

# Theology on the Web.org.uk

*Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible*

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



*Buy me a coffee*

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



**PATREON**

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

**PayPal**

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

---

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

OCTOBER,

1889.

THE  
LONDON QUARTERLY  
REVIEW.

---

No. CXLV.—New Series, No. 25.

---

Contents.

- I. ST. PAUL AND THE PASTORAL EPISTLES.
- II. A HALF-MADE POET.
- III. BY-WAYS OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.
- IV. CARLISLE AND THE BORDERLAND.
- V. MAX MÜLLER ON NATURAL RELIGION.
- VI. ENGLAND BEFORE THE RENASCENCE.
- VII. JOHN FLAMSTEED, FIRST ASTRONOMER ROYAL.
- VIII. W. G. WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.
- IX. SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.
- X. SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

---

EDITOR:

PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,

T. WOOLMER, 2 CASTLE STREET, CITY ROAD, E.C.  
AND 66 PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

1889.

*Price Four Shillings.*

# The Religious Tract Society's NEW BOOKS.

A HANDSOME GIFT BOOK.

The New Volume of "The Pen and Pencil" Series.

## RUSSIAN PICTURES,

Drawn with Pen and Pencil. By THOMAS MICHELL, C.B., Author of "Murray's Handbook to Russia," &c. With upwards of One Hundred Engravings. Imperial 8vo. 6s. cloth boards; gilt edges.

The "Pen and Pencil" volume for 1889. It is written by a gentleman who has spent a great part of his life in Russia, and who is familiar with the language and the people of that great empire. It is, of course, impossible in such limited space to give anything beyond the briefest sketch of many parts of the enormous area covered by Russia in Europe and Russia in Asia. But the effort has been made to compress into the chapters on Siberia, Central Asia, the Caucasus, &c., all that the intelligent general reader is likely to need; while such centres as St. Petersburg and Moscow are much more fully described. The maps and the numerous engravings render it possible for any careful reader to get accurate and fairly complete ideas of the many lands and peoples that are combined under the Czar's sway.

### WAYS AND MEANS: or, Voices from the Highways and Hedges.

A Series of Sketches on Social Subjects. By ISABELLA FRYNE MAYO, Author of "The Occupations of a Retired Life," &c. Imperial 16mo. 6s. bevelled boards, gilt.

This book is an addition to "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye" series. The book is prettily illustrated, forms a capital gift book, and may be read with great profit by all who feel an interest in the growingly important social questions of the day.

### THE BIRDS IN MY GARDEN. By

W. T. GREENE, M.D. Illustrated by Charles Whympere and others. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.

Dr. Greene is a writer upon birds of established reputation. In this work he enumerates the various kinds of birds which may be seen in London suburban gardens.

### THE BROOK AND ITS BANKS.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, Author of "The Handy Natural History," &c. &c. With many illustrations. Imperial 16mo. 6s. cloth gilt.

This is one of the latest works of the well-known writer, the Rev. J. G. Wood. The reader is conducted along the banks of any English brook, and taught in the pleasantest of ways how to discover the many objects of interest and living creatures found on the banks or in the water. No better gift book for any who have a love for natural history could be desired.

### MR. MYGALE'S HOBBY. A Story

about Spiders. By the Author of "The Glory of the Sea," "The Great Auk's Egg," &c. Illustrated by Charles Whympere. Crown 8vo. 2s. cloth boards.

A capital book for boys who have any liking for insect life. In the course of the tale much interesting information about spiders is given.

## NEW BIOGRAPHY.

### ATHANASIUS; His Life and

Life-Work. By HENRY BONNET BERNOLDS, D.D., Principal of Cheam College. Author of "John the Baptist," "The Philosophy of Prayer," &c. Church History Series. No. V. With Portrait, and Three Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards.

### SWEET SINGERS OF WALES.

A Story of Welsh Hymns and their Authors. With original translations by H. ELVER LEWIS. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. cloth boards, gilt tops.

### THE LIFE AND WORK OF

Charles Henry von Bogatsky: a Chapter from the Religious Life of the Eighteenth Century. By the Rev. JOHN KELLY, Author of "Louisa of Prussia and other Sketches." With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 6s. cloth boards.

### SHORT BIOGRAPHIES FOR THE PEOPLE. Vol. 6. By Various Writers.

Contains: Dr. Guthrie—Athenasius—Jonathan Edwards—Heber—Sir Isaac Newton—Kilke White—Dr. Duff—Baill—Have-lock—Mellvaine—Thomas Scott—Sir H. Edwards. With Portraits. 1s. 6d. cloth.

## THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY'S ILLUSTRATED LIST OF BOOKS FOR PRESENTS AND PRIZES

Contains Illustrated Table-Books, Handsome Gift Books, Popular Natural History, Biblical Books, Biography, Missionary Books, Illustrated Annuals, Useful Sets, Illustrated Tales, &c. &c.

Please send a post-card with name and address to THE TRADE MANAGER, 56 PATERNOSTER ROW LONDON, and a copy will be forwarded to you.

# CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
ART. I.—ST. PAUL AND THE PASTORAL EPISTLES. . . . .	I
1. "Die Pastoralbriefe, kritisch und exegetisch behandelt." Von Dr. H. J. Holtzmann, ord. Professor der Theologie in Strassburg. Leipzig. 1880.	
2. "Die hielige Schrift neuen Testamentes zusammenhängend untersucht. Von Dr. J. Chr. K. von Hofmann. Sech- ster Theil (Titus und Timotheus). Nördlingen. 1874.	
3. "The Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul, with a Critical and Exegetical Commentary, and a Revised Translation." By C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: Longmans, Green & Co.	
4. "The Pastoral Epistles." By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D., Master of University College, Durham. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1888. (The Expo- sitor's Bible.)	
ART. II.—A HALF MADE POET . . . . .	
"Poems." By Ralph Waldo Emerson. London: Macmillan & Co.	25
ART. III.—BY-WAYS OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE . . . . .	
"Geschichte der Christlichen Mission unter den Heiden." Von Dr. Chr. H. Kalkar. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. 1880.	36

	PAGE
<b>ART. IV.—CARLISLE AND THE BORDERLAND . . . .</b>	<b>53</b>
1. "Carlisle." By M. Creighton. London: Longmans. 1889.	
2. "Border History of England and Scotland." London: Ridpath. 1810.	
3. "Miscellany Accounts of the Diocese of Carlisle." By Bishop Nicholson. Edited by R. S. Ferguson. London: Bell & Daldy. 1871.	
4. "Cumberland and Westmoreland M.P.'s." By R. S. Ferguson. London: Bell & Daldy. 1871.	
5. "Occupation of Carlisle in 1745 by Prince Charles Edward Stuart." Edited by G. G. Mounsey. London: Longman & Co. 1846.	
6. "Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends." By R. S. Ferguson. London: Kitto. 1871.	
7. "English Towns and Districts." By E. A. Freeman. London: Macmillan. 1883.	
<b>ART. V.—MAX MÜLLER ON NATURAL RELIGION . . . .</b>	<b>74</b>
"Natural Religion: The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1888." By F. Max Müller, K.M. London: Longmans. 1889.	
<b>ART. VI.—ENGLAND BEFORE THE RENASCENCE . . . .</b>	<b>94</b>
<b>ART. VII.—JOHN FLAMSTEED, FIRST ASTRONOMER ROYAL . . .</b>	<b>109</b>
1. "Life and Correspondence of Abraham Sharp." By W. Cudworth. London: Sampson Low & Co.; Bradford: T. Bear. 1889.	
2. "An Account of the Rev. John Flamsteed, compiled from his own MSS. and other authentic documents never before published; to which is added his British Catalogue of Stars." By Francis Baily, Esq., V.P. of the Royal Astronomical and Royal Geographical Societies, F.R.S., F.L.S., Visitor of the Royal Observatory, Corresponding Member of various Foreign Academies, &c., &c. Printed by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. London. 1835.	

ART. VIII.—W. G. WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT . . .	130
---	-----

"William George Ward and the Oxford Movement." By  
Wilfrid Ward. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

IX.—SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

*Theology*—Milligan's Revelation—Workman's Text of Jeremiah—Alexander's Epistles of St. John—Bush's Ordination Charges—Parker's People's Bible: Job—Exell's Biblical Illustrator: St. Luke—Rawlinson's Kings of Israel and Judah—Gwatkin's Arian Controversy—Maclear's Introduction to the Creeds—Davies' Readings from Maurice—Beard's Faith—Orelli's Isaiah: Delitzsch's Genesis—Expositor: Vol. IX.—Bone's Living Springs—Fordyce's Aspects of Scepticism—Macgregor's Exodus—*British Weekly Pulpit*: Vol. I. 154

*Biography and History*—Dictionary of National Biography: Vol. XIX.—Blennerhasset's Madame de Staël—Temple's Lord Lawrence: Hooper's Wellington—Gairdner's Henry the Seventh—Corbett's Monk—Russell's William Dampier—Morley's De Foe—Montegut's *Ecrivains Modernes de l'Angleterre*—Zimmern's Hansa Towns—Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine—Charles Blacker Vignoles—Clifford's Father Damien—Curteis' Selwyn—Joseph Rogers, M.D. . 164

*Belles Lettres*—Crawford's Sant' Ilario—Simon's Three Revelences—Veitch's Merlin . . . . . 185

*Miscellaneous*—Bradshaw's New Zealand—Hetley's Flowers of New Zealand—Proceedings of Royal Colonial Institute: Vol. XX.—Whitman's Imperial Germany—Wood-Martin's Stone Monuments of Ireland—Tissot's Unknown Switzerland—Jowett's Politics of Aristotle—Adamson's Kant—Murray's Handbook of Psychology—Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia: Vol. II.—Prize Essays on the Class Meeting—Rawle's Plane and Solid Geometry . . . . . 188

X.—SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS—French, German, Italian, and American . . . . . 199

# THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

OCTOBER, 1889.

---

## ART. I.—ST. PAUL AND THE PASTORAL EPISTLES.

1. *Die Pastoralbriefe, kritisch und exegetisch behandelt.* Von Dr. H. J. HOLTZMANN, ord. Professor der Theologie in Strassburg. Leipzig. 1880.
2. *Die heilige Schrift neuen Testaments zusammenhängend untersucht.* Von Dr. J. CHR. K. VON HOFMANN. Sechster Theil (Titus und Timotheus). Nördlingen. 1874.
3. *The Pastoral Epistles of St. Paul, with a Critical and Exegetical Commentary, and a Revised Translation.* By C. J. ELLICOTT, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London ; Longmans, Green & Co.
4. *The Pastoral Epistles.* By the Rev. ALFRED PLUMMER, M.A., D.D., Master of University College, Durham. London : Hodder & Stoughton. 1888. (The Expositor's Bible.)

THE Pastoral Epistles were the first of the writings bearing St. Paul's name to be denounced by modern historical scepticism. They are the last which it seems likely to release from its grasp. Schleiermacher, from whom the German theology of the present century has received in so many directions its impulse and initiative, in 1807 definitely raised this critical problem. He attempted to show on internal grounds that the "so-called" First Epistle of Paul to Timothy [No. CXLV.]—NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII. No. 1.      A

was nothing more than a clumsy compilation from 2 Timothy and Titus, worked over and adapted to post-apostolic times. Eichhorn, in his *Introduction*, and De Wette still more decidedly in his *Commentary*, extended the same doubts to all three Epistles. These attacks were, however, of a desultory and purely negative character, and left the origin of the documents unexplained. They proved to be the prelude to a far more dangerous assault, directed against the historical character and claims of the New Testament generally, which was commenced in the year 1835 by the epoch-making work of F. C. Baur, of Tübingen, on "the so-called Pastoral Epistles of the Apostle Paul." In this discussion Baur first developed, with astonishing subtlety and learning, his peculiar critical method, and laid down the principles on which the Tendency School has based its reconstruction of the history of the Primitive Church and the growth of the New Testament Canon. The Tübingen master found in the Pastoral Epistles a product of second-century orthodoxy, written, under cover of the Apostle's name, by way of polemic against heretical Gnosticism, and in the interest of Catholic Church union and ecclesiastical discipline. From the standpoint gained in this essay, Baur proceeded to attack the other Pauline writings, leaving at last only the four major Epistles standing as authentic remains of the veritable Paul.

The defenders of the New Testament have by this time driven back the Tübingen assault along the whole line. English rationalists, indeed, continue to publish, with a refreshing air of novelty, theories and speculations that in the land of their birth are already dead and buried. But Baur's successors in Germany have, in almost every instance, retreated from the extreme positions of their leader, and the genuineness of all the thirteen Epistles, with the exception of the Pastorals and Ephesians, is admitted by one or other of the leading Rationalistic critics. With these writers we must range, on this particular question, other scholars of eminence, who are undoubtedly on the side of faith in Jesus and the Resurrection, such as Harnack,\* of Germany, the brilliant

---

\* See the *Expositor*, 3rd series, v. 335, note 1.



French Professor, A. Sabatier,\* and seemingly, Dr. Edwin Hatch † of Oxford, who decline to accept these books in their canonical form as genuine writings of the Apostle.

Those who hold by the Pauline authorship, as we assuredly do, are therefore called upon to give some reason for their faith. And this is the more needful in view of the revived interest visible on many sides in questions of Church history and polity, which cannot fail to bring these documents into the front of the field of controversy. We want to be sure of the ground on which we stand. We can make little effective use of these Epistles if it remain doubtful whether they are the real expression of St. Paul's mind, or have been imposed on the Church by some clever ecclesiastic of the second century, and embody nothing more than the ideas and aims current in orthodox circles at that epoch. Let the Pastoral Epistles be struck out of the Canon, and, while the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel remain unimpaired, we should still feel ourselves greatly impoverished, missing not only some that we have counted amongst the most sacred passages of inspired Scripture, but robbed of much that has helped to complete our view of the life and growth, the difficulties and temptations, of the Apostolic Church, and the functions and qualifications of its ministry—of much, too, of precious import bearing on the history of the Apostle Paul himself. Great as our loss would be, we must still submit to it, if the Church proves to have been deceived in these long-treasured writings. "We can do nothing against the truth." To foreclose such questions and forbid inquiry into the authenticity and historical worth of canonical writings on dogmatic grounds, or on the mere authority of ecclesiastical tradition, is a useless and, for Protestant Churches, a suicidal policy. The Word of God has nothing to fear from honest criticism. In the case of these Epistles, we are persuaded that it concerns historical truth no less than Christian orthodoxy that they should be finally cleared from the aspersions of the Baurian scepticism. The critics who could sacrifice to the necessities of their

---

\* In his *L'apôtre Paul*, 2nd ed., *Avant-propos*, and pp. 239-248; also article "Pastorales," in the *Encyclopédie d. Sciences religieuses*.

† Article "Pastoral Epistles," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 9th edition.

historical speculations documents so transparently genuine and irreproachable (our enemies themselves being judges) as the Epistles to the Philippians and to Philemon, only need to be met by criticism sufficiently searching and scientific to make it evident that their judgment was equally at fault in regard to the letters to Timothy and Titus.

It is to be regretted that the interpretation of these books has fallen so much behind that of the other Epistles of St. Paul. A more complete and penetrating exegesis would, we imagine, set some controverted passages in a different light, and would reveal connection of thought and historical relevance in what is apt to seem pointless and obscure. Dr. Ellicott's grammatical method, admirable and indispensable within its limits, scarcely touches the crucial difficulties of the subject. Huther's industry and good sense are only a partial substitute for the exegetical genius of Meyer,\* whose work unfortunately terminated with the Epistles to Colossians and Philemon. English students miss still more in this field the guidance of the broad and luminous scholarship and the fine literary tact of Dr. Lightfoot. Amongst the many services which the British Churches look for from Bishop Lightfoot—whose restored health may it please God in His goodness to preserve!—none is more urgent than that of the elucidation of the Pastoral Epistles; and we doubt if there is any man living so competent for the task. Dr. Wace has supplied a powerful vindication of the Pastorals in his *Introduction* in the Speaker's Commentary, and Canon Farrar in the Appendix to his *St. Paul*; Dr. Salmon in his masterly *Introduction to the New Testament*, and finally Dr. Plummer, in his excellent and most useful commentary in the *Expositor's Bible*, have carried on the defence no less effectively. Dr. Samuel Davidson, in the last edition of his *Introduction to the New Testament*, gives a very complete summary of the sceptical arguments. In Germany, Wiesinger, the *collaborateur* of Olshausen, and Hofmann, amongst other able defenders of the Pauline

---

\* This great critic we regret to count amongst the opponents of authenticity. His "remark" on the Epistles to Timothy and Titus appended to § 1 of the "Introduction" to his Commentary on *Romans*, amounts, however, to little more than an *ipse dixit*.

authenticity, have grappled with the subject in its modern aspects with conspicuous ability. Hofmann's exposition, though marred by his caprice and super-subtlety, has materially advanced the study of these writings.

Holtzmann's recent book, whose title stands at the head of this article, contains the most full and authoritative treatment which the question has hitherto received from the rationalistic side. He maintains, following Baur, that the letters originated with the orthodox Catholic Church party in Rome, about the year 140 A.D. Holtzmann, however, lays less emphasis on their anti-heretical and more upon their "catholicizing" tendency than did his predecessors, regarding it as the principal object of these writings to confirm Church authority and surround it with an Apostolic halo. Subordinate to this purpose, in his view, was the endeavour of the unknown author to strike a blow at Gnostic heresy, not indeed in its extreme Marcionite form, as Baur supposed, but in the earlier, semi-Judaic stage of its development. The picture the Epistles give of Church organization and of heretical teaching—a confused representation, as Holtzmann regards it—he attributes to the attempt of the *falsarius* to combine the notions of his own day with what he imagines proper to St. Paul. This theory, it will be seen, makes decided concessions to orthodox criticism; it is compelled to admit a large element of Pauline verisimilitude previously denied.\* And it ascribes to the supposed ecclesiastical romancer a conscious, and in great part successful, reproduction of the social and mental conditions of a bygone age, as

---

\* Renan's account of the Pastorals (*L'Église chrétienne*, pp. 95-106, and *Saint Paul*, pp. xxiii.-lii.) indicates a certain reaction against the extreme rigour of the Baurian hypothesis. M. Renan's literary sense and conscience save him from endorsing the charges of *feebleness* and *vapidity*, which it suits the Tendency critics to make against these writings. "Some passages of these letters," he says, "are so beautiful that we cannot help asking whether the forger had not in his hands some authentic notes of Paul, which he incorporated in his apocryphal composition." "What runs through the whole is admirable practical good sense. . . . The piety our author advocates is wholly spiritual. You can perceive the influence of St. Paul, . . . a sort of sobriety in mysticism, a great fund of rectitude and sincerity." This is a *forger*! In M. Renan paradox is always verging upon jest. Renan dates the Epistles about 100 A.D.

well as of the dialect and manner of thought of the Apostle Paul—a kind of success, so far as we know, quite unexampled and essentially foreign to the literary habits and attainments of early Christian writers.\*

Holtzmann's work is a characteristic sample of German Biblical scholarship. In its five hundred closely printed pages of multifarious learning and keen analysis, the fruit of enormous industry, the subject is exhausted. Not a point is missed; not a single contribution to the study of the question of any moment seems to be overlooked. Everything is said that criticism can possibly say. It is well if our poor little letters are not crushed by the mere weight of the ponderous indictment brought against them! May we dare to say that we rise from a repeated perusal of this most able and exhaustive book more convinced than ever that Paul and no other wrote the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, from the first word to the last? Holtzmann's essay is admirable as a critical *tour de force*. If we might forget the conditions of historical and literary construction, and imagine ourselves in a world peopled by vocabularies and phrase-books, where sentences come together and works of literature grow up by some kind of elective affinity, then such theories would be plausible. But the daylight of fact and real life is fatal to them. The practical sense of English students will not allow them for long to be fascinated by the *idola* of a subjective and hyper-scholastic criticism.

Indeed Holtzmann's hypothesis of the Pastorals, like some other of his critical reconstructions, is its own sufficient refutation. It breaks down by its very magnitude and complicated ingenuity. No fabricator of the second century was clever enough to need all this ado to find him out. It would have required a skill surpassing that of the detectives, to contrive the plot that still seems to baffle them. The cunning interpolations and imitations, the deft touches of Pauline

---

\* Contrast this astonishing skill and success of the supposed *falsarius* in mimicking the style and sentiments and doctrine of Paul, with the bungling failure of his attempt, on the "critical" hypothesis, to fit his compositions into the historical framework given him in the Acts of the Apostles. Who ever heard of a forger at once so clever and so stupid—so adroit and maladroit!

colouring, the veiled allusions and nicely calculated introduction of matter relevant to later times which the critics with incredible acuteness have discovered, the deceptive air of truthfulness and unstudied freshness which the pseudo-Paul has thrown over his work—all this belongs to the literary artifice of the nineteenth century. Baur and his disciples have projected their own subtlety and the accomplishments of their own German professional circles into the Christian mind of the second century, to which such aptitudes were wholly wanting. At the same time, they impute to that mind a readiness to deceive and to be deceived, which is contrary to all that we know of its character. The early Church neither could invent such documents as these, nor would have received them universally without reasonable warrant. For specimens of fictitious early Christian literature, we have the pseudo-Clementine books, the Apocryphal Gospels, and the Epistle to the Laodiceans; and who would say that these writings approach in any degree to the *vraisemblance* of our Epistles? The study of this latest and highly characteristic attempt of the Tendency criticism produces in our mind a strong impression of the arbitrary nature of its assumptions and the futility of its results.

The *external* attestation of these Epistles Holtzmann handles in a hesitating and gingerly fashion, in significant contrast with the dogmatic confidence which seems to be natural to him. It is the way of the Tübingen critics to minimize patristic evidence, and to assume in orthodox writers of the early Church an unlimited credulity in favour of any document that served to support established doctrine. He devotes to this branch of the subject but nine out of his 282 pages of criticism, thrusting it into a concluding subsection of his argument (pp. 257–266). It would be impossible to express more decidedly than Holtzmann does in this way, his indifference to the judgment of the great Church leaders who founded the New Testament Canon. Weiss's statement, that "the Pastoral Epistles are as strongly attested as any writings of Paul," remains unshaken. Holtzmann himself admits it to be nearer the truth than the hardy assertion of Baur, to the effect that they are supported by "no testimony of any weight

earlier than the end of the second century." How Holtzmann reconciles their acknowledged use in the Epistles of Ignatius and Polycarp with the late Baurian date he still assigns to them, we are at a loss to understand. Marcion, with Tatian (in regard to 1 and 2 Timothy) and some other Gnostics, alone dissented from the Church of the second century in this matter; but Marcion must have ceased to be a *Marcionite*, if he had given a place in his Apostolicon to writings so directly opposed to his heretical views. Now that it is demonstrated that Marcion's *Luke*—the only Gospel he accepted—was a mutilated and corrupted edition of the canonical Third Gospel, his name is no longer of any account in questions of canonicity. Tertullian's reference to Marcion on this point clearly implies that Marcion *knew* the books, and *excluded* them from the list of Pauline Epistles in which they already held in his time a recognized place. If Tertullian is to be trusted, we can therefore trace as far back as the middle of the second century not the *origin*, but the *general recognition and ecclesiastical use* of the Pastoral Epistles, which of course involves their previous diffusion through the Church, and a very considerable term of pre-existence. This is but one point out of several in which recent criticism has served to bring out more clearly the force and definiteness of the testimony to the early reception of the Pastorals. "If the battle had to be fought on the ground of external evidence," Dr. Salmon justly says, "the Pastoral Epistles would gain a complete victory."

But we must follow our opponents into their favourite field of *internal criticism*. Here, we hasten to admit, there are certain difficulties and obscurities which call for inquiry, and which inevitably awakened suspicion in the modern critical mind. Chief amongst these is the fact—now generally admitted, and against which apologists like Otto and Wieseler, and even Reuss in his earlier discussions, have contended in vain—that no place can be found for the Pastorals in the scheme of Paul's life given in the Acts of the Apostles. On the other hand, we maintain that Luke's biography expressly leaves the Apostle's story unfinished; and that, if there be evidence sufficient to prove these letters written by St. Paul,

they become themselves decisive evidence that his life extended beyond the point reached in Acts xxviii. Against this supposition there is no counter-evidence of any worth. The testimony of tradition, such as it is,\* inclines in its favour. The record of the Acts, if it does not supply the historical basis of these Epistles, at any rate leaves the ground clear for them. Granting their fullest force to the embarrassments and uncertainties of the traditional view, it appears to us, on a candid re-examination, that the difficulties in the way of the non-Pauline hypothesis are vastly greater, and amount, in fact, to a literary and historical impossibility.

We propose to examine in support of this position—(1) *the vocabulary and style* of the Pastoral Epistles; (2) *their personal and circumstantial details*; (3) *their doctrinal features*; and (4) *the ecclesiastical situation* which they assume. At present we must confine ourselves to the first two of the above topics, which supply a distinct, and, to our mind, demonstrative argument for the strict Pauline authorship. The theological and ecclesiastical contents of the Epistles we hope to discuss hereafter.

I. In examining the vocabulary of the Pastorals every observer is struck by the number of their *hapax legomena*, or words peculiar to them in the New Testament. Holtzmann (pp. 86–95) enumerates seventy-four in the six chapters of 1 Timothy, forty-six in the four of 2 Timothy, and twenty-eight in the three of Titus; add to these twenty-three verbal peculiarities common to two or more of the letters, and we have a total of 171 out of 897, or *nearly a fifth* of the words of the Pastorals, which are found nowhere else in the books of the New Testament. (The list given in the valuable appendices to the Thayer-Grimm N. T. Lexicon agrees closely with

---

\* It is strange, indeed, that the Church preserved so shadowy a recollection of later Apostolic times. With the last sentence of the Acts the curtain drops suddenly upon an unfinished scene, full of light and action, which we were watching with the most eager interest. It seems, to change the figure, as though the glare of the fires of burning Rome and Jerusalem had thrown all contemporary events into the shade. Christian minds were so pre-occupied and overwhelmed with the national convulsions taking place, which in view of the prophecies of Christ appeared manifestly to portend the end of the world, that personal incidents remained unrecorded, or left but a faint impress on the memory.

this estimate). On the first blush of the matter this looks suspicious. The Epistle to the Hebrews, whose direct authorship most critics deny to St. Paul, contains in its thirteen longer chapters a slightly smaller number of hapax-legomena. The Epistle of James, the only work of its author, in five chapters has but seventy-three, one less than 1 Timothy with six ; while the Apocalypse, with all its specialty of matter, has only 156 such words in its twenty-two chapters.

But let us compare the vocabulary of the Pastorals with that of other Pauline Epistles, and we shall find the objection turned into a defence. The Apostle Paul, as it appears, excelled his companion writers in the New Testament in versatility of expression, no less than in intellectual breadth and force. And we are able to trace a gradual advance in the freedom and variety of his dialect. In the two Thessalonian Epistles, forming the first group of his extant writings, there is an average of *five* hapax-legomena to the chapter ; in Romans, of the second group, the average number is nearly *seven* ; in Ephesians and Colossians together, *eight* ; in Philippians, a little later, and though the subject-matter is of so general a purport, the figure reaches *ten*. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Pastorals furnish *thirteen* hapax-legomena to the chapter, especially when it is remembered that this is the last group of the four, and that if later writings from the same hand had been extant, the list of its peculiarities would in all likelihood have been reduced. The regular progression of the above figures marks them as belonging to one and the same series. They show in St. Paul a writer whose mind, fixed as it was in its essential principles, yet never grew stereotyped nor encased itself in set phrases and formulæ, but to the last was active and sensitive, ever taking on new colours and modes of expression from its changing environment.

That this is the true interpretation of the statistics we have given, is confirmed by the remarkable variety of language apparent in this single group. Only *a ninth* of their entire vocabulary is common to the three Epistles, notwithstanding their close connection of thought. This ninth of the whole forms *a third* of the words of Titus—evidently the middle letter of the group ; somewhat less than *a fourth* of its



verbiage occurs in neither of its comrades, and the remainder, *nearly a half*, it shares with one or other of the two. Now an imitator, seeking to palm off his writings as St. Paul's, would, presumably, have followed the language of his exemplar more closely than the actual writer has done; he would infallibly have *repeated himself* more frequently, when he had once formed a dialect which he thought would pass for the Apostle's. On comparing Colossians with its neighbours, Ephesians and Philippians, we find it agreeing with both in a little less, and differing from both in somewhat more than *a third* of its vocabulary; in the remaining third it coincides with one or other of the two, with Ephesians, of course, in a greatly preponderating degree. Of the words of Galatians, above two-thirds recur in the kindred Romans. These results correspond very closely with that given by comparison of Titus with its fellows, allowance being made for the greater variety of matter in the earlier sets of letters. The author of the Pastoral Epistles has the same freshness and fertility of expression that distinguished the Paul of the accepted Epistles. And, after all, his language is substantially Pauline. Out of the 726 words common to the Pastorals with other New Testament books, while 133 occur elsewhere only in non-Pauline books (including Hebrews), in the remaining 593, or as nearly as possible *two-thirds* of their whole lexical context—the same proportion in which Galatians is identified with Romans—they associate themselves with the older Epistles of the Apostle.

The analysis of the 171 *hapax legomena* yields interesting results. A number of them are merely variations of characteristic words of Paul, branches of the same word-stem—e.g., ἀκαίρως, ἀνάλυσις,\* ἰδραῖωμα, σιμνότης, ὑπερπλεονάζω, ὑποτύπωσις, φρεναπάτης. In the earlier Epistles one notes an increasing fondness† for *compound* words, sometimes of strange and

---

\* The first two of these belong to a small group of words, including also κέρδος, προκοπή, σιμνός, σπένδομαι, by which the Pastorals are connected with Philippians, probably the nearest of Paul's previous writings.

† Any one who will compare the *hapax legomena* of Colossians, or Philippians, with those of any of the Epistles of the earlier groups, as given in Thayer's *Appendix* to Grimm's *Lexicon*, will easily verify this statement.

original forms. This tendency is yet more noticeable in the Pastorals. Out of some 200 negative compounds (in ἀ- or ἀν-) in the Greek Testament Lexicon, 40 are peculiar to the other Pauline Epistles, and no less than 15 to these books alone. In Paul and the Pastorals alone are found compounds of ἑτερο-, καλο-, κενο-, ὀρθο-; ἱερο- appears but once (A. xix. 37) elsewhere. Compare further the peculiar derivatives of οἰκο-, φιλο-, ψευδο-, and of λόγος and φρῆν (-φρον-) in the second member, with their parallels in other Epistles. Such comparison, when extending to a large number of particulars, seems to us to supply a peculiarly delicate test of authorship. For while a forger may with some success reproduce in novel combinations the identical language of his original, to create fresh words on the same analogy, and even to carry on further, up to the date required, the growing verbal habits and hobbies (if we may so say) of the master, is a feat of literary personation beyond belief.

Subtracting from the Pastoral vocabulary that which is either contained in other Pauline letters or has its analogy and basis there, the residue is, for the most part, not difficult of explanation. The bulk of the really isolated and extraordinary expressions of these books are due to their subject-matter. *Faith unfeigned, sound speech uncondemned, the doctrine according to godliness, a spirit of discipline, a good degree; the deposit, the laying on of hands, the presbytery;* and, on the other hand, *fables and endless genealogies, questionings and logomachies, oppositions of falsely named knowledge; men diseased, puffed up, corrupted in mind and bereft of truth, vain talkers and deceivers, greedy of base gain, making shipwreck of faith*—these phrases are as distinctive of and proper to the Pastoral Epistles as *justification and adoption, bondage and works of law* to Romans and Galatians, or *the fulness of Christ, His body the Church, principalities and powers, wisdom and mystery* to Ephesians and Colossians. Provided there is nothing un-Pauline in their structure, the novelty of such words tells in no way against them. New circumstances, in a mind like St. Paul's, inevitably call forth new ideas and expressions. The question passes from the domain of language to that of history. And we shall have to consider whether it

was possible and likely that before the Apostle's death the condition of things had come about which the expressions we have quoted were intended to describe.

There is, it is curious to observe, a group of words in these letters connecting them distinctly with *Hebrews* and with the writings of *Luke* (between which, as is well known, there are many resemblances of language). Out of the 133 words employed in these, but not in other acknowledged letters of St. Paul, 17 belong to the Epistle to the Hebrews, and 34 to the Third Gospel or the Acts.\* Amongst these are several so rare and distinctive that they unmistakably suggest the existence of some close link of association connecting the several writers with each other. We note as bearing on the same point the predilection of our author for *medical* figures and phrases, of which there are distinct but less numerous traces in earlier Epistles.† These features of the dialect of the Pastorals are naturally explained by the intimate and prolonged companionship which "Luke, the beloved physician," enjoyed with the Apostle in his declining years. The pathetic reference of 2 Tim. iv. 11, "Only Luke is with me," affords one of those "undesigned coincidences," which are of peculiar force in arguments of this kind. Heb. xiii. 23, 24, supplies the needed link between the writer of that Epistle, Timothy, and Rome; and leads us to suppose that he was in touch with the little circle surrounding the Apostle in his Roman prison.

Occasional *Latinisms*, appearing now for the first time, indicate the effect on Paul's speech of his prison-life in Rome, and his travels in the West—probably as far as Spain (to "the limits of the West," *Clemens Romanus*). If there is still left, after all that has been said, a residuum of expressions that "defy all attempts at explanation" (Weiss), this will not

---

\* See *The Pauline Antilegomena*, a paper by the lamented W. H. Simcox, in the *Expositor*, 3rd series, viii. 180-192; also Holtzmann, pp. 95-97, for details: a few words are special to the three in common.

† On *St. Luke and St. Paul, their mutual relations*, see the *Expositor* (Dean Plumptre), 1st series, iv. 134-160—e.g., *cancer*, *cauterized*, *diseased about questions*, *having itching ears*; and especially the frequent recurrence of *sound*, *wholesome*, and the opposite, applied to character and teaching. For other Epistles, see Col. ii. 19, and Lightfoot's note in his *Commentary*.

surprise us when we remember how much of the circumstances of Paul's life in these latest years, and of his mental history, is unknown to us. Much the same might be said concerning the language of the undoubted Epistles.

When we look at the larger features of style and composition, the conclusion drawn from our examination of the writer's vocabulary is confirmed. True, we miss here, as Holtzmann says, "the pervasive dialectical character," the organic unity and logical articulation of the major Epistles; although, in some instances, this defect probably lies not so much with the author as the interpreter, who fails to catch the logical thread which in reality runs through these detached warnings and instructions. We miss also notably the passion and glow, the incomparable vigour and *verve* of the earlier Paul. This is only to be expected. We are listening to "Paul the aged," as he called himself perhaps three years before this time (Philem. 9), a man broken by hardship and imprisonment. In the Epistle to the Romans the Apostle's thought and style are in their noontide of strength and fervour; in Ephesians we find their mellow afternoon; and in the Pastorals the time of evening has arrived, with its shaded light and slackened step. Neither the subjects on which he writes, nor the need of his correspondents, call for the mental effort put forth in the letters to Corinth and Rome. But if these writings do not exhibit the *sustained* power of Paul's great Epistles, the *same* power manifests itself—the Pauline subtlety of reasoning, and wealth of theological conception, and intensity of personal feeling—coming out in single expressions, and sentences that flash with the genius of the old master. Who but the Apostle Paul could have penned such passages as 1 Tim. i. 8-11; ii. 5-7; 2 Tim. i. 8-12; iv. 6-8; 16-18; Tit. i. 1-4; ii. 11-15; iii. 4-8? "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires." The Church has not erred in discerning in these books the ring of Paul's voice and inspiration.

If the logical particles of the argumentative Epistles are missing—if γὰρ, for instance, recurs oftener in Galatians than in the three Pastorals together, and ἄρα, ἐπειτα, ἔτι, ὥστε never put in an appearance, this is in favour of authenticity rather than

otherwise. Nothing would have been easier for a man steeped in Paulinism like the hypothetical falsarius, than to sprinkle his pages with catchwords of this kind. And the same objection applies with almost equal force to the letters of the First Imprisonment, which form in several respects a middle term between the major Epistles and the Pastorals.

It is true, again, that instances of *anacoluthon* and *parenthesis*, of the interrupted and varied periods so characteristic of Paul's style, are infrequent here; but the reason for this is obvious—namely, that the long-drawn argument and passionate feeling of the great Epistles are also wanting. Broken periods, notwithstanding, do occur, as in 1 Tim. i. 3 *ff.* (comp. Rom. v. 12 *ff.*); 1 Tim. ii. 1, resumed in ver. 11 (comp. Eph. iii. 1-14); 1 Tim. iii. 15 *f.*; Tit. i. 1-3; iii. 4-7. The tendency of Paul's sentences, often remarked, to grow out of shape, extending themselves indefinitely in a chain of prepositional, participial, or relative clauses, reaches an extreme in such passages as 1 Tim. i. 18-20 (comp., for the string of relatives, 1 Cor. ii. 7, 8; Col. i. 27-29); iv. 1-3; vi. 13-16; 2 Tim. 3-12; Tit. i. 1-4 (comp. Rom. i. 1-7); ii. 11-14. These periods reproduce the Pauline manner, without the least sign of artifice or imitation. In what other writer can we find such looseness of grammatical construction combined with such closeness and continuity of thought? "St. Paul's style," M. Renan says, "is the most personal that ever was—hardly a consecutive phrase in it; it is a rapid conversation, stereotyped and reproduced without correction." This is precisely the impression which the reading of these Epistles makes on the Greek Testament scholar.

Let the student compare, for example, 1 Tim. ii. with a practical section of the early Epistles—say, Rom. xiii.: he will discover an identical method and movement of mind in both places—injunction guarded by careful distinction and explanation, supported by large general principles, and then enforced by appeals to the presence of God or of Christ—all this poured out as a living stream of thought, in the most informal manner one can conceive. Or let him put 1 Tim. vi. 3-12 by the side of Col. ii. 8-iii. 4, as a specimen of the Apostle's later polemical style. In each case he sets out by stating the con-

tradition of the principles condemned to the doctrine of Christ, going on to indicate the character of their professors and the outcome of their teaching, and concludes by urging his readers to pursue the opposite path and showing them its glorious issue.

Among minor mannerisms which these epistles share with the others of St. Paul are the argumentative use of οἶδα in the phrases *Knowing this, But we know*, &c.; the reference to opponents as *τινές* (*certain persons*); the frequent use of *if any, if anything else*, for *whosoever, whatever else*; the characteristic *in Christ* as a distinguishing adjunct of Christian acts and states; the intensive use of πᾶς to heighten qualities, as *all acceptance, long suffering*, &c.; the employment of πιστεύω in the *passive* (exclusively Pauline in the New Testament, found thrice here, five times elsewhere); the agreement of ὅστις with its predicate (1 Tim. iii. 15, six times in other Epp.; A. xvi. 12 is different); of μάλιστα, *especially*, in qualifications (four times here, thrice in Paul elsewhere); and the *accusative of apposition to a sentence*, an idiom confined to 1 Tim. ii. 6 and two earlier passages of St. Paul. Most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the order *Christ Jesus* (according to the critical texts), in which our Saviour's name is written wherever His official character or His present rule over His servants and relation to them are in the writer's mind. The distinction between *Jesus Christ* (historical) and *Christ Jesus* (official) has never been observed by any other Christian writer with the same instinctive care and delicacy as by St. Paul. Now, the appearance of new and the disappearance of older forms of speech are accountable in the later compositions of a versatile writer. But the persistence in these Epistles of so many Pauline idiosyncrasies, and these of so varied a character as we have shown them to be, sporadic in their occurrence, and inwoven into the entire texture of thought and speech, is only consistent with one assumption—namely, that their titular is also their actual author, and that the word *Paul* with which they each begin, is truth and is no lie.

II. We have now to examine *the personal data* of the three Epistles.

In the case of 2 Timothy, the references to person and place are so multiplied—more numerous, in fact, than in any other

Epistle except Romans—and wear so genuine an aspect, that they have secured in its favour the verdict of many critics, including Schleiermacher, Bleek, Neander, Ritschl, and finally Reuss (formerly accepting all three), who reject one or both of its comrades. Others, such as Ewald, Renan, Hausrath, Hitzig, Pfeiderer, Sabatier, are inclined to see in these circumstantial notices (2 Tim. i. 15–18; iv. 9–21; also Tit. iii. 12–15) fragments of one or more lost letters of the Apostle. Holtzmann, following Baur, declines all theories of partial authenticity (pp. 119–126); he regards these verses as *concocted* for the express purpose of giving a colour to documents wholly spurious and supposititious. This is, at least, consistent. The three Epistles must stand or fall together, and in their integrity; they are of one piece and texture. If the genuineness of 2 Timothy is certified by circumstantial evidence, the reason is gone for impugning the rest; for their dialect, and the ecclesiastical situation they suppose, are already proved to be Pauline. Let us call these passages in review, and see if they do not commend themselves and the documents to which they belong.

