he bethought him of literature, to which his bookish tastes pointed; and of journalism, the most immediately useful branch of it. Aided by friends already familiar with that profession, he obtained in March 1866, being eighteen years of age, a place on the *North Wilts Herald*, and having qualified himself to act as a reporter, became the Swindon correspondent of another local paper. His work as a country journalist had life in it, and variety, and many chances for observing the men and manners of the neighbourhood, at its markets, its public meetings, its courts of justice; it also afforded him great gaps of leisure, which he used industriously for more ambitious literary work, always designing that his lowly employment should be the stepping-stone to something higher. Unhappily many of those industrious hours were spent in chasing a mere will o' the wisp.

For Richard Jefferies could never rid himself of the delusion that in him was the stuff of a successful novelist; yet of a

novelist's proper equipment he had next to nothing. He had a keen memory for facts, he developed in later life a really splendid descriptive power. But not Byron himself had less of the dramatic faculty, or was more unable to lose his own personality in that of another; while of the literary carpentry needful for the constructing of a good plot, no trace can be found in him. Yet year after year he went on rapidly producing story after story, with infinite pains, and sending them to publisher after publisher, who declined them with startling unanimity. Persuaded that all he needed was "a well-known name," he tried to advertise himself by publishing on his own account; he bought therewith only heart-breaking disappointment.

Few things in literature are more touching than the record of six long years of such resolute, blind endeavour contained in Richard Jefferies' letters to his aunt, Mrs. Harrild, of Sydenham. Reticent with others, for her he had no reserves; and in this artless correspondence we can almost count the pulses of the poor young author's heart; now beating high in triumph when his audacity in addressing an eminent London publishing firm, or a high-placed author like Disraeli, or a romantic exile like the Prince Imperial, had been rewarded with some gracious kindly words; now throbbing painfully when hope was checked, and friends looked cold disapproval, and health suddenly failed him. For two serious illnesses befell him in six years; showing that the long slight lad, who believed himself possessed of health that nothing earthly could hurt, was already drawing too deeply on his vital capital. But nothing could long chill that ardent heart, or shake his inward consciousness of power; not even the moment when he found himself shut out from his home, and but a single halfpenny in his pocket; his sanguine unpractical ways having for the time thrown him out of employment and drawn down his father's serious displeasure. He has "still the firmest belief in his ultimate good-fortune and success." And at last, at last, success came.

In the autumn of 1872 it befell that the relations between the farm-labourer and his employer excited much attention; hard things were said of the farmer, and the squalid lot of the

labourer called forth great sympathy. Richard Jefferies entertained a strong opinion, derived from years of quiet observation, that in North Wiltshire at least the labourer might thank himself, at least as much as his employer, if he did not thrive and did not rise. He took the pains to set forth the facts on which he grounded this opinion, in a long letter, which, having been rejected by an unnamed London paper, was afterwards accepted and inserted by the *Times*, and made the text of a stinging leader. Nothing is more noticeable in this letter, which Mr. Besant reprints in full, than its business-like tone and style; Defoe himself could not have told a plain tale more bluntly. The phrase is, as it should be, thoroughly germane to the matter. But there is not here the smallest hint that the writer was keenly alive to the tragic element in many of the poor and sordid lives he was dealing with; there is nothing of the pity and the terror which breathes from some of his later rustic sketches. These were to be the gifts of a more poignant experience than Jefferies had yet known. He was but twenty-four.

His letter to the *Times* called forth answers, and to these he replied in two more letters, telling and vigorous like the first; the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Spectator*, and other papers noticed the matter; Jefferies found himself all at once in the position of an acknowledged authority on agricultural matters. Could he have seen and profited by it, he had now a golden opportunity. "Any of our great newspapers would have been glad to number on its staff, and to retain," one who could write with such knowledge on the great agricultural question. "An honourable career and a sufficient income" could have been now secured, had there been at his side a competent adviser to make him understand what to do. But Jefferies had no such authoritative guide; he did not see his chance, he failed to seize it; he went on producing his unlucky novels, his *Family History of the Goddards of North Wilts*, and such futile things, that brought him neither fame nor money. The pity of it is past expression, when we remember the final result.

The great success of the *Times* letters, however, was not quite useless to him. It improved his position among his own people; it assured his work, it increased his income. A year

and a half after the appearance of that first letter he dared to marry, having been already engaged, for three years, to the lady of his thoughts, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. Many a tender and splendid passage from his later writings hints how passionately pure was the affection he could feel for his bride; all his best work was achieved after this marriage; and the seeming imprudence of the step vanishes, when we note the expanding, the enrichment, the deepening of thought and feeling which the succeeding years brought him. "His real literary life may be said to begin at this period."

We find Richard Jefferies, in 1873, and 1874, the year of his marriage, beginning first to write for *Fraser's Magazine*; then for the *New Quarterly Review*, the *Graphic*, the *Mark Lane Express*, the *Standard*, the *Fortnightly*; at first only on matters agricultural, in the practical vein, and the plain blunt style of the *Times* letters; but by degrees a touch of poetry, a breath of tenderness and warmth steals in; human sympathy softens at once, and deepens the lines and hues of his pictures. In "Field-faring Women," an early contribution to the *Graphic*, the contrast between the surroundings of the field-worker and the sordid life she leads amid them is vividly brought out. The poor toiler sees not the rich deep blue of the hyacinth that carpets the woodland and gleams afar purple in the sunset; she hears not the nightingale singing on the hawthorn bough, the lark high over the downs carolling at heaven's gate: her eyes are dulled, her ears deafened with hard penury and ignorance; the instinct for beauty and sweetness in her has found no room to expand. The writer who draws our attention to this kind of deprivation is beginning to look beyond the merely economic aspect of the labour question; he has eyes to see what moral and spiritual evil springs from the down-treading of these poor children of the soil. We shall find him soon painting for us, under the grim title of "Field-play," the saddest and most terrible picture of a poor field-working girl's fate, of the waste and ruin wrought for her by her luckless loveliness; and showing us something even more ominous in that sombre magnificent sunset scene in *Green Ferme Farm*, where the wearisful women toil home through the evening glory, blind to all its beauty, but not blind to the sordid hate-

ful character of the master whose acres they help to till. Their hearts, pinched with poverty, have yet room for a thought of hate, as they pass him with their wonted obeisance.

Jefferies did not in these first days of success strike the deeper notes of pain which his broodings over the dark riddle of the earth were soon to inspire. But he was very quickly finding his best manner, his true sphere, and also his own public, which gladly received the new fresh pictures of pastoral life he drew. From those delicately true descriptive sketches, "Marlborough Forest" and "Village Churches," not one word, not one tint, could be spared. The writer touched perfection in those early papers; he had only to continue. And he did continue to work in his true vocation of interpreting between beautiful, awful Nature and the souls that have hardly guessed her glory and her terror, of making the inarticulate threatening voice of village suffering, discontent, and longing audible in the ears of the prosperous, easy-minded, town-haunting classes, who otherwise would neither hear nor understand those unsyllabled portentous mutterings. Still hampered by the unappeased longing to shine as a novelist, from time to time he would deal in fiction, and, as in *Greene Ferme Farm* and *Amaryllis at the Fair*, would bind together the exquisite landscapes none could paint like him with "some thread of human interest which no one cared to follow." But we can forgive these futile attempts to him, as we forgive Turner for the quaint human figures that do not much adorn his gorgeous canvases. It may be but a poor lay-figure of a lover that Jefferies paints into the foreground of his sumptuous picture of the Dawn; but what worshipper of Nature's loveliness cares to remember how thin a shadow is Geoffrey Newton, while with him we are bidden to look at the daily wonder of the summer sunrise that so few of us ever see—while we watch the morning mist driven cloud-like before the breeze, and see shining like molten silver through its last thin fringe the fair planet of Love, just ready to vanish in the "light it loves,"—while we see the summer morning sky putting on its wondrous sapphire blue, "with a rich purple shining through it," and the East flaming out at last in its sanguine splendours as "the great orb, quivering with golden flames, looks forth upon the world."

One who can show us such pictures, we are apt to think, may put them into the frame that pleases him.

But Jefferies is undoubtedly at his best when he will forget his novelist's ambition and be content with his own *rôle* of an observer and a thinker. In this capacity he did very much work that will not die, and did it within a very little space of time. It was in 1878 that his first really successful book, *The Gamekeeper at Home*, appeared; he followed it up during nine successive years by not less than nine books dealing with kindred subjects, and written in a style that grows ever more perfect. Nothing can well outdo "The Pageant of Summer" (one of his later contributions to *Longman's Magazine*, and republished in his *Life in the Fields*) for the sustained splendour of its language, the truth and tenderness, the almost heart-breaking intensity of its feeling. Perhaps it owed this latter quality to the distressing fact that it was produced while the writer was "in deadly pain and torture."

For he was but just tasting the sweet of true literary success —fretted a little by the inevitable bitters mixed with it, but lifted up, and stimulated to better work, by the praise, the cordial appreciation of his own special public; he had scarce done half of his best writings, having produced, beside his *Gamekeeper*, his *Amateur Poacher*, *Wild Life in a Southern Country*, *Hodge and his Master*, and *Round About a Great Estate*—when there fell on him, the hopeful, eager, hard-working husband and father, a strange and heavy doom—strange, because, save for too unremitting mental effort, he seems to have done scarcely anything to invite it; and very heavy, for the few years of life remaining to him were to be years of ever-increasing anguish. In the December of 1881 he was attacked by a disease that is only curable by a formidable operation. To this he submitted—not once only, but four times, during twelve months; only the last attempt of the surgeon having such success as should have crowned the first. Comment is needless on the wretchedness which this brief statement indicates—the suspense, the hope deferred, the heart-sickening anxiety. The bread-winner's busy pen had to lie idle that year; the slender store saved from the fruits of its past industry was spent perforce; and want was

fast drawing near ere he could work again. But health seemed to return, hope revived, effort was gladly resumed; when a new, and for long an inexplicable, misery seized upon him; a burning internal pain began to consume him; a pain which he compares to the action of corrosive sublimate, or the gnawing of a rat; a pain which made him dread to take a short railway journey, lest maddened by agony he should fling himself from the window; and it was accompanied by sleeplessness, wasting emaciation, and a weakness so great and terrible as at last it rendered him quite helpless. He thought there was in it something of paralysis, having on a certain dreadful day in 1885 felt such a sensation as if his spine had suddenly snapped. His complaint long baffled the many physicians he consulted; at last it was suggested that he should call in Dr. Kidd, who discerned it to be an ulceration of the intestines; it had been going on—what misery in the words!—for two years. He derived some relief from the treatment of his new adviser, but his strength, never great, was too completely exhausted; disastrous complications supervened; and after six long years of bodily anguish and mental distress, the rest of the grave was granted to him, on the 14th of August 1887.

There had not been wanting such alleviations as the generosity of sympathizing and admiring friends could supply, and as the sufferer's proud independence could consent to receive. A certain restlessness, born perhaps of woe, had made him often change his abode; long since he had left Swindon; he lived awhile at Eltham, five years at Surbiton; it was at Goring, on the Sussex coast, that he died. Being thus removed from the neighbourhood of his own family, he could and did keep them ignorant of his terrible poverty. But his straits were not unknown to others; to the friendly publishers who gave him full value for his beautiful work, which from its very excellence was "caviare to the general," and commanded only a limited sale; to men of his own profession, gentle and generous, like Mr. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*. These friends tried first to persuade him that he might properly claim aid from the Royal Literary Fund; he refused, even with sternness; he would have deemed it a less disgrace to apply for parish pay. It was an error in judgment, says his

biographer; he imagined that the Fund was supported only by would-be patrons of literature, idle aristocrats whose pensioner he would not be; and so thinking he erred. But he could not be disabused of his opinion; therefore his helpers bestirred themselves to raise a private fund for him among his readers and admirers. The money thus raised he did not reject; it came from the right source; and though it came too late in one sense—though no change to a sunnier clime was possible for him—still it soothed the last weeks of his life, which were by this means passed quietly in the soft sea air; it banished the terrible spectre of want from his bedside; it comforted him with hope for the future of his wife and little children—hopes which, there is no reason to doubt, will be fulfilled. For friendship, faithful tender friendship, was one of the great gifts Heaven had accorded to this man, so unequally endowed in many respects.

To read the details of his slow death-agony as they appear in the victim's letters, though Mr. Besant has rightly withheld some passages "too terrible to be quoted," is cruel indeed. And yet it was when this finely organized sensitive being was passing through such a trial that he accomplished his noblest and richest work. To read in his *Red Deer*, his *Life in the Fields*, his *Open Air*—inspired as they are by the joy of life—could you think it is an agonized sufferer who makes us feel and see with him "The luxury of the leaves, the song in the very air; the glowing life the sunshine gives, and the south wind calls to being; the endless grass, the endless leaves, the immense strength of the oak expanding, the unalloyed joy of finch and blackbird; the dance of the leaf shadows; the exceeding beauty of the earth yielding a new joy with every petal"?

Would you think these images are to the writer but the fair shadows of lost bliss, which he is calling up with effort and anguish that he may keep Want from his hearthstone and Hunger from wife and babes?

At this task, however, Jefferies wrought till his fingers could write no more; then, still haunted by thick-coming thoughts, still clear in mind—stronger, indeed, than ever in soul—he would dictate to his patient wife, who wrote un-

wearedly at his bidding, till the strength even to dictate was also gone. No writer, surely, ever waged a closer fight with Death.

How fared it, during that fight, with his immortal spirit? This man of pure, regular, industrious life, so ill repaid for his toil here—did he amid his dark afflictions cast away the confidence, the simple guileless piety, which had been his in youth? He has told us something of these matters himself; the record is completed by others. The *Story of my Heart*, strangest and greatest of his books, came out in 1883, while the shadows were darkening round him. In it he has tried to express the passion of wonder and of infinite longing after the Infinite that grew and spread in him, while, musing on the wondrous past and the wondrous present of the beloved Earth, he felt that he needed something more. His eloquence, noble as it is, fails to express all his thought; how can it, when the thought itself is struggling for freedom, for completeness?

From his silence, more than his words, we gather with grief that his early unquestioning faith has in part fallen from him; but a whole heaven of thought divides him from the materialist. God, the soul, immortality, are for him the most real of all things. For him the whole air, for him furthest space, "is full of soul-secrets, soul-life, things outside the experience of all the ages;" for him it is extinction which is so against Nature that it would require a miracle; not the immortality of the soul which "is natural, like Earth." But the inscrutable unpitying face of Nature perplexes him; Nature, who does nothing for Man, who sternly bids *him* do all for himself, who calmly suffers him to stray into manifold disasters. The age-long story of the race, crowded with sin and suffering, coupled with his own consciousness of physical imperfection and decay, wrought in Jefferies a desire ever more ardent, on his own behalf and that of his fellows, for release from the body of humiliation, for a glorious perfect body and soul.

"Give me," he prays, "fulness of life like to the sea and the sun, to the earth and the air; give me fulness of physical life, mind equal and beyond their fulness; give me a greatness

and perfection of soul higher than all things, give me my inexpressible desire which swells in me like a tide, give it to me with all the force of the sea."

But to whom is the impassioned prayer addressed? To the uncomprehended Deity whose guiding hand he cannot discern in the chaos of human affairs, who to his bewildered mind seems to have withdrawn himself from men, leaving them to Chance? It is a contradiction, but a hopeful one; for he who must needs pray does trust, though it may be in an unworded unconscious fashion, in One who will hear and will answer. And the *Story of my Heart* is but a fragment. The years of anguish that followed on its writing wrought out that half-told story to its close—a consoling and beautiful close as it is revealed to us. The child came back to the Father in childlike trust, and in the blackest night of sorrow rose the dawn of immortal hope. The Fuller Soul he had yearned for should be his, the glorified body also, in God's own good time. For many a long day while Death drew nearer to divide them for a season, his wife and he blended their faithful prayers together, and together read "in the Gospel of St. Luke" of the Good Physician, Saviour, and Healer of both body and soul. "Almost his last intelligible words were, 'Yes, yes; that is so. Help, Lord, for Jesus' sake. Darling, good-bye. God bless you and the children, and save you all from such great pain."

So passed the soul that had loved deeply and suffered much, that had risen through love and suffering to new heights of thought and knowledge, that was humblest and therefore loftiest at the last. He is daring indeed who will say that the sharp discipline which had so purified this spirit was such as could serve no far-reaching end, nor be made the soon-forgotten entrance-gate, straight and bitter, to the immortal gladness of the Fuller Life that lies beyond the grave.

Art. III.—THE CHURCHES AND THE MASSES.

1. *The Official Report of the Church Congress*, held at Manchester, October 1888. London: Bemrose & Sons.
2. *Dr. Clifford's Presidential Address*, at the Meeting of the Baptist Union, October 1888, *On the New City of God; or, the Primitive Christian Faith as a Social Gospel.* London: Alexander & Shepheard.
3. *The Need of a System of Christian Economics.* By the Rev. F. H. Stead. A Paper read at the Meeting of the Congregational Union, October 1888. London: James Clarke & Co.

BY the Churches in this article is meant particularly the Church of England as represented by the Congress at Manchester, and the Baptist and Congregational Unions of Churches as represented by the meetings held at Huddersfield and Nottingham; and by the Masses is meant especially the millions of Englishmen outside the Churches who form so large and so predominant an element in the State. In each of these assemblies the condition and prospects of the people occupied a large proportion of the time and thought of some of the foremost men of light and leading in the land. Social, as distinguished from political and ecclesiastical, questions were felt to be, if not supreme, of pressing urgency; and many wise and weighty words, as will be seen, were said thereon. Looking, not without misgiving, but yet with hopeful anxiety, upon the vague, chaotic movements of the masses that have been enfranchised but are only just becoming conscious of their power, the Churches are setting themselves resolutely to study these movements, to infuse into them a Christian spirit, and to guide them to beneficent and worthy ends.

In one of the official sermons at the Church Congress, the Archbishop of York graphically described the altered social conditions in which the Church has now to work. The world which we have to face, he says, is a changed world. It is not that the population has increased by 90 per cent. in half a century, or even that political power has passed into the hands

of the people; it is that the whole life we are living is a changed life; that "new motives and ambitions have sprung up with which Christ must deal, and deal by means of His ministers."

"The conditions of life are no longer unalterable. . . . . The labourer is drawn to the town and to the factory; he sees that the overlooker who directs him was once a hand-worker like himself, and that even the great owner of the works, with park, with mansions in town and country, was once an overlooker, who has been raised by the labour of such as he to lord it over him. Such a relation between them inspires no reverence; on the contrary, it suggests that jealousy between capital and labour which is our great industrial difficulty at home, and which in other countries has become an intense hatred against that whole system of social order which is supposed to keep the people down, and to prevent them from their equal rights. . . . . A great fear besets the workman and his family that bad times will often disturb the industrial machine, and leave the labourer without resource; whilst even in good times he is not sure that he gets his fair proportion in the work which capital and labour are conducting together. Hence the popular condition has passed from one of apathy, of apathetic contentment in some, or apathetic submission in others, broken by occasional convulsions, into an eager and suspicious condition; a continual striving after physical well-being which will allow no interference, and which judges friend and foe by that touchstone: Will he help or hinder in the conflict of the working man against capital and riches? . . . . But people in this nervous, combative, suspicious frame are ready to be led astray by false ideas, to become the dupes of false teachers; whilst at the best their mind is so occupied by the engrossing wages-conflict that they have less room to entertain religious instruction."

The Bishop of Manchester, in opening the Congress, placed the social difficulties of the time in the fore-front of his address, and it is evident that he, too, like his Metropolitan, was keenly sensible of their bewildering complexity and gathering force.

"Not only does the spread of destitution create and intensify a discontent which threatens the very existence of civilization, but its effects," says Dr. Moorhouse, "darken for every sensitive mind the whole heaven of social life. . . . . The difficulties we have to encounter are well-nigh overwhelming. How shall we relieve distress without encouraging idleness? How shall we secure a more reasonable distribution of wealth without breaking the springs of energy and self-denial? How shall we enlist the help of the State without destroying the freedom and independence of the individual? How shall we arrest the reckless multiplication of feeble and vicious paupers without compromising the purity of the home? How

shall we apply the loftiest counsels of Christian perfection to a society which is penetrated by mean and selfish passions? Look in what direction we will we find gigantic difficulties confronting us and seemingly barring the way to a better and happier future."

From a slightly different point of view, but in a like alert and sympathetic spirit, the Rev. C. W. Stubbs and the Rev. J. Llewelyn Davies discussed the question in two papers on "The Bearing of Democracy on Church Life and Work."

"To this fact," says Mr. Davies, "to the acquisition of political power by the many voters of the most numerous class, both the old institutions of the land and the habits of all classes are called upon to adjust themselves, and the change is gradually passing over them." Politicians of all parties have been quick to appreciate and to adapt themselves to the altered state of things, and the leaders of the Churches will be strongly tempted to swim with the stream. The Church, they will be told, ought to make friends and instruments of the powers that be; and the people are the power. And here the danger lies. A true disciple of the Apostles and of Christ, Mr. Davies thinks, will not aim at turning politics to account for the promotion of ecclesiastical interests. At the same time such a disciple, "bound as he is at all times to regard with godly respect the powers that be as ordained of God, will be deeply moved by the apparent harmony between much in the ordinary assumptions of democracy and those of original Christianity."

Speaking from the chair of the Baptist Union, the Rev. Dr. Clifford said—and his words were echoed in the sessions of the Congregational Union a week later:—

"I feel I can scarcely be wrong in interpreting the chief anxieties and intenser yearnings of our Christian societies. The agreement of those who read the 'signs of the times' is complete. The air rings with proofs that social problems are supreme. Questions of social economics take the first rank, not only in the market, but also in the Church: hardly more on the Exchange than in the University; in the literature of fiction and theology, poetry and politics. Sociology, as it is called, is in one form or other the paramount practical science, at home and abroad, in the old civilizations of Europe, and in the newer and rising civilizations of Japan, the United States, and the colonies. The work of the dawning twentieth century will be the reconstruction of society, another stage in the building of the New City of God."

Here and there in this electrical address, as in the papers read at the Church Congress, we meet with sentences which show how strong will be the temptation to sectarian rivalry in laying out and building up the New Jerusalem. When we read, for instance, that "the social problem is the field on which the decisive battle will be fought as to which Church will gain the strongest influence over the life of the people," or, when we are told that "the State as the organ of the common people is open to our use in this exalted service," we feel that we are perilously near those rocks of earthly power and worldly ambition on which, more than once, the Church has struck, and towards which her arch-enemy is ever luring her.

As a whole, however, the address is full of sober sense and sound philanthropy; and, in justice to its author, we must quote a passage which gives ample evidence that, while full of "Christ-begotten" pity for the poor, the outcast, the oppressed, he, like Mr. Davies, is not unmindful of the dangers of the situation. In another connection, we shall recur to Dr. Clifford for a little of that practical wisdom in which he shows himself so opulent: for the moment he shall speak to us of "the prodigious energy now throbbing in the social heart," and put us on our guard against the perils he foresees:—

"The quietly operative energy of the popular vote is at its revolutionary work, loosening the key-stone of the arch of monopolies, lifting the 'agricultural labourer' out of the mire, opening the doors of industry and opportunity to women, and weakening the existence of every social and political edifice that is built on wrong and force, instead of on right and freedom. . . . . Still the fear is not without reason; for the perils of sovereignty are not avoided because your Cæsar is a democracy. Like most rulers, he, too, is in danger of thinking more of rights than of duties, of imposing fetters on freedom, forcing 'progress' because he is strong, and trusting to machinery to do the work of life."

The speeches directly addressed to working men in connection with these Congresses afford additional evidence of the awakened solicitude of the Churches for the welfare of the people. We call attention to them, however, for another purpose. They furnish, for the most part, models of what such speeches ought to be. They are marked by a sobriety, a sense

of responsibility, a determination to speak the truth in love, that is exceedingly gratifying; and they are equally remarkable for their freedom from fustian, cant, and clap-trap, from fawning adulation, adroit flattery, and all the other sins which easily beset the orator when face to face with powers that be. This is specially notable in the speeches of "the coming men." What could be more manly and in better taste, for instance, than the address of the Rev. C. A. Berry to a densely crowded audience in Wesley Chapel, Nottingham, in connection with the Congregational Union? After speaking with rare and delicate skill on Social Purity and kindred topics, Mr. Berry, addressing himself directly to the surging mass of youthful life and energy around him, asked:—

"What are you going to do and be? You have a rich inheritance in what your fathers have wrought for the freedom of the worker, and for the right of the toiler. But there is much yet to be done in that sphere of human industry. There is to be a destruction of caste feeling even among workmen. There is to be infused a spirit of light and sweetness and brotherly confidence into the relations between employed and employers, and the introduction of that spirit is not to come only from one side of the question. There needs to be, too, an exhibition of how the industry of mill and factory and forge are sufficient, if consecrated in the spirit of Christ, to build up a more vigorous manhood, and to exhibit all the graces of Christian character. Workers, sons of workers, you have a noble calling. Do not try ambitiously to be more than you are—you cannot be more than you are; and in that sphere of the worker you have a grand opportunity to ennoble yourself and your fellows."

A more important question than that of the attitude of the Churches towards the masses is, perhaps, the attitude and the disposition of the masses towards the Churches. What do the people think of all this stir and zeal on their behalf? Will they listen to their teachers when they preach to them the Gospel as a means of purifying, elevating, and enlarging their industrial and social life? Will they welcome all these expressions of sympathy, all these overtures of help? In an article on "Church Congresses and Working Men's Meetings," the *Spectator* of October 20 remarks:—

"Between the speakers and the audience there was an interval—an interval of uncertain breadth and uncertain depth. We would give all the speeches, able and pertinent as many of them were, to have a report

of what the really thoughtful men among the listeners said on their way home. What we have is the message of the Church to working men; what we want is the message of working men to the Church."

Unhappily, this message is not forthcoming. Owing largely to the native reticence of Englishmen, and to the deep distinctions and divisions hitherto existing in English society, there has been and is a lamentable, but not unnatural, lack of frankness and of friendly feeling on the part of the great mass of workmen towards the classes who till lately kept aloof from them. Meetings such as these, and other movements, are doing much to break down this reserve, however, and, by-and-by, the speakers who address the multitude will no longer be obliged to base their notions of their needs and sentiments so largely on conjecture. Meanwhile, we must be content with the testimony of observers. The more cautious among them warn us against rash generalization, and inform us that there are as many classes amongst the masses as there are in any other section of society. They remind us that the various sections of the people vary endlessly in their ideas and aspirations, according to their character and training and circumstances. And this, no doubt, is true, and most important to be kept in mind. Nevertheless, generalizations need not be rash, nor are impressions, when they spring from wide and careful observation, without worth.

The Rev. F. W. Newland, of Canning Town, who read a paper at the Congregational Union on "Work among the Working Classes in Towns," commends himself at once to us by his careful classification of the people in his district.

"This population," said Mr. Newland, "may be roughly divided into three classes:—1. The skilled artisans, earning good wages when in work, and usually intelligent men. 2. The unskilled workmen, constituting the bulk of the great army of labour. 3. The abjectly poor and casual workers, living day by day on the miserable pittance secured with difficulty at the dock gates, and compelled to live in wretched habitations, or to herd in common lodging-houses. This last section is the most difficult of all to raise, and to work amongst such people fills us with despair."

With regard to the middle and higher classes of working men, who, he considered, would compare favourably in matters

of social and personal morality with any other class, Mr. Newland said :—

"It is universally admitted that the attendance of *bonâ fide* working men at ordinary religious services is small; the most liberal estimate does not place the number of regular worshippers at more than 10 per cent. of the artisan population. . . . . In most cases, the number of women present considerably exceeds the number of men; while, again, the men often represent the shopkeepers of the neighbourhood more fully than actual artisans. It is also undeniable that, as we reach the more intellectual portion of the skilled artisans, the eager politicians and lecture-goers, the leaders of thought in the workshop, we find very few representatives in most religious communities. But though there is this marked separation from public worship, there is not a widespread antagonism to religion; pronounced and aggressive scepticism is numerically feeble; the prevailing attitude is one of indifference, perhaps tinged with hostility; but, for the most part, these men have a real, though silent, belief in Christianity. At great political gatherings, speaker after speaker will appeal to the morality of the New Testament as the recognized code of conduct, and never without eliciting an enthusiastic response from a working-class audience. If you read the representative journals of working men, you will usually find (far more than in publications intended for the richer classes) a reverent tone towards Christianity, though there may be plenty of satire regarding many phases of modern religion; the comparison between the Church of the nineteenth century and the Christianity of the first days is often pressed home; and the appeal is frequently from the modern Christian teacher to the One Great Teacher."

To which sample testimony should be added the fact, revealed by much of the unrest among the masses, that large portions of the labouring classes have been disappointed by the idols they have worshipped, and to which they have been looking for deliverance from their ills and miseries. Science, they have long been taught, would work out their salvation for them; but, in spite of all the blessings it has brought them, they are finding out that science can neither reach their deepest needs, nor produce in them those virtues which are indispensable to the creation and continuance of a wealthier and a happier State. It may easily be believed, therefore, that the multitude is ready to appreciate the kindly spirit in which Christians are approaching them, nor is it doubtful that increasing numbers of them are inclined to welcome any

help the Churches may be able to afford them in discovering and in opening up a better way to higher things.

No better augury of the success of the social work on which they are entering could be desired than the notes of caution sounded in the Churches by their most advanced and ardent leaders. "We are convinced, we are ready, we are eager for the attack," says Dr. Clifford; "but we do not know exactly what to do, where to begin, and how best to proceed. We wish to be swift, but, before all things, we must be sure. We desire to be kind, but truth is our first obligation. We want to help the needy, to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and save the criminal, but without damaging the manhood of the man." Moreover, most of them have a clear perception that, as Dr. Clifford said, "all social problems are spiritual at heart." They see that the primary work of religion is to save men from sin; that it is only through the regeneration of human souls that the world can be renewed; that only as the individual is improved can society be raised. This is fundamental. Until this is done, all else is vain, if not impossible. We do not under-estimate the importance of the environment of men as a means of moral elevation, nor do we undervalue the efforts that are being made to improve their material condition. But, as Bushnell said, in words which ought to be emblazoned on the banners of the new crusaders, "the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul." Or, as Dr. Clifford put the matter, with a balance that might well be emulated by the more impetuous of our leaders—a balance and completeness which remind us of the chapter in the *Tongue of Fire* on "The Application of Christianity to Social Evils":—

"Though 'morality' is not in 'things,' but in men, yet things go far to limit the judgment of men as to what morality is, and a change of social environment is not infrequently attended with a quickening of the conscience and an enlargement and elevation of the personal ideal. There is a moral element in good housing, sanitary inspection and regulation, airy and well-ventilated workrooms, cottage-gardens, 'open spaces,' free libraries, abundant illumination, and careful and properly controlled police. But the best soil will not clothe thorns with grapes, nor the holiest atmosphere make the bad heart good. It is the

verdict of history that character goes farther to determine condition than condition to make character."

This, it cannot too often be repeated, is the Divine method, first, to make men new, and then to make all things new by means of them. This is the only method that goes to the root of the matter. No lasting good can be secured by a merely mechanical rearrangement of society. The only hope of permanent improvement in the material condition of the people is in some power that will change men's hearts, that will extirpate their evil passions, that will inspire them with new, nobler motives, aspirations, hopes, by quickening within them a new and higher life. The transformations and ameliorations of society throughout the Christian centuries have been effected in this way; nor is it likely we shall now be able to improve upon the Saviour's plan. Whenever that plan has been departed from by individuals or by Churches, it has been attended by disastrous and far-reaching consequences; and whenever and wherever that plan has been followed with fidelity and zeal it has met with splendid and unvarying success.

The principal fault that has been found with Dr. Clifford's address is that it lacks practical suggestiveness. Some of his critics would have liked him to indicate the measures that should be taken by the Churches to ameliorate the condition of the people. But this was not the speaker's aim. Nor is it the mission of the Churches, as organized bodies, to act directly on the environment of men. For this they are unsuited and incompetent. Their work is to inculcate principles, to enunciate moral and spiritual laws, to impress upon men's minds the cardinal social duties of "justice, trusteeship, love," to form character, to present ideals, to inspire motives, to create and cultivate a feeling of brotherliness and mutual responsibility. It is, in a word, to infuse the truth and breathe the spirit of the Master into all their members, and, through them, into every section of society. *Their* "primal duties shine aloft like stars," especially "the charities that soothe and heal and bless." But the Churches will be wise to think a thousand times before embarking on the vexed "unfirmamented seas" of social conflict and of party strife. Their

work, as Churches, is directly spiritual. Should they swerve from this high mission they would lose their strength and miss their crown.

That some such caution is now needed will appear from the extract we are about to make from the paper read at the Church Congress by the Rev. C. W. Stubbs. According to Mr. Stubbs, the people need an ideal for society, and are looking to the Church to supply them with it. He therefore formulates a "Christian Creed of Social Duty," which he thinks the Church might well adopt. The Creed has many things in it with which we sympathize and cordially endorse, but some of the ideas it contains, especially those pertaining to the functions of the Church, give rise to much misgiving, if not to positive alarm. Adequate criticism of this newest Creed is here impossible. We simply quote it *in extenso* as an indication of the trend and drift of doctrine in a not uninfluential or inactive section of the Established Church:—

"And if, further, the Church is asked by the democracy to rehearse the articles of her social creed, would she not have a right to answer thus?—'We believe in one God the Father and Educator of humanity. We believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord, the Redeemer and Emancipator of men's souls and bodies. We believe that Jesus Christ, in proclaiming a Fatherly will in the origin of all life and the root of humanity, revealed to man the Divine order under which he is living. We believe that the Christian Church, in the idea of its Founder, had for its object the reorganization and restitution of society, no less than the salvation and deliverance of the individual. We believe, therefore, that there is an order of society which is the best, that towards this order the world is gradually moving according to a definite Divine plan. We believe that in the life and teaching of Jesus Christ and His Apostles, as recorded in the pages of the New Testament, the eternal principles of that Divine plan, the laws of the kingdom of heaven were recorded. But I believe, also, in the Holy Spirit of God as the living and active organ of civilization, the inspirer and the purifier of the thoughts of men's hearts, "the Light Which lighteth every man which cometh into the world." We believe, therefore, that an educational revelation is ceaselessly descending from God to man, and that in each age of the world new portions of eternal truth are thus revealed. We believe in the Bible of God's continuous revelation, with its chapters on history, art, politics, and science, as well as in that other revelation of spiritual truth which we rightly reverence as the very Word of God. We believe finally in the duty of man to study the providential laws by which humanity

has gradually been impelled along the path of social order and progress, and to co-operate with those laws in order that in human society this double manifestation of progress may be seen—all men approximating to a common level, but a level which is continually rising. We believe, in a word, that the whole social history of man should be an endeavour to realize in act the daily petition of the Christian prayer, "Father, Thy will be done, Thy kingdom come . . . . on earth!"' This seems to me a social creed worthy of a Christian democracy."

Another paper, not so far advanced as this, was read at the Congregational Union, by the Rev. F. H. Stead of Leicester. Before formulating a social creed, Mr. Stead evidently thinks it would be well for the Churches to give themselves to the study of social science from the Christian point of view, and, as a start in this direction, he suggests that a Chair of "Christian Economics" should be founded in their colleges, and that, in all their pulpits, there should be a systematic presentation and enforcement of the doctrines and the duties of economy. This is only part, however, of a larger scheme. The whole field of Sociology should be explored by Christian teachers and sown with Christian truth. Quoting and endorsing Dr. Stückenberg, Mr. Stead exclaims: "We want a Christian Sociology," and adds: "That will be the distinctive feature in the theology of the future." The current teaching on these topics from the pulpit and the Christian press, he thinks, is not sufficiently definite. "Vague exhortations to be just and loving and trustworthy, are not enough. We need to meet system by system, and supplement the decaying economics of selfishness by the economics of love."

Now, whether the pulpit is the proper place from which to preach Political Economy or not, the suggestion as to Christian Colleges is an admirable one. It is exceedingly desirable that every Christian teacher should possess at least a general acquaintance with the facts and laws of social science, of which the data and the principles of Political Economy are a most important part. But why a *Christian* Economy? Except so far as Christianity embodies and enforces all natural facts and laws, we do not see why there should be a distinctively Christian Economy any more than there should be a Christian Chemistry. If Political Economy be regarded as a system of, or summary of, observations and rules founded on experience,

then it is a branch of practical wisdom allied to Ethics, and in any modern treatise on Christian Ethics it will be found that Christian principles are applied to all economic relations and practices. But, if it is merely a science, then its function is to state what is, and not what ought to be; and we fail to see what light can possibly be thrown upon what *is*, in economic life, by Christian teaching as distinguished from the observations and instructions of economists.

Throughout his paper, Mr. Stead confounds these two aspects of economy. When he says, for example, that "the relations between capitalist and labourer, between the owner and the tiller of the soil, between buyer and seller, have rarely been interpreted from the Christian standpoint," he surely cannot mean that there is any peculiar Christian teaching as to what these relations are, or, except in what he would regard as vague and general terms, as to what they ought to be. Christianity has something to say, and, both in the ethical parts of our systems of theology and in our pulpits, as well as in our religious literature, Christian ministers are constantly saying much about the claims and duties of these various classes. But, always in general terms. And in this they follow the example of Christ. We cannot, therefore, admit that Christian pulpits can be fairly accused of "guilty silence" on these subjects, or that "the current religious literature, which is so eloquent upon the duties of Church and home, is, unlike the prophetic and proverbial literature of Israel, mostly dumb concerning obligations that are economic." Nor, if Mr. Stead's ideal of Christian Economics could be realized, are we very sure that he would then be satisfied. "That ideal," he says, "is to explicate clearly and systematically, in regard to the production, distribution, exchange, and consumption of material goods, what Jesus would tell us to-day were He a carpenter living in Whitechapel or Seven Dials." We see no reason to suppose that if our Lord were now living in our streets He would tell us anything about our social problems essentially different from what He has already taught us. In the New Testament He has left us precepts, principles, and exhortations covering the whole range of human conduct, and what we have to do is to apply them and to act upon them in our modern

social life. And, after all, perhaps this is substantially the meaning of our not unfriendly monitor. We will hasten to assume it is, and in conclusion sketch, in Mr. Stead's own words, the outlines of the science that he thinks will take the place of that which, as the custom now is, he describes as orthodox, but unsound and effete.

The *sources* of the science, he says, would be the general history of mankind, more particularly the history of revelation in Israel and in the Church, and pre-eminently the life and teachings of our Lord. The *method* would be historical, and would present in succession the economic course of the world before Christ, the emergence of the Christian ideal in history, the subsequent inter-working in human society of Christian and non-Christian principles. The *aim* of the science would be to present Christian ideals and motives for the economic life. It would show that true wealth is not gold and silver, as men once thought, nor material commodities, as they now think, but the manhood and womanhood which is after Christ's image, the fulness of life and love and service to which all worldly goods are only means. It would sociologically develop the Christian doctrine of sin; but, while recognizing the baneful extent of existing selfishness, would hold up the ideal of an economic man, who is not a greedy and lazy animal, but whose meat it is to do the will of One who sent him; who comes not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give his life for many. It would elaborate the Christian doctrine of labour and service, and present the manual worker no longer as a slave or a "hand," but as a "brother beloved," and it would demand for this brotherhood adequate economic expression. It would articulate for all economic relations the supreme law of love. It would apply the experience of eighteen centuries as interpreted in Christian minds, by the ever-living Spirit of God, to translating into sound modern equivalents the frequent commands of Christ concerning giving and almsgiving. And, finally, it would insist that in all things the Kingdom of God stands first; the individual second; that no individual "rights" can for a moment be recognized, which are detrimental to the social good.

Art. IV.—ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop: Letters and Memorials. Edited by the Author of *Charles Lowder*. Two vols. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1888.

TO have these *Letters and Memorials* of Archbishop Trench is no small boon; yet we cannot but regret that, by his strong and oft-repeated wish, he debarred his survivors from publishing such a Life of him as we should like to have had—a full-length portrait of him as he was in private as well as in public life, in the undress of the family circle as well as in the stately archiepiscopal robes. We should like to have listened to more of his shrewd and genial conversation, and to have witnessed his intercourse with the distinguished men who were the companions of his youth and the friends of his riper years. Besides his literary and ecclesiastical achievements, he was remarkable for his deep attachment to home and family, and the tenderness and grace of his poetry were the counterpart and reflection of his own domestic relations. We can, it is true, gather a good deal from these interesting volumes, which contain a mass of letters to and from Dr. Trench, linked together by items of necessary information; but we could have spared large portions of this correspondence, had the *lacunæ* been filled up by the loving hands of those who, like the editor, were well able to set fully before us the living man in a continuous narrative. Under the limits imposed on him, "the author of *Charles Lowder*" has executed his task with great ability; and, in the absence of such a standard Life as the Archbishop deserved, we are thankful to possess these excellent *mémoires pour servir*.

Of the Archbishop in his youth we have here but few particulars—not, we conclude, for want of material, but because there was such an abundance of matter relating to his riper years; perhaps also because the boyhood of many men has been described at inordinate length by their biographers, oblivious of the fact that a large proportion of remarkable boys

grow up into exceedingly unremarkable men. But Trench's boyhood was at all events full of interest to his talented mother, who writes of him, when at Harrow, in his sixteenth year, with true maternal appreciation :—

"He is a clever, steady, *grave, gay,* little person, with an intense feeling of wit, humour, and pleasantry—a total freedom from vanity, except perhaps a little on the subject of dress; a deep love of reading, or rather a *besoin,* for he is wretched without the certainty of this enjoyment; and has a strong capacity of applying to the abstract sciences as well as to the classics."

Again, in January, 1823 :—

"Richard has a craving for books, and reminds me of Doctor Somebody in *Camilla,* as he cannot take an airing without arming himself against ennui by one or more volumes. He delights in referring, collating, extracting. He wishes much we should purchase a certain Polyglot, and luxuriates in the idea of finding fifteen readings of the same passage in Scripture."