The mention, in ch. i. 15, of the Asiatic party, “of whom is Phygellus and Hermogenes,” serves as a motive for Timothy to “guard the good deposit” (ver. 14; again in ch. ii. 1); and the desertion of these men in turn reminds Paul of the contrasted behaviour of Onesiphorus (vv. 16–18). The tidings and messages concluding the letter are the most miscellaneous of the kind in Paul’s correspondence. They are thrown out with the naïve, unstudied freedom natural when the heart is full and there are many things to say, and perhaps little time to say them. Renan’s phrase, “conversation stereotyped,” admirably describes 2 Tim. iv. 9–21. The repeated “Come quickly” of Paul’s yearning heart (vv. 9, 21) is put down by Holtzmann (p. 62), as in Tit. iii. 12, to the “tendency” of the writer, who is anxious that Timothy and Titus “should not seem too independent by the side of the Apostle!”—a veritable *reductio ad absurdum* in little of the Tübingen method. The despatch of “Titus to Dalmatia” (ver. 10) agrees with the summons given him in Tit. iii. 12 “to Nicopolis,” lying in the same direction. The Apostle

wishes to have *Mark* by his side, as well as Timothy himself (ver. 11); and this surely suggests his saying "Tychicus have I sent\* to *Ephesus*" (ver. 12); he is not forgetting that Timothy is there,† but intimates that after Timothy's departure for Rome *Ephesus* would not be left without oversight (comp. Tit. iii. 12). We know from Col. iv. that Mark had recovered St. Paul's esteem, forfeited as related in Acts xiii.; also that he was with the Apostle during his former imprisonment at Rome, when he had doubtless shown himself "useful to him for service;" and, moreover, that he was then about to set out for Asia, whence Paul now desires to recall him. The "cloak" and "books" (ver. 13), we presume, were "left at Troas with Carpus" on St. Paul's last journey to Macedonia (1 Tim. i. 3), which found an unexpected terminus in the prison at Rome. The "tendency" critics are sadly at a loss to account for the manufacture of these articles. The thought of the coming "winter" (ver. 21) reminds the imprisoned man of his old cloak; and in his solitude he craves the companionship of books. "Alexander the coppersmith" (vv. 14, 15) is the link between the Apostle's directions to Timothy and the account of his own position he is about to give in vv. 16-18. This man had borne witness, directly or indirectly, against Paul at Rome, and this was not the first injury suffered from him: was it through his machinations that the Apostle's renewed imprisonment had come about? Timothy, in starting for Rome, is warned against his plots. The satisfaction St. Paul feels in having proclaimed his great message on the occasion of making his defence before the Emperor's tribunal (ver. 17), is in keeping with what he intimates in Rom. i. 8, 14-16 (comp. A. xxiii. 11) touching the importance that belonged to the Imperial city as a centre for Christianity in the Gentile world. This opportunity was, in truth, the climax of the Apostle's mission to the heathen (A. ix. 15; xxviii. 24). Ver. 18 signifies that his present deliverance is but a respite, it may be for a few months (ver. 21), leaving no doubt in his mind as to

---

\* "Sent" probably with this very letter. Ἀπέστειλα we may take to be "epistolary aorist," written from the reader's standpoint, as in Col. iv. 8.

† So we learn from ver. 19, if not from the general tenor of the letter, in its connection with 1 Timothy.



the final issue; it is "into Christ's *heavenly* kingdom" that Paul now looks to be "saved." Perhaps the salutation to "the house of Onesiphorus" (ver. 19; comp. ch. i. 16) recalls to the writer's mind "Erastus" and "Trophimus" (ver. 20), who had failed to render him the service expected from them. One is surprised, however, that Timothy should be told of what had occurred "at Miletus," but a few miles distant from Ephesus, months before this time. Possibly the Apostle at this point is talking to *himself* rather than to Timothy; he drops into soliloquy. Erastus we have met with before as a Corinthian and an associate of Timothy (A. xix. 22; Rom. xvi. 23); Trophimus was an Asian (A. xx. 4).

The names of those who greet Timothy from Rome bear the marks of authenticity. They are new to the Epistles; two of them are Greek, two Latin names. "Linus" appears in the list of the first Bishops of Rome. Twenty-three members of the Apostolic Church are mentioned in this letter; eleven of them for the first and last time in the New Testament. In the cases of the other twelve, there is nothing at variance with, nor anything repeated from, what we learn from other quarters of the persons referred to; but much that agrees with it, and in unexpected ways.

Towards Timothy and Titus, some of the critics say, Paul is made to assume a domineering attitude, lecturing and "scolding" Timothy forsooth, as if he were "a raw catechumen!" This is grossly exaggerated. What we do see is the apostolic dignity, softened by a tender sympathy, and blended in Timothy's case with apprehension, in which St. Paul at the height of his authority charges his representatives placed in circumstances of grave responsibility and peril. He addresses Timothy, his helper for many years, as a *young* man (1 Tim. iv. 12; 2 Tim. ii. 22; comp. Tit. ii. 15); but even if the letters were written so late as 66 A.D., Timothy may still have scarcely passed his thirtieth year, and he was set over the eldership of Ephesus. He was of a nature apt to retain its youth, and to old men those of the next generation always seem young.

On the whole, it does not appear that Timothy's character had matured quite in the way we might have hoped for. He was scarcely as yet prepared to be thrown on his own resources.

The youthful timidity hinted at in 1 Cor. xvi. 10, he had not sufficiently outgrown; the repeated exhortations to courage and endurance addressed to him in the Second Epistle imply some failure in this respect. With this was connected a want of firmness, a pliability and accessibility to private influences, against which he needed to be cautioned (1 Tim. v. 19-22). We imagine there was something recluse and contemplative in his disposition, tending to abstract him from public and practical duties (1 Tim. iv. 11-16); and associated with this a touch of asceticism, which made him weaker to resist the very temptations he most shunned (1 Tim. v. 22-23). And we suspect that Hofmann is right in inferring from 1 Tim. vi. 3-12, that the young minister was sometimes inclined, in his weariness and despondency, to envy the easy, gainful life which false teachers were pursuing under his eyes. In fact, Timothy's was a fine, but not a robust nature; one that was liable to suffer from an uncongenial atmosphere, and ill-framed for conflict and leadership, with more of the ivy in its composition than the oak. St. Paul found in him the complement of his own bold and active temperament, as Peter did in John, and Luther in Melancthon. In the Apostle's company Timothy had shown admirable devotion and steadfastness (Ph. ii. 19-23). But he drooped alone. Separated so long from his leader, and in surroundings trying in the last degree to his sensitive disposition and delicate frame, his faith and his character were severely strained. The "tears" with which he parted from the Apostle (2 Tim. i. 4) and his reluctance to be left longer at Ephesus (1 Tim. i. 3) were due not merely to his love for his father in Christ, but to the peculiar difficulty to him of the work laid upon him. The portrait which these letters give us of young Timothy is consistent and life-like, and it harmonizes well with the slighter traits preserved in the other Epistles and the Acts.

A plausible objection to 1 Timothy lies in the fact that when he wrote this letter, St. Paul, it appears, had very recently left Timothy behind at Ephesus, after himself paying a visit to the city (ch. i. 3). What need, then, for these detailed and reiterated advices, about matters, too, which, one would have thought, the Apostle might have arranged himself when he was on the spot? Our answer is that, in all probability, *Paul had not been at Ephesus at this time.* "The words of 1 Tim. i. 3

only say that Paul wished Timothy to stay at Ephesus, where he then was, while he himself went on to Macedonia" (Hofmann). Προσμεῖναι means *to remain still, to stay on* (A. xviii. 18), not *to remain behind*, which is ὑπομένειν (A. xvii. 14), or might have been expressed as in Tit. i. 5. And πορευόμενος may signify *on my way, in the course of my journey to Macedonia*, just as well as *setting out to Macedonia* (see A. xxii. 6). The Apostle was bound for Macedonia, and could not afford to turn aside to Ephesus; \* for this very reason he requested Timothy to continue his sojourn there, in order to carry out instructions already given in brief, and which he now communicates at length. The incident of A. xx. 17 seems to have repeated itself, perhaps at the same spot (comp. 2 Tim. iv. 20); only Paul is now travelling in the opposite direction (ch. iv. 13 and 20),† and summons Timothy (not the body of the elders) from Ephesus for an interview,‡ at the end of which his

---

\* Another reason suggests itself for St. Paul's giving Ephesus the go-by. His former ministry there ended in a great popular tumult. He had made powerful and bitter enemies in the city, and left it shaken both in mind and body and in peril of his life (comp. 2 Cor. i. 8-10; 1 Cor. xv. 32, with A. xix). It was "the Jews from Asia" who began the murderous assault upon him afterwards in Jerusalem (A. xxi. 27); and "Alexander the coppersmith," in all likelihood the Jewish leader whom his countrymen put forward in the Ephesian riot (A. xix. 33), had recently done the Apostle "much evil." Paul has sought help from his friends "in Asia" (comp. A. xix. 30, 31)—probably rebutting evidence; and it was refused (through the influence of his opponents there?). All this goes to show that Ephesus was a most dangerous place for St. Paul, and that he had good reason for the sorrowful anticipation of A. xx. 25. His relation to Ephesus was something like that to Thessalonica long before, when he "would fain have come once and again; but Satan hindered."

† It is evident to us that the three Pastoral Epistles were written in quick succession, and that the events connected with them marched rapidly. The course of Paul's movements, in our view, was something like this: He sailed from Crete (calling there, perhaps, on his way East from Spain), where he left Titus; then coasted along the Asiatic shore, calling at Miletus and Troas amongst other places; wrote to Timothy from Macedonia, shortly afterwards to Titus, then proceeded to Corinth, and was arrested and hurried to Rome during the summer, and probably before he reached Nicopolis. The journey to the East proposed in Phil. ii. 24 and Philemon 22 was accomplished, we imagine, *before* the mission to Spain.

‡ Hofmann does not suppose an interview necessary (pp. 66, 67). He thinks the "exhortation" of 1 Tim. i. 3 was made by letter; and that the "tears" of 2 Tim. i. 4 were wept *by letter* in return (*brieflich geweint*)—a conceit by which he compromises an otherwise strong position. There is no need for the Apostle in either Epistle to refer further to the circumstances of his meeting with Timothy. A meeting *somewhere* there clearly had been.

young helper, tearful and reluctant ("I exhorted thee"), returns to his station; and the Apostle pursues his journey, promising to send Timothy a full letter of instructions, based on the representations his assistant had made to him touching his own work and the condition of things in the Ephesian Church. Such a letter we have in the First Epistle to Timothy. Since Paul and Timothy had met so recently, there would be no need for inserting anything in the shape of news or private messages. All that remained to be said was of an official character, and pertained to the public conduct of Timothy's ministry at Ephesus.

If our view of the order of things be correct, then St. Paul's presentiment of six or seven years ago, that the Ephesians would "see his face no more" (A. xx. 25) was verified. He still "hopes to come" (1 Tim. iii. 14; iv. 13), but with no certainty; and we gather from the silence of the second letter that he had failed to do so, and Timothy had still to remain month after month at his unwelcome post, without sight of his dear master, and enduring the hope deferred which "maketh the heart sick." The service of *Onesiphorus* to the Apostle "in Ephesus" (2 Tim. i. 18) may just as well have been rendered to him during his former long residence there. His repulse by "all those in Asia," and the "evil" done him by Alexander, related probably to his trial now in process at Rome, when unfavourable evidence was given by the latter and favourable evidence withheld by the former (ch. i. 15; iv. 14-16). The sentence against "Hymenæus and Alexander" (1 Tim. i. 20)—not the Alexander of 2 Tim. iv. 14—could have been pronounced from a distance, like that against the Corinthian offender (1 Cor. v. 3-5).

Against the authenticity of 2 Timothy it is contended that the exhortations of ch. ii. 1-iv. 6 are inconsistent with the "speedy" coming to Rome which Paul urges on his friend. But it will be observed that these directions are much less specific than those previously given in the First Epistle, and bear on Timothy's own spirit and character rather than his administrative duties; also that his "*doing his diligence* to come before winter" does not forbid, it rather implies uncertainty and causes of delay. Especially must we bear in mind that the

Apostle knew his end to be near, and feared that this might be his last message to his "dear child Timothy" (2 Tim. iv. 5, 6). A similar objection is brought against the Epistle to Titus, grounded on ch. iii. 12, and much the same reply may be made. In this case it will be noticed that Paul expressly provides for the continuance of Titus' mission by "Artemas, or Tychicus;" in which event, we may presume, Titus would hand over the instructions now received to the brother who relieved him.

We have finally to consider the light in which *Paul himself* appears in these Epistles. Why, it is asked, should he write to his old assistants and familiars, his "true children" in the faith, with so much stiffness and formality and such an air of authority, so that the greeting to Titus, for example, is only surpassed by that of the Epistle to the Romans in its solemnity and rhetorical fulness? The answer lies partly in the fact that these Epistles, especially 1 Timothy and Titus, are what we should call "open," or quasi-public letters, written with the Churches of Ephesus and Crete in view, and such as it would be suitable to read, in whole or in part, at their assemblies. The case of Philemon is quite different. And the Apostle writes, above all in 2 Timothy, under the sense that "the time of his departure is at hand," and that he is giving his farewell charge to his successors in the ministry of Christ. His words have the pathetic dignity and weight of a valedictory address.

The critics find something of exaggeration and "extreme rhetoric" in the allusions of 1 Tim. i. 12-17 to Paul's earlier life. But these references are in keeping with 1 Cor. xv. 9 and Eph. iii. 8. The ardent gratitude and profound self-abasement before the sovereignty of Divine grace which animated the Apostle throughout his ministry, naturally come to their fullest expression in his closing years. We catch in these words the very beating of St. Paul's heart. *Nemo potest Paulinum pectus effingere* (Erasmus). To treat them as the cold invention of a *falsarius* is little short of sacrilege. It is said that there is an egotism in the letters, a fondness for reverting to his own history and making himself a model for others, unlike the genuine Paul. (See, however, 1 Th. ii. 1-12; 1 Cor. ix.; iv. 1-6, 16; x. 33, xi. 1; Gal. iv. 11-20; &c.). This feature of the Pastorals is, to our mind, one of the subtlest

traits of reality. How naturally the old man's mind turns to the days of his youth; his memory lingers over the past; he delights to dwell on the great trust that God first committed to him, and which must so soon pass into the hands of others. The *conservatism* of these Epistles is just that of "such an one as Paul the aged." It is truly affecting thus to see the old warrior "fight his battles o'er again," and to note the simple-hearted joy with which he draws from his own trials and triumphs encouragements for the fearful Timothy. His references to the family and childhood of Timothy further show how much the aged Apostle's mind is living in the past (2 Tim. i. 5; iii. 14, 15).

The beauty of St. Paul's "swan-song," in 2 Tim. iv. 6-8, should have raised it for ever above critical suspicion. No passage in his Epistles is more finely touched with the Apostle's genius. It has the Hebraistic rhythm of all his more exalted utterances. It echoes earlier sayings, but without repetition. It is charged, like a river full to the brim, with Paul's deepest thought and tenderest feeling, expressed with a sweetness and serenity that came to his strenuous nature only at rare moments, and speak of a heart at ease within itself, a soul which knows its labour ended and its storms gone by. These verses have an ideal fitness as the Apostle's final record and pronouncement upon his own career. They put the seal of their faithful testimony on the earthly conflicts and toils of Christ's servant, crowned already with the earnest of the crown that awaits him from the hand of his Saviour and Judge. Nor has Christian faith since found any higher expression of its sense of victory in the presence of the last enemy.

The concluding line, in which the Apostle claims the same crown for "all" with himself "who love the Lord's appearing," breathes the essence of the Pauline spirit. It was exactly like him to say this at the summit of his gladness and hope, whose whole life was a sacrifice to the Church of Christ, and his "glory and crown of rejoicing" in the salvation and perfection of his brethren in Christ. He invites us to share his own perfected fellowship in the joy of the Lord. And we accept the token and hold it fast, *knowing from whom we have received it.*

## ART. II.—A HALF-MADE POET.

*Poems.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. London:  
Macmillan & Co.

**W**E are too near our own life, too absorbed in its passing moods and moments, to see the broad, bold outlines which render every individual existence noteworthy. We stand by the side of the hero in the novel or poem, and, as we read of his thoughts as he looked out upon the sunset from his chamber-window or gazed upon the features of the woman he loved, we think to ourselves, "Ah, if my life had but the charm and interest which I see there, how well content could I be to live it!" And all the while there is just the same charm and interest in our lives which there is in his, only we lose the broad, beautiful outlines in the dreary drudgery of the details. The yesterday, which we thought so irksome and commonplace, would wear quite another aspect if viewed through different eyes, or if seen as a finished picture instead of in part; and the very existence, which we speak of as dull and uninteresting, would, if described as somebody else's existence in the pages of a book, appear to us, as to others, full of interest and of charm.

It is just this owl-like dimness of vision, this mental cataract and blindness, which the poet and the painter seek to remove, as Mr. Browning has so aptly told us in "*Fra Lippo Lippi*":—

"For, don't you mark, we're made so that we love  
First when we see them painted, things we have passed  
Perhaps a hundred times, nor cared to see :  
And so they are better painted—better to us,  
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that—  
God uses us to help each other so,  
Lending our minds out. Have you noticed now  
Yon cullion's hanging face? A bit of chalk  
And, trust me, but you should though. How much more  
If I drew higher things with the same truth!"

In all EMERSON'S teaching there is a similar aim. He strives to open our eyes to the beauty which lies all about us

—in the human form, in the bird in the bush, and in the very stones in the street :—

“Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,  
Nor dip thy paddle in the lake,  
But it carves the bow of beauty there,  
And ripples in rhyme the car forsake.”

He would have us see the grace which is to be seen, not only in the oak and in the elm, but in the daisy which we crush underfoot in the meadows; not only in the eagle and in the lark, but in the dingy-brown sparrow twittering cheerily on our house-tops. He is continually urging us to make the most of our own lives. He is incessantly pointing out that the life which you, and I, and each one of us must lead is of the same web and woof as that out of which the life of an Arthur or a Cœur-de-Lion is woven, and that the materials for the making of heroes lie ever ready at hand.

“In the sighing of these woods,” he says, “in the quiet of these grey fields, in the cool breeze that sings out of these northern mountains, in the workmen, the boys, the maidens you meet—in the hope of the morning, the ennui of noon, and the sauntering of the afternoon; in the disquieting comparisons, in the regrets at want of vigour, in the great idea, and the puny execution—behold Charles the Fifth’s day, another, yet the same; behold Chatham’s, Hampden’s, Bayard’s, Alfred’s, Scipio’s, Pericles’s day—day of all that are born of woman.”

In Emerson’s poems there is an utter absence of all that is doleful and depressing. They are bracing as a sea-breeze, and the harp he touches is strung with iron chords. He aims at awakening lofty self-respect in the minds of men. He believes that in even the meanest of us there yet lingers some trace of the Image of God, and it is to this divinity within us to which Emerson addresses himself, and upon which he founds his glad, starlike optimism :—

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,  
So near is God to man,  
When duty whispers low, *Thou must,*  
The youth replies, *I can.*”

With all this, it must be confessed that Emerson’s poetry may not be placed among the poetry of the first rank; it



may not as much as be classed with poetry of the second; judged by the sternest standards, there is a great deal of it which may not claim to be called poetry at all. The saying that the real poetry of a poem is what remains of it after it has been translated into prose is only a half-truth, for true poetry is *true poetical thought expressed in true poetical language*, and if either of these be wanting in any given production it ceases to be poetry in the complete sense, however poetical it may be in and of itself. Poetry, let us once more repeat, is *poetical thought plus poetical form*, and to assert of any work of art that it is a "poem" necessarily implies that both form and sentiment are poetic; and herein it is that Emerson is found wanting. His prose is sometimes genuine poetry, and is almost always poetical, but not all his poems are poetry. When he is most a poet, he rises to within an appreciable distance of being a great one; when, on the other hand, he gives us the result of his uninspired and less happy moments, he comes perilously near being the writer of the veriest doggerel ever penned by a man of genius. It is scarcely conceivable, for instance, that the author of such a verse as,

"Still on the seeds of all He made  
The rose of beauty burns;  
Through times that wear, and forms that fade,  
Immortal youth returns,"

could have written (to quote the most flagrant example of all) such execrable rubbish as the following:—

"Hear you, then, celestial fellows.  
Fits not to be over zealous;  
Steads not to work on the clean jump,  
Nor wine nor brains perpetual pump."

To say that such lines are "wanting in music" would be a ludicrously lenient view of the case, but when Dr. Holmes tells us that Emerson's musical gifts were very limited, and another writer declares he had no ear at all, we cannot help suspecting that this in part must be the explanation of such passages. That he was not indifferent to music is clear from a fine sentence in his address at Concord: "What omni-

science has music !” he says ; “ so absolutely impersonal, and yet every sufferer feels his secret sorrow reached.” It is very certain, however, that a poet who held that “ a man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work, and done his best, but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace,” could never have written such lines as those last quoted, and allowed them to stand, unless he were lacking, not only in all ear for music, but even in the crudest perception of what constitutes, or does not constitute, musical sound. The truth is that, in the strict sense of the word, Emerson was no artist. He has spoken profoundly about Art, but the very essay in which he specially deals with the subject is itself an evidence of his shortcomings. Like all his work, it is lacking in “ evolution,” in logical sequence, and in continuity of thought ; and although it exhibits rare imaginative power as well as poetic insight, and scintillates with innumerable starry points of truth, there are yet gaps and disconnections which sadly mar its effect as a whole. To make matters worse, his theory that “ it is not metre, but a metre-making argument that makes a poem,” betrayed him into a carelessness in respect to style, and into an impatience of artistic detail which he could ill afford to indulge. He held that if the inward thought with which the poet’s brain is pregnant be a thought of pure and perfect poetry, equally pure and perfect will be the outward form in which it bodies itself forth, when the time comes for such thought to brought to birth. The poet, he says,

“ Shall not his brain encumber  
With the coil of rhythm and number,  
But leaving rude and pale forethought,  
He shall aye climb  
For his rhyme,”

And

“ mount to paradise  
By the stairway of surprise.”

To Emerson it seemed as natural that a man of lofty imagination and high intellect should adopt the medium of poetry to express his noblest thoughts as that the Hebrew psalmist should pour forth his inspirations in the measured grandeur of musical

language ; as simple as that birds should sing or waters ripple. And, truth to tell, we can almost as readily picture David and Isaiah racking their brains for neat alliterative phrases or elegant turns for their rhymes as we can picture Emerson doing so. One cannot help suspecting at times that not a few of his crudities and asperities are in part the result of a certain wilfulness—a somewhat exaggerated dislike to the tricks of the ordinary verse-manufacturer and a contempt for everything like poetic millinery or artificial rhyme-making. His poems are the outcome of genuine feeling, and those which were written in his inspired moments are natural, vigorous, and free. What can be more simple and less artificial than the following passage from his “ Each and All ”?

“ I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,  
Singing at dawn on the alder bough ;  
I brought him home in his nest at even,  
He sings the song, but it cheers not now,  
For I did not bring home the river and sky ;—  
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.  
The delicate shells lay on the shore ;  
The bubbles of the latest wave  
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave ;  
And the bellowing of the savage sea  
Greeted their safe escape to me.  
I wiped away the weeds and foam,  
I fetched my sea-born treasures home ;  
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things  
Had left their beauty on the shore,  
With the sun and the sand, and the wild uproar.”

The last line is noticeably happy. For all its simplicity, an ordinary versifier might cast about in his mind for an hour, and then not hit upon words so apt and yet so unaffected. This naturalness is the “ hall-mark ” of the man of genius. Let a true word be spoken, and though it were said but yesterday it will seem as familiar as the face of a lost mother, as simple as the song of the pine-trees, or the long roll of deep waters ; and this same naturalness, this absence of everything like straining for effect, or aiming at fine writing, is one of the most marked characteristics of the singer whom we are considering.

We have referred to the untenable theory of Art held by Emerson—viz., that a thought of pure and perfect poetry will utter itself in a form of like purity and perfection; and, as might be expected, his doctrine of the derivation of poetry is equally Emersonian. He was pre-eminently a seer and a mystic, and the mystical element enters largely into all his poetic beliefs, and at times tends to obscure his meaning. He holds that to write true poetry we must not go to work as we would in building a house, selecting and rejecting, piecing and matching, contriving and arranging, until, out of the materials at our disposal, we have constructed something more or less like that at which we aimed. On the contrary, Emerson believes that the poem already is—that it exists pure and simple in the mind of God, and that our aim must be not so much to create, as to report. We must, it is true, to use a scholastic or theological word, “intend” our mind in the given direction, but passively, not actively; and then stand with minds white and clear as an unwritten page, waiting what the Infinite Mind thinks in ours. If we are true poets, that which we seek will, sooner or later, seem to come near, until at last, with a flash of light as from heaven, the poem we are in search of will be revealed in all its glory. It may be that before we can seize it in its entirety and make it our own, it will pass away again into the inclosing darkness, leaving but a verse, a line, or perhaps only a word behind; but that which we have so witnessed, Emerson believes is of God and from God, and, in proportion to our power as poets, will be our capability of describing what we have seen. The poet, Emerson holds, then, is less the author of his poem than the means or mouthpiece whereby the Great Poet declares and manifests Himself, and he must therefore be of all men the purest in life and the loftiest in morals, for it is only to such that the divine vision is vouchsafed. “If we live truly,” he says, “we shall see truly,” for “So to be, is the sole inlet of so to know.”

As might be expected from this remarkable theory, Emerson comes before us as the singer of thought rather than of passion, of the ethical rather than of the sensuous. He does not so much seek to delight the ear, and to charm the artistic

perceptions, as to ennoble and to uplift the spirit. The serene joy and starlike elevation which he finds in the contemplation of what is lovely are the joy and pleasure of the intellect ; and he knows nothing of the rapturous Hellenic adoration of beauty for its own sake alone. None the less sincere, however, are his sympathy with Nature and his interpretations of her many-coloured moods. His verses are the giving-out again of that which he has received from the Great Mother. We know that what we feel or what we see as we read his poem is born of no cunningly devised word-trickery framed to deceive, but is seen or felt by us because it has first been seen or felt by the poet himself ; and so it is that in one or two of his finest nature-poems we are conscious of blue sky-depths, of the whistling of the wind, and of the opal shimmer of still water.

“Over me soared the eternal sky,  
Full of light and deity,”

might be a couplet from “The Excursion ;” and many of his descriptions of field and forest are wonderfully truthful. He loves

“In plains that room for shadows make  
Of skirting hills, to lie ;”

and, like a true Nature-lover, he asks,

“Canst thou copy in verse one chime  
Of the wood-bell’s peal and cry,  
Write in a book the morning’s prime,  
Or match with words that tender sky ?”

The poem of the “Humble Bee” is a sylvan idyll, full of the joyousness of June sunshine and of the perfume of ripening clover. One almost fancies, as he reads it, that he hears the drowsy hum of the “burly, dozing humble bee,” the “insect lover of the sun,” who

“The green silence dost displace  
With thy mellow, breezy bass.”

And equally delightful is the poet’s description of the haunts of this “rover of the underwoods” :—

“Aught unsavoury or unclean  
Hath my insect never seen ;

But violets and bilberry bells,  
 Maple-sap, and daffodils,  
 Grass with green flag half-mast high,  
 Succory to match the sky."

"The Snow Storm" seems blown through and through by a blast of chill North wind:—

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end."

"Woodnotes," though wanting, as Mr. Matthew Arnold says Emerson's poems always are, in "evolution," is yet a genuine bit of sylvan word-painting, and contains many interesting glimpses of Emerson himself:—

"Knowledge this man prizes best  
 Seems fantastic to the rest :  
 Pondering shadows, colours, clouds,  
 Grass-buds, and caterpillar shrouds,  
 Boughs on which the wild bees settle,  
 Tints that spot the violet's petal.

\*     \*     \*

It seemed as if the breezes brought him ;  
 It seemed as if the sparrows taught him,  
 As if by secret sight he knew  
 Where, in far fields, the orchis grew."

In the poem called "The Problem" Emerson shows that what he believes of poetry, he believes also of Art: both are manifestations of the Great Artist, the Great Poet; both are of God and from Him.

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
 And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
 Wrought in a sad sincerity ;  
 Himself from God he could not free ;  
 He builded better than he knew ;  
 The conscious stone to beauty grew."

The most faultless of his poems is the one on "Concord Fight," containing the celebrated lines—

"Here once the embattled farmers stood  
 And fired the shot heard round the world ; "

but there is none so full of noble pathos, so touching in the tenderness and yet the manliness of its sorrow, as his "Threnody" on the death of his eldest son, his "Morning Star," as Emerson called him. Though we seem to hear ringing from every line the lament of David of old—"O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom my son!"—there is yet an entire absence of exaggerated sentiment, and in the calm dignity of its sorrow, and in its sublime faith in the deathlessness of what is divine, it stands out as one of the most touching of commemorative poems. He tells us that—

"What is excellent,  
As God lives, is permanent;  
Hearts are dust, hearts' loves remain,  
Heart's love will meet thee again."

As some of the quotations we have given sufficiently show, Emerson's poems are full of genuine word-painting and sound-picturing; and equally rich is his command of beautiful symbols wherewith to express his thoughts. In this last respect there is something of Shakespearian exuberance in the wealth of his imagery. The lines,

"The specious panorama of a year  
But multiplies the image of a day—  
A belt of mirrors round a taper's flame,"

might almost be a reading from *Hamlet*, and every one familiar with Emerson's work can recall many such passages. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in speaking of this use of symbolism in his poems, truly says that they "abound in celestial imagery." "If Galileo had been a poet as well as an astronomer," adds Dr. Holmes, "he would hardly have sowed his verses thicker with stars than we find them in the poems of Emerson." To him the whole Cosmos is one grand poem, the lines and verses of which are suns, moons, and stars, marked off by the infinite spaces of eternity. As face answers to face in a glass, so sun answers to sun, and star to star, and rhyme is the law of the universe. "God Himself," Emerson tells us, "does not speak prose, but communicates with us by hints, omens, inferences, and dark resemblances in objects lying all around us." "What men value as substances," he says, "have a higher value as

symbols," and "Nature is the immense shadow of man." "When she serves us best, when on rare days she speaks to the imagination, we feel that the huge heaven and earth are but a web drawn around us, that the light, skies, and mountains are but the painted vicissitudes of the soul." To him, therefore, poetry is the most natural thing in the world. It is the "only verity—the expression of a sound mind speaking after the ideal, and not after the apparent." "A rhyme in one of our sonnets," he says, "should not be less pleasing than the iterated nodes of a sea-shell, or the resembling difference of a group of flowers. The pairing of birds is an idyll, not tedious as our idylls are, a tempest is a rough ode without falsehood or want, a summer, with its harvest sown, ripened, and stored, is an epic song, subordinating how many admirably-executed parts."

We have not claimed for Emerson any high place as a poet. We admit that he has written verses which from an artistic point of view are undeserving the name of poetry at all, and which it were well to let lapse into oblivion; but we believe that there are passages of his which many true lovers of poetry would be reluctant to see perish, and which will be read and treasured long after his faulty and unworthier work is forgotten.

"I hung my verses in the wind,  
Time and tide their faults may find;  
All were winnowed through and through,  
Five lines lasted sound and true."

Moreover it must be admitted that there is a certain truth in what Mr. Stedman has said of Emerson's work, that "not seldom a lyrical phrase is more taking for its halt, helped out, like the poet's own speech, by the half stammer and pause that were wont to precede the rarest or weightiest word of all"; as also in the apt remark by the same writer, that Emerson never lapsed into the common-place, even "when writing for occasions," an assertion which cannot so confidently be made of many other singers.

Of him, too, it can be said that his living was in keeping with his teaching. "His life has been above reproach," says Mr. George Willis Cooke, "and he has been constantly



devoted to human good, steadily loyal to his own ideal. . . . He has been called a sage, but he has more than wisdom, he has that loftiness and holiness of character, that loyalty and self-forgetfulness, that simplicity and wideness of sympathy, and especially that high sense of human faithfulness to the Divine which characterize the saintly life."

This, we believe, is the secret of Emerson's power as a poet, for it is the star-like purity of his life and character which, breathing throughout his poems, as it does, gives them their hold upon so many readers. Though a man write verse, the melody of which is sweeter than the song of birds in spring time, yet if his work have no other claim upon our attention than mere artistic beauty and perfection; if he have none of that, which is, after all, the poet's loftiest prerogative—the power to ennoble and to uplift—then, sing he never so sweetly, him we cannot hold as standing in the highest rank of the sacred order, him we may only honour as a singer and a word-musician. Of Emerson, we can say that he was not only a poet, but a seer. To such an one, at rare moments, the time-screens called birth and death, curtaining off our narrow limit of life from the infinite which encompasses us on either hand, lift and unfold. He rises for a passing breathing-space above the mists of earth, and sees the vast ocean of eternity lying around the throne of God. And though, like ordinary mortals, he fall back to earth again after his high vision, yet ever in his loftier song shall we hear something of an accompaniment of far-off celestial melody; ever in his more earnest teaching there will be that which inspires and ennobles and uplifts.

Herein, then, is Emerson's strength. His work, or much of it, may be, and is lacking in the beauty and perfection which we rightly prize so dearly, and the absence of which we cannot but deplore; nevertheless, there is the ring of a genuine poetic spirit throughout what he has written, and Carlyle spoke not with undue partiality when he said that he recognized, in the poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "some tone of the Eternal Melodies sounding afar off ever and anon" in his ears, which affected him "like the light of the stars."

## ART. III.—BY-WAYS OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

*Geschichte der Christlichen Mission unter den Heiden* Von  
 Dr. CHR. H. KALKAR. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. 1880.

HAVING in a former number of this Journal (cxlii.) taken a survey of Roman Catholic missions, it is only fitting that, as a sort of pendant, we should give some account of Protestant missions. Here, however, the field is so wide and the material so abundant that we can only proceed by way of selection. We propose, therefore, to pass by the missionary leaders, and to mention only some of their less-known brethren. We shall be doing ourselves and the cause for which they lived and died a service by rescuing their names for a moment from the oblivion that has undeservedly overtaken them. Not that lives of heroic sacrifice are peculiar to the mission field. No section or age of the Church, no form of Christian work, is without them. Christ's own heart of compassion still beats in His Church, as it has always done. The Church takes His place on earth; He multiplies himself in His disciples; and the poor and sick and sinful do not appeal to Him in vain. The Church at home is rich in self-sacrifice and charity, as perfect as any that can be found abroad. Still there can be no doubt that from its very nature missionary work presents more frequent opportunities for this grace that lies so near the heart of Christianity. There is more room and more demand abroad for the spontaneous zeal which rejoices to anticipate the summons of the Church and to outrun the measures of strict duty. The Church might perhaps exist, but it could not grow, without the heroism of sacrifice.

The first field from which illustrations may be taken is the mission-field among the North-American Indians of the last two centuries. Our limits compel us to pass by John Eliot, the Apostle of the Indians, David Brainerd, and Jonathan Edwards, all remarkable names. Eliot's translation of the Scriptures into an Indian dialect was the first Bible printed in the New World. One copy is said still to exist, but no one

can read it. This circumstance reminds us that all direct fruit of the work done among the North-American Indians has disappeared, for the simple reason that the Indians themselves—two centuries ago, or less, large and flourishing nations—have all but disappeared. The work itself was arduous and often disappointing, making the largest demands on patience and faith. The rigid test of numerical and permanent success would condemn this enterprise, and much besides, in the history of missions. The cruelty, selfishness, and superstition of the Indian character, and the frequent wars among themselves, as well as between them and Europeans, often swept away in a day the harvest of years. The family Mayhew played a large part in this truly heroic work. The father, Thomas, who came from England in 1642, had considerable possessions at the mouth of the Charles river in Massachusetts. The colonists asked his son Thomas to become their minister, and he not only complied, but also extended his labours to the Indians. The work roused his sympathies. For two years he laboured in vain. First of all a young Indian was converted, then one of the magicians who exercised immense influence among the tribes, then two other magicians. Mayhew set sail for England to obtain help in his work, but was shipwrecked and lost on the voyage. His old father, however, took up his work, learning the Indian tongue at sixty-six years of age and labouring for nearly thirty years, till his death in 1680. Two other generations continued the work, the last missionary of the name dying in 1806. Another name of note is that of John Sergeant, a student at Yale College, whose daily prayer was that he might be called to be a missionary to the Indians (1734). The prayer was answered. In reply to the call he wrote: "I should be ashamed of myself as a Christian and a man, if I refused to do what is in my power to spread the truth among a people well-endowed by nature, but from want of instruction living in a state below the dignity of man, and also to do what I can to save souls perishing in darkness and yet so near the light of life." His fifteen years of life were filled up with preaching, establishing schools, and translating Christian books. He founded the settlement of Stockbridge, the scene soon afterwards of Jonathan Edwards's ministry.

Moravian missionaries distinguished themselves in the same field, as they did in every field of special difficulty. The missionaries of this Church do not perhaps excel in literary training and equipment, but they are unsurpassed in power of endurance and simple-minded devotion. In North America, Greenland and Labrador, Australia and West Africa, they have shown an instinct for the hardest and most unpromising soil. The Moravian leaders, Spangenberg and Zinzendorf, themselves went to North America to direct the work among the Indians. The Moravian settlements were adorned with the usual Scripture or religious names—Bethlehem, Nazareth, Nain, Grace. These settlements were again and again broken up in the ceaseless conflicts that went on, and were as often transferred or rebuilt. The missionaries, like St. Paul, were in perils often; perils of waters, of robbers, perils by the heathen, perils in the wilderness. Christian Henry Rauch, who landed in New York in 1739, led the way. The Delaware and Mohican Indians, whom he first met, laughed at his desire to do them good; and the white men, who saw danger to their brandy-trade, egged them on to violence. Rauch, however, persevered. He settled in an Indian village, Shekomeko. Forced for a time to retire, he came back. Once an Indian ran at him with an axe, and would have cut him down, but fell into the water instead. His faith and devotion triumphed. One of the leading Indians was converted, and his conversion led to others. This convert told his experience thus:

“ Brothers, I was a heathen, grew up among the heathen, and know well how it is with them. One day a preacher came to us to instruct us; he began by proving to us that there is a God. ‘Oh,’ we replied, ‘do you think we do not know this? Go home again.’ Another time a preacher came to teach us not to steal and drink and lie, &c. We replied, ‘You fool, do you think we do not know this? Go first to your own people and teach them. For who does all these things worse than your own people?’ So we sent him off. Some time afterwards Christian Henry came; he sat down in my hut and said: ‘I come to you in the name of Him who is Lord of heaven and earth; He tells you that He would save you and deliver you from your misery. Therefore he became man; gave His life and shed His blood for men.’ Then he lay down on a bed in my hut, for he was worn out. I thought with myself, What sort of a man is this? I could slay him and hide his body in the wood and no one would care. But I could not get the words he had spoken about

Christ shedding his blood for us out of my head. I dreamed of it by night. It was different from what we had ever heard of before. Then I told all this to others, and what Christian Henry had said besides. In this way the awakening began among us. Therefore I say : ' Brothers, preach Christ to the heathen, His blood, His death, if you would make anything of them.' "

Martin Nitzschmann, another Christian Henry, perished along with others in the burning of a settlement by wild Indians. The greatest name, however, is that of David Zeisberger, who laboured no less than sixty-seven years in this field, dying in 1808. He was a master of two Indian dialects, and a distinguished founder of settlements. During his long life he can scarcely be said to have known what the sense of security was for a single day. He was the witness of many burnings and massacres, always sharing his people's perils. His Indian converts sang hymns around his dying bed, his last words being : " The Saviour is near ; He comes to fetch me."

The work in Canada, Greenland, and Labrador was carried on in similar circumstances. In Canada especially the difficulties were aggravated by the severe climate and immense distances. There John West, of the Church Missionary Society, did a great work in the present century. One of his Indian converts, Henry Budd, was a man of great intelligence and force of character, and became an ordained missionary, the first of the kind. All that West could succeed in teaching him and others at first was : " Great Father, bless me through Jesus Christ our Lord ! " The prayer was answered in Budd, who laboured faithfully amid many hardships and temptations till his death in 1875. He modestly declined the episcopal office offered to him. Another pioneer in these regions was a Mr. Duncan, originally sent to British Columbia as a schoolmaster, and afterwards ordained. He developed a remarkable faculty both for preaching and governing ; conversion and civilization went on side by side under his leading ; indeed, the change brought about by his labours among the Indians was said to be more wonderful than a fairy tale. Government again and again praised his policy. This extensive field is now well worked by the Church Society and other agencies.

Hans Egede, the founder of the Danish Lutheran mission in Greenland, was a truly apostolic man. While settled as a

pastor in his own country, his soul yearned to carry the Gospel to Greenland, which he reached in 1721. Though disappointed in the character of the Greenlanders, he slowly won their confidence by his Christian life and his self-denying labours for their good. After ten years of great hardship and privation, which proved too much for his wife, he returned to Denmark with broken constitution. There he continued to promote in every way the interests of the Greenland mission. His son, Paul, inherited his passion, and made a translation of the New Testament into the Greenland tongue. Other missionaries were excellent men. But the mission was greatly injured from the first by the trading enterprises in which the missionaries were obliged to engage in order to support themselves and their work. The Moravians began work in Greenland in 1733. They baptized the first native after five years' waiting. One of the missionaries, M. Stach, worked there fifty years, another fifty-three years, while the family Bach divide between them one hundred and ten years.

Labrador is even more repulsive than Greenland in the character both of its climate and its inhabitants. The first to attempt to preach the Gospel there was a Danish whale-fisher, J. Erhardt, who had been converted in Greenland. He was murdered in attempting to settle in the country. This was in 1752. In 1770, Jens Haven, a Danish carpenter, and L. Drachart, a Moravian pastor of Greenland, were more successful. It was many years, however, before any impression was made on the hard natures of the people. Drachart died after seven years' toil. Jens Haven made many journeys to England and Germany to enlist sympathy for his mission. "What this servant of God had to endure on his many voyages from hunger and thirst and cold, as well as from the horrible filth of the Esquimaux dwellings, excites one's wonder at what man is able to bear; his escapes from extreme peril were often miraculous. It is noteworthy how he usually had a presentiment of great dangers that were coming." A worse hindrance to missionary work than the hardships of the climate and the stupidity of the people was the utterly reckless and unprincipled conduct of the European traders. Yet love never failed. New labourers were always forthcoming. G. Kohl-

meister laboured there thirty-five years. The report of a recent visitation speaks of great numbers of Esquimaux connected with the Church, and of great improvements in their character and habits of life. The English Propagation Society also has devoted agents in the country.