In 1825, when he was eighteen, Richard Trench entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and soon made the acquaintance of a number of men who were destined to make their mark in the Church and in the world of letters. He also began to issue a little poetical periodical, *The Translator,* and so for the first time had to do with those necessary evils, publishers. He was editor and proprietor, and his mother gave him hearty assistance, both as contributor and critic. In 1826 she describes him as having "made himself master of Spanish, as far as pronouncing and understanding it," and as about to "apply his acquirements to the benefit of the exiled Spaniards, by publishing a volume of miscellaneous pieces, of which the profits are to be sent to the committee formed for their relief." In the last letter he ever received from her, she thanks him for his tragedy, *Bernardo del Carpio,* which he wrote when a youth of nineteen, and of which Macready, a few months later, expressed the opinion that "it *ought* to be acted." Spite of the good wishes and kind offices of the great actor, however, the tragedy never saw the light on the stage or in print, and was destroyed by the author in later life, after he had gone to live in Ireland.

At Cambridge we find him, in 1827, a prominent member

of a small society, whose members called themselves "The Apostles," and constituted, in Carlyle's words, "an ardently speculating and talking circle." Amongst these "young ardent souls" were Frederick Maurice, John Sterling, John Kemble, Spedding, Venables, Charles Buller, Blakesley, W. Bodham Donne, and R. Monckton Milnes; the leading spirit being Maurice, whose influence on the restless, speculative young men around him was very great. Sterling, on leaving the University, became one of Trench's most valued correspondents. In one of his racy letters he thus refers to "The Apostles":—

"Any information about things in general, that any of my Cambridge friends would take the trouble of sending me, would be received with humble gratitude; more especially any notices touching the Union, the Essayists, or the Apostles. For the last-named body, I fear that since the departure of last year's men, the salt of the earth must in some degree have lost its savour; though I have no doubt that Sunderland still contrives to keep you all in a pretty pickle. You may assure the three venerable societies—the *trois règnes de la Nature*—that I am with them in spirit. I have been present in body at several of the debates of the London Debating Society; I have spoken once or twice, but it won't do. 'Pearls before,' &c. Just do consider the martyrdom to which good and great men are exposed. I was going to be stoned with stones at Cambridge for being an enemy to religion, and now I am ground to powder by a Mill in London for excessive piety."

In another letter, having passed three hours in Wordsworth's company, he passes judgment on his "appearance, manner, and so forth":—

"I agree with you that there is little of the poet and philosopher in the lower part of his face. It accounts for the unnecessary trivialities of some of his writings, and for his admiration of the Church Establishment. But, more than all, *The Excursion* and the *Platonic Ode* is developed in his dome-like forehead. And his manner and conversation are full of the pleasant, playful sincerity and kindness which are so observable in his works. The utter absence of pretension in all he says and looks is very striking. He does not say many things to be remembered, and most of his observations are chiefly noticeable for their delicate taste, strong good sense, and stout healthy diction, rather than for imagery or condensed principles of philosophy. You see in him the repose or the sport, but neither the harlequinade nor the conflict of genius. . . . . Coleridge is the philosopher in conversation by being all philosopher, and Words-

worth by not affecting to be it at all. The conversation of the latter springs from and is coloured by the immediate circumstances; is full of observation and kindliness, and refers directly to the people he is among. Coleridge, without much attention to time or place, pours out his mind in reflection, and it is only marked by particular circumstances or facts inasmuch as it seems to have habitually absorbed the outward world into its own substance. Coleridge is, I think, the greater man, and in no degree the least amiable; but Wordsworth is better adapted to society."

Though Trench enjoyed delightful intercourse with these college friends, and, after leaving Cambridge, looked gratefully back on the intimacies he had formed there, and on the intellectual activity which they had stimulated, it is to be remarked that almost all his poems of this period breathe a spirit of profound sadness. No doubt this melancholy was partly constitutional, but chiefly was it the result of the influence of Sterling and others, who were just then dissipating by discussion the faith which, in after-years, they endeavoured to revive and reinstate in their hearts. Sterling's high spirits and lively, impetuous disposition kept him for a time from feeling and appreciating the loss; but to Trench, who had a tinge of sadness in his brightest moods, the struggle with unbelief was of greater importance in regard to his spiritual comfort and enjoyment of life. It was about this time—April, 1829—that he wrote his little poem, *Despondency*, the opening lines of which make use of the simile afterwards employed by Longfellow in his *Psalm of Life* in a more hopeful sense :—

"It is a weary hill
Of moving sand that still
Shifts, struggle as we will,
Beneath our tread:
Of those who went before,
And tracked the desert o'er,
The footmarks are no more,
But gone and fled."

Long afterwards he thus depicts his state of mind at this trying period, in his stanzas *To Poetry* :—

"But years went on, and thoughts which slept before,
O'er the horizon of my soul arose—

Thoughts which perplexed me ever more and more;
As though a Sphinx should meet one, and propose
Enigmas hard, and which whoso not knows
To interpret, must her prey and victim be;
And I, round whom thick darkness seemed to close,
Knew only this one thing, that misery
Remained, if none could solve this riddle unto me."

Soon after leaving Cambridge he went on his travels, and made his first visit to Spain, a land with which he was closely connected by ancestry on his mother's side, and in whose constitutional struggles he now took intense interest. Later on, he joined his father and brother, at Nice or Genoa, and visited Florence and Rome. His letters from Italy are exceedingly interesting, both objectively and subjectively. In one to Donne, written at Rome early in 1830, he gives an account of his intercourse with Keats' friend, the artist Severn, from whom he received particulars of the poet's last days, which seem to have deeply impressed him in the midst of his own mental conflicts:—

"His sufferings were terrible and prolonged. Shelley and Hunt had deprived him of his belief in Christianity, which he wanted in the end, and he endeavoured to fight back to it, saying, if Severn would get him a Jeremy Taylor, he thought he could believe; but it was not to be found in Rome. Another time (which is to me peculiarly painful, though it shows how little way he had proceeded in a particular line of thought), having been betrayed into considerable impatience by bodily and mental anguish, he cried, on recovering himself, 'By God, Severn, a man ought to have some superstition that he may die decently.'"

In the same letter we have a fair picture of the unsettled state of his own mind, hovering over the empty abysses of transcendentalism, from which he soon afterwards made a permanent escape:—

"There are two ways of finding happiness and moral elevation—either to be surely supported on the actual reality of things, or to raise oneself into the regions of pure art or of intuition. I have lost my footing in the first without having gained the second and far nobler, being, as it is, a region of perfect freedom; and herein I find the solution of all my misery, which is not worth attempting to cast off. Not that I believe even the ill I have is unmingled. We have all felt the truth of these words, 'What we are we know;' we might perhaps ascend a step higher and say, 'What we suffer we are.' Of one thing I am sure, that he who has never felt the

riddle of existence pressing upon him with almost an overwhelming weight has little chance of ever solving it; but, alas! to attempt it and fail is fatal, as is so magnificently symbolled forth in the story of the Sphinx."

From the letters addressed to him by his old college friends much interesting matter might be extracted: as where Donne, posting him up in English gossip, tells how "Wolff, the Jerusalem missionary, has been well bastinadoed, and perhaps it may be providentially ordained for his good." Blakesley affirms that "the Apostles" are in a flourishing state; that Milnes (the late Lord Houghton) "is now an Apostle," but "the Society does not, I think, gain much from him;" and that it "has received a great addition in Hallam and in Alfred Tennyson, the author of the last prize poem, *Timbuctoo*—truly one of the mighty of the earth." Kemble informs him that Sterling is installed as secretary to the Anti-Indian Charter Society, and wishes the post "may dispel the evil clouds which the proud understanding flings upon his spirit;" that Maurice "has determined to put his shoulder also to the wheel, and to stand up in these later days as one of the watchmen and defenders;" and that Charles and Alfred Tennyson are "dying to know" Trench, and "are poets of the highest class." "One day," says this prophetic letter-writer of fifty-eight years ago, "these men will be great indeed."

Trench returned to England in May or June, 1830 and found Kemble and Sterling and other friends on fire with a romantic scheme, which was to set matters right in Spain, "the sacred soil of liberty." Sterling had become intimate with a Spanish exile, General Torrijos—"a man of high qualities and fortunes," says Carlyle; "a valiant gallant man; of lively intellect, of noble, chivalrous character: fine talents, fine accomplishments, all grounding themselves on a certain rugged veracity, recommending him to the discerning." "He knew romantic Spain;—he was himself, standing withal in the vanguard of Freedom's fight, a kind of living romance." He was the acknowledged chief of the Spanish Constitutionalist exiles, who were "now vegetating about Somers Town, and painfully beating the pavement in Euston Square"—"stately tragic figures, in proud threadbare cloaks"—who turned to him, as he to his English friends, for help, and who had long

urged him to lead them in one desperate venture into Spain. At the end of 1829 Torrijos had yielded to their entreaties, and had determined to land with his small band of patriots in the south of Spain, having so far subdued his native sense as to make himself believe that all the land would join them, and their victory over absolutism and Carlism and priestcraft be at once assured.

Sterling entered into the scheme with his customary ardour. In fact, the patriotic plot was hatched in his apartments; and it was through his eloquence and powers of fascination that his cousin, Robert Boyd, an officer in the Indian army, threw himself and his fortune into the project. Looking back from this distance, one could hardly expect that Trench, with his grave, non-mercurial spirit, would have joined in an adventure which was infinitely more harebrained and hazardous than Louis Napoleon's descent on Boulogne a few years subsequently. Yet it had an especial attraction for the young student. From boyhood Spain had been to him the land of poetry and romance; its language, at once melodious and majestic, charmed his ear; its wealth of choice imaginative literature satisfied his fastidious taste; and its eventful history enlisted all the sympathy of his chivalrous spirit. On his return to England with no fixed plan of life, the enthusiasm of Sterling and Boyd readily infected him; and he and his staunch friend Kemble joined the forlorn hope of Torrijos and his fifty picked Spaniards. The small vessel which Boyd had bought and stored with arms having been seized in the Thames in the King's name, the adventurers "got shipping, as private passengers, in one craft or the other," and after a time arrived at Gibraltar. Sterling, however, "the prime mover of the conspiracy," as Trench styles him, was prevented from joining them by his approaching marriage. When the luckless expedition was on the eve of departure, his friend finds Sterling, "as usual, labouring for his kind in grief. He reminds me often," writes Trench, "of Prince Athanase, especially in that core of despair, which only his nearest friends can discern. He has no hope." Trench himself was in no better mood.

"You have heard," he writes from Southampton to Donne, "I know, in Norfolk that the 'soldier-priest' and myself are wanted in Spain. The

possibilities are that we shall be both hanged; however, 'a man that is hanged shall fear no colours, in that he shall see none.' . . . . For myself, I believe I wear the aspect and the form of living men, and as I manage to go through the shows of society with sufficient dexterity, do not excite much attention. But the future, the future—who shall question that? What will one be? What will this age be? Must one end in a worldling; and our age, will it prove the decrepitude of the world?"

From Gibraltar he writes, in immediate prospect of joining in a descent on some part of the Spanish coast:—

"You would scarcely believe what a dead, stirless pool my mind is at the present moment; I feel neither enthusiasm, nor hope, nor fear, nor exultation. When the moment comes I suppose I shall hold out my iron as the rest. I have two or three dreary tasks to accomplish in the next twelve hours, some letters to write which I recoil from, with a feeling of helpless unwillingness. However, they must be written, and I shall goad myself to the task. All I wish now is that a man might know the end of this day's business."

Nothing but failure attended their grand plans. The soldiers would not co-operate when or as they expected; popular risings would not break out at the right juncture or with the correct object. The chances of a successful termination to the enterprise rapidly faded, and Trench began to feel that he was throwing away life, and the joys of love and friendship, for a sheer impossibility. Young Arthur Hallam writes to him in December: "In spite of Kemble's letters, I can hope and believe no longer. The game is lost in Spain, but *how much good remains to be done here!*"

Trench appears to have arrived back in England early in March 1831; and Kemble followed his example in May. Boyd stayed behind at Gibraltar, and when the last desperate venture was made, he and Torrijos, with fifty-four brave companions, were taken prisoners on Spanish ground, and in the early morning of the 1st of December the whole party were mercilessly ranked out on the esplanade at Malaga and shot. Sterling, of course, was terribly shocked at the sad tidings. "I hear the sound of that musketry," he wrote to his brother; "it is as if the bullets were tearing my own brain." Trench felt the catastrophe no less acutely. On his arrival in London in the previous March, he had written to his cousin, Frances Mary Trench, who afterwards became his wife:—

"I have had a bitter undeception of all my vain imaginations, and quite suffered enough from my own feelings of disappointment and self-dissatisfaction, to escape any further rebuke even from you, who used to tell me so much and such unpleasant truth, and for which I have always felt sincerely grateful."

He had returned from his Quixotic expedition in disgust and depression, and was glad to settle down for a time at Brockley Park, Stradbally, his father's seat in Ireland. His mind was still in a ferment of unrest; but the disappointment of his generous enthusiasm for the emancipation of the Peninsula, and other softening influences, were leading him on to firmer ground under a clearer sky. The editor of these *Memorials* has prefixed to the chapter dealing with these days the beautiful lines from Wesley's translation of Tersteegen's hymn:—

"Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows;
I see from far Thy beanteous light,
Inly I sigh for Thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in Thee."

This rest Richard Trench appears to have found about this time. Hope revived in his heart, and the external world, which had for a while lost all charm of lustre and colour to the young poet's eye, now reflected the new-born brightness in his soul. In his own words:—

"Earth and air,
And every common sight of sea and plain,
Then put new robes of glory on, and wear
The same till now; and things which dead had lain
Revived, as flowers that smell the dew and rain:
I was a man again of hopes and fears,
The fountains of my heart flowed forth again,
Whose sources had seemed dry for many years,
And there was given me back the sacred gift of tears."

He had come back to his *alma mater*, Cambridge; and his letters thence to Maurice and Donne and others show how much greater interest he was now taking in religious matters, and the influence he was beginning to exert on the minds of his friends. Early in 1832 Arthur Hallam, then nearly of age, writes to him:—

"I thank God that at so critical a moment of my life He has brought me into daily intercourse with you. I feel more benefit from it than I fear I ever can repay. However, let us consider one another to provoke unto love and unto good works, not forsaking the meeting together, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching."

Edward Irving and his novel teachings had for some time attracted Trench's attention, and at length he got the desired opportunity for hearing that man of splendid gifts, who had already wandered far into regions of doubtful speculation, verging on fanaticism. A letter to his cousin shows the fascination which Trench felt under the spell of the great Scotch orator :—

"This morning [May 1, 1832] I attended Irving's chapel, and with such advantage to myself that I shall not be absent any day during my stay here [London]. The service commenced at six, when there were about two hundred persons present, most of them apparently in the upper and middle orders. Extempore prayers, reading with expounding, and singing of psalms, which rightly occupies a very prominent place in their liturgy, were alternated for about two hours; there was a pause after each portion of the service, in case any present should be in the Spirit and speak with tongues, but nothing of the kind occurred. One of the chapters which Irving expounded was that in the Ephesians, which explains the true constitution of the Church according to the analogy of the body. I bore away with me a renewed conviction of his holy earnestness, so that I could do no less than return home and pray, as I often will, and ask you to do, that he and his have not been sent a strong delusion to believe a lie; that if they have, they may soon be led again into the truth. It is a large and inexhaustible charity which we may exert in praying for others, and which is the best protection against that spiritual selfishness that so easily besets us; therefore exercise it often on my behalf, for I have need of it all."

This month of May was an important era in his life. He had now made up his mind to take orders; and on the last day of the month he was married to his cousin—an event which was the source of much happiness to him throughout life. In this connection it is worth while to read a few sentences from a letter written to him by Sterling "at sea," as presenting a just estimate of the influence of marriage on a man's spiritual life, and also as proving that Sterling, like his

friend, had entered into a higher, sunnier range of thought and experience:—

"I have a somewhat longer experience than you of the benefits of marriage to a man whose heart and principles are scarcely or very recently fixed in the line of practical Christianity. I write on this matter with more confidence and gratitude than I could have expressed a very few months ago; for I seem to myself of late to have entered decidedly, and for the first time, into the possession of those blessings which are offered to all in Christ's redemption; and among the many means which, under God's good providence, have helped me so far forward, I regard my marriage and the birth of my child as nearly, if not quite, the chiefest. . . . . Aided by these, disciplined by many grave events, some of which you also know too much of, and not, I trust, unguided by the Holy Spirit, I have begun of late to read the Bible with diligence and unfailing interest; I have in some degree learnt by experience the power and advantage of prayer, and enjoy what I never knew before, and even now is chequered with many fears—a lively and increasing hope that I may be able to overcome the world."

In October Trench was ordained deacon by the Bishop of Norwich, and in the following January the Rev. Hugh James Rose made him his curate at Hadleigh, Suffolk. Here he seems to have rapidly advanced in the Divine life. His letters show great earnestness of purpose, and sincere devotion to the high objects of the ministerial office. "I can assure you," his friend Donne writes, "that your company and converse did me much good. I can admire without emulating your deep and full thought, but I would copy, if it be possible, your earnestness and singleness of aim."

Under Rose's influence Trench was now probably imbibing those Church principles of which he was afterwards a distinguished upholder. He certainly had a good opportunity of sitting at the feet of the High Church Gamaliels. In the summer of 1833 John Henry Newman, Hurrell Froude, and Arthur Perceval visited Hadleigh, and held the "Great Conference"—as it is named by Trench, who was only a listener, as became a young curate—which led to the formation of the extreme Sacramentarian party, and the issue of the *Tracts for the Times*. In the following January we find him settled at Colchester, as curate of St. Peter's; having soon got "tired

of being idle, and of those who only stand and wait." In his new parish he had plenty of work, and small time for heavy reading. So he regrets to Donne that he had not "lived a year on Aristotle and Aquinas:" to which his friend replies, with his usual good sense, that it is doubtful whether the study of Aquinas be worth reviving, and suggests the substitution of Demosthenes, "whose closeness in argument, method, and subtilty were never exceeded by a seraphical or angelical doctor of them all, and whose eloquence is an art which they dream not of."

As the result of an obstinate cough, he was ordered to spend the next winter in Italy. Bishop Thirlwall gave him an introductory letter to Bunsen, in which he described him as "distinguished for his fine literary taste, his practical talent, and the generous ardour of his character, in a circle which comprised the strongest minds and noblest spirits of our youth." The extracts from his Journal are excellent reading, but we must forbear quotation. On his return to England, in June 1835, he was installed in the living of Curdridge, in Hampshire—a lonely, scattered parish, in which he laboured for six years, thoroughly endearing himself to his people. His location here led to the formation of an intimate friendship with Samuel Wilberforce, who, though the world gave him credit for being oily-tongued and wily, was not devoid of sterling metal, and could value in others a staid, unshifting mould of mind.

In July Trench was ordained priest by Bishop Sumner; and in the same year his first literary venture of any moment —*The Story of Justin Martyr, and other Poems*—was issued by Moxon, prince of poetic publishers. It met with good success, and well deserved the nicely discriminating praise which Sterling bestowed on it. But, sweet as praise from such a pen must have been to the poet, still more sweet and precious to a man like Trench would be the remarkable letters "from ——" which are given in the *Memorials*, and which show how the little book of verse was the means of leading a scholarly mind back from infidelity to a living faith. Another volume—*Sabbation, Honor Neale, and other Poems*—followed in 1838, and met with a similar reception. In 1840 his first

prose volume saw the light—*Notes on the Parables of our Lord.* It at once established his reputation as an expositor, and has always commanded a wide circle of readers. But his first success as a prose writer was contemporaneous with the beginning of domestic sorrows which gave a tinge of melancholy to many of his subsequent compositions. Early in 1841 he lost his eldest child—a boy of rare promise, who, though only eight years old, took deep interest in his father's literary work, and had eagerly watched the passing of the *Parables* through the press. Trench felt the blow acutely, and, like Southey in similar distress, wrote some touching lines recalling the sweet intercourse never to be renewed on earth.

Soon afterwards he accepted the curacy of Alverstoke under his friend Archdeacon Wilberforce; and in 1842 published a third and a fourth volume of poems. In 1845 he removed to Itchenstoke, a living presented to him by Lord Ashburton; and in the autumn Wilberforce, having been "called to the high and perilous office of a bishop," would not be content till his friend Trench accepted the post of examining chaplain, for which he was admirably fitted by his acquirements and disposition. His close association with the new Bishop of Oxford, however, did not cause him to drop the acquaintance of his older friends—Sterling (as long as he lived), Maurice, and Hare. Sterling had once more, under Carlyle's blighting influence, lost much of the brightness of his Christian faith and hope, but still appreciated the charming poetry and scholar-like prose of the friend of his youth. With Maurice, Trench became a coadjutor, in 1846, as Professor of Divinity at King's College, London, which position he occupied until 1858. In the former year he published his *Notes on the Miracles*, which met with like favour to the *Parables*, and reached its thirteenth edition in 1886.

In 1847 he visited Ireland during the famine, and aided in relieving the distress of that dreadful time. His kind, susceptible nature suffered severely from the sad scenes he witnessed, and on his return to London he was stricken down by the "famine fever," at the house of his friend Maurice. For several days his life hung in the balance; but happily he was spared, and gradually recovered health and strength. A long

series of literary efforts followed at pretty regular intervals. His *Sacred Latin Poetry*—to him a real labour of love—appeared in 1849, and rescued from oblivion part of Bernard of Cluguy's poem, from which the famous hymn, "Jerusalem the Golden," was translated by Dr. Neale. His most famous work, *On the Study of Words*, was published in 1851, and at once took rank amongst English classics; it is now in its nineteenth edition. In 1852 his interesting *Proverbs and their Lessons* saw the light. In 1854 he issued his *Synonyms of the New Testament*—perhaps the most valuable of all his works, rendering great service to the theological student and the devout reader of the Scriptures, and being still, notwithstanding its high price, in steady demand.

The year 1853 gave him some anxiety in connection with his friend Maurice, to one point of whose lax theology Bishop Blomfield had at length thought it necessary to call the attention of Dr. Jelf, the Principal of King's College. Trench did not sympathize with this attack on his colleague, who was in due course deprived of a Professorship for which his opinions on many points unfitted him. But, that he did not share in Maurice's vagary is evident from his letters to Bishop Wilberforce, and from the following passage in one of his *Five Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge*:—

"There are indeed who see a light breaking even for them whom that day shall enfold in its darkness; and far, far off, the faint glimmering of another dawn for them beyond the blackness and darkness which shall encompass them now. I cannot see it in God's Word, but, on the contrary, very much which excludes it; which proclaims that for them who reject the gospel of His grace, there remaineth, when once their day of grace has ended, no other sacrifice for sin than that which they have wilfully despised and rejected; and, to my mind, our life would lose much of its solemn earnestness, its awful meaning, if I did not believe that within those brief limits which shut it in on either side, the issues of eternity were being decided, and we making our choice, that choice which must be ours for ever; choosing for God, or choosing against Him; to be ever with Christ, or to be ever separated from Him;—if I did not feel, brethren, that within these narrow lists, which yet are not too narrow for this great decision, everything must be gained, or everything be lost."

In 1854 Trench, like most Englishmen of that day, took a strong interest in the Crimean war, and on the spur of the

occasion produced some of his most spirited poems. Of these, the first, *Alma*, beginning,

> "Though, till now, ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,
> Alma, roll those waters proudly, proudly roll them to the sea,"

received the high compliment of a request from the Queen that the poet would furnish her with a copy of it in his own handwriting. In the next year his *English Past and Present* appeared, and immediately passed through two editions. In 1856 he gave to the world his translation of Calderon's *Life's a Dream*, with an *Essay on his Life and Genius*—a task for which he had special qualifications in his poetic skill and large acquaintance with Spanish literature. In October of the same year his great merits received a fitting acknowledgment in his appointment by Lord Palmerston to the Deanery of Westminster; and in the following month he was "raised to the dignity of a D.D. and to a red hood" at Cambridge, where, he says, he "heard a Latin speech of nearly a quarter of an hour in" his "own honour from the Regius Professor, with too much praise, but otherwise very gracefully done."

Archbishop Whately's long and hopeless illness made it necessary, in 1863, for the Government to determine who should be his successor in the archiepiscopal office. In November Lord Palmerston wrote to offer it to Dean Trench, who at once accepted it, and on New Year's Day, 1864, was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin by the Primate of Ireland, Archbishop Beresford. Dr. Trench had a fine countenance, to which justice is done in the portrait prefixed to the second volume before us; and we can well believe that on so solemn an occasion it was marked with "utter un-self-consciousness, deep humility, intense devotion, almost divine spirituality." We do not under-estimate the influence which a good countenance may exert on the onlooker who may treasure it in his memory. But we are inclined to think that the writer of the little book, *One Moment*, quoted in these *Memorials*, indulges in some exaggeration when he asserts that

> "The countenance of Archbishop Trench, as I saw it during that one moment of my life, expressing as it did the deepest devotion and the most perfect realization of the Unseen, and rising, as it does, entirely unbidden

before my mental vision, has dispelled doubts, soothed sorrows, sanctified joys, strengthened hope, and calmed fear, by leading me to realize for myself, as nothing else has ever done, the personal existence of that living God, whose power and Spirit were so vividly portrayed before me in that one moment of my life."

Though the change from Westminster to Dublin was great, and involved at least temporary severance from choice companions and familiar haunts, the Archbishop soon became reconciled to it, and passed in his new sphere some of the happiest years of his life. His home was a specially pleasant spot, and his rare qualities—humility, love, generosity—there found their fullest development. Living himself "in a region of high and loving thought, he lifted others into it." None of his friends and relatives can remember one ungenerous word or action. Nobly hospitable, he esteemed a visit from his friends, and *their* friends, as a favour conferred on himself; and loved to make his friends known to others whom he esteemed, instead of jealously endeavouring to keep them to himself, as the manner of some is. To our mind, the only drawback to the perfection of his character lay in a certain cold narrowness of view on ecclesiastical matters, which was, to a great extent, the result of his high, isolated position, and which would have been happily thawed away by cordial intercourse with his fellow-Christians of other Churches. Both heart and intellect would have gained by such healthy expansion.

He had now attained high literary distinction. His works, replete with ripe scholarship, refined taste, and sound judgment, had gained firm hold on the best class of readers. Though he had lost several children and near relatives, to whom he was tenderly attached, his family circle was still a large and joyous one. As yet the coming event of disestablishment had not cast its chilling shadow before, and the new sitter in the archiepiscopal throne did not shiver in dread of the suspended sword which might, at brief notice, sever the Church of Ireland from the State. He built himself a house at Broomfield, where his mother had spent much of her early life; and this became his summer home for twenty years—"the brightest and happiest of homes." Having, moreover, to attend the House of Lords

for part of each Session, he was brought still more than formerly into congenial English society. Of his conversation at this period of his life many fragments happily have been preserved, interesting as the unstudied utterances of a man of keen perception and wide reading. We can quote but a few of these :—

"Bunsen was a grand fellow. He had a very catholic mind, and he thought that to have a Bishop of Jerusalem, with the appointment of him turn about between the Queen and the King of Prussia, would be a bond of union between them! I remember meeting Bishop Gobat, and some one asked him a question about Greek liturgies. He seemed to know and care *nothing* about them."

"Was Thackeray brilliant? No; he was always collecting materials for his books. I remember one night at the Deanery, Bishop Wilberforce was dining with us, and was at his best, coruscating every moment. Thackeray turned to me and said, 'I couldn't *spend* at that rate.'"

"Ward was one of the ablest of those who went in the great Newman secession over to Rome. The first thing he did when he went over was to marry. It made the Roman Catholics very angry, as they wanted him to be a Roman Catholic priest. He and Bishop Wilberforce had some very lively sparring one day when I dined at Dean Goulburn's. Ward was always laughing at the Romans, saying how miserably they preached, &c.; that to a very poor congregation in a country parish the preacher would begin, 'Ha! thou painted butterfly!'"

"The most remarkable thing about Shakespeare is the way his characters form themselves; other people introduce you to their characters already formed, but *his* characters gradually *form themselves*, and get better or worse."

"Considering that Milton only wrote about fifteen sonnets, and that they are the best in the English language, I think you might be acquainted with them! Nothing can equal the unparalleled magnificence of the two first books of *Paradise Lost*; it is a great pity that the end is so much poorer than the beginning."

"I suppose that the three volumes of Carlyle's *French Revolution* are the greatest poem of modern times."

"Longfellow had only great talent in doing over again what others had done before him."

"It is difficult to forgive Mrs. Browning her bad rhymes, her slovenly writing, her want of concentration, going on and on without coming to a point; but there is no woman writer except George Eliot to compare with her."

"Charles Wesley wrote about the grandest hymn in the English language, *Jacob Wrestling*, 'Come, O thou Traveller unknown.'"

"There are some inimitable sketches of character in Law's *Serious Call.* It is curious to see the very minute rules he gives for the practice of meditation."

"Oh, what poor stuff Mant is! It is what we used to be fed upon when we wanted to plunge deeper into Scripture—Mant and D'Oyly!"

"Lord Chatham used to have the dictionary read through to him once a year. He said so many noble and useful words fell out of use."

In a sermon preached on All Saints' Day, 1867, the Archbishop had expressed his opinion that, notwithstanding the warnings of some to "put our house in order," disestablishment was not to be feared in the near future. In the very next year, however, he found the storm to be close upon the ship of which he stood at the helm, and his anticipations began to be of the gloomiest. The battle in Parliament was not ended till the summer of 1869, when the Irish Church Bill received the royal assent. It was necessarily a time of pressing anxiety to Dr. Trench, whose position and principles placed him in the front of the fight. The measure, though it did not fulfil the absurd anticipation that on its enactment "a change would begin to pass over the moral atmosphere of Ireland," yet was not without its benefits. It led to a representation of the laity in a General Synod, and to a revision of the Prayer-Book in a Protestant sense, with a valuable declaratory Preface.

Those were years of sore trial to the good Archbishop, whose Churchmanship had gradually risen from the level of Maurice and Sterling and Hare to a lofty Ritualism; but we are glad to know that, throughout debates and struggles which were peculiarly painful to him, he preserved the meekness and kindliness which always graced his character, and was "never betrayed into saying a word or doing an act which the most scrupulous would recall." From his public and official sorrows he found refuge and solace in the bright circle at home, where he loved to be surrounded by children, great and small.

"We have had," he writes in 1884, "some very pleasant visits from children and grandchildren, such as I trust have stirred up many thankful thoughts in our hearts. Of many sweet, I think that, perhaps, one or two of dear H——'s are the sweetest of all. Grown-up children, when they have grown up in the fear and nurture of the Lord, and give promise

of serving their generation, are, indeed, a treasure; but, for pure delight, there are perhaps none to match those little ones, whom one can hardly help wishing that they could always remain what they now are."

In the summer of 1884 the health of the aged Archbishop visibly declined, and in November he formally resigned the office which he had filled with distinction for twenty-one years. In the early months of 1885 he rallied for a time, and in October left Broomfield for London, where he lingered on for some months, tended by loving hands, and "leaning upon the only staff which could comfort him." One of the sayings of the accomplished scholar in those last days of his life was this: "I have cared for a good Greek play as much as for most things, but it does not do to die upon." He died on March 28, 1886, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His memory will live not only in the hearts of those who had personal intercourse with a man of such sweet and noble character, but in the long series of works which he has added to our standard literature, and in these valuable *Letters and Memorials*, the great interest of which we have faintly indicated. For his poetry we anticipate a permanent popularity. Always beautiful in form and expression, it is for the most part pervaded by a grandly Christian spirit, which is likely to impart to it stronger vitality than will be enjoyed by poems of greater pretensions, but from which the preservative salt is conspicuously absent.

Art. V.—DOROTHY OSBORNE.

1. *Memoirs of the Life, Works, and Correspondence of Sir William Temple, Bart.* By the Right Hon. Thomas Peregrine Courtenay. London: Longmans. 1836.
2. *Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir W. Temple,* 1652–54. Edited by Edward Abbott Parry, Barrister-at-Law. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran & Co. 1888.

In 1836 the Right Hon. Peregrine Courtenay published his *Memoirs of Sir W. Temple*, the review of which (in the *Edinburgh Review* for October 1838) is one of the most

famous of Lord Macaulay's essays. This book contained forty-two of Dorothy Osborne's letters, unclassified, relegated to an appendix, with an apology for mixing them among such vastly more important matters as the Triple Alliance. Mr. E. A. Parry pleasingly told us (*English Illustrated,* April 1886) how, poring over Courtenay's two dull volumes,* he came on the letters, and was led to look for more; the result being that he, too, became one of Mistress Osborne's "servants;" and, in support of his thesis that "she deserves a place among the celebrated women of England," he has, with the help of a nameless friend, arranged and published all the correspondence.

It is hard to connect Sir W. Temple with a love story. Neither Mr. Courtenay nor Lord Macaulay, though they differ widely in their estimate of him, gives us any hint that he resembled the dainty cavalier whose portrait by Lely, photo-engraved in Mr. Parry's book, is still at Chicksands, the old seat of the Osbornes. Macaulay stigmatizes him as cold-natured, cautious —always holding back when his help was really needed by those whom he professed to serve; "one of those characters which lose rather than gain by close examination; a man who, though he served both sides without any disgraceful subserviency to either, took care to risk nothing for his country, and was disposed to be content with small and certain winnings rather than to go on doubling the stake." This is too hard. The statesman who had been snubbed by Arlington, and had only discovered, through the cynical bluntness of Clifford, how his embassy had been a mere blind, may well have been sickened of Restoration politics. Nevertheless, Temple strove long to bring Charles to a better mind, and sometimes seemed to come very near success. That he, the son of a Presbyterian father who had served under Cromwell, did not care to take high office under a king whom nothing could prevent from being his own Prime Minister, and from hankering after a French

* Courtenay's best part is his preface. After asking when Mrs. (he should have said Mistress) for maidens went out, and the once-opprobrious Miss came in, he quotes Dr. Johnson, "No man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money," with the following comment: "A foolish saying; and I beg it may be understood by him who hesitates whether to buy this book, that I am not one of Dr. Johnson's blockheads; and this consciousness greatly augments the anxiety with which I, a pamphleteer of forty years, send my first book into the world."

alliance, was natural; and when Macaulay says, "Charles, in 1680, answered his inquiry whether he should remain in Parliament, good-humouredly, but a little contemptuously: 'I doubt your coming into the House will not do much good. You may as well let it alone,'" we cannot help thinking there was more reason for contempt on the other side. His wife, hereditary royalist though she was, would not have counselled him to trust the Court. Her father, Sir Peter Osborne, had, while Governor of Guernsey and defender of Castle Cornet, felt to the full the untrustworthiness of Charles and his father. So badly, in fact, had he been treated, that, four years before the Civil War ended, he had resigned his command to Sir Baldwin Wake.

Doubtless, Temple disliked trouble—honestly preferred cultivating his melons at Sheen and Moor Park, Surrey, and perfecting his essay on gardening, to the turmoil of party. He had, too, that sensitiveness to failure which led his eldest son to drown himself within a week of his being made William III.'s Secretary at War, leaving this writing: "My folly in undertaking what I was not able to perform, has done the king and kingdom a deal of prejudice. I wish him all happiness, and abler servants than John Temple." But Macaulay's judgment would surely have been less severe but for "the coddling" which annoys him, as if it was a personal grievance; and this was in part Mistress Osborne's fault—her letters are full of complaints about his carelessness at tennis; while her injunctions to nurse his frequent colds are as unfailing as are Cicero's inquiries about his wife's health. Macaulay, too, was yet more aggrieved at the rash way in which Temple, "who knew not a word of Greek," undertook to defend the Ancients, in that "Battle of the books," which, begun in France, was fought out in England. Temple laid himself open to Bentley's "foul-mouthed raillery," by mixing together the historical and the fabulous, just as if (Macaulay humorously says) a biographical dictionary should, under the head of Jones, give us "Jones, William, an eminent orientalist; Davy, a fiend, who destroys ships; Thomas, a foundling, brought up by Mr. Allworthy." The great critic is unconsciously prejudiced against Temple the politician by the supposed effeminacy of Temple the

man, and by the ridiculous *fiasco* of Temple the scholar. As a *littérateur*, Temple was by no means contemptible. Lord Macaulay admits that passages in his *Like and Dislike* are worthy of Montaigne; and Dorothy, keen enough to point out the faults of writers like Lord Monmouth (of whom she says, "I believe he undoes himself and spends his estate with printing his translations"), agrees with his sister, Lady Gifford, in liking his adaptations from the French. Courtenay calls his essays "school themes upon a large scale not destitute of originality." Of course he opposed the Newtonian theory, and smiled at "ignorant man, who does not so much as know what motion is, or how a stone moves from his hand. God be thanked his pride is greater than his ignorance, and what he wants in knowledge he supplies by sufficiency." He is on safer ground when he argues, "'tis but to play with words to say virtue is the middle of vices, and that by going too far in it, it ceases to be so. In that which is truly virtuous the defect is only ill; neither is that truly virtue which by the highest exercise turns into vice. We cannot reach to an excess when we cannot reach to perfection. It is one extreme that runs into the other."

Such was the man about whom, when reading Dorothy's letters, we keep asking ourselves: "Did he make a good husband? Was she as happy after her seven years' waiting as she had a right to be?" On this point we have but negative evidence; and even our estimate of him as a lover must be formed from her letters, for of his only one is preserved; she seems to have destroyed them as they came to hand for fear her family, who were averse to the match, should get hold of them. Of her letters after marriage we have only one to him, dated from the Hague, in October 1870, to "my dearest heart," from "my best dear's most affectionate," but wholly about politics, and written not long before our Government, "sending a yacht to bring the ambassador's wife home, ordered the captain to sail through the Dutch fleet and fire into the nearest ships till they should either strike sail to his flag or return his shot, so as to make a quarrel" (Courtenay). The quarrel was staved off by the courteous forbearance of Van Ghent, the Dutch admiral, "who himself came on board with a handsome

compliment to Lady Temple, but at the same time urged that there must be some mistake; a fleet commanded by an admiral could hardly be meant to strike to the king's pleasure-boat." "What shall I do?" said the captain to Lady Temple. "You know your orders best," she replied; "follow them as you think fit, without regard to me or my children." An answer which reminds us of her first meeting with Temple. He was starting on the Grand Tour, and in the Isle of Wight met her and her brother on their way to Guernsey. The brother, hearing how Colonel Hammond was treating his royal prisoner at Carisbrooke, wrote on the inn window, "Haman was hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai." This led to their being stopped and brought before the Governor; and the consequences might have been serious but that Dorothy took the crime on herself, and (as all through our civil wars both sides showed chivalrous courtesy to women) thereby obtained the release of the whole party. Temple was doubtless struck with this proof of courage, a quality with which Lord Macaulay would have us believe he was not too bounteously endowed. And his fine manners and handsome person made on Dorothy an impression which the addresses of a host of suitors, among them Henry Cromwell, did not weaken. Nominally, he and she were in opposite camps; for his father, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, had opposed Ormonde in 1643, and had even been imprisoned as a partisan of the Parliament. Afterwards, in 1648, as member for Chichester, he voted with the Presbyterians, and was in consequence *secluded*, till Cromwell again made him Master of the Rolls in Ireland in 1654. But this nominal opposition did not much affect the young people; for his dress and his looks show that William Temple was what the severe Mrs. Hutchinson calls Henry Cromwell, "a debauched, ungodly cavalier," though he certainly does not answer to the rest of her acrimonious description, "an insolent foole." Temple, as Lely paints him, is not at all in Puritan garb; yet doubtless he contrasted favourably with many a young Royalist squire—witness Colonel Thornhill, with whose wife Dorothy was staying at brother (-in-law) Peyton's, in Kent, and of whom she says, "this lovely innocent creature, Sir John Greenvil's sister, is sacrificed to the veriest beast that ever was. As they came

hither, he called on the way to see some old acquaintance, bidding her go on, he would overtake her; but did not come till next night, and then so drunk he was led immediately to bed" (p. 307).* But though Temple was Royalist enough for Dorothy, out-and-out Royalists, like the Osbornes (one of Dorothy's brothers was killed in a skirmish in Devon, and nine-tenths of her father's property had been confiscated), would look coldly on one who, albeit he might dress like a Cavalier, was quite willing to take office under Cromwell. Probably, too, they regarded the affair as a *mésalliance*; the Temple family, before William's father, was of little account, though (says Lord Macaulay) "long after William's death it produced so many eminent men, and formed so many distinguished alliances, that it exercised an influence scarcely inferior to that which the house of Neville attained in feudal England, and that of Douglas in old Scotland." The Osbornes, originally from the North, were in Essex in 1442, and settled at Chicksands about 1560. But whether or not they took exception to Temple's lineage, they certainly objected to his narrow means. He was very poor, and they wished to marry the attractive Dorothy to a rich man. Dorothy herself has no notion of love in a cottage. Temple has seemingly been asking why they need wait till he gets some good appointment, quoting perhaps some highflown sentiment from the French romances on which she had formed her style, but by which she did not regulate her conduct. "Alas!" she replies, "how can you talk of defying fortune; nobody lives without it, and therefore why should you imagine you could?" And, in the few sad letters that Mr. Parry classes under "despondency," she begs him to break off an engagement so hopeless, "since the fortune that can only make it possible depends on a thousand accidents and contingencies, your father's life and his success, and his disposal of himself and of his fortune," &c. With him, indeed, whom she so deeply loves, "a very moderate fortune would keep me from ever repenting of my disposal;" and in her latest maiden letter she

* Speaking of Temple's first mission to the Bishop of Münster, Macaulay says: "He could not bear much wine; and none but a hard drinker had any chance in Westphalian society."

thus hints that at last the money difficulty, "that dangerous rock (as you call it), is removed. I am at last resolved to let you see that I value your affections for me at as high a rate as you yourself can set it, and that you cannot have more of tenderness for me and my interests than I shall always have for yours." She must have birth, too, as well as just wealth enough for her station. While she could not marry "one who was so much a country gentleman as to understand nothing but hawks and dogs, and be fonder of either than of his wife, nor one whose aim reaches no further than to be justice of the peace and once in his life high sheriff," neither could she marry "a thing that began the world in a free school, was sent from thence to the University, and is at his farthest when he reaches the Inns of Court . . . . and admires nothing but the stories he has heard of the revels that were kept there before his time." A shrewd lady this, and good at repartee. When a great neighbour tells her, of one of her suitors, she would make "just that kind of wife he looked for," "I humbly thanked her," she replies; "but said I was certain he would not make that kind of husband I looked for."

On occasion, too, she can write bitter things; but to Temple she is never bitter. Sometimes she sends him more or less lively banter—as when she assures him, "I had not forgot you in your absence. I always meant you for one of my daughters," the four daughters of Sir Justinian Isham, whom she nicknames "the Emperor," the most pertinacious of all her "servants;" or again, when she says: "I've a squire now that's as good as a knight. He was coming as fast as a coach and six could carry him, but I desired him to stay till my ague was gone and give me a little time to recover my good looks; for I protest if he saw me now he'd never deign to see me again,"* Or when, just after she has told him: "If I cannot be yours they may dispose of me how they please. Henry Cromwell will be as acceptable to me as any one else," she adds

* Every now and then she is pleasantly coquettish. In sending him her picture, she warns him, "it must hang with the light on the left hand of it;" and when she is in mourning she writes, "you may be deceived; you never saw me so yet. Nobody that has will e'er desire to do it again for their own sakes as well as mine. Oh, 'tis a most dismal dress; I've not dared to look in the glass since I wore it."

what she surely does not mean to be taken literally: "if I may undertake to counsel, I think you shall do well to comply with your father as far as possible." There is a good deal in those last few words; for Sir John had set his mind on marrying his son to rich Mistress Chambers. At other times (often in the same letter, in which she has been joking) she makes a set speech, after the fashion of her favourite romances: "I am so far from thinking you ill-natured for wishing I might not outlive you, that I should not have thought you at all kind had you done otherwise;" again, "I cannot say that I prefer your interest before my own, because all yours are so much mine that 'tis impossible for me to be happy if you are not so; but if they could be divided I am certain I should." Sometimes we get a playful conceit: "I know not how to believe I should misuse your heart as you pretend; I never had any quarrel to it, and since our friendship it has been dear to me as my own. 'Tis rather, sure, that you have a mind to try another than that any dislike of yours makes you turn it over to me; but be it as it will, I am contented to stand to the loss, and perhaps when you have changed you will find so little difference that you'll be calling for your own again." And this, surely, might be from one of the heroines over whose woes she tells Temple she often weeps: "If want of kindness were the only crime I exempted from pardon, 'twas not that I had the least apprehension you could be guilty of it; but to show you (by excepting only an impossible thing) that I excepted nothing. No, in earnest, I can fancy no such thing of you, or, if I could, the quarrel would be to myself; I should never forgive my own folly that let me choose a friend that could be false." This, again, written during what Mr. Parry calls the despondency time, smacks of the same source: "As nothing obliges me to relieve a person that is in extreme want till I change conditions with him and come to be where he began, and that" [*i.e.*, since] "I may be thought compassionate if I do all that I can without prejudicing myself too much, so let me tell you that if I could help it I would not love you, and that as long as I live I shall strive against it as against that which had been my ruin, and was certainly sent me as a punishment for my sin." Here are some of her sharp things:

she was very unwilling that the engagement with Temple, which had grown "insensibly" out of mere liking, should be talked of. She likes him "to preserve her a liberty," "though I'm never likely to make use on't. And I agree with you, too, that certainly 'tis much better you should owe my kindness to nothing but your own merit and my inclination, than that there should lie any other necessity upon me of making good my words to you." But Cousin Peters had spread some story, the only ground of which was, that "I who of all things do not love to make secrets of trifles told her I had seen you that day. She said no more, nor I neither; *but perhaps it worked in her little brain.*" When Chancery was abolished (1653) she wrote; "Lord [Commissioner] Keble's title goes with it. 'Twill be sad news for his son; *he will have nothing to say when 'my Lord, my father,' is taken from him.*" More cutting is her remark about Ann Clarges; "I am sorry for General Monk's misfortunes, because you say he is your friend, but otherwise she will suit well enough with the rest of the great ladies of the times, and becomes Greenwich as well as some others do the rest of the King's houses." "I am prouder of your letters than my Lady Protector is of her new honour," is in the same vein; but her raillery is generally good-natured, while throughout politics are carefully kept in the background. The letters, we must remember, do not run through the whole of the seven years' courtship; but all belong to 1653 and the following year. Those in Mr. Parry's "despondency" group are full of the bitterness of renouncing one whom in spite of herself she can never cease to love, and in this way sometimes rise to real pathos despite their artificial form. Otherwise, the correspondence is largely made up of small things—who is marrying whom in that "world" which still managed to exist despite the great change; how her father is, whom she nurses like a brave, loving daughter; how she is herself—for she suffers not only from ague, but from "spleen," and no wonder, for Cousin Molly, who divides his life between one great house and another, and with whom, when he is at Chicksands, she dines in great state at midday, has ailments enough to put a whole household on the sick-list through sympathy. What a reproof is this uncomplaining record of the dullest of country

lives to those who nowadays, when we have so many more ways of filling up the blank spaces, cry out that there is no living away from town. There is not much to write about; as to politics, he and she understand one another; she is so certain the present state of things won't last that grumbling, even if not dangerous, would be unnecessary.* She runs up to London when she has some such excuse as chaperoning a girl-niece; and there she acts in private theatricals, and tells Temple: "I am every night in the Park and at New Spring Gardens, where, though I come with a mask, I cannot escape being known, nor my conversion being admired. These are dangerous courses. Are you not in some fear what will become on me?" Yet she does not like the life and would not have a fortnight of it, "no, not if the King could come by his own thereby." Life at Chicksands is broken by paying calls, when sometimes one grand coach meets another and both parties alight and "curtseys and legs pass between them that 'tis wonderful to behold;" and by receiving visitors—in Dorothy's case mostly "servants," her descriptions of some of whom are too good to be spoiled by quoting. One poor fellow, who had sent her a present of charcoal, "to warm my heart, I think he meant it," is so shy that he brings a letter which he feigns to have met with on his road, "confessing to me in a whispering voice that I could hardly hear myself, that it was of *great concern* to him and begged I would read it. I took it up presently and threw it, sealed as it was, into the fire, and told him (as softly as he had spoke to me) I thought that the quickest and best way of answering it." No wonder her brother sometimes brings up all she has ever refused, "like Richard III.'s ghosts." Then there is the grand resource of reading romances, mostly lent her by Lady Diana Rich, whose charms she praises (as she does those of all the beauties among her friends) without the least thought of jealousy. No wonder the *Grand Cyrus* ran to ten volumes; the ten must have been little enough to fill a whole winter. Cowley she quotes, and Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*, and she finds Pinto's *China* "as diverting a book of the kind

* Of the new form of marriage—before a justice—she says: "In conscience I believe the old one is the better, and for my part I am resolved to stay till that comes in fashion again."

as ever I read, and as handsomely written;" * but she has no sympathy with Lady Newcastle. "For God's sake," she says, "if you meet with her poems send them to me; they say 'tis ten times more extravagant than her dress;" but adds, in almost the next letter: "You need not send me my Lady Newcastle's book at all, for I have seen it and am satisfied there are many soberer people in Bedlam."

Strictly orthodox, she never doubted of Temple at all till her brother, playing his last card, accused this "detrimental" of being an atheist to boot. She is inexpressibly shocked, and hastens to put him through his catechism and make him deny the charge: "Sure, to be without religion is to be a devil in human shape. .... To say you were a beggar, your father not worth £4000 in the whole world, was nothing in comparison with having no religion and no honour." No wonder the end of this family conference is "he renounced me, and I defied him," though next day they are most loving brother and sister again. Yet this orthodox person, whom the notion of free thought horrifies, is wholly without religious enthusiasm. About the fifth-monarchy men, who in their blind way were striving for that new world wherein dwelleth righteousness, about Quakers (some wearing clothes which themselves had fashioned out of skins, others running through public places in Adamic nakedness), she has not a word. She just mentions a preaching woman who was much in vogue, shamming to fear that Temple may find her letters in the same vein. Once she hears the famous Stephen Marshall, and is tickled at his saying: "if there were no kings, no queens, lords, ladies, gentlemen and gentlewomen in the world 'twould be no loss to God Almighty at all," and at the same time "standing out stoutly for tithes, though in my opinion few deserve them less than he." Of that "social compunction which" Mrs. Humphrey Ward tells us "is one of the notes of our time," she has not a trace;† and her finding

* When a book is "handsomely written," it is for Dorothy a proof that its author is "a person of good quality."

† And yet really we may well ask ourselves whether this social compunction is more than skin deep. In Dorothy's day all had their station, and she could spend the whole summer afternoon on the common, close to Chicksands, with "the young wenches that keep sheep and cows and sit in the shade singing of ballads. I go to them and

it such a bore to "entertain with making of signs and tokens two dumb gentlemen-callers" does not say much for her general sympathies. Hereditarily cautious—her mother used to tell her: "I have lived to see it's impossible to think people worse than they are, and so will you"—she checks herself when asking Temple, anent the dissolution of the Long Parliament, "If Mr. Pim were alive again would this appear so great a breach of privilege as the demanding the five members? But I shall talk treason by-and-by if I don't look to myself. 'Tis safer talking of the orange-flower water you sent me." "Are you at all concerned in it?" she says, referring to the proposed embassy to Sweden to which this youthful Micawber was hoping to be attached. "For if you are not, I am not; only" (she slyly adds) "if I had been so wise as to have taken hold of the offer was made me by Henry Cromwell, I might have been in a fair way of preferment; for, sure, they will be greater now than ever." Young Cromwell had been her "most dutiful servant," exerting himself to get her an Irish wolf-dog (he sent her a splendid pair). She wanted "the biggest can be met with; 'tis all the beauty of those dogs, or of any kind, I think. A mastiff is handsomer to me than the most exact little dog that ever lady played withal." Now and then there is the very slightest touch of coarseness; and no wonder, for not half a century earlier, at the court of the virgin queen, euphuism jostled language the plainness of which would have satisfied M. Zola. Temple can still tell her he had dreamed she was in bed with Lord Lisle. Yet she is so far above the girls of the period that one wonders if her "never having seen a Court since I was capable of anything" accounts for

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compare their voices and beauty to some ancient shepherdesses that I have read of; and, trust me, I think these are as innocent as those could be." Much healthier this than going down after supper to meditate (and catch ague) by the small river at the bottom of the garden "and forgetting that such a thing is to be done as going to bed." Note also her freedom with her servants. They are all nursing her father and "are going to try if eating and drinking can keep them awake, and I am kindly invited to be of their company; and my father's man has got one of the maids to talk nonsense to-night, and they have got between them a bottle of ale. I shall lose my share if I do not take them at their first offer." A wise freedom may perhaps be better than a "social compunction" which fails to bridge the gulf that we never tire of complaining about.

the difference. She thinks not; lamenting, as she sometimes does, over the scandals of the day—the Earl of Newport's daughter, for instance, running away, first with one man and then with another, "so that she is the talk of all the footmen and boys in the street, and will be company for them shortly," she says:—

"The want of a Court to govern themselves by is in great part the cause that ruins the young people of this age. Though that was no perfect school of virtue, yet vice there wore her mask, and appeared so unlike herself that she gave no scandal. . . . . All who had good principles and inclinations were encouraged in them, and such as had neither were forced to put on a handsome disguise, that they might not be out of countenance at themselves." *

A whole essay might be written on the literature of the time as the effect and the cause (for in every age it is both) of its morals. Action and reaction may partly explain the contrast between its romances and its plays. The former were prudishly sentimental—Aphra Behn was still Mistress. Johnson, and had not even written her story of Oronoko. They were pitched in that exaggerated key which Dorothy often strikes at the beginning of a letter, but from which she always has the good sense to come down before it is half finished. The plays, on the contrary, grew coarser and coarser, till some of those attributed to Dryden surpass in cynical foulness anything that ever was published in England. We smile at the romances, we wonder at the patience of their readers; but they did good work. They kept up an ideal; they did for their time what Sir Percival and Sir Galahad did for the age of chivalry. If they could not purify, they at least upheld a standard against which impurity was an outrage. If the Restoration Court was vile and scandalous (and, though more scandalous, it was certainly not viler than some which followed it) it was so as much in defiance of the romances that the great ladies delighted in as of the sermons to which they assiduously

* Dorothy is anticipating the newest verdict of to-day—that the Restoration licence was less a reaction against Puritan severity than an extension of the lawlessness then begun. Her own idea of duty is almost verbatim that of Suckling's well-known lines—"'Tis my duty never to think of disposing myself without my father's consent, from which nothing could ever tempt me, nor could you like it in me if I should do otherwise; 'twould make me unworthy of your esteem."

listened. As a girl, Dorothy had fed on these stories; her lover's chief contributions to literature were adaptations of them—new arrangements of the same old lay figures. Her honest nature and refinement of soul kept her from the too frequent hypocrisy of delighting in them and at the same time living the life portrayed by de Grammont.

Do not let any one expect too much from Mr. Parry's volume. Dorothy is not a genius; she has no wide views, no firm grasp of the social or political situation. You can, indeed, by reading between the lines, see that England under the Commonwealth was not so very unlike England at any other time as we are taught to think. But the chief merit of the letters is, that they set before us a true woman, long tried, and resolute under trials; affectionate ("Can you believe that you are dearer to me than the whole world beside, and yet neglect yourself? If you do not, you wrong a perfect friendship; and, if you do, you must consider my interest in you, and preserve yourself to make me happy"). Confident, too, she was, with a trust which was not misplaced; for when all "rocks" were removed, she had the small-pox. Her beauty was gone; but Temple proved that he loved her for herself, though she had warned him she was peevish at times. See how she confesses:

"I was carried yesterday abroad to a dinner that was designed for mirth; but it seems one ill-humoured person in the company is enough to put all the rest out of tune. . . . . They all agreed to say that I spoiled their jollity by wearing the most unreasonable looks. I told them I knew no remedy but leaving me behind next time; and could have told them that my looks were suitable to my fortune, though not to a feast." And again: 'That gaiety which you say is only esteemed would be insupportable to me."

Sometimes she is "*dowd* with her cold;" but happily on the whole her nature is as cheery as it is brave: "My life here since my father's sickness is so sad that, to another humour than mine, it would be insupportable."* What a promise there is of future happiness when the stately "Sir" with which she

* Not long before all is happily settled, she playfully charges on Temple her fits of gloom: "Though I say it myself, before I knew you I was thought as well an humoured young person as most in England; nothing displeased, nothing troubled me."

always begins her maiden letters, should be changed to "Dear heart," in such a sentence as this: "it is most certain that, let the husband be what it will, if the wife have but patience (which sure becomes her best), the disorder cannot be great enough to make a noise." And that is no formal bit of preaching, but is ushered in with the joke that "Roman Catholic priests ought to marry, for they, of all men, are bound to take up their cross, and there's no such cross (they say) as a wife;" and is followed by another joke about "a kinswoman, whose husband was not always himself; and when he was otherwise, his humour was to rise in the night, and with two bedstaves labour on the table for an hour together. She took care every night to lay a great cushion upon the table that nobody might hear him." Her ill-health sent her every now and then to Epsom springs; those were days when even Tunbridge Wells had not yet grown famous, and London had its Sadler's and Bagnigge Wells and its Spa Field. She would have gone oftener (for she sorely hated the alternative, an infusion of steel) but that she feared lest if she met Temple there scandal might say she had gone on purpose. And health was answerable for the sensitiveness (it became morbid in her son) that made her shrink from publicity.

"I never knew a wedding," she says, when looking forward to her own, "well-designed but one; and that was of two persons who had nobody to please in it but themselves. He came down into the country where she was upon a visit, and one morning married her. As soon as they came out of the church they took coach and came for the town, dined at an inn by the way, and at night came into lodgings, where nobody knew them and where they passed for married people of seven years' standing. The truth is I could not endure to be Mrs. Bride in a public wedding, to be made the happiest person on earth."

Such was Dorothy Osborne; and those who study her character in Mr. Parry's book will surely be of his mind, that Macaulay rather "patronizes her pretty qualities and fails to recognize her sympathetic, womanly nature." In her day the ideal country gentleman "made his house neat, his gardens pleasant, his groves delicious, his children cheerful, his servants easy, keeping excellent order in his family." Of such an one the epitaph might well be (it is that of her own father), "he was

a friend to the poor, a lover of learning, a maintainer of divine exercises." Many of the accidents of seventeenth-century English country life are gone, but surely the substance remains. The dress, the romances, the formalities, the little things which then were blown into importance, have long since been—

> "Dead as songs of fairies
> In the old homes of Killigrews and Careys."

But it is something to be assured that even then the salt of the earth had not lost its savour; and to feel, too, that such an ideal is not unattainable now.

We must not, however, think that in that evil time there was only one good woman of good family. She, of whose death Evelyn writes with such deep sorrow, Margaret Blayne, wife of Sidney Godolphin, was in the very furnace of temptation; for seven years a maid-of-honour to Charles II.'s queen, yet the breath of scandal never touched her. Her father, a staunch Royalist, shared the exile of Charles II., and Margaret was chiefly educated at Paris. She and Godolphin were engaged in 1670, and not married till 1675. One wishes Evelyn, either in his *Diary* or in his delightful *Mrs. Godolphin*, had given us her letters and his, instead of simply telling us how he talked of an appointment abroad to retrieve his fortunes, and she of going into a religious retreat, "while there was nothing which they both did breathe after more than to have settled somewhere remote in the country from all entanglements of the world." In 1678 she died of puerperal fever. Evelyn was in church when the husband's message came to him: "My poor wife is fallen very ill. You know who says the prayer of the faithful shall save the sick. I humbly beg your charitable prayer for this poor creature and your distracted servant." Evelyn's record is: "I lost in her the most excellent and inestimable friend that ever lived. . . . . Never was a more religious, discreet, and admirable creature beloved of all, admired of all, for all possible perfections of her sex. She is gone to receive the reward of her signal charity and all other her Christian graces. . . . . How shall I now repay the obligations to her for the infinite good offices she did my soul by oft engaging me to make religion the terms and tie of the friendship

there was between us?" He pathetically tells how she looked on him as "a father, a brother, and what is more, a friend. We often prayed, visited the sick and miserable, received, read, discoursed and communicated in all holy offices together. She was most dear to my wife and affectionate to my children. . . . . She wished to be buried at her husband's home, Godolphin, three hundred miles from her own family." Evelyn tells how, the husband being literally prostrated with grief, he had her embalmed and wrapt in lead, "with as much diligence and care as my grieved heart would permit me." He then went home "for two days' solitude and sad reflections;" and then, with the sick husband, but with a large following of brothers and sisters in tow, the funeral cavalcade moved westward. In her way, Margaret Blayne is as notable a character as Dorothy Osborne. She certainly was more sorely tried; for, beside the manifold temptations of that Court, she had the sore trial of a flirting and flaunting sister, of whom De Grammont says: "If this foolish, frivolous lady was not quite so bad as some of those about her, it was only because the temptation was not so strong." There must have been specially good stuff in Margaret, otherwise she would not have won Evelyn's friendship. He was like a father to the young married people, taking them to Lambeth to buy marble chimney-pieces for their house near Scotland Yard; or to Blackwall to pick up Indian curios. "This only is my comfort," he says, in his *Diary*, "that she is happy in Christ, and I shall shortly behold her again."

Art. VI.—DAVISON'S FERNLEY LECTURE.

The Christian Conscience: a Contribution to Christian Ethics. Being the Fernley Lecture for 1888. By the Rev. W. T. Davison, M.A. London: T. Woolmer.

THE aim of Professor Davison in the present work is not the severe discussion of any branch of his wide theme, but rather to give a luminous view of the question at large. The plan of the Lecture is comprehensive, and although its comprehensiveness precludes any exhaustive discussion of the

several topics treated, the main purpose of the work is secured, and the general reader will be greatly interested and instructed. Professor Davison has a strong opinion respecting the importance of his subject. He justly observes:

"The true battle-ground against modern scepticism lies in a thorough discussion of man's mental, and especially of his moral, nature. Hardly sufficient justice has been done to conscience by Christian apologists. For thousands of thinkers who to-day profess to be unable to answer the question, What is God? there is a preliminary question, What is man? If the nature of man be what these writers understand it to be, the whole groundwork of a large part of Christian apologetics is inevitably cut away; on the other hand, if the spiritual nature of a man be once demonstrated and admitted, the way is clear for a line of argument from which we are otherwise excluded. In vain will the clear and peremptory message of holy law be delivered, if there be no conscience in man to reverence its sanctities, or if the ear of conscience be closed by plausible sophistries which interfere with law's authority; in vain will the gentle message of Gospel grace be announced to hearts incapable of feeling the deep need which that message of love comes to supply."

With much clearness and energy does our author vindicate the spiritual element in man, and prepare us to listen to "the voice full of majesty."

In indicating the practical value of his subject, the lecturer observes: "The study of Christian ethics has been too much postponed to that of Christian doctrine, while for the many its teaching is far more fruitful, and its practical aspects, particularly, are such as all can appreciate, and from which all may learn." That doctrine comes before ethics is manifest. "Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness"—such is the order. Faith is the root out of which all the noble and fragrant fruits of high moral character spring. This is the order of the teaching of our Lord; it is the order of the Apostles; it is the order severely observed by the Church in her brightest and most fruitful periods. Except in the case of a pure instinct, theory and ideal precede action. But whilst in the order of thought theory precedes action, it has been found by all successful thinkers that

experiment must closely accompany speculation. In the order of thought, doctrine anticipates ethics, but in fact the two ought to be enforced by the Church concurrently. If ethics are postponed to doctrine, Antinomianism will soon show itself; and if, on the contrary, doctrine is suppressed in the interests of morals, morals themselves perish cut off from their vital stem, as is abundantly shown by the state of our country at the advent of Wesley and Whitfield. Dr. Dale thinks that these great revivalists postponed ethics to doctrine.

"One great defect of what we call the Evangelical Revival consists in its failure to afford to those whom it has restored to God a lofty ideal of practical righteousness and a healthy, vigorous moral training. The result is lamentable. Many Evangelical Christians have the poorest, meanest, narrowest conceptions of moral duty, and are almost destitute of moral strength. If this defect is to be remedied we Evangelicals must think more about Christian ethics."

These words have always seemed to us much too strong. That our fathers neglected the moral education of the people to any such extent as this representation goes is incorrect. It fell to the lot of the Evangelical party to proclaim great doctrines which had well-nigh been forgotten, but that moral teaching was painfully lacking in their programme is surely a mistake. Wesley was himself an intensely ethical teacher, and his preachers followed his example in copiously insisting on the graces of the Christian character and the duties of the Christian life. In the literature of early Methodism will be found abundant examples of the same kind of ethical teaching which Dr. Dale himself gives us in his admirable discourses on the Epistle to the Hebrews and the Epistle to the Ephesians. Still the Church of to-day will do well to give attention to the admonition of our author, and whilst it seeks by its lofty doctrine to preserve the moral sense in its utmost integrity, at the same time carefully educate that sense into the infinite differentiations of conduct demanded by our modern complex civilization.

Professor Davison begins his "Historical Sketch" with a paragraph that may prove somewhat misleading. He says: "The

name conscience appears somewhat late in the history of the world; that for which it stands is as old as mankind. In the history of our world it is inseparable from sin. Whether unfallen man possessed a conscience is a question of the schools, which we are not concerned to discuss." It would be a very crude thing indeed to say that conscience is the effect of sin—as if sin created the conscience, as disease is said to make the oyster secrete the pearl. Sin made man conscious of conscience in a peculiar way, as indigestion makes a man conscious of his stomach; but the conscience was there from the beginning in the serene peace of its perfection. Our knowledge of conscience would have been quite other than it is if conscience had developed on the normal line of obedience and purity; then it would have been altogether a thing of delight and pride instead of being what it is now—a synonym for mysterious shame and anguish; but that the organ of moral judgment is a primitive and essential part of human nature we can see no reason whatever to doubt. Immediately upon Adam's sin conscience asserted itself—that is, the unconsciousness of perfection which is the fulness of delight gave place to the painful knowledge which ever springs from hurt, disease, and antagonism. In the days of man's innocence, conscience might pass unnoticed as the calm, transparent waters of a lake are forgotten in the splendours of the sky they so vividly reflect; but so soon as the integrity of conscience was violated, all the heaven it bore on its placid bosom perished, and henceforth man's sad attention was fixed on the angry depths casting up mire and dirt, foaming out their own shame, and threatening terrible destructions. As to Christ having a conscience there can be no question: what is the Christian conscience but the conscience of Christ? Christ *was* a conscience—the Logos, the Light of the World. Has not the devil also a conscience? Otherwise he could not say, Evil, be thou my good. His is an inverted conscience, making all hell possible to him.

The chapter on "The Natural Conscience: its Alleged Genesis" will be found very cogent and helpful. The attempt to identify human nature in its higher instincts and powers with the material mechanical universe is clearly exposed and

refuted. Miss Bevington wrote a while ago: "Conscience has taken millenniums to develop, and it has developed in obedience to a *need*, not a creed—sprung out of the fundamental demands of progressive existence rather than from the comparatively recent demands of theological aspiration." But, in fact, conscience arose neither in obedience to a need nor a creed; it was there before either—the creed simply giving intellectual expression to its nature and scope and ideal; the need affording that practical discipline which is essential to the evolution and perfecting of our various faculties, higher as well as lower. The conscience existed independently and prior to all circumstance and philosophy. Professor Davison has shown in a vivid style the transcending quality of the moral faculty, and that no long series of vulgar pains and pleasures can account for its pure, lofty, and imperative voice.

But whilst the Christian protests against the secularization of morals he can afford to watch the progress of the evolutionary theory with perfect equanimity. The positions of revelation are such as to justify all his confidence, whatever may be the immediate aspects of the controversy upon development. "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul." That the conscience of man has sprung up in a certain connection with matter, and that its development has proceeded through manifold interaction with a tangible environment, may be frankly acknowledged; and such a position is in perfect accord with the teaching of revelation on its earliest pages. "So God created man in His own image; male and female created He them." That there is in man a ghostly element as well as a physical, is there also asserted, the complete view of revelation being that in human nature there is a spiritual incorruptible element standing in close relation to the dust, and through its ministry attaining full and final development. It is the legitimate province of science to show the incidence and range of the physical in the development of the various powers of human nature, but that science will ever account on its own grounds for the higher powers themselves we do not believe. The evolutionist holds that when the primitive man, the almost-man,

received just another impulse, conscience sprang forth in him as suddenly as the blossom springs out of the tree. Darwin tells us that to him it was highly probable that any animal whatever, endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience as soon as its intellectual powers had become as well or as nearly developed as in man. This terribly tardy aloe has not, however, been seen to flower once during the historic period; so Darwin's speculation must be taken for what it is worth; but even if the speculation should eventually turn out correct, that man emerged out of animal conditions, and having reached a certain critical stage the conscience unfolded as the flower bursts forth on the tree, it will hardly conflict with the declaration that the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground. But then the singular glory of man's moral organ will remain unexplained by any subtle chemistry of dust, and the world must still fall back on the sublime revelation that man's profoundest self was made in the image of God's spirituality, infinity, eternity.

It may be said, if the higher beliefs of man have arisen out of such conditions, are they to be trusted? On this important point Darwin writes:—

"Another source of conviction in the existence of God, connected with the reason, and not with the feelings, impresses me as having much more weight. This follows from the extreme difficulty, or rather impossibility, of conceiving this immense and wonderful universe, including man with his capacity of looking far backwards and far into futurity, as the result of blind chance or necessity. When thus reflecting, I feel compelled to look to a First Cause having an intelligent mind in some degree analogous to that of man; and I deserve to be called a Theist. This conclusion was strong in my mind about the time, as far as I can remember, when I wrote the *Origin of Species*; and it is since that time that it has very gradually, with many fluctuations, become weaker. But then arises the doubt, can the mind of man, which has, as I fully believe, been developed from a mind as low as that possessed by the lowest animals, be trusted when it draws such grand conclusions? I cannot pretend to throw the least light on such abstruse problems." *

But has not Mr. Darwin in this place done injustice to his

* *Life*, vol. i. 312.

own theory? Are not the instincts of the lower creatures on the whole marvellously correct? The instinct of the birds of passage does not deceive them in their vast strange migrations; winging their way over thousands of miles of land and sea in storm and darkness they find the summer home. The instinct of the bee does not fail it in indicating the nearest line to its hive, and in guiding it through all the elaborations of its cells. The instinct of the butterfly and beetle is not at fault when by a strange prescience they prepare the cradle and food of the successors they shall never see. And if the instinct of the caterpillar pointing to the sylph, the instinct of the swallow pointing out far beyond the sea to the land of sunshine and flowers, prove no mockery, why should the instincts of human nature pointing to an overworld and a strange perfection prove untrustworthy? If instinct is reliable within a narrower area and on lower grounds, why not on higher grounds and within vaster horizons? But, as we say, the Christian can afford to wait with serenity the resolutions of science, confident that however man's nature may have been conditioned and disciplined by the dust, it can never be confounded with the dust.

The chapter entitled "The Natural Conscience: its True Basis and Character" is altogether excellent. The arrangement of it is very clear, and the discussion carries conviction. "I am—I know—I can—I will—I ought; such are the successive steps by which we ascend to the lofty platform from which conscience looks out upon human life." These several essential points are exhibited in a very lucid and convincing manner. In Chinese eschatology we read of the ghost of a ghost, and some of our physicists and metaphysicians hold that conscience is the illusion of an illusion; as against these negations Professor Davison clearly demonstrates that conscience is the foundation of our individuality, the solemn and indisputable expression of our power, freedom, and responsibility. Its province being to discern the right and to exercise complete control and supremacy over the whole human life. The questions: Is conscience infallible in its judgments? Does it need education and enlightenment? Is it possible to speak of its growth, its progress, its deterioration, and decay?

are answered in a manner generally satisfactory, we think. Men all over the world have some sense of Beauty, but as to what constitutes beauty there is a wide range of opinion from the Greek to the Polynesian. All over the world men have delight in Harmony, but they differ widely as to the quality of sweet sounds—the Chinese putting their hands to their ears on listening to the finest music of Europe. The intellectual sense is there; but its verdicts differ as the brain on which our higher instincts depend may have been cultivated or neglected. No sane man would argue that the differing artistic judgments of various tribes was a proof that the special organ of taste was wanting, or that it indicated the impossibility of an absolute standard of harmony and grace; it would be admitted on all hands that the æsthetic faculty was present in all parties concerned, but only through long discipline would they escape all eccentricities and reach the vision and joy of intellectual perfection. The analogy holds substantially in regard to man's ethical powers. Wake's work, *The Evolution of Morality*, containing a vast collection of facts, and alleged facts, designed to prove the absence of a primitive authoritative moral faculty in man, because of the wide prevalence of different ethical notions and barbarous usages, is altogether in its purpose wide of the mark. We might as well argue from the grotesque artistic creations of savages, that there is not in humanity the spirit of beauty, that it is not within the possibility of the case that humanity should discover the criterion of beauty. The light that is in us may shade down into darkness, but the light shineth into every man that cometh into the world.

Professor Davison rightly contends that it is of the utmost importance that room should be left for the growth and progress of conscience. The evolutionist teaches that even during the historic period the human eye has become more discriminative, and that it can now perceive colours and differentiations of colour not appreciated by the Egyptians and Greeks. Whether the fact is to be accounted for on the theory of evolution or no, it seems very probable that some such refinement of perception has been going on, and that Tintoretto and Turner saw a fuller glory in the world than did the artists

of Tyre. Why should there not be a similar perfecting of the moral faculty? History shows very clearly that there has been some such growth in the delicacy of the soul, and the grand ethical ideal of Christianity working in society to-day raises in us high hopes touching the ultimate range and exquisiteness of the moral sense. There is a whole world outside the gamut of the corporeal senses—sounds not heard, colours not seen, flavours not discerned, and we may be sure that outside the gamut of our moral sense lie glories of righteousness which as yet have not entered into the heart of man to conceive. Buckle expressed his disappointment at the non-progressiveness of morals, but there is in the heart of man a growing wisdom and spiritual understanding which ever gives to morals a profounder significance, a more comprehensive range, a more delightful fascination. The growth of the future may be found more in this direction even than in the sphere of intellectual action and triumph.

"Conscience and Religion" forms a truly beautiful chapter. The author shows that conscience demands the infinite, and from the infinite derives its sanction. The Troglodyte in his cave would be less perplexed with a telescope, the boatman on a canal would not be more puzzled at the nature and purpose of a mariner's compass, than humanity is bewildered by conscience if there belong not to it the open sky, the infinite universe, the eternal God. The testimony that conscience bears to religion is admirably stated and eloquently illustrated in the work before us.

"The Scripture Doctrine of Conscience;" "The Conscience and Scripture Truth;" "The Law of the Christian Conscience," are three chapters full of valuable teaching. Professor Davison is careful to show that the conscience has a certain virtue apart from revelation. Perhaps we might say that he amply vindicates the natural conscience; but he is also faithful to show that the conscience comes to the fulness of its function and service under the light of revelation. In the Cardiff coal-mines it is said that an interesting plant is found which emits so brilliant a phosphorescent light that it is visible at the distance of many yards. A very interesting plant indeed is the underground growth shining in its own light, but far

inferior is this thing of night to the palms, the roses, the lilies, which reach their strange perfection in the splendour of the sun. The natural conscience shining in its own light reminds us of the luminous cryptogam with its pathetic life in the sunless depth; and a very inferior thing is that conscience compared with the moral sense which finds its law at Sinai, its peace at Calvary, its inspiration in the great hope of immortality. All these truths are illustrated by Professor Davison with a fulness and seriousness which refresh the heart whilst they illuminate the understanding.

The final chapter on "The Training of the Christian Conscience" is one all preachers and students should carefully ponder and lay to heart.

The literary character of this Lecture is excellent—the lucidity would have satisfied Mr. Arnold had he been still with us. Professor Davison is fond of quoting Amiel, and it seems to us that in purity and energy his own style strikingly resembles that of the Swiss philosopher.

Art. VII.—STRATFORD CANNING.

The Life of the Right Honourable Stratford Canning, Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe, K.G., G.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., &c. From his Memoirs and Private and Official Papers. By Stanley Lane-Poole. Two vols. London: Longmans. 1888.

"THERE were giants in the earth in those days." This is the thought which will occur to the reader of the *Life of Stratford Canning*. In Mr. Lane-Poole's pages we have the picture of a noble leonine character, a man of Bismarckian decision, but of a more refined intellectuality; one, the presage of whose strikingly handsome face, with its firmly built chin, was not belied in his masterly conduct of his country's affairs at foreign Courts for nearly half a century. Though he died as recently as 1880, the salient points of his career are

sufficiently remote from the politics of to-day to be studied with calmness and impartiality; and the candid mind cannot but be impressed with the combination of rare qualities which distinguished the Great Ambassador's public course, binding up his name with the most honourable achievements in the annals of modern diplomacy.

He came of an Irish branch of an old West Country family, one of whose members was characterized by Chatterton in his *Rowley Manuscripts* as

> "Thys Morneynge Starre of Radcleves rysynge raie,
> A true manne, goode of mynde, and Canynge hyghte."

His grandfather, the first Stratford Canning, was not a very pleasing character, and enjoyed the reputation of being extremely austere. His children listened with terror to the creaking of his shoes as he perambulated the house; and two of his sons were disowned and banished from their father's seat in Ireland for not marrying in accordance with his wishes. The paternal churlishness, though very unpleasant, proved to be a blessing to the young men, who in consequence had to make their own way in the world, and to call forth energies which otherwise might have lain dormant. Though they both died in early manhood, each left a son who was to make the name of Canning famous throughout the world. The younger son, Stratford Canning the second, came over to England, and settled in London as a merchant and banker; and the third and famous Stratford was born in St. Clement's Lane, "a narrow dingy street not far from the Mansion House," on November 4, 1786. Of his early years he has left interesting records in the autobiography which is embodied in these volumes. His father died when he was but six months old. His mother, a beautiful, spirited Irish lady, carried on the business in the Lane till her eldest son could take it up, and admirably combined "the functions of mother, tutor, and banker." Stratford's reminiscences began with his residence at Stratford (Middlesex), whither the family had removed from the City house, and where they had Sheridan as a neighbour, and their brilliant cousin George Canning, the rising statesman, was a welcome guest, with his bosom friend, Hookham Frere;

while kind-hearted Professor Smythe came to share and brighten the Christmas dinner. Of Sheridan, wit, orator, spendthrift, we get an amusing glimpse:—

"One of the Canning boys had his head broken while playing at quoits with Tom Sheridan. Bleeding was considered essential, but the boy obstinately resisted the operation. Sheridan himself came to the bedside, and by the promise of a pony induced him to submit. 'It was a great success. Resistance ceased: the arm was held out, phlebotomy triumphed. Promise answered its purpose so completely that performance would have been superfluous.' The pony never appeared. . . . . Many years afterwards, while [Stratford] was conversing with his cousin George at the Board of Control, a note was brought in from Sheridan, then at death's door. It begged for the loan of £200 and enclosed an I O U. for the amount, 'as you know my delicacy in such matters.' Canning wrote the cheque, and threw the I O U. into the fire.'

After ten years at Eton, Stratford entered as a scholar of King's College, Cambridge, where he remained but a short time, being called away when he had kept only a couple of terms, in order to become a précis-writer at the Foreign Office, of which his cousin George was now the head. In 1808 he began his career abroad in the capacity of second secretary to Mr. Merry's mission to Copenhagen; the object of which was "to persuade the Danes that as they had surrendered their ships to our fleet, they could not do better than make peace with the captors." But the fascinations of the gentle Mr. Merry—whose family motto, *Toujours gai*, was expressive of his happy temperament—were lost at the Danish Court, where the Crown Prince would have nothing to do with him, and he could not obtain private access to the meanest official of the Government. The mission bore no fruit, unless we reckon as such the interesting letters which Canning wrote to his sister. After six months at home, a new prospect opened before him, and he was sent off as public secretary to Robert Adair's mission at Constantinople, to offer peace to our temporarily alienated ally, the Porte. He set off with hopes of a speedy return to England; but they were sadly disappointed; and though his dislike to living abroad grew yearly more intense, and his longing to take part in political life at home more ardent, other motives induced him again and again

to return to his post. "Six times duty and the compelling desire to serve his country drove him back, and his last farewell to Constantinople was uttered at the age of seventy-three."

It was a critical time. England, almost alone amongst the great Powers, stood up against the Napoleonic tyranny which clouded the broad sky of Europe. It is with difficulty that we of the present day realize the hazardous position of our fathers in those early days of the century, when the pride of Czar and Kaiser and King had to bend ignominiously before the terrible Corsican. The only salvation for England was the policy of pluck; and she was fortunate enough at the worst pinch to have at the helm Pitt, clear-headed, high-principled, dauntless; and on the sea such sturdy sailors as Howe and Collingwood, and the unrivalled Nelson. In succession to the great Minister came George Canning, his faithful disciple, by whom the foreign policy of England was directed with wisdom and courage; while Arthur Wellesley was preparing the downfall of Napoleon by his splendid strategy and brilliant battles in the Peninsula.

At Tenedos the English mission had to wait for some time before it was permitted to enter the Dardanelles; and young Canning enjoyed intensely the classic scenery with which he was surrounded, and with his companions relieved the tedium by shooting over the deserted vineyards, and revelling in "floods of capital spring water," until they "had the ill luck to discover a dead Turk at the bottom of the principal well!" When at length they were permitted to enter the Dardanelles, the Turk was like Buridan's ass between two bundles of hay, and could not, or would not, choose the French or the English side. Adair sent in his ultimatum; the ominous attitude of his ship, all ready for departure, decided the irresolute Sultan in favour of the English alliance; and on January 5, 1809, while the French Consul's express was conveying to head-quarters the mistaken news that we had failed in our diplomacy, the Treaty of the Dardanelles was signed, and France so far checkmated.

A change had now come over the spirit of the scene. The quarters of the mission were transferred to Constantinople,

and a friendly understanding prevailed between Adair and the Turkish Ministers. Meantime, George Canning wrote, appointing Stratford Minister Plenipotentiary; but the appointment was to be inoperative till Adair saw his way clear to go as Ambassador to Vienna. It was a long time before the elder diplomatist, dispirited at the many obstacles and complications of that dark and dismal period, found the fitting time to leave Stamboul. But the delay was no real loss to his junior, who was quietly acquiring that insight into Turkish character and modes of action which in after days enabled him to play on the easily modulated instrument any tune that he chose. How keen was his insight, and how sound an estimate he had already formed of the people, will be seen by this extract from his letter to his cousin George in the spring of 1809:—

"Very false notions are entertained in England of the Turkish nation. You know much better than I do the mighty resources and native wealth which this enormous empire possesses. I am myself a daily witness of the personal qualities of the inhabitants—qualities which, if properly directed, are capable of sustaining them against a world of enemies. But the Government is radically bad, and its members, who are all alive to its defects, have neither the wisdom nor the courage to reform it. The few who have courage equal to the task know not how to reconcile reformation with the prejudices of the people. And without this nothing can be effected.

"Destruction will not come upon this empire either *from the north or from the south;* it is rotten at the heart; the seat of corruption is in the Government itself. Conscious of their weakness, and slaves to the Janissaries, of whom they have not discretion to make a proper use, the Ministers have lately introduced at home the same system of deceit that they have so long employed in their intercourse with foreign Powers."

As the months wore on in this honourable exile from his native land, Canning grew more and more impatient at his detention far away from the loved companionships of home and school and college. Especially he pined for the intellectual and social activities of London, and longed to take part in the literary and political contests of the time. The kindly Adair and the genial Morier were warm friends to him, but his ambitions, energetic spirit found it hard to

endure the stagnation and monotony of Eastern life. Some alleviation, however, he derived from correspondence with his intimates at a distance. A letter in those days, if long on the road, was as full of matter as a modern newspaper, and fuller of the character of the scribe. In one from his friend Planta he got the particulars of George Canning's duel with Lord Castlereagh, and his subsequent resignation of the Foreign Office. Stratford's first impulse, on this news, was to throw up his post, and return home at once. But this "romantic" step, fortunately for him and for his country, was not taken, or his chance of blossoming from secretary into Minister-Plenipotentiary at the early age of *twenty-three* would have been thrown away, and his career spoilt. The brilliant ex-Minister wrote, urging him to remain at his post; and Stratford, "not without great pain and difficulty," sacrificed his homeward longings for the sake of the material interests of his mother and family.