In Central and South America Protestant missions have only touched the coast at certain points. The tragic death of Allen Gardiner, Richard Williams, and their companions in Patagonia is well known. One may be inclined to condemn the imprudence, while admiring the magnificent courage of these men. Still the Falkland Islands mission has grown out of that unfortunate beginning. On the Mosquito Coast and in Honduras, Moravian and Wealeyan missions are carried on in the face of much difficulty. Guiana, Dutch and British, has been and is the scene of much faithful toil. The Moravian missionary Dähne and his companions in the last century won immortal honour by their care for the native Indians and negroes, following them into the woods, living in their huts, and seeking to win them to Christ amid almost incredible hardships. The missionary Schumann translated portions of the New Testament into the Aravaka language, and composed a dictionary and grammar. He fell a victim to fever in his fortieth year, in his last delirium still anxious for the good of his brethren and the Indians. The life of the missionaries was one long conflict with pestilence, serpents, wild Indians, hostile colonists; and it is scarcely surprising that the Christian communities gathered and kept together with such difficulty at last broke up altogether. The work among the Aravakas and kindred tribes has been continued in the present century by agents of the English Propagation Society. W. H. Brett laboured in this cause for nearly thirty years with a devotion never surpassed, dying in 1868. "His first dwelling was a miserable hut, full of filth and insect life, his only helper an old negress. In this damp, unhealthy place, he built a small school, where the Indians were always passing in their boats. He had much to endure from their savagery and superstition." He and his colleague, Mr. Waddy, could point to 900 Indian baptisms as their reward.

Two labourers in this region who ought not to be forgotten

were John Meyer and his wife (1840-47). We cannot do better than transcribe Dr. Kalkar's brief account of them :

" Without support from any missionary society, relying only on the word and promises of the Lord, they went forth into the marshy districts (the sun pouring down all its fierceness upon them, and their way made difficult by lurking tigers and countless insects), in order to seek out the Indians and carry to them and the negroes the news of Jesus the world's Saviour. Although the wild children of the woods at first looked on him with suspicion, he won their hearts by his love, which remained always the same, baptized forty-five of them, translated several portions of Holy Scripture, sang hymns to them, and prepared for their use a small collection of hymns. But his immense exertions used up his strength, and at the beginning of September 1847 the faithful servant fell asleep in the arms of his wife—a labourer whose memory will not be lost from the history of the Church's inner life."

Such lives are a sufficient reply to those who are constantly saying that the spirit of sacrifice is dead. The spirit finds expression in a thousand different forms; only it does not care to publish its existence and deeds in weekly papers. Whether the spirit is wisely directed in such cases as that of Meyer and his wife, is a question we have no heart to discuss.

The work done among the negroes of Guiana and the West Indies in the days of slavery is a story now almost forgotten. There the missionaries played over again the part of Las Casas and the other Spanish missionaries of an earlier date. " Bonds and imprisonment " were the least of their sufferings in defence of the negroes against their European oppressors. One of the London Society's missionaries (John Smith) was condemned to death by a court-martial on a false charge of inciting the natives to revolt. The sentence was not carried out, but he died in prison in consequence of the sufferings inflicted on him (1824). Both the London Society and the Wesleyan now have flourishing missions in the country. At Paramaribo, in Dutch Guiana, the Moravians have a church of about 6000 negroes, with four times as many under instruction. The climate has been exceedingly fatal to missionary life. Altogether, no fewer than 134 agents have found their death there. Speaking of the great numbers of the baptized, the missionaries say, " We know well that these do not all walk as they ought; we see daily how great is the power of



sin, and how fiercely Satan fights against God's Kingdom with all his cunning; but we know also that we preach the word of Jesu's grace, which is mightier than sin."

The Bush-Negroes of Guiana present a peculiar field of labour. These were negroes who had taken refuge from ill-treatment in inaccessible tracts of country-hills, and swamps, and woods. They were sunk in fetishism and superstition of the grossest kind. Their villages were united in a rude sort of government under a captain. Worse than the pestilential climate, the fickleness and ignorance of the people sorely tried the missionaries' patience and love. One missionary, Stolle, saw only five conversions in eleven years. We read of another using his violin as a means of attraction. Rasmus Schmidt, a loving and loveable spirit, fell a victim to the climate after four years' successful labour. A still more memorable name is that of Sara Hartmann, who came into the country as a missionary's wife in 1826, laboured with him till his death in 1844, and then resolved to continue in the field alone. She adapted herself to the negro modes of living, gave up her whole life to labour for the negroes' good, and was only absent once for a day on a visit to Paramaribo. Her labours and privations wore out her strength. She had lain sick for five weeks before the missionaries at Paramaribo knew of her state. They then brought her in extreme weakness to the town, where she died (1854). A visitor to the place about this time wrote: "This excellent woman is a rare phenomenon in our century. She works among this people with the patience of a saint, seeking to revive zeal for religion where it easily grows cold. Nothing is able to disturb her calm and steady course. Although she is only able to obtain what is necessary for her years from the Bush-Negroes after much soliciting, and is obliged to dig her own garden, she still continues to instruct young and old. Such characters do most towards converting the natives; for the most savage is filled with reverence for such earnestness united with calmness and meekness." Remarkable revivals of religion have taken place in this field, on which we cannot linger.

The missions among the West Indian negroes should be

dear to Christian hearts, if for no other reason, because of the many truly Christ-like lives that have been devoted to them. To the Moravians, again, belongs the honour of having founded the first mission. Frederic Martin, who came to St. Thomas in 1735, first broke ground in this field. His spirit and work set the tone for other labourers. "He journeyed from one plantation to another without the least fear of the planters, who saw with displeasure how the negroes, who had hitherto lived in sin, became different people; they themselves were made ashamed of their own vicious lives by their converted slaves. The fire kindled by Martin spread all around, so that the negroes could not be deterred from hearing the Gospel either by mockery or by the hard usage they suffered." The Moravian Churches now include many thousands of negroes. The opposition of the planters is quite intelligible. The conversion of the negroes imposed a check on their bad lives. Besides, conversion meant intelligence, and intelligence meant freedom in the course of time. One law in the island of St. Eustatius was to the effect that "a white man found in prayer with a negro should be fined the first and second time, and the third time be flogged, his property confiscated, and he himself dismissed from the island; a negro should receive thirty-nine lashes for every prayer, and the second time be flogged and transported." Thomas Coke is too famous a name to be dwelt on here. The two Baptists, Thomas Burchell and William Knibb, are scarcely less famous. They are only examples of many brave men whose toil and suffering did more than anything else to strike the fetters off the slaves. The planters hated them with a Satanic hatred, and spared no effort to get them in their power by suborning evidence, but in vain. All they could do was to imprison, fine, massacre negroes, pull down churches, with the usual results of persecution. Both missionaries did a great deal by their speeches in England to form the opinion and kindle the sentiment which compelled politicians to act. Their names were watchwords of hope and pledges of victory among the negro population. It is no wonder that Knibb died in his forty-second year, consumed by zeal for the house of the Lord. Now all the missionary societies have

considerable negro churches in these fair islands of the western sea.

Great changes have come over missionary methods in India and over the attitude of the country to Christianity, and yet the spirit of the early labourers is precisely the spirit in which the work must always be prosecuted. Passing by names like Carey, John Wilson, and Duff, there are many others which deserve everlasting honour. The Danish mission at Tranquebar is grandly represented by Ziegenbalg and Schwartz. Ziegenbalg began the literary work in which Indian missionaries have accomplished so much, composing a Tamil grammar and dictionary, and beginning a translation of the Scriptures. He had much to suffer from false friends and narrow ideas, one of the objections being that missionaries ought rigidly to copy apostolic methods and to have nothing to do with school and church building. He died in 1719 in his thirty-sixth year. Schwartz was scholar, philanthropist, evangelist of the highest type—all in one; trusted and beloved by all classes from prince to peasant. His term of toil extended to nearly fifty years. Wisely he saw that the young were our chief hope, and opened schools for the teaching of English. He died in 1798, firm in the faith that “in His own time God will build up the waste places of this land.” Under the care of these missionaries and their like-minded helpers the mission rapidly won great numerical success. Though it afterwards dwindled away, owing to a combination of unfortunate circumstances, it must not be forgotten that the Danish society prepared the way for subsequent labour. Ringeltaube, in the service of the London Missionary Society, laid the foundation of that Society's great work in Travancore. He was a remarkable man, as remarkable for eccentricity as for simplicity of life and apostolic zeal. After labouring with great success many years he departed, it is supposed, for Madras, and was never heard of again (1811). The glorious mission of Tinnevely, which rejoices in such names as Ragland, Sargent, Caldwell, Tucker, owed its first impulse to Rhenius, who is not unworthy of being compared with Schwartz. Rhenius indeed separated from the English Church, but his successor returned along with the Churches under his care. Rhenius

wisely established Christian villages as the best security against heathen persecution and oppression. He was only forty-seven at the time of his death (1838). "In him India lost one of the most skilful and successful instruments in extending God's kingdom. Living, manly faith united in him with a truly childlike spirit. He died with the firm confidence that his faithful Lord and Saviour would not allow the work begun in India to perish." The Church in Tinnevely now numbers more than 60,000 souls. Lacroix, of the London Society, laboured thirty years (1829-59) in and about Calcutta as a vernacular preacher. It is noteworthy that Duff, the prince of educationist missionaries, preached the funeral sermon for the prince of vernacular missionaries from the text: "Know ye not that there is a prince and great man fallen this day in Israel?" We must not omit the Baptist missionary, William Smith, who for forty-two years preached the Gospel in the streets and bazaars of Delhi (died 1859); and again, William Jones, who struck out into the mountain-district south of Mirzapore, where he lived and worked, an object of universal affection. The latter "lived a poor, ascetic life, gaining by his love, his gentleness, his sympathy with the burdens under which the people groaned, and by his holy walk, the confidence of the natives in a degree such as no foreigner had done before. Few men in modern times better deserve the name of an apostle." So writes Mr. Sherring of the London mission at Benares, himself a distinguished missionary of another type. And the same might be said of many others all unknown to general fame—Weitbrecht, Leupolt, Cryer, Roberts.

The Burmese mission will always be associated with the name of its pioneer—Judson, the American Baptist—whose genuine missionary enthusiasm was attested by the labours and sufferings of his whole life. He did not see much success, but he paved the way for others. It was under his successors, Boardman and others, that the conversion of the whole Karen tribe took place. There was never a clearer instance of a people divinely prepared for Christianity. A deputation came from the Karens, declaring their readiness to receive the Gospel, and asking for teachers to be sent. Years before this the Karens had obtained an English prayer-book, to which

they offered a sort of worship. The incident of Peter and Cornelius, or Philip and the Ethiopian, was here repeated on a national scale. The entire Karen tribe is Christian.

Missionary work in China, again, is rich in instances of personal devotion. Morrison, of the London Society, occupies a similar position to that of Carey in India. Milne, Medhurst, Legge, Edkins, are scarcely less eminent. Their strength was largely given to translation and Christian literature. Gützlaff (1803-1851), on the other hand, who has been called an apostle of China, was an example of flaming evangelism. On his numerous journeys in China his one thought was ever the raising of native preachers. With this end in view he promoted the building of a college for the training of preachers by the Churches unitedly, travelling through Europe to obtain funds. His death prevented the full success of the scheme. Again, such a life as that of William C. Burns, with his twenty-five years of sacrificing prayer and toil, is a noble example of missionary life in China. The Chinese native preachers also, if few in number, have been of distinguished excellence.

On the islands of the Eastern Archipelago Protestant missionary zeal has made its mark. In the Moluccas, a Dutchman, Jan Kam (1814-33), was the instrument of a wonderful work. Before his death he had eighty churches and 50,000 Christians under his care. The vitality of the work has been proved by its continuance when left for years without European oversight. A remarkable labourer here was a Swiss, named John Jacob Baer. The committee at home were inclined to reject his offer of service on account of his apparently slender gifts, but his intense piety turned the scale, and for sixty years he laboured with blessed results. Similar accounts might be given of the Sunda Islands, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and the Celebes. The Dutch J. van Emde well deserved the title of "Apostle of the Javanese." On the Celebes we read of 30,000 conversions in the last forty years.

The great African continent presents every variety of missionary labour. Every church and every kind of agency are at work for its conversion. The difficulties of the West Coast are well known. The work is carried on there at great cost

of life. It is pleasant to see the figure of a gentle Quakeress, Hannah Kilham, journeying for ten years about the coast, founding schools and training teachers (died 1832), another example of the spontaneous labour which has done so much everywhere to aid missions. There is no part of the world where there has been so much apparent failure as in Western Africa. Yet there are many bright successes, which far outweigh the disasters—Sierra Leone, Liberia, the native Bishop Crowther, and Bishop Roberts of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Basle, Wesleyan, and Church societies are all, not merely occupying the coast, but endeavouring to push into the interior. Dahomey and Ashanti have been the scene of much heroic effort. Hinderer's *Seventeen Years in the Yoruba Country* well represents the work carried on over a wide extent of country.

South Africa has already a rich missionary history, signalized by such names as Moffat, Livingstone, the two Shaws. To the Moravians, again, belongs the honour of having broken ground in this field. George Schmidt, a humble-minded man, began work among the Hottentots in 1737 at Bavians-kloof, afterwards Gnaden-thal, four days' journey from the Cape. He was teaching the young and gaining the confidence of all, when the Boers slandered him to the Cape authorities. He went farther inland; but, as his persecutors followed him, he returned to Europe to obtain support for his mission, but never returned to Africa. When Moravian missionaries came fifty years later to the same district, an old blind Hottentot woman, whom Schmidt had baptized, brought them a New Testament which she had carefully preserved all that time. Through many vicissitudes, the Moravian mission has continued to prosper, and has now twenty-nine stations and 10,000 Hottentots and Kaffirs under its care. The story of Van der Kemp, of the London Society, is a striking one. Doctor, soldier, infidel, he was brought to God by severe sorrow, and offered himself to the London Society in response to its call for missionaries. During his sixteen months' stay with the Kaffirs, under the chief Ghika, he composed a dictionary and a description of the country, and thus rendered immense service to his successors. Driven from the Kaffir tribes by the

aland and hate of white men, he then founded a prosperous mission among the Hottentots at Bethelsdorp. He died at the Cape in 1811, where he had gone to defend himself against slander. Dr. John Philip, of the same society, earned the cordial hate of the Boers by his successful assertion of native rights. One of the Boers wrote over his house-door, "Let no friend of Dr. Philip enter here." A great number of societies, British, American, and Continental, are at work in this field; all are well served by their agents, and all rejoice in the divine blessing. The institution at Lovedale, where ordinary and industrial education is given, is only one of many similar institutions. Histories of hope, and prayer, and triumph cluster round the names of chiefs like Africaner, and Moshesh, and Moselikatse.

In Eastern and Central Africa it is still a time of beginnings. Two Würtembergers, J. L. Krapf and John Rebmann, served as pioneers. Nineteen years Krapf laboured strenuously on hard soil and amid ceaseless danger. He and Rebmann opened the way for the discovery of Lake Nyanza. A great French geographer says of Krapf, that "in him, as in the missionaries of former days, evangelical zeal did not damp his ardour for scientific study and discovery; he translated the New Testament into the Suahili tongue, and composed carefully written dictionaries and grammars of the East African languages." Rebmann worked for thirty years at the station Kisiliduni. Sir Bartle Frere found him blind there, whence he came home to die in 1876. The names of Mackenzie and Steere, Charles New and Thomas Wakefield, will not be forgotten in the future of African Christianity. The work attempted or accomplished in Abyssinia, Egypt, and Northern Africa need not detain us.

We had almost forgotten a Leper Hospital, established by the Moravians in Cape Colony in 1823, and carried on by them with noble constancy till 1868, when it was taken from them and handed over to an Anglican Chaplain, in accordance with the un-Catholic policy of the High-Church party. For the sake of isolation, the hospital was transferred in 1845 to a small island off Cape Town.

The great work done by the London missionaries in Madagascar—William Ellis and others—need only be men-

tioned. Ellis had laboured formerly in Polynesia, but the veteran went several times to Madagascar, throwing himself into the work there with great zeal. Christianity must have taken firm root there, for it survived the absence for above twenty years of English missionaries and terrible persecutions, as it will, we hope, survive the intrigues of French politicians and Jesuits.

Turning to the great world of Australia and Polynesia, we find a similar record of patient toil. We doubt whether the entire field of previous Church history offers to view so wonderful and complete and rapid a transformation as the present century has witnessed in that region: cannibalism, child murder, ceaseless war, and gross superstition abolished, whole communities civilized and converted. The conversions are as numerous as those of Xavier, and they are permanent. "All this is the fruit of missions, *i.e.*, of the unwearied labour of Christ's servants and messengers carried on with incredible sacrifices and self-denial, and even at the cost of life. The conversion of the South Sea Islands is the greatest miracle of our days, far surpassing the inventions of which the age is so proud. And yet this obviously Divine work, as well as the faithful toil of the missionaries, has been the object of shameless calumny and misrepresentation." The chief motive of the calumnies is that the Christianity of these islands is a reproof and check to the greed and lust of adventurers of all sorts.

The two missionary-martyrs of these regions, Williams and Patteson, belong to different branches of the Church. In the same way the two men who, more than any one else, deserve to be regarded as the apostles of New Zealand—Samuel Marsden and Samuel Leigh—belong to the English and the Wesleyan Church respectively. The two missions began about the same time, and ran a similar course. It should rebuke our impatience to remember that the missionaries worked fifteen years without seeing the least fruit, exposed to constant peril from the caprice of chiefs and people, witnesses of cannibal slaughter and feasting. Some had to leave the island, unable to endure the daily horrors. But gradually the teaching of the schools and the preaching of the truth



softened the Maori heart and opened it to divine truth. The change was rapid and complete. When Marsden visited the country in 1837, an old man of seventy-three, he found the land, which every one had shunned, changed into a fruitful field. Maories themselves became mighty evangelists, one of these being the king's son, Tamahana. The New Testament was soon translated, and the setting up of a printing-press was a great wonder and joy to the natives. The disappointing after history of the Maoris does not concern us here.

The Australian aborigines, Papuans, seemed from the first doomed to extinction. Every missionary society has worked among them—Methodist, London Society, English Church, Gozner's, Lutheran—often making more than one attempt, but has had finally to withdraw. The only society which made any impression was the Moravian. Even the Moravian missionaries withdrew once, but resumed with slightly better success. The Australian natives have died out more rapidly than the North-American Indians.

The islands of Polynesia present a rich and picturesque scene. In groups like the Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, Society, and Sandwich islands, the triumph is complete. Fiji was a hell of cruelty and lust before the missionaries went there—Waterhouse, Cross, Calvert, Hunt, Cargill. The king, Thakombau, himself was converted. A native preacher, Joel Bulu, was mighty in word and deed. Governor Gordon said of him: "I do not know that I have ever heard from any preacher, English or foreign, sermons that came more direct to the heart than the sermons of that man." Tonga also was missioned by Wesleyans—Lawry, Turner. King George of Tonga was even a more decided and influential Christian than Thakombau. The Samoan, Hervey, and Society groups were christianized by the London Society. In all these islands the work is remarkable for the number of native preachers and teachers who have risen up; the English missionary has simply done the work of a bishop. The wholesale conversions, *i.e.*, of chiefs and tribes together, resemble what took place among our Saxon forefathers. Thus, John Williams, on a voyage to New Zealand, left two native preachers on one of the Hervey group. When he returned, in a year and a half, he found great numbers

of Christians to welcome him. Another of these islands was christianized by two native teachers before any European had set foot on the island. The Gospel began its course in Rarotonga in a similar way. "According to the last accounts, the Christian life of the Hervey Islands is healthy and fruitful; the old heathen superstition and its horrors have vanished altogether." Mr. Gill, in his *Gems from the Coral Islands*, gives a glowing account of their state. Since 1839 they have produced two hundred native teachers. Tahiti is the chief of the Society group. The story of Pomare II. and of the wrongs inflicted by the French is well known. William Ellis, Williams, Threlkeld, Bourne were the chief labourers here. The island of Raiatea had been the chief seat of idolatry and a place of pilgrimage to the islands round. Under the labours of Williams and Threlkeld the whole face of the island was rapidly changed. The church suffered much afterwards from two native preachers, who proved unworthy of their office. The history of the Sandwich Islands resembles the foregoing. The story of the New Hebrides, where Williams met his death, is a less happy one. George N. Gordon, who took up the work, met the same fate along with his wife, and again Jacob Gordon, his brother. Yet the man who slew Williams was afterwards converted, and wept at the grave of the Gordons. The work of the London Society missionaries, Murray and Macfarlane, in New Guinea, and of the Wesleyan missionary, Brown, in the Admiralty Isles, is wonderful. The latter says of a native teacher whom he heard preach from Rom. xv. 20: "I wish that some of our friends had been present and heard him, and especially that those who doubt whether these native teachers understand what they say had heard this young man's sermon." We need hardly say that we have given a very slight and imperfect tracing of the labours by which so many of these islands have been turned into gardens of the Lord. Thus, we have no space to refer to the labours of Bishop Selwyn, who, moreover scarcely belongs to the category of less-known missionaries.

Our chief purpose in this paper has been to illustrate the immense wealth of self-sacrifice at the service of the Church. Self-sacrifice is the life-blood of Christian philanthropy; all

the triumphs of the Church at home and abroad are its fruit. Such a review as we have taken removes all fear that the spirit is declining. It was never more active, never more triumphant, than in the present day. And in this fact lies our hope for Christianity and for man. It would be a great calamity if societies and organizations checked or paralyzed spontaneous zeal; but there is no evidence that this is the case. To outward appearance, the organization directs the work of the individual. Really it is the other way. The extent and success of missionary work are determined by the character and energy of missionaries in the field; these make the Society, these are the human builders of the divine kingdom upon earth. There can be no better means for feeding the flame of Christian zeal than acquaintance with the lives of missionaries like Duff, John Wilson, Patteson, Carey, Schwartz, Judson, Marsden, Leigh, Paton, Moffat, and with the histories of the missions for which they did so much. The roll of apostles, martyrs, evangelists of the highest type is not closed. And yet the Lord's words remain true, "The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."

---

#### ART. IV.—CARLISLE AND THE BORDERLAND.

1. *Carlisle*. By M. CREIGHTON. London: Longmans. 1889.
2. *Border History of England and Scotland*. London: Ridpath. 1810.
3. *Miscellany Accounts of the Diocese of Carlisle*. By Bishop NICOLSON. Edited by R. S. FERGUSON. London: George Bell & Sons. 1877.
4. *Cumberland and Westmoreland M.P.'s*. By R. S. FERGUSON. London: Bell & Daldy. 1871.
5. *Occupation of Carlisle in 1745 by Prince Charles Edward Stuart*. Edited by G. G. MOUNSEY. London: Longman & Co. 1846.

6. *Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends.* By R. S. FERGUSON. London: Kitto. 1871.
7. *English Towns and Districts.* By E. A. FREEMAN. London: Macmillan. 1883.

NO English city has a more indisputable right to be included among our "historic towns" than the Border fortress of Carlisle. From the days when the Roman conqueror planted here a city where "the arts and luxury of Southern Europe" found a home on the extreme frontier of the empire, up to the Union of England and Scotland under James the First, the name of Carlisle is linked with the most stirring events of English history. Her distinctive place has indeed been lost. She is no longer the jealous sentinel of a nation's peace. But the glamour of centuries of romance yet lingers round the home of Border minstrelsy. Her stout castle still recalls the times of Border feuds and of fierce, long-continued international struggle.

Messrs. Longman have been fortunate in securing Professor Creighton as the historian of his native city. He has approached his task with the ardour of one long steeped in Border lore, and has produced a book which leaves little to be desired. A somewhat careful study of the sources from which his material is drawn and a personal knowledge of the city about which he writes, show how entirely trustworthy is this admirable little volume. It is both popular and scholarly—a book which citizens of Carlisle and Englishmen at large will alike find full of instruction and charm.

Carlisle is a purely British name. No other English town enjoys such an honour. Nor is there any other which has been added to England since the Norman Conquest. *Caer Lywelydd*—the town of some British tribe or chief *Lywelydd*—has been softened down to *Caerluel* and *Carlisle*, but the name still bears witness to the venerable associations of the lovely plain which lies on the southern bank of the limpid, stately river Eden. The ground here rises to a gentle eminence, on which a tribe of the Brigantes fixed their home in early British times. On the opposite bank of the river was a bolder height, now covered by the suburb of Stanwix.

The fields between would furnish pasturage for the cattle of the tribe. So much may be regarded as historic fact. All else is mere conjecture.

When Agricola reached the Solway in his northern march, he turned east toward the Tyne, establishing his military stations at suitable points along the route. These were afterwards strengthened to receive small garrisons for the defence of the country. Forty years later the Emperor Hadrian wove these forts together so as to form a bulwark against invasion from the north. For seventy-three miles his wall of stone ran between the Tyne and the Solway, with a deep ditch in front. A stout earthwork, with ramparts and a ditch, guarded the defenders against attack from the rear. Twenty-three stations were formed at suitable distances from each other. Stone walls, five feet thick, enclosed quadrangular areas of three to five acres in extent. Two main streets divided these stations into four equal parts. Each of the fortresses was manned by six hundred soldiers. Carlisle grew up as the civil town facing the Roman station of Stanwix on the opposite bank of the Eden. Its new masters gave it a wall and a fountain. Thus it became one of the chief centres of civilization in the north.

Little is known of the two centuries which followed the withdrawal of the Roman garrisons in 409. The fact that an Arthur's Seat, Chair, and Round Table are found near Carlisle may, however, be taken as proof that the British settlers in Cumberland had some sharp struggles against the tide of English invasion, which called forth much local patriotism. In 605 a great battle gave the Northumbrian English the supremacy over the region. They gradually spread themselves over the Englewood—or wood of the English—which stretched across the centre of the present county of Cumberland.

Egfrith followed up his conquests by substituting his clergy for those of the British church. His sister, Elfled, who had already founded twelve convents in the Bernician kingdom, now set up an important monastery in Carlisle. The king placed the town and monastery under the spiritual jurisdiction of the saintly Cuthbert, when he created him Bishop of Lindisfarne in 684. "I have likewise bestowed upon him the city called Luguballia, with the lands fifteen miles about it."

The year after his appointment the bishop visited his new city. The apostle of Northumbria, "a peasant preacher" whom no labours or privations could daunt, was gladly welcomed by the citizens of Carlisle. The name of the humorous, gentle, yet stalwart ecclesiastic was indeed a household word in the north. The town-reeve of Carlisle showed him the Roman walls and the fountain, which was one of the sights of the place. But Cuthbert's heart was heavy. His royal master had marched to attack the Picts in their northern fastnesses. The queen meanwhile had found asylum in the nunnery of Carlisle. Whilst he leaned over the fountain Cuthbert was heard to murmur: "Perhaps at this very hour the peril of the fight is over and done." To his anxious questioners on the morrow the bishop only answered: "Watch and pray, watch and pray." A few days later a solitary fugitive brought tidings that the king "and the flower of his nobles lay, a ghastly ring of corpses, on the far-off moorland of Nechtansmere." The news proved Cuthbert's death-blow. A few months later his life ebbed away in his island hermitage near Bamborough. Carlisle still preserves the memory of the missionary bishop. Its oldest church bears his name. When its steeple was rebuilt in the reign of Queen Elizabeth a bushel of small silver coins was discovered. They were St. Cuthbert's pence, such as some of the bishops of Durham were allowed to coin, and are supposed to have been oblations at the building of the church.

A long period of anarchy followed the slaughter of Egfrith. The Danish pirates swept with fire and sword over the country. The Bishop of Lindisfarne, carrying with him Cuthbert's relics, was compelled to become a fugitive in the north. His monks vainly sought a resting-place for the body of their master. In their wanderings they came to Carlisle, but such was the general unrest that the abbot of the monastery felt it prudent to forsake his charge and join them. He was evidently well advised, for in 875 the Danes appeared before the city, which they soon left a smoking ruin. Henry of Huntingdon says that Cumberland now became the chief home of the Danes in England.

William Rufus became the second founder of Carlisle. In

1092, the Saxon Chronicle says, "the King William with mickle fyrd went north to Carlisle, and the borough set up again, and the Castle reared and Dolfin out drove that ere the land wielded, and the castle with his men set, and sith hither south went, and mickle many of churlish folk with wives and cattle thither sent to dwell in the land to till it." The previous year the king had gone north, with his brothers Robert and Eadgar, to attack the dominion of Malcolm, king of Scotland, but a treaty was arranged between them. The relations between the two courts were still sorely strained. In 1093 Malcolm was summoned to appear before Rufus at Gloucester, but the capricious monarch refused to see him. The refounding of Carlisle, which falls between these events, was "probably an act of capricious aggression on the part of Rufus." Whatever we may think as to the justice of the deed, we must admire the statesmanlike sagacity which moved the Red King to plant a colony of his people in the Border city. The "churlish folk" are said to have been peasants whose homes had been broken up to form the New Forest.

Carlisle thus owes its later honours to that king "who every morning got up a worse man than he lay down, and who every evening lay down a worse man than he got up." At first there was no castle or walled town, only a strong tower round which houses began to cluster. The advantages of the situation were so evident that a curtain wall was run up behind it on the hillside. Thus by degrees the place became a fortress which could defy a strong army. Henry I. made Ranulph de Brichsard Earl of Carlisle, that he might guard the distant frontier of the kingdom. But the loss of the White Ship, in 1119, called Ranulph away to fill the more important and lucrative post of Earl of Chester, in succession to his young cousin, who had been one of the victims in that awful catastrophe.

No one was appointed to fill the vacant Earldom of Carlisle. Henry Beanclerk found a struggling monastery there. This he determined to put on a more satisfactory footing. Some canons of the Order of St. Augustine, which had just been introduced into England, were sent to take charge of the new church. These Austin canons lived together as one

family with a somewhat elastic organization, so that they could the better adapt themselves to the needs of the place in which they dwelt. The churches at Newcastle-on-Tyne and five other places were given for the maintenance of the brethren in Carlisle. Besides their Northumbrian parishes, they had a fishery on the river and a mill on the bridge.

The cathedral, which had been begun in 1083, the year when the foundations of Durham Minster were laid, was pushed forward as funds would permit. It was the custom among the Austin canons to reserve the choir and transepts for the monastic community, whilst the nave was used as a parish church. This interesting arrangement was carried out at Carlisle. By this means one imposing building served two purposes. The canons and the townsfolk were both provided for under one roof.

Beauclerk built a home for the Austin canons. Then he appointed his confessor, Adelulf, as prior. In 1133, when Adelulf had had time to make his mark in Carlisle he was consecrated its first bishop, with a diocese embracing the present counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland. He was not long left in peaceable possession of his See, for David, king of Scotland, seized the city in 1136. Stephen was glad to secure peace by conferring the Earldom of Carlisle on David's son. Two years later a papal legate visited the place. By his intervention Adelulf was restored to his diocese. It was also agreed that war should in future be carried on without the devastation of monasteries and the ruin of peaceful folk, which had hitherto been the rule.

Carlisle now filled a larger place in the history of the times than it had ever filled before. The Scottish king was a frequent visitor; the English bishop became his confidential adviser and friend. When David died at Carlisle, in 1153, it was an easy matter for Henry II. to wrest the city out of the hands of his child-successor. Certain privileges were now conferred on the town. It was exempted from payment of Crown customs; had permission to gather firewood and cut timber for building purposes in the forest of Englewood. Its guild of merchants was also recognized in the charter. It received authority to manage its own affairs and to settle disputes among its members.



But the growth of the town was sadly hampered by the efforts of William the Lion to win it back for Scotland. Its first bishop was dead, and its ecclesiastical state was deplorable, so that earnest men must have welcomed the coming of the friars in 1233. The burghers were also in evil plight. Jewish money-lenders, however, came to their help. Prosperity slowly returned. The citizens managed to shake off the somewhat burdensome yoke of the sheriff and paid their dues direct to the king. When all the country lay under interdict in the reign of John, the clergy of Carlisle kept up services as usual on the plea that they were subjects of the Scottish crown. They were brought sharply to task for this double dealing when order had been restored.

A few years later the Scotch renounced all claim on Cumberland. Estates worth two hundred pounds a year were given as compensation to the Scottish court. The king was to do homage for these possessions to his brother of England, and to give a goshawk every year to the Captain of Carlisle Castle. The two princes now turned their attention to the lawless Border folk. Twelve Scotch and twelve English knights were appointed commissioners in 1249 to form the rough-and-ready rules of justice which were in vogue into a kind of code. These Border laws enacted that a bondman who fled across the frontier might be pursued and brought back if caught within six weeks, afterwards he could only be recovered by royal writ. Creditors were to have two sureties, one in each kingdom. Disputed debts were to be settled in the Courts of the Marches. Stolen horses and cows had to be regained by wager of battle. If the thief would not fight he had to drive the cattle into the Tweed or Eak. The claimant might recover them when they reached the middle of the stream.

In 1296 Carlisle sustained a memorable siege. The Scots had risen in arms to resist the claims of Edward I. Forty thousand men of Annandale marched across the Border, sparing neither women nor children. Carlisle was soon surrounded by these barbarians. A Scottish spy in the castle managed to set fire to his prison. The tall wooden houses were quickly wrapped in flames by the strong wind which was blowing. The

cry arose: "The city is taken! let us flee!" There were so few to guard the walls that it seemed certain the enemy would soon get possession of the city. But whilst the men extinguished the fire, the women hurled down stones or poured boiling water on the heads of the besiegers. Straw and sticks were now heaped up around the gates. But the men of Carlisle were not daunted. From the wooden platform above the gate they dexterously contrived to hook up the Annandale leader, who was soon pierced by their long lances. The crowd of assailants then lost heart and melted away.

After Wallace won the battle of Stirling, the northern counties were overrun by freebooters who sacked the monasteries, so that "the praise of God ceased in all churches between Newcastle and Carlisle." In due course the Scots appeared before the Border city clamouring for its surrender to "William the Conqueror," as they termed Wallace. When they saw the determined temper of the citizens, however, the troops chose the easier task of spreading havoc over the country southwards. A counter-raid of the men of Carlisle by Lord Clifford soon turned Annandale also into a wilderness.

Edward held a Parliament in Carlisle in the autumn of 1298. The city had become the headquarters of the army, and even of the government. Grants of land in Scotland were made to stimulate the people to greater exertion. The bishop, one of the king's most trusted councillors, was appointed captain of the castle.

A few years of peace followed. In 1306, however, the aspect of things was changed by the coronation of Bruce. Edward summoned Parliament to meet in Carlisle in the beginning of the next year. The Cardinal of Spain appeared at Court as papal legate. The cathedral now witnessed one of its most stately functions. A sermon was preached in praise of peace, then the legate and bishops robed themselves, and "with lighted candles and ringing bells they terribly excommunicated Robert Bruce (and his adherents) as a perjured man and an unrighteous disturber of the common peace and quiet."

The old king at last set out to chastise Bruce. But his days of fighting were over. He could only ride two miles the

first day and the same distance on the next. After twenty-four hours' rest he managed to push forward to Burgh-by-Sands, six miles from Carlisle. There he died on July 7. He was borne in state to Carlisle, whence the funeral procession set out for its long journey to Westminster.

Stormy days were in store for the Border city. Edward I. had given the canons the advowson of Sowerby "in relief of the losses and sufferings which our well-beloved in Christ, the prior and convent aforesaid, have hitherto sustained by the invasions and burnings of the Scots, who are our enemies and rebels." Better still, in view of coming troubles, he had strengthened the curtain wall which surrounded the castle, rebuilt the gate towers according to the latest ideas of military defence, erected a hall in the inner keep, and generally improved the fortifications.

The year after his great victory at Bannockburn, Bruce laid siege to the city, which he regarded as a thorn in the side of Scotland. For ten days he continued his assault. But the gallant defence of the citizens compelled him to raise the siege. He suffered great loss, which was further increased by Sir Andrew of Harclay, the Captain of the Castle, who hung on the skirts of the retreating army. Many civic privileges were given to the people of Carlisle in recognition of this notable defence.

Harclay's distinguished services won him the title of Earl of Carlisle, but he turned traitor and was beheaded in 1323. Nine years later Balliol galloped into the city as a refugee. He had been set up as a claimant to the Scottish crown by the English party, but was glad to escape with his life from an attack made on him by Lord Archibald Douglas. War thus broke out again between the two countries. Every house became a castle, every man a soldier. Bishop Kirby was compelled to turn his palace at Rose into a fortress. It is "Rose Castle" to this very day. In 1345 the martial bishop gave chase to a band of Scotch marauders. He lost his seat in the fray, but soon regained it and was able to inflict no small loss on the raiders.

The rebuilding of the cathedral was a secondary matter in these stormy times. During a disastrous fire in 1292, which

destroyed the greater part of the city, the roof of the cathedral caught fire and fell in. The eastern end lay in ruins for many years. Even the offer of indulgences failed to bring in contributions. The work had to go on as funds could be raised. It was nearly a hundred years before the building was finished. "None of our great churches," says Professor Creighton, "can show such a prolonged struggle against adversity as can the cathedral of Carlisle, which in its shorn proportions testifies to hard usage suffered at many times, and is an eloquent memorial of the city's fortunes." The attempt to remodel the church according to the improved architectural notions of the thirteenth century may still be traced in the position of the transept arch, which stands, not in the centre of the west wall of the choir, but in the position originally occupied by the transept arch of the older church. The straitened means of the builders may be gauged by the use made of old material in the reconstruction of the cathedral. "New pillars support old arch stones, and details of different styles of architecture are found side by side." The east window is pronounced to be the noblest window of the Decorated style in the world. The sculpture of the capitals of the columns, which represent the months of the year, is exquisite. The idea is common enough, but nowhere is it "worked out with so much luxuriance of fancy. The groundwork of the figures is foliage clustering round the tops of the pillars; oaks extend their branches and vines send forth their shoots. These are peopled by birds and beasts, by men and grotesque creatures in every attitude, but always full of life and movement. On the spaces facing the choir are placed the representatives of the months, showing the various occupations of the different seasons—now a peasant pulling off his wet boots and warming his bare feet at the fire, now a lord riding out with his hand full of roses and a hawk on his fist. Now a reaper, and again a sower—the whole presenting a picture of rural England of the time."

Carlisle, however, owes its fame more to its castle than to its cathedral. It lay on the enemy's frontier, and it behoved its garrison to be always ready for attack. During the feuds between England and Scotland there grew up a sturdy race of borderers

who delighted in raid and theft. War, when it broke out, only added to their opportunities of pillage. Edward I. appointed a Warden of the Marches in 1296. This office soon became one of the chief dignities of the north. The region was mapped out into three districts—the East, West, and Middle Marches—with three wardens, one of whom was called Lord Warden as the military chief. A body of special laws grew up to regulate affairs in this unique region. Carlisle was saved by its municipal organization “from falling to the level of the lawlessness which surged round its walls,” but its whole life was coloured by the fact that it was the capital of the Borderland. It was the chief fortress of the Western March. Strong castles were also built at Naworth, Cockermouth, and Penrith. But the borderers placed their chief dependence on the stout walls of their own dwellings, which were solid square stone towers or “peels,” surrounded by a wooden palisade called “the barmkyn.” Here the cattle were gathered on the approach of a raiding party. If the assailants broke down or set fire to the palisade its defenders shut themselves up in the “peel.” The only means of access was by a ladder which led to the wooden platform in front of the door on the first story. The room on the ground-floor was roofed with stone, so that if it fell into the enemy’s hands they still had to fight for possession of the two upper stories. It is said that there is scarcely a country house of any age or consequence on the Border of which a peel tower is not the kernel round which other buildings have clustered. Sometimes the church tower served as a “peel” for the parish. In 1703, Bishop Nicolson found that the church at Brugh-by-Sands had a good tower at the west end and another, half demolished, at the east. This he considered to have been a mansion-house for the vicar, whose parish lay in the midst of the Borderland.

The peasantry lived in thatched huts. On the news of a raid they tore down the thatch lest it should be set on fire and make the miserable walls crumble to the ground. Then the cattle were driven to the nearest place of safety. The wife’s ornaments were all the other wealth which the family possessed. The people owned allegiance to the Border chieftains—Amstrongs, Eliots, and Grahams—who were the real kings of

the Debatable Land. The Wardens' Court, held at some "bleak cairn on the moorland," was the tribunal to which appeal lay in all disputes. The date of meeting was arranged by the wardens of the English March and the officer of the opposite March in Scotland. It was then publicly announced in all the markets. Each complainant sent an account of his grievance to his own warden, who gave a copy of this to his brother warden. Lords, knights, and gentlemen escorted their chief officer to the chosen place. As the English party drew near the Scotch frontier four horsemen rode off to the Scotch warden to demand a cessation of hostilities until the next morning at sunrise. The Scotch went through the same ceremony. Then the wardens lifted up their hands as a sign that they accepted these pledges and bade all their followers observe them sacredly.

A jury, composed of six Scotchmen and six Englishmen, was now sworn in. The wardens settled what cases required trial. If the party accused of theft denied the charge, the warden sometimes wrote on the margin of the bill, "Clear, as I am verily persuaded upon my conscience and honour." This settled the matter. If the case had to go to the jury, the Scotch jurors settled English cases, and *vice versa*. When the charge was proved they wrote on the bill "Foull," or "Foull upon such a man." How little credence was placed in the testimony of witnesses of the other side may be seen from the fact that a verdict could seldom be secured unless the complainant was able to produce a witness of the same country as the accused. Meanwhile the wardens were looking over the bills found at the previous court. Each was bound to give up culprits in his March to his brother warden, or, failing this, to hand over one of his own servants as surety. The surety had to be redeemed at the warden's expense, unless the real culprit could be sent in exchange. The system did little to check the predatory habits of the Border region. It is significant that in Carlisle there was nothing like leather. Butchers, skimmers and glovers, tanners, and shoemakers composed four out of its eight crafts. Cattle bought in its market had to be put beyond reach of identification as soon as possible. The less said about the

morals of such a region the better. The city depends too much on the help of Eskdale, whose people formed a "flying squadron of irregulars" for its garrison, to take harsh measures against them.

The guilds dealt with all matters connected with their special trade. They had also a strong religious side. On Corpus Christi Day each guild followed its banner to St. Mary's churchyard. Every member carried a lighted candle. The image of the patron saint was borne aloft in the procession. After mass had been sung in the church, the guilds paraded the streets with the clergy at their head. Then came sports or miracle plays, followed by a banquet in the guildhall. A fine of sixpence was levied on any member who failed to take his place in what we may call the church-parade.

Henry VII. used his best endeavour to settle the Border problem. The Cumberland men had set up a dam on the Esk which robbed the Scotch of their share of the fish which came up from the Solway. The fish garth was torn down and replaced again and again. Henry's commissioners gravely considered the points in dispute, but could only get so far as to agree that pulling down the garth should not be deemed a cause of national quarrel. Nor was he more successful in his endeavour to divide the strip of country north of the Esk, which was known as the Debatable Land. Both nations grazed their cattle on it by day, but beasts found there at night were fair prey. Any house built on it might be pulled down or burned. Its customs were too strongly rooted even for the king to destroy them. The strolling minstrel was everywhere a welcome guest along the Borders in the beginning of the fifteenth century. Scotland had a larger strip of the Border region than England, so that she naturally claims the honours of Border minstrelsy. In Border romance "the highest feat of cleverness and courage is to outwit the Captain of Carlisle, who is the standing avenger of lawlessness and the representative of order, not, however, removed from the influence of prevailing sentiment, but a kindly and intelligent sharer in the common fortune."

The policy of Henry VIII. aimed to make the English borderers a thorn in the side of Scotland. They were thus encour-

raged to commit depredations which turned the country into a wilderness. In 1522 Carlisle nearly fell into the hands of the Scotch. Lord Dacre, who held the city, knew that the walls were in no condition to resist a siege, but, by putting a bold front on the matter, he deceived the Duke of Albany into granting him a truce. This escape led to the strengthening of the defences. The walls of the castle were repaired and in part rebuilt, whilst a citadel formed by two great towers was erected for the protection of the city on the south. From these towers, which still survive in modernized form, the present railway station is known as the Citadel Station. The English gate was covered by the western tower. The city walls form an irregular triangle, with the castle as base, the citadel as apex. Leland says they were a mile in extent, with three gates—the Scotch, Irish, and English—on the north, west, and south respectively.

In 1525, peace was made with Scotland. But the Border folk caused great trouble to their neighbours. The warden of the West March had to acknowledge that the Armstrongs were too strong for him. They “ran day forays, robbed, spoiled, burned, and murdered.” Lord Dacre marched against them with two thousand men, but could not reduce their Hollows Tower, on the banks of the Esk. The Armstrongs, who were able to muster three thousand horsemen, routed Dacre’s force, burned Netherby, and made a plundering raid into Cumberland. A severe blow was struck at the clan by a regulation forbidding them to frequent Carlisle market. It throws a livid light on Border morality to learn that these freebooters had been welcomed there for years. James V. of Scotland now appeared in the Debatable Land. He ordered the instant execution of the chief of this robber horde. This loss gave a fatal blow to the power of the Armstrongs.

Carlisle now had a brief breathing space. In 1542, however, hostilities between the two kingdoms were renewed. James V. set his heart on the capture of the Border city. A force of ten thousand men suddenly crossed the Esk, setting fire to every homestead. Hasty levies were gathered to resist them. Fortunately for Carlisle, dissensions arose in the Scottish ranks. A few miles north of the city the handful of Cumberland troops attacked and routed the Scots. Most of the



fugitives turned toward the Solway. Here the rising tide overtook many, others perished in Solway Moss. "The army of Scotland was destroyed by the men of Carlisle and its neighbourhood. It was certainly the most signal achievement ever wrought by the men of an English town." King James died of chagrin. His ill-fated daughter Mary thus became queen when but a week old.

The English borderers were now encouraged to burn and plunder at will. By this means much mischief was inflicted on the hostile nation at little cost to England. Between August 1543 and December 1544, 192 "towns, towers, shedes, barmkyns, parish churches, and castle-houses" were burned, 10,386 cattle, 12,492 sheep, 1296 horses, 200 goats, 850 bolls of corn and "much insight" [goods and household stuff] changed hands. It is a terrible epitome of fifteen months' work. Reverence for law naturally died out. The Border clans felt that, although England might make a pretence of crushing them now and then, she was only too glad to secure the aid of such efficient marauders.

Under Edward VI. further steps were taken toward the pacification of the Borderland. This work was completed by Elizabeth. It was sorely needed. Owen Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle, was the only prelate who would consent to crown a Protestant queen, though even he insisted on the elevation of the Host in the service. When deprived of his bishopric because he would not accept the new ecclesiastical arrangements, the see was offered to Bernard Gilpin. Gilpin, however, declined the honour. He had many friends and kinsmen in the diocese, "at whom I must connive in many things, not without hurt to myself, or else deny them many things, not without offence to them." John Best, who eventually took the dignity, found it anything but a bed of roses.

The Dormont Book, one of the most treasured relics of the past which Carlisle possesses, shows that an attempt was now made to introduce rule and order into the disturbed city. The name Dormont is thought to indicate that this book was to lie on the table in contrast to smaller books of reference which were carried about. It contains 300 pages of thick hand-laid paper, fifteen inches by ten and three-quarters in

size. The mark of a jug or pot-tankard shows that it was manufactured in the Low Countries. It is in calf binding, hand and blind tooled, with a flap for the fore-edge. Most of these books were destroyed at the Reformation, so that the Border city is rightly proud of this register "of the comonwelth of thishabitances within the citie of Carlell, renewed in the yere of our Lord God 1561." The bye-laws here contained bear witness to the rôle which the city had to play. Watchmen were to guard its walls by day and night, the gates were to be closed at sunset; no Scot was to live in the city under pain of forfeiture or imprisonment; no Scotsman or woman to walk in the city after the watch-bell is rung, save in the company of a freeman, his son, or servant.

Two years later, commissioners met in the city to reduce the Borders into a more civilized state. The wardens had to hold monthly courts for the trial of offenders. Their flagging zeal was encouraged by permission to keep the stolen goods, provided they handed over the thief to justice. A uniform code of laws was formed, which the wardens had to publish at their next March meeting. So far, so good. But the fact that some years later our ambassador in Scotland wrote to one of the English wardens, "I pray you that the first good horse that any man of yours doth steal, let me be partner with him," shows how busily pilfering still went on.

The castle, which had again fallen into decay, was thoroughly overhauled about 1563. Five years later Mary Queen of Scots took refuge there with twenty of her most faithful retainers. Visitors to the castle still look with keen interest on Queen Mary's Tower in the inner ward where she spent those eventful weeks, and the little garden where she took her daily walk. She attended service in the cathedral, and sometimes rode after the hare, or went to watch her courtiers play at football outside the city. She found Elizabeth very niggardly in supplying her with clothes, but her spirits revived when Mary Seaton arrived from Scotland. This lady was reckoned the best busker, or head-dresser, in any country. "Every other daylight she hath a new device of head-dressing without any cost, and yet showeth forth a woman gaily well."

Two months after her arrival in Cumberland, Mary was removed south to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire.

The Border still continued in an inflammable state though Lord Hunsdon, Warden of the East March, "took as great pleasure in hanging thieves as other men in hunting and hawking." In 1575, a Wardens' Court on Carter Fell ended in a pitched battle. The English warden was taken prisoner, many were killed in the fray. Elizabeth took a firm stand. She required the Scotch warden to come to London and give pledge of redress. Till this was done she would listen to no arguments. This decided course taught the borderers a wholesome lesson.

The capture and rescue of Kinmont Willie is one of the most stirring stories connected with Carlisle Castle. This William Armstrong of Kinmont was the most notorious freebooter of his time. In 1596, he attended the Wardens' Court at Kershope Burn. When the business was finished he rode off by the banks of the Liddel with one or two companions. The English on the opposite bank, seeing him thus in their power, could not resist the temptation of seizing their enemy. The truce lasted till daybreak, but two hundred of the English pursued Willie and captured him after a chase of three or four miles. That night he lay in Carlisle Castle.

Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch deeply resented this breach of the truce, but no remonstrance could effect the release of so notorious a freebooter. He therefore organized a rescue. Two hundred and twenty men with scaling ladders and pickaxes crossed the Border in the night, forded the Eden, scaled the castle wall, and broke open the door of the cell where Kinmont Willie lay. He was carried off in triumph with the fetters on his legs. It was a misty night, so that a judicious use of trumpets and lungs made the garrison suppose that they were overpowered by numbers. They were glad to take shelter in the keep. Buccleuch's men all got safely away. A blacksmith near Longtown soon knocked off Kinmont Willie's fetters. Elizabeth was exceedingly indignant at this daring rescue, but the Scotch leader stoutly justified his conduct. Next year, however, he committed a grave breach of the peace

and was sent into England. Elizabeth took him sternly to task. How dare he undertake such an enterprise. "What is there," was the Border chief's reply, "that a man dares not do?" Tradition adds that this answer won the day. Elizabeth turned to her lords and said, "With ten thousand such men our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe."

The accession of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England brought the Border feuds to an end. The king's steadfast purpose to pacify the region was largely aided by Lord William Howard of Naworth, whom Scott has immortalized as "Belted Will." This nobleman was the terror of the moss-troopers. At his suggestion, bloodhounds were kept to track offenders, taverns reduced in number, and the gentry made responsible for the good behaviour of their tenants. The sturdy race of Borderers gradually became honest farmers, though some degenerated into mere thieves, who lingered on till the close of last century.

Cumberland and Westmoreland were the chief centres of Quakerism in England. Mr. Ferguson's *Early Cumberland and Westmoreland Friends* is crowded with biographical details about the sufferings and labours of these fearless witness-bearers. In 1653, after a visit to Cockermouth, where the townsfolk tried to get rid of him on the plea that there were no men in the place learned enough to dispute with him, George Fox came to Carlisle. Here he held a meeting in the abbey from which the dean had been ejected. The pastor of the Baptist church, "an high notionist and a fleshy man," wished to argue, but soon had his mouth stopped by his brusque visitor; then Fox went up to the castle, where the Cromwellian garrison were summoned to hear him "by tuck of drum." On the market-day he preached in the market-place. All passed off in peace, though ominous murmurings were heard. On Sunday the storm burst. Fox went to the cathedral—"the great steeple-house"—where he attempted to preach. A riot ensued, which was only quelled by the appearance of the governor of the castle, with several files of musketeers. Next day Fox was committed to prison. "All the talk and cry," he writes, "was that I was to be hanged." He was set

at liberty after enduring no small hardship through the brutal treatment of the jailer, and the companionship of moostroopers, thieves, and murderers. One gets some strange glimpses of prison-life in the time of Cromwell from this story of George Fox's imprisonment at Carlisle. The jailers beat him with their cudgels, or belaboured his visitors in the same fashion. When the Quaker was moved to sing under his stripes, a fiddler was brought in to vex him, but the voice of the singing Quaker drowned the noise of the fiddle. The player found it wise to beat a hasty retreat. During the Civil War, Carlisle became for a time the chief stronghold of the Royalists in the north. It was besieged by the Scots under Leslie, from October 1644 to the end of the following June. It was compelled to capitulate after the Royalist defeat at Naseby. The Scotch promised to deface no church in the city, but finding that the castle needed repair, they pulled down the chapter-house, cloisters, canons' houses, and part of the deanery. Then they fell on the cathedral. Eighty to ninety feet of the nave were broken down. Only one-third of the west end of the church survived the Presbyterian pickaxe. Cromwell's hand was very heavy on the Cumberland and Westmoreland squires. Featherstonhaugh was beheaded, Dykes died in prison, Philip Musgrave and Aglionby escaped the night before they were to be executed. Judge Jeffreys added to the troubles of the city, in August 1684, by robbing it of its charter, on pretence that the citizens had infringed it. James II. thus succeeded in making the corporation his mere tool. The birth of an heir to the throne was received by the officers of Carlisle garrison with transports of joy. They made a bonfire in the market-place, and as health after health was drunk around it, hats, coats, waistcoats, and shoes were successively thrown into it. "Some of them threw in their shirts, and ran about naked like madmen."

In 1745 the Pretender besieged the city, which fell into his hands through the refusal of the militia to defend the walls. The corporation for once proved themselves unworthy of the renown of the city. On November 18, Prince Charles marched in, mounted on a white horse, with a hundred pipers playing in front. His departure four days later, and his disastrous

return in the middle of December, are told in detail in Mr. Mounsey's interesting records of the occupation of the city. The garrison which Prince Charles left in charge of the castle surrendered to the Duke of Cumberland on December 30. After Culloden came a series of ghastly executions. When Carlisle "ceased to be a political prison," it was regarded for some years as one of the chief fortresses in the kingdom.

Carlisle has now enjoyed nearly a century and a half of peace. The population has risen from 2500 in 1747 to 35,884 in 1881, and it is still growing. Calico-printing and other manufactures have helped to win this prosperity. The most racy pages of the modern history of the city are those which tell the story of contested elections. The guilds and the corporation vied with one another in manufacturing freemen so as to gain the victory at the polls. In October 1784 the corporation repealed the bye-laws which limited their right to make freemen to those who were already members of a guild. They then created 1195 freemen in one day, 500 of whom were Lord Lonsdale's colliers. By means of these "mushroom" voters they managed to carry the next election, but Parliament unseated the new member, and decided that the course pursued was illegal. Party spirit has always run high in Carlisle. One zealous Whig was buried in a blue coffin, and followed to the grave by mourners clothed in blue instead of black. Another voter distinguished himself by wearing an enormous blue hat. But when he found that the usual *douceur* was not forthcoming on the eve of one election, he solemnly buried his hat at midnight.

---

# ART. V.—MAX MÜLLER ON NATURAL RELIGION.

*Natural Religion: The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1888.* By F. MAX MÜLLER, K.M. London: Longmans. 1889.

**W**HEN it was announced, some four years ago, that Lord Gifford had left the sum of £80,000 to endow four Lectureships of Natural Theology in the Scotch Universities, no small excitement was created among the public interested in such matters. The unusual munificence of the bequest was only one striking feature in it. The terms in which the subjects of the lectureships were set forth, and the conditions, or absence of conditions, in the appointment of lecturers, were no less noteworthy. One or two sentences from this sufficiently remarkable will deserve to be reproduced. The testator says:

“I having been for many years deeply and firmly convinced that the true knowledge of God, that is of the Being, Nature, and Attributes of the Infinite, of the All, of the First and Only Cause—that is, the One and Only Substance and Being, and the true and felt knowledge (not merely nominal knowledge) of the relations of man and of the universe to Him and of the true foundations of all ethics and morals—being, I say, convinced that this knowledge, when really felt and acted on, is the means of man’s highest well-being and the security of his upward progress, I have resolved to institute and found lectureships or classes for the promotion of the study of said subjects among the whole population of Scotland.”

The subject of Natural Theology is further closely defined in words which we need not quote, but which are evidently the language of what Carlyle would call a “veracious” man, desirous above all things that he and others should face, as far as may be, the deepest realities of existence. It is further to be observed that the lecturers were not to be subjected to a test of any kind, or to subscribe any declaration of belief.

“They may be of any denomination whatever, or of no denomination at all (and many earnest and high-minded men prefer to belong to no ecclesiastical denomination); they may be of any religion or way of thinking, or, as is sometimes said, they may be of no religion, or they may be called sceptics or agnostics or free-thinkers, provided only that the ‘patrons’ will use diligence to secure

that they be able, reverent men, true thinkers, sincere lovers of and earnest inquirers after truth."

The subject specified was to be treated "as a strictly natural science," to be considered "just as astronomy or chemistry is." The lecturers were to be permitted to discuss "all questions about man's conceptions of God or the Infinite, their origin, nature, and truth, whether he can have any such conceptions, whether God is under any or what limitations, and so on, as I am persuaded that nothing but good can result from free discussion."

Here was clearly a new kind of "pious founder," exhibiting a spirit peculiarly congenial to the last quarter of the nineteenth century—a period far more critical than constructive, of broad sympathies but weak convictions, ready to throw everything into the crucible, and anxious above all things for free inquiry and unlimited toleration. Deep interest was accordingly excited over the choice of lecturers and considerable curiosity manifested as to the nature of their respective utterances. The appointment of such different men as Professor Max Müller, Dr. Hutchison Stirling, and Mr. Andrew Lang showed the spirit in which Lord Gifford's wishes were likely to be carried out, and made it clear that, whether religion profited or no, abundance of "free discussion" on the great topic of the lectureship was likely to arise.

The first series of lectures on this somewhat remarkable foundation is before us. Professor Max Müller, though declining to become a candidate for either chair, was unanimously elected by the Senate of the University of Glasgow, and, as he tells us in an interesting introduction, felt compelled to accept the honour and use the occasion as "an opportunity, and a splendid opportunity, for summing up the whole work of my life." What the work of that life has been all educated Englishmen know. The writings of Max Müller, whether on the Science of Language, or the Science of Thought, or the Science of Religion, whether given to the world in "Chips" or in more solid blocks of literary production, form one whole. The writer's favourite views, not seldom garnished with the same illustrations, are frequently reiterated, whether language or religion, or neither, be his main theme. The



volume before us has not, therefore, the charm of novelty. But it sets before us, in their complete and most mature form, views on the great subject of the "Science of Religions," which every one who deals with that subject must reckon with, and it would have been strange if amongst the first four Gifford lecturers the name had not been found of a writer who first broke ground upon this topic in this country five-and-twenty years ago, and has made it his own ever since. An eminent Sanskrit scholar, an authority of the first rank on the study of language and the early religions of the East, an accomplished thinker and lucid writer of long experience, Professor Max Müller has, on this point of all others, a claim to be heard. Whether we can agree with his point of view, his methods of inquiry, and the conclusions he reaches is quite another matter.

The personality of so respected a literary veteran would not, however, in itself have claimed the special attention which this volume demands. The subject is one of cardinal importance at this time, and these Gifford Lectures are sure of a wide and important audience. The very foundations of religion are now being severely tested, and not even its axioms and postulates may be taken for granted. The reality and trustworthiness of revelation is called in question on all hands. Natural religion is being freely opposed to supernatural; not, of course, for the first time, but on new grounds, and, for the enemies of the supernatural, with new hopes of success. It becomes increasingly of importance to investigate the origin and character of "natural religion," and its exact relation to that which claims to have been revealed. When attempts are being made to bring religion, like every other subject of human knowledge, within scope of the methods of physico-scientific thought, then, whether we believe this to be feasible and reasonable or not, we must be prepared to define and maintain our position. Are the principles of evolution applicable to the history of religions, and if so, within what limits and under what conditions? Again, the very word religion has of late begun to change its meaning. It has been borrowed, and marred in the borrowing. We cannot be blind to the fact that there are thinkers of to-day trying hard to

believe in "God without Religion," and vigorously urging upon a perplexed generation the advantages of "Religion without God." Ideal substitutes for God are neither rare nor inconspicuous, and it seems sometimes as if already there had appeared in our midst "he who opposeth and exalteth himself against all that is called God or that is worshipped, so that he sitteth in the temple of God, setting himself forth as God." Educated Christian men cannot close their ears to these discussions if they would; perhaps they should not, if they could. The essential battle with unbelief at present does not range round what are called distinctively Christian evidences; there are prior questions to be discussed and decided. With some of the chief of these the Gifford lecturers are called upon to deal, and a large part of the interest of Professor Max Müller's volume is derived from its bearing, direct or indirect, upon problems of faith, the bite of which is being deeply felt by many in this generation. In this light mainly we proceed to examine its contents.

It is not surprising that the first thing our author finds himself compelled to attempt is an answer to the apparently simple question, What is religion? A definition is the goal of an inquirer, but the starting point of an expositor. In this case a definition of religion will be found to define for us much more than the word itself. A writer's standpoint, his methods, even his conclusions, may all lie germinant in a single sentence. Definitions, we are told, may be either etymological, historical, or dogmatic. Etymology will not help us much in the case of the word "religion." Whether with Lactantius\* we hold that the *religiosus* is the *religatus*, tied and bound to God by the bond of piety, or whether we adopt the older and far more probable derivation of Cicero,† according to which "those who carefully took in hand all things pertaining to the worship of the gods were called *religiosi* from *relegere*"—so that, as *neglegere* meant to be careless, *relegere* would mean carefully to regard or revere—in neither case do we find ourselves much nearer our goal. History may be of

---

\* *Instit. Div.* iv. 28.

† *De Nat. Deor.* ii. 28.

more service. It cannot but be instructive to trace the prevalent meanings of the word "religion" through its pre-Christian and subsequent usage, and lessons of no small importance may be drawn from the history of such a word, whose meaning and complexion has changed in passing from language to language, from generation to generation, its expression even altering, as Professor Müller says, "like the expression of the human face, from moment to moment." But it is clear that such an investigation can only be of indirect use when we are in search of a precise philosophical definition. There remains the "dogmatic definition," to which Professor Müller objects that it is "subjective" and "dictatorial," determining, "not so much what religion *does* mean or *did* mean, but what it *shall* mean." A little reflection, however, shows us that such "dogmatism" is inevitable in the case of a writer who is about very frequently to use a word, especially if he professes to investigate the origin and history of that which it signifies. He is bound to tell us what he himself understands by the word, provided at the same time he gives reasons for the limits, wider or narrower, which he assigns to it. He is not bound to account for lax and popular uses of the word or unwarrantable misapplications of it on the part of certain persons or schools. Such a word as "religion" has a clear and ascertainable connotation, and we hold that every writer on the subject is bound to give his own definition, by which, in all probability, his whole treatment of the subject will stand or fall.

Professor Max Müller's whole theory concerning the origin and history of religions is bound up with his definition, and as our objections to that definition, and the views associated with it, are numerous and grave, we must allow our author explicitly to state his case. More than one hundred pages of this volume are occupied with the examination of previous definitions of religion and the preparation of the way for the author's own. It is not till we reach p. 188 that we read: "If now we gather up the threads of our argument, and endeavour to give our own definition of religion, it would be this: *Religion consists in the perception of the infinite under such manifestations as are able to influence the moral nature of*

man."\* The first thing that naturally strikes the reader is the omission from a definition of religion of the word "God." Müller complains that the old current definitions, accepted by Christian and non-Christian theologians from the time of Seneca, describing religion as *modus cognoscendi et colendi Deum*, "a mode of knowing and worshipping God," are objectionable, because they "take the object of religion for granted, or explain it by terms which themselves stand in need of definition." Such an objection does not hold against the definitions of such writers as Pfleiderer, Caird, and Martineau, who, without using the word God, retain those distinctive Divine attributes, the due recognition of which, as we hold, constitutes the beginning of religion. But of that more shortly; it remains to give Professor Max Müller the opportunity to justify his own position.

He begins by telling us that "religion, if it is to hold its place as a legitimate element of our consciousness, must, like all other knowledge, begin with sensuous experience. . . . I hold as strongly as ever, and in spite of all the false interpretations that have been put upon it, that *Nihil est in fide quod non ante fuerit in sensu*" (p. 114). Experience consists, he goes on to say, in sensations, perceptions, conceptions, and names, four phases of knowledge which may be distinguished, but which cannot be separated as entirely different functions of the mind. Finiteness is doubtless characteristic of this ordinary knowledge in its various phases, but

"It requires but little reflection to perceive that limitation, or finiteness, in whatever sense we use it, always implies a something beyond. We are told that our mind is so constituted, whether it is our fault or not, that we cannot conceive an absolute limit. Beyond every limit we must always take it for granted that there is something else. But what is the reason of this? The reason why we cannot conceive an absolute limit is because we never perceive an absolute limit; or, in other words, because, in perceiving the finite, we perceive the infinite also" (pp. 122-3).

---

\* This definition has been modified from that previously given in the Hibbert Lectures, in deference to the criticism of Professor Pfleiderer and others, who pointed out that mere theories about the infinite, unless they influence moral conduct, have no right to the name of religion (See Pfleiderer, *Philos. of Religion*, vol. iii. p. 19, Eng. Trans.).

This position is then illustrated under the heads of (1) space, (2) time, (3) cause; and an attempt is made to show that in each case the finite and the infinite are perceived simultaneously, even in our simplest and earliest perceptions, though it is only much later that the *ideas* of the infinite and finite emerge into consciousness and are conceived and named.

By successive steps Professor Müller represents man as passing from the suggestions of the infinite produced by semi-tangible objects, such as mountains and rivers, to the impressions made by intangible objects, such as clouds and winds, stars and sun, by which "we are actually brought into sensuous contact with the infinite—we see it and feel it." Thence man in the earliest times passed to the notion of *devas*, the shining ones, of whom we read in the Vedic hymns, and in whom the first ideas of the divine become discernible. The position occupied by our author is perhaps most clearly defined in the following extract:—

"I hold that the only justification for a belief in a Beyond of any kind whatever lies in the original perception of something infinite which is involved in a large class of our ordinary sensuous and finite perceptions. But I hold equally strongly that this perception of a Beyond remained undeveloped for a long time, that it assumed its first form in the numberless names of what we call deities, till at last it threw off its husk and disclosed the ripe grain—namely, the name and concept of a Beyond, of an Infinite, or, in the highest sense, of a Supreme Being" (p. 126).

Professor Max Müller recognizes that the perception of the infinite is in itself the perception of something negative only, "of which we can predicate nothing except that it is." But he claims that this is "only true logically, not psychologically," and that the infinite was recognized by man from the beginning "as the background, as the support, as the subject or the cause of the finite in its many manifestations" (p. 149). This idea is then worked under the three heads of (1) the Infinite in Nature, (2) in Man as Object—whence the belief in immortality, ancestor-worship, and in general the forms of religion often described as Animism, and (3) the Infinite in Man as Subject, under which head are included the "psychological deities" arising from man's consciousness of self and the exercise of his reflective powers. "Nature, Man, and

Self are the three great manifestations in which the infinite, in some shape or other, has been perceived, and every one of these perceptions has in its historical development contributed to what may be called religion " (p. 164).

There is much that is attractive here, and much more attractive than our bald summary is the eloquent and pleasantly illustrated exposition of the theory given in Professor Müller's own pages. But there are several serious objections to the view thus propounded of the origin and nature of religion, some of which we will try briefly to state.

1. The attempt to prove that all our knowledge takes its rise in sensuous perceptions—*nihil in fide quod non prius in sensu*—lands our author in serious difficulties. If Leibnitz was obliged to add to the well-known formula, *nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu*, the important exception, *nisi intellectus ipse*, still more must the student of religion similarly guard himself. It is what the mind brings to nature, not what nature brings to mind alone, which constitutes belief. But without entering upon the general metaphysical discussion thus raised, let us fasten attention upon the word *Infinite*, which forms the centre of Müller's definition and argument. Now, either he intends this word to be understood in its literal and full meaning, or he does not. His language sometimes favours the one alternative, sometimes the other. In either case the theory is open to grave objection. If the "Infinite" be understood literally, it cannot be said that man *perceives* it. If he be able to *conceive* the idea after a time, in *perception* surely the infinite can neither be apprehended in the particular nor in the general. A given individual object cannot be infinite, nor the notion of the class infinite be gained from *perception* alone. Professor Müller apparently does not mean this, for he uses the vague expressions that our perception of the finite "suggests" or "implies" the Infinite. In several places, however, he seems to be conscious that even this is saying too much, if the meaning of the word "infinite" is to be pressed, and he takes refuge in the "Beyond," and even the "Unknown," as synonyms. This is very loose and unsatisfactory in a writer who is nothing if not scientific. He objects to introduce the word "God" into his definition, or a peri-

phrasis which would retain the idea of Person, Power, or Will, and substitutes for it the ambiguous expression, "the Infinite," finally resolving away its significance into the vast inane of an "Unknown Beyond." Neither the "sensuous pressure of the infinite which is contained in the simplest perception of our senses," nor "the pure concept of the infinite, the very last result of a long historical process of intellectual evolution" (p. 141), represents the germ or essence of religion in man.

2. There is a corresponding failure to describe or account for the essential characteristics of religious knowledge and feeling. We are not blind to the difficulties attending any attempt to frame a definition of religion which is to include the almost endlessly various forms of belief known by that name. But if some definitions have been too narrow, surely Professor Max Müller's is far too wide and loose. That must be a defective and erroneous definition of religion which omits all mention of a sense of dependence on Superior Being of some kind—a Being or Beings endowed with Power and Will. Almost all the best modern writers on the subject—we purposely do not quote earlier authorities—agree in recognizing this essential feature. Pfeiderer says—we quote the translation of Mr. Allan Menzies,\* in preference to that given by Müller—"The common kernel of religion in all its forms is that reference of man's life to the world-governing Power, which seeks to grow into living union with it." Dr. Caird defines thus: "Religion is the surrender of the finite will to the Infinite. . . . the absolute identification of my will with the will of God." (Caird uses the word Infinite as well as Müller, but in a very different way and in a carefully defined sense). Dr. Martineau, in his recent *Study of Religion*, declares his unwavering adherence to the meaning of the word religion, "which it invariably bore half a century ago." He understands by it "the belief and worship of Supreme Mind and Will, directing the universe and holding moral relations with human life."† Even Professor Tiele includes the same

---

\* Pfeiderer, *Philosophy of Religion*, iii. 27. Theol. Trans. Fund Library. Williams & Norgate. 1888.  
 † Vol. i. p. 16.

idea, when he defines religion as "the relation between man and the Superhuman Powers in which he believes." \* We fully agree with the Duke of Argyle, when he says :—

"A sense of absolute dependence on purely physical things does not necessarily contain any religious element whatever. But, on the other hand, a sense of dependence on personal or living agencies, whether they are supposed to be supreme or only superior to our own, is a feeling which is essentially religious. But the element in that feeling which makes it religious is the element of belief in a Being or Beings who have power and will. When we say of any man, or of any tribe of men, that they have no religion, we mean that they have no belief in the existence of any such Being or Beings, or, at least, no such belief as to require any acknowledgment or worship." †

An adequate definition of religion is not to be framed, we submit, by leaving out what is most characteristic of religious thought and feeling, straining away one feature after another, till only a *caput mortuum*, empty of all real significance, is left. What logicians call the "extension" of the term is surely not to be strained till well nigh all "intension" has disappeared.

3. A further objection, on which we do not intend to dwell in detail, is derived from Professor Max Müller's failure adequately to deal with the contents of the very Vedas to which he chiefly turns for illustrations. He deliberately sets on one side the elements which deal with sin and sacrifice on what seem to us very insufficient reasons. The moral character of the *devas*, ‡ the true meaning of the displacement of Dyaus by Varuna and of Varuna again by Indra, and the full significance of the term "Heaven-father" receive scant recognition. If Professor Müller had done justice to these features of the Vedic poems, it would have seriously interfered with his exposition of the origin and history of religion. But this is too large a subject for us to enter upon here. Many of our readers will remember Professor Banks's able discussion of this topic, and his criticism of Professor Max Müller's Hibbert Lectures in his *Christianity and the Science of Religion*. §

4. We turn, lastly, to the latter part of Professor Max Mü-

\* *Outlines of History of Ancient Religions*, p. 2. † *Unity of Nature*, p. 45.

‡ Compare Tiele, *Outlines*, pp. 113, 117. § Fernley Lecture, 1880. T. Woolmer.



ler's definition, added since the publication of his Hibbert Lectures, in which he limits religion to such manifestations of the infinite "as are able to influence the moral character of man." The new piece of cloth "agreeth not with the old," and the rent is made worse. There are few more unsatisfactory portions of Professor Müller's book than his attempt to show how moral influences arise from such "manifestations of the infinite" as, in his opinion, constituted early religion. The moral influence of physical phenomena he confesses not to be very high. *Do ut des* is its sum and substance. Then our author tries to get moral truth out of ancestor-worship and "psychological deities," with the success that might have been expected. His account of conscience—except so far as some linguistic remarks are concerned—is meagre and most unsatisfactory. His theory compels this. Instead of recognizing the elements in man's constitution which render religion a philosophical and moral necessity, dwelling on the sense of dependence and moral obligation which lead to the recognition of a living God, Professor Müller has to try to extract moral convictions out of the manifestations of an "Unknown Beyond," and, naturally, is hard put to it to show how, in any shape, this "makes for righteousness." This part of our argument also we must leave unworked out, though we should not hesitate to stake the whole strength of our case against the respected lecturer, on the one ground alone of his complete failure to deal with the moral nature of man and the meaning and genesis of conscience.

We hope we are not blind either to the value of the facts to which Professor Müller draws attention nor to the difficulty of framing a comprehensive definition of religion. But, however abstract and vague such a definition is bound to be, that which constitutes *religiousness* must not be omitted from it for the sake of including all systems that have claimed the name. Professor Müller seems to have been largely influenced by the case of Buddhism as a religious system which claims more numerical adherents than any other on the face of the globe, yet seems to be, as it is so often called, a religion without a God. But on this point there is much to be said which we can only hint at here. First, we must distinguish between

Buddhism as a philosophy and Buddhism as a religion. Theoretically, and as a system of thought, it ignores rather than denies God; practically, as all witnesses testify, it acknowledges gods many and lords many. Then, secondly, the negative character of a system which in the first instance was a protest against the sacerdotalism of Brahmanism must be taken into the account. We describe Nirvana as annihilation, the Buddhist anticipates it as Paradise. We describe the religion as a vast waste of Atheism,\* but the three hundred millions of Buddhist worshippers are, in their own estimation, by no means living without God in the world. Thirdly, the moral strength of Buddhism, with its doctrine of Karma, presents many of the essential features of a religion, especially when combined with the virtual deification of Buddha himself. These and other considerations being taken into the account, we find that Buddhism is only an apparent exception to the universality of the religious instincts.† Professor Tiele's utterance on this subject may be regarded as decisive :—

"The statement that there are nations or tribes which possess no religion [in the sense above defined by Tiele himself] rests either on inaccurate observation or on a confusion of ideas. No tribe or nation has yet been met with destitute of belief in any higher beings, and travellers who asserted their existence have been afterwards refuted by the facts. It is legitimate, therefore, to call religion in its most general sense a universal phenomenon of humanity."‡

The reason why we have insisted thus fully upon our objections to Professor Max Müller's definition is because of the strong tendency in some quarters to change the meaning of the name religion, and try to retain its old, sacred associations for forms of belief which cannot legitimately claim either the one or the other. There is a fundamental agnosticism—we do not use the word invidiously or offensively—running through the whole view of God as presented in this book. The Hibbert Lectures closed with a significant hope that "the Crypt of the

---

\* "The vastest waste of Atheism that has ever been known" (Pope, *Compendium of Theology*, vol. i. p. 57).

† Professor Müller in his Hibbert Lectures shows that he is prepared to admit the force of many of the above arguments in the case of Buddhism. See p. 305 foll.

‡ *Outlines of History of Religions*, p. 6.

past might become the Church of the future." There is much in Professor Müller's present volume to show that he still longs for that quiet "crypt" in which Hindu, Buddhist, Mohamedan, Jew, and Christian, may meet, all "miracles and oracles" being put away as childish things, mankind at last united in the worship of the Unnamed and Unnameable, the Unknown and Unknowable Infinite. Let the following passage speak for the rest :—

"The Historical School sees in [the predicate of God] the result of a long-continued evolution of thought, beginning with the vague consciousness of something invisible, unknown and unlimited, which gradually assumes a more and more definite shape through similes, names, myths, and legends, till at last it is divested again of all names, and lives within us as the invisible, inconceivable, unnameable—the Infinite God" (p. 219).

Nothing but confusion can result from our playing fast and loose with sacred names, and watering down their significance for the sake of including under one broad and meaningless category men who wish to retain the associations of all that is highest and most holy, while they discard its essence. Vainly, says Dr. Martineau, do we "propose an *ἱερηνικὸν* by the corruption of a word." How near to utter dissolution the word "religion" may be brought has been seen in another volume on *Natural Religion*, which excited attention a few years ago. According to the scheme there propounded,\* God is merely a synonym for nature, "habitual admiration" in science or art is identical with worship, and religion is a bowing down to an abstraction or a phantom of man's own thought. Not thus, surely, is the gulf to be spanned between those who do and those who do not believe in a living God. Professor Max Müller does not, it is true, propose such an utter emasculation of the word religion as was contemplated by the author of *Ecce Homo*, but he goes far in the same direction. What does he mean by saying (p. 568), "Anything that lifts a man above the realities of this material life is religion"? The story of the

---

\* See especially p. 74, and the passage on p. 236, describing religion as "that which draws men's thoughts away from their personal interests," and makes them members of a community. "The savage becomes a citizen," and worships, we suppose, the "civilization" which has raised him! (*Natural Religion* Macmillan, 1882.

Samoyede woman which follows would, if rightly interpreted, carry with it a much higher moral.

The fact is that the definition of religion, on which we have lingered so long, is inseparably bound up with certain theories as to the origin and history of religion. How are these theories obtained? Professor Max Müller has much to say about the Historical Method and the Science of Religions, with strong emphasis upon the word science. He repeatedly objects to the ways and views of the "Theoretical School." Now by all means let us have history and science, if these do but know and keep their own place. Facts, by all means, as many as possible; but no theories smuggled in under cover of reciting history and framing scientific classifications. Here, as elsewhere, we find those who vehemently protest against theories introducing their own, unconsciously, no doubt, while professedly confining themselves to science and history. It was the latent materialistic hypotheses underlying the statement of the doctrine of evolution which raised a prejudice against it in many minds, and the secret of the distrust with which the young "Science of Religions" is viewed by many lies in the fact that it is not pure science arranging purely historical data, but an untenable theory masking itself as such. In this instance, besides the fundamental agnosticism of which we have spoken, Professor Max Müller shows several signs of this tendency. He is disposed to identify history and evolution. "History, if it is worthy of its name, is more than an acquaintance with facts and dates. It is the study of a continuous process in the events of the world, the discovery of cause and effect, and, in the end, of a law that holds the world together" (p. 259). Some care is needed here, surely, if theory is not to creep in unawares. For the purposes of comparative theology, we are told, revelation has no meaning, "all religions are natural and historical" (p. 52). We know, without much telling, where a historian who begins thus is likely to end.

Believers in revelation are not afraid of history. They are not afraid of science. But when "the history of religions" and the "science of religions" come to mean the insinuation of a supposed "law" of development or evolution, determining the course of man's thought on the subject of religion, when

this course is viewed entirely without reference to any light from above, when religion itself is resolved into a series of subjective states of human consciousness, working upon the basis of a quasi-knowledge of an Infinite Unknown, then it is not to be wondered at if an indignant protest is raised against such unhistorical history and unscientific science. That which is latent in Professor Max Müller is patent in Professor Tiele. He says, with regard to "the hypothesis of development, from which the history of religion sets out," that

"its fundamental principle is that all changes and transformations in religions, whether they appear from a subjective point of view to indicate decay or progress, are the results of natural growth, and find in it their best explanation. The history of religion unfolds the method in which this development is determined by the character of nations and races, as well as by the influence of the circumstances surrounding them, and of special individuals, and it exhibits the established laws by which this development is controlled. Thus conceived, it is really history, and not a morphologic arrangement of religions, based on an arbitrary standard."\*

Historians are but human. The historian of religion is certain to read his own meaning into the story he tells. Professor Max Müller, the great student of language, naturally enough is disposed to classify religions according to race as indicated by language, an arrangement to which Professor Tiele strongly objects in his recent article on "Religions" in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Similarly his history is a comment on, we will not say the offspring of, his theory of religion, as embodied in the definition quoted above. Our contention is that this is one-sided history, based upon mistaken theory. To begin with there is an utter absence of data with regard to the state of primæval man, which is not sufficiently regarded by students of the Historical School. They, of all men, must not fill up awkward gaps by aid of the imagination. Next, the greatest care is needed in interpreting the scanty remains that have come down to us from the earliest times, if we are rightly to trace the progress of thought. It is but yesterday since the Comtist theory of the development of religion from Feticism was freely accepted by writers of the naturalistic

---

\* *Outlines of History of Religion*, p 2.

school. That bubble has burst ; Professor Max Müller himself, in his Hibbert Lectures, gave it a fatal prick. But he must not in turn blow similar bubbles of his own, and try to protect them from attack on the pretext that he is recounting simple history. The Vedic poems, for example, as examined by Dr. Fairbairn in his *Studies in the Philosophy of Religion and History*, yield a very different result as to the idea of God, its genesis and development, from that brought out by Professor Max Müller. Something more important than knowledge of Sanskrit is needed for the right interpretation of these records, and the tracing out of man's thoughts on the highest and most sacred themes. The science of religion needs to be accompanied by the philosophy of religion. A knowledge of ancient languages and customs needs to be accompanied by a knowledge of the nature, constitution, and necessities of man. No historian of religion who brings in morality by an afterthought, and even then insufficiently and awkwardly, is likely to give us a "Science of Religions" that is worth the name.

It is of great importance just now that the attitude of Christians, as devout believers in revelation, towards these popular modern speculations should be clearly understood and defined. Christians may—indeed, ought to—welcome all that history can teach concerning the religious beliefs of mankind. The universal Godward tendency of our weak and erring race is thus freely illustrated and proved. An upward look is seen to be upon the faces of men in all generations, of all races and climes. The heart of man is restless till it finds rest in Him who made it for Himself. It is no part of the teaching of Christianity to minimize the measure of truth found in false religions. The Christian believes in a God who "made of one" \* every nation of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth—that they should seek God, if haply they might feel after Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us." It is ours to rejoice in "the True Light, even the light which lighteth every man, coming into the world." The "living God," who, "in the generations

---

\* See Acts xvii. 26. The reading of the Revised Version here, which we follow, is wider and more suggestive than the familiar phrase "of one blood."

gone by," in His all-comprehending wisdom, "suffered all the nations to walk in their own ways," yet "left not Himself without witness," \* a witness bringing with it its own light, entailing also its own responsibility, "because that which may be known of God is manifest in them, for God manifested it unto them." † The God of the Christian is the God of the whole world, the Word made flesh is the Word by whom all things were made, in whom was life and the life was the light of men.

Further, so far from objecting to the idea of progressive development in the history of religion, the Christian teacher, provided only the phrase be rightly understood, finds it necessary to insist upon its necessity and importance. Christianity is "as old as the creation" in another sense than was intended by the Deist's sneer, but the Lord Jesus Christ came into the world only "in the fulness of the times," and according to a dispensation of the fulness of the times will all things at last be summed up in Him. There was a preparatton for His coming, so Christians are glad to believe, not only direct and explicit in the history of Judaism, but indirect and implicit in the course of the world's history, the philosophy of Greece and the Empire of Rome. Christ's work was not finished in His own lifetime. The significance of that work could not be discerned till the Spirit was poured out at Pentecost, and not at once was it seen that the "sect of the Nazarenes" was to spurn the narrow confines of Judaism and enter upon the heritage of the world. No thoughtful student of Church history can thread its mazes without this guiding clue of "progressive development." The progress, it is true, is tidal, and the sudden and strong reflux of the incoming waves may cheat the careless observer into the belief that the water is ebbing fast; but the Christian, of all men, is bound to hold to it as the hope of humanity that "the thoughts of men are widened by the process of the suns."