At length, in the summer of 1810, Adair having done all he could to frustrate French designs at the Porte, saw his way clear to leave Constantinople for Vienna, and applied for the customary audiences of leave. At the first of these an incident occurred "amazingly characteristic of our noble bard," Lord Byron, who had appeared in Turkish waters with his friend Hobhouse, and with whom Canning now made acquaintance.

"We had assembled for the first of them in the hall of our so-called palace, when Lord Byron arrived in scarlet regimentals, topped by a profusely feathered cocked-hat, and coming up to me asked what his place, as a peer of the realm, was to be in the procession. I referred him to Mr. Adair, who had not yet left his room, and the upshot of their private interview was that, as the Turks ignored all but officials, any amateur, though a peer, must be content to follow in the wake of the Embassy. His lordship thereupon walked away with that look of scornful indignation which so well became his fine imperious features. Next day the Ambassador, having consulted the Austrian Internuncio, and received a confirmation of his own opinion, wrote to apprise Lord Byron. The reply gave assurance of the fullest satisfaction, and ended with a declaration that the illustrious penitent would, if permitted, attend the next audience in his Excellency's train, and humbly follow 'his

ox, or his ass, or anything that was his.' In due time he redeemed his pledge by joining the procession as a simple individual, and delighting those who were nearest to him by his well-bred cheerfulness and good-humoured wit."

In July Adair departed, and Canning, still only in his twenty-fourth year, found himself invested with the authority and responsibility of Minister-Plenipotentiary at the Sublime Porte. Such early and rapid advancement was fully justified by his subsequent career: but we may well doubt, with his judicious biographer, whether irreparable injury was not hereby inflicted upon his character and disposition. One who knew him intimately observed in after years, that much of his exceeding masterfulness was due to the misfortune of "having had things made too easy for him in early life." After leaving school a few years of struggle with the world would have taught him "the art of getting on with others," and shown him the limits of his own abilities. As it was he became habitually impatient, simply because he had never known what it was to wait without certain prospect of advancement. Spending his early manhood in a nest of intrigues predisposed him to be inordinately suspicious of every one; and this, too, grew into a lifelong fault. At Constantinople, surrounded by cringing, vacillating, constantly plotting Orientals, he was in a measure compelled to carry things with a high hand and to deal out a store of menaces; and so a bad habit was originated. But "e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side:" his impatience flashed out at meanness and wrongdoing; and his overbearing demeanour was in Moslem eyes, not a blemish or offence, but a sure mark of uncommon strength, which would tolerate no treason or trickery.

The appointment, when it came in full form, was to Canning a real *dis*appointment. He had kept on hoping that a career would open for him at home; and when on the arrival of the commission he found himself forced by sense of duty to remain abroad, his first act was to lock his door and burst into tears. But this weakness speedily passed away, and he at once cast a glance around, to ascertain what had to be done, and how it was to be done. Novice though he was, he had no lengthy despatches from home to guide him; no telegraphic leading-

strings to keep him from straying to the diplomatic right or left. The compass by which he had to steer consisted of the instructions issued to his predecessor, which, under altered circumstances and with fresh experience, were of small value. During the whole time of his continuance in his post, he received no instructions on any but ordinary matters. The most important despatch addressed to him by Lord Wellesley from the Foreign Office had reference, not to affairs of State, but to some precious classical MSS. supposed to be stowed away in the Sultan's seraglio. As the Continent was then blocked to British messengers, perhaps his lordship thought it useless to send *pressing* communications three thousand miles by water, subject to the perils of contrary winds and attack by privateers. Or the correct explanation of the *insouciance* at head-quarters was simply that Ministers held that "no news is good news," and were well pleased to hear nothing from ever-troublesome Turkey. On the other hand, so isolated was the position of England that the home authorities were dependent to a large extent on Stratford Canning's despatches for intelligence of what was going on at Paris or Vienna, Berlin or St. Petersburg.

His powers soon found ample play in settling the question of the French privateers. These rovers, regardless of the law of nations, sailed boldly into the Archipelago, frequently seized British merchant ships, and, to guard them from recapture by our cruisers, took them into the nearest Turkish port. Canning determined to put a stop to this and other abuses of the professed neutrality of Turkey; and, after a long contest with the Reis Effendi (Foreign Secretary), who found bullying lost upon the young envoy, he carried his point.

Another point which he saw it necessary to carry was to stop the fighting on the Danube between Turkey and Russia, so keeping them both out of the arms of France, and setting free 50,000 Russians to act against Napoleon. Persia, too, was at war with Russia; France was trying to draw the Shah to her side, and it was Canning's office to support the efforts of our Ambassador at Teheran in an opposite direction. His success in concluding a peace between the belligerents on the Danube was his first great exploit in matters of European

importance. It was the task which Adair had given up in despair. Canning had hoped to effect a triple alliance between Austria, Turkey, and England; but the overthrow of the first power at Wagram was disastrous to this project, and he was obliged to limit himself to bringing about the attachment of Russia to England, and her detachment from France. This was the large plan which the youth, acting entirely on his own responsibility and without a single adviser, set himself to realize, and did actually accomplish. The Marquis Wellesley's despatches to him during this important period, 1810–12, were few and far between, and dealt with mere trifles—acknowledging receipt of despatches; announcing such public events as the death of the Princess Amelia; cautioning him against some impostor supposed to be making his way to Turkey; and, most important of all, conveying an order from the Foreign Office that—ambassadors shall use thicker envelopes to enclose their despatches! So much for the red-tape of our grandfathers.

We cannot pursue in detail young Canning's unceasing efforts. At last, in 1812, as the result of his labours, the Treaty of Bucharest was signed, Turkey and Russia were at peace, and the latter was free once more to rise in opposition to the French tyranny. Castlereagh had now succeeded the *fainéant* Wellesley as Foreign Secretary, and took an early opportunity of marking his high estimate of the youthful diplomatist's merits. The Emperor of Russia expressed like appreciation of his ability, and sent him a snuff-box with his portrait set in diamonds. But a higher authority than either, the Duke of Wellington, in a memorandum on Napoleon's disastrous Russian campaign, bears conclusive testimony to the value of the work accomplished in the face of such difficulties, and characterizes the Peace of Bucharest as "the most important service that ever fell to the lot of any individual to perform." He makes, however, the grand mistake of crediting this fine feat of statesmanship to his brother, Lord Wellesley, who, as Mr. Lane-Poole rightly says, "had never moved a finger in" the matter. It is another case of *Sic vos non vobis;* but it was natural for the Duke to suppose that his brother, while neglecting him and his troops in the Spanish campaign, had

at least paid some attention to the complications in Eastern Europe.

Canning's intense desire to return to England was now at length gratified. His residence at Constantinople had become intolerable to him, as wanting in any variety except in "the different sorts of botheration to which I am exposed at every hour of the day." He left it in July 1812 with well-justified satisfaction at the result of his anxieties and exertions. Monotonous as his life in the East had been, it had not been without the "variety" of peril; and a more amusing variety had been afforded by the near neighbourhood of Pitt's talented and eccentric niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, who took a house and spent a winter at Therapia, and whose sparkling conversation about her uncle and George Canning and other celebrities at home had special charms for the young ambassador. It was difficult, however, to keep in the favour of her excitable ladyship for any length of time; and, after ten months of pleasant intercourse, "the inevitable moment came." She professed to be "dying to see Napoleon with her own eyes," and must forsooth negotiate with the French *chargé d'affaires* to secure his concurrence in her scheme. Canning felt bound to protest against such flagrant deflection from loyalty; and Lady Hester addressed a long and lively epistle to Lord Wellesley, of which she enclosed a copy to the irate young envoy, and in which he found his characteristics hit off with a spitefully provoking cleverness. We have not space for this racy document; but one or two sentences deserve quotation:—

"As he [Mr. Canning] is both a religious and political Methodist, after having appeared to doubt my love for my country, he will next presume to teach me my duty to my God!"

Again:—

"The best reward for his services would be to appoint him commander-in-chief at home and ambassador-extraordinary abroad to the various societies for the suppression of vice and cultivation of patriotism. The latter consists in putting one's self into greater convulsions than the dervishes at the mention of Buonaparte's name."

Canning winced under these bantering charges, which might well have been taken as compliments, and were but an exaggerated way of marking some peculiarities which did him

no dishonour. His sensitive mind pictured the terrible document going the round of the Cabinet in a red despatch-box, and exciting scorn and laughter at his expense. He wrote to his cousin George to set him right with the Foreign Office and any others. But he proved to have taken the affair much too seriously. The letter seems never to have been sent: at all events it did not reach the Foreign Office; and the mercurial lady forgot both it and her displeasure, did not go to Paris as she had threatened, and soon resumed friendly relations with the young statesman whose equanimity she had so deeply disturbed. In after years Canning was happy to render her many services; giving her help when her ship was wrecked on its way to Syria; and, in 1827, sending one of his staff to endeavour to arrange her embarrassed affairs. He held that her peculiar education had much to do with her eccentricities. Her father had set her regularly to tend turkeys on a common; and her brothers were fitted for the serious business of life by similarly absurd apprenticeships.

The years 1812–14 were spent in the home-land for which he had been pining. "The romance of picturesque diplomacy" in a classical region had ended for the present; "blue skies were exchanged for the fog and smoke of London," the Bosphorus for the Thames. George Canning asked him to join him at Liverpool, where an election contest was going on between him and Brougham, conducted in the rollicking style of the "good old times," with a liberal allowance of broken windows, pelted candidates, and muddled supporters, whilst paving-stones and area-rails did service as missiles. George Canning gained the day, and was "cheered, chaired, and feasted to the top of his bent." At a great banquet given in his honour at Manchester, the new Member for Liverpool gave free play to his wit and eloquence, making it very uncomfortable for his friends who were subsequently toasted and called on for speeches. His cousin Stratford tells his own mortifying experience:—

"To me the ordeal was terrible; and when after the dreaded plunge I landed nearly out of breath, a few good-natured cheers sounded like the huzzahs of a multitude when some unfortunate criminal recommended to mercy is snatched on the drop itself from the grasp of Jack Ketch. A

neighbour of much better promise than myself had the ambition to begin with a dative case, which so embarrassed him, that he lost his presence of mind, and was obliged to sit down without completing his first sentence. He could not by any exertion, and with every encouragement from his party, get further than, 'To you, gentlemen, who——'; and as he was known to have designs on the representation of the county, there was no help for it but to order post-horses and leave the town at daylight next morning. He was, nevertheless, a man of ability, a good scholar, ready and agreeable in conversation. The example is a pregnant one."

In 1814 Castlereagh, on whom he called in Paris, received him cordially, and offered him the appointment of Envoy-Extraordinary to Switzerland, telling him that the post involved plenty of hard work, which he knew he liked. Canning enjoyed his sojourn in that land of mountain and lake, being visited by hosts of friends, and occasionally, stimulated by his romantic surroundings, exercising the poetic faculty which he possessed. Thence he was summoned by Castlereagh to the Congress at Vienna, and was by no means loth to "exchange the dulness of a Swiss winter for the more active scenes of the Austrian capital at a moment when all the affairs of Europe were about to centre within its walls." Here he met with the great diplomatists of the day—Stein, Wessenberg, Humboldt, Capodistrias, and, above all, the crafty, versatile Prince of Beneventum, better known as Talleyrand. Of that chameleon-like statesman he gives, in his fascinating letters to the home circle, a word-portrait as clear and characteristic as Maclise's famous sketch of the Prince among the Fraserian notabilities:—

"If he were any one else, one would believe him amiable; and if one had never seen him by the side of a pretty woman, one might fancy him a man of great insensibility or self-control. Even when he talked to his niece, who is called a beauty here, there is something, notwithstanding the placidity of his face, most wickedly searching and sensual in his eye. His thoughts seem always at his disposal. He enters readily and good-naturedly into any ordinary subject, makes commonplace remarks, generally with a moral tendency, tells a sober anecdote, and listens in his turn. His appearance is quizzical. Besides his spindle legs and twisted ankles, which oblige him to walk in semicircles, not unlike a bad skater, he wears a monstrous coat, and a wig of natural hair in proportion, frizzed with great care, discovering, rather coquettishly, a part of his

forehead, descending solemnly and profusely over his ears, and terminating, I think, in a pigtail behind."

In March 1815 the "linked sweetness, long drawn out," of the Congress was broken into by news which roused all hearers "like a rattling peal of thunder." Napoleon had escaped from Elba and was marching on Paris. "The pen gave way to the sword, the ink-bottle to the magazine." Canning returned to Switzerland, empowered to effect or attempt two objects: the formal acceptance by the Cantons of the Act of Confederation recommended by the Congress; and, somewhat later, the conclusion of a treaty engaging them to take part in the coalition against Napoleon *redivivus*. Soon the decisive contest took place at Waterloo; but joy at the glorious victory was, in Canning's case, mingled with deep personal grief; his brother Charles, the Duke's favourite aide-de-camp, had fallen on that famous field.

We must pass rapidly over the following period of his life. It included the rough discipline of an abode in the United States as Envoy-Extraordinary—an office which he filled with much credit for three years, and which was doubtless a good school for a man of proud, self-reliant spirit. Next he had to appear as British Plenipotentiary at St. Petersburg, where Czar Alexander had summoned a Congress to arrange the relations of Greece with Turkey, and where, though the policy he represented was in antagonism to the selfish schemes of Russia, he contrived to smooth away much of the irritation which the Czar had felt against England, and to lay the foundation-stone on which ultimately Greek freedom was to be built. Before leaving England on this mission, he had made love to Miss Alexander, a young lady not quite eighteen, while he was thirty-eight. His "resolute and masterful nature" at first frightened her a little, and she retreated to Holland. But in love as in diplomacy Canning was persistent and hard to be beaten. On his return from Russia he gained a more favourable answer; they were married in the autumn of 1825, and the union proved an exceedingly happy one.

A few weeks afterward he departed for his old post at Constantinople, where Mahmoud II. was ruling with unscrupulous vigour, and would not listen to any propositions in

behalf of Greek liberation. The destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino at last presented the only argument which could have effect on the Sultan. The independence of Greece was acknowledged by Turkey in 1830, and the European disgrace of allowing a comparatively civilized and Christian land to be governed by a barbarous power was to some extent wiped away. When, in 1831, Canning visited Greece on his way to Constantinople, he was there received with enthusiasm, and was hailed by the patriots as the saviour of their country. On his return to England he was heartily received by Palmerston, who put his hand on his shoulder and said, "Canning, you are the man!" Nevertheless, he did not then avail himself of his intimate knowledge of the condition and requirements of Greece, and made the fatal mistake of placing a heavy-headed, Jesuit-trained youth on the throne of the new kingdom.

Canning's official life was parted into well-marked divisions. From 1807 to 1828 he was almost continuously engaged in diplomatic work. Next came, 1829 to 1841, an interval of disappearance from the world of embassies and despatches, with two brief exceptions. Then again, from 1842 to 1858, he was seldom absent long from the Porte. Not that he loved a residence in the East; but that there was the post which required the highest principle, the strongest will, the clearest head that the English service could furnish. In the interval spent at home he was a Member of Parliament; but his want of oratorical power prevented him from making his mark there, and his indisposition to be a party man debarred him from occupying those posts for which his unrivalled experience specially qualified him. As his witty cousin George told him, he belonged to his "favourite sect of the independents."

In the long final period of his ambassadorial career, he held sway for sixteen years in the British palace at Constantinople, and was virtually supreme over the Sultan and his dominions. It was now that he displayed those admirable qualities, as the reformer of abuses, the protector of the weak, the refuge of the oppressed, which gained him the title of "the Great Elchi"—a title, however, which is founded on a misconception.

"It is only in England," says Mr. Lane-Poole, "that the words bear the special signification which Mr. Kinglake has made immortal. In Turkey every full ambassador is styled *Buyuk Elchi*, or 'Great Envoy,' to distinguish him from the mere *Elchi*, which is the term applied to an ordinary minister plenipotentiary. The ambassadors of France and Russia were as much Great Elchis at Constantinople as Canning himself. The Christians who dwelt under his protection used a much higher title when they spoke of their deliverer: they called him 'the Padishah of the Padishah,' the Sultan of the Sultan. But the term is nothing; for the meaning is undisputed. What we understand in England by 'the Great Elchi,' what the Armenians and Nestorians and Maronites and other down-trodden sects meant by 'the Padishah of the Padishah,' what every victim of wrong or persecution in the most distant province of the Ottoman Empire appealed to, when he used almost the only English name he had ever heard—in this there is no ambiguity. The various words were but synonyms to denote that unparalleled influence for right and even-handed justice which was exercised throughout every part of Turkey, in Asia as in Europe, by the Great Ambassador. An English nobleman, who was journeying in the wildest parts of Asiatic Turkey in 1853, told me how touching was the trustfulness with which people of all races and religions looked to the British palace at Pera for protection."

It would be a mistake to suppose that Canning during this period of his great influence in the East was a mere ambassador of the modern type, reporting himself two or three times a-day, and wiring to Downing Street for the precise words to be uttered in reply to this or that prince or statesman—a mere telephonic mouthpiece of the Government of the hour. He had a peculiarly exalted ideal of the ambassadorial character. He held that an ambassador was the personal representative of his Sovereign, and not the mere spokesman of the Ministry. But though this feeling induced him to uphold the dignity of his office, and to regard a slight offered to himself as an insult to the head of the Empire, he was, at the height of his renown, remarkable for his unassuming, almost humble, demeanour in private life. To the young men whom the Crimean War brought into intercourse with him, his frank and manly grace was especially captivating; and the many strangers who enjoyed his lavish hospitality at the Embassy, found in him, not the awe-striking presence of "the Great Elchi," but the serene aspect of a cultivated scholar and perfect gentleman, a man of high

poetic thought and generous enthusiasm. To the beauty of his bearing, and the grand effect of his dignified carriage on Oriental observers, a fine tribute was paid in the *Augsburg Gazette* in 1845, in which the writer affirms that in all the lands he had traversed, he had never encountered so noble and *spirituel* a countenance as his. "There stands the character of Sir Stratford Canning fully portrayed; the masculine energy, the courage, the majestic calm, the gravity, the unquenchable determination—and with all these an expression of benevolence, sweetness, and kindness."

On the other hand, it is true that the Elchi was naturally of a quick temper, and that not only the sluggish Turk, but also his own attachés stood in some dread of him; one of them averring that he never held converse with his Excellency without keeping his hand on the door-handle, ready to vanish from his presence. Then again, he was a tremendously hard worker, and expected his assistants to follow his example, not always estimating aright their physical and mental capability of labour; whilst they, on their part, sometimes were lacking in sympathy with the great objects which he had set himself to accomplish. Yet few diplomatists have had in their service a more brilliant succession of men—men who believed in their chief, and who, though they sometimes felt his firm hand hard to bear, seconded his efforts with zeal and consummate ability. Such were Charles Alison, the marvellous linguist, Percy Smythe (Lord Strangford), Lord Stanley of Alderley, Lord Napier and Ettrick, Robert Curzon, Lord Cowley, Odo Russell, Sir John Drummond Hay, and, as outside assistants, Layard, Rawlinson, and Newton.

On his return to Constantinople in 1842, Canning found, to all outward appearance, a new Turkey. With the massacre of the Janisaries, Mahmoud II.—a sort of Turkish Peter the Great, cruel, yet reforming—had inaugurated a modern sultanate and made many innovations upon old abuses. But the great Sultan was now dead, and his amiable but irresolute son, Abdul-Medjid, reigned in his stead. Though wanting in his father's vigour and determination, the youth had many good qualities, and became a docile pupil of the English ambassador, whose reforms of maladministration and protectorate of the

persecuted exasperated the old reactionary Ministers of the Porte. Soon came an opportunity of testing the extent of the Elchi's power. A young Armenian had "turned Turk"—adopted the Mussulman faith; but soon repented of his apostasy, and again professed the Christian belief. This drew down upon him Turkish vengeance; he was tried, sentenced to death, and, refusing to save his life by a fresh denial of his creed, was barbarously decapitated. Canning had been unable to prevent the execution, but he at once got authority from England to demand from the Porte that those who renounced Mahommedanism should no longer be liable to punishment. Pisani, his chief interpreter, bluntly assured him that his demand would never be granted. But Canning, as he himself records, "looked him in the face with fixed determination and said, 'Mr. Pisani, *it shall*.'" And though this curt phrase expressed rather his wish and will than any conviction of success, his earnestness and resolute persistence swept away even the theological obstacle, and procured this vital concession to humanity and civilization.

This was among the first of a long series of reforms which Turkey owes to the enlightened zeal of the great Englishman. To him, also, is due the initiative of Layard's and Newton's discoveries of the palace of Nimroud and the tomb of Mausolus. From his private purse young Layard was furnished with the means to begin his excavations in Mesopotamia.

In 1851 Canning, who had been knighted by George IV. in 1829, accepted a peerage from the Queen, and became Viscount Stratford de Redcliffe. In the following year he revisited England, leaving Turkey at peace and seemingly freed from all difficulties about refugees, holy places, &c. But soon a crisis had arisen in the East, and it was acknowledged by British statesmen that no one but he could manage the Turks. So he was entreated to resume his old post as quickly as possible. Then followed the most anxious period of his life. To give even a brief *résumé* of the causes and conduct of the Crimean War, as seen in the light of these volumes, would be impossible in our limits. Never did the Great Ambassador's fine qualities—his coolness, intelligence, love of peace, readiness for every emergency, strict honour and firm

courage—shine forth more brightly than in those critical times. The climax of his distinguished career as the friend and reformer of Turkey was attained in 1856, when he succeeded in obtaining the famous *Hatti-Hamayun* of February 21—the Great Charter of reform and religious liberty for the Ottoman Empire.

He finally returned from the field of his illustrious exploits in the cause of humanity in 1859; and passed in well-earned retirement his later years, retaining his faculties and love of occupation to the last—"a shining example of what faith and hope in the best things, and a bright intellectual activity, may do to preserve the fire and energy of youth to a period long beyond the lives of most of the strongest men." We have in Mr. Lane-Poole's volumes an admirable monument to his worth; and on the base of his statue in Westminster Abbey—erected four years after his death in 1880—appears the Poet Laureate's tribute to this giant of the past:—

> "Thou third great Canning, stand among our best
> And noblest, now thy long day's work has ceased,
> Here silent in our Minster of the West
> Who wert the voice of England in the East."

Art VIII.—ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONS.

Geschichte der Christlichen Mission unter den Heiden. Von Dr. Chr. H. Kalkar. Gütersloh: Bervelsmann.

DR. KALKAR'S History of Foreign Missions, remarkable for comprehensiveness of plan, fulness of information, and perfect catholicity of spirit, also has the rare merit of including Roman Catholic as well as Protestant missions in its survey. It seems highly desirable that the two Churches should attend to the Apostle's words, "Not looking each of you to his own things, but each of you also to the things of others." There will always remain matter enough of controversy, perhaps of condemnation. Wherever and so far as mutual recognition and appreciation is possible, the practice of

it will certainly lessen the asperities of Church life, and gratify the instinct of the charity which thinks no evil. Even if one side maintains an attitude of exclusiveness and intolerance, this should rather be a warning than an example to the other. Dr. Kalkar's history is an admirable illustration of this nobler spirit. His information is everywhere drawn from Roman Catholic sources, though he has often to complain of the difficulty of getting full and trustworthy accounts. He is always on the look out for things to appreciate; criticism is rare, and fault-finding still more so. We have never yet seen an estimate of the work of Protestant missions from the other side that will compare with Dr. Kalkar's history of Catholic Missions for accuracy of knowledge and breadth of sympathy. The Catholic History of Marshall overflows with misrepresentation and uncharitableness. We are glad that a Danish Protestant should lead the van of charity. We can also testify that the admiration which our author so generously accords is evidently well deserved. The unity of plan which marks Roman Catholic missions, the skill and devotion of their agents, the elasticity and wisdom of their methods, the tireless perseverance with which they are worked, are well worthy not only of praise but of imitation.

The Roman Catholic missions proper date, of course, since the Reformation. The missions which went on without intermission in the ages before, are the common possession of the whole Church. The *Congregatio de Propaganda Fide*, which has the supreme direction, under the Pope, of all Roman Catholic missions, was established by Gregory XV. in 1622, and is organized on a scale commensurate with the task before it. The Seminary at Rome for the training of agents was founded in 1627. There are, of course, many other such colleges in different countries, besides societies for collecting funds. Among ourselves a new college has been founded at Mill Hill for training missionaries to the negro race. As an example of the large sums collected, it is stated that the Xavier Society at Lyons collected nearly 6,000,000 francs in one year. Nothing could be more perfect than the unity which marks the conduct of the missions. If it is hopeless to expect Protestants to exhibit the same degree of unity of action, they should at least avoid needless divisions and all

antagonism. Each group of Roman Catholic missions is at first placed under a prefect. As the mission grows, the prefect becomes an apostolic vicar, and eventually a bishop in the full sense. The Jesuits stand in the front rank for skill, devotion, endurance, as well as for other qualities; but Franciscans, Dominicans, Lazarists, and many other Orders, male and female, swell the host of labourers.

In glancing at the Roman Catholic missions of modern days, we turn first to the New World, north and south. The aboriginal Indians of America, while marked by great local diversities of character, formed essentially one race, and missionary work among them assumed substantially the same character. Sad reflections are suggested by the fate of those large and numerous nations. It cannot be that nations so capable, so civilized, were ever doomed to extinction by Providence. The story of the earliest contact of Roman Catholic missionaries with these tribes presents everywhere similar features. The work done in Central and Southern America is a wonderfully close copy of that done in the North. It is a story of heroic toil and suffering, of rapid success generally at first, and then of equally rapid decline. As to the heroism, there is no doubt or question: it rises to the sublime; neither sacred nor secular history relates anything finer. While not concealing the shady traits, Dr. Kalkar says truly: "We ought never to forget what extraordinary sacrifices, what heroic champions, what a series of noble martyrs and great men, the Catholic mission has to show. Nor ought we to question the beneficent influence which the mission exerted in protecting tribes that were perishing under the sword of greedy, bloodthirsty conquerors." The countries now known as the Southern States of Northern America have a rich martyrology. Of the first three Jesuits who went to Maryland in the sixteenth century, one was slain by the Indians and the other two had to flee to Cuba. Six others who repeated the attempt were also killed by the wild tribes. In the next century we read of others slain in the same way. Yet in some cases the very murderers held the graves sacred. The life of these early missionaries was a continuous scene of discomfort, privation, and danger in different degrees. The

missionaries shared the Indians' food, huts, wanderings, sufferings. Yet there has been no failure in faith and courage. Even in this century Piere de Smet spent a long life of this kind among the remnants of Indian tribes, winning honour from Protestants as well as from his own Church. From the time that Canada became a French possession, its icy wastes and pathless forests had a positive fascination for French Jesuits, who completely won over the great tribe of the Hurons, sharing their fate in peace and war. Joseph Caron (1615) is called their "apostle." Evremond Massa laboured among them without break for fifty years. Jean Brebeuf, after a similar course, was taken prisoner by the hostile Iroquois, and put to death with all the refinements of Indian barbarity. There is something exceedingly touching in the tenacity with which this tribe clung to its spiritual fathers. The missionaries did their best as peacemakers in the countless quarrels and wars of the tribes. One of them, P. Marquette, discovered the Mississippi. He had heard the Indian tradition of its existence, and, undeterred by incredible hardships and dangers, made his way to the stream, an earlier Livingstone. Worse to the missionaries than the rigours of the climate and the terrible superstitions of the Indians were the greed and vice of their own countrymen. "French brandy" killed more than musket and sword. We read also how these early pioneers had to struggle against discouragement and failure. One of them, Etienne de Carheil, worked sixty years with little result. His simple reflection was, "Perhaps glorious success would have endangered my soul." One Iroquois maiden, however, is honoured as "the Indian Genoveva."

The missions in Mexico, California, the States of Central America, Brazil, and Peru, present similar records. Here Spanish missionaries, for the most part, take the place of French ones. "The narratives of their life, their wanderings in barren, wild tracts, among barbarous, murderous Indians, at whose hands they have often found their death, contain many beautiful pictures of Christian heroism and love." Let two names of Portuguese Jesuits, Emanuel Nobrega and Joseph Anchiéta, stand for a great number. Anchiéta belonged

to a noble Portuguese family, and in youth felt himself called to the work of converting the heathen. He toiled in the service forty-four years, and on his death, in 1594, was lovingly carried by Indians to his grave. He and Nobrega deserve to be regarded by Roman Catholics as the apostles of Brazil. A method of work, universally adopted in these countries, was the forming of colonies of Indians, living by themselves and trained in civilization and religion at the same time. Each mission-station possessed fifteen square miles of land, which was cultivated by the resident Indians. The missionaries were the general overseers of the settlements, building, trade, manufacture going on under their guidance. "During leisure time the unmarried of different sexes were forbidden to converse together; the keys of the different sleeping-rooms were in the keeping of the priest." This gives us a glimpse into the military discipline characteristic of Jesuit methods everywhere, which was at once their strength and their weakness—their strength, for it explains their rapid successes in dealing with barbarous tribes; their weakness, for it destroyed all shadow of independence in those who were subjected to it. It is undoubtedly true that what is called paternal government is necessary at first in training uncivilized peoples. But true paternal government always makes the cultivation of individual strength and independence its chief aim. This does not enter into the Jesuit system. Thoreau, in his *Walden*, says of a Canadian visitor: "He had been instructed only in that innocent and ineffectual way in which the Catholic priests teach the aborigines, by which the pupil is never educated to the degree of consciousness, but only to the degree of trust and reverence, and a child is not made a man but kept a child." Only thus can we explain the fact that when, in the latter part of the last century, the Jesuit Order was suppressed in Portugal, and the missions in South America were handed over to other Orders, they largely fell to pieces. The cause cannot be in the change of men: Franciscans and Dominicans are not so inferior personally to Jesuits; it is in the system. The system is showy but unnatural. Many of the Indians returned to their primeval woods, and the work often had to be begun again on wiser lines.

What as to the result as a whole? We meet here with the same phenomenon which meets us in Roman Catholic missions elsewhere—conversions by thousands. One reads with astonishment of the tens and scores of thousands brought by baptism into the Church. It may be that Protestant missionaries have often gone to the extreme of laying down too stringent conditions and setting too high a standard. But it is impossible for us to avoid the impression that Roman Catholic missions have touched the very edge on the other side. In America, too, as in India, we meet with the adaptation to native ideas and ancient faiths, which goes far beyond the elasticity of method which is right and necessary. We read of an Iroquois catechism in which heaven and hell are painted in colours taken from old Indian faiths: heaven is said to mean food without work, beautiful garments and pleasant drinks. We will not dwell on other drawbacks—idolatrous superstitions, sensuous worship, love of power and wealth, impatience of all rivalry. We would rather acknowledge that so lavish an expenditure of love and devotion cannot have been in vain, that if much of the work perished in the testing fires, much must have been permanent, and that even if sometimes none of the work remained the workman did not go wholly without reward.

The immortal glory, however, of these Western missions is the zeal and courage which the missionaries uniformly showed in protecting the native tribes to the utmost of their power against the violence of the Christian (!) conquerors. The atrocities practised by the Spaniards and others against the American Indians are probably without parallel in history. We doubt whether even the wars of heathen antiquity contain records of slaughter so cold-blooded and wholesale. We know what allowance will be claimed for soldiers. But these were professedly Christian soldiers, the flower of Spanish chivalry; the Cross hallowed every weapon and fight; the generals claimed to be as zealous missionaries as soldiers. Yet let any one read the story of the conquest of Mexico and Peru in Prescott and other writers, and then say whether he can match the treachery and cruelty there practised on the natives. Well might the Indian prince decline to share a heaven

where Spaniards would be found. The bright side of the story is that from the beginning onward, the bishops and priests, without exception, did their utmost to restrain the cupidity and recklessness of their countrymen. Their interference often failed to give effectual relief. They procured edicts in great numbers from Spain and Portugal; but the power behind the edicts was far away; governors, soldiers, and merchants could safely ignore a distant master and sweep aside unarmed intercessors. Yet it is a refreshing thought that even amid these horrible scenes the ministers of religion were faithful to the tradition which tells us that from the first ages of the faith Christianity has ever taken the part of the helpless, the oppressed and the slave. Las Casas, famed not only in America but throughout Europe as "the protector of the Indians," heads the noble list in the far West. In his lifelong advocacy of native rights and Christian mercy he incurred the deadly hate of his countrymen, against whom he had constantly to use the spiritual weapons of his Church. Often he had to retire for long periods from the fury of the storm which burst upon him. He refused rich bishoprics, accepting of only the poor one of Chiapa in Guatemala, that he might not be hindered in his mission. He threw the enthusiasm of a Peter the Hermit into a noble cause. Six or seven times he crossed the sea to Spain to plead the cause of his clients with Charles V. and the Pope, and was always successful at last. His success was often neutralized, but the mere example of his enthusiasm was much, the sound of one voice witnessing for mercy was a mighty restraint. In his chief work, *De Unico Vocationis Modo*, he argues for persuasion against force as the only mode of conversion, and Pope Paul III. sanctioned the principle. All Spain was divided into two parties, one for Casas, the other against him. In 1547 he pleaded his case in a great assembly at Madrid, including all the great and learned of the land—prelates, jurists, theologians—and the cause of humanity triumphed. When, living in his ninetieth year in retirement near Madrid, he heard of some harsh regulations against the Indians, he went at once to the king and never rested till they were cancelled. He was buried in his weather-beaten bishop's robe with his

simple walking-staff. His own See in America bears his name. Let the Roman Church make much of Las Casas. We know no brighter name in her roll. The work of Las Casas was repeated on a smaller scale all over America, doubtless owing in part to the inspiration of his example. From Dr. Kalkar's History we could give the names of a score of missionaries who in their several localities bravely stood between the natives and their foreign oppressors.

We must pass by the whole of the West Indies with the bare mention of Pedro Claver, who in the first half of the seventeenth century spent forty years of his life in mitigating the hard lot of the negro slaves. He suffered the last four years of his life from a loathsome disease, caught in his incessant visitation of the sick and suffering. He died in 1654. Our author says: "Claver was canonized by Pope Benedict XIV. (1747), and certainly his unwearied love for the negroes entitled him to the name of 'apostle of the negroes.'"

In turning to the East we meet at once the figure of Francis Xavier, the founder of Catholic missions in the East, the personal disciple of Loyola, and the equal in many respects of his master. He was thirty-six years old when he landed at Goa in 1542, and he died in 1552; yet in this short space what a vast work he had done! He had traced the lines of the Indian mission, evangelized the Molucca Islands, repeated his Indian work in Japan, and died on an island off the coast of China with his soul on fire to enter that empire. Over and above the personal magnetism of his character, his soul burned with a quenchless sympathy with poverty and suffering; his simplicity of life and self-denial were as absolute as his love for men; his energy in pressing on from enterprise to enterprise was boundless. We read of his making 10,000 converts in India in a month. One explanation is that he addressed himself entirely to the poor and ignorant classes, and no one will say that this course was wrong. It cannot be said that he was indifferent to instruction. He drilled into his converts the Apostles' Creed, the Decalogue, and the Lord's Prayer. His success put him to great straits for teachers. He turned the best of his converts into teachers, and he wrote passionate

appeals to the European universities for helpers. The Indian mission was continued on similar lines by skilful, if not equally great, successors. In 1565 we read of 300,000 Christians in India. Xavier's thoughts were turned to Japan by a young Japanese who came to Goa and was there baptized by Xavier. To his friends, who did their utmost to deter him from his project, Xavier replied: "What answer shall I give my God, if He shall show me Japan, and then blame me that these unbelievers were not enlightened by the Gospel; if He shall say that He sent me there, but I hearkened to many wishes rather than to His commands?" In 1579 Japan held 300,000 Christians. All this work Xavier looked on as preliminary to the conversion of China! If his own Church has over-estimated him, some Protestants have gone to the other extreme. Dr. Kalkar says: "The judgment of him by Ranke and Marheineke is the true one. He was a great man, filled with burning enthusiasm, which shrank from no difficulty. The conversions in Japan and India, like those in America, were for the most part external and merely preparatory to a more thorough system. The old religions never fall at a blow."

Robert de Nobili (seventeenth century), Juan de Brito and Constantin Beschi (eighteenth century), took a far different course. These addressed themselves to the higher classes as Xavier had done to the lower, but the means they used were happily unparalleled in Christian history. They pretended to be Brahmins of the highest rank from the north, wore the Brahmin dress and thread, practised Brahmin exclusiveness in all respects, and gave out that the doctrine they brought was given them by the god Brahma. They stopped at no falsehoods about themselves to keep up the deception, which was so well maintained as to impose on many Brahmins and princes. Heathen ideas and customs were adopted wholesale. The Cross was the only part of Christianity left, and it was hidden in a cloud of heathen usages. These Jesuits were undoubtedly accomplished scholars in Sanskrit lore. Happily we need not discuss such "accommodations." Many Roman Catholics have condemned them, and others commend them only with bated breath. The whole business is hateful to the last degree. At the same time it would be a mistake to suppose

that the policy of these men represents the entire Roman Catholic mission in India. It was a mere episode—an experiment which has not been repeated. The methods pursued and results achieved are the ordinary ones of that Church.

The beginnings of Catholic missions in China have not the morally objectionable features about them which meet us in India, and yet they seem open to some criticism. The Italian Ricci was the founder of these missions. One of the most astute men who ever lived, he used his mathematical knowledge to win the favour of the Chinese mandarins and Court. In doing this he often resorted to means which, although not as directly deceitful as those just recounted, were at least equivocal. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that his object and that of his colleagues was to open the way for Christian preaching and teaching. The use of such means is one of the points in debate between the Jesuits and the Dominican and other Orders, the latter questioning their legitimacy. There can be as little doubt that Ricci's policy of securing the favour of the great as a means to open the way for the Gospel was successful. Ricci died in 1610 in his fifty-eighth year, worn out by his incessant labours. When he was dying a colleague asked him, "Do you know in what condition you leave us?" He replied, "Yes, I leave you before a door admitting to meritorious labours, but also to many fatigues and dangers." We fear there is too much reason for our author's judgment that the Christianity of the early converts was of a low type, mixed up with many heathen elements, and that the effort of the missionaries was too often to obliterate the difference between Christianity and Confucianism. Still, there are redeeming points. A Chinese of high rank, called Sin, was converted and grew into a true zealous Christian, confessing Christ before the emperor, and defending Christians from persecution to the best of his power. His granddaughter, Candida, won high fame without as well as within the Church by her life of Christian philanthropy. Adam Schull was Ricci's successor and followed in his steps. He died in 1666, after a missionary course of forty-three years, "in his way a man of distinguished gifts and enjoying high esteem among the Chinese." We cannot pursue the

history farther. The Chinese missions have again and again been exposed, at the whim of the emperors, to terrible persecution, have often been all but annihilated, but have revived to new vigour. A *Madras Catholic Directory*, 1877, speaks of 423,887 Christians, 203 native priests, 328 European ones, and 22 apostolic vicariates in China. We have not dwelt upon the dissensions between the different Orders in China and elsewhere, quite as serious as any between rival Protestant communities, because this matter lies outside our purpose.

The mission begun in Japan by Xavier was continued by his companion Cosmo Turriano and others with wonderful results. A Japanese prince, who was converted, manifested great zeal for the new faith. One priest alone, it is said, baptized 11,000 Japanese. The first Catholic bishop in Japan, P. Martinez, was appointed in 1591. Converts, churches, colleges, multiplied rapidly. Then occurred one of the most terrible persecutions recorded in history. The rapid spread of the Church awoke fear and jealousy among the heathen; fear of the foreigner also was always ready to burst into expression. The ingenuities of torture related as inflicted on the native churches exceed everything witnessed before or since. Christians were burnt, crucified, roasted, flayed, sawn asunder, buried alive, thrown into boiling water, covered with burning acids. Yet their fortitude never gave way. It is said that of 40,000 Christians in Nagasaki in 1622 not one was left in seven years. From that time down to recent days the country was closed by law to Europeans. Thus, in Japan, a numerous Church was exterminated. Yet some remnants of the faith seemed to have survived this most terrible ordeal. In our days the mission has begun anew.

The missions in Cochin-China, Tonquin, Siam, and Corea have undergone similar baptisms of blood. Between 1660 and 1859, 212 missionaries are said to have died for the faith. Alexander de Rhodes, who died in 1660, was the apostle of Cochin-China, Siam, and Tonquin, and was a man of great gifts and zeal. The number of Christians is said to have reached 400,000. Then persecution arose from causes similar to those mentioned already. The flame was often fanned by the Portuguese rulers from

jealousy of the French missionaries. The missionaries, Alexander de Rhodes included, were expelled from the country, and the churches were left to bear the storm of heathen violence alone. Many were trampled to death by elephants, others fled to the hills or perished of hunger. Lambart, bishop of Siam and Vicar-General of Cochin-China, who died in 1679, showed his sympathy with the sufferers in frequent visits. He is described as a man distinguished for culture and for Christian zeal. In the last century a French Franciscan, De Behaim, rose to be a sort of adviser to the king, using his great influence in favour of the mission. He died, however, before his work was completed. In our century there have been many martyrs. In 1838, six bishops, two missionaries, nine native priests, five catechists, were among them. One of them, Henares, an old man of eighty-one, had laboured forty-nine years as a priest. At present there are said to be 1400 churches in Tonquin and 400 in Cochin-China. The mission in Tonquin ran a similar course to the one in Cochin-China. It is a repetition with nothing changed but the names. As the French sway extends in these regions, persecution of course ceases. Corea has hitherto remained a sealed land to the outside world. One Catholic missionary after another has crept into the country, often paying for the venture with his life. Some converts, more or less numerous, have been made. But the Government has always succeeded in stamping out every beginning of success in blood. One young Corean convert, Andrew Kim, was taken to Macao and there educated for the priesthood. He then penetrated by stealth into Corea, wandering about at the cost of great peril and privation on a mission of comfort to the few scattered Christians. He was at length detected and put to death with the most exquisite tortures (1846). The mission in Siam presents no special features. In 1876 it reported 11,400 Christians, with twenty-three European missionaries and six native priests.

On the African continent the Roman Catholic Church does not seem to have attempted missions on the same large scale as elsewhere. It is at work indeed at most points in the West, South, East, in the Soudan and Egypt, but on a com-

paratively limited scale. South Africa is almost entirely in the hands of Protestant churches, which we hope will rise to the greatness of the opportunity. As early as the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we read of Catholic missions on the West Coast, on the Gold Coast and Lower Guinea, where the Portuguese then began to acquire territory. One or two native princes were baptized and worked as missionaries. One called Alphonso mounted the pulpit and "tried with the sword of the Spirit to uproot the vices of his subjects." The negroes came in swarms to baptism. We are told of one missionary in the seventeenth century who baptized 2700 negroes in two years, and another who baptized 100,000. We gladly acknowledge the personal devotion of the missionaries. If the work was often transient and superficial, we must remember the weakness of the negro character and the degraded condition of the African people for ages. We are told in one place of the negroes swarming to baptism because of the salt used in the ordinance, salt being a delicacy to the negro palate. A Roman Catholic missionary himself naïvely relates how a missionary gave a piece of Venetian glass to a negro chief, upon which the latter sent a messenger round among his people commanding the people to bring their children to baptism, which they did. Evidently the fetish instinct is inveterate. The missionaries follow the right method in seeking to train negro workers. During the last forty years the missions on the West Coast have been newly organized, and they are being vigorously worked. In eleven years fifteen out of seventy missionaries sank into the grave. The apostolic vicars are able and energetic leaders. The one for Senegambia, which is subdivided into five districts, Alois Kobes (died 1872), established a seminary for the training of native priests. But the difficulties from European immorality, as well as from negro lust, cruelty and superstition, are immense.

On the East Coast we meet, in 1541, with Xavier, whose vessel was compelled to put in at the Mozambique coast on the voyage to Goa. Xavier went to work at once among the people, and tore himself away from the country at last with many regrets. Such an incident invariably suggests what the Christian history of Africa might have been if Xavier had

given himself to that continent instead of to India. Gonsalvo Sylveria (1560) followed in Xavier's steps, and met with such success that the king of those parts was baptized with many of his nobles. In the end the Mohammedans poisoned the king's mind against Sylveria, and he was murdered. A noble institution for the succour of slaves and the education of the young was established at Bagamayo, in Zanzibar, in 1859, and is doing good work. The missions in Abyssinia, at Khartoum in the Soudan, and Egypt, scarcely demand special notice.

We cannot even touch on the islands in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans, but it is worth while to glance at the Philippines in the far East as a specimen of the work in the Eastern Archipelago—the Caroline Islands, Moluccas, Ladrones, Sunda Islands, Borneo, Celebes. Throughout the whole of these islands Mohammedanism has a strong hold on the people, adding intensity to the natural fierceness of the Malay character. The Spanish conquest gave rise to terrible scenes of bloodshed. It would seem as if the first missionaries trusted largely to the imposing ceremonials of their Church. Soon after the beginning of the work at the close of the sixteenth century we read of a king and queen being baptized under this influence. The people received baptism in crowds. A French admirer of the monks says: "How could the savages resist the sight of the rich vestments, the long and magnificent processions, the flowers scattered in the way of the priests, the perfume rising from the censers, the music and the chants, so simple and so dignified?" Far be it from us to say that these were the only and the best means used by the missionaries, who were often men of great ability and devotion. At any rate, the islands were converted without much difficulty. The Church there is exceedingly rich. Manilla is an archbishopric. Our author speaks highly of Archbishop Segui, who died in 1844. Monasteries and nunneries abound. Education is scanty. In an outbreak of cholera in 1820, the Englishmen who had settled there did all they could to help the sufferers. The monks, however, persuaded the people that the English were to blame for the cholera, and many of the beneficent heretics fell victims to popular fury.

In Australia the Roman Catholic Church has two archbishoprics and six bishoprics; in New Zealand two bishoprics. Here also it has been fortunate in its leaders and teachers. Many of the missionaries have been second to none in devotion in following up settlers and natives in the wildest parts of the land, and they have reaped the reward of faithful work. Among the Australian prelates, Polding, Ullathorne, Vaughan, Terry, take high place. There are now above two hundred priests, besides the usual army of Orders. Bishop Pompallier, in New Zealand, was a man of peace, holding aloof from political interference and keeping strictly to his religious functions. His term of labour extended from 1837 to 1871. Another bishop, Petitjean, of Dunedin, died while kneeling in prayer at the altar (1876).

It is in the islands of the Pacific that the proselytizing spirit of the Roman Church has been displayed in some of its worst forms. That spirit is indeed more or less active everywhere, but in the Pacific islands it is more intense. Proselytizing aims are here closely connected with French plans of conquest. Under Empire or Republic alike the war-ship is at the back of the priest, not merely for protection, but for the evil work of invading Protestant fields. Attempts of this kind have been made both in Fiji (1844) and Tonga (1842), with inconsiderable results. A Roman writer says: "It is harder to convert heretics than heathen, and when our missionaries first landed on these islands the Methodists were already there. Therefore the truth could only glean a few ears there, error having already ripened to harvest."

The violence perpetrated in Tahiti fifty years ago is well known. Here, where Protestantism reigned, two priests crept into the island, in the teeth of a law forbidding the entrance of foreigners without permission of the Government—not an unnecessary law in view of the character of many roaming foreigners. When they were expelled a French war-ship brought them back, exacted a fine from the queen, and forced Frenchmen on the country. After many acts and scenes of violence, the island was at last taken under French "protection." "Nevertheless, Catholicism found but little favour. The people from the first were averse to Jesuit teaching,

which seemed to them a return to heathen teaching; and all the wiles and intrigues carried on for ten years only served to strengthen the people's attachment to the Gospel."

Our object has not been to give a complete view of the field of Roman Catholic missions; this would require a volume. We have only wished to give a general impression of their character and extent. We have set down nothing in malice. Our desire has been to dwell rather on the good features than on those which invite criticism. If any one thinks that our judgment has been too favourable, we can only reply that it would be an easy and pleasant task to add a companion picture of the heroic lives of Protestant missionaries. The comparison would not be unfavourable to Protestantism in any respect.

In Roman Catholic missions we are struck with the prominence everywhere given to works of charity. The chief attention of the missionaries is given to the young, the sick, the needy, the orphan, and widow. We hear little of evangelistic, literary, or educational activity in the broad sense. The entire machinery of Roman missionaries differs from that of Protestantism. The Protestant of course prefers his own, as appealing more directly to intelligence and conviction, and relying more on moral and spiritual forces. The Roman Church trusts largely to influencing the young by very definite doctrinal teaching, and to gaining converts by the exercise of charity. We are inclined to think that these are its chief sources of numerical increase. The power of imposing ceremonial is also used to the fullest possible extent.

Priestly celibacy, the monastic Orders, and especially the educational work of Orders of nuns, are undoubtedly of great service in many respects. It would be as churlish and unchristian to question the high devotion of many of their missionary workers, as it would be false to deny the measure of success attending their work. That there are unfavourable features, we can as little doubt. Moreover, all Roman missionaries are missionaries for life. In some cases a vow is taken never to return to Europe.

We are obliged to confess that, the more we read of the wholesale conversions in Roman Catholic missions, which are

so often flourished in our face by advocates on one side and critics on the other, the less they commend themselves to us. Such rapid conversions must be superficial, and they have often proved so; the foundation is too slight to sustain a superstructure of much value. Nor can we find evidence of much effort to raise a superstructure of true moral and spiritual character. The worst fault, as it seems to us, of the entire Roman system, is that it perpetuates religious childhood, the state which we are constantly urged in the inspired Epistles to leave behind. Whatever impressiveness there may be in large numbers, whatever attractiveness in childlike simplicity and dependence, a comparison of the aims, methods, and results of the two families of missions, the Protestant and the Roman Catholic, leaves us in no doubt which will produce the richest and most lasting fruit.

Art. IX.—MRS. OLIPHANT'S LIFE OF PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.

A Memoir of the Life of John Tulloch, D.D., LL.D. By Mrs. Oliphant. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

IT was rather a hazardous experiment for the author of the *Life of Edward Irving* to venture upon another biography, especially with a subject whose career presents so little that is stirring or exciting, or, in the main, likely to evoke general interest. The risk, however, has been justified by the success. Emphatically the writing of this memoir has been a "labour of love." Not merely do the personal references and reminiscences, and the unusually warm expressions of affection and esteem, show this, but the tone of the whole book and the marks of diligence and minute care evident

upon every page, and a certain tenderness of touch and delighted lingering over small incidents and passing words, manifest it clearly and pleasantly. Judging by her latest novels, one would almost incline to suspect that Mrs. Oliphant's literary cunning was beginning to forsake her; but this volume must lull all uneasiness on that score.

Shortly after Principal Tulloch's death we expressed in this REVIEW* our judgment of the value of his writings, and endeavoured to indicate his theological position so far as his published works declare it. In the present article we shall confine ourselves to his Life, and to a few points raised by Mrs. Oliphant's account of it.

John Tulloch was born on June 1, 1823, "a son of the manse," his father being the minister of the parish of Dron in Perthshire. Thus from his earliest years he was familiar with Scotch theology, and with Presbyterian modes of thought and worship. He enjoyed, too, the undefinable but healthful and stimulating influences of the real and living, if somewhat hard and narrow, culture of which the Scotch parsonage was nearly always the seat in the earlier part of this century. There is reason to suppose that the family migrated originally from Orkney. At any rate, when the Principal visited these islands in middle life, he found multitudes of persons bearing his own surname. About his school-days there was nothing remarkable. Before he was fifteen years old he began his studies at the University of St. Andrews, being scarcely younger than the majority of commencing students at that

* October 1886, Article VIII. *The Works of Principal Tulloch.* The Memoir contains nothing to induce us to modify, in the slightest degree, the findings of our former article, though it helps us to understand a little better how Principal Tulloch arrived at some of his conclusions. Indeed, the Memoir strongly confirms our previous appraisement of his theological position. To sketch the life of a prolific author, without any criticism or explanation of the scope of his works, inevitably involves a certain air of incompleteness; but our space will not permit more than a reference to the aforesaid article. A comparison of the biography and the works leaves a strong impression of Tulloch's sincerity, of the unity, if we may so speak, of his mental and moral faculties. He uttered in public convictions and judgments which he maintained in private, though, in the former case, with a laudably greater reticence.

time. His college essays proved him to be possessed of ability and enthusiasm, and he left a name behind him on account of his physical strength and his fondness for outdoor exercise and amusement, but he was not distinguished greatly above his contemporaries. When the Free Church of Scotland was formed, Mr. Tulloch senior remained in the Establishment, although he sympathized to a considerable extent with the seceders. Young Tulloch recognized and admired "the moral grandeur of their act, which will always be deemed heroic in the history of Scotland,"* but it never dawned upon his mind that it was any further concern of his. Throughout his life he could scarcely conceive circumstances that would justify separation from a National—*i.e.*, an Established—Church.

His pupilage at St. Andrews terminated before he came of age. He continued, however, to spend much of his time in that city, supporting himself apparently by teaching. An attachment had been formed between himself and Miss Hindmarsh, then resident at St. Andrews—his future wife. Many of his letters to her during periods of absence have been preserved. They are occupied almost exclusively with literary criticism. That he should enter the ministry of the Church of Scotland he treats as a matter of course. He hoped to be received immediately, and to obtain one of the parishes vacant through the Disruption, but an unexpected obstacle presented itself.

"I had preached all my trials [he says] in the most satisfactory manner, as the Presbytery were pleased to express it, when this difficulty, insurmountable as it seemed to a few sticklers in the Perth Presbytery, intervened. This was annoying and disappointing enough, especially, as I have reason to fear, the delay may affect my future prospects materially. It cuts me out of all chance of Dron. *Sed levius fit patientia*: mighty consolation, it must be confessed, to a fellow of my tractable disposition. What a humbug, after all, in these times of law-breaking and law-neglecting, to make a fuss about being two months under age! It is like a Church court, straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel."

* Principal Tulloch's Address, as Moderator, 1878.

The more serious aspects of the matter were hardly thought of. The ministry was simply a profession, the beginning of a career. Subsequently the heavy responsibilities of a cure of souls grew plainer to him, and during his brief pastorate he showed himself genuinely anxious for the spiritual welfare of his charge. But of a "call" to the ministry there is not the faintest vestige. Indeed—and the remark may as well now be made once for all—the memoir contains little or nothing of experimental religion. The conspicuous lack of it produces a painful impression, but it may be explained partly by the standpoint of the biographer. She purposely sinks the minister of the Gospel in the author, the university *don*, and the ecclesiastical statesman. Nevertheless, the sense of want is not altogether obviated. We are distinctly told that many records of faith and hope and self-examination and prayer have been suppressed lest their sanctity should be violated. But it is possible to carry legitimate reserve so far as to convey not only less than, but something different from, the truth.

Tulloch was barely twenty-one when an invitation reached him to accept the position of assistant-pastor at Dundee. The post was to be coveted for the prospects it held out rather than for any actual emolument. He was fully justified in expecting to succeed the aged incumbent. Unforeseen hindrances arose, and at length a species of district church was assigned to him. To this he was ordained in March 1845. An entry in an old note-book, filled with a wonderful jumble—records of reading, notes of expenses, descriptions of scenery—manifests stronger and deeper feelings than its writer was wont to display:—

"To-morrow is the day of my ordination. O God, remove my doubts, calm my fears, brighten my hopes. Oh may I have faith, earnest, hearty, operative. Oh be with me through the solemn ceremony of to-morrow. Deepen my consciousness of unworthiness, strengthen my confidence in Thy grace. O God, do unto me as seemeth best in Thy sight far above all that I can ask or think: for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

He was married to Miss Hindmarsh in the following July. A more fortunate union could not easily have been formed.

The truest mutual affection and confidence subsisted between the two. Few men have been more dependent upon their wives than was this husband, and few wives have striven with more zeal and success to sustain and comfort a husband than did this wife—a help meet for one of the most tender and loving and exacting of men. Mrs. Oliphant's pictures of their domestic felicity are very pretty and touching. Scarcely were the young couple settled in their manse at Dundee than their first trouble met them. The stipend had been fixed at £275, but the Town Council, which had the management of the endowments, refused to pay more than £105. Thus began a series of struggles with pecuniary difficulties which ended only with death. There was no pinching poverty; there was not even excessive strain in literary and other employments. The luxuries of travel and holiday excursions could always be commanded. But from first to last the income was felt to be inadequate to the demands upon it.

For a year or two there is very little to chronicle. An illness; a long sojourn in Germany, where the young minister could not bear to live without his wife; the humble commencement of his literary career in a few articles for local newspapers and Kitto's *Journal of Sacred Literature;* his transference to the living of Kettins in 1849—are all the events which need to be recorded. Soon he began to fly at higher game. He contributed regularly to the *British Quarterly,* and then to the newly established *North British Review.* Busy with his pen and in his parish, he still felt that his tastes and tendencies fitted him rather for an university professorship than for the duties of a country minister. He watched keenly every vacancy, and endeavoured to push his own claims with all modesty and decision. As every one knows, he owed his success to an article on Bunsen's *Hippolytus.* The appointment to the Principalship of St. Mary's fell to the Government just at the instant that this article had caught Baron Bunsen's eye. He used all his influence with Lord Palmerston to procure the post for the young reviewer, and that influence was decisive. Tulloch was but thirty-one years of age when, owing partly to his ability and partly to

good luck, he attained a position usually the reward of many years of fame and service.

Scarcely was he seated in his professorial chair when another stroke of fortune furnished some justification for the appointment. Before he had dreamed of the headship of St. Mary's, he had sent to the arbitrators an essay in competition for the Burnett Prizes. The second prize, £600, was awarded to him, though not without considerable hesitation on the part of the adjudicators. Welcome as was the money, the honour was more welcome still, as it helped to dispel the doubts with which many had regarded his sudden elevation.

For the subject of his inaugural lecture he chose "The Theological Tendencies of the Age." It is remarkable chiefly for its onslaught upon "traditionalism." The deliverance itself is cautious and lucid, and it is quite possible so to interpret it as to command the adhesion of every clear-headed Protestant. But we are not surprised that it called forth some expressions of warning and even indignation. There is an air of defiance about the address, as though the gauntlet were thrown down not so much because of any necessity for the challenge as to show readiness for the fight. It was understood as a formal declaration that the new principal and theological professor belonged to the "liberal" school in criticism and theology. Certainly it helped to secure for him that commanding influence over the students which never wavered while his life lasted.

A pleasant place St. Andrews must have been in those days, whether we think of its natural scenery or of the society it afforded. Principal Tulloch thoroughly enjoyed it, and entered into the ways of the place—its golf, its good fellowship, its intellectual brightness and force—with hearty zest. Each year brought him a long respite from tutorial work, leaving him seven months entirely at his own disposal. Frequent visits to Edinburgh, occasional journeys to London on University business, and holiday excursions, rendered any feeling of monotony impossible. He preached occasionally in St. Andrews and elsewhere, even taking temporary charge of a congregation in Paris. He had not achieved any great reputation for pulpit power; but afterwards, no one can say exactly how or

when, he became one of the foremost and most popular preachers in Scotland. Evidently his published sermons do not convey an adequate impression of their effectiveness when delivered. Not only is the personality of the man—his vigour and emotion—wanting, but the final sentences were rarely or never to be found in his manuscript, and he had a curious habit of uttering half-unconscious "asides," never to be forgotten by those who heard them. "A. K. H. B.," for instance, tells that "Once in the parish church of St. Andrews, he was showing with immense 'go' the folly of fancying that vital Christianity had anything earthly to do with outside details like Presbytery and Episcopacy. Then pausing, he said in a low voice, as if aside to himself, 'God bless my soul, what kind of head must the man have that could think so?' When the sermon was published the sentence was eagerly looked for. Of course it was not there." It is perhaps worth while putting side by side with this the Principal's own high admiration for Mr. Spurgeon. To Mrs. Tulloch he writes—

"We [Professor Ferrier and himself] have just been to hear Spurgeon, and have been so much impressed that I wish to give you my impressions while they are fresh. As we came out we both confessed, 'There is no doubt about *that*,' and I was struck with Ferrier's remarkable expression, 'I feel it would do me good to hear the like of that, it sat so close to reality.' The sermon is about the most real thing I have come in contact with for a long time. Guthrie is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal to it; and although there is not the elevated thought and descriptive felicity of Caird (the latter especially, however, not wanting), there is more power. Power, in fact, and life, are its characteristics. . . . . The whole was a wonderful display of mental vigour and Christian sense, and gave me a great idea of what good such a man may do. The impression made upon Ferrier, which he has just read over to me as he has written it to his wife, is 'driving downright.' He improves in look too a little, as he warms in preaching. At first he certainly is not interesting in face or figure—very fat and podgy; but there is no doubt of the fellow, look as he may. His voice is of rare felicity, as clear as a bell—not a syllable lost."

Five years after Mr. Tulloch's appointment to St. Mary's, he published his *Leaders of the Reformation;* and in 1861 his *Beginning Life: a Book for Young Men,* the most widely circulated of all his works. In order to eke out his income he

edited the *Missionary Record* of his own Church, and officiated as second clerk of the Assembly. About this time the Queen selected him as one of her chaplains. From their first interview the Queen seems to have been attracted by the strong, handsome man, whose bearing towards her combined so fitly deference and independence, and whose geniality and genuineness warmed his relations with highest and lowest with something of the glow of personal friendship. Hereafter the Queen treated him with marked friendliness, inviting him to public ceremonies such as the marriages of the Princess Louise and of the Duke of Albany, and sending for his perusal private letters from her relatives, speaking of domestic occurrences. His frequent illnesses caused her much anxiety; and at his death she addressed most womanly letters of consolation to his son and his widow, visiting the latter that she might speak some words of comfort to her. One brief letter we must quote for its kindliness. The Principal's eldest son had conducted one of the services at Balmoral. The following note was penned on the same day—

"The Queen must write Principal Tulloch a line to tell him how much pleased she and all have been with his son's preaching and performance of divine service this day, which had to be in the house. Would Principal Tulloch tell him she would much like to have his sermon, and might she add a wish to have his own, preached here this day fortnight?

"Principal Tulloch must not come to Windsor without letting her know. She sends him a letter from Dean Stanley, which, if he can decipher it, will interest him."

The illnesses which we have mentioned sprang all from one source, and constituted a most melancholy and distressing feature in the Principal's life. The first symptoms appeared towards the close of 1862. Once or twice when quoting Latin in public he had blundered into a false quantity. Annoying the *lapsus linguæ* certainly was, but the error was very venial, and one to which very few scholars, who have not passed all their days at Oxford or Cambridge, are not liable. But the remembrance of it "tortured" him excruciatingly. The *Edinburgh Courant* was then edited by a clever, unscrupulous Bohemian, who used the slip as a means of persistent

irritation, and an opportunity for a series of utterly ill-tempered assaults. Principal Tulloch fared no worse than the other leaders of the Kirk, or indeed than other public men in Scotland. They fumed or laughed for a moment, and forgot all about it. But he was wholly unable to dismiss the matter as lightly as it deserved. Day and night it preyed upon him. Then a strange gloom and an abnormal self-consciousness settled upon him. His spirits lost all elasticity. His boisterous, contagious laugh ceased altogether. The disposition to work failed him. After a while the cloud lifted, to descend again in heavier shadow. An appealing child-like look appeared in the eyes. He could not bear to be left alone. Now and again the mental depression grew so severe that suicide seemed to him the only refuge from it, though he rejected the idea with horror, and never yielded to it even in thought. " Blackness of darkness " is the term wherewith he describes his condition. Yet no sign of idiocy or insanity manifested itself. When business or conversation were forced upon him, it was plain that his intellectual faculties possessed their full vigour. Doctors who tested his condition by talking metaphysics to him at such seasons found no diminution in his keenness or knowledge. Whilst the misery of the darkness afflicted him sore, he conducted the business of the Assembly without a trace of absent-mindedness. His medical advisers could not determine the origin of the symptoms, but prescribed perfect rest, change of scene, and large doses of opium. Sooner or later the remedies effected their purpose. But the fear of the return of the misery was never far from him, and the recurrence of it could not be prevented. Nearly all his foreign travels were undertaken in flight from this enemy.

One of these journeys led him through Greece to Rome, and back to Scotland by way of Tübingen. Another ten or twelve years later showed him portions of the United States and Canada. The extracts given by Mrs. Oliphant from journals and letters written in the course of these expeditions are extremely interesting. As one proof that his mental powers were not affected by his mysterious illness may be adduced the fact that his lectures on Renan's *Vie de Jésus*—subsequently published under the title *The Christ of the Gospels and the Christ*

of Modern History—were composed, and delivered in Rome, on one of these tours. An extract or two from Mrs. Oliphant's quotations may be worth making. We have already said that Principal Tulloch was strikingly handsome. The Greeks watched him with undisguised delight. The guide especially "could not conceal his admiration of such a splendid specimen of humanity, and one so different from his own. The great height and stately bearing, the *barba-rossa* and fair Saxon colour which always impress a swarthy race, the easy largeness and magnificence of the man, took all speech from the admiring and surprised guide. After walking round him with murmurs of ecstasy, Feliciello, at last in despair of being able otherwise to give expression to his feelings, came forward in a sort of rapture and patted the Principal energetically on the shoulder, in sheer applause and delight."

At Tübingen Principal Tulloch attended all the theological lectures possible, estimating most highly Hefele's course on Patrology, Kuhn's on Dogmatics, and Beck's on the Epistle to the Ephesians.

The American tour was begun ten or twelve years later. His reception on the other side of the Atlantic must have gratified him greatly. By this time his *Rational Theology* had been published. It had won nothing but praise from both friends and professional critics. Its sale, too, had quite equalled his expectations. Nevertheless, on visiting Cambridge, he had been a little disappointed that the memory of the Cambridge Platonists was not fresher, and that his book was not the subject of more frequent talk. But at Cambridge, the suburb of Boston, every one seemed to have read his book, and to be interested in the group of thinkers and writers whom he had been at such pains to describe. He was introduced to a number of "remarkable" Americans, and was honoured in every conceivable way. He refused to preach, lecture, or address meetings, on the ground of his health. He did, however, deliver a kind of lecture in the Fourth Presbyterian Church of New York on "Scotland as It Is," notable chiefly for the importance assigned to the State Church principle. America impressed him as "such a mixture of civilization and barbarism, luxury and roughness." On the whole, he preferred Canada to the United States, probably

because it was more like to Britain. We must make room for a short excerpt or two from his diary. The first is curious from the fact it preserves, and the rather headlong comment affixed to it.

"I had noticed in a dictionary of authors that two of my books—the answer to Renan and 'Beginning Life'—had been republished at Cincinnati. I sallied forth into the large unknown town, and after various inquiries the 'Methodist Book Concern' was pointed out to me. I inquired for my books, which I got at once. I said, 'Now, I am quite willing to pay for these copies, but I think you ought to give me them for nothing, as I am the writer of them.' The man looked amazed, and referred me to the head of the establishment, who also looked amazed. When he understood who I really was, he was very gracious, and of course had a copy of each put up for me. I gathered that they both sold largely—one of them being the volume of whose limited sale Macmillan, you may remember, complained. The joke is, they were all dear—dearer, in fact, as everything here is, than at home. Their selling price is one dollar twenty-five cents, or five shillings, according to the present currency. 'Beginning Life' was never more than 3*s.* 6*d.* at home, and the other volume can be got abundantly for eighteenpence. They are a strange lot, to steal a man's brains in that way and never offer him a cent nor, even till asked for, a copy of the book. One of the bishops writes a long and flattering introduction. One might say, 'Less of your manners and more of your siller, my pious Methodist.'"

The annoyance perhaps was natural enough; but it must be remembered that even now international copyright does not exist, and the example of piracy has been copied only too closely by English publishers. The sneer at Methodist piety, however, illustrates Tulloch's intense antipathy to all manifestation of religious emotion. He could hardly credit the genuineness of godliness that did not seek to hide itself.

The following may be compared with the appraisement of Mr. Spurgeon already quoted:—

"Sunday, April 26.—I have just heard the most remarkable sermon I ever heard in my life—I use the word in no American sense—from Mr. Phillips Brooks, an Episcopal clergyman here: equal to the best of Frederick Robertson's sermons, with a vigour and force of thought which he has not always. I have never heard preaching like it, and you know how slow I am to praise preachers. So much thought and so much life combined—such a reach of mind, and such a depth of insight and soul. I was electrified. I could have got up and shouted. I shook hands with the preacher afterwards, who asked me to preach in the afternoon for him; but I would not do this remembering your caution."

He describes also a negro service, at which his sense of propriety was shocked, and he was "rather frightened." He mentions, with an approach to admiration, the freedom of American society in manners and in speech. Another characteristic struck him:—

"Bear always in mind that nobody, prince or peer—if such things could be in this country—is anybody here apart from dollars or character—that is to say, personal distinction of some kind. The President is nobody, except that he is the executive head of the country. No personal deference is paid to him; the veriest scamp may shake hands with him. Everybody shakes hands with you here, and you could not give greater offence than to decline such a familiarity. Our friend, therefore, is nobody here—although Lady C. would have taken him into dinner before the biggest dollar man going—and nobody is particularly interested in him. You cannot, unless you were in the country, realize the effects of this equality—in the hotels, in the cars, everywhere. It has, no doubt, its good side."

Altogether America was not much to his taste, and he was glad to be at home again, strengthened and well-nigh restored by the voyage and the change of skies.

Necessarily we have anticipated the progress of events, though from 1862 to 1874 there is not a great deal to record. The period was occupied principally in the preparation and publishing of his *Rational Theology*, in ecclesiastical affairs, and in efforts to procure a satisfactory Education Bill for Scotland. When the Act was obtained, Tulloch was gazetted one of the Commissioners—an office involving a perceptible increase to his labours and his income. He maintained earnestly that primary education ought to be religious but not sectarian. He urged that the Scriptures should be taught as well as read, and that to the schoolmaster should this teaching be entrusted. A speech before the Assembly explains his position:—

"I should deplore if the time ever came when the reading and teaching of these Scriptures should form no longer a part of our common educational system. I believe absolutely in the power of the teacher to read and explain the Holy Scriptures without any sectarian admixture. I believe that all that has been said on this point is simply theory, and that practically there is no difficulty. Sectarianism! why, the whole spirit of the Bible is opposed to sectarianism. Its living study, its

simple reading, are the best correction of sectarianism; and our Churches, one and all, are only sectarian in so far as they have departed from the Bible and thrown it aside. I should have been glad had the Education Bill been settled on this basis. For myself, I could not accept a narrower basis, and I have no wish for a broader one. The State, I hold, is not entitled to say to the Churches, 'We shall give no religious training; take these children; they are yours: train them in your respective religions.' But the State was entitled to say to the Churches, 'If you do not think religious teaching on the basis of the Holy Scriptures enough, if you think your own dogmas absolutely necessary, then teach them yourselves.'"

On the decease of Dr. Cook in 1875, Principal Tulloch succeeded him as Senior Clerk of the Assembly. The next year he was elected Croall Lecturer, choosing for his subject "The Christian Doctrine of Sin." Unattractive as was the title, the church was crowded at each lecture, an unmistakable testimony to his popularity. At the same time, his pen was employed in various articles for Reviews, and for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He wrote also, in 1877, the volume on Pascal in the "Foreign Classics" series; and, in addition, he prepared carefully his University lectures. The fecundity of his pen was prodigious, especially when the literary and substantial quality of his work is taken into the account. It bears few, if any, marks of haste or over-pressure.

The annual selection of the Moderator of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland is relegated to a sort of college of ex-Moderators. Often the wisdom of their choice is questioned. For 1878 they nominated Principal Tulloch. Thus he obtained the most coveted distinction which his Church could bestow. He enjoyed unaffectedly the semi-state by which he was surrounded, the reception by the Lord High Commissioner, the banquets given in his honour. His year of office sped pleasantly; he discharged his duties creditably and efficiently. The excitement was beneficial to him.

Here perhaps is the most convenient place to notice Principal Tulloch's influence upon the Church of Scotland, and his opinions upon questions of ecclesiastical polity. It will be remembered that as a youth he made deliberate choice of the Established in preference to the Free Kirk of Scotland. An intimate friend, Dr. Dickson, explains his attitude thus: "For

a considerable time his sympathies (which in ordinary politics were towards the Whig, or almost Radical, party) induced him to take a lively interest in the Non-intrusion controversy, and tended at first towards the views of those who subsequently formed the Free Church. But he became satisfied that the claims put forward by them for exclusive jurisdiction, under cover of the so-called Headship of Christ, were not dissimilar to those of the Papacy, and inconsistent with the due recognition of the place of the State." Whether this exact and formal judgment was then pronounced by the juvenile spectator of the Disruption or not, it represents accurately the views which he propounded in later life. He claims that the heroism of those who, for conscience' sake, clung to "the Residuary Church," instead of following the current of popular enthusiasm, equalled that of those who abandoned their temporalities. Both he and his biographer argue that events justified those who remained in the Establishment. "In such a case," says Mrs. Oliphant, "success is in reality the only test. Had the Free Church crushed the 'Residuary,' her action would have been justified; as she did not, there remains upon her head the painful responsibility of having filled the country with a universal opposition, putting up rival organizations in every parish, and tearing asunder a once almost unanimous nation." And again, "the very existence and progress of the Established Church was a perpetual proof that the Free Church had been in the wrong." Plainly underlying these dicta is the principle that religion, like political action, is subject to the government of numerical majorities. As resistance to the ascertained decision is, in the one case, treason, so dissent or nonconformity is, in the other case, indefensible. Principal Tulloch's Broad-Churchism, extravagantly "liberal" as were the terms in which sometimes it was couched, had a large leaven of intellectual intolerance. It seemed to him worse than narrow-minded, to imply indeed something closely akin to moral error, if the individual Christian would not subordinate his private convictions to the maintenance of the external unity of the National Church. The sin, however, was committed rather against the nation than the Church. Methods of worship and Church government were to him mere matters of convenience,

expediency, and good taste. The rites and orders of any one Church were as valid as those of any other. The two things of real importance were the maintenance and the comprehensiveness of a national Church. To any plea concerning the rights of conscience he would probably have replied that, of necessity, in a national Church there was room for infinite diversities of opinions, and that the exaltation of those private opinions into a reason for separation had its origin in overweening self-conceit. Criticism of these views would lead us too far afield, but it is obvious that they purchase logical consistency at the cost of the basal principle of Protestantism, the supremacy of the Word of God; in fact, they transfer individual allegiance from God to the State. And, in this regard, the State is nothing but a bare majority of registered electors.

True, Principal Tulloch sometimes took higher ground. His Erastian views of the rights of the State as related to the Church were combined with a hearty dread and dislike of sacerdotalism and ecclesiastical tyranny. The final authority, he thought, must be centred in either the State or a clerical head, be it a pope or a corporate body. The conception of balance of power between ministers and laymen, ensuring freedom to both and community of action, does not seem to have occurred to him. At any rate, he contended earnestly and persistently for the principle of Establishments. He even opposed the abolition of patronage, because he thought that the Church should be connected intimately and formally with the land. He accepted the Patronage Bill as inevitable, as the sole means of escape from anomaly and difficulty, but he felt that it had loosened a tie between Church and State.

When proposals for the union of the various Presbyterian bodies in Scotland came before the Assembly, Principal Tulloch took a prominent part in the debates. He spoke sensibly and strongly about the danger and the uselessness of trying to force a union by means of newspaper articles and public discussions, urging that unity of spirit and brotherly-mindedness should precede open suggestions for amalgamation. But his main objection was that the Church of Scotland must fight to the death against disestablishment, and that until

the other Presbyterian bodies were willing to surrender implicitly upon this point, negotiations could not even be entertained. The last chapter but one of the Memoir is headed, "For Church and Country." It describes the Principal's strenuous and untiring efforts to avert the disestablishment of the Scotch Church, threatened by Mr. Gladstone. At his last public appearance he delivered a speech in the Assembly which was interrupted from beginning to end with "loud and long-continued applause." It is only justice to append an extract from it :—

"The Church of Scotland is an Established Church. Because it is so it is a witness for the great principle of a Christian State, and of the maintenance of national religion, and it cannot forego that principle. It would forego its very existence if it did. It would forego all for which many hold it dear—nay, for which those who intelligently belong to it must hold it dear. We must stand somewhere. We stand here. We cannot give up the principle of national religion, or parley with assaults on that principle. Presbyterianism is dear to us, and all that is grand and heroic in its traditions. It is the natural form which the national religion of Scotland takes, and we value it deeply; but it is not more valuable, or more a principle to the historic Church of Scotland, than that of national religion—that the God whom we serve is Head and King of nations as well as Churches, as that a National Church is the only true expression of the homage which nations owe to one Supreme Head, and of the manner in which Christianity should pervade all national life and society. I do not see how we can go further in that direction than we have done. I would shut no door to Presbyterian union. Nay, I would open it as wide as possible. But there would be no use of doors at all, open or shut, if the citadel is surrendered; and to hope to strengthen Presbyterianism in Scotland by surrendering that which has been its central principle from the first—national religion—is to me a dream as wild, and a hope as impracticable of realisation, as ever entered into political imagination."

Previously he had advanced with much force and freshness the familiar arguments in favour of the parochial system and the impracticability of working it except by the agency of an Established Church. He touches the deficiencies of Voluntaryism with the point of a needle. But he is quite silent about the corresponding deficiencies of an Established Church.

Overtures for union issued from another quarter. The

Episcopalian Church of England has its representatives in Scotland. Bishop Wordsworth of North Britain held views about the essential necessity of episcopacy very similar to those promulgated by his namesake of Lincoln. To him the historic episcopate belonged to the *esse* and not merely to the *bene esse* of the Church. Invitations to, and more or less practical schemes for, union proceeded from this section of the Church. It is interesting to notice the attitude of Principal Tulloch's mind towards these overtures, patronizing in their tone if sincere in their spirit. Against Episcopacy, as an expedient of utility or as a means of connecting the Church of the present with the Church of the past century, he entertained no manner of objection. Indeed, he rather inclined towards it in both of these aspects. But he would have none of it as an indispensable mark of the true Church. And he doubted if Scotchmen would accept it under any pretence. Though he turned the cold shoulder to these advances, he had serious thoughts of himself applying for episcopalian orders that he might be eligible for an English rectory. He saw no reason that re-ordination should deprive him of his standing in the Scotch Presbyterian Church.

At the Disruption, the Scotch Church was bereft of the major part of its men of light and leading. That it retained any hold upon the nation, that it grew steadily and even rapidly in power and in numbers was owing almost entirely to a band of young and able men, of whom Tulloch was one of the chief. He was less known in his earlier life than some of his compeers, but after the decease of Dr. Norman Macleod he was certainly the foremost man in his own communion. An inevitable effect of the Secession upon those who remained in the old Church was to lessen the authority of the Westminster Confession, or at least to set inquiries on foot as to the reasons of its acceptance, its accord with Biblical and catholic theology, and the effect of "historic criticism" upon it. At that time the influence of the German rationalistic school was beginning to make itself felt in Scotland. Tulloch was one of the first to succumb to it. Subscription to formulas appeared to him a harassing limitation to freedom of thought and research. He desired a "scientific theology," a

"broadly human" interpretation of the creeds and proclamation of the Gospel. If science, and breadth, and humanity changed the whole conception of inspiration, if they resulted in doubt and uncertainty and general vagueness of belief, he esteemed that a comparatively light matter. Perhaps we should rather say that he refused to contemplate these as possible consequences. The primal necessities in his view were liberty and tolerance. His professorial chair afforded him a safe position whence he could plead for the relaxation of formulas, and for uncontrolled and unexamined liberty of judgment within the pale of the Church. Besides, he was known to hold opinions upon doctrine and upon the interpretation of Scripture which he did not care to announce upon the housetop. Very suggestive is his delight at being able to support in the article "Devil," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, theories which he could not venture to propound in less sheltered quarters. We can readily understand that he was accepted enthusiastically as the leader of the liberal movement in the Scotch Kirk. It would be a mistake, however, to stigmatize his influence as altogether in the direction of latitudinarianism; he travelled some distance along that path, and looked wistfully for further advance upon it. But it is no small cause of congratulation that he helped to break the fetters of a cramping Calvinism. And now and again his reasonings approach gloriously close to the principle of Christian unity, the most solid ground of the Christian faith, an experience of the things of God as the truth is in Jesus. The sorrow and the mischief are that he was never aware how nearly his feet touched the bed-rock in the process of his investigation and argument, or, indeed, clearly perceived the nature of the rock itself.

The rest of the story of his life is soon told. The eleven years between his Moderatorship and his death were spent in his professorial duties, in defence of his Church, in efforts at University reform, and in literary labours. The most noteworthy of these last were the St. Giles Lectures, published under the title of *Movements of Religious Thought*. He made a gallant struggle to resuscitate *Fraser's Magazine*, but with little success. In 1885 the Queen appointed him Dean

of the Chapel Royal and Dean of the Order of the Thistle. He hoped to be appointed Historiographer Royal for Scotland, yet generously pressed upon the notice of the authorities the superior merits of Mr. Skene. He devoted much time and toil to preparations for a continuance of Burton's *History of Scotland*, but his purposes were broken off by illness and death.

We shrink from retracing the sad and harrowing details of those last days, delicately touched and treated as they are by Mrs. Oliphant. About the middle of 1885 he was seized with severe pains, which he hailed eagerly as a relief from the mental gloom which had so often overshadowed him. The doctors pronounced him to be suffering from incurable, but not immediately dangerous, disease of the kidneys. He wandered from one health resort to another, gradually losing interest in, and even consciousness of, life. In January 1886 he went, under the care of his one unmarried daughter, to Torquay, Mrs. Tulloch being too ill to accompany him, and his condition being carefully concealed from her. Early in February it was evident that the end had all but come. He sat or lay continually calling for "Jeanie, Jeanie," the wife on whom he had leaned so long. Through the bitter winter weather the invalid lady journeyed the hundreds of miles from St. Andrews to his side. He touched her hand and was content, recognizing no one but her till he drew his last breath, on the morning of February 13, 1886. He was carried to his grave in the city in which he had been for thirty years the central figure. The entire land mourned for him.

For space's sake we have left unnoticed one of the most interesting features of Mrs. Oliphant's volume. Necessarily Principal Tulloch was brought into contact with many well-known personages. He was accustomed to express his opinions about them with the perfect freedom of private correspondence. Thus we read that Mr. Matthew "Arnold's manner is very ha-ha, but I have doubt that he is a very good fellow;" that "John Morley is very pleasant, and as little like an Atheist and Radical as possible: rather like a Dissenting minister;" that "what you instinctively say of Disraeli, after such a two hours' laceration as he inflicted on Lord John [Russell] on Thursday night, is, 'that he hath a devil,'

but as for patriotism or statesmanship!" Of Mr. Gladstone, "'He is so simple,' this is 'the noble feature of his character.' *Scanta simplicitas!* is all one can say. If he is simple, who is double?" Of course all this must be taken merely for what it is worth. But it is at least lively.

It is impossible to close this article without a tribute to one of the noblest and most unselfish of women—Mrs. Tulloch. Worn by that most wearisome of all diseases, asthma, she uttered no syllable of complaint, devoting her whole self to her husband. We are fain to quote Mrs. Oliphant's pathetic paragraph:—

"She lived—as long as the companion of her life needed her. I cannot but think that in such cases love has independent forces and rights of its own, which God Himself acknowledges, and before which all the powers of nature bow. I have known other cases in which women have lived, as it seemed, by supreme force of sacred will, which was not self-will, but the high determination of love. She lived through a score of deaths on this argument, to the best of my belief; but when her duty was done, and her charge over, yielded to the next assault, having no more motive nor necessity of resistance. But this was not for a long time. She was the most patient, the most cheerful of invalids, never making anything of her sufferings, except a little fun now and then of her emaciation; never ceasing to be the careful housekeeper, the vigilant guardian of all the family interests, the constant aid and moral support of her husband. These matters do not come before the public eye. Her children may think that even so much as I cannot refrain from saying, interferes with the sacred privacy to which their mother's life belongs; but it is quite impossible to record the public side of the one life lived by this ever united pair without touching upon this most beautiful and touching aspect of its unity."