Only the Christian thinker holds no less firmly that this is because through the ages there runs "one increasing purpose." He believes in Evolution, provided it does not exclude an

---

\* Acts xiv. 16.

† Romans i. 19.

Evolver. He believes in Revelation and a Revealer. It is not, perhaps, necessary that he should insist upon a primitive revelation as the origin of all religions,\* though he may well hold it to be the best explanation of all the facts. But he is bound to resist the modern tendency to resolve all religion into the history of man's mostly futile gropings and more or less plausible mistakes. Hume's *Natural History of Religion* is now being re-written by hosts of eager disciples who wish to improve on the example of their master. Professor Max Müller is one of the ablest, most interesting, and, consequently, one of the most misleading of these. He, like the rest, fails to distinguish between *modal* and *causal* evolution. He identifies evolution with history, but forgets that history itself is not a cause. He would probably reply that the historian and scientist in religion has nothing to do with causes. To which we must retort that our author is himself setting up as a *vera causa* his own theory of the development of man's religious beliefs out of a sensuous perception of the infinite, that in this volume he seeks to do in the history of religion what so many evolutionists are trying to do in their history of the universe—setting up a method, an order, a sequence as an adequate cause and origin. This is not good science, and it is very bad religion.

We ask for nothing more than a full and true history of religions in order to show that man cannot of himself climb to an adequate apprehension of the living and true God. He cannot lift himself from the earth by his own waistband. God must first speak, then man must listen. What God reveals He has given man eyes to see. But a belief in revelation by no means excludes the idea of organic development in religion, because God speaks as man is able to hear, "by divers portions and in divers manners." There is evolution, because God teaches gradually; there is also degeneration,

---

\* Professor Fairbairn looks with little favour upon this idea. He goes so far as to say, "A primitive revelation were a mere assumption, incapable of proof—capable of most positive disproof. Although often advanced in the supposed interests of religion, the principle it assumes is most irreligious" (*Studies*, p. 13). The arguments that follow, however, show that Dr. Fairbairn is contending only against certain forms of this theory.



because man forgets what God has taught and substitutes for Divine thoughts human imaginings. But the one thing the Christian claims is that the possibility of supernatural revelation is not to be shut out from the history and the "science" of religion; that, if the facts point this way, they should be allowed to speak for themselves. The continuity in history which thinkers in our age are so anxious to secure, and for which many seem ready to sacrifice everything, will not necessarily be interrupted. Mr. Wallace has just shown in his *Darwinism* that the introduction of new agencies in the history of the universe does not necessarily imply a breach of continuity, a sudden catastrophe. He says, and very wisely, "It is not, therefore, to be assumed, without proof or against independent evidence, that the later stages of an apparently continuous development are necessarily due to the same causes only as the earlier stages." \* That which the great naturalist says with regard to the intellectual and moral nature of man may well be applied to his religious history. Nothing, as we hold, but the assumption of the "new cause" of direct revelation from God at certain stages of history can account for the phenomena in the history of religion. What man does when left to himself can there be seen. Abundant illustration may be found, in Professor Max Müller's valuable series of translations of *Ancient Books of the East*, of the truth of St. Paul's words in the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. "The invisible things of Him since the creation of the world" may be "clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made, even His everlasting power and divinity;" but men "knowing God, glorified Him not as God, neither gave thanks, but became vain in their reasonings, and their senseless heart was darkened." The polytheism which succeeded Henotheism† was in its turn, we are

---

\* *Darwinism*, p. 463. The illustration drawn from the glacial epoch is apposite and conclusive.

† It may be as well to explain that this technical term—otherwise *Kathenotheism*—is used by Müller, Hartmann, and some other writers, to designate "a successive belief in single supreme gods," a form of belief which must be carefully distinguished from monotheism, the worship of one God, and polytheism, the worship of many deities, which together form one polity. See Müller's Hibbert Lectures, pp. 271, 289.

told, succeeded by monotheism, and in this our religious evolutionists find a proof of the "theogonic" powers of man. But the unity which man, left to himself, evolved out of the wild confusion of polytheism, has always been a philosophic not a religious unity, without power or practical significance, "a Monism, not a Monotheism." The Vedanta philosophy in the history of Hinduism, and the treatment of the Homeric deities by Plato and Aristotle, are sufficient illustrations of this.

Not evolution, but *education*, is the word which describes the Christian philosophy of history. We do discern progressive development in the history of religion, but the character of this progress ought to be fairly and dispassionately represented by the scientific historian. It has been a progress marked by the repeated manifestation of new elements, elements which no unprejudiced mind can regard as mere products of what had gone before. It has been marked by degeneration as well as evolution. Physicists admit the possibility of degeneration in nature, but there is no parallel in the history of the physical universe to the degeneration manifested in man's moral and religious history, and the "law" of progress differs proportionately. Our fundamental objection to the teaching of most professors of the "Science of Religion" is that the earliest history they relate is largely the product of imagination, and when they come to actual history, they—unconsciously no doubt—pervert its meaning in order to establish a false genealogy of beliefs, exclude all trace of the supernatural and educe all the religious ideas of man from an aboriginal barbarism befitting the descendant of "apes, probably arboreal."

The Christian believes—and facts, as at present ascertained, bear out the belief—that from the beginning light shone in the midst of the darkness of man's beclouded religious life, the darkness too often encompassing and gloomily enshrouding the light, though at the worst it "overcame it not."\* The Christian traces that light, "a beam in darkness,"

---

\* St. John, i. 5. R. V. margin. For this alternative rendering, advocated by Canon Westcott and others, there is much to be said.

growing through the ages, till the Sun of Righteousness arose with healing in His wings, the Light and Life of the world. He holds that in the religion of Jesus Christ, Son of God and Son of Man, is a full and final revelation of God's will and man's duty. He claims to show that the Christian idea of God contains all the noblest elements in earlier conceptions of the Divine, together with truths, sublime and tender beyond expression, which it never entered into the heart of man to conceive. He undertakes to prove that the Christian ideal of human life includes all that was best in the hopes and aspirations of nations long before, together with pictures of the morally lovely, fairer than any mere ethical artist could paint or dream of, the beauty of which it has taken long generations for man fully to perceive, and which it may well take longer generations still for him adequately to realize. The Christian believes in progress, he can trace it in the past and hopes for it in the future. But it is progress towards the attainment of a Divine purpose now fully revealed, and in answer to the often repeated question concerning Christ, "Is this He that should come or look we for another?" the Christian never hesitates to assert the truth of Christianity as a final and absolute religion adequate to all the wants of man. He is content to say, with one of Christ's very earliest disciples, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Here we must close, leaving a large part of Professor Max Müller's interesting volume untouched. The section describing the "materials" for the science of religion, with an occasional characteristic excursus upon linguistics, we have hardly referred to. We ought at least to have dealt with the closing chapter on "Sacred Books" and the panegyric it contains upon the "bookless religion" which is "in the head and in the heart, in the sky and the rocks, the rivers and mountains." Professor Müller has much to say upon the drawbacks and disadvantages of "book-religions" as contrasted with the "simple, natural, bookless, eternal religion" which he holds that "our age wants more than anything else." Such statements, like much else in this volume, invite somewhat sharp criticism. But we would rather close our notice of a book

which we hold to be in some respects dangerous and misleading, but which contains much of great interest and importance for every student of religion, by saying that we agree with its accomplished and respected author that our age does indeed need much more "natural religion." But the more of this that it gains, the more deeply, the more keenly, the more irresistibly will the need be felt of the full revelation in Jesus Christ of that God to whom nature is indeed ever pointing, but whose Mind and Will and Heart she is so hopelessly impotent to make known.

---

#### ART. VI.—ENGLAND BEFORE THE RENASCENCE.

**T**HE English race is compounded of a threefold strain of Teuton blood. In the later years of the fifth century the first Englishmen left the Baltic shore for their new island home in Britain. Three centuries after came the Dane, and three centuries after that the Norman. By the end of the eleventh century Saxon, Dane, and Norman began to shape the destinies of the race. The first four centuries which followed this ethnic union are the formative centuries of the English people. In that age the English character was made stable, and its diverse forces were fused into homogeneous life. At its end, after a life of a thousand years, the English nation was fitted to take its share in the awakening glory of the New World. The story of this constructive period should have a special bearing on the study of the national problems of our time.

The people which set itself to make a nation numbered on the eventful day of Senlac two million souls. Within a generation this number was reduced by one-third, but half the loss was made up by the new migration from Normandy. In two centuries the population doubled, until, in the days of the Black Death of 1349, the four millions were again brought down to two. In comparison with the rapid reduplication of

to-day, the slow growth of the population is a factor of primary import in unravelling the economic forces of the Middle Age.

While, however, the number of the people was, in the modern sense, relatively stable, their physical quality improved with the growth of a wider opportunity. The indomitable strength which won Crecy and Sluys lay dormant for three centuries, only because those centuries had their work to do in the removal of old oppressions. In the period before us, France could count six men for every Englishman—even Aquitaine and Poitou alone numbered six millions. Mere numbers, even mere acres, were such trivial factors in the struggle that Tudor England, without Calais, was a stronger Power than Angevin England, which had a wider French dominion than the King of France himself. Not that England was then too large for its people, for even in the thirteenth century there was a surplus population, which found its outlet on the banks of Boyne. The physical environment of pre-Tudor England differed in no great measure from that of to-day. There was more forest-land, and therefore less fog and flood. For six years only, the six years after Bannockburn, was there a famine. But the children who escaped that affliction scarcely came to have children in their turn when 1349 arrived, and the grievous murrain amongst men and beasts which mowed down half Europe. It was the political environment which of all others dominated the growth of the England of chartered freedom.

The Bastard's wisdom in distributing his territorial prizes in scattered fiefs instead of counties had this result, that the power of individual barons never rose to the height attained by the counts of France. By the English custom of gavelkind, a Norman noble of Domesday, before a century was over, was replaced by a handful of small landed proprietors, such as he who held by the three-hundredth part of a barony. The rule of primogeniture in chivalry perhaps induced that application of the principle to non-military holdings which, before the fourteenth century closed, was in general use. So that English development differed wholly from French on this account. Gavelkind broke the power of the barons while

their power was to be feared. When the peasant enfranchisement made feudal tyranny no longer possible, primogeniture interfered to stop the tendency to form a territorial aristocracy. This end was attained by the fact that it turned younger sons adrift into the world to earn their way like other men. The Statute *De Donis*, of 1285, by creating estates tail, gave legal form to this new change. To make the death of feudalism doubly sure, the Wars of the Roses furnished it with an occasion for internecine conflict out of the ruins of which it was never to emerge.

While these forces were combining for the overthrow of the baronial power, which was the symbol of the Conquest, the people at large were groping their way, step by step, up to a larger freedom. The personal slavery which marked the earlier England, from Cæsar to the Confessor, vanished before the Norman rule. Domesday counted 25,156 serfs, of which the greater number were in the Western districts, which lay nearest to the home of the Welsh. On eight Northamptonshire manors entered in the survey of 1086 to the monastery of Peterborough, but fifteen *servi* and one *ancilla* are recorded.

The liberation of the two orders which endured the bonds of territorial servitude was an event of slower growth. In Domesday there were entered 108,407 villeins, who held a share of the communal land of the manor on the terms of manual service on the lord's demesne. There were also 89,443 bordars and cottars, who possessed less or no land of their own, but were bound by conditions of service in exchange for the means of life. The villeins began to achieve freedom by commuting for a payment in money or kind the obligation to work certain days in every week, still retaining, as their badge of servitude, the duty of assisting the lord at plough-time and harvest. Even this obligation was commuted as the centuries passed, until at length the longest-lived item of service, that of carting, was swept away, and money-rent paid in its stead. Two factors were primary amongst the influences which tended to commutation. The growing practice of letting portions of the demesne land reduced the necessity for villein-service; and the baron who spent his life in the crusade or the court would appreciate the convenience of

money payments instead of tenant-service. During the later years of the thirteenth century bailiffs began to keep account rolls, paying some itinerant clerk a fee for accountancing each balance-sheet, a practice rendered necessary by the fact that money began to reach their hands in satisfaction of the obligations of villeinage, and was paid away to the wage-earning labourers who at this stage arose. By the time of Edward II. complete commutation was general.

These movements towards freedom, propelled as they were by the onward march of economic change, were aided by the political struggles of the landed and moneyed classes with the Crown. The consolidation of constitutional law which, inherited from the Confessor and Beaclerc, is known as the Great Charter, was due to a temporary coalition of forces which for three centuries after were in antagonism. Of these, the new class, whose strength was derived from commerce, was becoming day by day more potent. The struggle for popular government began at the time of Runnymede, and at first "four discreet knights" from every shire were summoned to the council of the land. Before a decade was over the principle was laid down that redress of wrongs should precede grants to the Crown. In the jubilee year of the charter two burgesses came from every town to represent the people at large in Parliament. Thirty years after, in 1295, the design of a national senate was perfected. The knights acquired a share in debate, and also the right of regular attendance.

It is, however, to the first Edward, himself one of the chief legists of an age which revived the study of the Roman law, that is due in a main degree the shape of the English Constitution. Each of the three forces—the baronage, the Church, and the Crown—stood in need of a check. The Crown received its check at Runnymede; the Church, which already felt the weight of the royal hand at Clarendon, was crippled in its assumption of irresponsibility by the Statute *De Religiosis*, under which it was compelled to take its share of the national burden. The assize of arms and the substitution of scutage for the tenure of personal service in the field were followed up by the Statute of Winchester, which laid the baronage at the feet of the King. The gradual extension of

the itinerant judicature and the gradual extinction of the itinerant legislature were processes which, by ameliorating the condition of the nation at large, indirectly affected Church and baronage alike. In the Church, indeed, lay at first the hope of the land. As Anselm curbed the Red King, as Theobald stood between Stephen and national decay, so Langton wrested from John the power to make havoc of the land. Yet by the time of the Good Parliament the clergy held more than one-third of England, and their spiritualities were double the amount of the royal revenue. Their power was strengthened by the fact that until the end of the Angevins they were as well represented in Parliament as the towns.

These clerics, amenable to the canon law, and triable for offences by their bishop, were conterminous with the professional classes. The clergy included not only parish priests, but sub-deacons and acolytes as well, and these two preliminary grades were easily attained by any who received education at the hands of the monastic orders. These *quasi*-clergy, in fact, formed the class which is now broadly described as the clerical or professional, as distinguished from lay classes. They occupied positions as lawyers' clerks and secretaries, tutors and schoolmasters, accountants and private chaplains. The milder discipline of Holy Church under which they pursued their avocations attracted the intelligent and peace-loving sections of the community, which were thereby enabled to flourish in an environment more favourable to research and learning than the rude militarism of the civil courts.

The lettered classes formed, with the traders of the towns, the stable elements in the nation. Within two centuries after Domesday, 1700 pious foundations lay like oases over the land. They were the contribution of the Crown, the baronage, and wealth to the growing spirit of devotion and culture. These communities had their vicissitudes, and passed through the stages of enthusiasm and abuse which have marked many spiritual movements. In 1312 the Knights Templars were dissolved by the Pope, and in 1323 their lands were bestowed by statute upon the Knights of St. John. The lethargy in which both Augustinian and Benedictine lay in the years



which followed the interdict was rudely disturbed by the rise of the mendicant friars. A short fifteen years after Francis of Assisi gave up a brilliant commercial career at the bidding of his Lord, the first begging friars landed in England, and were followed three years later, in 1224, by the preaching disciples of Dominic. Both orders lived in the towns only, choosing rather the lazar-quarter, where they tended the sick and dying. They were sometimes admitted to the pulpits of the parish churches, sometimes compelled to content themselves with camp meetings. The grey-clad Franciscans found it well to accept the aid of culture, while the black Dominicans accepted no less eagerly the doctrine of voluntarism. It was not long before the new enthusiasm attracted the earnestness of the universities. The mendicant orders admitted to their ranks a tertiary section, composed of men of wealth and title, who, without taking the vow of poverty, rendered them invaluable support. To the profound influence of this evangelical movement on the intellectual restlessness of the Middle Age witness is borne by the fact that the writer of the *Inferno* was a tertiary, and that Alexander Hales, Roger Bacon, and Duns Scotus, the foremost thinkers of their time, were Minorites.

In a century and a half the glamour of the early days of the friars passed away, and a period of greed and laodiceanism supervened. It was then that Wyclif's simple priests, the Lollards, arose to teach their generation a new conception of the Christ. They discountenanced pilgrimages, taught that simple priests might ordain, denied purgatory, objected to idleness on holydays, and taught that the married state was more honourable than the celibate. Wyclif's formal denial of transubstantiation in 1381 was a prelude to a greater Reformation still to come.

The rigid grasp of the Church on the hearts of men was in this and other ways gradually weakened. The effect of excommunication and interdict, while exhibiting in its naked terror the power of Holy See, was to accustom men to do without the rites of religion, and the sacraments of baptism and marriage. The power of the Church lay in a large measure in its control of the keys of knowledge. But by the time of the second Henry, literature began to dissociate

itself from formal ecclesiasticism. The convents of the time were the abode of culture in the same sense as the clubs of to-day. There were monasteries which acquired a reputation for special learning, and it was these which harboured men whose intellectual unrest found its outlet in literary study. In the scriptoria of such abbeys as Canterbury, the monuments of an older learning were transcribed, while there was no scriptorium which did not provide its brotherhood with opportunities for drawing up conveyances, not to speak of writing charters. Cæsar and the Latins began with the Angevins once more to form subjects of monastic reading, while Bologna was reviving the study of Roman law, and Paris was founding scholasticism. In these cities there were established communities having for their object the acquisition of knowledge, communities which arose out of the new spirit of enterprise that marked the age of the crusader. Men visited Cordova, and even Bagdad, and drank in there the genius of Moorish learning. By the time of the Great Charter, the English universities, which were formed by these men, began to influence the intellectual life of the land. Adelard of Bath, drawing his inspiration from the Moor, and Roger Bacon, steeped in the treasures of Rabbinism, opened up a wider world than that of the schoolmen. Roger Bacon speaks of having turned his attention not only to languages, but to "geometry, arithmetic, the construction of tables and instruments." So, in 1267, thirty years after the study of Aristotle was renewed at the Sorboune, the admirable doctor issued that *Opus majus* which was the foundation of all later speculation in the domain of physics. All this time Albertus Magnus, the first of the schoolmen, was surcharging Christian theology with the spirit of Aristotle, while the Dominican Aquinas was publishing his *Summa Theologiæ*, which more than any other work of his age influenced theological thought. It was thus that the study of the canon law, which began to be the most lucrative of all intellectual pursuits, gave way once more, at the bidding of the friars, to the study of things divine, which was to make them better preachers, and of medicine, which was to make them better nurses of the sick poor.

The study of physical science, under the impulse of Bacon, and even of Albertus himself, marked the birth of a new criticism which soon overflowed into the realm of theology. Reason took the place of authority, and the exacter use of words left its mark on the statement of doctrine. The two political forces which were arrayed against the Crown were alike influenced by the spread of the universities. For the democratism which associated men of all ranks and races in one common aim struck a new blow at the feudal idea, while their intellectual disquiet threatened to upheave the Church. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, the publication of the rule of Archbishop Merton founded the university system, and it was then that the convent gave way to the college, and the cloister to the quadrangle.

It was at this time that Lollardry was filling the universities with the new protestantism, nursed as it was by the persistent proselytism of the friars. The spread of learning and enthusiasm was hastened by the special consideration shown to students by politicians. Thus by the Treaty of Bretigny free intercourse between France and England was restored, so that the subjects of either nation might study in the universities of the other. But while for two centuries the universities of Europe were in this way advancing to greater power, the fifteenth century witnessed the sudden decay alike of religion and research. For a full hundred years, Sir John Fortescue and Philippe de Commines are the only names of note in the learning of transalpine Europe.

In one direction the educational movements of the Angevins had a profound bearing upon the integration of national life. The dominion of the French tongue imposed by the Conquest, fostered as it was by its adoption as the speech of Court and fashion, began to be weakened by the upward pressure of the tongue still spoken by the people. In the fourteenth century the two languages strove side by side for the mastery. The writer of the romance of Arthur and Merlin says that he had seen many nobles who "could say no French." It is doubtful whether Edward III. knew English, although the Black Prince sometimes spoke it, and Henry V. habitually carried on an English correspondence. In 1362, the Chief

Justice, Sir Henry Green, opened the court in an English speech, and it was enacted that pleas should be pleaded in English and enrolled in Latin. At length John Cornewaile and Richard Pencriche, two schoolmasters, substituted English for French as their medium of instruction, and within a generation, in 1385, the change was universal. It was Wyclif's Bible of 1380 which unified the new change, and gave to the English tongue the form it still retains.

Side by side with the development of speech there took place a development of knowledge. Ranulf de Glanvill, the justiciar of the second Henry, was the first writer on English law, Richard Fitz Neal, the royal treasurer, the first writer on English government. Works were written in Latin, French, and English for two centuries on the whole range of study, from jurisprudence to romance, from physics to poesy. But after Chaucer and Gower had arisen, men began for the first time to discern the latent power of a tongue which was the most powerful instrument of the Renaissance. It was, however, reserved for Caxton to lead the revolution which of all others brought about the revival of learning.

The rise of a cultured class was accompanied by the rise of a class deriving its strength from wealth. During the whole Angevin time England was becoming less and less of a purely agricultural country. The Statute of Merton, of 1236, which hedged round the lord's right of inclosing common land by the condition that he should leave enough for pasture, witnesses to the decrease in the area of waste land. By the next reign common lands were generally inclosed, and a system of leases was introduced by the great proprietors. Round the abbeys and castles which were run up by the Conqueror's men there grew populations which, in a few years, acquired urban importance. At the Conquest but a tenth of the population lived in the towns, of which eighty are mentioned in *Domesday*. But their power is proved by the fact that the first Henry was compelled to grant town-charters, which the second Henry extended to Bristol, Durham, and Lincoln, Norwich, Oxford, Salisbury, and Southampton. Barely a century after, the Statute of Winchester of 1285 provided that town gates should be shut at night, that strangers travelling after sunset

should be arrested, and that two hundred feet from each side of the king's highway should be cleared of brushwood, to prevent men "lurking in them to do hurt." While in most towns agriculture was still the main occupation of the burghers, it was from them that English merchants controlled the new movements of commerce which by the Tudor age were to change the whole attitude of England to the industry of the world. At the passing of the Great Charter, England had nothing to compare with Antwerp, Bruges, or Cologne, but by the time of the second Edward a travelling friar could say of London that the goldsmiths' shops of the Strand were wealthier than those of Milan, Rome, Venice, and Florence put together. The growing opulence of the nation is shown by the fact that the spoils of two English vessels captured by the privateers of the younger Despenser amounted to £40,000. The merchant princes ranked in social position second only to the great barons, and, while Picard entertained four kings, Philpot fitted out a fleet at his own expense. The nobles joined the merchants in speculations, their younger scions intermarried with successful traders, and the military side of baronial society began to lose its brilliance in presence of the quieter triumphs of peace. By the middle of the thirteenth century the export trade in wool, leather, tin, and lead passed out of the hands of foreigners and came under the control of a body of English exporters, who had now grown up, and who were assisted by the organization of the Staple.

The rise of a labouring class and the growth of towns threw some agricultural produce on the hands of the manorial lords, and it was not long before they established markets for the disposal of surplus supplies. Foreign produce was brought into the country and displayed for sale at fairs, which were generally opened on some feast-day, when the shrine of the patron saint of the town was visited by a crowd of pilgrims. In this way Stourbridge became the fair to which East Anglians went to share in the imports from Flanders, while Winchester formed the meeting-place of the Southern counties and the merchants from France. Fairs were also held at Boston and St. Ives, at Stamford and St. Edmundsbury, and at St. Frideswide's near Oxford. Richard I. granted permis-

sion to trade at fairs to the Hanse of London, an association of merchants which at one time included seventeen towns. The English commercial world of Edward III. could hold its own against the great corporations of Genoa, Lombardy, and the Baltic. The statute of 1283, which provided for the speedy recovery of debts, introduced into Parliament a new realm of legislative action.

The liberation of the villein class from the obligation of unalterable forms of localized service at once led to the specialization of industry. When a man was no longer bound to live his life within the limits of a single domain, it became possible for him to devote himself profitably to some form of handicraft which long practice rendered facile. Thus in the twelfth century there arose a weaving and fulling class, who found a market for their wares in households which had hitherto used home-made cloth only. Two centuries after, a Fleming immigration developed this trade, especially at Norwich, into one of the chief industries of the land. So also baking became in the towns a source of profit amongst a population which found itself driven more and more to devote its energies to pursuits of its own choice. By the end of the fourteenth century London contained forty-eight industries, of which, indeed, a large proportion was concerned in the production of accoutrements and weapons of war. Thus there were spurriers and helmet-makers, bowyers and fletchers, bucklers and lorimers, farriers and brace-makers. There were also scriveners and pie-makers, grocers and drapers. Stimulated by the organized strength of the merchant associations, these crafts formed guilds of their own, which gradually won for them not only industrial supremacy, but also municipal dominion. Even as early as 1130, weavers' guilds are met with in London, Lincoln, and Oxford, and within a century craft-guilds were established in every manufacturing centre, in connection with all branches of industry. At first capital was no essential part of industry. As people used manufactured goods from necessity rather than fashion, demand was stable. But the introduction of money payments led to the gradual accumulation of savings which could be diverted into new enterprises. The fact that throughout the fourteenth

century the enforcement of the legal prohibition of usury was sustained by public opinion shows that commerce and industry had not yet learned to rely upon the aid of capitalized wealth. In 1290 the Jewish population was banished for usurious practices, and did not return for nearly four centuries. Yet the disabilities under which foreign merchants lay were found by the end of the thirteenth century to afford no lasting benefit, and so in 1303 foreigners were by statute given complete freedom as to time and place and manner of doing business, and were permitted for the first time to compete in the retail trade in grocery and mercery. This retail trade, as the round halfpence and farthings of 1220 show, had been in existence for a century already. The growing independence of commerce may be discerned in the fact that in 1208 the moneyers of sixteen towns were summoned to Winchester, where their old dies were replaced by others of uniform design; the growing importance of commerce, in the fact that in 1248 the quality of the coinage was first practically tested.

The removal of the trade in fuel from the Andredswald to the North marked a new departure in the development of commerce. For years the forest was cut down to furnish wood for the Sussex iron-smelters. About the year 1234 a licence to dig for coal was granted to Newcastle, and the later discovery of iron north of the Humber wrought a new revolution. The demand for labour in a region which the neighbourhood of the lawless Lowlands kept sparse of people caused a gradual northerly movement. This had the effect of relieving the South of a population which was beginning to find itself too numerous to derive its support from agriculture only.

The cheapening of iron, by cheapening and improving tools, made its mark on the development of a better style of building. The twelfth century witnessed the introduction of glazed windows, the thirteenth that of chimneys and roofing tiles. But the lack of capitalized wealth prevented private persons from making much display in residential building. It was reserved for the great corporations of the Church and the Crown to carry out those architectural works which replaced the Norman style by the Decorated and the Perpendicular.

In the twelfth century a new abbey arose at Westminster; in the thirteenth a new cathedral at Canterbury and Salisbury; in the fourteenth a new palace at Windsor.

The development of town life introduced into the land new physical conditions. The dregs of the boroughs were left to rot, beggars and outlaws were beyond the reach of the law, the slums were pestilent, cretinism and leprosy prevailed. Lazar-houses and spitals abounded, and sanitation was so generally imperfect that even Robert Bruce could not avoid the infliction of leprosy. Villeins would run away to the towns, where freedom awaited them if they could avoid arrest for a year and a day. This summary mode of self-emancipation was so prevalent that, after the Black Death, the Bishop of Ely kept troops outside the gates of Norwich to arrest runaways from the demesnes of the abbey, while it was part of the daily work of every monastery to defend claims for truant bondsmen. After the French wars, vagrancy became so rife that in 1376 a general arrest was decreed.

All this time the fusion of the communal units of which the villages consisted was hindered by the difficulty of communication. The construction of bridges was fostered by the sentiment that bridge-making was an act of peculiar piety. Matilda's Bridge, by Stratford, was the first of a long series of bridges endowed in the name of religion, of which Peter Colechurch's bridge at London was the finest. But both bridges and highways, through the lack of effective control, were allowed to fall into decay, such as Piers Plowman refers to in his lament over the "wikked wayes" of the land. The difference in the value of corn in Bedfordshire and Derbyshire at the end of the thirteenth century represented a present money value of £14 per ton for cartage alone. So bad were the roads, that the new Parliament had often to wait for a few days before a quorum arrived. The luxury of travel may be estimated from the fact that a carriage used by Isabella, the queen of the second Richard, cost £400; and one used by Eleanor, the sister of the third Edward, £1000. The hardships of travel aided the spread of brigandage, which was protected in a measure by the sacred privilege of sanctuary in case of murder, while nomad minstrels and quacks offered a welcome break in the monotony of village life. The estab-



lishment of a horse postal service at the close of our period, in 1481, first broke up the wayside life of the Middle Age. Vagrancy was fostered by the open hospitality maintained by the monastic foundations, by which even the retainers of the barons did not scorn to profit. It was not until Henry VIII. decreed the dissolution of the monasteries, and his daughter established a poor-law system, that the principle of free competition began to prevail.

It was to the wars with Scotland and France that is due to a chief extent the awakening of England. It cannot be said that more peaceful methods would have been of less advantage. But out of the evil of slaughter and robbery arose the solid good of a widening intercourse. The French wars were largely fought with the aid of free companies, the principle of a mercenary soldiery thus replacing the older conscription. The English people could in this way, if so minded, devote themselves the more readily to the arts of peace. Villein and townsman took but a slight share in the wars of the time. It was the yeoman class which began to replace the chivalry of the Conquest, and modern military science was first taught by the bowmen of Falkirk and Agincourt. The sullen roar of gunpowder at Crecy sounded the knell at once of the fortress and of the chivalry of feudalism, though it was not till the field of Barnet that hand-guns were first adopted.

During this whole period the English race was making its first experiments in empire. Blood and treasure were lavished on French land in the hope of continental dominion. In less than a generation after Senlac made England a fief of Normandy, Tenchebrai made Normandy a fief of England. But while the Edwards and the Valois were struggling for the overlordship of Western France, the English towns, by force of industrial selection, were deciding the insular limits of empire. Though the first Edward raised England to the position of the third Power in Europe, the power of England grew yet more and more, unhampered by the loss of the French provinces. And the forces which were silently acting to sever the land from continental Europe were acting as potently to unify the political condition of the whole island.

The struggle which of all others involved the gravest issues

was that with Holy See. Under the ecclesiastical dominion of the Pope the imperial aspirations of the people were effectually crushed. The claim made by Rome to present to vacant benefices was one against which Parliament strove for years, until at length, in 1343, papal provisions were forbidden, and, ten years after, appeal from the court of the King to that of the Pope was visited with outlawry and perpetual imprisonment. In 1366, too, the mendicant orders were forbidden to procure bulls against the university towns. John's annual tribute of 1000 marks was discontinued for seventeen years under Edward I., characteristically paid up by Edward II., and disused for thirty-three years under Edward III. When at length Urban V. claimed arrears, Parliament declared that John could not bind the kingdom without its consent. While, therefore, the complete emancipation of the national Church from papal control still lay in the future, pre-Tudor England did its full share in preparing for that coming event. *Præmunire* was the prelude to the political side of the Reformation, as *Lollardry* was to its doctrinal side.

The march, in fine, of the England of the Conquest to the England of the Renascence is tidal rather than continuous. The persistent growth of parliamentary phenomena was checked for a time by the restriction of the county franchise under the sixth Henry and by the abuse of elections. The flood of English military prestige was followed by an ebb tide of reverse at the hands of the Maid of Orleans. The coming of the friars was succeeded by the swift decay of the Minorite enthusiasm, and the generous fervour of the poor priests of Wyclif was damped by the persecution which drew its warrant from *De Heretico*. The accumulation of wealth was hindered by the Black Death, and the growing spirit of intellectual dominion sank into the mental somnolence which preceded the revival of learning. Yet but for these fluctuating movements in political and social life, inseparable as they are from an age of strenuous endeavour, the awakening of England might not have taken place so vigorously or so soon.

# ART. VII.—JOHN FLAMSTEED, FIRST ASTRONOMER ROYAL.

1. *Life and Correspondence of Abraham Sharp.* By W. CUDWORTH. London: Sampson Low & Co.; Bradford: T. Bear. 1889.
2. *An Account of the Rev. John Flamsteed, compiled from his own MSS. and other authentic documents never before published; to which is added his British Catalogue of Stars.* By FRANCIS BAILY, Esq., V.P. of the Royal Astronomical and Royal Geographical Societies, F.R.S., F.L.S., Visitor of the Royal Observatory, Corresponding Member of various Foreign Academies, &c., &c. Printed by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. London. 1835.

THE publication of Mr. Cudworth's excellent monograph reminds us of a quarrel which, while it did not sensibly hinder the progress of astronomical discovery in this country, throws fresh light on characters respecting which most of us think nothing more is to be known; and proves, too, that in the last half of the seventeenth century men of science were, even in England, far from being independent of Court favour. *Odium scientificum*, pure and simple, has sometimes been almost as bitter as *odium theologicum*. Very rarely has a concurrent discovery been settled in such a thoroughly friendly way as that of Neptune by Adams and Leverrier. Cambridge has more than once been almost divided into two hostile camps by the quarrels of rival mathematicians. Happily such disputes seldom hinder work; sometimes they seem to act rather as a spur to effort. When two generals cannot work together they are sure to thwart one another. The bitter enmity of Ney and Soult led to irreparable disasters. It opened Spain to the English in 1809, and made Talavera a defeat instead of being, what it so nearly was, a victory for the French. But, while Flamsteed and Halley were as bitterly hostile as Ney and Soult, they were each working for the one cause. Flamsteed was multiplying observations, cataloguing new stars, cor-

recting old calculations by the help of the famous mural circle built for him by Abraham Sharp; Halley was mapping out the southern celestial hemisphere, and studying on African and American coasts the variations of the tides; while Newton was using the observations of both in correcting the lunar theory. Now of Dr. Halley most people have a fairly definite idea. He was accused of being a loose liver, and was undoubtedly a sceptic, fond, after the fashion of that day, of bringing the Bible into contempt. Sir I. Newton once said to him: "Dr. Halley, I'm always glad to hear you talk about astronomy or mathematics, because you have studied and well understand them. But you should not talk of the Bible or of Christianity, for you have not studied them. I have; and I know you know nothing of the matter." Our idea of Newton is still more definite. The gentleness expressed in the words, "Oh Diamond, Diamond! Little you know what valuable work you've destroyed," when his pet dog set a heap of papers on fire; the humility which led him to say, "I know not what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, finding now and then a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me"—these are commonplaces.

Flamsteed, "whose *Historia Cœlestis* occupies the same place in practical astronomy which Newton's *Principia* holds in theoretical" (Cudworth, p. 147), is for most of us little more than a name. And yet his life is worth looking into. He had no early advantages. Halley went from St. Paul's School to Oxford; Newton, well grounded at Grantham, was sent at eighteen to Trinity, Cambridge, where, under Barrow, he had the best training of the time. Flamsteed (born 1646), son of a wealthy yeoman of Denby, near Derby, got at Derby School nothing but "so much Latin as to understand elegant English," devoting himself chiefly to "ranting stories and romances, whereof at twelve years old I left off the wilder ones and took to the more probable sort, following them up with real histories—Plutarch, and Hollinshed, and Davies's Queen Elizabeth, and Sanderson's Charles I., but always with a company of romances and other stories." He was, in fact,

wholly self-taught, and had, moreover, at the outset, to combat a malady which for a long time made study impossible, and of which the *sequelæ* gave him trouble all his life through. He shall tell his story in his own quaint words in the *Self-Inspections of J. F.*, discovered by Mr. Baily among a mass of Flamsteed's MSS. (rotted with the bad paste used to fasten them into guard books) on the shelves of the Observatory library. Never was there such a wholesale writer as Flamsteed. A hundred and twenty-four of his letters to Sharp are preserved; and, besides the *Self-Inspections*, which cover twenty-one years of his life, there are *Historica Narratio vitæ meæ*, and several volumes of Notes and Diaries, including the "Preface," suppressed by the editors of his *Historia Cælestis*, in which he explains the reasons why that work was delayed, and points out how parts of it were pirated and surreptitiously published by Halley and Newton. It is a veritable *embarras de richesses*, the analysis of which, with the *pièces justificatives*, takes up some 400 pp. quarto—*i.e.*, more than half of Mr. Baily's book.

When he was fourteen, Flamsteed took cold while bathing with his schoolfellows. "Returning I found no hurt; but when I arose next morning, body, thighs, and legs were all so swelled that I could not get on my usual clothes, which swelling was laid by rubbing with vinegar and clay; but its original, being not evacuated, fell, I suppose, into my joints, and thence caused the weakness which it pleased God to inflict on me." This stopped his going to college: "Hard study my father perceived already to distemper my body, and where my studies would be my constant labour my disease would become intolerable." Flamsteed regretted the decision. He says, "colds did oftener cause this disease than reading; and he is not a man or not himself who cannot use his studies with moderation." At college, too, he might have got the best physicians, "and physic as cheap as no other place could yield me." He wanted, besides, to take Orders: "My desires have always been for learning and divinity, for which I thought myself more qualified than for other employ, because my bodily weakness will not permit me action, and my mind hath always been fitted for the contemplation of

God and His works. But, since God hath otherwise disposed of me, I shall say no more of it."

Taken from school before he was sixteen, he picked up a Latin copy of Sacrobosco's *Spheres*, reading which, "without any director, but not unsuccessfully," was the turning point of his life. His father taught him "the golden rule of three." He took up dialling, and began to calculate the sun's altitudes by tables of natural sines, and next year Elias Grice (why does the family now call itself le Grice?) showed him, in Oughtred's *Canon* (a book on which Newton fed when he began at Cambridge), the artificial sines. His illness increasing, he was sent in 1664 to Mr. Cromwell, "who was cried up for cures by the Nonconformist party; but after his courses of purges and cordials, found myself no better than formerly and so was by him left off to the mercy of God." Every winter "thrust him again into the chimney from which the heat and dryness of the summer withdrew him;" and so, though he used Horrox's *Tables*, and "auspiciously calculated the true places of the planets," and wrote an *Almanac burlesque*, his father resolved in 1665 to send him over to Ireland, where Mr. Valentine Greatrakes, "by the stroke of his hand, without the application of any medicine, did cure many." So he and friend Spicer, getting to Liverpool on a Tuesday, waited for a wind till Friday. How they nearly ran upon "the Lambay," and at last, putting in, were not suffered to land, "the sickness being very hot at that time in London," is in strange contrast with our rapid communication. The captain went ashore to get licences, but did not return; and, "paying the master's friend, several at night slung down the ropes." Flamsteed and his friend found the doors shut at King's End, and at last got to "a paltry inn wherein was no meat I could eat but brown bread and ale; and lodged in a straw bed with a sheet and a half, and yet, God be praised, I both fed and slept very well." After resting till Thursday at the "Ship" in Dame Street, they began their walk, over-passing towns like "the Naas" and sleeping in little villages. The lodging, however, was good. Of one place Flamsteed reports: "The house was stored with gorse, their usual fuel; and a bare-foot boy being called in to bait

a fire, I feared an Irish entertainment. But we were afterwards brought into a back room indifferently handsome, where we had a table neatly spread with as fair and fine linen as in England, and accommodation better than I expected." The absence of woods he thought "a thing observable in a country reported to be full of them." At Castletown, beyond Clonmel, their landlord "came from Uttoxeter, and knew my grandfather Spateman. . . . On Sabbath morning, inquiring where they went to church, I was told they had plenty enough of everything necessary except the word of God, but that their minister lived twelve miles off, and that they had no sermon except when he came for his tithes, which was once a year." Wisely, therefore, they pursued their journey, "instead of lying all day in the ale-house," to Cappoquin, and thence to "the Assouane," distant a mile, where they saw Mr. Greatrakes touch several; but, though Flamsteed was "stroked all over his body," he found no amends, and after the third attempt went back home.

On the return journey he was struck with the poverty of the Irish villages. All the way between Clonmel and Goaren it was impossible to get a horse-shoe—"nothing in the blacksmith's shop but hearth, bellows, and anvil." In one place only one house had a chimney. Naturally, so soon after Cromwell's war, suspicion was rife. At Goaren the pair met a traveller for a London tradesman, who, hearing them mention Derby, asked several questions about the place. But when Flamsteed inquired his name he declined to tell till they were on their journey together next morning. "With this answer," says Flamsteed, "I rested satisfied." Not so Toplady, of Nottingham, for that was the cautious stranger, when an Irishman, of whom he asked the road, replied in Irish. So far from "resting satisfied," "he struck him with his whip, which nothing availing, he laid his hand on his hanger and said: 'Now, sirrah, if you answer not presently in English, here will I make an end of your days.' The man at once spoke English, and Toplady remarked, 'Since that I carry my tobacco pouch by my side;' for he used afore to give the Irish tobacco to show him the way; but now he resolved to make them do it perforce,

and yet not to trust to their perfidiousness." Cheated in Dublin by one Bulkeley, an Englishman, whose sin Flamsteed " forbears to name, because time may perhaps afford me satisfaction from him," they have much ado to get lodging on the road, " because the sickness was reported to be in Liverpool whence we came ; " but before long he is at home and deep in astronomical problems, cataloguing some seventy stars (right ascensions, declinations, &c.), up to 1701 ; and perfecting his calculations of the solar eclipse due on June 22, 1666.

He also went in for astrology, which he found " to give generally strong, conjectural hints, not perfect declarations." Strange to find him next year reading Euclid's *Elements*, after mastering Riccioli's *New Almagest* and finding the sun's distance by the moon's dichotomy! Whatever he did he entered in his diary ; for " God suffers not man to be idle, though he swim in the midst of delights. Even Adam . . . had to till his garden, and to add (if it might be) some lustre, grace, or conveniency to that place which, as well as he, derived its original from his Creator. . . . I therefore write to keep myself from idleness, and to show that I was not so wholly taken up either with my father's business or my mathematics, but that I both admitted and found time for other as weighty considerations. . . . And I tell all that ever befel me that others may honestly and sincerely prosecute these studies depending on the favour of God, and giving Him only all the praise." " Languishing at home " the sickly youth, who, when a boy, was supposed to be dying of consumption, calculated another eclipse, and proved by observation that the *Caroline Tables* then in use were very imperfect.

But he was ambitious. Late in 1669 he sent to the Royal Society his calculations of the lunar occultations of fixed stars for 1670, with a quaint letter, " To the right honourable William Lord Brouncker, president ; also to the right worshipful worthy and truly ingenious H. Oldenburg, Esq., Christopher Wren, M.D., and all the other astronomical fellows of this Society, J. F. humbly presents this epistle." He hides his name under the anagram *in mathesi a sole fundes*, " praying you to excuse this juvenile heat in the concerns of science and want of better language from one who from sixteen



years old to this instant hath only served one bare apprenticeship in these arts, under discouragement of friends, want of health, and all other instructors except his better genius." By the following January they had found him out, and Oldenburg writes in the warmest way: "Though you did what you could to hide your name, yet your ingenious and useful labours did soon discover you to us," winding up with offers of service, "though you must look on me as the meanest of the Fellows of this Society, who yet am with all readiness and sincerity, sir, your very affectionate friend and real servant. From my house in the middle of the Palmal in St. James's Fields." And this sudden heat lasted; Oldenburg and another Fellow, Collins, remained his friends for life.

A visit to London in 1870 brought him, through Collins, into contact with Sir Jonas Moore, Surveyor of Ordnance, who gave him a micrometer and promised telescope glasses; and next year he had his tubes and micrometers in order, and, having no pendulum, took the heights of the stars with a wooden quadrant, eighteen-inch radius, fixed to the side of his seven-foot telescope. Other contributions to the Royal Society's Transactions divided his time with the study of Horrox's lunar theory. In 1673, Sir Jonas writes: "I am ashamed such hopes as we might have of you should be discouraged by your charges and pains; so little encouragement is there for poor astronomy." He proposes that Flamsteed shall employ an assistant, and binds himself to pay £10 a year, engaging to get £10 more from friends. Next year he came to London, wrote an Ephemeris, "showing the falsity of astrology, and giving the true times of the tides, the seamen's coarse rules erring sometimes two or three hours." He then took to making barometers (he had seen one at Mr. Townley's, in Lancashire, where he got a micrometer and a mensurator); and those which he gave to Sir Jonas were much admired by the King and the Duke of York. Poor Flamsteed, accustomed later in life to having his observations pirated, can't help noting the contrast; Sir Jonas was as honourable in this way as he was hospitable. He wrote, "with all earnestness I do beg from you that you will make my house your abode. I have a quiet

house ; a room fitted for you, and another for your servant ; a library and all things else at your command." And (says Flamsteed) " whenever he acquainted the King or Duke with anything he had gathered from my discourse, he told them freely it was mine. Whereby he confirmed them in their just opinion of his sincerity and candour, and procured me more than ordinary regards from them."

During this time he had entered at Jesus College, Cambridge ; but of his residence there he says nothing, except that he " visited Mr. Newton, Lucasian professor, and fixed his microscope for him, " which he could not, the object glass being forgot by him." Taking his M.A. by Royal letters in 1674, he was on his way to Peterborough to be ordained, a friend of his father having promised him a small living, when Sir Jonas Moore strongly urged him to come to London and to help him with a private observatory which he meant to set up at Chelsea. Just then, " a half-skilled astronomer " (so Flamsteed calls him), the Sieur de St. Pierre, made interest with the Duchess of Portsmouth (Mdle. de Querouaille) to have his proposal for finding the longitude by lunar observations examined by the Royal Society. Sir Jonas managed to get Flamsteed put on the Commission. He at once proved to the satisfaction of his compeers that the observations which the Frenchman demanded were not enough, and that he ignored the difference between the best lunar tables and the heavens. Nevertheless, *considering the interest of his patroness at Court*, the others begged Flamsteed to furnish him with what he asked. He did so ; but the Sieur said the observations were feigned. Whereupon Flamsteed wrote him such a letter, telling him to consult his countryman Morinus, &c., that he disappeared. This letter (sent also to his brother Commissioners) was shown to Charles, who, startled to think the stars were falsely placed in the catalogue, cried : " I must have them observed anew and corrected for my seamen's sakes." " It will take many observations," said Lord Brouncker. " But I must have it done," retorted the king. " And who is to do it ? " " He who has informed you of these dangerous errors," was his Majesty's reply. So in March 1675 Flamsteed was appointed King's Observer, at

a salary of £100, beginning at the preceding Michaelmas; and that Easter he was ordained by Dr. Gunning, at Ely House, it not being necessary in those days for the candidate for Orders to have a curacy in view.

The next consideration was where should he set up his instruments. In Hyde Park, said Sir Jonas; at Chelsea College, thought Flamsteed; for the ruins of James I.'s "Controversy College"—as the wits called it, begun by Sutcliffe, Dean of Exeter, "that learned men might there have maintenance to answer all the adversaries of religion"—were inviting. But Wren mentioned Greenwich; and the gate-house of the old castle of Mirefleur was fixed on as the site, bricks being sent up from Tilbury Fort, and £800 being allowed by the King for building. The instruments Flamsteed had to get at his own cost or from friends; and, outspoken as usual, he was soon in trouble with Mr. Hooke of the Royal Society about the large sextant which he made while at Sir J. Moore's. "I invented that perpetual screw which you use to move your semicircles," said Hooke. "Indeed, you did no such thing," retorted Flamsteed. "You have published it as your own, I know; but you got it from the Preface to Tycho Brahé's *Historia Cælestis*, where, 'tis said, the Emperor Ferdinand first contrived it." Thus meagrely furnished with a sextant and two of Tompion's clocks (given him by Sir Jonas), with thirteen-feet pendulums, vibrating every two seconds, and needing to be drawn up only once a year, and two telescopes brought from Derby, Flamsteed set to work. Moore soon added "a telescope object-glass of fifty-two feet;" and Flamsteed, after failing himself to make a mural arc, employed Sharp, whom he had got to know and to value, "as not only an excellent geometrician and ready calculator, but a most expert and curious mechanic." Sharp's arc, "planed by a contrivance that made it as flat as if turned in a lathe," took fourteen months making, "and cost me more than £120 out of my own pocket." The Royal Society lent him a quadrant wherewith to verify his observations; but, no sooner was Sir J. Moore dead (1679) than Hooke got an order for it to be removed to Gresham College. Flamsteed's note of this is: "On Sir Jonas's death the business of the Observatory languished; and had sunk, if the Good Providence of God had

not blest the Observer with a competent estate of his own, and given him resolution to carry it on for the honour of the nation and their Ma<sup>ties</sup>, whom he has served without any respect to his own advantage." What Sharp's salary was we are not told. In his pocket-books (written so small as to need a powerful magnifier) there are entries such as this: "May 1687, rec<sup>d</sup> of M<sup>r</sup> Flamsteed £15; of my brother £5." It did not suffice, therefore, for his expenses, among which are such items as "Dutch quills 1/-; pounce 4<sup>d</sup>; peruke 4/-; dinner at coffee-house 1/-; Religion & Reason adjusted 2/6; barber 1/-; conic sections 1/-; screw plate & 13 taps 7/6; spent on y<sup>e</sup> men that carried y<sup>e</sup> quadrant up to Greenwich 6<sup>d</sup>; spent at White Horse 6<sup>d</sup>; pair of boots 10/-; whip 2/6; wateridge to & fro London, 5<sup>d</sup>" (Cudworth, p. 19). He was one of those men who do their best for the work's sake, and whose best is really superlative; "the first who cut divisions on mathematical instruments with any pretensions to accuracy, and first on the list of those whose mechanical talents have been of such material aid to the Greenwich astronomers." Flamsteed's verdict on the arc was: "All and each of its parts are so skilfully made that it was the admiration of every experienced workman who beheld it."

Hitherto he had been so imperfectly equipped that the extreme accuracy of his observations proves such a man to be to some extent independent of apparatus. The arc he wanted to confirm his old work, as well as to help him in new. "Coarse observations," says he (Baily, p. 47), "made by honest, well-meaning men have more perplexed the astronomer than all their labours and dreams upon them can make him satisfaction for. When their pretty thoughts and conceits (excusable always in the theories, and sometimes to be commended) are confirmed by rude and ill-managed experiments they become a load to the science"—and he instances Lansberg and Riccioli. This made him anxious for "a fixed instrument for determining the true longitude of the equinoctial points"—i.e., a mural arc; the cost of which, including the salary of "the ingenious Mr. Sharp" (whom, in very doubtful Latin, he calls *servum meum*), he defrayed by taking pupils, among them relatives of the Dukes of Marlborough and Hamilton, Lords Castleton, Coningsby, &c., along

with Sir W. Hussey, afterwards Turkish Ambassador, &c. Was astronomy more fashionable then? or, did these young nobles "make night observations, tell the clock, write for him, and such like things as Flamsteed might safely employ them in," only with the view of qualifying for commands in the navy? Anyhow, "this saved the public the charge of a pair of necessary assistants," and the Astronomer Royal had before long calculated the places of about 3000 stars, and got 1000 places of the moon and as many of the planets, with all requisites relating to them. Such pupils were more a help than a hindrance. Of the two boys from Christ's Hospital Mathematical (or King's) School, who were forced on him month by month, he complains grievously. They are prompt and ingenious, but know no trigonometry, without which they cannot understand or retain what they learn of navigation. He has other things to do but to teach children; and fears he will get "no satisfaction for his labour." "The bed is wanting for the boys' bedstead, which is yet in the further summer-house." These boys are as great a hindrance as the pains in his legs and feet. He must have liked his work; but he would have liked more recognition—was not unenvious of the Court favour monopolized by Newton and the other theorists, while he, whose "painful" observations alone made it possible for them to theorize to any purpose, was left out in the cold.\* His state of mind may be judged from his reply to Dr. Bernard, who wished him to try for the Oxford Savilian Professorship. At first he inclines to apply for the post, "though I had never so good an opinion of mine abilities as to think I could deserve so eminent a reward." But in a second letter he writes: "I am resolved for the present to content myself with a place which I have furnished with instruments of my own contrivance (but full of trouble and no gains), till I see an opportunity of removing to one more advantageous, and where I may have a better air with lesser or fewer distempers. *I am as weary of the place as you of yours*; my inclinations are for an employment that may render me more useful in the world and promote more glory to my Maker, which is the sole end of

---

\* He had inclined to Chelsea College "because of its nearness to the Court."

our lives, and to which I would divert all my labours" (Baily, p. 668). Halley was meaning to be a candidate; as an Oxford man he would have more chance (he did get the appointment, but not till the next election in 1703). Flamsteed thus recommends him to Bernard: "He is very ingenious; and, his friends being wealthy, you may expect that advantage by a resignation to him which it is scarce in my power to afford you."

Greenwich air, vitiated probably by vapours from the Plumstead marshes, certainly did not suit him. In March 1678 he writes to Sir J. Moore:—

"My ague, I hope, abates; my fit is but an hour long, and very gentle, only I can get no rest twelve hours after. I take nothing for it but a little carduus posset, to fetch the phlegm off my stomach. I use a very spare diet; my cordial is a glass of sack and some mithridate.\* Your grandson's" (he was one of the gentlemen pupils) "flits as mine does, but he will not be kept within doors when his fit is over."

"Some one" soon began to grumble that the results of his observations were not published as he made them. To Sir Jonas he points out that he is working "harder than thrashing," and that he is not "of that carter-like temper that cannot move without a goad." "The pleasures of my studies, if I may be permitted to follow them quietly, are the greatest incentives that can be to prosecute them vigorously. As soon as I have obtained anything so certain as that I think it may not be liable to error or need correction, I shall be as desirous to expose it to public view as any can be to have it." His quarrel with Newton began because the latter, deep in his correction of Horrox's Lunar Theory, was so eager to confirm it by observations that he took unauthorized means to get hold of results. Thus we read (1694):—

"Mr. Newton came to visit me. Esteeming him an obliged friend I showed him about 150 places of the moon, derived from my own observations. On his earnest request I lent him them, not doubting but by their help he would be able to correct the lunar theory, making 2 conditions: 1° That he should not impart them to any one else, they not being yet rectified by the mural arc, but only with the sextant, 2° that what result he derived from them he should first impart to me who had saved him the trouble of calculations."

---

\* Extract of willow-bark (lately become fashionable as *salicine*), the immemorial remedy in the Norfolk fens, he does not seem to have known.

Newton broke faith, and communicated his amended theory to Halley and Gregory, keeping Flamsteed in the dark about it. Yet Newton was very angry when he suspected Flamsteed of similarly divulging what was meant for him only. Dr. Wallis published in his *Mathematical Tracts*, vol. 3, Flamsteed's tract "on the parallax of the earth's annual orb," in which occurs the paragraph: "I had contracted a friendship with Mr. Newton, at that time the most learned professor in Cambridge, and I furnished him with 150 lunar observations for correcting Horrox's theory." Newton was furious, and wrote: "You have put the world into an expectation of what, perhaps, they are never like to have. I do not love to be printed upon every occasion, much less to be dunned and teased by foreigners about mathematical things, or to be thought by my own people to be trifling away my time about them, when I should be about the King's business. I have, therefore, writ Dr. Wallis against printing that clause." On this, Flamsteed's comment is: "Was Mr. Newton a trifler when he read mathematics for a salary at Cambridge? Surely astronomy is of some good use, though his place" (in the Mint) "be more beneficial." It is very sad that two such men should quarrel on such slight grounds. Flamsteed was a deeply religious man; in his most private computation books we find such entries as: "Deo summo Geometræ gratias; Tot vigiliarium tantorum que laborum sola sit laus et gloria supremo cælorum Conditori; Divino fretus auxilio, fixarum ordinationem fere perfeci," ending with a prayer that God will strengthen him to finish the work. Of Newton he wrote, not long before the quarrel, "his approbation is more to me than the cry of all the ignorant in the world." Even after their disagreement he says: "I believe him to be a good man at the bottom, but through his natural temper suspicious." He was soured by the feeling that Halley, whose immoral life he could not abide, had supplanted him in Newton's esteem, and was, through Newton, plotting to supplant him at the Observatory. To Newton's letter he replied:—

"I could not think you would be unwilling our nation should have the honour of furnishing you with so many good observations as (I speak it without boasting) were not to be had elsewhere. . . . It could be no

diminution to you, since you pretend not to be an observer yourself. . . . I wonder that hints drop from your pen as if you looked on my business as *trifling*; you thought it not so when you were at Cambridge; its property is not altered. . . . The works of the Eternal Providence will, I hope, be a little better understood through your labours and mine than they were formerly. Think me not proud for this expression; I look on pride as the worst of sins, humility as the greatest virtue. This makes me excuse small faults, bear great injuries without resentment, and resolve to maintain a real friendship with ingenious men, and to assist them what lies in my power without regard of any interest but that of doing good by obliging them."

A letter like that throws much light on the writer's character—a somewhat porcupineish nature, unpleasant to handle except in the right way.

Flamsteed at once begged Dr. Wallis to withdraw the paragraph; but Wallis asked Newton to let it stand. "I don't [he says] apprehend any prejudice to you in printing it, being merely true matter of fact; and it seems of concernment to Mr. Flamsteed to satisfy the world that he is not idle, though he be not yet in readiness to publish the whole of his observations (for which he is frequently called upon), it being a great work." Very small, however, though the matter was, it rankled. Flamsteed thought that every Court wit who complained of the Observer's slowness was set on by Halley; he was justly wroth with Dr. Gregory for laughing in his *Elementa Astronomiæ* at the mural circle—"neque muros licet firmissimos neque ipsas rupes montes que eundem perpetuo situm servare certissimum est." "Though rocks may shake" (replies Flamsteed), "yet there are ways of finding out their errors; and I've often said I know a way of finding out the errors of my wall instrument. It had been for his reputation to have added this." All this is petty in the extreme, but what shall we say to the following? In 1704 Prince George of Denmark had heard of Flamsteed's painstaking and disinterested work (he had spent over £2000 on printing and instruments, having come in to his father's estate, and having got the rectory of Burstow); and the Prince arranged for the publication of the star catalogue, &c., to go on at the public cost. After this Newton was vastly civil, the tone of his letters being quite changed. But the Prince died, and in 1710 the Queen was persuaded to appoint a Committee of the Royal



Society Visitors of the Observatory. This Flamsteed strongly resented; he felt sure that Newton wanted to get hold of more observations before they had received their final correction. He waited on Secretary St. John, pointed out how he should be hindered by this new constitution of Visitors; that he wanted no new instruments, and, if he did, the visitors were not skilful enough to contrive them; that, after all his expense and pains, it was very unjust to deprive him both of honour and of the benefit of his own expenses, and to confer them on those who had done nothing but obstruct him in all they could, and who wanted to boast of their merit in preserving his labours because they had naught of their own worth the public view. Not a wise speech, surely. No wonder St. John "seemed not to regard what I said, but answered me haughtily, the Queen would be obeyed." Flamsteed was afraid of the fate of "noble Tycho, who had no Visitors during his patron Frederic II.'s reign; and those appointed by King Christian were very unfit for the purpose, much less skilful than himself, and made use of to asperse him and make him uneasy and withdraw, that the courtiers might get his appointments. . . . My appointments, very small in comparison of his, were also designed by Sir Isaac for others that would be dependent on him. But by God's good providence I received but little damage by the Visitors, though Dr. Arbuthnot did with unequalled dexterity and boldness demand from me other observations that had not been delivered to Sir Isaac when he got the rest by tricks and pretences." Flamsteed delayed giving up these observations, finding that some of the former parcel had been printed and handed about in Child's Coffee-house, though Arbuthnot solemnly declared "not a sheet of them was in print;" whereupon Newton peremptorily summoned him to the Royal Society's meeting in Crane Court, to inquire into the state of his instruments. There was not a full council present, so no record of the meeting stands in the Society's journals. Flamsteed's account is as follows: "It was not long after Sir I. Newton had been complaining that I charged him with embezzling £500 of the Prince's £1100; whereas the utmost I had said was that he should account for it, seeing only £300 had been spent on printing.

Dr. Arbuthnot, with much heat, urged that it was the same as if I had said he had embezzled it, whereat the rest laughed, and said: 'No, surely.' The Doctor then said it cost Sir Isaac £100 in feasts! . . . . At the meeting I was asked what repairs I wanted, or what instruments? I replied the instruments were all my own, and my repairs were always done by the Office of the Ordnance. 'As good have no Observatory as no instruments,' said Newton. I then complained of the pirating of my works, and the Prince's picture (without notice to me) engraved as frontispiece to present to the Queen, 'whereby (added I) I am robbed of the fruits of my labours.' At this the impetuous man grew outrageous, and said, 'We are, then, robbers of your labours?' I answered, I was sorry they owned themselves to be so. After which all he said was in a rage; he called me many hard names; *puppy* was the most innocent of them. I told him only that I had all imaginable deference for her Majesty's order, for the honour of the nation, &c.; but that it was a dishonor to the nation, Her Majesty, and that Society, yea to its President, to use me so. At last he charged me, with great violence, not to remove any instruments, I having told him that, if I was turned out of the Observatory, I would carry my sextant with me. I only desired him to restrain his passion, and thanked him as often as he gave me ill names; and, looking for the door, told the hot gentleman God had blessed all my endeavours hitherto, and that he would protect me for the future, or words to that purpose."

So astronomers as well as poets and musicians seem to be liable to jealousy and temper. Flamsteed's temper comes out, also, when Dr. Halley calls, bringing his wife, son, and daughter, and promises to burn his uncorrected copy of the Catalogue if Flamsteed will print his own. "I told him of his blockish fault in his charts," says Flamsteed. "He answered he was young when he did them, on which account they might be excused so they were right on the backside of the paper, *with much other impudent banter.*" Not an easy man to get on with; masterful and heedless about giving offence, while quick enough to take it. The quarrel, we see, was a good deal about money, as well as about dignity; it might never

have arisen had Flamsteed still been a Fellow of the Royal Society (he had been in arrear with his subscription, and his name was struck off). But Newton's ready use of strong language is startling. Dr. Mead sided with him ("he was his echo," hints Flamsteed). "Dr. Sloane held his peace, whom I thanked for his civility, and permitted him to help me, being very lame, downstairs." It is not an edifying scene; and the ill-feeling between the two has led to Flamsteed's character being maligned in Moreri's *Dictionnaire Historique* (1795), and other works; while even Sir D. Brewster calls him selfish and desirous to hide his discoveries. The fact is, the vindication, which he had meant as preface to his *Historia Cælestis*, was suppressed by his niece's husband, Mr. Hodgson, "it not being prudent or politic (says Mr. Baily) to reflect in such strong terms on such distinguished characters as Newton and Halley." As to his wish for concealment, most discoverers have shown the same, Trevithick's treatment by Stephenson being a case in point. From Flamsteed's habit of putting down his inmost thoughts in diaries, and from the freeness with which he wrote to those whom he could trust, as he did Abraham Sharp, we have all the strong language on his side; \* of the feelings of his enemies we can only judge from their actions. They certainly gave him very poor encouragement—snubbed him, as we should say, and forced his results from him by a Royal warrant which themselves had been the means of obtaining, instead of thankfully recognizing his value and honouring him accordingly.

Flamsteed, on the other hand, was so miserably suspicious (ill-health partly accounting for this) as always to impute bad motives. Thus, when he found his surreptitiously published Catalogue was abridged, he assumed that "that was done out of spite to spoil my work" (Baily, p. 99), whereas the change was

---

\* To Sharp he writes (1716): "I hope you have compared my Catalogue with the thief Halley's, and are sensible of the difference." Halley had also (it seems pretty certain) published as his own the observations of Perkins, late Master of Christ's Hospital, on the variation of the compass. Of Newton, Flamsteed thought "he wished to make me cry him up as others did, and was enraged because he could not bring me to that baseness."

doubtless owing to the less practical knowledge of Newton and Halley. At last, Flamsteed got his revenge. "King George succeeded. And Halifax, whose pet was Mrs. Barton, Newton's niece, died. The officers at Court were changed. The new Lord Chamberlain knew me well; and, after much manœuvring, I recovered 300 out of the 400 copies to which the surreptitious editions had been limited, and, separating from the rest the part that Halley had sophisticated, *made a sacrifice of them to Heavenly Truth.*"\*

Thus ended this discreditable business, which we have detailed at length on account of the light it throws on a little known and little appreciated worker. Flamsteed did not long survive his triumph; he died in 1719, having made no arrangement for completing his great work. Happily his assistant, James Crosthwait, "my Cumberland youth," was a thoroughly unselfish man, devoted to his employer. He ruined his own prospects by spending six years in seeing the *Historia Cælestis Britannica* through the press, in which work Sharp gave him much help, Mrs. Flamsteed not paying him anything and the Government not contributing a farthing. Indeed, instigated by Halley, Flamsteed's successor, they went to law with his widow for the instruments, which the Attorney-General at last decided were her property.

The Dutch undersold us then, as the Germans do now; and Crosthwait, braving "the expense and trouble of not knowing the language, made a long and dangerous voyage to Rotterdam," stayed there a fortnight, and got the plates and star-maps engraved "far cheaper than they could be done here." It is pleasant to find Crosthwait, in 1722, enjoying a visit to Sharp at Horton; but the close of the business must have been mortifying to them both. In 1730 Crosthwait writes: "Dr. Halley, Mr. Machin, and Whiston are trying to find the Longitude and get the £20,000. You and I have laboured for Mrs. Flamsteed for above ten years, and our reward—so often promised—is at last befallen us. Mrs. Flamsteed died last month, and has left to you and

---

\* The Bodleian copy, given by Sir R. Walpole, is one of the very few which, as is remarked on the title-page, escaped "ignem et iram Flamsteedianam."

I not one farthing. For all my time and expenses I never had any allowance, besides losing of two places (one in the Ordnance) which I refused at her request. Could Mr. Flamsteed have foreseen her ingratitude, I am confident he would not have left it in her power. Young Hodgson informs me he has a ring at your service." Perhaps Mrs. Flamsteed thought the effusive thanks with which she welcomed Sharp's first contribution to the work—"I must add that, as this is the greatest instance possible of your friendship to Mr. Flamsteed, I am sorry to say I can only give you my most hearty thanks for it; for it is as much above my making a proper return as it is beyond what I could have hoped for"—would have warned him not to expect remuneration. Yet she must have known that her husband had sent him money (ten guineas in 1705), which Sharp said, "exceeds my expectations. I never desired anything of that nature but for the satisfaction of my friends" (Cudworth, 146). Just after Flamsteed's death, Crosthwait wrote: "He has not left me in a capacity to serve him, notwithstanding repeated promises. This I impute to his not being sensible his end was so near. But my love, honour, and esteem for his memory and all that belongs to him will not permit me to leave Greenwich till the three volumes are finished." The dedication, signed by Flamsteed's widow and Hodgson, his niece's husband, the nominal editors, contains much fulsome praise of the late astronomer's attainments, and of his devotion to the King and the Protestant succession, *but has not the remotest reference either to Sharp or to Crosthwait*. It is part of the irony of facts that indispensable men are often left wholly unrecognized.

Flamsteed, though never ranking as high as he ought, did not wholly miss appreciation. Wollaston says: "He walked in an almost untrodden path, being one of the first who used telescopic sights for these purposes. Even Hevelius refused to adopt the telescope; while Brahé had nothing but his eye and coarsely divided instruments. For thirteen years Flamsteed had only a sextant, and when, in 1689, he set up his seven-feet mural arc, it was not such as we have now, but was contrived by his own genius to rectify errors of collimation, want of parallelism in his telescope, &c. . . . When we

reflect that in his days the effect of refraction was not sufficiently ascertained, much less the aberration of light, the nutation of the earth's axis, &c., the wonder is how great is his agreement with subsequent observations" (Wollaston, *Specimen*). What he effected was indeed simply wonderful, his research being so stinted in endowment that, as we have seen, most of the cost of instruments, &c., fell on himself. We must never forget that, besides the help which Newton got towards the Lunar Theory from Flamsteed's corrections of Horrox, his tract on the real and apparent diameters of the planets (written in 1673) gave Newton the data which he used in his *Principia*, book 3. His method of determining the position of the equinox, by which he ascertained absolute right ascensions through simultaneous observations of the sun and a star near both equinoxes, was original, and has been called "the basis of modern astronomy." Another point in which he helped Newton was in regard to the great comet of 1680-1. His observations were used in the *Principia*, though Newton believed there were two comets, and for nearly five years would not acknowledge himself in the wrong.

Abraham Sharp, "the indefatigable calculator, whose head was as clear for calculating as his hand was skilful for executing" (Whewell, *Flamsteed and Newton*), outlived for many years Mrs. Flamsteed's neglect and ingratitude. Of his life at Horton Old Hall, near Bradford, Mr. Cudworth gives many anecdotes. Nonconformist though he was, he was careful to give to the poor the tithe of all his income. Entries like these are frequent:—

Deo out of the 40/- from the Exchequer Court . . .	£0	4	0
Deo out of the interest of £9/7/6 . . . . .	1	0	0
Deo out of the profits of cane and dyall made for Sir J. Armytage . . . . .	0	2	6
To piety out of interest . . . . .	1	18	6

When he went out he stuffed his pockets with half-pence, and if he passed any poor people he would fill his hands with the coins and hold them out behind him. To a mathematical tramp his liberality was on a different scale; thus we read:

Given a poor sick man that told me he knew navigation . . . . .	£1	11	0
--	----	----	---

To the end (he died in his ninety-fifth year) he was at work on the hardest mathematical problems of the day, taking two daily and nightly observations of the heavens, and keeping up a correspondence, not only with Flamsteed, but with Halley, Wallis, &c. His accurate work won him the title of "incomparable." "His tables," said one of his editors, "represent the earth's circumference so truly as not to err the breadth of a grain of sand." We are told that, being unable to solve a problem, and hearing of a Scot who was great at mathematics, he went northward and sought him out. The Scot looked at the problem, and then said: "Sir, there's only one man that can help you, and he is called Abraham Sharp, of Little Horton by Bradford." Such a man was a worthy coadjutor in the *Historia Cælestis*; and it is a disgrace to all concerned that he, as well as Crosthwait, was left unnoticed as well as unrewarded.

Of the two books we have named, Baily is hardly to be found save in public libraries, but Cudworth may be in every one's hands; and the mass of facts it contains about the life of Flamsteed's chief helper in his practical work is no less valuable than the light it throws on Flamsteed's character. Sharp was the maker of Flamsteed's beloved mural arch; and to Sharp he freely expressed his feelings—his dissatisfaction with Newton, his dislike for Halley, his soreness at the way Queen Anne's courtier-scientists treated him. If Flamsteed's Catalogue is, as Baily says, "one of the proudest productions of the Royal Observatory," we must not forget that, but for Sharp's wonderful skill in instrument-making, Flamsteed's observations could never have been so exact; while but for Sharp's pains in helping Crosthwait with maps and calculations, the third volume of the great work could never have appeared at all.

## ART. VIII.—W. G. WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.

*William George Ward and the Oxford Movement.* By  
WILFRID WARD. Macmillan & Co. 1889.

THE materials for a complete history of the "Oxford Movement" are gradually accumulating. The *Apologia* of the great first leader of the movement was, however candid, an *ex parte* statement. Palmer's *Narrative* of forty years ago and his recently published recollections are the account furnished by a somewhat narrow Anglican of a movement the meaning and scope of which, after it had gathered "way" and assumed a distinctive character, were too large and too variously comprehensive for his intelligence to grasp—though within his limits he was a well-informed divine and a trained scholar—and the main and innermost springs of which were too subtle and too deep for his understanding. Burgon's *Twelve Good Men*, as we showed six months ago, was the work of a smart and sociable partisan, who never saw much more than lay on the surface, and was totally incompetent to grapple with a problem in which historical, spiritual, and philosophical questions of no ordinary difficulty are intricately involved and mixed together. More light on certain aspects and stages of the movement was contributed by the *Memoirs of Mr. Hope-Scott*,\* published several years ago. Bishop Wilberforce's *Life and Correspondence* also furnished a valuable contribution to the study of the subject, throwing a broader light indeed on the whole scenery and history of the movement than either of the special publications on the subject, except Newman's personal statement. Dean Hook's *Life*, too, contains valuable collateral evidence on the earlier stages of the history. But not one of the publications we have named, nor all together, contain so complete, so clearly stated and summarized, or so impartial, an account

---

\* See LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, January 1885.



of the Oxford movement, as led first by Newman, and afterwards, in its second stage, by William George Ward, as is furnished in the volume before us. The *Apologia* gives no clear account of the second stage, between 1841 and 1845, during which, the *Tracts for the Times* having with Newman's No. 90 found their climax and come to a collapse, Newman himself was in retirement, chiefly at Littlemore. This was the period during which the *British Critic*, with Mr. Thomas Mosley as its editor and Ward as one of its chief writers, was the organ of the now much more daring and advanced Rome-ward movement. The *British Critic* came to an end, and the movement with it, when Ward had published his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, and that publication had been followed by the formal censure of the Hebdomadal Board of the University. The same authority which censured *Tract* 90, and, through the intervention of the Bishop of Oxford, brought the *Tracts* to an end, now not only condemned the *Ideal*, but degraded the writer of the proscribed work, so that, though still a Fellow, he was reduced to the status of an undergraduate. The natural result very shortly followed. Ward, having in the meantime married, joined the Romish Communion, and became a Professor at Old College. Newman also, whose hand Ward's active influence had forced even as early as 1841, although he is never named in the *Apologia*, went over to his destined haven and home in the same communion very soon afterwards. The Oxford movement was at an end, although the influences which emanated from it have since continued to spread through the churches and parishes of England, in some respects in a more intense degree and form than were ever known in Oxford during the rise and development of the movement.

For several years after 1838 Ward was Newman's close friend and boldest counsellor, having, in the latter capacity, succeeded to the place of Hurrell Froude, whose character and spirit he greatly admired, and whose mantle may almost be said to have fallen upon him. Since 1841 he had well-nigh outgrown the position of a disciple. In the last phase of the Tractarian evolution Ward may be said to have exchanged places with his former master, and he became the leader in

the final clash and conflict. Oakeley, of Margaret Street—the common friend of Newman and Ward, friend also of Gladstone and Hope-Scott—who, like Ward, had long been really a Romanist, took his place boldly by the side of Ward, and was received into the Church of Rome within a few days of his friend. Of the earlier part of his father's history, up to the crisis we have now spoken of, Mr. Wilfrid Ward writes in the volume before us. In another volume he is to deal with the remaining forty years of his father's life, which he passed as a member of the Church of Rome, and during which he came to be known as a master of metaphysical argument, and one of the most acute and powerful champions of what may be described as Christian intuitional metaphysics, in their highest and most abstract form, and especially as opposed to the metaphysics of the materialistic evolutionist school, of which school J. S. Mill, during his lifetime, was the most distinguished expositor. With Dr. Ward in this his second phase of character, in which he rendered eminent service to the cause of spiritual and ethical science, we have not to do in this article, because, as we have intimated, it is not at all dealt with in the volume before us.

Before we give any sketch of Ward's history and course whilst he continued at least in nominal connection with the Church of England, it may be well to give a clue, derived from the study of his idiosyncrasy, as revealed in what those who knew him best have said of him, such as may help in following the development of his character from stage to stage.

Ward was from the beginning of his student life—was even at school—a bold and ardent abstract thinker, with no taste for the concrete in any form. He loved abstract, but hated applied or mixed, mathematics. He was a good linguist and grammarian, but could never be induced to get up the collateral history or illustrations which related to any author he was reading. History he detested, and throughout life remained phenomenally ignorant of it. He had no taste for poetry. And if for music he had a real passion, yet as to art in general, and architecture, he was a mere barbarian. His tastes for abstract study were balanced and counteracted only by a passion for fiction, burlesque, and, as we have said, music. To the opera and the burlesque stage he remained a devotee

even after he had become a devoted and ascetic Romanist ; but of high dramatic art he seems to have shown little appreciation. He became a well-read Roman Catholic theologian, and especially delighted in the systematic and logical theology of the Jesuit masters. But a really learned theologian he never did become, because he cared almost as little for ecclesiastical as for other history, and because he had never studied the historical development of theology. In pure metaphysics he revelled in his mature and later life, as in his earlier life he had revelled in pure mathematics. But he knew no more of physiology or physiological psychology than he did of mechanical theories or applied mathematics. Student as he was of systematic theology and ascetic books, he seems to have known nothing whatever of Biblical exegesis or New Testament criticism. The illustration, from any external source of light or knowledge, of the Scripture text, regarded as history or narrative, seems never to have been recognized by him as a matter of importance. Very little in this way, as Dean Stanley has remarked, was done by his master, Newman. Ward seems to have been altogether insensible to the attraction of any such work. His ascetic exercises were a discipline he felt the need of, but which he set as far as possible to music. His religion outside the practice of moral duties and of prescribed rules and services was an abstract science—mere theology and metaphysics. So far did he carry his abstractions that he denied that there was any special or necessary duty of love to parents, as such (p. 124), or attachment to one's country ; he refused to recognize patriotism as in any sense a virtue (p. 62).

In his early life Ward was strongly attracted towards Bentham and, especially, Mill—their abstract argumentation and their hard matter-of-factness were very much to his taste. Mill's strict, though utilitarian, regard for ethics and practical morality also impressed him favourably. But, notwithstanding his logical hardness, Ward had a profound religiousness of nature. Conscience within him bore strong and peremptory witness to the being and government of God. With this the intrinsic agnosticism of Mill's philosophy was irreconcilable. For some time Ward wavered in painful and agitating suspense—for a long time he was tormented with doubts. The im-

morality of which he had been witness at Winchester school, the low standard of morality which he saw in the nominally Christian world around him, had strengthened the attraction for him of Mill's equitable character and enlightened moral teachings, and had conspired with his merely intellectual difficulties to tempt him to scepticism. But in good time the character and influence of Dr. Arnold, and especially the high practical tone of his Christian teaching, helped the young student in his struggles against the philosophy of Mill. When he received deacon's orders, Ward signed the Thirty-Nine Articles as a disciple of Arnold, although when he received priest's orders he signed them as a follower of Newman—or, as his son uses the word, as a Newmanite. Newman drew him from Arnold. All through, indeed, Ward had missed in Arnold's teaching the abstract basis, the ground of authority, the completeness of grip and scope, which his mathematical genius desiderated. What he wanted was not a mere practical system of Christianity, with a working doctrinal compromise at its base, such as Arnold's teaching offered him; he craved a complete and logical system of faith and religious practice founded on abstract principles. Even when drawn towards Mill he had, feeling his want of such a system, turned a longing and half-fascinated look towards Roman Catholicism, as affording the sort of system in which he might, if only he could accept it, find the rest he craved. Newman seemed to furnish Ward with at least the promise and earnest of what was necessary in this kind. At the same time the great preacher's ethical tone, and his severely chaste and restrained, but persuasive, eloquence charmed and fascinated the young inquirer, while his sidelong hints and questionings subtly searched again and again the flaws and faults of Mill's material utilitarianism.

Ward thus, within a few years after taking his degree and gaining his Balliol fellowship, became a follower of Newman—an enthusiastic, devoted and, for a long time, an implicitly trustful disciple.\* What he seemed to himself always to need

---

\* He was fond of quoting Carlyle's dictum—"True guidance in return for loving obedience, did he but know it, is man's prime need" (p. 73). For several years he thought he had found all that he needed in Newman.

was an infallible guide, and Newman was, in effect, his Pope. This is very evident from many passages in this volume before us. Nevertheless, there was such a difference—such a contrast—in temper and intellectual tone between the master and the disciple, that it was inevitable, sooner or later, that they should cease to keep even step and close company. For long, indeed, before their mutual relations were sensibly changed, the questions and continual urgency of the disciple, however respectful, however deferential, had been felt by the master to be unwelcome and embarrassing—they were as goads to one who desired not to be urged by any one to quicken his speed, or hastily to adventure new departures, but was supremely anxious to do everything with all caution and according to the requirements of the most skilfully calculated policy. Ward was a much bolder and more direct man than Newman. The disciple, after a time, began to point in advance of his master, and to ask if the way were not onward in the direction of Rome. Ward embodied the logic of principle, and, in his foresight of inevitable consequence, he also represented the logic of coming fact, which, as he saw, underlay the cautious policy suggested by Newman, always with more or less indirectness, by means of hints contained in his tracts and sermons, and intimated in his private whisperings—hints and intimations which went to make up the substance of a new, though undeclared and undeveloped, system, a system nominally Anglican, but virtually Romanist. Newman threw out these suggestions as an evolutionist feeling his way out of the perplexities of Anglo-Catholicism into the solid—or solid seeming—and symmetrical system of Roman Catholic theory, a system, which, however unreasonable it may appear to the impartial intellect, however unnatural and really impracticable it may be, yet within its own sphere of artificial abstractions, of imaginary qualities and quantities, appears to be closely compacted, logical, and complete. Ward was impatient of his master's timid and dilatory process, and desired to be led boldly onward to the destined goal. Thus it came to pass that while Newman was first Ward's guide and oracle, who had delivered his disciple from scepticism, Ward became afterwards almost as a prophet and leader to Newman,

interpreting him to himself in distinct utterance, and showing him in the Romish Church the only possible fulfilment of his ideas and the necessary goal of his wavering, but gradually advancing, footsteps. All this had been more or less known before; but never has it been set in the full light of complete evidence before the eye of the inquirer into this strangely, and in many respects sadly, interesting chapter of English Church history, as it is now shown in the volume before us.

Newman's real deficiencies as a thinker combined with his fine special gifts to heighten the contrast between himself and Ward. When reviewing, many years ago, his *Grammar of Assent*,\* we were led to point out that while Dr. Newman is an adept at using the analytic scalpel in the investigations of microscopic introspection, he has ever been greatly wanting in synthetic power. He has felt his way from point to point, almost with the preternaturally quick and subtle sensibility of the sightless traveller; but he has never had the bright, keen, far-reaching vision which reveals to the wayfarer at one view the country that lies before and around him, the goal towards which he is journeying, and the roads among which he must choose his path. With this natural want of far-sighted perspicacity another quality combined to make him slow and cautious in his movements. Alike from his personal experience and his long and intimate fellowship with earnest Anglicans of different shades of opinion, and also from a natural fineness and delicacy of sympathetic sensibility, he was very keenly alive to all the prepossessions and scruples of English Churchmen. Corresponding to this, also, he possessed a wonderful faculty of persuasiveness in answering, or, still more effectually for his purpose, in anticipating and seeming to clear away beforehand, without formal statement or argument, difficulties or objections which appeared to stand in the way of his present counsels or conclusions. Hence, for all these reasons, it was eminently characteristic of Newman to be slow, patient, tentative, circuitous, in his movements and the guidance of his party. In all the particulars we have noted, Ward was a complete contrast to his leader. Ward was not a trained

---

\* LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, January 1871.

Anglican divine, and had no reverence for Anglican traditions, or sympathy with Anglican scruples and sensitiveness. He was, indeed, a man destitute of fine susceptibilities, except, perhaps, upon the point of honour. Large, strong, almost elephantine in physical frame, he was governed intellectually by unmitigated logic, save only that he had a strong sense of religious responsibility. Regardless of prepossession, or prejudice, or sentimental scruple, he would have marched boldly and swiftly, from step to step, along the line of his argument, driving remorselessly home his conclusions, however harsh or even revolting they might appear to others.