Mrs. Tulloch died March 27, 1887, impatient only of the attention shown her, yearning for her husband more and more as the days fled on.

> "He first deceased, she for a little tried
> To live without him; liked it not, and died."

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Inspiration of the Old Testament Inductively Considered: Seventh Congregational Lecture. By ALFRED CAVE, B.A., Principal of Hackney College. London: Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. 1888.

THIS volume, as the first attempt to cope on a tolerably complete scale with the critical theory about the Pentateuch, is sure to attract much attention. It deserves and will repay all the attention it will receive. The author shows himself equal to the task he has undertaken. He is familiar with the literature of the critical school, and he gives the results of independent study of the sacred books. In tone and spirit also his work his unexceptionable.

The chief interest centres in the fourth and fifth Lectures, which deal with the authorship of Genesis and the Law, though the previous lectures have laid a solid basis for the inquiry, and the subsequent ones are full of interesting and valuable matter. In the second and third Lectures the author collects ethnic testimonies to the principal facts in the Book of Genesis, all going to establish its historical character. He thus disposes beforehand of the objections raised on this score, clearing the way for an attack on the chief points in the critical position. His illustrations of the agreement of Genesis and science as to the unity of the race and of language, the genealogy of divine things and creation, are exceedingly fresh and telling.

The different phases through which the critical theory has passed from Astruc to Wellhausen and Kuenen are clearly described. The issues at stake are thus set forth: "On this theory," of naturalistic evolution, "Sinai and its events are myths, or at best legends told a thousand years after the occurrence of the events they encrust; the Tabernacle with its Court and Holy Place and Holiest is pure fiction; and the entire narrative of the Books of the Law is, so to speak, a religious novel." To say that the effect is to dislocate the Old Testament history is to speak mildly; it is pretty nearly turned round, the last becomes first and the first last. Instead of the law and the prophets, we ought to speak of the prophets and the law. Instead of the ritual preceding, it follows, the moral. We have always thought of the moral teaching of the prophets as the higher, more advanced stage, to which

the nation was educated by rite and symbol. We are now to think of Israel, not as having risen from a lower to a higher stage, but as having fallen from the higher to the lower. In fact, according to Colenso (p. 171), the ascribing of the law to Moses was simply a device of priestcraft to gain the authority of the great prophet's name. The *primâ facie* improbability of such an order is very great.

Both in attack and defence the author delivers strong blows. If he is not equally effective at all points, his case is one that cannot be ignored. At the lowest, he shows that the airy contempt with which traditional views are often treated is misplaced. But he does much more than this. At the outset, in examining the evidence adduced for the late date of Genesis, he shows how large a structure is built on a slender basis. The alleged anachronisms and anatropisms are explicable without resorting to such extreme measures. In examining the composite character of Genesis and the indications of its authorship, many interesting points are brought out. The illustrations of the precision with which the divine names are used—*e.g.*, the exclusion of Jehovah from names of persons and places—are such as only minute study would suggest. The author's conclusion is: "There is strong reason for believing that Moses himself was the Jehovistic writer. If any one should feel inclined to say that the Elohistic was also the work of Moses, I should see no inseparable objections to the statement in the facts disclosed in Genesis itself, with one proviso. If Moses were the Elohist as well, he must have penned his Elohistic document at a sufficient time before the events at Sinai to account for the change of literary style, as well as of religious standpoint." For the rest, many of the slight anachronisms so called are amply explained by the supposition of revision, "touching up, modernizing, by a later reviser or revisers." And even if a few things remain inexplicable, why wonder at this in the oldest book in the world?

Still more pregnant is the reasoning as to the authorship of the law. Here the evidence is much stronger to show "that the Pentateuch, as it itself affirms, and as the Jewish and Christian Churches have ever affirmed, was written during the lifetime of Moses." The evolutionary theory is here compared with the Journal theory—*i.e.*, the theory of a contemporary record. An excellent test is found in the Passover laws. Here, it is very justly argued, "had these laws been written centuries after the Flight from Egypt in the priestly interest," we should have expected them to be "compact, clear, readily intelligible." Instead of this, they are given piecemeal, in four or five different editions at as many different times. On the evolution theory, all this is fictitious, but it is fiction that reveals wonderful art.

The alleged silence of the historical books about the law is effectively dealt with. The Book of Joshua, it is admitted, is not silent; and therefore the critics combine it with the five books into a Hexateuch—a convenient way of shelving an awkward witness. But Mr. Cave also adduces rebutting evidence from Judges, Samuel, Psalms, the Prophets. That there should be constant mention of what is fixed and regular is not to be expected. We might as well

expect a daily record of sunrise and sunset. Silence there is not. "From the days of Moses onwards the Books of the Old Testament bear witness to the prior existence of the ceremonial laws. In the Book of Joshua we are certainly confronted by the entire Levitical system." Professor Robertson Smith says: "I exclude the Book of Joshua, because in all its parts it hangs closely together with the Pentateuch." That there were deviations in many respects from the prescribed ritual proves, not that there was no ritual, but that Israel was often faithless to its own law. How often we find the record: "The children of Israel did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord, and served the Baalim." Mr. Cave gives evidence for his position, and asks: "In the face of such evidence as has been produced, is it not the merest superficiality to declare that the Books of Samuel know nothing of the Levitical laws?" The same holds good of the other books. The Psalms are a great obstacle to the evolutionary theorists. They get over it by contesting the Davidic authorship wherever their theory requires it. Yet "the superscriptions of the Psalms, many of which attribute certain Psalms to David, are part and parcel of the primary Hebrew text." Foregone assumptions play a prominent part with the critics, as in Rationalism generally. When every other resource fails, it is alleged that such a prophecy cannot be of the date assigned, because, if it were, it would be a prediction, and prediction like all miracles is impossible.

The sixth and seventh Lectures, on the Divine Origin of the Law and of Prophecy, are ably argued. The whole volume is a piece of solid reasoning, and will do good service in the controversy.

The Epistle to the Galatians. By the Rev. Professor G. G. FINDLAY, B.A., Headingley College, Leeds. Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

It might well be thought that another commentary on the Galatians is hardly called for. The English reader has for choice the standard works of Bishops Lightfoot and Ellicott on this Epistle, a translation of Meyer, and Professor Beet's volume especially intended for English readers; not to mention the notes which occur in commentaries on the whole New Testament, such as the *Speaker* and Schaff's *Popular Commentary*. But Professor Findlay, in writing for the *Expositor's Bible*, has covered ground hitherto unoccupied, and covered it with marked ability and completeness. Throughout this work there is evidence of the most thorough and painstaking scholarship, sometimes distinctly visible in a grammatical note, more frequently latent in a patient and careful exposition of which only a trained scholar is capable. It would be easy to illustrate this from every chapter and almost every page of the book.

But readers who are not specially anxious about this important qualification of an exegete, but for whom it is a *sine quâ non* that a book should be readable, will find none of the dry bones of grammatical exposition intruded upon

their notice. Mr. Findlay has covered all with living flesh, and one of the salient features of this volume is the skill with which an Epistle, every word of which palpitates with life and deep feeling, is made to live again for the English reader of to-day. From the opening chapter, in which the circumstances under which the letter was written are skilfully described, down to the touching appeal at the end in which St. Paul pleads as one who bears in his body "the brands of Jesus," the deep significance of every part is brought home to the reader, both in its reference to the crisis through which the Christian Church was passing at the time, and in its bearing upon the ecclesiastical and religious life of to-day.

When we say that some 450 pages are devoted to this short letter, it will be plain that exposition is abundant, and that a large part of the book is homiletic in character. We do not regard this as a drawback. The book will be more widely read, and more useful to those who read it, through the presence of this element. For the author knows well when to expatiate and when to forbear, and some of his appeals and practical applications have a distinct beauty and power of their own. In short, both for readers who are already furnished with commentaries of a purely scholarly kind and for those who have neither the time nor the training to enable them to enjoy such works, Professor Findlay's work is alike suited. The writer has himself so thoroughly mastered the Epistle that he makes it easy for his readers to master it under his guidance. We have been delighted with the ability, insight, and expository power this volume displays, and trust it will find a wide circle of readers.

Landmarks of New Testament Morality. By the Rev. G. MATHESON, D.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1888.

The genius which marks Dr. Matheson's writings is clearly visible in this his latest book. It is full of stimulating thought. The description here given of the relation of Christian to pre-Christian morality, the ground of Christian responsibility, the moral place of faith and prayer, and the basis and powers of Christian love is, if not altogether new, freshly, vigorously, and most suggestively presented. The vindication of the absolute character of the Christian religion in the closing chapters is very able and timely. We have, however, some serious grounds of difference with Dr. Matheson. His view of faith is very unsatisfactory. What sort of a definition of faith is this: "The sense of the contrast between what we are and what we ought to be" (p. 149)? What would Paul and John and James have thought of man's being "justified by the sight of his ideal—that is, by faith" (p. 113)? The discussion of the Christian view of sin exhibits views both vague and shallow. "The flesh is the individual unit; the spirit is the universal man" (p. 66). Does that give any adequate view of the conflict described in Romans vii., the opposition described in Galatians v.? We have perhaps done some injustice to Dr. Matheson by not quoting his words more fully, but we have not space for quotation or minute discussion. In spite of our feeling of serious dissatisfac-

tion with several things in this volume, we have read it in parts with admiration and throughout with great interest. The book as a whole is a valuable and timely addition to our too scanty library of English volumes on Christian ethics.

Christianity according to Christ. By J. MONRO GIBSON, D.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1888.

The eighteen essays, sermons, and addresses which compose this volume are admirable specimens of fresh, vigorous, healthy evangelical teaching. The Lord Jesus Christ is here "first, last and midst," as He should be in all Christian teaching; but in Dr. Gibson's treatment of his subject there is no sameness, no repetition of well-worn phraseology—all is the natural outcome of a mind and heart filled with one great theme. From the first paper, entitled "Christianity according to Christ as exhibited in the Lord's Prayer," down to the last, "The Gospel according to Christ," the One Name is held on high, though the range of subjects is wide, including apologetics, business, social evils, lay help, foreign missions, and many other topics of current interest or theological importance. In days when evangelical teaching is looked down upon by many as necessarily narrow and unpractical, Dr. Monro Gibson has done good service by publishing this volume. The paper on "Evangelical Apologetics" is timely, as showing the importance of placing Christ in the foreground of Christian defence; and the paper on "The Law of Christ as applied to Trade and Commerce" is full of sound and much-needed ethical teaching. We can most cordially commend this interesting and useful volume of Messrs. Nisbet's Theological Library.

The Women Friends of Jesus; or, the Lives and Characters of the Holy Women of Gospel History. By A. C. MCCOOK, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

We have recently had the pleasure of noticing two of Dr. McCook's books, *The Gospel in Nature* and *The Tenants of an Old Farm.* The present volume, on *The Women Friends of Jesus*, brings out the chief features in the character and history of the female band of disciples that gathered round our Lord. They are taken as types of womanly character, so that they open the door for many helpful truths. This, therefore, is pre-eminently a ladies' book. The idea is happily conceived, and worked out with Dr. McCook's usual freshness of style and variety of illustration. Two of the chapters are devoted to the Mother of Jesus. The others are on Salome, Susanna, Joanna, Martha, Mary, Procla, the Weeping Daughters of Jerusalem, Mary of Cleophas, Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of Mark. The weakest, we think, is that entitled "Mary of Bethany: Woman's Love of the Beautiful." The preface enters a caveat against criticism by saying "that there is no attempt to fix an arbitrary standard or type upon any one person," yet a reader of the Gospels

feels inclined to resent such a use of that saintly name. "Of all her maidenly possessions," he says, "there was nothing more valuable or agreeable to her than that. To her it was a beautiful thing to anoint her person with the precious perfume, and move among her friends redolent with the sweetness of the costliest spicery of the East." One would have preferred to see her taken as the type of woman's capacity for worship and for sacrifice. The whole book is suggestive. The historical sketches are excellent; the spiritual significance is often seized with skill and good effect. Such a series of Bible studies ought to be prized in many Christian homes.

Hours with St. Paul and the Expositors of 1 *Corinthians, more particularly Chaps. III., IX., XIII.* By the Rev. W. SCOTT. Ottawa: Durie & Son. 1888.

The author, who is evidently an assiduous student of St. Paul, thinks that most expositors, ancient and modern, have missed the point of the Apostle's teaching in the three chapters above named. The "fire" of chapter iii. is purifying, not destructive; present, not future. The "castaway" or "rejected" of chapter ix. refers, not to the question of St. Paul's personal salvation, but to the reward of his apostolic work, the prize of recompense at which he aimed. In chapter xiii. the last verses apply to the earthly church, not the heavenly state. First of all, Mr. Scott expounds his own view of the meaning in three separate essays; and then discusses at considerable length the expositions of commentators like Beet, Edwards, Alford, Olshausen, and Ellicott, pointing out where and how they have missed the mark. Even Mr. Beet, who is the writer's "favourite author," and to whom the highest praise is justly given, has failed here, and is inconsistent with himself. Undoubtedly the writer's contention is just "in part," and the expositors criticized will do well to take note. But the points are laboured unduly. They are scarcely of such critical importance as to need a whole volume and much repetition. The writer himself has certainly gone astray in contending, as he does repeatedly, that *ek merous* cannot mean "in part." For the rest, the author's ability is undoubted and his spirit admirable. The Canadian printers have sadly marred the spelling, "contrairies, exegite, Fausett and Fawcett for Faussett, Crysostom," &c., and the Greek spelling is of course very wild.

Exposition of the Ninth Chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. By JAMES MORRISON, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

This is not the old and exhaustive polemic, against the predestinarian views of the old Scotch theology in the interpretation of the famous ninth chapter of St. Paul's great epistle, which, as urged by Dr. Morrison, made such an

impression forty years ago. Here is the essence of the direct exposition and argument involved in that polemic given in an unpolemic form. Dr. Morrison has conferred a great service on modern theological exposition by this volume. We need not say that of living exegetical commentators he is among the ablest, and that he has proved himself a mighty and victorious antagonist of the Calvinistic doctrine of election. Few men have ever done such work, for depth and decisiveness, within a lifetime, as Dr. Morrison. This volume is indispensable for students of St. Paul's theology. To the exposition of the ninth chapter is added one much briefer, and, of course, less argumentative, of the tenth chapter. This fitly completes the view of this section of the epistle as maintained by Dr. Morrison.

The First Epistle of Peter. Revised Text, with Introduction and Commentary. By ROBERT JOHNSTONE, LL.B., D.D., Professor of New Testament Literature and Exegesis in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

The difficulties of St. Peter's first Epistle—and they are neither few nor small—do not relate to authorship or text, but to the contents. There is no New Testament book the authorship of which is less open to doubt. Both external and internal evidence point to Peter. We therefore do not wonder that Professor Johnstone's Introduction, dealing with peculiarities of style, &c., is very brief, while the exposition of the text fills a goodly volume. The Commentary is a full and careful discussion of the original text, the peculiar phrases in each of the five chapters receiving special notice. The Scotch faculty of keen, subtle analysis finds abundant scope, though a little more glow and brightness would be welcome.

We naturally turn to chapter iii. 19, 20. If the forty pages of exposition do not settle the controversy, they give all the grammatical and philological material bearing on the question. The arguments used against a preaching of Christ in Hades, if not conclusive, are very clear and strong. The arguments in favour of referring the passage to a preaching to the antediluvians are put with equal point. The author claims that the latter interpretation best satisfies the several key-words, and also the entire strain and context of the passage. His discussion of iii. 21 is equally interesting. He prefers "a petition addressed to God for a good conscience" as most relevant to the context. The translation of chapter v. 5 in the Revised Version is preferred and vindicated—"Gird yourselves with humility to serve one another." The *encomboma* was worn by slaves as a mark of their condition. In the same way humility is the *encomboma* of Christians, the sign of their readiness to assist each other. It is scarcely doubtful that Peter here gives a personal reminiscence of the scene in the supper-chamber. The entire Commentary is very thorough and satisfactory.

The Son of Man in His Relation to the Race. A Re-examination of the Gospel of Matthew, xxv. 31–46. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1888.

This book is a new reading of our Lord's great discourse in the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew. The writer's position is best described in a passage culled from the section entitled "The generally accepted Exposition considered": "So thoroughly have our preachers and hymn-writers fastened upon these parables and predictions of *things that must* (then) *shortly come to pass*—*i.e.*, at the end of the Jewish dispensation and the planting of Christianity—a doctrine of their own, that they have perverted it into a representation of a 'general judgment' at the end of the world, after a 'resurrection of the body' from the grave. Thus the pious Wesley puts it in his hymn—

"Ye virgin souls, arise,
With all the *dead* awake!"

whereas the parable of the virgins was simply a kindly warning to the disciples to be watchful and prepared, so that they might escape to the mountains when the fulfilment of His prediction should take place."

The position taken in this passage is supported by ingenious argumentation which is often lighted up by striking expressions. Jewish opposition to Christ is said to have sprung from the fact that "favouritism and special providence over Israel were to come to an end, to say nothing of all the little pickings to be got out of the system by priests, scribes, and Pharisees." But with all its acuteness the book is unconvincing. It may be true that expositors have not always been successful in drawing the line between the first parousia at the destruction of Jerusalem and the coming of Christ to judgment, but what intelligent reader can doubt that our Lord's words, "Inasmuch as ye did it, &c.," refer to the "Great Assize"? The expression in the parable of the tares, "the harvest is the end of the world," is seized on to support the writer's view. He says that, although the revisers have left that translation in the text, "the honest rogues" have put in the margin, "or, the consummation of the age." He holds that the time referred to was the end of that Jewish dispensation on the ruins of which Christ would set up His kingdom. Such explanations altogether fail to seize the force and compass of such a parable. But though we cannot accept the exposition, we are not insensible to the good spirit of the volume. The writer takes a firm stand against Mr. Cotter Morison. He points out that if Mr. Morison had formed his idea of Christianity from a study of Christ's life he might have gained a better idea of the service of God, "for he would have found that the service in which the Son of Man was absorbed, from the beginning to the end of His earthly life, *was* the service of man."

The Spirit of Christ: Thoughts on the In-dwelling of the Holy Spirit in the Believer and the Church. By the Rev. ANDREW MURRAY. London: Nisbet & Co. 1888.

This book is a set of meditations on the work of the Holy Spirit. With one exception the passages selected for comment are from the New Testament. There are thirty-one brief papers—one for each day of the month. Each closes with a few appropriate sentences of prayer. The simple and devout tone which pervades the book will commend it to all Christian readers. Mr. Murray feels that the Church of Christ does not depend so implicitly on the help of the Holy Spirit as our Lord taught His disciples to depend. He rightly thinks that if we all realized "that the Holy Spirit should have the same distinct and supreme place of honour that He had in the Church of the Acts of the Apostles, surely the signs of that honour given and accepted, the marks of His Holy Presence would be clearer, His mighty works more manifest." The book deserves a wide circle of readers. Eighty pages of suggestive *notes* are given at the end of the book, consisting of extracts from various writers on the subjects discussed.

The Biblical Illustrator. St. Mark. By the Rev. J. S. EXELL, M.A. London: Nisbet & Co.

The object of this publication is to furnish ministers with a compendium of expositions and illustrations of all kinds on the verses of the Bible. The 700 pages of this volume contain a mass of outlines of sermons, anecdotes, similes, and historical and geographical illustrations of the Gospel according to St. Mark. They are selected from the most various sources, chiefly, however, from divines of the present or last generation. Some of the names which occur most frequently are those of Spurgeon, Morison, Vaughan, Melvill, Parker, and McLaren; while periodical publications have been freely drawn upon for material. We cannot profess to be much in favour of such "crutches" for lame ministers, which are multiplying around us with great rapidity; if they were always used as temporary helps by overtasked ministers we could not complain. But the effect of such books is to multiply the race of fluent, mediocre preachers, who live upon second-hand material for their sermons, and this cannot be a healthy state of things for the Christian Church. Of its kind, Mr. Exell's publication may be pronounced a good specimen.

Evangelistic Work in Principle and Practice. By ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D.D. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1888.

This book is appropriately dedicated to Mr. Moody. It has two parts. The first states the evangelistic problem in all its phases, considers hindrances and helps, and makes various suggestions for more successful preaching. The

second part gives sketches of evangelists of the past and present. Here Whitefield, Howard, Finney, Chalmers, Spurgeon, Shaftesbury, Moody, Bliss, M'All and Jerry M'Auley are taken as types of various phases of evangelism. These sketches are interesting and stimulating, but perhaps Dr. Pierson's chapter of personal experience—"A Word of Witness"—will be most helpful. Twelve years ago he was pastor of a large and wealthy church in Philadelphia. For seven years he had enjoyed all the luxuries of worship, but at last his heart was stirred by the needs of the masses. He felt condemned that so little was done by that wealthy congregation for the salvation of the poor around them. Under the influence of his words his people began to see their duty more clearly. One night, when all seemed to have caught his spirit, their handsome church was burned to the ground. They were thus compelled to worship in an opera-house. "More souls were hopefully converted in those sixteen months than during sixteen previous years of my ministry; and the converts were almost exclusively from those outsiders hitherto unreached." We trust that Dr. Pierson's book will have a wide circle of readers.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. W. R. NICOLL, M.A. Third Series. Vol. VIII. With Etched Portrait of Professor Ewald by H. Manesse. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

Archdeacon Farrar's paper on "The Second Epistle of St. Peter and Josephus" is a somewhat irate defence of himself from the strictures of Dr. Salmon, who rebukes what he calls Farrar's "magisterial decision" as to the Epistle, accuses him of not looking into the matter for himself, and jumbling up Dr. Abbott's arguments on the subject. These severe charges draw down upon Dr. Salmon the somewhat caustic rejoinder: "I have been accustomed for a quarter of a century to the impertinence of tenth-rate 'religious' journalism, but I should have hoped that Dr. Salmon was himself too good a scholar and too fair-minded a man to indulge in a method of depreciation so cheap and so false." He then states his reasons for holding that the remarkable coincidences between some passages of Second Peter and Josephus are not accidental, but show that the historian was acquainted with the Epistle. Dr. Lansing's two papers on "The Pentateuch—Egyptology and Authenticity" give some interesting "local hints and linguistic usages" to illustrate the Egyptian cast and character of the histories of Joseph and Moses in Genesis and Exodus. The volume contains some other interesting articles.

A Manual of Christian Baptism. By JOSEPH AGAR BEET. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

This is an excellent sketch for a comprehensive treatise. The best qualities of all Mr. Beet's work are here; the thinking is honest and thorough; the

textual examination, so far as it goes, careful and exact; the language clear and true to the thought. The argument, which has been, it is evident, independently thought out, is very succinctly stated. What, however, was a merit in a series of papers—what is a merit for a brief "manual"—is hardly perfection for a "treatise," as this little book is styled on the inside title-page. There is a great deal of important exegesis relating to the texts quoted which it would not only have been interesting and generally valuable if so able a commentator as Mr. Beet had dealt with them distinctly, but the adequate exposition of which would have helped the full comprehension of the whole subject. The texts relating to baptism in John iii. and in Romans vi. and Colossians ii., for example, should not only have been glanced at, but all the light which they throw on the meaning and virtue of baptism brought out. Then, instead of an able, useful, and suggestive outline of main argument, such as we have here, we might have had a real "treatise" upon the subject. We regard this tract as an earnest of fuller work hereafter to be done by Mr. Beet.

A New Commentary on Genesis. By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D. Leipzig. Translated by SOPHIA TAYLOR. Vol. I. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

It is fifteen years since the last edition of this Commentary appeared. Dr. Delitzsch had but a slight opinion of the value of the book in its earlier forms, but he gives here the ripest fruits of his scholarship. "The exposition is now proportionably carried out in conjunction with the translation of the text, the analysis more thoroughly effected according to the previous works of Wellhausen, Kuenen, and especially Dillmann, while various alterations of arrangement have made the volume, thus shortened by many sheets, a more serviceable compendium and book of reference." The expositor says that he is not a believer in the "religion of the times of Darwin." His readers will find that whilst they are not troubled by all the vagaries of criticism, Dr. Delitzsch has made somewhat extensive concessions to the sceptical critics—concessions which many eminent scholars do not consider at all necessary. The Introduction gives an excellent view of the present position of the controversy about the date and authorship of the Pentateuch. The first volume closes with the fourteenth chapter of Genesis; the second volume will complete the work. The account of the Flood may be taken as typical of the thoroughness of the work. The Chaldee, the Cuneiform, and other narratives of the Deluge are given at length; geographical details are brought forward to show that the Ark probably rested on the comb-like range of heights between Great and Little Ararat. Every particular of the history is lighted up by painstaking research. The translator has produced a clear and readable version of the original, and has been "favoured by Professor Delitzsch with such numerous improvements and additions" that the Commentary may be regarded as a

revised edition of the latest German edition. The printing and paper make it a pleasure to consult this book.

Jesus Christ the Divine Man: His Life and Times. By J. F. VALLINGS, M.A., Vicar of Sopley. London: Nisbet & Co. 1888.

This little volume in the *Men of the Bible* Series will be welcomed even by readers of the standard books on the life of our Lord. It is exceedingly well arranged, condensed, and perhaps somewhat stilted now and then, yet lighted up with much apt quotation and illustration; whilst the way in which authorities are cited will materially assist any one who wishes to study them more fully. The three first chapters give a good summary of the *præparatio Evangelica* in the Gentile and Jewish world; then the incidents of our Lord's early life are told in three more chapters. The baptism and the temptation each form the subject of another, then nine more group together the incidents of the public ministry. Five other chapters close the history. Mr. Vallings has studied the literature of the subject, and has produced an admirable book.

The Beatitudes. Discourses by RICHARD GLOVER, Bristol. The Religious Tract Society.

We have read every word of these discourses aloud to one in special need of spiritual refreshment, and we can recommend them as of the highest quality—deep, clear, refined, searching, tender—very true and very rich and sweet. The connection of the beatitudes with each other and their completeness as a whole are admirably brought out.

PHILOSOPHY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Works of Thomas Hill Green, late Fellow of Balliol College, and Whyte Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. Edited by R. L. NETTLESHIP, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Vol. III. Miscellanies and Memoir. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1888.

THE memoir of one who spent the greater portion of his life in a seat of learning and occupied himself in the sedulous discharge of his duties as a student, teacher, and good citizen, is not likely to be very exciting reading; neverthe-

less, that of the late Professor Green which Mr. Nettleship has prefixed to this the last volume of his works will interest all who care for a faithful picture of the greatest thinker of modern Oxford in all the homely dignity of his daily life. Like Locke Green came of a Puritan stock: he had Cromwellian blood in his veins, and his father was an evangelical clergyman who held the rectory of Birkin in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Here Green was born on 7th of April 1836. He was educated at Rugby, where he showed no remarkable aptitude either for the regular studies of the school or for athletics. His masters charged him with indolence, mental and physical, and the same characteristics appear in his earlier course at Oxford. He obtained, however, second-class honours in "Moderations," and a first-class in the final school of Litteræ Humaniores. Some years were spent in more or less tentative work of various kinds, during which he received much stimulus from Professor Jowett, for whom he retained throughout life the profoundest respect, and indeed veneration; and then he settled down into the course of study which resulted in his first considerable work, the now famous *Introduction* to the Oxford edition of Hume, published in 1874. In 1871 he had married a sister of Mr. John Addington Symonds, the well-known historian of the Renaissance. Though henceforward busily engaged with philosophical work, he took much interest in social and political questions, mixed freely with the townspeople of Oxford, was elected a member of their common council, lent his support to the temperance movement, and in a variety of other ways sought to combine the life of the practical philanthropist and social reformer with that of the philosopher. In politics he was a staunch Liberal, and he was a Liberal also in religion, rejecting the miraculous altogether, and attempting to extract from Christianity an ideal or spiritual essence which should have nothing to fear from science, philosophy, and historical criticism. How far he had matured his theology cannot now be precisely determined; we can only conjecture its general character from the somewhat miscellaneous remains which are collected in the present volume. These consist of a "Fragment on Immortality," which is so very fragmentary that it perhaps had better have been suppressed; three essays on "Christian Dogma," "Justification by Faith," "The Incarnation," and two lay sermons on "The Witness of God," and "Faith," in all of which the idealizing tendency of which we have spoken is apparent. There is also a fragment on the "Conversion of St. Paul," and another on the text, "The Word is nigh thee." The two most considerable essays in the volume are those on "The Philosophy of Aristotle" and "Popular Philosophy in its Relation to Life," both originally published in the *North British Review*. The first is one of the very few serious attempts which—to the shame of Oxford be it spoken—have ever been made on this side of the German Ocean to give coherent expression to the living principles of Aristotle's speculative thought, buried as they have been for centuries under the *indigesta moles* of scholastic misinterpretation. The second essay, that "On Popular Philosophy in its Relation to Life," contains the germ of the ethical views which were afterwards developed in the second part of the

Introduction to Hume, and still further and more fully in the posthumous *Prolegomena to Ethics*. Therein Green threw down the gauntlet to the then dominant school of "hedonistic" moralists, who, applying the principles of sensationalism to ethics, in effect obliterate the distinction between right and wrong. Four lectures on the "English Commonwealth" are remarkable less for original research than for the striking manner in which the religious forces which underlay the movement are exhibited. Green's sympathies were evidently on the side of the Independents, and even to some extent with the Levellers, in whose ideas he saw an adumbration of much that has been realized in the present century, and of much more which he hoped might be realized hereafter. "If," he wrote at the close of the last lecture, "it seems but a poor change from the fanatic sacerdotalism of Laud to the genteel and interested sacerdotalism of modern English Churchmanship, yet the fifteen years of vigorous growth which Cromwell's sword secured for the Church of the sectaries gave it a permanent force which no reaction could suppress, and which has since been the great spring of political life in England. The higher enthusiasm, however, which breathed in Cromwell and Vane was not Puritan or English merely. It belonged to the universal spiritual force which, as ecstasy, mysticism, quietism, philosophy, is in permanent collision with the carnal interests of the world, and which, if it conquers them for a moment, yet again sinks under them, that it may transmute them more thoroughly to its service. 'Death,' said Vane on the scaffold, 'is a little word, but it is a great work to die.' So his own enthusiasm died that it might rise again. It was sown in the weakness of feeling, that it might be raised in the intellectual comprehension which is power. 'The people of England,' he said again, 'have been long asleep. I doubt they will be hungry when they awake.' They have slept, we may say, another two hundred years. If they should awake and be hungry, they will find their food in the ideas which, with much blindness and weakness, he vainly offered them, cleared and ripened by a philosophy of which he did not dream." This curiously miscellaneous volume also contains essays on "The Force of Circumstances," "The Influence of Civilization on Genius," "The Value and Influence of Works of Fiction" (a prize essay), "Liberal Legislation," "Freedom of Contract" (in which the now familiar idea that freedom of contract is not to be secured by *laisser aller* is developed and illustrated with considerable ingenuity, force, and point), a lecture on "The Grading of Elementary Schools," two more on "The Elementary School System of England," and lastly, a lecture on the "Work to be done by the New Oxford High School for Boys."

Incessant activity gradually undermined a constitution not naturally very robust, and he had not the strength to rally from an attack of blood-poisoning which manifested itself in March 1882, and from which he died on the 25th.

In person Green was about, or perhaps rather under, the middle height, with rather rugged features, dark hair, and a complexion approaching ruddiness and the finest eyes in the world—brown eyes, large, lustrous, and penetrating. His utterance was marked by a curious emphasis which fell like the beat of a hammer on

such portions of his discourse as he felt most deeply and believed most earnestly. His accent had a certain Midland breadth about it (though he was born in Yorkshire, his family belonged to Leicestershire). In demeanour he was remarkably gentle and courteous. The most nervous and sensitive undergraduate felt at home with him at once.

He died in the plenitude of his powers and with his work but half accomplished. One-half of the gigantic task he had set himself he certainly had achieved—viz., the refutation of the popular English philosophy in both its varieties, the older empiricism of the school of Locke, and the neo-empiricism of the evolutionists. This work will never need to be done again. The other half of his scheme was nothing less than the construction of a plain way along which any cultivated Englishman might safely and easily travel into the very heart of the seemingly impenetrable forest of German transcendentalism. This, as we say, he did not live to accomplish, though the work was well and solidly begun. No better introduction to Kant and Hegel can be found than the earlier chapters of the *Prolegomena to Ethics*. Let us hope that some worthy successor will appear to carry the work to completion.

The Republic of Plato. Translated into English. With Introduction, Analysis, Marginal Analysis, and Index. By B. JOWETT, M.A., Master of Balliol College. The Third Edition. Revised and corrected throughout. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

Professor Jowett's work on Plato is too well known to need commendation, but he has rendered great service to students by this revised one-volume edition. It is a handsome book, with a careful index. The printer has done much to make it attractive by clear type and good margins. As the additions and alterations, both in the Introduction and in the text, affect at least a third of the work, the author has made an arrangement by which any one who has the separate edition published in 1881 can return it and have the new edition at half-price. The Introduction takes up 231 pages, the text of the *Republic* 338. The marginal analysis to the text helps the reader to catch the gist of Plato's argument at once. The Introduction gathers up the fruit of half a century of labour. But the ripe scholarship evinced in every line is presented in a style which at once claims and holds the interest of the reader. After a few pages devoted to the general questions connected with the *Republic*, each book is exhaustively analysed, a brief space being devoted at the close of each part to pointing out the chief features of style. The leading questions of Plato's philosophy are discussed at length in the latter half of the Introduction with great acumen and freshness. "The Janus-like character of the *Republic*," which is at once an Hellenic State and a kingdom of philosophers; the community of property and of families, the rule of philosophers, the analogy of the individual and the State; and Plato's doctrine of education,

are thus discussed. Then Professor Jowett takes a wide sweep. His account of the essential differences between ancient and modern politics, his comparison between the *Republic* and the *Laws*, of Plato's influence on his imitators, and the sketch of the nature and value of political and religious ideals are profoundly interesting and suggestive. The whole volume forms a worthy edition of the masterpiece of Greek thought. We somewhat regret that there is no table of contents to help a student to catch the arrangement of the book. It is not always easy to see where the analysis ends and where to look for discussions of the subject-matter of the work.

The Phædrus, Lysis, and Protagoras of Plato. A new and literal Translation, mainly from the text of Bekker. By J. WRIGHT, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This latest volume of the *Golden Treasury* Series is all that could be desired as a pocket edition of these Platonic dialogues. An excellent summary is prefixed to each, whilst the clearness and force of the translation helps English readers to form a good idea of the beauties of the original.

Logic: in Three Books of Thought, of Investigation, and of Knowledge. By HERMANN LOTZE. English Translation edited by BERNARD BOSANQUET, M.A., formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford. Second Edition, in two vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

The interest awakened in this country by Lotze's work may be measured by the fact that six Oxford Fellows are responsible for the present translation of his *Logic*. The late Professor Green, who intended to revise and edit the *System der Philosophie*, said to Mr. Bosanquet, "The time which one spent on such a work as that [the *Metaphysic*] would not be wasted as regards one's own work." Great pains must have been taken with this edition. We have not met with an awkward sentence. For clearness and precision it would be hard to suggest any improvement. The somewhat extensive mathematical illustrations have been carefully revised by a competent hand. The treatise was eminently worthy of such painstaking labour. It will not supersede Mill's *Logic*, nor does its first book, which deals with the formal part of the science, supply the detailed information about logical terms and operations which has made the late Professor Jevons' *Elementary Lessons* indispensable for a beginner. Its suggestive and original discussions of logical doctrines will, however, be welcomed by all who have advanced beyond the rudiments of the science. The discussion of Boole's elaborate attempt to form a logical calculus is a timely protest against the rage for symbols which has crept into modern

logic. Lotze freely admits that Boole's ingenuity makes his able work very charming, but is unable to convince himself that this calculus will help us to solve problems which defy the ordinary methods of logic. Professor Jevons, not unjustly, comes in for his share of criticism. Lotze holds that "the qualification of the predicate, which was the starting-point of recent English logic, was no new discovery, but the superfluous inflation of a familiar idea to an excessive importance." He expresses his conviction that if the ancient logic were really forgotten and then rediscovered, "it would be welcomed as a late discovery, after long search, of the natural march of thought, in the light of which we should find intelligible both the singularities and the real though limited relevancy of the forms of logical calculus with which we had made shift so far." Lotze does not believe in the existence of any proof from analogy. What we call analogy he describes as only the inventive play of thought by which we arrive at the discovery of a sufficient ground of proof. Perhaps that description would be accepted by most thinkers. Analogy is not a proof, but a clue to discovery. The chapter on Fallacies and Dilemmas in the book on "Applied Logic" is singularly acute. It is also quite enjoyable reading. The discussions on hypotheses, probabilities, and the validity of the syllogism are important and judicious. In the third book, on "Knowledge" (Methodology), the author had intended to give an historico-critical exposition of systematical logical views. This proved too large an undertaking. As it stands the book is a summary of Lotze's own views on scepticism, the world of ideas, the *à priori* and the empirical methods, the real and the unreal significance of logical acts, and on the *à priori* truths. The chapter on Scepticism is suggestive. Its place as a transient phase of the development of every serious mind is allowed, but its absurdity and self-contradiction when exalted into a philosophical system are very clearly pointed out. The whole of the third book deserves careful study. In view of the "universal idolatry of experience" which now prevails, Lotze holds "that much reviled ideal of speculative intuition to be the supreme and not wholly unattainable goal of science."

A Treatise of Human Nature. By DAVID HUME. Reprinted from the original edition in three volumes, and edited, with an Analytical Index, by L. A. SELBY-BIGGE, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of University College. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1888.

The late Professor Green, who himself undertook the "irksome task" of editing Hume's philosophical works, considered that this *Treatise of Human Nature* formed, with Kant's *Critic of Pure Reason*, "the real bridge between the old world philosophy and the new—the essential Propædeutik." No one has more skilfully traced the genesis of Hume's philosophy, or more clearly exposed the fallacies which underlay his reasoning, than Professor Green. But his valuable

edition is ill-adapted for a class-room. For such a purpose it is both cumbrous and expensive. Mr. Selby-Bigge's edition is in one neat volume, with clear type and good margins. The price puts it well within the reach of students. In addition to such obvious recommendations, this edition has an index which covers nearly seventy pages. This is intended to help the reader to find any passage he may need; but it also serves in some measure as a critical introduction. This is somewhat a novel feature. Mr. Selby-Bigge thinks such an index, "if well devised, should point, not loudly but unmistakably, to any contradictions or inconsequences, and, if the work be systematic, to any omissions which are of importance." He aims therefore, in the present index, "at helping the student to see the difference and to fix his attention on the real merits and real deficiencies of the system." The chief terms used, such as belief, benevolence, body, cause, ideas, identity, justice, mind, morals, passions, relations, scepticism, sympathy, and will, each cover a large space carefully divided into sections. Any one who runs through these will gain a clear and systematic account of Hume's doctrine on each of these crucial subjects. "Cause"—the word to which the largest space is allotted—covers six and a quarter closely printed pages split up into nearly thirty paragraphs. Important phrases, sometimes even considerable sentences, are quoted; so that any one who has read the *Treatise* will find a summary of the most important results sufficient to refresh the memory and enable the student to refer with ease to any topic. Admirable as the Table of Contents is in such a book as Sidgwick's *Political Economy*, it does not quite answer the end served by such an index as this. The editor must have spent many a day of trying work upon it, but he has earned the gratitude of all readers of philosophy by this valuable addition to his most serviceable edition of Hume's famous *Treatise*.

The Economic Interpretation of History. By J. E. THOROLD ROGERS. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

In an early number we purpose to review this remarkable and valuable and timely treatise with the care and thoroughness that it demands. It consists of a course of lectures delivered in 1887–8 from the Chair of Political Economy in the University of Oxford, and, so far as England is concerned, it opens up large areas of ground entirely new to students of economy. "Many years ago," says Mr. Rogers, "I began to suspect that much of the political economy which was currently in authority was a collection of logomachies, which had but little relation to the facts of social life. Accident, and some rare local opportunities, led me to study these facts in the social life of our forefathers, facts of which the existence was entirely unsuspected. I began to collect materials, chiefly in the form of prices, and at first of the necessaries of life. But I soon widened my research, and included in my inquiry everything which would inform me as to the social condition of Englishmen six centuries ago and onwards." The outcome is a book invaluable to students of English

history, and indispensable to thinkers on economy, both social and political. Clear type, an ample margin, and a splendid index increase the value of the volume, and add greatly to the ease and pleasure of the reader. The "get up" is in every way worthy of the reputation of the publisher and of the importance of the work. The list of contents here appended should induce all who can afford it to enrich their libraries at once with this crowded store-house of essential facts. The book is divided into three-and-twenty chapters on—"The economical side of history; Legislation on labour and its effects; The cultivation of land by owners and occupiers; The social effect of religious movements; Diplomacy and trade; The character of early taxation; The distribution of wealth in England at different epochs; The history of agricultural rents in England; Metallic currencies; Paper currencies; The origin and progress of English pauperism; Historical effects of high and low prices; Domestic manufactures; The guild and apprentice system; The rise and progress of Colonial trade; Laisser Faire: its origin and history; The history of the Protectionist movement in England; The interpretation of export and import tables; The estate of the Crown, and the doctrine of resumption; Public debts; The theory of modern taxation; The object and character of local taxation in England; The policy of Government in undertaking service and supply."

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND LETTERS.

The Life of Thomas Ken, D.D., Bishop of Bath and Wells. By E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D., Dean of Wells. Two vols. London: WM. ISBISTER. 1888.

AMONG the saints of the Anglo-Episcopal Church there has been no purer, or truer, or braver spirit than the author of the *Morning and Evening Hymns*. Anglican he was of the strictest and sweetest type—at one time with a leaning, more or less, to Rome, which travel on the Continent, and especially a visit to Rome, cured. But with his Anglicanism there mingled no sectarian rancour or bitterness; indeed, in his later days he cultivated a close friendship with Elizabeth Rowe, the friend of Dr. Watts, a Nonconformist of true Puritan blood, a poetess, and author of a devotional book once well known and highly esteemed, entitled *Devout Exercises*. Dr. Newman proposed, in his Anglican youth, that there should be a service of the Church in commemoration of Bishop Ken, and even himself composed such a service; and Dr. Plumptre compares Ken with Keble, whom he conceives him strongly to resemble in character and spirit, as a Christian and a Churchman, though not in genius as a poet. But Ken, High Churchman as he was, had nothing of

the hard narrowness and bigotry which were among the innermost and most unyielding features in the character of Keble, however beautiful in certain aspects his character may have been, and which caused him, in his preface to his most considerable and carefully composed volume of sermons, deliberately to place Puritans and Dissenters outside the pale of Christianity, classing them with Jews and Mohammedans. Ken was a nonjuror, and thereby lost his bishopric; but, unlike some others of the nonjuring company, he deprecated, and used his influence to prevent, the creation in his Church of an enduring schism of recusant High Churchmen. Even as a nonjuror he exhibits at least an example of fidelity to conscience which contrasts very finely with the customary time-serving and sycophancy of his age—an age in which nearly every clergyman, including the bishops, conformed in his ecclesiastical opinions to the fashion of the Court and trimmed his sails to catch the passing breeze. Truthfulness and courage were among his most striking virtues—much as he disliked strife or controversy in any form or in any sphere. He refused to admit Nell Gwynne, when she was in attendance on King Charles, as inmate of his prebendal house at Winchester, though his Dean was compliant enough to enlarge the deanery for her sake; and he did not spare as Court Chaplain plainly to rebuke the sins of the King and his Court.

It is owing to the fact that Dr. Plumptre is Dean of Wells that we are able to welcome this elaborate and interesting and every way worthy biography of the saintly bishop who for a few years administered the diocese of Bath and Wells. We are introduced to all the stages of his history—we see the influences under which he grew up to be what he was; the friend and brother-in-law of Izaak Walton, he drank in the spirit of Walton's friends and company, of Hooker, and Herbert, and other such; we mark his college course, we note his chaplaincy to the Princess Mary at the Hague, to the fleet in the expedition to Tangier, and his exemplary fidelity in both these trying situations; we follow his parochial work and his friendship with that pattern woman, Lady Maynard, a worthy fellow in her saintship of Mrs. Godolphin, both of them being in the Church of England fit to be compared, though very different women, with Lucy Hutchinson among the Puritans; and afterwards we peruse his history during his residence as Prebendary at Winchester, his episcopacy at Wells, and his twenty years' retirement in the home of his generous and loving friend—himself no nonjuror—Viscount Weymouth, at Longleat.

Dr. Plumptre reviews not only the history but the writings of the Bishop. He was hardly a poet, though he wrote two sweet and godly hymns, and not a little verse. The one weakness of Dr. Plumptre's work is characteristic of the Dean of Wells. In these volumes, as in his work on Dante, he weaves fanciful passages of biography out of feeble and broken hints which do not yield fact enough to sustain any substantial fabric of probabilities. But he has done a good work, and done it with loving pains of research and great ability. He has, we must not fail to observe, selected, as mottoes to his successive chapters, passages from Newman's poetry. As the Dean advances in years he

seems to be increasingly drawn towards the fellowship of the High Anglican school of devotional feeling and thought. In this characteristic of increasing age he somewhat resembles the editor of the *Spectator*, though, as he did not start from so low a doctrinal and ecclesiastical position, so neither does he appear to have as yet risen to so doubtful a height. But the tendency in both instances is one which the old student can hardly fail to note, and which is not undeserving of attention.

Life of William Congreve. By EDMUND GOSSE, Clark Lecturer on English Literature at Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Walter Scott.

We notice Mr. Gosse's contribution to Professor Eric Robertson's *Great Writers Series*, because of the space allotted to Jeremy Collier's attack on the stage. Congreve in himself is not an interesting subject; Mr. Gosse admits "he is no very fascinating or absorbing human being." His novels have disappeared; Mr. Gosse has been able to find only one copy of *Incognita*, and that in the Bodleian. The man who, leaving to Mrs. Bracegirdle a paltry £200, bequeathed the rest of his wealth to the enormously wealthy Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, does not attract us on his moral side; and intellectually his title to rank among "great writers" is more than questionable. He might well have been left as Macaulay classified and labelled him. The Collier controversy, however, has more claims now that the Church and Stage Guild proclaims that the Stage, rightly understood, is a most powerful engine for good. Mr. Gosse gives no decided verdict, but he very fairly sums up the case on both sides. The Stage was grossly licentious; the Revolution of 1688 had depraved it still further. When Dr. Payne in his funeral sermon praises Queen Mary for "her love of playgoing, card-playing, and other gentle amusements," we wonder if the Doctor can have known what sort of comedies she saw and commended. The Puritans' mistake was that they denounced all plays indiscriminately; "to them Milton's *Comus* and a shameful farce of Ravenscroft were on the same level." Collier was wiser; he highly commends Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*; and, "if," says Mr. Gosse, "Congreve and Vanbrugh had met him halfway, they might have turned their most formidable enemy into a friend." To describe Collier, as Leigh Hunt did, as "a half-witted, violent fool," is absurd. He was a gentlemanly Tory parson, one of whose complaints against the Stage is "that modern poets do not treat clergymen like persons of condition." One of his weaknesses is his too great solicitude about the dignity of the cloth; another is his extending his protecting ægis to all religions. He is angry with Dryden for allowing his Greek lady in *Cleomenes* to rail against Apis: "Accursed be thou, grass-eating, foddered god." The controversy, begun before Collier's day, went on increasing in violence till W. Law, in 1726, published his *Absolute Unlawfulness of the Stage Entertainment fully Demonstrated*. Dryden did not attempt to reply to Collier; his excuse was

he had long given up play-writing, and Congreve's answer is miserably inadequate. Mr. Gosse truly says (p. 127) that neither side made the best of their case. The attack, however, was abundantly justified, and "after this blast of indignant Puritanism the stage had no alternative but to speedily purge itself." The best protest against Collier's unfairness (his way of objecting to such oaths as "by Mahound," "by George;" his condemning such wild jokes as "one of your devils, I warrant you, has got a cold through being so long out of the fire") is by John Dennis (*Usefulness of the Stage*). As we said, the chapter is much the most important part of Mr. Gosse's book, and should be read along with Macaulay by all who wish to form a judgment on the matter.

Letters from and to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. Edited by ALEXANDER ALLARDYCE. With a Memoir by the Rev. W. K. R. BEDFORD. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe has been called the Scottish Horace Walpole. That reminds us of a good story told, if we remember aright, by De Quincy, of Coleridge—to wit, that once hearing Klopstock described as the German Milton, he drily remarked: "In that case he must be a *very* German Milton." He had, in common with Horace Walpole, the tastes of a literary and artistic dilettante; but he had none of Walpole's real literary faculty by virtue of which his letters hold a unique position in the history of epistolary style. Sharpe's, on the contrary, strike us as dull and heavy. He is sometimes indeed not unfrequently bitter and sardonic, but rarely witty, and never humorous or fanciful. Moreover, his correspondents are singularly uninteresting, being for the most part aristocratic nobodies. We are sorely inclined to suspect that Sharpe himself was a tufthunter. There are, however, one or two letters from Scott, whom, by the way, Sharpe thought, or affected to think, a "tedious fellow," and one from Harrison Ainsworth. It is curious that neither Burns nor Campbell is mentioned throughout the correspondence. Sharpe was educated at Edinburgh and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. on June 17, 1802, being a contemporary of Canning, who enlisted him in the little band of contributors to the *Anti-Jacobin;* and of Shelley, whom he calls "a wicked wretch,—mad, bad, and tryiug to persuade people that he lived on arsenic and aquafortis;" but his intercourse seems to have been mainly with the "tufted" gentry. The greater part of his life he spent in Edinburgh, living the life of a dilettante bachelor. Scott endeavoured to induce him to undertake some serious literary work, but in vain. He did, however, write a tragedy in five acts, which he failed to get on the boards; he edited some ancient Scottish MSS., and he contributed to various periodicals of the day. He died in March 1851. His correspondence forms two handsome volumes, which will be of service now and again to con-

tributors to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and are adorned by some excellent autotype illustrations, and disfigured by some abominable misprints.

Correspondence of Henry Taylor. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. London: Longmans.

Sir Henry Taylor's *Autobiography* would have been incomplete without this careful selection of his letters and those of his chief friends. He was a connoisseur in letter-writing—wrote about this almost lost art in the *Nineteenth Century* (Sept. 1881); and even those who are blind to the value of his official services, who look on him as a sort of glorified Tite Barnacle, pitchforked by the merest chance into a position for which neither training nor aptitude had fitted him, must admit the charm of his style, the freshness of his views (*e.g.*, where he says "The Regent's Park is more beautiful in my eyes than Venice—as I saw the columnar architecture through and over intervening shrubberies, and surmounted by statues on the front of the eaves, I could not help thinking that these were dwelling-places too beautiful for mankind in general, and fitted rather for some peculiar race"), the soundness of his criticism (save where he and Aubrey de Vere, another poet whom popularity has always seemed to shun, indulge in a little mutual admiration), and the general justness of his political views. The man who served with acceptance under thirteen Secretaries of State must have been not only efficient but good-natured. His letters are of all kinds, grave and gay. Almost the first (1826) is a long political essay to Southey, whom he is trying to convince of the advisableness of endowing Roman Catholicism in Ireland, and the sin of "asserting the right of a conqueror to oppress, by misapplying the Irish Church revenues as they are misapplied." In 1860 he writes to Lord Grey on the same subject, urging the co-endowment of the Catholic clergy, the idea being that, when independent of their flocks, they will be more likely to give them good advice. He is quite right in saying that "our faults in governing Ireland have been greatly owing to faults in the Irish character . . . . the Irish being, in some of the most essential qualities that lend themselves to good government, an inferior race. . . . . My belief is that it is because the race was inferior that it remained unreformed in its religion; and is it not the fact that throughout Europe the superior races either went with the Reformation, or, if kept back by political circumstance, at least very much modified their Roman Catholicism?" To many it will seem strange that a man who throughout his official life was behind the scenes in the Colonial Office—who, in fact, knew more of Colonial business than any of his successive chiefs—should unhesitatingly "regard the North American provinces as a most dangerous possession for this country;" he would make them independent (p. 200). But in this view he did but represent his age and his school of statesmanship. In this respect, as in some others, the present tone of opinion is in contrast with that which prevailed among colonial administrators thirty years ago. So much

for the grave: now for a sample of the gay. To the Hon. Mrs. E. Villiers he writes, "Thanks for one of your good old letters with your mind running about naked as it always did. I forget what it was I said about age, which leads you to insist on my extreme youth. I was an old boy sixty years ago, and now I am an old man. I am perhaps as happy as I was then, no longer having the severe nervous depressions of youth and early middle age—the apparently causeless distress; nor, on the other hand, the inebrieties of the imagination—the exuberance of nervous enjoyment such as people speak of having from opium or wine" (p. 307). And with what gusto he tells of the lady who, having a bishop to dinner, hired a greengrocer-butler and a wholly untrained boy. "The boy so teased the ex-butler with questions that at last in a moment of levity and impatience he said: 'Do you stand behind the bishop's chair, and when his lordship takes his first glass of wine do you take your napkin and wipe his mouth,' and the boy did it!" On his own position as a poet he says, "I am not indifferent to popular acceptation. I have not pursued it much perhaps, but I should always have been glad to get it; and though the history of literature does not lead one to make much account of it as a test of permanent celebrity, yet I do not see why popularity should not be accepted as corroborating, so far as it goes, any inherent evidences of lasting value." And then he instances the slow growth of Shakespeare's popularity—not till a century after his death; while Dr. Bartas, his contemporary, sprang into popularity at once, and 200 years after "Hervey's *Meditations* were equally immortal," and Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* is immortal now as well as Keble's *Christian Year*. "I believe that in England each century has had its wax candle which passed for a celestial luminary, and its celestial luminary which passed for a wax candle." From which it must not be imagined that Sir H. Taylor thought himself a celestial luminary unacknowledged. He had far too much sense for that; nevertheless there is enough about his own poems in these letters to make us feel that he loved them with all a poet's proverbial affection. The book is in every way worth reading; it brings us face to face with eminent men, out of uniform, so to speak.

Louisa of Prussia, and other Sketches. By the Rev. JOHN KELLY. London: Religious Tract Society. 1888.

These four biographical sketches speak well for the purity and high-toned Christian feeling of the best samples of German Court-life during the last hundred years. Queen Louisa naturally holds the place of honour. She saw her beloved country ground to the dust under the iron heel of Napoleon I.; her son and grandson lived to see Prussia rise to higher glories than she had ever won before. Mr. Kelly gives a pleasing account of Louisa's happy home-life. When her husband was Crown Prince he always drew a sigh of relief as she laid aside her state dresses after any great festivity. "He would take her hand, look into her clear blue eyes, and say, 'Thank God, you are my wife again!' 'But am I not always that?' asked Louisa. 'Ah, no,' said he, with

a jocular sigh; 'you are obliged to be Crown Princess too often.'" The Countess von Voss, who was Mistress of the Household, was a great stickler for stiff ceremonial, but the Prince pleasantly resisted all her attempts to spoil his domestic joys, and dubbed her "Lady Etiquetta." The Queen's love for her people and her generous kindness to the poor, the sorrows that befell the nation, and the mercy that bore her up in every trouble, are well described. Her daughter-in-law, Princess William of Prussia, is the second royal lady whose portrait Mr. Kelly has drawn. Then comes the Princess Charles of Hesse, the daughter of Princess William. She was introduced to Christian work in her twelfth year, and grew up a noble, self-sacrificing worker for God and her people. The last sketch introduces the reader to the poet-queen of Roumania—Carmen Sylvia. Her early life, with all the impulsive and changing moods of a high-strung nature, was not altogether happy. High spirits and depression alternated. She was too self-conscious to be happy. To tone down her exuberant feelings, her mother hit upon a novel device. She took her daughter to many a sick bed and scene of death, but the girl's thoughts soared above death. Romances were kept from her till her nineteenth year, when she was allowed to read *Ivanhoe*. Her happy marriage gave her a congenial sphere of usefulness. Some extracts from her poetry show that she has the true gift.

The Life and Letters of the Rev. William Smiley, LL.D., of the Irish Methodist Conference. By MARY H. H. SMILEY. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. THOMAS MCCULLAGH. London: T. Woolmer. 1888.

It was a bereavement to Irish Methodism to lose so scholarly, so devout, and so unselfish a man as Dr. Smiley. He enjoyed great educational advantages, and he well repaid them. He was doing excellent service in Irish circuits, and was steadily growing into wider Connexional usefulness. "I am not likely," he wrote to his wife from the last Conference he attended, "to want for either honours or work." Six months later his brief but happy course was run. Dr. Smiley was a scholarly man with a warm heart. Much as he loved his books, he did not lose interest in the ordinary cares and duties of his people. He was everywhere welcomed by the sick and dying; he was much blessed to the young; and though his own ministry was a refined and perhaps a quiet one, he was in close touch with the more advanced evangelism of the times. His letters give some pleasing descriptions of college life at Didsbury and in Ireland. We hope this graceful memoir, which is his widow's touching tribute to his memory, will win a place beside Dr. Gregory's *Consecrated Culture*. Mr. McCullagh's beautiful preface and careful editing have done their share to adapt and perfect the volume. We notice two misprints: "which" for "who" in the sentence about Mr. Crookshank's history on page x., and "wollan" for "wollen" on page 57.

Professor William Graham, D.D.: Essays, Historical and Biographical. Edited by his Brother. With Personal Reminiscences by the Rev. W. M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D., of New York. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1888.

Dr. Taylor telegraphed to the funeral service of Professor Graham: "A great light for me has gone out in Graham; one of my oldest, closest, truest friends. His mirth to me was medicine, his talk inspiration, and his prayers wings." No man could therefore be more fit than he to write some reminiscences of one whom he so truly loved. He gives some pleasing glimpses of a singularly attractive man. Thirty-five years of his life were spent in the service of Mount Pleasant Church, Liverpool; then, for seven years more, he was Professor of Church History in the Presbyterian College in London. Dr. Graham was a scholarly man, whose chief studies were in history. His overflowing humour made him a delightful companion. The twelve sketches which follow the Reminiscences are well grouped under the headings—Reformers, Missionaries, Poets, and Contemporaries. Dr. Graham's lucid and graphic style make these eminently readable. The papers are full of interesting detail, and the men seem to live on the canvas.

Consecrated Culture: Memorials of Benjamin Alfred Gregory, M.A. Oxon. By BENJAMIN GREGORY, D.D. Second Edition. London: T. Woolmer. 1888.

We are glad to find that another edition of this beautiful and inspiring biography has been called for. It is pre-eminently a book for Christian homes. The brief but happy course of the gifted student and zealous minister will, we hope, awake in many hearts a desire to consecrate culture and natural gifts to the same happy work to which Benjamin Alfred Gregory gave himself.

Church History. By Professor KURTZ. Translated from latest revised Edition by the Rev. J. MACPHERSON, M.A. Three vols. Vol. I. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888.

Dr. Kurtz's manual has long been the foremost text-book in Germany. The author has laboured assiduously to keep each successive edition up to the ninth (from which the present work is translated) abreast of the newest results of scholarship, and he has reaped an abundant reward. His work seems to have all the constituents of a model text-book—fulness of knowledge, clearness of arrangement and statement, skill in selecting and grouping representative facts, freshness and interest of style. It is no mere dry compilation. Such a manual has long been needed in English to serve as an introduction to the more detailed histories of Neander, Robertson, and others. The translator

has introduced an excellent innovation. Instead of giving the original references to German works, most of which are inaccessible or useless to English readers, he gives references to relevant English authors. These references might indeed be greatly enlarged, and we hope will be; but we are glad of the change. We hope and expect that this admirable manual will have as distinguished a career in English as it has had in German.

History of the Christian Church. Modern Christianity—The German Reformation, A.D. 1517–1530. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D. Two vols. 743 pp. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1888.

This is the first instalment of what promises to be a very interesting, and must also be a somewhat voluminous, history of modern Christianity. In these two volumes thirteen years of history are disposed of in the special field of Germany. Dr. Schaff writes from no sectarian point of view. Perhaps, however, he might be fairly described as nearer to the moderate "Reformed" standard of Germany—the standard of Œcolampadius—than any other of the Reformers. He does his best for Calvin, although he is not a Calvinist. His admiration of the Genevan doctor is evidently very great. In these volumes, however, his main subject is the German Reformation, and Calvin and the Swiss Reformation are dealt with rather indirectly or incidentally than directly. To the faults of Luther and the defects of Lutheran theology, Dr. Schaff's eyes are well opened. The common ecclesiastical faults of the age, affecting the Reformation only less than the old Catholicism, are faithfully set forth. Altogether it is a very impartial and thoroughly well-informed history; it embodies the results of very extensive research and of many years of study. For our taste the presentation is too sharply objective; the sentences are too short and the treatment is too merely synthetic. There is too little of analysis. We have the dogmatic utterances of the lecturer rather than the guidance of the master who leads his disciples along the pathway of study and inquiry. A greater contrast to the German extreme of style and treatment could hardly be imagined than this history from the pen of a German-Swiss divine.

The Toleration Act of 1689. A Contribution to the History of English Liberty. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., LL.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1888.

Dr. Schaff prepared this historical essay for the fourth Council of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches, held in London last July. The subject is discussed under fifteen distinct divisions, such as Enactments against Dissenters, Judgments of English Historians, Progress of Toleration in England, Emancipation of Unitarians, &c., so that the reader can easily grasp each feature of the essay. It forms a convenient little handbook on the subject,

giving the main facts of English legislation briefly and clearly, but there is no marked individuality or originality about the treatment. Perhaps that was too much to expect in such an essay.

A Manual of the Constitutional History of Canada from the Earliest Period to the Year 1888. Including the British North America Act, 1867, and a Digest of Judicial Decisions on Questions of Legislative Jurisdiction. By JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT, LL.D., F.R.S. Can., Clerk of the House of Commons of Canada. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1888.

This handbook is appropriately dedicated to the Marquess of Lansdowne, "in token of high esteem for a constitutional governor who has won golden opinions during the administration of his high office in Canada." It is mainly a revised publication of certain chapters of Mr. Bourinot's large work on *Parliamentary Practice and Procedure in Canada*. The University of Toronto having placed these parts of that standard work on the list of books required for the study of political science in the University of Toronto, it has been found desirable to publish them in a separate form. "Special interest will be felt in this manual," the publishers hope, "because of the manner in which the important test cases are treated. Such cases as Russell and the Queen, Hodge and the Queen, the Presbyterian Temporalities Case, the Controverted Electors Act, the Fishery License Case, the Canada Temperance Act, are analyzed, and the constitutional principles defined are developed in their effects on Federal and Provincial legislative powers." When we had the pleasure of noticing Mr. Bourinot's large work, we expressed our sense of the obligation under which he had laid students of State constitution by that learned and careful book. The smaller volume will reach a wider circle of readers, both in the Dominion and in other countries. Mr. Bourinot's position has given him special facilities for such studies, which he has wisely utilized in the preparation of this valuable manual.

A History of the Independents, or Dissenters, at Mortlake in the County of Surrey, with an Account of their Chapel, &c. By JOHN E. ANDERSON. London: Thos. Laurie. 1888.

Mr. Anderson has followed up his interesting studies in the parish registers of Mortlake by this pamphlet on the Congregational Church of the village, which probably owed its origin to David Clarkson, who was vicar of the parish at the passing of the Act of Uniformity. He sacrificed his living for conscience sake, but appears to have lived in the parish for some years afterwards. In 1682 he became Dr. Owen's co-pastor at St. Mary Axe, and next

year succeeded him. The chapel, which still stands close to the railway station, was erected by the Rev. W. Jacomb, who was pastor from 1716 to 1719. For about eighty years it was turned into dwelling houses, but in 1836 it was re-opened as a chapel. Mr. Anderson gives an excellent view of it and of an interim chapel, with some racy incidents about the levying of church rates. We hope he will be encouraged to pursue his interesting local researches.

BELLES LETTRES.

Essays in Criticism. Second Series. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

THIS volume consists of essays selected by the author himself for publication as a "Second Series," and is introduced by a graceful and tender preface signed C., and evidently from the pen of his most intimate friend and early schoolfellow, Lord Coleridge. Most of the essays were contributed as introductions to Mr. T. H. Ward's selections from the *English Poets*, and are well known. Two, those relating to Count Leo Tolstoi and Amiel, appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*. In these essays we have in full force Matthew Arnold as he uttered himself in life. Here is the characteristic grace and daintiness of style, the fine criticism of phrase and manner, of sentiment and deportment, and of poetical expression; the serene arrogance, most arrogant and not least serene when he speaks of things, like philosophy and theology, for which he had no capacity or faculty whatever; the profound unfaltering scepticism, as of a quenched soul united to a keen and penetrating, though never profound, intelligence, and moving in a world of deathly shadows, the courageous scepticism of despair; all the qualities which have marked Arnold's writings through all his critical course. His sceptical poetry is often redeemed and even ennobled by tenderness and pathos; his prose scepticism, though polished and restrained, is generally callous and sometimes insolent. Of these unhappy qualities of many of his critical writings there is, however, not much in this volume—the first essay has more than the others. He appears in his criticisms of Wordsworth and Gray at his best. But alas! that Matthew Arnold should have been chosen to deliver the Address on Milton in St. Margaret's Church: no plummet had he wherewith to sound the depths of the great Puritan poet.

Concerning Men; and other Papers. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This collection of essays, which marks the close of a long and honoured career, will be read with interest by those who owe so many pleasant hours

to Mrs. Craik. We have all learned to regard Miss Muloch as the maker of a model man in her most popular story. It is therefore the more interesting to find in her last book so much about men. The paper which gives its name to the collection is discriminating and sensible. We have found ourselves in hearty accord with the gifted authoress in her comparative estimate of men and women. Her idea that women doctors should take over the business of *accoucheuses* and confine themselves to that, shows that the paper has a practical bearing. So also in the *For Better, for Worse*, where she strongly argues that a woman should be able with ease to gain a separation (not a divorce) from a husband who would contaminate her children, &c. *A House of Rest* is a plea for an institution near Torquay, which has secured a thousand hard-worked girls a pleasant holiday. The Crystal Palace, the work of Mrs. Ernest Hart among Irishwomen, Lady Martin's book, and Miss Mary Anderson's acting, all furnish congenial themes to Mrs. Craik. We have lost the gifted writer, but her name will long be cherished in English homes.

Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail, with especial reference to the Hypothesis of its Celtic Origin. By ALFRED NUTT. London: D. Nutt. 1888.

For some the fact that this volume is dedicated to the memory of J. F. Campbell will give additional interest to a work which, for those who care for the subject, is in itself sufficiently interesting. The limitation is needed. Celtic legend is like green figs and mulberries; you either like them very much or you care nothing for them. There are many cultured readers for whom even the *Tales of the Western Highlands* have no charms, and who would fall asleep over Émile Souvestre's *Foyer breton*. But there is a large, we trust an increasing class, for whom this literature has a rare fascination; and the endowment, at last, not so many years ago, of a Celtic Chair at Oxford gave it the dignity which is some little compensation for its not being a paying study. For that is a too true bill against us; we work at what will gain marks in this examination system which we are now assured is breaking down, and which it would almost seem as if Nemesis had made us borrow from the nation on whom we forced our opium at the bayonet's point. Celtic studies do not pay: in Scotland the encouragement of them has been left to Professor Blackie; in Ireland they have been cruelly and too successfully discouraged; Oxford has not shown itself very eager to listen to Professor Rhys. And that is why we have had no Potvin, to devote a life to the study and five years to the publishing of one "Conte;" and no Birch-Hirschfeld to summarize with true German exhaustiveness, in *Die Gralsage*, all that has been written about the different variants of the story, from those of Guyot and Christien de Troyes and Wolfram von Eschenbach down to Malory and Lady Charlotte Guest. Happily, we are not wholly unrepresented among "Grail" scholars; in 1864 Mr. Furnivall published, for the Roxburghe Club, the *Quête de Saint Graal* from a British Museum MS., and, four years later, appeared in Edinburgh Dr. Bergmann's

San Grëal; an Inquiry into the Origin and Signification of the Romance. But on the whole the subject has in this country been treated with the same neglect as Celtic antiquities; though, just as the Ardmore chalice and the shrine of St. Molaise are of more real import to us than some questionable bit of Hittite sculpture, so the Arthurian legend concerns us more directly (whatever Mr. Freeman may say to the contrary) than even the *Story of Beowulf* or the *Lay of the Niblungs*. The story of the Grail should be sufficiently known from Lord Tennyson's idyll of Sir Galahad, from the spirited poem by Dr. Hawker of Morwenstow, and from Mr. Baring-Gould's rendering of it in *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*. The Grail is the vessel which Christ used at the Last Supper, and in which also His blood was caught when the soldier's spear pierced His side. The bleeding lance, which in the legends sometimes accompanied the Grail, is this very spear. Hence the absurd explanation—sang-real (true blood) of those who had forgotten that *graal* in old French is basin, as *per* is in Welsh, Peredur, the Cymric analogue of Perceval, meaning the basin-seeker. This sacred vessel, preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, has a number of wanderings and adventures which form the first (or wholly mediæval) part of the Grail legend; the latter part, the Quest, Mr. Nutt, following the Marquis de la Villemarqué, and to some extent Professor Hirschfeld, attributes to a Celtic source. We must not, however, he thinks, look for the earliest form in the existing Mabinogi—"Welsh literature as a whole is late, meagre, and has kept little that is archaic. The study of Irish promises far better results. Of all the races of modern Europe the Irish have the most considerable and the most archaic mass of pre-Christian traditions. By the side of their heroic traditional literature that of Cymri or Teuton (High and Low) or Slav is recent, scanty, and unoriginal" (p. xiii.). Probably, however, it would be from the Breton branch of the Cymri that trouvères and minnesingers got whatever knowledge of the Celtic epic they had before Geoffry of Monmouth wrote (1145).* The effect of Geoffry's work Mr. Nutt compares with the discovery of Columbus; "it opened up a new continent of romantic story. Twenty years had not passed before the British heroes were household names throughout Europe." It is startling to find Walter Map, the witty Archdeacon who wrote *Nugae curialium*, compiling (about 1175) a Quest *pour l'amor del roy Henri son seignor*. The basis of the Quest, then, is Celtic. As Mr. J. F. Campbell said (Mr. Nutt has adopted the words as one of his mottoes): "In all the Fenian stories mention is made of Fionn's healing cup . . . . it is the same as the Holy Grail, of course." The same magic vessel appears in Breton tales (of very uncertain antiquity) and in the Mabinogi of Peredur, which, in its present form, is later than Christien and pieced out from his narrative. What we should like to see (we cannot hope for it in the still rudimentary state of Celtic scholarship) is the whole Cymric and Gaelic epics set side by side (Fionn, for instance, has points

* We do not find in Mr. Nutt the date of Guyot (Kiot). For Christien, who followed Kiot, he gives 1170.

of contact with Bran and with Merlin, and also of course with Arthur), the variants compared and the parallelisms, as far as may be, carefully drawn out. Mr. Nutt's readers will be readily able to do this for the particular story on which he has given us such a delightful monograph. We hope he will follow it up by showing how the Lancelot and Guinivere episode is connected with the tale of Diarmuid agus Graine, which, less than a generation ago, might be heard in many a cabin in West Clare. One great difficulty is the way in which "each successive transcriber was only anxious to add some fresh adventure to the interminable tale, and those MSS. were most thought of which contained the greatest number of lines. The earlier MSS. have, therefore, almost entirely disappeared" (p. xiv.). That is as true of Ireland as of the Continent; and we must have more certainty than has yet been reached as to the distinctions between old and middle Irish before we can even attempt to pronounce which are the accretions and which the original.* But we are not writing for Celtic scholars; our aim is to call attention to a much neglected branch of literature, which not even Mr. Matthew Arnold himself was able to make popular. Since he wrote his *Study of Celtic Literature*, both the Idylls and also Wagner's music have taught thousands to delight more or less unconsciously in what he calls the peculiar "magic of the Celt." Mr. Nutt's book read along with Campbell's *West Highland Tales* (there is no Irish collection comparable with it), and followed by Miss K. Tynan's poetical rendering of some of the most striking legends, is just the thing to make this delight intelligent. That is for the general reader the great value of the book before us; of its value to the Celtic scholar this is not the place to speak. Enough for us to say that it has well begun what it is a wonder some Gael or Cymri in these islands did not long ago take in hand. Minor points we forbear touching on—as whether Hucher is right in finding the Grail figured on pre-Christian Gaulish coins, and whether Mr. Nutt himself does not too hastily conclude that "in Celtic tradition, unlike the Niblungs' lay and the Carolingian cycle, there is no record of race-struggles" (surely the gruagachs and strachans belong to an earlier race, and several of the old fights are against the possibly pre-Aryan Firbolg). With his main contention, as to the Celtic origin of the Quest, we wholly agree. We are also at one with him in his view of "the possible source of the chastity ideal." There is no such thing in the Celtic epic; the sons of gods take the daughters of men and (oftener still) *vice versâ* with a naturalness which cannot be called immoral. But the disorders bred from such a system when acted out in orderly society under the name of *minnedienst* led to a reaction. And the mediæval spirit made this reaction ascetic. "That passing shadow," Sir Galahad, becomes the hero; and "Blessed are the pure in body," the text. Surely Mr. Nutt is right and Mr. Furnivall wrong when the latter asserts and the former denies that this exaltation of merely

* Some have even thought that the death-bringing boar in the Diarmuid legend is a post-Christian echo of the Adonis myth, and not an analogue of equal antiquity with it.

bodily chastity (combined with the selfishness which leads Sir Bors to say: "Better they lose their souls than I mine"), is founded on a deep reverence for woman. "Fully half the romance is an exemplification of the essential vileness of the sex-relation. The author was of his time; but his view of womanhood is degrading, and his view of life narrow and sickly" (p. 243). Mr. Nutt's book should be (in the cant of the day) "epoch-marking;" we hope it may prompt many to look into the literature of those who were ancestors of considerably more than half the present population of these islands. That this literature contains passages of such exquisite pathos as Deirdre's lament over Noisi (p. 233) is reason enough for not neglecting it; but, besides the pathos and a weird glamour such as is found in no other Western literature, it offers, of course, a rare treat to the comparative folk-lorist.

Mr. Alfred Nutt discusses at large the date and influence of the pre-Christian Irish tales in a valuable paper on "Celtic Myths and Saga," in the October number of the *Archæological Review*, a review which devotes an unusually large amount of space to the too much neglected subject of old Celtic literature.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

An elaborate and most interesting article, by M. Emile Michel, on the Rubens collection at the Hermitage Museum at St. Petersburg, fills almost the whole of the second September issue of *L'Art* (Paris: Jules Rouam). It is illustrated by a fine engraving of the celebrated picture of Rubens' second wife, Hélène Fourment. The number is also enriched by a splendid etching, by Le Sueur, of Toudouze's picture, "La Pavane," representing a boy and girl in the rich dress of the seventeenth century, the latter in the act of going through the steps of an old-fashioned dance. The first October issue is mainly occupied with a series of biographical sketches, by M. G. De Leris, of lady artists admitted to the fine art section of the Académie between 1673 and 1783, a privilege which was withdrawn from the sex in 1789. The sketches are illustrated by striking portraits. A careful and learned biography of the Brueghels, by M. Emile Michel, is begun in the second October issue and concluded in the second November issue. No better account has yet been given in the compass of the history of this remarkable family of artists, of the influences which moulded their style of work, and of the place they occupy in the development of Flemish art. M. Adolphe Jullien gives us in the first November issue a critical study of Berlioz's great "descriptive symphony," "The Damnation of Faust." The number is adorned by a beautiful photo-gravure of the north façade of the Château d'Usson, a fine piece of Renaissance architecture. On the whole, we doubt if M. Jules Rouam has ever given his readers better and more varied food for study than in these recent numbers of his sumptuous periodical.

The Countess Eve. By J. H. SHORTHOUSE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

This is a truly exquisite book. It is anything but a novel; nor can it be called a romance. It is a prose-poem—mystical, weird, steeped in landscape-colouring of richest Burgundian beauty, with which mingles the glamour of other-world *diablerie*, and also of heavenly saintliness. A poet combining the gifts and fantasies of Scott and Coleridge might have woven this dream-like fiction into immortal verse. It is a story of temptation and of narrow but effectual deliverance—of sin and retribution—of fiendish malignity frustrated—of beauty rescued and saved by spiritual power. The type of sensuous attractiveness and geniality, apart from moral principle, is here in the person of an actor, who becomes the tempter of a noble and beauteous lady, himself under the spell of an evil and malignant being from the intermediate sphere, against whom he has no armour of defence, because he has no principles of moral rectitude, but is the creature of mere impulse. Incidentally, and perhaps unconsciously, some powerful lessons are suggested as to the necessarily demoralizing nature of the *métier* of the merely professional and promiscuous play-actor, who is always resolving his own character and consciousness into the moulds of the characters he personates. Altogether, although we have no predilections in favour of writings of the class to which this belongs, and which forsake the *terra firma* of actual life for the regions of other-world mysticism, we must pronounce this book a gem. But we wish Mr. Shorthouse would not so very frequently use the word *malefic*. It becomes a blemish in a book, the mere descriptive beauty of which is one of its great attractions.

The Aspern Papers: Louisa Pallant; the Modern Warning. By HENRY JAMES. Two vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

The question is often discussed whether merely to imitate with minute fidelity of form and perfect truth of colouring a scene of life or of nature, quite apart from the intrinsic beauty or grandeur, the historic character, or the essential interestingness, of the scene painted, is really a work of fine art. Is every painting of Teniers, however rude, or perhaps repulsive, the scene, a valuable work of art merely in virtue of its faithful craftsmanship? Is it worth while, at any rate, to bestow such pains and craftsmanship on copying what is not only the reverse of pleasing, but has in it no element of inspiration, and affords no source of emotion? Analogous questions to these have often occurred to us in reading Mr. James' writings, and have been very strongly suggested by the *Aspern Papers*. There is, indeed, one element in his writing which is hardly found in such merely imitative painting as we have spoken of—the element of imagination. His pictures are not copies of actual life, they are imaginations of life that might conceivably be lived; and as such

they show a wonderful power of realistic conception carried out in the minutest particulars. But then the characters drawn, although originally conceived and excellently sustained throughout, are often dull, inferior, unattractive creations —destitute of colour, or movement, or vital expression. This is emphatically the case in the *Aspern Papers*. A somewhat obscure and difficult psychological study—related to no history, revealing no character of any interest, relieved only by small glimpses of Venetian scenery, even these not being bright or impressive—such is the story on which Mr. James has bestowed great skill of mental analysis, and a wonderful amount of minute painstaking. The characters are Americans, but two of them have lost all American colour—indeed, all colour of any kind has faded out of them; while the third has no national characteristic whatever, and is merely a painstaking and resolute searcher after a poet's papers. Of the ability and skill shown in the work there can be no doubt; but is it worth while? *Materiem superabat opus*, wrote the Latin poet. This was high praise, because the material was itself most precious. Here fine work seems to be lavished on mean material and a very poor design, The two short stories in the second of these volumes, however, are not liable to the same sort of criticism. They are lively and vividly coloured—they are also reflections, more or less, of certain social phases of modern American life. Both describe scenes in Europe, one of them also affords glimpses of America. To the careful reader Mr. James' descriptions of his own countrypeople are very instructive; so also sometimes are his delineations of English life and manners. These two minor stories, however, must be regarded as trifles—not *chefs d'œuvre*, but *hors d'œuvres*.

A Christmas Posy. By Mrs. Molesworth. With Illustrations by Walter Crane. London: Macmillan & Co.

Even Mrs. Molesworth has never, we think, produced a more perfect sheaf of stories for young people than these. They are equally natural and charming. Here are engaging and well-bred children, who have nothing prim or artificial about them. Here also we are allowed to see by glimpses how such children are trained, without the process being at all set forth directly or any didactic character being given to the stories. We doubt not that to Americans this Christmas book will be particularly welcome. There is nothing that charms them more than well-certificated pictures of the best English home manners and training. But on this as well as the other side of the sea Mrs. Molesworth's new Christmas book cannot fail to be very popular. The volume is no less suggestive and instructive than delightful. Which of the little stories we like best it would be hard to say. But we like none better than *Basil's Violin* and *Lost Bollo*.

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON'S CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Messrs. Blackie & Son, in purveying literature for the young people of Her Majesty's dominions, are accustomed to avail themselves of the American

supply of similar literature for the boys and girls on the other side of the sea. *When I was a Boy in China*, by Van Phon Lee, a native of China, now resident in the United States, is of American production. It embodies a capital idea, well and attractively worked out. The English reader will learn something from it as to America, as well as very much that is fresh and full of interest as to life and juvenile education in China. Clever and well-provided Chinese boys in the United States, of thirteen and upwards, sent over by their own Government, are placed out to board in the "best families" of New England—and this notwithstanding American anti-Chinese prejudice. Chinese boys coming over to old England would certainly not be domiciled among the "best families" in the country, although good homes among the less wealthy families of the professional classes—especially clergymen—would no doubt be obtained for them. Here stands revealed one secret of the preference for America, shown by Chinese, and especially by Japanese youths. Japanese students by hundreds are scattered through the States.—*Storied Holidays*, by E. S. Brooks, is another book of American production. Boys and girls will enjoy it much. The stories relate to British, Irish, and American historical epochs and national customs. The historical basis for the stories seems to have been well thought out, and the stories themselves are pleasantly invented and well told. The assigned texts are Christmas, New Year's Day, and the other seasonal anniversaries, to the number altogether of twelve, including Valentine's Day, St. Patrick's Day, and Hallow E'en, as well as Independent Day, and Thanksgiving Day.

Meg's Friend, by Alice Corkran, is another book of the season—a girls' book. The girls will read this story with great delight. A large part of it relates to the ways of a fashionable, but at the same time thorough, ladies' boarding-school. The heroine's personal history is full of romance, and the heroine herself just the sort of being to delight young readers. Of course the volume contains a number of daring improbabilities confidently related as if they were natural history. It would be much less delightful if it were not.

The Cat of Bubastes, by G. A. Henty, needs no other recommendation than the name of the author. Mr. Henty always combines instruction with high entertainment. This volume introduces his readers to the life of ancient Egypt in all its varieties, including its geography, both desert and river valley, Upper and Lower Egypt, its natural history, the domestic habits, the fowling and fishing, the mythology and worship, the Government and the warfare, of the people of that wondrous land. In a preface addressed to his "dear lads," he gives a brief introduction to his book. The research and industry of Mr. Henty, as well as his imagination and his genius for writing boys' books, have made him deservedly one of the most popular of our writers for the young. This volume also is published by Blackie & Son.

Under False Colours, by Sarah Doudney, is a tastefully bound volume with twelve full-page illustrations by G. G. Kilburne, which are both well

designed and admirably executed. The story is of doubtful quality. Two schoolgirls, who love each other as sisters, carry out a plot, by which one accepts an invitation to a country-house which the other was too ill to accept. Cherry Dent thus gets among Cissy Dysart's aristocratic relatives and wins the heart of Arnold de Wilton. The false step which her loving friend had forced on her brings its retribution, but the general effect of the story is to represent practical deceit, in reality of a grave character, as an altogether venial error, as scarcely a moral fault. We regret that so pleasant a writer for young people as Miss Doudney should teach so dangerous a lesson.

The Silver Cord: A Book of Poems. By FRANCES DAWE. London: Elliot Stock. 1888.

There is considerable power of versification, much pathos, and evident spirituality in this collection of poems. The introduction leads us into a fairy garden, where the poetess's friends are likened with some happy touches to trees and flowers. To them the book is dedicated. Bible studies are represented by the first piece on "The Widow of Nain." Her bitter sorrow and her unhoped-for joy are feelingly described in a poem which leaves a happy impression. It would be hard to say what right the In Memoriam on "Amy" or the "Falling Leaves" have to be inserted in a volume of poesy. They are certainly novel attempts at description; that on Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" is a successful attempt to reproduce the weird effects of the musician, but they are scarcely poetry.