The contrast between the character and methods of Newman and Ward, during the time that they stood to each other nominally in the mutual relation of leader and follower, and almost up to the time when Ward set his teacher the example of leaving the English Church for the Roman Communion, is very well set forth by his son in the following paragraphs :

"To undo the work of the Reformation, and to restore to the English Church her original Catholic character, with the ultimate, if distant, prospect of restoration to the papal obedience, was his declared aim, and the programme which he advocated for the Oxford school. . . . If this programme differed from that of the earlier phases of the 'Movement,' much more did the method in which it was advocated differ from that of the early *Tracts*. And it was the peculiarity of this method which brought things to a crisis and ultimately broke up the party. If Mr. Ward's theory was unwelcome to Anglicans, his mode of advocating it could not but make it more so, as the unwelcome elements were those he most insisted on. The early *Tracts* had appealed to English ecclesiastical patriotism. There was a Church with a noble history, immemorial traditions, a beautiful liturgy, a roll of saints in her calendar—all this rich inheritance of English Churchmen was being set aside by the accidental views and ignorant bigotry of the moment. They protested against an invasion of Protestantism as against the inroads of Popery. They refused to take their theology from Geneva as they refused to take it from Rome. They said that the English Church should be true to herself and her own past. Augustine had brought to England the faith of the early Fathers. These were the spiritual ancestors of English Christians. Rome had deflected from the original traditions, though she had likewise preserved, as was natural, tokens of their common parentage. Both Churches had been in different ways untrue to themselves. The concern of Englishmen was with their own Church. Let them study the past records of her history and its existing witness in her liturgy, and restore to nineteenth century Anglicanism the spirit which the lives of Bede, Cuthbert, Anselm, on

the one hand, and the Church of England Prayer-book, on the other, breathe in every page. Whatever the precise view taken of the Reformation by the different writers of the *Tracts*, and the precise period at which the English Church was supposed first to have been untrue to herself, it is evident throughout that the appeal is of the kind here indicated—an appeal to *esprit de corps* among English Churchmen, to their pride in the Church's liturgy, in its institutions, in its history, in its monuments throughout the land. . . . Mr. Ward's tone was the very reverse of this. Whilst in theory he was bent on restoring the Anglican Church to what she had been before the Reformation, he preached practically a doctrine of humiliation before a foreign power. He dwelt throughout—partly perhaps from his love of looking at the furthest consequences of his principles, and viewing his theory as a whole, partly from an almost unconscious taste for what seemed startling and paradoxical—on all those results and aspects of his view which were most irritating to English Churchmen. He defended his tone on the ground that perfect frankness and straightforwardness were imperative in a party which had been accused of preaching Popery in secret, and of being generally disingenuous. Moreover, he did, no doubt, think that all Anglican explanations of the movement *did* veil or make little of what was, in his view, essential. The spirit of loyal submission to Papal authority, and of readiness to accept the doctrines taught by the Roman See—these were not minor points, but integral parts of the Catholic position as he viewed it. To win converts by concealing this seemed to him unfair" (pp. 222, 3).

Ward's strength was that of the intrepid logical reasoner, who shrinks from no clear or sure consequences which flow from his reasoning. His weakness was that of the man who endeavours to apply abstract reasoning where it cannot be applied; to define out of his own head where concrete facts of history alone can help us to a true analysis of phenomena or a true definition of principles. His assumptions as to fact and as to doctrine were often erroneous; the premisses of his arguments were thus fatally flawed. One defect which invalidated all his reasonings and judgments in regard to Church systems, was his amazing ignorance of history. He may be said to have known nothing of history; he cared nothing for it; he loudly confessed, he almost boasted of, his ignorance. He was as ignorant of ecclesiastical as of general history. Whilst professing, in some sort and in certain respects, to be a Catholic theologian, he had not even begun to study the times and life-work of Athanasius; he knew almost as little of patristic lore as if he had been a Baptist preacher.



And yet history is, alike in Christian theology and Christian apologetics, the necessary complement of abstract thought and argument. In the facts of history, justly interpreted—in a true induction applied to the facts of history as taken in connection with the facts of consciousness—are to be found for religion, as in the facts of nature inductively interpreted are to be found for science, the principles of truth and the theory of life. For religion as well as for science, for faith as well as for reason, in the verified records of fact—in the one case the facts of history and consciousness, in the other, the facts of natural existence—are found respectively the demonstrations which stand in relation to our spiritual intuitions, on the one hand, and those, on the other hand, which establish the physical laws of the universe and stand in relation to our faculty of inductive or scientific reason.

When, in his later life, Ward had to deal, within the comparatively narrow, but profound, sphere of the highest metaphysics, with the relations of the human spirit to God and to moral law, with questions which touched only the sphere of consciousness, and with which neither history nor physical science stands in any relation, then his wonderful keenness of logical understanding enabled him to expose, as very few besides could have done, the fallacies of the materialistic school of sceptical thought to which, as we have seen, he was so strongly drawn in his youth. He had gained from Newman some pregnant hints which, aided by his deep religious feeling, pointed him at the time to the way of escape from that danger. These hints, after he had become a Professor in a Roman Catholic University, he developed in a series of powerful arguments which were immeasurably superior in piercingness and in linked strength and closeness of thought to anything in the way of metaphysical writing which has been done by Newman. But that subject is beyond our present scope.

Ward's phenomenal ignorance of history should have prevented him from attempting to write such a treatise as his *Ideal of a Christian Church*. If he had had any competent knowledge of the history of Christendom he would not have attempted to exhibit the Church of Rome as fulfilling his ideal; he would have understood that his "ideal," confronted

with the reality of the history of the Roman Communion, could only have the effect, at very many points, of a withering satire. Nor, if he had made himself really master of the history of Luther and Lutheranism, instead of using for his purpose detached second-hand passages borrowed from Sir William Hamilton and Möchler, would he have laid himself open to Archdeacon Hare's scathing criticism in his *Vindication of Luther*, much less would he have made his own travesty of Lutheranism stand as the common description of evangelical Protestantism everywhere. Neither would he have subjected himself, by his monstrous misrepresentation of all that relates to the Reformation in England, to such a complete and humiliating castigation as that inflicted upon him by Mr. Gladstone in the *Quarterly Review*.\* For a man so totally devoid of any knowledge of history, before or after the time of Christ, to undertake the writing of such a work as the *Ideal of a Christian Church* was nothing less than farcical. It is scarcely a matter of surprise that the judgments contained in the book are as arrogant and the tone often as bitter as the treatise, in its historical references, is ignorant throughout. Had Ward really known both the history of Christendom and the vital elements of spiritual religion, according to the Apostolic doctrine and the primitive experience of the Christian life, he would have learnt that the unity of the Church is not to be sought in any organized communion or communions, but can only be fulfilled in the mystical and invisible body of Christ; that in that spiritual Church alone is the ideal to be realized. But he would also have known that, notwithstanding all errors and all divisions, Christians throughout the world, and the different Churches of Christendom, are helping towards the fulfilment in a continually growing measure of the grand principles of the Lord Jesus Christ's life and teaching. One cannot but wonder what Ward might have become if, as a student of Church history, he had sat at the feet of Neander and, in his longing after Church unity, had entered into fellowship of spirit with Julius Charles Hare, and, above all, if he had also been made

---

\* October 1844. See also Gladstone's *Gleanings*, vol. v.

in early life a partaker, in full and clear consciousness, of personal salvation through faith in Christ his Saviour. This would have been the best cure for his scepticism. This would have relieved that continually threatening melancholy, to remedy which he sought diversion in society and discussion, or excitement at the theatre, or consolation and inspiration in music. Had he been a partaker of the peace and joy of evangelical faith, he would have been better fitted to be a profound theologian, and might have refreshed and relieved his mind and heart by assiduous attendance, not at special offices of the Roman Catholic Church, but at Christian meetings for devotion and fellowship of the true primitive type.

"In Mr. Ward's view," we are told by his son, "the ceremonial of the Church was a grand antidote against the constant sceptical imaginings to which he was a prey. At times when the spiritual world seemed totally unreal, when the difficulties against faith with which, as we have seen, the material creation abounded in his eyes, tried him most, it helped his imagination to look at the outward symbols of great religious mysteries. The doubts were, to a great extent, imaginative rather than intellectual, and a remedy was required appealing primarily to the imagination" (p. 147).

After all, we find here an unexpected link of alliance between the high Roman Catholic idealist and the fervent Cornish Methodist, or the earnest and spiritually awakened captain of the Salvation Army. All alike make physical influences and sensuous symbolism contributory to the purposes of devotional realism and spiritual ecstasy.

We must not pass away from the subject of the *Ideal of a Christian Church* without referring to the doctrine of conscience as there set forth. It forms part and parcel of Ward's theory on the subject, but, though founded on one side on a great and deep truth of human consciousness, it is yet, as he sets it forth, scarcely less misleading or liable to abuse than any fanatical errors as to the conscience ever set forth by the most unenlightened of Quakers or sectaries. The authority of conscience, according to his teaching, stands in no relation to the understanding. It must not even seek for information or enlightenment. Its "feeling" is at once and absolutely to be obeyed. The conscience of the "holy"

man is sure to be a true guide. To seek light from the understanding would be for the conscience to abdicate its rights. A doctrine this which seems to us to be very near akin to the error of Ward's master, Newman, in regard to faith, as taught both in his university sermons and in his *Grammar of Assent*, according to which faith and reason are so far in opposition to each other, as that the man who believes the most upon the least evidence or ground of mere reason, is the man of the greatest and truest faith, and so to believe all that the Church teaches, absolutely apart from all reason or evidence, is the perfection of faith.\* It is in strict accordance with this view that his son represents Ward as teaching that "Church authority is the external embodiment of a perfect conscience" (p. 74). Viewed from another side, Ward's confused and incoherent doctrines as to conscience cannot but remind us of the error of the extreme "Plymouth" sectary which makes him his own Pope, and his conscience, or what he supposes to be such, to be the absolute rule of truth both for himself and others.

The family of William George Ward have been settled for more than a century in the Isle of Wight, where the Ward property is contiguous to that of Lord Tennyson, who was a friend of Dr. Ward's, and has contributed to this volume some memorial lines on "the most generous of all Ultramontanes." Among the lines are these :

"How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind,  
How loyal in the following of thy Lord."

At the same time the Ward family were eminent in the circles of City finance, and Ward's father was Tory member for the City of London—where Ward was born in 1812—and was also one of the most famous of cricketers. Ward himself seems not to have taken after his father ; at any rate he had no taste or capacity either for commerce or cricketing. Among the collateral relatives of his father was Robert Plumer Ward, who was a member of several Tory ministries, and

---

\* LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, JANUARY 1871, art. v. Newman's *Grammar of Assent*.

author of *Tremaine*, a novel of considerable ability, and which contained the outline of a thoughtful argument in favour of Christianity. Perhaps, besides the writer of this article there may be a few of his readers who still remember that book with pleasure and gratitude, after a lapse of nearly half a century. It is certain, however, that nothing of the tone or spirit of *Tremaine* was reproduced in the writings of William George Ward. Another distinguished member of the Ward family was the son of the author of *Tremaine*, the late Sir Henry Ward, G.C.M.G., who was at one time Lord Commissioner of the Ionian Isles, and died Governor of Madras in 1860.

Ward's mother was Miss Combe, of the well-known brewery firm, her brother, the head of the firm, being also a popular master of hounds in Surrey. The son seems to have in no respect resembled in taste or character any of his relatives. "Even as a child," we are told, "his likes and dislikes were very intense. He had a passion for music and the drama, and for mathematics. He detested general society." He seems to have grown up under undesirable influences, and altogether without proper, if any, discipline. He hated the commonplace of life—even of boy-life—from the very first. He could not live without intense excitement, either of thought or of dramatic representations. When very young, the reaction after the play sometimes made him cry from depression of spirits. He could not endure even a few minutes' interval of rest and quiet. Between the acts of the play he would be busy with his mathematics. He knew the names of all the actors and supernumeraries, of subordinates as well as principals. At the same time he was deep in logarithms at a very early age.

He was, withal, a clumsy, shy, unsociable boy, given to biting his nails, sitting or standing apart, and looking generally bored. Taken to a children's dancing party, he left abruptly and walked home through the country roads in his dancing shoes, notwithstanding the pelting rain. He was not asked to go to another party. When eleven years old he went to Winchester school as a commoner. Here he was shocked and disgusted with the wickedness of the school, and seems to have found no com-

pensations. He had no aptitude for games. This fact, added to his natural shyness and his moral austerity, made him generally unpopular. Lord Selborne, a schoolfellow, says of him: "Physically he was strong. In appearance ponderous, in manners brusque and eccentric, he was no cultivator of the graces, and was not at his ease in strange society." "He despised, or affected to despise, poetry and romance." At the same time, with his friends he was "good company. He had a pleasure in paradox and a keen sense of the ludicrous, and far from being offended at the amusement others found in his peculiarities, he was quite capable of entering into a joke at his own expense." His memory was very remarkable, and stood him in good stead both in his classical and mathematical studies. But he quite refused to work seriously at the verse-making of which classical Winchester made so much. He gained the gold medal, however, for Latin prose composition when he was in his eighteenth year, against such competitors as Roundell Palmer and Robert Lowe.

He loved, even in his schoolboy days, abstract discussion and reasoning. The contrast between his quick perceptions in mathematics or ethical speculation, or in the details of the ideal world of the dramatic stage, and his inadvertence in matters of common life, was from the first remarkable. A story is told of his asking, at twelve years of age, when eating a sole, what it was, and when the name of the dish was told him, saying, "It is very nice, where do they grow?"

At the same time, this strange, uncouth boy was strictly moral, and had a deep sense of religion, of which he sometimes spoke to his eldest sister, and to a governess of his younger sisters, whom other people seem to have regarded as dull, but who was an earnest evangelical Christian, and whose society he sought so much as to give rise to family pleasantries on the subject. This same sense of religion seems to have led, his son tells us, "to a horror at the immorality prevalent at Winchester, startling in its degree to most of those who conversed with him on the subject." Probably this deep sense of morality was connected with the insurrection against his authority as prefect which broke out in the school, and which was immediately occasioned by his determination to punish an offending

boy. He was mobbed and dragged off by a large number of the boys. Six boys were expelled in consequence. The matter got into the newspapers, and Ward was condemned rather than applauded by the guardians of society in the press. The offender was a young man of good family and position. The method of discipline at Winchester which gives to the prefects the right and duty of "tunding" offenders against discipline has often been brought unhappily under public attention, and certainly affords no good model for other schools. But what public school does? It is hardly even a question of degree; there seems to be very little to prefer in this respect among them all. But all, no doubt, are much improved since the period when Ward was at Winchester, and Trollope at Winchester and Harrow.

It is no wonder if so strange a boy as Ward was not understood even by his relatives. His parents do not seem to have made much of him, and in after years he did not pretend to feel any special, or, as others would have expressed it, "natural," affection for them. His holidays were generally spent either with his grandfather, Mr. George Ward, in the Isle of Wight, or with his uncle, the brewer and sportsman, at Cobham. It was at his uncle's that his qualities were first, in part, discovered, not, it need hardly be said, by his uncle, but by "an eminent and cultured dignitary of the Anglican Church," whose name one would be glad to know. After this discovery of his powers of reasoning and of conversation, he was looked upon by his relations in a more respectful light. Already the intense melancholy which preyed upon him through life had become a part of his character. Had he been differently brought up, it may be fairly supposed that it would not have established itself as it did. A gentle, kindly, religious nurture, a true Christian training instead of a regimen of playgoing from his babyhood, with no system of discipline whatever, would have produced a different character from that which we have described. He left Winchester in 1829, and entered Oxford in 1830, having in the interval devoted himself to the study of mathematics and of political economy and philosophy as taught by Bentham and Mill.

At Oxford Ward became almost at once a distinguished  
[No. CXLV.]—NEW SERIES, VOL. XIII. No. 1.

debater at the Union. He was called the "Tory Chief" of the Society, and was elected its President in 1832. Though called a Tory, however, he soon showed that he had been sitting at the feet of Radical teachers. In 1833 he brought forward a motion—which, of course, was lost—for the admission of Jews to the Legislature. His great passion, however, in his undergraduate days, as Archdeacon Browne in particular testifies, "was for music, in every kind of which he took the greatest delight, from the operas of Mozart and Rossini to the burlesques at the Olympic." His reading was miscellaneous, and he was in no sense a student. "He had no idea," his son tells us, "of taking honours until his father's embarrassed circumstances made it a matter of importance that he should obtain a fellowship." With this view he stood for a scholarship at Lincoln, and was unanimously elected in 1833. But nothing could induce him to work at subjects not to his taste, and when given by his tutor, on the eve of a critical examination, a set of specially important formulæ in mechanics to learn, he sat up reading one of Miss Austen's novels instead. "The rapidity and accuracy of his work in pure mathematics were said to be wonderful; but he could not bear applied mathematics." Experimental methods and approximate results were especially distasteful to him. "The study of friction," he used to say, "makes me feel literally sick." So again, in classical scholarship, in Latin especially, he greatly excelled. "But in the matter of collateral knowledge," says his son, "as to the history of the works he was reading, the circumstances of their composition, the lives of their authors; and, again, as to the history of the times with which they dealt—except so far as it was conveyed in the actual works themselves—he professed total ignorance. He said that such things did not interest him, and that he did not understand them, so he simply left them alone." It is very hard to understand such stupid indolence as this in the case of a man of undoubted capacity, and of liberal education, brought up in contact with general intelligence. It was evidently a form of selfishness and self-will, as well as of intellectual indolence, and indicated a narrow range of sympathies, a cramped "humanity," an undisciplined mind and character. Here was at least one pro-



feasedly Christian student and destined clergyman who could not appreciate the force and beauty of the famous heathen apophthegm—"Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto." This fatal defect in his character and intellectual equipment, however, remained with him to the end. It had much to do with the one-sided development of his mind.

Even when under examination for his degree Ward amazed his examiners by the singular and wilful negligence, not to say contempt, which he displayed of all relating to the subjects of examination that was not, as he chose to think, "in his line."

"One of Cicero's letters to his brother Quintus is chosen, and the examiner tells Ward to turn to a particular part. Ward reads it admirably. Attention is aroused. The audience, consisting of a large number of undergraduates and a good sprinkling of dons, is on the *qui vive*. The construing comes next, which, if not so good as the reading, still bears out the expectation of first-rate ability. At the end, the examiner says, 'Well, Mr. Ward, now let me ask you, what are the principal extant letters of Cicero?' Ward (without the slightest hesitation), 'I really don't know.' The examiner (surprised and after a short pause), 'The letter from which you have just construed was written on the eve of a very eventful time; can you tell me something of the events which immediately followed?' Ward, 'I know nothing whatever about them.' Examiner, 'Take your time, Mr. Ward, you are nervous.' 'No, sir,' replies Ward, 'it is not nervousness; pure ignorance.' Examiner (making another attempt), 'In what year was it written?' Ward (with energy), 'I haven't the slightest idea;' his last replies being given almost in a tone of resentment" (p. 27).

Though far from being as ignorant as Ward, Newman also was very weak on the side of history, having no taste or faculty for its original and impartial investigation, resorting to its stores and sources only when he had a special conclusion to establish, a brief to support, for which it was necessary that he should gather some evidence. "History is not my line," said Newman to Ward in 1841 (p. 180); and Archdeacon Hare has very thoroughly exposed Newman's ignorance and errors in his dealings with history. In the case of both Newman and Ward, this special defect in the point of historical knowledge was closely connected with their theological errors. A curious illustration of this, in the case of Ward, will presently be added to what we have already said on this subject.

Ward's passion for music and the drama was still greater

at Oxford than in his school-days. This is said to have been owing to the insupportable attacks of melancholy to which he was subject. "He fled from the perplexities and religious doubts to which he was subject, and threw himself into any form of congenial recreation with the utmost unreserve. Music and the drama were his great means of transporting himself into this ideal world, and he availed himself of them continually."

Such statements sound somewhat strange in regard to one of whose "deep seriousness" and consequent "dignity" of character we also receive emphatic testimony. But his seems to have been a character in which startling contrasts were combined. His shyness was not incompatible with real *abandon*, when the ice was broken and he found himself in congenial and stimulating society, as when he went, as the Bishop of London describes, to a party at Balliol, where there was to be a large and lively gathering, with music and dancing. He made up his mind to go after mastering some serious scruples of conscience as to the lawfulness of the recreation, and the different claims of duty. But as he walked home with his friend he said, "My dear Temple, what a delightful evening—one of the pleasantest I ever spent—and what delightful ladies. I could have proposed to any one of them on the spot."

Ward took his degree in 1833, attaining a second-class, notwithstanding his wilful negligence and wayward faults as a student both in classics and mathematics. In 1834 he was elected Fellow of Balliol. Some time after this he came under the influence of Newman. For a long time he had refused even to go and hear him. "Why," he asked, "should he listen to such myths?" But having been cleverly seduced into St. Mary's church by a friend one Sunday evening when Newman was to preach, he came immediately under the preacher's spell, and, before long, submitted wholly to his ascendancy. "That sermon," the late Professor Bonamy Price wrote, "changed his whole life." Newman's sermons and lectures were more than a match for Ward's mere uninformed dialectics. They seemed, also, as we have already observed, to furnish him with a way of escape from the teachings of Mill. He yielded to the fascination which enthralled

almost the whole generation of earnest and religiously disposed young men at the University. Before, however, he finally surrendered himself to the influence of Newman, he determined to visit his friend Bonamy Price, then a master at Rugby, and talk the matter over with him. The result, curiously illustrative of Ward's one-sidedness of intellect and judgment, will best be told in Professor Price's own words :

" I received a letter from Ward which stated that he was on the point of changing his religious views, but that before carrying out the change he wished to discuss with me the religious elements involved in this grave matter. He hoped, therefore, that I would be willing to receive him at Rugby as my guest for a week, which would allow time for a thorough examination of the principles at issue. I replied that it would give me great pleasure to welcome him at my house and to do my best to carry on the discussion, . . . so accordingly he came. The first day passed very pleasantly, and the discussion proceeded smoothly. On the second day, to my infinite surprise, Ward broke out suddenly with the remark, ' Had I known beforehand the treatment I was to receive here I should never have come.' I was thoroughly taken aback. I exclaimed, ' Have I been rude or discourteous, my dear Ward ? I had not the slightest intention of being so, but if I have I will ask for your forgiveness most sincerely.' ' Oh, dear, no,' he rejoined, ' but you have been eminently disagreeable.' . . . Undoubtedly his remark was true ; I had been very disagreeable, and I could not help it. But why and how ? I had discovered that he had come down, if I may say so, to play a trick literally, not on me, but on his conscience. He had resolved, under the inspiring influence of Newman's preaching, to adopt his view of religion, but he had neither time nor inclination to analyze the problem to the very bottom, so it occurred to him to go down and have a talk with ' that Protestant Price.' He would say to himself that his arguments were all rubbish, and so he would be able to effect the conversion with greater ease and confidence to himself. On making this discovery I saw clearly what had to be done. I resolved to personate that conscience which he was trying to silence. I put myself in its place, and asked those very questions which he wanted to shirk. I said to him, ' You assert that a certain fact occurred and a certain doctrine existed at the very beginning of the Church different from the opinion held in the Protestant Church of England ; have you examined the evidence on which you make that objection ? ' ' Oh, dear, no,' he replied. ' Then why do you adopt it ? ' ' John Newman says it is so ' After a while he again brought forward a doctrine built on alleged fact, which differed from the view taken in the English Church. Again I asked, ' Have you searched out, and can you state the evidence on which you contradict the view you have hitherto held ? ' Again the answer, ' No,' rolled from his lips, and again he took his stand on what Newman said. Some more questions followed, all ending in the same answer

Therefore I remarked, 'Then Newman is your sole authority. His word is the only thing you stand upon. Has he worked a miracle on which to claim your assent?' It was then that he spoke the angry words which put an end to the whole discussion."

It was in 1838 that Ward became a "Newmanite." To the Rev. James Lonsdale he said soon afterwards, "My creed is very short: 'Credo in Newmannum,'" although we may observe, in passing, that this characteristic saying does not at all square with what Mr. Lonsdale tells us of his "apparent desire of fairly sifting all questions to the bottom." Ward's sifting took no account of any historical evidence; it was the sifting of a dialectical gladiator—it was mere logical sword-play. This sort of work is very valuable in its place, but will not avail to sift all questions to the bottom.

Ward had many and distinguished friends at Oxford. He was a brilliant conversational debater, and was perfectly good-tempered; he was in all his personal relations a frank and generous man. Among his closest friends were Arthur Stanley and Clough the poet. Their friendship began at the time when he was a brilliant and dangerous—sometimes also an irreverent—rationalist, at least in his ordinary course of conversation and discussion. It is said that his clever talk did no harm to Stanley. It is admitted, however, and it was a matter of painful and remorseful confession on his part in his later life, that he was largely instrumental in destroying the hopeful and happy early faith of Clough. On the whole, he must have been somewhat of an *enfant terrible*. Dean Church says of him:

"The most amusing, the most tolerant man in Oxford, he had round him perpetually some of the cleverest and highest scholars and thinkers who were to be the future Oxford; and where he was, there was debate, cross-questioning, pushing inferences, starting alarming problems, beating out ideas, trying the stuff and mettle of mental capacity—always rapid and impetuous, he gave no quarter. . . .<sup>\*</sup> But he was not generally persuasive in proportion to his powers of argument. Abstract reasoning, in matters with which human action

---

<sup>\*</sup> The effect of a visit of a few days, which he paid to Dr. Arnold at Rugby, in school-term time, was that after his departure Arnold had to take to his bed for a day. His evenings with Ward, following his work in school, had completely knocked him up.

is concerned, may be too absolute to be convincing. . . . Ward, in perfect confidence in his conclusions, rather liked to leave them in a startling form, which he innocently declared to be manifest and inevitable. And so stories of Ward's audacities and paradoxes flew all over Oxford, shocking and perplexing grave heads with fear of they knew not what. Dr. Jenkyns, the Master of Balliol—one of those curious mixtures of pompous absurdity with genuine shrewdness which used to pass over the university stage—liking Ward and proud of him for his cleverness, was aghast at his monstrous language, and driven half wild with it."

His excessive and burlesque jocoseness was a striking feature of Ward's character. Although deep seriousness is spoken of repeatedly as the foundation of his character, this opposite characteristic would appear to have been very much more "in evidence" when he was with his companions. Nor was any occasion serious enough to restrain him. "*Dulce est desipere in loco*" may be a good motto for a companionable life. But to play the fool out of place and out of time is not an estimable or pleasing feature of character. This is what Ward did on the day and on the morrow of his degradation in connection with the condemnation of his *Ideal*, as may be read on pp. 343, 344 of his son's record. On one of these occasions Cardinal (then Archdeacon) Manning administered a not ungentle, but dignified, rebuke. An instance of his extraordinary faculty for mixing up things sacred and profane, or at least devotional and altogether worldly, is also furnished in the following anecdote. The narrator is Professor Jowett.

"He once took me, on a Sunday evening, in the middle of summer, about the year 1839, to Mr. Newman's church at Littlemore, where he was to preach. We drove out after dinner, and walked home. Two things I remember on that occasion which were highly characteristic of him. The sermon which he preached was a printed one of Dr. Arnold's, but with additions and alterations, which, as he said, it would have driven the author mad to hear. We walked back to Oxford in the twilight, along the Iffley Road. He was in high spirits, and sang to me songs out of "*Don Giovanni*" and other operas, with which his memory was well stored. He was not the less serious because he could pass an hour or two in this way."

On the Lord's Day evening, after the holy service—such it should have been to a serious Catholic preacher—he could, it would seem, without impairing his seriousness, sing songs out of the *Don Juan* opera for an hour or two! Are we to

take this to be after the Catholic and Apostolic model and spirit?

Ward, as we have said, became a "Newmanite" in 1838. Between 1841 and 1845 he led the advanced Romeward movement, Newman having retired from the front after the condemnation of *Tract 90*. In 1844 Ward published his *Ideal*. In 1845 his book was condemned and he was degraded. In the same year he married, and soon afterwards he and his wife were "received" by Father Brownhill, in the Jesuit Chapel, Bolton Street. When they made confession to the Jesuit Father, "he showed," we are told, "such knowledge of human nature. He told Mrs. Ward to make a retreat and to practise certain austerities; but he told" Ward himself "to unbend as much as possible, and to go to the play as often as he could." They went soon afterwards to reside at Old Hall, near the college of St. Edmund, Ware. Here Ward built a house of which Pugin was the architect. Ward, however, knew nothing of architecture and had no reverence for Gothic, having, indeed, never heard of "mullions" till he met Pugin. He tried the patience of Pugin by insisting on having windows "of large number and goodly size." Here his son leaves him at the end of this volume, poor, but happy in having found rest for his soul and in domestic love. In after days he inherited his uncle's fortune, and became a large landowner, with a house in the Isle of Wight, near to that of the Laureate.

Here we must leave this interesting volume. We do not pretend to have mastered the subject of Ward's course and character. To enable any one approximately to do this, an authentic knowledge of his life after he joined the Roman Catholic Church would be needful. The present volume only deals with a fragment of his life. It is written also by his son, and that son, like himself, a member of the Roman Catholic Church. As a son's biography of a father's life before he had found his spiritual settlement and home, or taken up the final work of his life—as an account of that period of his life which was full of controversy and conflict, and which was more or less out of harmony with the last forty years of his history—as a record sent forth by the son for the information,

in the first place and chiefly, of readers professing a creed and holding principles of the highest and most sacred import in opposition to the creed and principles both of the subject and of the author of the biography—it is a singularly impartial production. The views are here most fairly presented of all the survivors from among Ward's most distinguished university friends—including such men as Dean Stanley and Jowett, as Dean Church and Dean Goulburn—who were best fitted to speak of his character and position—of whom several have now followed their early friend into the unseen world—and of all these none are Roman Catholics. Still, nowhere throughout the volume is any representation given, is even a glimpse afforded, of the true spiritual and evangelical Church theory, which is neither Broad Church nor High Church, nor, in any distinctive and definitive sense, nationalist. Unfortunately, outside of the literature of Wesleyan Methodist and Nonconformist Churches, very few works have lately been published in England which exhibit the true theory of the Church of Christ as a spiritual fellowship, and in accordance with the New Testament ideal, although in Archdeacon Hare's charges, with the notes appended to them, may be found some precious hints. Fortunately, many who read this journal are acquainted with works which present this subject in lights opposed to the fallacies alike of Anglo-Catholic and of Roman Catholic assumptions, and which may be found among the publications of the Book Room of the Wesleyan Church. By a reference to some of these whose titles are given below, they will find truths set forth of which not only William George Ward, but all his university friends seem to have been totally unaware, and by which the eyes of young students may, we hope, be preserved from the dazzle and confusion apt to be produced by the study of such a book as the one which we now lay aside.\*

---

\* *The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints.* By the Rev. B. Gregory, D.D.

*Methodism in the Light of the Early Church.* By the Rev. W. F. Slater, M.A.

*A Comparative View of Church Organizations—Primitive and Protestant.* By the Rev. James H. Rigg, D.D.

We may here also refer to Dr. Jacob's valuable volume on *The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament* as the one modern volume by an English Churchman which expounds the true spiritual view of the Church.

## SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

---

### THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

*The Book of Revelation.* By WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen. Second Thousand. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

THE special theory of the interpretation of the Apocalypse held by the author of the masterly essay on *The Resurrection of Our Lord* is by this time extensively known. The principles which underlie his exposition are explained in his *Baird Lectures* and in Professor Schaff's Commentary, to which Dr. Milligan contributed the portion relating to the Apocalypse. The interpretation is given in detail by section, paragraph, and clause. In this volume it is presented in a more general view and a more popular form, and already a large edition has been sold. Professor Milligan's scheme of interpretation, if scheme it can be called, marks the point of complete and conclusive reaction from the chronological method of interpretation which was in vogue under different forms for centuries, and which, in fact, resolved the wonderful roll of St. John's pictures into a sort of syllabus of ecclesiastical history, a syllabus which Protestants interpreted in an anti-Papal sense, and for which Roman Catholic interpreters were sufficiently ingenious and resolute to contrive a pro-Papal and anti-Protestant sense. We confess that it would cost us no pain to think that such books as the late Dr. Cumming's on the Apocalypse are not likely in the future to be so generally welcomed as in the past, although, in view of the reception given to such amazing and worse than worthless interpretations as those of Mr. Baxter, we fear that, in this respect, our religious education still leaves the rank and file of Christian professors very grievously deficient. We cannot, however, but feel that Dr. Milligan is far from having succeeded in removing the very serious difficulties which lie in the way of his interpretation, and we should be sorry to be driven to the conclusion, which he affirms so strongly, that either, at least in its outline, his interpretation must be accepted, or the canonicity of "The Revelation" be given up. The interpretation which finds the fulfilment of the last two chapters of the book wholly and absolutely on the earth and in time—in the present or the past as much as at any future period—is not easy to digest.



There seems also to be such a total want of perspective in his view, both as to the relation to each other of the main masses of light and shade, and as to each particular section, that, whilst we see no difficulty whatever in giving up for the prophecies the idea of anything like a direct or continuous succession, we fail to discover in Dr. Milligan's exposition anything like a plan or principle of grouping for the symbolic scenes as they successively meet the mind's eye. It is in harmony with this deficiency that the very able author, in this highly wrought book, does not attempt to give us an ordered summary or conspectus of the contents of the Revelation.

Of course, however, we cannot in this brief notice of a volume so full of matter attempt anything in the nature of a critical discussion. We have read it with great general admiration, and with high approval of many points and particulars. We hail it as a volume which cannot fail to advance materially the interpretation of this most difficult, magnificent, and beautiful book of Scripture. We may, however, in passing, and with all respect and modesty, be permitted to offer one critical suggestion as to a minor point of interpretation, lying without the range of the general argument, which has struck us as not unimportant.

In his interpretation of the Fifth Seal, which opens to view "underneath the altar the souls of them that had been slaughtered for the word of God"—"to each" of whom "was given a white robe"—Dr. Milligan says that, "the souls or lives seen under it are probably seen under the form of blood, for the blood was the life." From this we can only infer that Dr. Milligan is destitute of the realizing visual power of imagination. As if there could be individual *bloods* corresponding to distinct souls, and as if "each" *blood* could receive a "white robe!" Surely it is evident that by "souls" here we are to understand what in classical poetry are spoken of as "shades"—conscious and active though disembodied—*simulacra* or spirits wearing a shadowy but recognizable form of life. These under the altar are conceived as "crying with a great voice," which blood or *bloods* (to use a necessarily anomalous expression, as a sort of equivalent to an impossible and unrealizable attempt at description) cannot be conceived as doing (Rev. vi. 9-11). We cannot but suspect that Dr. Milligan's want of a visual imagination has had something to do with the want of perspective and of intelligible movement or progress in his view of the symbols as they pass across the field of vision. He deals with words and phrases, but does not in his conception or consciousness exchange them with their living equivalents.

*The Text of Jeremiah.* By Rev. G. C. WORKMAN, M.A., Professor of Old Testament Exegesis, Victoria University, Canada. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

Professor Workman's volume is a valuable contribution to the discussion of a difficult question of Old Testament criticism. The problem of the variations

between the Greek version and the Hebrew text in the Book of Jeremiah is one of long standing and of great importance. Its importance is twofold, inasmuch as, quite apart from the decision of questions affecting Jeremiah's history and prophecies, the determination of this point would shed no little light upon the whole construction of the Massoretic text. We have read this book with great interest and attention, and have closed it with the conviction that Professor Workman deserves the gratitude of all Old Testament students for his labours, but that he has by no means settled the questions he set out to consider.

To justify our opinion, we should be compelled to enter into technical details not suited to these pages and to devote more space to the subject than we have to spare. We may say briefly, however, that the chief value of Professor Workman's treatise in our estimation is that it goes far to prove that the LXX. version was made from another type of Hebrew text; and if that be held to be fairly proved, Mr. Workman's careful re-translation into Hebrew, which occupies a hundred pages of the book, is of great use. The arguments by which this conclusion is reached are such as these: the nature of the variations, additions, transpositions, and omissions, especially the last, is shown to be such that translators of only fair ability and faithfulness cannot be supposed on any principle to have adopted them, unless they were following another than our present Massoretic text. Professor Workman examines these variations most minutely, and in the mere presentation of so complete a conspectus of them lays the student of the Hebrew text under obligation. He argues with great ability against Graf and others, who would attribute the omissions to carelessness or arbitrariness on the part of the translators, and traverses one by one the theories which have been proposed to account for these sufficiently startling various readings. The fidelity of the translators in their work as a whole is illustrated at length, and their character fully vindicated. We do not hesitate to say that Professor Workman, if he has not proved the existence of a separate text-recension on which the Greek Version was based, has made out a strong case for it.

It is otherwise, however, when we come to the relation between the present Massoretic text and the (supposed) original of the LXX. Here Professor Workman seems to us to be far too much biassed in favour of the latter. Dr. Franz Delitzsch, who prefixes an Introduction to the work, hints something of the kind, in the friendly words of commendation which he gives to the book as a whole. Professor Delitzsch, by the way, himself gives some valuable hints towards a solution of the questions which arise concerning the very different order and distribution of the prophecies in the Hebrew and Greek respectively. But the problem raised by Professor Workman, as he himself acknowledges, is too large and complicated to be settled on so narrow a field as the text of one book, important as that book is in the discussion of the question. We must content ourselves with thanking the author and publishers for an able, scholarly, interesting, and valuable book on an important

question. If Professor Workman has not ended the *vezata questio* of Old Testament criticism, he has done the next best thing—largely helped to clear up its conditions and prepare the way for its solution.

*The Epistles of St. John.* By WILLIAM ALEXANDER, D.D., D.C.L.  
London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

This is one of the volumes of the "Expositor's Bible." It consists of twenty-one discourses, with Greek Text, Comparative Versions, and Notes chiefly exegetical. Bishop Alexander did for the *Speaker's Commentary*, the commentary on St. John's Epistles. Here we have not a commentary but a series of expository discourses. They are very beautiful, though perhaps the poetic embellishments, so natural to Dr. Alexander, are not always helpful to the student of the Epistles in their text and connection. However this may be, the discourses are very suggestive. The parallelism pointed out between the Gospel and the Epistles is exceedingly instructive. The parallel versions given are also very useful; they are—by the side of the original which is given according to Tischendorf, for the most part—the Latin text of the Codex Amiatinus, the Authorized and the Revised Versions, and a third English rendering—the Bishop's own—which in its niceties is often delicately suggestive. We have ourselves found this volume delightful reading, and have been greatly helped by the freshness and insight of the venerable writer's explanations and applications.

*The Ordination Charge.* Delivered in Patrick Street Chapel, Cork, June 24th, 1889. By the Rev. JOSEPH BUSH, President of the Conference. Dublin: R. T. White.

*The Ministry Fulfilled: An Ordination Charge.* Delivered in Brunswick Chapel, Sheffield, August 1st, 1889. By the Rev. JOSEPH BUSH, Ex-President. London: T. Woolmer. 1889.

The Valedictory Address which Mr. Bush delivered to the Westminster and Southlands students last December made a profound impression for its mastery of Biblical knowledge and the exhibition it gave of the way in which Bible lessons might become a power in teaching the young. These two Ordination charges will add to the ex-President's reputation as one of the most epigrammatic, forcible, keen-sighted, and judicious men in Methodism. It is a real pleasure to read such deliverances as these, and the young men who walk by such rules will indeed obey St. Paul's injunction: "Make full proof of thy ministry." In his Irish charge Mr. Bush took St. Paul's commission (Acts xvi. 16-18) as his text, "All true ministers are made, not of man, but

of God," is the thought on which he first insists, with sententious brevity. Other points in the character of a God-made minister are then brought out in the same style, till the idea that the life of a Methodist minister is bound up with a circuit prepares the way to discuss what a circuit is, and what is its minister's relation to it. What sagacious words are these: "If in every circuit you would achieve success, I charge you to cherish the conviction, I was made for this Circuit. And give yourself, day by day, body and soul, to serve every interest and bless every individual. In the best sense of the word, you will be sure to get on. For there is one thing which our office-bearers and people never stand out against—hard work on the part of a minister."

In the Sheffield Charge Mr. Bush has excelled himself. It is, from the first sentence to the last, brimming over with terse, sententious, and profound sayings. The practised administrator, the judicious observer, and the loving pastor breathes in every accent. The Ordination Charge is a great opportunity for a man to stamp his own spirit on the young pastors and preachers of the Connexion, and the ex-President is equal to the call. We are heartily one with him as to the four most coveted rights of the laity, viz., the very best preaching; the visitation of the classes; the pastoral care of families; the wise administration of all circuit interests. "Speak with bated breath of pastoral rights; keep well abreast of pastoral duty." "In Methodism, the man who learns wisdom is the man who loves work." These are but specimens of the gems which may be gathered on every page of this Charge. Mr. Bush shows that even a busy man may find time for adequate pastoral visitation, and gives some valuable hints for the best discharge of that important part of a minister's work. We are glad also to note his advice to preach appropriate sermons on the great Christian festivals. The whole Charge is one to be read again and again, till its spirit rules one's life and conversation.

*The People's Bible: Discourses upon Holy Scripture.* By JOSEPH PARKER, [D.D. Vol. XI. The Book of Job. London: Hazell, Watson, and Viney. 1889.

Dr. Parker's *magnum opus* is steadily going forward. This is the eleventh of the stout octavos which he aptly calls "The People's Bible." They are not overlaid with learning so that common folk would fear to turn to them; they are not burdened with references to other writers, but they deal with Bible subjects in Dr. Parker's best style, awaking thought, provoking study, and pouring a flood of light on many a little-studied page of Scripture. The Book of Job is a congenial field for the preacher of the *City Temple*. In his introductory pages he asks, "In what good man's sick chamber is not Job welcome? Welcome because he can utter the whole gamut of human woe. He can find words for the heart that is ill at ease, and prayers for lips which have been chilled and silenced by unbelief. His woe belongs to the whole world. All other woe is as the dripping of an icicle compared with the rush of stormy

waters." The prayer which follows is a beautiful psalm of thanksgiving for the blessings of the Sabbath. The Book of Job is then taken up chapter by chapter under such suggestive titles as "Satan at Work," "The Assaults of Satan," "The Trial of Job." It is unnecessary to speak of the sparkle and force of style which marks these running expositions. There are no dull pages here. Nor are these homilies without personal and practical application. On every page you feel yourself in the presence of a real preacher. We may quote one fine passage on the temptations of the pulpit which will search every true minister's heart. "There is a horrible danger in having to read the Bible at an appointed hour, to offer a prayer at a given stroke of the clock, and to assemble for worship upon a public holiday. But all this seems to be unavoidable; the very spirit of order requires it. There must be some law of consent and fellowship, otherwise public worship would be impossible. But consider the tremendous effect upon the man who has to conduct that worship. The men to be most pitied in all this wide world are preachers of the Gospel. We are aware that there is another side, and that the men who are most to be envied in the world are also preachers of the Gospel. Still it is a terrible thing to have to denounce sin every Sunday, twice at least. It is enough to ruin the soul to be called upon to utter holy words at mechanical periods" (p. 177). The homilies are followed by "Handfuls of Purpose" for all gleaners, a series of forcible comments on special passages of the book. Dr. Parker's volume is a worthy epitome of his weekly ministering at the City Temple.