Poems of Ten Years. 1877–1886. By MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT. Halifax, N.S.: Macgregor & Knight. 1887.

Mr. Knight has a true poetic gift. His touching dedicatory verses to his lost wife seem to put a critic into a happy vein, and the singer does not let him get out of it. The "St. Christopher," which opens the volume, reveals both force and skill, and each division of the poems has some really happy poems. The verses on Carlyle are perhaps the most vigorous, but the lament over Gordon is almost equal to it in its own line. The whole volume makes us hope to see more of Mr. Knight's poems. Even a busy Methodist preacher may find an hour to cultivate the muse for the pleasure of his friends.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Irish Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil. By RICHARD LOVETT, M.A., Author of "Norwegian Pictures," &c. With a Map and 133 Illustrations, from Sketches and Photographs. Religious Tract Society. 1888.

THE Religious Tract Society, now that it has at last included Ireland in its illustrated travel books, has outdone itself. In some of these books the letter-press plays only a secondary part; but in *Irish Pictures* Mr. Lovett's text would make a very useful and readable volume even without Mr. C. Whymper's admirable sketches and the excellently reproduced photographs of Lawrence, of Dublin. Some of these claim special notice; as works of art, Carrigan Head, and the group of Donegal peasants (p. 191), and the cloud-wrapped cone of Errigal, with flat, boggy foreground, are, each in its very different way, beyond praise. So, again, are the Cashel and Cloumacnois croziers, St. Patrick's bell-shrine, and the other glories of the Dawson Street Museum. These, and the disquisition on Irish antiquities (scholarly and yet "popular") which accompanies them, are a marked feature in Mr. Lovett's book. He has gone to the latest authorities; and, while not saying a word too much (he could hardly go beyond the praise accorded to these remains by specialists like Westwood), he so writes as to secure his reader's interest in a subject which to many will be as new as it is delightful. Of course all the views are not of equal value; some will think "the Scalp" an exaggerated sketch of what those who know the North of England look on as a by no means remarkable pass; but then "the Scalp" is close to Dublin, and Dublin (as Mr. Lovett points out) has within easy reach scenery that no other big town in these islands, not even Edinburgh, can match. We are glad he goes to Donegal for examples of Irish scenery at its best, though there are some fine headlands in the only part which (so far as we can see) he has omitted, the Dingle peninsula. Of course he has plenty to say about the Causeway; but everybody knows the Causeway, while not one tourist in five hundred ever heard of Slieve League, or the Skelligs.

It is impossible to say too much about Mr. Lovett's careful avoidance of all "burning questions." Some think (or act as if they thought) it impossible to be interested in Irish scenery, antiquities, and manufactures without taking sides on religion and politics. It is largely this irrelevant partisanship which has hitherto kept people from visiting a country that has at least as many attractions as any part of the United Kingdom. This is not indeed the whole cause why the stream of tourists has shunned Ireland almost as carefully as fish-shoals shun a bay that is fouled with mine refuse. Tourists follow the fashion; and the marked preference of the Queen for Scotland, accompanied,

some say, with a practical boycotting of the sister island, has no doubt made Ireland unfashionable. "Olympia" may have done something towards altering this; and Mr. Lovett's book is sure to help in fostering a better feeling. He reminds us how much there is to see; and nobody can read him without wanting to see something of the country, and to know more of a history which his brief notices prove to be interesting. Scrupulously careful, too, as he is not to offend prejudices (especially those religious prejudices that have made Belfast a byword), he does not hesitate, on occasion, to refer to the heroes of Irish story in a way which no Irishman can find fault with. To Sarsfield, who (Lord Macaulay's readers will remember) foiled William III. at Limerick and afterwards signed on the part of the Irish "the Violated Treaty," he gives well-deserved praise. He also (p. 185) tells the sad story, so discreditable to Tudor statesmanship, of young Hugh Roe O'Donnell, the kidnapped chieftain; and, at considerable length, he gives the history of St. Patrick's labours, connecting it with that Boyne Valley, where, upon the little hill of Slane, Patrick kindled his first Easter fire. Very marked is Mr. Lovett's Christian charity; without in the least putting Protestant truth in the background, he can sympathize with "those who sought the great Father and found that God is love, and yearned for the forgiveness made possible because Christ died on the cross," even though they differ as wholly from us in their forms of prayer and their conception of life as did the hermits of Great Skellig. Irish scenery has been illustrated before now. We have before us one out of several of these illustrated books—W. N. Bartlett's drawings with N. P. Willis's prose; but how different Mr. Lovett's terse instructive style from the hash of old legends ill-told to which Mr. Willis treats us. We heartily commend the book, and we hope it will be the means of sending many a tourist to Ireland and of making his visit intelligent and useful. A visitor to Ireland does two good things: he satisfies himself that he has really learnt something about the country, and by his presence he gives practical evidence of that sympathy of which "Pat" has had far too little, and which he values in a way that English people can hardly estimate.

Heligoland and the Islands of the North Sea. By W. G. BLACK. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

Heligoland is one of those places that are little known though much talked about. Mr. Black dispels many myths concerning it—that, for instance, which says the cliffs are being undermined by swarms of rabbits. There were no rabbits till Sir H. Maxse, Sir Terence O'Brien's predecessor, introduced a few. They multiplied; and, becoming a nuisance, were so thoroughly exterminated, that a rabbit on the Düne is a very rare sight—almost as rare as an Englishman riding a horse up the Oberland stairs, which strange apparition, fifty years ago, so terrified an old woman that she fell down in a swoon. Heligoland church, with its pink, yellow, and bright-blue pews, and the Governor's "private box," with blue glass, close to the communion-table, is a quaint sight. So are the dances at the two halls in the Unterland, "sling mein

Moderken," a cross between a reel and a polka, being especially notable. Of old the Heligolanders had a very bad character for wrecking. Mr. Black tells of a richly laden American ship which, in 1765, took on board four Heligoland pilots from Hamburg. Near Cuxhaven the pilots steered right for a sandbank, and a swarm of islanders came out and assured the captain she would be a wreck in two hours. He refused to be convinced, and offered twenty guineas to any one who would get her off. A Heligolander took the money, righted the ship, and *steered her back to the island*, saying the ice at the mouth of the Elbe was impassable. Happily, one relatively honest man was found who took the ship to Hamburg; but the Danish Government brought an action as if she had been a wreck and got heavy damages! The other islands, Sylt the chief, are remarkable as containing a very pure North Frisian population (closely kin, therefore, to the East Anglian). The legends of Yule, of Pua Modder, Giant Boh, &c., are very curious and worthy the folklorist's attention. Heligoland is well content to be British, though Mr. Black notes that unless the harbour (to which a surplus of revenue over expenses entitles the islanders) is soon built, the fishery will be wholly destroyed. "Boats that have to be beached cannot compete with the big modern boats of English and German fishers."

The Zincali. An Account of the Gypsies of Spain.

The Bible in Spain; or, the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman, in an Attempt to Circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula. With Portrait.

Lavengro: the Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest.

The Romany Rye: A Sequel to Lavengro.

Wild Wales: Its People, Language, and Scenery.

London: John Murray. 1888.

This new edition of George Borrow's works is both neat and attractive, and as the volumes are issued at half-a-crown they are within the reach of all classes of readers. The beautifully executed portrait of Borrow is properly prefixed to the book by which he made his reputation. No library should be without a copy of the *Bible in Spain*. It is one of the most interesting narratives of travel in the Peninsula that was ever written. It abounds in glimpses of every aspect of Spanish life, not only in Madrid and in the chief towns, but also in the little villages and the remote provinces of the country. In Borrow's day Spain was infested by robbers and distracted by Carlist raids. He himself saw the tide of revolution in Madrid driven back for twenty-four hours by the daring courage of Quesada, who next day fell a victim to the infuriated mob. A more racy story of good work in a good cause, of tact, resource, and courage winning a hard uphill fight, has seldom been written than this of George Borrow's. He is one of the heroes of the Bible Society. He had the

knack of making friends of the oddest and most questionable characters. The gypsies of Spain for once did good service to their adopted country by supporting and assisting Borrow in his colportage. His *Gypsies in Spain*, published two years earlier than the narrative of his labours as the Bible Society's agent, is a store of information about the forty thousand Gitanos of the Peninsula. The description of their marriage customs, their literature, and general life is unique. Borrow was received among them as a London gypsy, and could always count on their good offices. He published for their use a translation of St. Luke's Gospel, but found that there was little hope of gaining religious influence among these strange people. If Borrow made his reputation by the two books we have mentioned, he did much to undermine it by *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*. They are intensely interesting as a study of low life in England, and furnish many particulars of Borrow's early struggles, but the praise of the ring and the glorification of gypsy ways are too much for a respectable Englishman to bear. We are interested in Belle, the stalwart gypsy beauty, but Lavengro's lessons to her in Armenian try the reader's patience as much as they tried his victim's. Belle's good sense, when she rejects the offer of marriage Lavengro made so tardily, pleases us. The offer would have been welcome enough to the girl had it come earlier, but she had read his character too well to accept it then, and prudently went off to America. *Wild Wales* is perhaps the least attractive book of the five. We owe George Borrow such a debt for his two earlier books that we regret to have so weak and commonplace a guide-book as this to add to his works.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *The Christianity of Jesus Christ: Is it Ours?* By MARK GUY PEARSE.
2. *The Blessed Life Series.* By MARK GUY PEARSE.
3. *John Marriot's Idol; or, The Scarlet Geranium.* By MARY RUSSELL DAY.
4. *Matthew Windrod; or, The Methodists of Easterwell.* By JAMES W. DOVE.
5. *My Brother Jack.* By EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

London: T. Woolmer. 1888.

1. Mr. Pearse's latest book is uniform with his *Thoughts on Holiness*. It is suggestive, helpful, and often racy. Little touches of personal experience and incident light it up; sometimes the reader rejoices to find one of the fables for which the author has a unique reputation. A large range of topics is covered by the book. We are inclined to think Mr. Pearse somewhat extreme at times, but no doubt he goes on the principle that we need waking and

shaking up. It is well to face the great question on the title-page with a becoming sense of our infinite shortcomings.

2. The *Blessed Life Series* of envelope tracts will be highly prized. They consist of eighteen twenty-four page tracts, neatly printed, and just such as one would like to send to sick friends, or those who are seeking the blessed life. Suitable chapters taken from *Homely Talks, Thoughts on Holiness*, or other works by Mr. Pearse, thus secure a wider range of usefulness.

3. *John Marriot's Idol* is an interesting story with some well-drawn characters. There is a good deal of freshness in the incidents which make up the plot. The book will be read with much pleasure by all young people.

4. *Matthew Windrod* and his friends are rather too fond of holding forth on every occasion. That is the chief fault of this little book. Its thread of incident is too thin, though both narrative and homilies are good and effective.

5. *My Brother Jack* is a suffering cripple whose touching story is here beautifully told by Miss Searchfield. Her book is everything that such a book should be—tender, graceful, profitable, and interesting.

We are glad to see that that interesting and valuable missionary biography, the *Life of W. O. Simpson*, is now issued by the Conference Office in a cheap edition.

1. *The Story of Christian. Life-Pictures from the Pilgrim's Progress.* By SAMUEL GREGORY. Illustrated by W. GUNSTON.
2. *Love and Victory: being Twenty-five Dialogues for Band of Hope and Temperance Gatherings.* By OLIVER PACIS.
3. *Our Martha; or, Careful without Care.* By EDITH GREEVES.
4. *The Ruby Necklet; or, Rose's Temptation.* By BETH RICHARDSON.
5. *Ned's Victory.* By ALICE BRIGGS.
6. *Our Boys and Girls.* Volume for 1888.

London: Wesleyan Sunday School Union. 1888.

1. Mr. Gregory's *Life-Pictures from the Pilgrim's Progress* form fourteen chapters, with an additional chapter on Bunyan's autobiography. The book is well fitted to attract and help all seekers after truth and heaven. Mr. Gregory has worked out a good idea suggestively with much freshness of thought and vigour of style.

2. These Temperance dialogues are spirited and interesting. We only wish it were actually as easy to reform inebriates as these incidents represent. The book ought to be very helpful in Bands of Hope.

3. *Our Martha* will be a specially useful gift-book for servants. The incidents are simply yet attractively told, and the influence of the tale is excellent.

4. *The Ruby Necklet* is a capital children's story which will teach them the need of keeping one's hands free from any wrongdoing. It has an excellent moral. A *p* has been lost out of the "wrapper" on page 10.

5. A good story of soldier-life. Ned is a Christian soldier who lets his light shine and overcomes all temptation.

6. *Our Boys and Girls* is, as usual, full of racy reading for the little folk, with abundance of attractive pictures.

By-Paths of Bible Knowledge. XI. *Scripture Natural History.* II. *The Animals mentioned in the Bible.* By HENRY CHICHESTER HART, B.A., F.L.S. With many Illustrations. London: Religious Tract Society. 1888.

Mr. Hart approached his task with the special interest awakened by an extended tour as a naturalist in the Holy Land and its confines. He was a member of Dr. Hull's expedition under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The book is a handy cyclopædia to the subject with index, list of texts illustrated, and a useful table of contents. The animals are treated in alphabetical order, so that any information can be found in a moment. A classified list at the end shows the scientific order. The book is well supplied with excellent woodcuts. The accounts given of the animals are clear and interesting. Every page throws light on Scripture. The book will be invaluable to all Bible students. There are some spicy facts, as for instance: "Of the human flea, it is stated the largest specimens used to be found in the old reading-room of the British Museum."

Back Streets and London Slums. By FREDERICK HASTINGS. Religious Tract Society. 1888.

Twelve short chapters which give some realistic sketches of the struggle for existence in London. Mr. Hastings gives sympathetic descriptions of the people who live in "second-floor back," of the gutter merchants, the "sweated sweaters," the sandwich men, the poor creatures whose nights in Trafalgar Square attracted so much notice some time ago. His little book is another proof that the Church is in sympathy with the masses, and well deserves a reading from all who study the social problems of the time.

The Least of all Lands. Seven Chapters on the Topography of Palestine in Relation to its History. By W. MILLER, C.I.E., LL.D. London: Blackie & Son. 1888.

Dr. Miller, the Principal of the Madras Christian College and Fellow of the University of Madras, who visited Palestine in 1877, says that he found to his surprise that an ordinary visitor like himself might yet do something to promote a better understanding of the topography and history of the

country. Three of his chapters are introductory: The Land and its power to Inspire; the Land a School of Moral Training; the Home of Freedom. Then come four on Michmash, Elah, Gilboa, Shiloh, which rehearse the Bible story with some new touches which the author's experience has enabled him to add. He aims to give a particular and exact account of a few individual spots which history has made memorable. The book may be consulted with profit by Bible students, but it does not appear to us that Dr. Miller has added much to the stock of knowledge.

Old Bibles: An Account of the Early Versions of the English Bible. By J. R. DORE. Second Edition. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode. 1888.

It is ten years since Mr. Dore's first edition appeared, and as he has continued his studies among early printed Bibles his book has gained much by revision and additions. After an interesting chapter on the English translations, which contains some racy facts, the various versions are discussed in chronological order. We shall convey the best idea of the treasures contained in this volume if we give some account of the pages devoted to William Tyndale. After a brief account of the translator, particulars are given as to his work. Luther's influence is shown by the fact that nearly all his glosses are on Tyndale's outer margin. Some details follow as to the first English New Testament, which was printed at Worms. Tyndale's *Epistle to the Reader* is quoted at length. There are some interesting facts as to the translator's quarrel with his assistant George Joye, who disapproved of "fryuole gloses.' "I wolde the Scripture were so puerly and plyanly translated that it needed neither note, glose, nor scholia so that the reder might once swimme without a corke." Printer's errors, lists to represent variations in spelling, and information as to the features of each edition, will be found here. Each of the other translations is discussed in the same exhaustive fashion. The Preface to the Authorised Version of 1611 forms an appendix, at the request of the late Bishop Wordsworth of Lincoln. Fac-similes of the title-pages of the chief versions add much to the pleasure with which one turns over this delightful volume. It is published at the low price of five shillings, and is very tastefully bound. No collector of old Bibles can do without this book.

MAGAZINES FOR 1888.

Cornhill Magazine. Volume for 1888. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

Some of the short articles in this volume are of great interest. The "Sketches from Indian Life," and "The Burman at Home," give valuable pictures of daily life in the East. "A Coach Drive through the Lakes" will be read with pleasure by all who have enjoyed the drive from Derwentwater to Keswick. It is full of references to the Lake poets. The "Notes by a Naturalist" are evidently written by one who knows how to enjoy the quieter

aspects of country life and make less fortunate people share his enjoyment. The paper on "The Great American Language" attracted considerable attention when published. The stories, both long and short, are well written and entertaining.

The Leisure Hour. 1888. London: 56 Paternoster Row.

We do not think the *Leisure Hour* has ever been more variously interesting than this year. Its chief story is pleasant and wholesome reading. Shorter tales, not less acceptable, are scattered throughout. But it is the miscellaneous articles which most attract us. "The Queen's Homes" Series, with eight capital papers (on the Queen's Household, Balmoral, Buckingham Palace, Claremont, Frogmore House, Kensington Palace, Osborne, and Windsor Castle), deserves special praise, as do three papers on the English shires. We have been much interested also in the account of Davos, which has acquired celebrity as a resort for consumptive patients. The biographical articles are specially good. Many will now turn with painful interest to the account of Emin Pasha and his work as a naturalist. "Some Experiences of an Editor" furnishes useful hints to would-be contributors. The Rev. F. Hastings has written two racy sketches, one on "The Bridge over the Atlantic," as he calls the ocean steamers; another on "Ruskin's Forge" at Orpington. The "Story of the Spanish Armada, told from the State Papers," in four chapters, shows how full of living interest this volume is. History and biography, belles lettres and science, music and lively anecdotes, make up a cyclopædia of pleasing and profitable reading. The "Varieties" are not the least notable feature of the *Leisure Hour*. The illustrations are excellent. The attractive frontispiece, "A Daughter of the East," "Washing Day," and "Balmoral" are very effective. Artists and writers have worked well together and secured a real success in this beautiful volume.

The Sunday at Home. A Family Magazine for Sabbath Reading. 1888. London: Religious Tract Society.

The range of the *Sunday at Home* is somewhat narrower than that of the *Leisure Hour*, but it has many well-written and instructive papers. Miss Evelyn E. Green contributes a good story, entitled "Marcus Stratford's Charge," and tales to suit all tastes are given. Mr. Heath's papers on "The Revolution of 1688 on its Religious Side" deserve a careful reading. Old facts are set in a new and suggestive light. His papers on "Paris at the Time of the Reformation" are equally good, and have some quaint pictures. Dr. Green's papers on St. John are an admirable study of the Evangelist's life and work. Missionary papers and biographies form a welcome feature of the volume. Mrs. Murray Mitchell's "Sail through the Island Sea of Japan" introduces us to many phases of life and worship in the East. Sermons, poems, and narratives of philanthropic work are interwoven with tales and biographical or historical papers. The beautiful illuminated texts and the very effective illustrations add much to the pleasure with which one turns over these pages.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (October).—This number, which is the first in the fifteenth volume of the great German review, is already historic. Its first article bears the simple title, "From Emperor Frederick's Journal, 1870–1." A note by the editor is placed at the foot of the first page, assuring his readers that they need not entertain any doubt as to the genuineness of the article, since the note-book was given by the Emperor himself to the person who prepared the extracts, and that prudential reasons had led him to publish only these fragments, which were designed to reveal more clearly the personality of the late Emperor, and throw light upon a memorable epoch in German history. The diary begins in July 1870, with brief particulars about those eventful days which decided whether there should be peace or war. On July 15, how active a part the Crown Prince took is shown by the fact that he pressed for the immediate mobilization of the whole army, instead of merely the seventh and eighth army corps, as the King suggested. The father and son embraced each other with deep emotion, and as they drove together, Frederick William reminded him of the "Wacht am Rhein," whose words now seemed to have a new significance for all. The notes are brief, but they furnish some suggestive touches for the future historian. Germany rose to the call as one man, and demonstrated its unity. Next day, the Crown Prince received his official appointment to the Army of the South, the Diet met, and father and son went out to Charlottenburg, to the tomb of Queen Louise, where for a long time they knelt, almost with breaking hearts. As they left, the Prince remarked that a struggle begun thus must be crowned with success. On July 25, the Prince and his wife took the Sacrament together at the grave of their child Sigismund. He learnt that he was to start next day. On August 6, he was able to report at Worth the first victory in the campaign—the first gained against France since Waterloo. The mitrailleuse guns wrought fearful slaughter in the French lines. The Crown Prince's chivalrous treatment of his enemies is seen in many little incidents scattered through these pages. In a conversation with Roggenbach, the day after Worth, he expresses his feeling that the German nation will not be satisfied without some notable result from the bloody campaign on which it had entered. The idea of a German Empire is evidently taking shape already in his mind. The second set of extracts opens at Sedan on September 1. "Count Bothmer brings news that Napoleon is in Sedan; the King said to me, with incredible pain, 'What shall we do with Napoleon if he is taken?'" Then appeared the white flag, and soon a messenger bearing a letter from Napoleon, with the offer of his sword. After a brief consultation, an answer was prepared. Writing materials were produced with difficulty. The Crown Prince supplied the paper, the Archduke of Weimar pen and ink; then the reply was written on an extemporized table made of two bundles of straw, with an Hussar's pouch as a top. When the missive was despatched, the king and his son fell on each other's necks; "huge joy among the troops. *Now thank we all our God.* I could not keep back the tears." Then came the memorable interview between the fallen Emperor and Bismarck, and a little later between the two Sovereigns. Napoleon told the King that he had no more influence in the Government, which would now rest "in Paris." He thought that the army of Frederick Charles had hemmed him in, and was utterly surprised to find that that Prince was at Metz, with seven army corps. "With every mark of painful surprise, the Emperor stepped back, a painful quiver passed over his face, for then first was it clear to him that he had not had the whole German army against him." When they stepped out, a quarter of an hour later, Napoleon stretched out his hand to the Crown Prince, whilst with the other he dried the great tears that rolled down his cheek. On September 30, Frederick William spoke to his

father on the imperial question. The King thought it was not practicable, and made much of Bois-Reymond's expression, "Imperialism lies in the dust." The Crown Prince argued that the fact that there were three German kings compelled them to assert their supremacy by means of the title of Emperor. He also pointed out the vast difference between modern imperialism and the German imperialism which boasted a thousand years' existence. His father's opposition was somewhat modified before the conversation came to an end. Other extracts show that the Crown Prince had no small share in bringing about the happy union of Germany under its Emperor. He felt that the new dignities would add greatly to the burdens that in other years would fall upon himself and his consort; but he expected to have a reign of peace: "For I hope in the future never to live to see another war, and that this is my last campaign." And so it proved, though no one can prophesy what is yet to come. The journal closes with his happy return home after nine months' absence.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (October).—Signor Gabelli's article on Classical Instruction in Italy devotes its first part to an account of the modern attack on the study of the classics. In the second section he quotes some interesting figures. In 1886 there were 727 gymnasia, public and private, and 326 lyceums, instituted for instruction secondarily classical. Thirty years ago, a classical education was the only one to be had in Italy, save in the parts subject to Austria and in Piedmont. The Church had established about 400 seminaries; private benefactors about 200 more. About one-fourth of the whole number—130 gymnasia and 326 lyceums—were State institutions. The gymnasia are very irregularly distributed, Sicily having one to a hundred thousand inhabitants, some provinces one to a million. There were in 1885-6 47,230 scholars in the gymnasia; 31,528 in private, 15,702 in governmental. In lyceums, 13,696 (6477 private, 7221 governmental). The writer sees little hope of a revival of classical learning in Italy.

REVUE CHRÉTIENNE (September, October, November, December).—Madame de Witt Guizot's historical papers on Charlotte de Laval, the wife of Admiral Coligny, give a most interesting glimpse of the home life and public service of the great Protestant leader. M. Ehrhart's account of W. J. Thiersch, whose life was published in Basel in 1887, is headed, "A Catholic in the Bosom of Protestantism." Père Hyacinthe called Thiersch a savant and a saint. He set himself to work with unquenchable ardour for the reconstitution of the Catholic Church—that is, to gather into one all branches of Christendom. To this end he consecrated a considerable part of his life; for it he separated himself from many of his friends, and sacrificed a University career which had opened brilliantly. He was the son of the great philologist, Frederic Thiersch, for thirty-three years professor at the University of Munich. His son was born in that city on November 5, 1815; and, after a careful education, began his first work on a critical study of the text of the Septuagint. He would have become Professor at Erlangen, but was unwilling to sign a declaration that he detested the idea of a reconciliation between Protestantism and Popery, &c. Fortunately, he was called to the theological chair at Marbourg in 1842. He published an important work, *The Criticism of the New Testament, Historically Considered*, which was aimed against the Tübingen school. Bauer replied in a lively *brochure*, entitled, *Thiersch: Critic and Fanatic*. About six years later, Thiersch resigned his chair to join the "apostolic" communities, who professed to owe their origin to a special Divine intervention. He was thus a Continental Irvingite. He was convinced of the speedy coming of Christ, and reunion of Christendom. He devoted much time to a propaganda on behalf of his new opinions, and was appointed bishop of the community at Marbourg, and inspector-general of the churches in Germany and Switzerland. He was firmly persuaded that the Papacy would some day fully recognize and condemn its errors. Thiersch, however, did not live to see that day. In the December number is given M. Fallot's discourse on "Protestantism and Socialism," delivered at the first reunion of the "Protestant Association for the Study of Social Questions." He maps out the development of human societies into three periods: that of instinctive communism, marked by the keen

struggle for existence; the second, that of individualism, when man revolts against the tutelage of the State; the third, that of realization, or—as M. Fallot calls it—of "Socialism." He holds that French Protestantism is called to furnish to the Socialists of the nation men who will deliver them from their present troubles, and enable them to realize, step by step, their programme of liberty and equality growing out of fraternity.

THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW (September).—The two philosophical articles in the September number of this Review are singularly able. Mr. Hyslop's account of "The New Psychology" will well repay study. Mr. Woodrow Wilson's on Adam Smith, under the heading "An Old Master," is so interesting that even those who are not drawn to political economy will read it with pleasure. Mr. F. A. Walker's article on "The Knights of Labour" shows that their tyranny is passing away. It is only three years ago since "the rapid growth of that Order and the aggressive energy of its management began to eclipse, in popular interest, alike foreign news and domestic politics." Indifference was not possible when trade-union after trade-union was surrendering its own independence, and thousands of labourers, previously unattached, gave in their allegiance every day. "It goes without saying that the politicians grovelled, as only American politicians can grovel, before all who were supposed to exercise any influence among the Knights." The tide has now turned. Defections of members have weakened the Order, and a rival organization has arisen to threaten its sway. The real objects of the Knights of Labour were (1) To include in the ranks of organized labour persons who could not easily or effectively be brought within the range of trade-unions, such as agricultural labourers, seamstresses, domestic servants and clerks. (2) To offer the advantage of united effort to trade-unions, so that no combination of employers might be able to choose their own time and place for industrial warfare, and beat the armies of labour in detail. In reality, however, the Order has not done much for any of its clients save those who were already protected by their trade-unions. Wherever it has joined issue with the employers, its hardest task has been to keep back the tide of labour that has set in to fill the places left by those on strike. "Appeals, remonstrances, threats, and even violence, have had to be freely used to prevent a strike from being ended in a single week by the influx of unemployed, or more poorly paid labourers." Sometimes the Knights triumphed in their struggles with capitalists, sometimes they suffered defeat. Mr. Walker ascribes the rapid growth of the Order to a real desire to aid in a movement which those who joined believed would prove for the general good. Once started it became a fashion, and then a passion, to join it. Its decline seems due not so much to any reverses it has suffered, as to the fact that the practical common sense of the people has reasserted itself and made them unwilling to support a society for whose existence they see no sufficient reason. The managers of trade-unions have hastened the disintegration by calling off their own members.

(November).—The most interesting article in this number is Mr. Loftie's reminiscences of "John Richard Green." The historian, with his dread of bores, his enthusiasm, his power to throw himself into his subject, his inaccuracies in detail, is here described by one who loved him and found him a constant friend. When Green gave up his East End curacy, he went to live at 4 Beaumont Street, Marylebone, and greatly rejoiced to pass the door of Gibbon's old house in Bentinck Street. Mr. Loftie has done well to preserve his delightful memorials. Mr. Austin Dobson's article on Prior is a careful and appreciative study of the man and his work.

OUR DAY (September).—Joseph Cook returns once more to the subject of Catholic parochial schools. Ten years ago there were scarcely any in the States, now there are 2606 with 511,000 pupils under exclusively Roman Catholic instruction. He would insist on the inspection of these schools, though they are quite independent of the State. Between the secularism of the common school system as it stands, and the rapid and formidable growth of the Roman Catholic parochial schools, he is greatly distracted and distressed. He stands by the common school system, whilst willing to allow the Roman

Catholic schools to use their own versions of the Scriptures. The *Boston Advertiser* interviewed the Rev. W. F. Davis, who was sentenced to a year's imprisonment for preaching on the Common without permission of the Mayor. The record of his treatment in prison deserves to be quoted as an instance of the tyranny which exists in a free country. "Mr. Davis is a tall man with black eyes, hair, and beard, and was somewhat pale from confinement when the interviewer stepped in. He greeted his visitor cordially. 'And what has been your treatment during your imprisonment?' was asked. 'When I was arrested it was about one o'clock in the afternoon. I had breakfasted at home, but had not dined. I was taken to the Tombs, and locked up in company with a number of ordinary criminals. The cell in which I was placed was exceedingly foul, so that I could not sit down. Other prisoners asked for matches, and they were supplied. They lighted their pipes and filled the air with the foul odour. It was August, and the air was very oppressive; but when I asked to have a window opened my request was unheeded. At about three o'clock I was thrust into the Black Maria and taken to jail in company with a crowd of criminals. At the jail I was put at once into a cell, and no food was furnished me until the next morning, and then only bread and water. This was before my trial. When I had been incarcerated three days the turnkey said to me roughly, "Do you think you can make them try your case by coming in here? I'll let you know they can keep you here a year without trying you if they want to." I replied, "If they do, it will be their own act, and men are responsible for their acts." When I was first locked up I was searched and my knife taken away, the turnkey saying that I might want to cut my throat if he left it with me. I remained in close confinement, on prison fare, locked in day and night, for a week. Then I was taken out for trial. After my trial and sentence I was returned and confined in cell 12. This is one of the cells in "murderers' row." I was treated exactly like the other occupants of cells in this row; was not allowed to leave the cell for a moment on any pretext, and was allowed to communicate with none of the prisoners. There were no printed rules of the prison posted in the cells, and I had no means of knowing what the rules were. By the way, the day before ex-President Hayes and the delegates to the prison congress visited the jail the rules were posted in each cell. My wife came to see me, and was allowed to talk with me only through the bars, and under the surveillance of an officer. She was told that she might thereafter visit me once in three months, and write me once a month only. After remaining in cell 12 for two or three days I was removed to cell 18, on the tier above; but here the vigilance was not relaxed. I was kept in this cell in close confinement for seven weeks; I was allowed only the prison fare, with the only exception that I was allowed to send out and buy milk. The fare was bread and water only, in the morning and at night; at noon I had a dinner of meat or soup and potatoes. All my correspondence was opened before it was delivered to me. I have no means of knowing whether it was suppressed, and have no reason to think that any was; but it was all opened. The air of the cell was impure, and I suffered much from this cause as well as from the close confinement and from the food; at times the bread was sour. The officer would come along in the morning and throw a loaf on the floor at my door, and fill my pail with water. Under this treatment my health began to decline rapidly; I grew pale and haggard, and at last I had an attack of the scurvy. At length, after I had been in close confinement in my cell for seven months, my counsel, Mr. Perkins, called, and was allowed to see me. He at once saw my condition, and went to Sheriff O'Brien with the request that I be allowed to take exercise in the yard. The sheriff had me brought to his office, and asked me if I had any complaint to make of my treatment. I told him that I had not complained and did not complain; that I was put here to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, and that it was not for me to complain. The result of the interview was that I was allowed to go into the yard in the custody of an officer for an hour or two each day. But the restrictions from that day have been gradually lessened, until now my cell door is never locked

day or night, and I go into the yard when I like, although still nominally in charge of an officer. I have also been allowed to receive food sent in by my wife and other friends. My mail, too, is delivered intact, and on the whole I am having quite a pleasant time. You see my cell is large and airy, and I am very comfortable. I shall go out now in a day or two, but I am not so particular about it as my friends are.' 'How will it be, Mr. Davis, about preaching on the Common in the future?' 'I don't know why I should not preach on the Common if occasion calls.' 'Shall you ask a permit?' 'I never shall. Good-by.'"

(November.)—Miss Willard, one of the associate editors of this Review, is also President of the Chicago Woman's League. Her Presidential address, printed here as the first article, pleads for an application to domestic life of all the inventiveness which has transformed our modes of transit. She thinks that if the ladies put their heads together, within ten years they might work out the following improvements:—"Hot water and steam-heated air supplied to every house as gas is now from common reservoirs; a public laundry system, so complete as to drive the wash-tub out of every kitchen, banishing for ever the reign of a steamy, sudsy, indigo-blue Monday; and a caterer's system so complete as to send the cooking-stove into perpetual exile. If men had these problems on hand, complicated with the unspeakable servant-girl problem, they would have solved them by a syndicate long before this, putting no end of money in their purses, and no end of misery outside of home's four walls. The servant-girl question will ere long be answered by not having servant-girls. The relations of the maid-of-all-work to the average household are abnormal, if not to a degree inhuman." She suggests that Mr. Pullman might be requested "by a council of women to give five years of his wonderful brain to this problem of household comfort off the rails. . . . . He would have his house porters, who would come around regularly and set everything to rights, build fires in the open grate, just for the beauty and cosiness thereof, and clear up the house generally; his pneumatic tubes through which to send the meals ordered by telephone, and waiters detailed, so many to the block, to serve and gather up the fragments of the same, at far less cost than now, taking the wholesale contract by the year, while the average excellence of viands prepared by experts would be far higher than at present, with a proportionate increase in the health and happiness of the families thus served." She thinks that, among other advantages thus secured, the bachelor, who now lives the sorry life of a young man about town, would find his pathway to the marriage altar far less hedged about with financial briars and brambles, "'a home of his own'—that dearest wish of every true man's heart—having become possible on easy terms."—An interesting account is given in an editorial note of an *exposé* of Spiritualism by the notorious Fox sisters, who began the so-called spirit-rappings in America in 1848. On Sunday evening, October 21, the Academy of Music in New York was densely crowded, to hear and see the exposure. Mrs. Kane, one of the sisters, stepped on the stage, where she made a public announcement that her part in this forty years' imposture was the greatest sorrow of her life. She excused herself by saying that she was too young when she began to know right from wrong. It seems that the rappings were produced by the big toe. Dr. Richmond, who conducted the exposure, said: "I have spent thousands and thousands of dollars investigating this gigantic humbug, and I think I am entitled to the pleasure of being present at its death and assisting in the funeral."

THE METHODIST REVIEW (November) has the following paragraph in its Editorial Miscellany. We should have liked John Wesley to take the editor to task. Cannot God bring a blessing out of an evil? Are not graces of character produced by love and heroic work for others which could not have been produced in a sinless world? Milton, at any rate, is on the side of Wesley in one of his greatest passages:—"John Wesley's theodicy is a theological heresy, an unconscious variation from the truth. The doctrine of the gain of sin, as openly taught in Sermon LXIV., is obnoxious in its accumulated assumptions, a perversion of the Scriptures adduced in support of it, and it

adopted as explanatory of the world's irregularities must logically legitimate man's helpless disaster, and render atonement unnecessary and void, or a make-shift for mischief that might have been prevented. He asserts that mankind in general have, by the fall of Adam, gained a capacity of being more holy and happy on earth, and of being more happy in heaven than otherwise would be possible. To declare the 'unspeakable advantage' of the fall; to speculate on the innumerable benefits of natural and moral evil; to condemn our repining at Adam's transgression as the source of earth's woe; and to insist that man should glorify God because He instituted sin as the instrument of suffering, and by suffering of final elevation, is a doctrine to be rejected, not because of its Calvinistic texture, but because of its inner dissonance and the complete revolution it makes in theological logic. If evil is constitutionally or instrumentally good, or if it can be established that a sinful world is provisionally happier, it might be well to introduce the disciplinary *régime* of sin among the angels, for they are imperfect and distant in character from the perfections of God. A whiff of polluted atmosphere might sweep over the hills of immortality to good effect upon those who inhabit the heights. The reply is not apposite, that such a theory of sin as was propounded by Mr. Wesley has been accepted by the Arminian cult, for much of general theology needs the touch of the repairer. In condemning the Arminian apology for sin, whether accepted by Wesley or any other scholastic, we also eschew the theodicy of Jonathan Edwards and the Calvinian school of errorists, who in some subtle way would rejoice if the authorship of sin could be lodged in the divine mind. Sin is the *essentia* of opposition to God. He hates it, we hate it; and any defence of it savours of the pit whence it came."

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—The sketch of Emma Lazarus in the October number will be read with much interest by all who have heard of the lamented young Jewish poetess, who won the heart of Emerson and interested herself so largely in her oppressed co-religionists. Mr. Roosevelt's "Frontier Types" introduces us to types of character which are happily unknown in England. The reckless contempt of life, and the utter absence of moral sense, in some of these cowboys is described in forcible style by a man who knows what he is writing about. It is an article which every one should read who wishes to understand these phases of frontier life. There are some good men amongst the cowboys. Mr. Roosevelt says that in a ranch not far from his own he found "two Bible-reading Methodists, who fearlessly lived up to their faith, but did not obtrude their opinions on any one else, and were first-class workers, so that they had no trouble with the other men. Associated with them were two or three blear-eyed, slit-mouthed ruffians, who were as loose of tongue as of life."—In the November number there are some excellent papers; that on "The Guilds of the City of London" is illustrated with some admirable representations of the old fireplaces, staircases, kitchens, and halls. McKennan's "Political Exiles and Common Convicts at Tomsk" shows how he managed to obtain his damaging information on Siberia and the exile system. He and his artist comrade, Mr. Frost, used every device to ingratiate themselves with the superior officers in the various places they visited. They made it a practice to call on these dignitaries in evening dress as a mark of respect, to drink "vodka" and bitter cordial with them—if necessary, up to the limits of "double vision;" to make themselves agreeable to the wives. Mr. Frost drew portraits of the children. They visited the schools, and took notes ostentatiously to supply the people of the village with a plausible explanation of their visit. Mr. Frost also attracted public attention by sketching in the streets, collecting butterflies, and lecturing station-masters and peasants on geography. They were thus able to cover their evening visits to the political exiles from whom they learned the details they are now making known. The privations which the exiles bear on the road to Siberia, and the overcrowding of the *étapes*, or shelters provided along the route, are recorded in this article with much painful detail.—The December number is excellent.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—The November

magazine is peculiarly rich in articles of travel and adventure. It is amusing to read, in Mr. Farnham's account of "The Lower St. Lawrence," how the writer spoiled his own chances in the "Isle d'Orleans" by taking notes. The people seemed to freeze at the very sight. The broad salt-meadows which connect the Isle aux Oies with its twin Isle aux Grues are celebrated shooting grounds. The people harness a dog to a little cart, and set out with some tamed geese of the wild species to serve as decoys. Then they dig a pit in which they can sit unobserved and shoot the fowl which are attracted by their decoys. The account of salt haymaking on the ground over which the tide rises, and the description of the pilgrimage by steamer to St. Anne de Beaupré, are very good. "Boats on the Tagus" is a brief but valuable description of the navigation of that great river. We sympathize with Mr. Shield's lament over the rapid disappearance of the noble elks from the Rocky Mountains in another article, but it sounds sentimental and unreal from such a hunter as himself. Mr. Black's "In Far Lochaber" ends perhaps a little unsatisfactory, but the interest is well sustained.—The Christmas number is full of interesting stories, and is profusely illustrated. Mr. Theodore Child's article, entitled "A Christmas Mystery," is both racy and daintily illustrated. It gives a detailed history of the preparation and performance of these plays, which is drawn from the highest authorities, and is most suggestive and entertaining.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (October, November, December).—Mr. Stevenson's new story, "The Master of Ballantrae," opens well in the November number. His autobiographical paper on "The Education of an Engineer" gives, in his best style, a racy account of his adventures in a diving-bell. "The Every-day Life of Railroad Men" is one of the best articles yet published in the railway series. The account of a "freight brakesman's" exposure on the top of the carriages where he has to put on the brake is novel to those who only know English railways, and makes one thankful that our men are better off. The air-brake has recently been reduced in costliness, so that there is hope that a better time is coming for the brakesman. But "braking by hand" is still the rule. On ascending grades, or slow trains, the man can ride under cover, but in descending grades, or on levels, when the speed is high, they must be on the tops of tho cars, ready to apply the brake instantly. A long train, weighing five hundred or a thousand tons, will have three or four brakesmen. Sometimes, despite all their efforts, the train will break asunder with the strain. If one portion should be left without a man, the driver may slacken speed and allow it to collide violently with his own part; or he may increase his pace and run the risk of dashing into some train ahead. A mountain railroad in Colorado, which is now furnished with "air-brakes, is said to be lined along its whole length with the ruins of cars lying in the gorges, where they were wrecked in the former days of hand-brakes." The more one hears of American railways the more one prizes the English system.—The Christmas number is beautifully got up and illustrated, but its fiction is unfortunate. "Squire Five-Fathom" is harrowing; the second part of "The Master of Ballantrae" is nauseous; and "The Roses of the Señor," though well told, is mischievous. Mr. Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon" is one of the best articles in the number. Scribner is gaining a high reputation in this country, so that we hope the editor will not allow such fiction as "The Roses of the Señor" in his pages.

ST. NICHOLAS (October, November, December).—The beautifully illustrated papers on "The Queen's Navy," and on "Wood Carving," show how pleasant information is interwoven with stories for children in the November number. It is capital reading for young folk.

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INDEX

TO

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