*The Biblical Illustrator : or, Anecdotes, Similes, Emblems, Illustrations, expository, scientific, geographical, historical, and homiletic, gathered from a wide range of Home and Foreign Literature on the Verses of the Bible.* By Rev. JOSEPH S. EXELL, M.A. St. Luke. Vol. I. London: Nisbet & Co. 1889.

This stout octavo, with its 750 pages, only covers the first seven chapters of St. Luke's Gospel. Nothing that we can say will convey so clear an idea of the stores of information which Mr. Exell has gathered together. The introduction to the Gospel, in a few capital paragraphs, clearly states the chief facts and traditions about the Evangelist, giving the authority for each statement in scholarly fashion. The Gospel is then illustrated verse by verse with a fulness which is well-nigh overwhelming. The works of the greatest commentators, preachers, and historians have been laid under contribution with untiring industry. Hints for the treatment of texts in the shape of divisions and expositions abound on every page. In its own way the book has no rival. It is a gigantic compilation, and though that is not all one wants in studying a book of Scripture, it has its place and value for those

who will make a wise use of the material Mr. Exell has provided with a hand so lavish and an industry so unwearied.

*The Kings of Israel and Judah.* By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A.  
London : Nisbet & Co. 1889.

This new volume of the "Men of the Bible Series" forms a set of royal biographies, illustrated by the most recent Egyptian and Assyrian researches. Few men possess qualifications for this task such as Canon Rawlinson's. The sketches are brief, but in all respects adequate; and they are written in a clear, scholarly, yet pleasing style. We can heartily commend the book to all ministers, Sunday School teachers, and Bible students. The opening passage in the pages devoted to Rehoboam shows in what an enervating atmosphere the young prince grew up. "A place (like the Court of Solomon) where such wealth, such luxury, and such unrestrained polygamy were rife, was not a school apt for the formation of a strong or self-reliant character. When it is said that Rehoboam grew through boyhood to manhood in the atmosphere of an Eastern harem, enough is said to account for all that followed. In a harem princes, waited on by obsequious eunuchs and petted by their mother and her female slaves, pass their time in softness and idleness, without any training worth the name, without the spur of emulation; flattered, fawned upon, courted, encouraged to regard themselves as beings of a superior kind who can scarcely do wrong, who are to be indulged in every desire and every fancy, and are never to be checked or thwarted." A judicious father shortens this time of trial for his sins, but Solomon, in his own days of self-indulgence, is not likely, says Canon Rawlinson, to have been a judicious father. Hence his son's proud and petulant answer to the leaders of the nation, with its fatal results. The writer's intimate knowledge of Eastern life greatly increases the freshness and instructiveness of this admirable volume, which is as judicious as it is painstaking, and as spirited in style as it is scholarly.

*The Arian Controversy.* By H. M. GWATKIN, M.A. (Epochs of Church History.) London : Longmans, Green & Co. 1889.

This is a very useful addition to a very useful series. There are few subjects of Church history more difficult to grasp than the Arian controversy of the fourth century. Its numerous sects and quibbles and political complications were so numerous and evanescent that it is next to impossible to trace their sequence. Mr. Gwatkin's *Studies of Arianism* shows that he has had patience and skill enough to unravel the web, and in this handbook he gives us the pith of his larger work. It can scarcely be said that the study is not worth the trouble. The question involved was a vital one. "Athanasius was clearly right. . . . Those may smile to whom all revelation is a vain

thing; but it is our life, and we believe it is their life too. If there is truth or even meaning in the gospel, this question of all others is most surely vital." The headings of the chapters indicate truly the successive stages in the controversy from the beginnings of Arianism through the Council of Nicæa and the Eusebian reaction to the disappearance of the heresy. The explanation of the Arian theory is exceedingly lucid. The figures of Athanasius, Marcellus of Ancyra, Constantine, Constantius, Julian stand out very clearly. The exposition of Apollinarianism (p. 136.) is as good as we have seen. It is curious, however, to hear the author speaking of "the spurious Nicene Creed of our communion service." "The story is an old one, yet it is beyond all question false." And the reasons are given. Such fidelity to historical truth is refreshing.

*An Introduction to the Creeds.* By Rev. G. F. MACLEAR, D.D.  
(Elementary Theological Class Books.) London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Dr. Maclear's work contains in brief compass a mass of information about the three Œcumenical Creeds. The plan is, after a brief history of the growth of the creeds, to expound the several articles of the Apostles' Creed in the light of the other two. In the text and notes we have the gist of all the great writers from Pearson to Martensen and Westcott. The extent of the subject only permits the author to give results without any indication of the reasons. Indeed, he sometimes places different views side by side without any attempt at comparison or judgment. Thus, we have three alleged reasons for the title of the Apostles' Creed (p. 19) with little intimation of the evidence for either one. A good deal is thus left to the teacher or student. Perhaps this is not an evil. The appendix gives the text of several creeds in addition to that of the three creeds. Such a compendium was greatly needed, and the need is well supplied.

*Lessons of Hope: Readings from the Works of F. D. Maurice.*  
Selected by J. LLEWELLYN DAVIES. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The name of the editor is sufficient guarantee for the fidelity and skill with which these selections are made. Mr. Davies has been long known as Maurice's ablest and most faithful disciple. Would that he had written his teacher's life! The "readings" are admirably characteristic. There are some, of course, which only a Maurician can understand—dreamy, and to the uninitiated meaningless. But in the main they bring out the best side of Maurice's teaching. The editor entitles them *Lessons of Hope*, not because this is their subject, but because in his opinion hopefulness is the chief characteristic of Maurice's writings. At any rate, Maurice is more intelli-

gible in these extracts than in his full works. The editor says in his beautiful preface, "The book offers itself as a companion. Those who listen again and again to its voice will not fail to recognize in it strains of a solemn and lofty and tender music; and it will always seem to them to come from a higher world, and to summon their thoughts into communion with divine revelations and purposes." We see no reason to dissent from this opinion.

*Faith, Active and Passive, Divine and Human.* An Exposition of Rom. i. 16, 17. By Rev. ARTHUR BEARD, M.A., Rector of Great Greenford. London: G. Bell & Sons. 1889.

The author has a strong objection to "Scripture scraps" like "Faith without works," and seeks to prove, unless we misunderstand him, that the "works of the law" are works of the Jewish ceremonial law, and that "faith" in Rom. i. 16, 17, and elsewhere, means "faithfulness" and God's faithfulness. If he is right the Authorized Version and Revised Version, as well as a long consensus of divines, are all wrong. The jerky, scrappy style, quite unworthy of a scholar, is as objectionable as the thesis.

1. *The Prophecies of Isaiah.* Expounded by Dr. C. VON ORELLI. Translated by Rev. J. S. BANKS. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1889.

2. *A New Commentary on Genesis.* By F. DELITZSCH, D.D. Translated by SOPHIA TAYLOR. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1889.

1. Professor Orelli is already favourably known by his *Old Testament Prophecy*, the most modern treatise on Messianic prophecy. In his commentary on Isaiah he shows himself the same competent scholar and earnest believer. Notwithstanding the many able works on Isaiah, there was room in English for a commentary complete in a single volume of moderate size. The work consists of two parts, chaps. i.-xxxix. and xl.-lxvi., the first part again including eight sections and the second three. The author advocates the double authorship; on all other points he is conservative. The plan of the work includes a translation, a summary of each section, and brief explanatory notes at the foot. The notes can scarcely fail to be helpful to the student of the original.

2. Delitzsch's commentary on Genesis, now complete, is by far the best on that book. It represents the author's maturest thought, and is not likely soon to be superseded. It is a pity that the last edition of the veteran expositor's work on Isaiah is not translated into English. These two works



and the commentary on the Psalms are work enough for a life-time. In this, as in all Professor Delitzsch's commentaries, the thoroughness and accuracy of the scholar are not more remarkable than the humility and fervour of the Christian.

*The Expositor.* Third Series. Vol. IX. Edited by the Rev. W. ROBERTSON MCALL, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

We have said before, and desire to say again, that the *Expositor* is indispensable to the student of Biblical exegesis. In the present volume, among many papers of great interest and value, and a few of more or less questionable quality, we notice a singularly beautiful exegetical paper, by Professor Findlay, on Heb. ii. 9; and a short but able argument in reply to Professor Huxley on the Gadarene Miracle, by the Rev. T. G. Selby.

*Living Springs.* By the Rev. HENRY BONE. London: T. Woolmer. 1889.

Mr. Bone has here gathered together some helpful papers published in the *Christian Miscellany* in 1885 and 1886. They deal with twelve subjects of vital importance, such as the Means of Grace, Sabbath Worship, the Lord's Supper, the Sunday School, and kindred topics. The eminently practical and spiritual character of these little papers should commend them to a wide circle of readers. The book is full of sensible counsels, tersely and brightly put.

*Aspects of Scepticism. With Special Reference to the Present Time.* By JOHN FORDYCE, M.A. Second Edition. London: Elliot Stock. 1889.

Mr. Fordyce has marked his removal to the colonies by publishing a new edition of his valuable book on Scepticism. We are glad to repeat and endorse our verdict on the first edition. It is a well-reasoned, timely, and successful protest against the assumptions and contradictions of modern scepticism, which deserves careful reading. We trust that the book and its writer will both be as useful in Sydney as they have been in our own country.

*Exodus, with Introduction, Commentary, and Special Notes, &c.* By Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D., Oamaru. Part II. *The Consecration.* Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1889.

The second part of this handbook contains notes on the chapters from the fifteenth to the end, with a valuable Appendix on the Tabernacle, by the Rev. W. Gillies. Every question is carefully discussed, so that all Bible students will find this neat and handy commentary of great service. It is full, clear, suggestive. What does "exhausted" mean, however, on p. 128?

*The British Weekly Pulpit.* A Companion Journal to the *British Weekly*. Vol. I. London: *British Weekly* Office. 1889.

This is a substantial volume of six hundred and twenty-eight pages, full of suggestive matter. Sermons by the foremost preachers of all churches occupy the chief place. Eight "Services completely reported" form an interesting feature. Hymns, prayers, and sermons are given verbatim. "Here and There among the Churches" is another special section. Many "Prayers," and some short "Miscellaneous" paragraphs complete the table of contents. The "Index to Texts" shows what a wide area is covered by the volume, and will greatly assist those who wish to use it as a kind of commentary. The *British Weekly Pulpit* deserves success. It is admirably arranged and edited.

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

*Dictionary of National Biography.* Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN. Vol. XIX. Finch-Forman. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1889.

VOLUME XIX. is certainly as interesting as any that has preceded it. Of Flamsteed's life we need say nothing, as it is the subject of an article in this REVIEW. We will only remark that Miss Clerke is rather unfair on our first astronomer-royal. That "he could not brook rivalry" is not warranted by facts. He half-worshipped Newton, till the latter disgusted him by a clear breach of faith; and his life-long friendship with Sharp was never interrupted by an angry word. The very grudging recognition he received from the Court doubtless annoyed him. Of course Miss Clerke's chief source of information is Baily's *Life*; but she has also found materials in Whewell, Delambre, Mädler, and even in Hone's *Everyday Book*, which contains Flamsteed's Horoscope. Another well-written life is Mr. G. P. Macdonnell's Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare. Fitzgibbon was as thorough a turncoat as Lord Beaconsfield. Beginning as a staunch Nationalist, he said, "I have always thought the claim of the British Parliament to make laws for Ireland is a daring usurpation of the rights of a free people." But he soon became Pitt's evil genius, "consistently using his great influence to resist every proposal of reform and concession." The secret of his conversion, and of how he and Beresford managed to get Lord Fitzwilliam recalled, will never be fully known. Fitzgibbon, on his death-bed, made his

wife burn his papers: "Hundreds may be compromised if they survive me." He forced Pitt to give up his intended tithe reform, and is therefore answerable for the wretched tithe war of 1833-4; while his fanatical opposition to Roman Catholic claims called forth Burke's remark: "The bishop [of Killala, who had made a conciliatory speech] who had no law was the statesman, the lawyer who had no religion was the bigot." When, after the Union, Clare took his seat in the British House as Lord Fitzgibbon of Sidbury, he made himself contemptible by the way in which he always insulted his countrymen ("Our damnable country," he wrote to Castlereagh), and by the violence with which he opposed the fulfilment of the promises made to the Catholics before the passing of the Union. Even Pitt gave him up, exclaiming to Dundas: "Good God! Did you ever hear in all your life such a rascal as that?" He was so disappointed at his position after the Union that, if his nephew is to be believed, he died repenting his conduct on that question. Such a repentance, however, could have no value any way. Mr. J. M. Riggs gives an interesting account of Sir J. Fleet, who was elected Governor of the East India Company just when, in 1695, financial pressure led to the incorporation of a new Company with which the old one was forced to amalgamate. In "Flinter," Mr. Riggs briefly sketches the career of a remarkable man, of whom Borrow says a good deal in his *Bible in Spain*. He also contributes Flower, lawyer and Speaker of the House about 1399, and Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, about a century later, one of whose law-books Coke calls "an exact work exquisitely penned." His *Graunde Abridgment* was the chief source whence Sir W. Staunforde got the material for his *King's Prerogative*. Foote, whose greatest triumph was to make Dr. Johnson laugh ("I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him; but the dog was so very comical that I had to throw myself back in my chair and fairly laugh it out"), is written by Mr. J. Knight; Fletcher by Mr. Bullen. Mr. Thompson Cooper shows, in the case of barrister Floyd, how cruelly Catholics were treated in Charles I.'s time; while Mr. J. A. Hamilton's notice of Flowerdew sets forth the grasping selfishness of the landowners who made the Reformation an excuse for private aggrandizement. Flowerdew's conduct was partly answerable for Kett's rising. The history of the Fitzgeralds, filling over fifty pages, is a strange comment on Mr. Froude's dictum that the Normans brought culture and civilization to Ireland. In Mrs. Fitzherbert's Life Mr. Kebbel reminds us that the sealed box, deposited in 1833 with Messrs. Coutts, is still unopened. Mr. Langdale, in 1856, begged in vain that the seals might be broken. The editor contributes little to this volume. He writes Flecknoe and Margarie Fleming, Sir W. Scott's pet, whose epitaph on three turkey poults—

"A direful death indeed they had  
That would put any parent mad,  
But she [their mother] was more than usual calm,  
She did not give a single damn"—

deserves recording. So, for other reasons, does the picture of a good wife, Ann Denman, who married Flaxman. "She shared all his studies and interests," says Mr. Sidney Colvin; "was enthusiastic, sensible, somewhat sententious in speech (it was a Johnsonian age), the pleasantest and most frugal of housekeepers, his incomparable companion, helpmeet, and (to use his own word) *dictionary*." The strange chance which determines manufactures as well as other things, is illustrated in Flakefield's Life. He was a Lanark weaver, who, in 1670, enlisted and went abroad. In Germany he came across a blue-and-white check handkerchief; and got his discharge in order to imitate it. With great difficulty he scraped together means for making a web of two dozen handkerchiefs. The novelty and fineness of texture at once made them popular, and for a century the manufacture thrived in and round Glasgow; but Flakefield got no profit from his scheme; he was made town-drummer of Glasgow to save him from the poor-house.

*Madame de Staël: her Friends, and her Influence in Politics and Literature.* By Lady BLENNERHASSET. Three Vols. London: Chapman & Hall.

Madame de Staël has never been properly appreciated in England. Many of us look on her as a forerunner of "the shrieking sisterhood," given to literary hysterics, the author of a mass of sentimental rant. Much as we dislike Napoleon, we are apt to think of the persecution with which he visited her as excusable, if not rather praiseworthy. Byron sneered at her, and though English society was at war with Byron, of course it rated the noble poet far above the Swiss wife of a Swedish baron. Germany, which despite her Irish name, is Lady Blennerhasset's country, has always esteemed her more highly. She was the intimate friend of Schiller, Goethe, the Humboldts, as well as of the Duke and Duchess of Saxe Weimar and of Queen Louise of Prussia. A. W. Schlegel owed a great deal to her, and repaid his debt with helpful gratitude. Altogether her life is bound up with the history of her time; as Lady Blennerhasset says, you cannot paint her to the life without enlarging your canvass to include what, in the work of which these volumes are a translation, she calls De Staël's *Bedeutung*. With this view she has gone with German thoroughness through the very voluminous Staël literature, the result being a vast amount of information, not only about the central figure, but about almost every European celebrity, from Necker down to the Duc de Broglie. Madame de Staël's *l'Allemagne* was in the slang of the day an epoch-making book. Except a few Bonapartists like Stendhal, every man of letters recognized its value; it forced the French to feel that the people they thought they had crushed was a nation after all. No doubt Lady Blennerhasset's sympathies have been enlisted by the chivalry which took up the German cause when it was at its lowest, when, after Jena, the French might

well deem further resistance out of the question. She does not, like some Germans of the present generation, object to plain speaking. Madame de Staël was no flatterer. She said of Goethe: "He's all very well so long as he is *sérieux*, but when he tries to joke he is simply unbearable." Of the servile pedantry and dreamy inertness of the Germans she speaks in a way which taught Von Körner and other prophets how to spur the nation into activity with taunts as well as with exhortations. She calls them "*flatteurs avec énergie et rigoureusement soumis; se servant de raisonnements philosophiques pour expliquer ce qu'il y a de moins philosophique au monde, le respect pour la force*" (*de l'Allem.* iii. 11). She afterwards formally retracted an opinion which, nevertheless, when she expressed it, was true. The Germans were what circumstances had made them. They changed when the pressure was removed, and their betterment is an instance of that recuperative power which we are sometimes told dies out in long oppressed nationalities. The publication of *l'Allemagne* brought Napoleon's hatred to a climax. The authoress was banished, the direct road to England being closed to her; the book, which was printing, was suppressed, the MS. being saved only by the personal friendship of the Prefect of the Loir et Cher, who put in a defective copy, while the original was sent out of the country. Madame de Staël took refuge at Coppet, whence, three years later, she disappeared, and (her escape being managed by Schlegel and approved by Sismondi) travelled through Austria to Russia and round to Sweden. Burdened with Rocca (*Monsieur l'amant*, Byron calls him), who became her second husband, and vexed at every turn with the intolerable nuisance of passports, permits, and commissaries, who insisted on sitting at table to see she did not tamper with her hosts, she was disenchanted as to many things, and sadly remarked, she could well understand why the South Germans preferred being plundered by the French rather than governed by the Austrians. In Russia, she thought the Emperor Alexander alone rose above the commonplace. Doubtless she was impressed with his assurance that he should never flinch in the struggle against Napoleon. In Sweden, Bernardotte, whose ingratitude to Napoleon did not strike her, made her eldest son his *aide-de-camp*, gave her younger son a commission, and employed A. W. Schlegel as his secretary. Of course she was delighted that Sweden had concluded an alliance with Russia a few weeks before she got to Stockholm. Her next sojourn was in England, where, arriving a few days before the news of Vittoria, she at once became a "lioness;" nor did the shock of her younger son's death in a duel with a Cossack officer, who savagely hacked off his head, prevent her from mingling in London society. Most of the statesmen she speaks of as mediocrities: "Pitt and Fox are dead, and instead there is Lord Liverpool." Coleridge she found "great in monologue;" Byron "*l'homme le plus séduisant de l'Angleterre*," but Wilberforce "*le plus aimé, le plus considéré*." For Wilberforce she worked hard, writing a preface to the translation of his protest, and sending, on her own account, an appeal to the Allies. She was a guest at some of the greatest houses, at Bowood and Coombe Wood (Lord

Liverpool's) among others. She admired our character, making the somewhat hasty induction that "in their friendship the English are better than their word; they never sacrifice it to outward considerations. And, contrary to the received opinion, they are full of thoughtful politeness for women, who never reckon in vain on their protection." Miss Berry and she struck up a great friendship. "Madame de Staël," said the former, "has wrought two miracles: she has made Ward (afterwards Lord Dudley) *poli envers les femmes et pieux envers Dieu*." Yet she writes to Schlegel: "Our continental habits are not nearly so good, but they suit us better. I'm pleased with any new existence; but to prefer it to any other, one must belong to it entirely." Then, as now, our rooms were sadly crowded. "Intimate intercourse," she says, "is very rarely possible where it costs physical exertion to make your way through suffocating salons." Her children hated England; their matter-of-factness was a great grief to her. To Schlegel she says: "*Il n'y a point de ressources du tout dans l'esprit de mes enfants. Ils sont éteints, singulier effet de ma flamme*." Despite her beauty Mdlle. de Staël (afterwards the Duchess de Broglie) was thought shy, though her zeal for emancipation (she made the translation of Wilberforce's protest) brought her to the front. Even at the present day her mother's *Considérations* on England are worth reading, especially her remarks on that much-maligned party government which she held to be identical with government by public opinion, and the best means of checking the preponderance of individuals. Of course she made mistakes; she praised, for instance, the criminal legislation which Sir J. Mackintosh, her most intimate English friend, was eagerly striving to reform; and in her praise of party government she overlooked the corruption, the personal and interested motives, which it almost inevitably entails. We have no space to follow Madame de Staël through the Restoration, which brought her in contact with a new set of French minds—Royer-Collard, Barante, Guizot, &c. The charm of these volumes is their fullness of detail, from the first, when they describe the beginnings of the Necker family—"of Irish origin!" says Lady Blennerhasset, "but settled in Pomerania from the time of Queen Mary"—to the closing scene in the Paris house with its big garden, where the day before her death she was gathering roses as parting gifts for those about her. Almost her last words were, to Châteaubriand, "*J'ai toujours été la même, vive et triste. J'ai aimé Dieu, mon père, et la liberté*." For any one who wishes to follow the current of continental thought for more than eighty years, these volumes will be a great help. There is abundance of teaching in them; they are enlivened, too, with anecdotes of all kinds. Charles Necker, grandfather of the author of *Corinne*, private tutor to Count Bernstorff, and established by George I. at Geneva as preceptor to young Englishmen; Gibbon, who, before he had grown into that man-mountain of whom M. de Bièvre used to say: "When I want exercise I walk thrice round him," fell desperately in love with Madame de Staël's mother, Mdlle. Curchod, who afterwards married James Necker; Marie Antoinette, who said, "rather

be destroyed than saved by La Fayette and the Constitutionalists ;" the Jacobins, who by their quarrels, illustrated the dictum : " *Ce sont les nuances qui se querellent, pas les couleurs ;* " Fichte, Benjamin Constant—every inch of Lady Blennerhasset's wide canvas is filled ; and if the work seems on too extensive a plan, we must remember that it is done with German thoroughness, and that it is by no means limited to Madame de Staël. It is the literary history of a whole period.

*Lord Lawrence.* By SIR R. TEMPLE.

*Wellington.* By GEORGE HOOPER. "English Men of Action"  
Series. London : Macmillan & Co. 1889.

The choice of Sir R. Temple as the biographer of Lord Lawrence will be generally recognized as peculiarly happy. To the qualifications of a practised and effective writer, quite free from affectation or pretension, Sir Richard unites striking points of fitness for the task entrusted to him. Himself an Indian civilian and administrator, who had wielded a power as Lieutenant-Governor only inferior to that of the Governor-General, in his early official years the biographer had been Lawrence's private secretary, and throughout his period of service he had enjoyed exceptional advantages as a junior and trusted comrade of the great Indian ruler, and as one singularly in sympathy with his chief, both as respects his secular policy in dealing with Indian affairs, and his principles as a thorough Christian statesman and administrator. To this, let it be added, that as Lord Lawrence, after his final return to England, gave himself from motives of high philanthropy to the work of the London School Board, of which he was the first chairman, so Sir R. Temple has given his services to the same Board, of which he is now vice-chairman. We have accordingly a perfectly sympathetic, as well as a very clear and interesting, outline-history of the life and work of one of the purest and noblest of England's great pro-consuls. Sir R. Temple has admirably sketched his character in one of the opening pages of the volume. "His virtue was private as well as political, domestic as well as public. . . . There have been men eminent in national affairs, over whose life a veil must be partially thrown ; but his conduct was unassailable, even by those who assailed his policy and proceedings. However fiercely the light might beat on him, he was seen to be unspotted from the world. . . . He was a good steward in small things as well as great. . . . But, while upright and undaunted before men, he was inwardly downcast and humble before the all-seeing Judge. He relied on divine mercy alone, according to the Christian dispensation. Apart from the effect of his constant example in Christian action, he made no display of religion beyond that which occasion might require. . . . In the hey-day of strength and influence he would anticipate the hour when the silver cord must be loosed, and the golden bowl broken ; when surrounded with pomp and circumstance, he would reckon up the moments when the splendid harness must be cast aside. In a word,

massive vigour, simplicity, and single-mindedness, were the keynotes of his character." After taking us briefly through the period of his early life, showing the stock from which such men as the three Lawrences, and in particular Lord Lawrence and his scarcely less illustrious, and certainly not less able, brother, Sir Henry, came, Sir Richard introduces us to his training and experience in the Delhi territory, 1829-1846, when the foundations of his character and disciplined power were laid; in the Trans-Sutlej States, 1846-1849; on the Punjaub Board of Administration, 1849-1853; and as Chief Commissioner of the Punjaub, 1853-1857, when he stood forth as the Saviour of India, in her darkest and most terrible hour, during the war of the Mutinies; to his government of India, 1857-1859; and to his years of retirement in England. The strict limits of space within which the biographer is of necessity confined, compel him, in dealing with so very large a story as that of Lord Lawrence's, a story at the same time so little known, because relating to so distant and unfamiliar a sphere, to exercise the severest compression. This necessity leaves little scope for picturesqueness or eloquence, and gives a somewhat crowded character to what is everywhere only a digest, but the intrinsic greatness and the commanding interest of the subject makes the volume interesting throughout, however much we might have desired more of detail at some points.

If Sir Richard Temple was cramped in writing a brief biography of Lord Lawrence, still more must Mr. Hooper have suffered from his narrow limits of space in his digest of Wellington's history. He has been obliged to deal in twenty pages with the last half of the hero's life, as "diplomatist and statesman." Of his previous career as a soldier, in India, in the Peninsula, at Waterloo, he has furnished a very careful account, which, comparatively small space as it covers in this volume, must have cost him an immense amount of reading and research. His care, his thoroughness, so far as we can judge, his honest independence of judgment, merit emphatic recognition. He is not seduced into any derogation from the grandeur of Wellington's character as a commander. He is bold to do justice to the great master who conquered Napoleon's greatest Marshals, and Napoleon himself, even though he was an Englishman. In a work of close condensation, and where whole chapters must often be read to enable the writer to put together a few sentences, it is no wonder if the style is sometimes a little clumsy. Careful revision will enable Mr. Hooper to improve the distinctness of his style and the lucidity of his writing, here and there. But there is one point as to which we must find a little fault. Whether Mr. Hooper is Scotch or not—if not, then so much the more—he should use English and not specifically Scottish language. Why is *anent* to be thrust upon Englishmen as if it were really literary English, or, worse still, *provand*? Why again should the word *deft*, an English word no doubt, with a specific shade of meaning, be used in a plain narrative, in the general sense of *clever*, and thus brought in again and again, where it has no propriety or fitness? Mannerisms of this kind do not tend to lighten or brighten a book of necessarily difficult reading, at least in many parts.



*Henry the Seventh.* By JAMES GAIRDNER. London: Macmillan & Co.

Assuredly the first of the Tudor monarchs was a statesman, and comes rightly within the category of "Twelve English Statesmen." "In that part," says Bacon, "both of justice and policy, which is the most durable part, and cut, as it were, in brass or marble, the making of good laws, he did excel." "He was," says the same competent judge, "a wonderful wise man." He was, doubtless, a man of extraordinary sagacity, and of great general capacity. Mr. Gairdner's sketch of his reign is excellent. The reign was not brilliant, as the king was not brilliant, though for England's well-being he was something vastly better. But there is much intrinsic interest in the reign. It marked a new stage of development in English history; it brought to an end the wars of rival factions among the nobles, and of rival branches of the royal succession. It built royal prerogative on the ruins of baronial power. It brought more fully than before into view the interests of the mercantile classes, and the advantages of peace. It made an *ad interim* arrangement of Irish legislative authority which held good for centuries. It had two ignoble but not unpicturesque rebellions—those of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. It was a period during which learning and the arts which are best cultivated in peace took a deeper hold on the country. As a whole, and notwithstanding some blemishes in Henry's character, it gave a salutary example to monarchs and realms of a sovereign who, all through his reign, sought and studied not vulgar glory or popular renown, but the true well-being of his people; and who, in this aspect, was a fine instance of wisdom, of patriotism, and of self-control.

*English Men of Action.* *Monk*, by JULIAN CORBETT. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

To most Englishmen the strong-featured, yet somewhat plaintive-looking soldier, whose portrait (from a miniature by Samuel Cooper in the Royal Collection at Windsor) forms the frontispiece to Mr. Corbett's biography is known chiefly, if not solely, for his share in bringing about the Restoration. That is certainly his chief title to the gratitude of after ages; but General Monk is a man whose life will repay study. "Solid and absolutely sane bravery was the note of the man, whether in the breach at Breda, in the miserable Irish welter, in the Highlands, or at Whitehall during the Restoration or during the Plague." That is the *Saturday Reviewer's* estimate, and if Monk could hear it he would think he had not lived in vain. Mr. Corbett secures a dramatic episode for the opening of his book. Charles I. was on his way to Plymouth to hasten the departure of his unfortunate expedition against Spain. Exeter, with the Plague raging in its walls, saw its monarch pass by with inexpressible chagrin. But it was not without solace, "for there, in the light

of day, under the King's very nose as it were, a stalwart young gentleman of about sixteen years of age was thrashing the Under-Sheriff of Devonshire within an inch of his life." With some difficulty the lad was dragged off before he had crippled his victim. It was George Monk who thus took up cudgels for his father. Sir Thomas had succeeded to a heavily encumbered estate, and troubles had multiplied around him, till he was little better than a prisoner in his own house. Eager to join his monarch, he sent George to bribe the Under-Sheriff so that he might not be arrested for debt as soon as he showed his face in public. The boy did his work, but the Attorney broke faith; and "now, at this solemn moment, in the face of the whole county, the villain came forward and arrested Sir Thomas." Thus it was that George belaboured the lawyer. His friends, chuckling no doubt in the fashion of the times at the boy's pluck, yet found it necessary to get him out of reach of the Under-Sheriff. A place was therefore secured him as a volunteer under his kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville, in the fleet which was about to sail for Cadiz. The lad, thus prematurely made a soldier, soon won a reputation for daring and for unflinching fidelity. It was in the Low Countries that he laid the foundation of his fame as a captain. "He had no idea of young gentlemen playing at soldiers and disgracing the name by using it only as an excuse for every kind of licence. Soldiering under Captain Monk was found to be a very serious thing. The wildest blades were soon tamed by the impassive stare and rough speech of the captain-lieutenant, young as he still was, and many there were who lived to thank him afterwards for the severity of the lessons he taught." Yet, with all his strictness, "honest George" was everywhere a favourite with his men. When he served in Ireland under Ormonde, "No one, they used to say, was too sick or sorry for action, and nobody's boots were too bad for a march when the word was passed that "honest George" was off foraying again. It became a joke that his regiment was the purveyor for the whole of Dublin." So great was his reputation, that when the Civil War broke out Charles I. took special pains to secure his help in the struggle. Monk, however, was soon taken prisoner. We have no need to dwell on the days during which he lay "honour-bound in the Tower" because he refused to join the Parliament whilst he held the King's commission. Monk proved himself then, and to his life's end, a man of unflinching integrity. His conspicuous share in securing the restoration of the monarchy in 1660 is matter of history. Charles II. sent an express from Dover Roads to say that he would not land till Monk came to him. "On the beach they met, and, to every one's surprise, the soldierly figure sank upon its knee and kissed the royal hand as deferentially as though it were the King who had made the General. Startled into an unwonted display of emotion, Charles raised him, and embracing him with genuine fervour, called him father. Both were too moved for many words. Without more ado, amidst the shouts of the people and the thunder of the guns from forts and fleet, the two walked side by side to the royal coach. There the soldier of fortune took his place with the King

and his brothers ; and the Duke of Buckingham was clever enough, to every one's annoyance, to get possession of the boot uninvited."

Mr. Corbett has written a biography which will add to his reputation as a master of English prose, and will, for most readers, throw much new light on a notable character among our English "Men of Action."

*William Dampier.* By W. CLARK RUSSELL. London : Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Dampier not unworthily finds his place in the "Men of Action" Series ; and yet if he had not been an unrivalled writer of voyages and all that relates to maritime observations and sea-life, he perhaps would hardly have found his place in this series. Few men passed through wilder scenes, or more strange and stirring experiences and adventures, than William Dampier. No other man who was witness of such scenes, or shared such experiences, could describe them with such homely but wonderful truth and vividness. A great part of this volume, accordingly—edited, as it is, by a seaman—consists of an abridgment or digest of Dampier's own accounts of his voyages—the *Dampier's Voyages* which, as we remember, fascinated so many young readers half a century ago and more. We need say nothing more in commendation of this volume, except that Mr. Russell has done his work well.

*The Earlier Life and Works of Daniel Defoe.* Edited by HENRY MORLEY, LL.D. London : Routledge & Sons.

"The Universal Library" has been one of the successes of the day. For a shilling a volume it offered versions of the classics, ancient and modern, and also a representative series of our own writers, from Richard of Bury's *Philobiblon* to Emerson's *Essays*. Mr. Morley intends the "Carisbrooke Library" to carry on the work with larger books in better type, avoiding the crowding which was so manifest in volumes like Hobbes' *Leviathan*. The price, half-a-crown, admits of better paper ; and the interval, two months, between publication makes it possible to give fuller introductions and ampler notes. This result is very evident in the present volume. The "Earlier Life" forms a running commentary on "the Works," and very well told it is. Of the works, "*The Consolidator*, translated out of the Lunar language," is poor stuff, a sort of cross between the *Lettres Persanes* and *Gulliver's Travels* ; "*The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*" is one of the severest bits of satire ever written, and is remarkable because it deceived the High Church party and Queen Anne's Tory Government. They actually thought the proposal that, "Whoever was found at a Conventicle should be banished and the preacher hanged ; and this will bring them round, for they that will go to church to be chosen sheriffs and mayors would go to forty churches rather than be hanged," was seriously made. A Fellow of a Cambridge College wrote to his bookseller : "I join with the author in all he says, and have such a

value for the book that, next to the Bible and the Sacred Comments, I take it for the most valuable piece I have." What must have been his feelings when the Government, discovering they had been hoaxed, offered, in the *London Gazette*, £50 reward for the discovery of Defoe, and the House ordered his pamphlet to be burned by the common hangman, and the Old Bailey judges sentenced him to stand three times in the pillory, to pay 200 marks to the Queen, and to find sureties of good behaviour for seven years! Defoe's pillory was a triumph. Flower-girls gave their whole stock to adorn his scaffold; the mob protected him from insult and drank his health: his "Hymn to the Pillory" was largely sold among the crowd, such lines as—

" Sacheverell from a Church of England pulpit first  
All his Dissenting brethren curst;  
Doomed them to Satan for a prey  
And first sound out the shortest way "

being passed from mouth to mouth. We wish Mr. Morley had included in his volume "The Shortest Way to Peace and Union," which Defoe finished in prison while awaiting his trial, and in which he pleads for mutual forbearance and charity: "Dissenters conceding to the Church its great use and service in association of religion with the State, the Church in turn conceding to Dissenters a full toleration." The obnoxious pamphlet says: "We can never enjoy a settled Union and tranquillity till the spirit of Whiggism, faction, and schism is melted down like the old money." "Our posterity will tell us: 'Your sparing this Amalekite race is our destruction.' . . . Moses was meek and merciful, yet with what fury did he run through the camp and out the throats of three and thirty thousand idolatrous Israelites. It was mercy to the rest to make these examples. . . . Five shillings a month for not coming to Sacrament, and a shilling a week for not coming to Church, is selling them liberty to transgress. If it be not a crime, why didn't we give them full license? If it be, no price ought to compound for the committing of it. Their numbers and their wealth make them haughty. . . . Nothing but amputation can complete the cure. . . . The Church has been crucified between two thieves—Popery and Schism. Crucify the thieves. Let her foundations be established on the destruction of her enemies." The monstrous Occasional Conformity Bill, laying a fine of £100 on any office-holder who, after having taken the Sacrament as required by the Act of 1673, should go to a Dissenters' meeting, and £5 for every day if he continued to hold office after going to meeting, and in support of which Dr. Sacheverell preached and the mob broke chapel windows, could only be met by such a weapon as Defoe's pamphlet. The Bill passed the Commons by a great majority; but happily the Lords, having time for reflection, threw it out. Of the rest of the volume the most important is the proposal, in "An Essay on Projects," to found a military academy, and also an academy for women. "It is one of the most barbarous customs in the world that we

deny the advantages of learning to women." Defoe's arrangements savour of the pruriency of the time. His Ladies' College is to be three-fronted, "that the eye might at a glance see from one coin to the other. The garden-wall triangular, with a large moat and but one door. No guards, no spies; felony without clergy for any man to enter or to solicit any inmate. The ladies to pay for a year, but be free to go when they please." His idea of woman is far from flattering—

"Custom with women 'stead of virtue rules,  
And this alone, when inclinations reign,  
Though virtue's fled, will acts of vice restrain."

Yet he aims at educating women to be fit companions for men, so that the complaint may be less general which he heard from "a very fine woman": "I'm ashamed to talk with my very maids, for I don't know when they do right or wrong. I had more need to go to school than be married."

*Ecrivains Modernes de l'Angleterre.* Par EMILE MONTEGUT.  
London: Hachette.

Whatever we may think of M. Montegut as a critic, no one can deny that he writes the best of crisp, sparkling French. And, as the study of French is becoming more and more serious, as what ex-Lord Mayor de Keyser said at the City of London School expresses the feeling of the mercantile world: "We want lads whose knowledge of modern languages is as thorough as that of the Germans whom we're now forced to employ," we can welcome books like his as educational helps. Nothing better can be imagined for retranslation than M. Montegut's versions of scenes from *Mary Barton*, of conversations in *Lavengro*, &c.; for it would be absurd to limit "French" to commercial phrases of business letters. Such portions of these books may even be used for self-teaching; and the analyses of some of our best poems and novels, &c., which accompany them will be a great aid in appreciating our modern classics. There is nothing like French *pour fixer les idées*; we know it well enough to make reading easy, and yet we have to be always on our guard. It is like talking with an intellectual superior; we don't run the risk of dozing over the arguments as we do when reading an English critic. It makes no difference whether "Shelley has really had vastly more influence on modern English poetry, which is, like his, subjective, than even Wordsworth." M. Montegut discusses the point in excellent French, naming *Maud* and *Aurora Leigh* as our only objective poems; and he is quite fair in his criticism of Mrs. Browning, that "in their subjective nature her personages seem like Titans who are going to turn the world upside down, but when the time for action comes, they can only sound the ghost of a *phalanstère*; the grandeur of their sentiments being out of all proportion to the trials through which they pass." Whether he is equally fair in fixing on "a hidden power very hard to name, which for want of a better

word we may call sentiment," as the mainspring of our age, "just as Will was of the sixteenth and Intelligence of the eighteenth," we will not say. Such questions are at any rate suggestive, and the lad who is learning how to write a business letter, and who has at his finger's end trade phrases and Stock Exchange-terms, may usefully sharpen his wits by reading what a thoughtful and not purposely paradoxical Frenchman offers towards "solving the riddle of the painful earth." In his first series M. Montegut criticizes and analyzes George Eliot and Charlotte Brontë; in his second he treats of Mrs. Gaskell, whose *Ruth* has special charms for him; Mrs. Browning, George Borrow, and Alfred Tennyson. On the Laureate he is severe; he is the poet of autumn, *frileux et élégant*; but wholly without what the English call "buoyancy." *Esprit plein de dandysme, il n'a que des visions de choix*; and his dreams, no matter how simply they are clad, always prove either by the harmony of their draperies, or by some special ornament, that they are the children of a poet who loves and knows all *les luzes de l'intelligence*. On the other hand, if he can neither paint flesh nor express plastic beauty, he is of all modern poets the one who knows best *les féeries du visage humain, les sylphes qui regardent par la fenêtre de l'œil, les lutins qui se logent dans les flots d'une chevelure, les esprits qui nagent dans l'incarnat des joues*. Enough to show that here and there M. Montegut is a puzzle to the translator. Any one who tries the above will soon recognize that there are translations and translations. Very different is his straightforward simple way of treating Borrow, for whom he has a great admiration, and whom his essay will be the means of introducing to many to whom this too-much neglected author has hitherto been little but a name.

*The Hansa Towns.* By HELEN ZIMMERN. London: Fisher Unwin.

Miss H. Zimmermann had special advantages in compiling her book. Her uncle, Dr. Carl Leo, is Syndic of Hamburg, and through him she had full access to the archives of that city. The result is one of the most readable volumes of the "Story of the Nations" Series, and one to which additional interest is given, from the fact that London is suffering from a German immigration, somewhat similar in its threatened results to that trade-monopoly against which Sir T. Gresham and his fellows never ceased to do battle till they had closed the "Steelyard," and caused the expulsion of its occupants. Many of the episodes in Miss Zimmermann's book are very striking. Her opening chapter well points out how feudalism was the foe to trade; and that it was because they resisted it, while the English were subjected by it, that the Hanse towns thrived while English commerce long remained very insignificant.\* The story of those notable pirates, "the Victual Brothers" (among them

---

\* Even in Edward VI.'s reign the "Steelyard" merchants exported 44,000 pieces of English cloth, against 1100 exported by the English.

leaders named Moltke and Manteuffel), who nearly broke the power of the League; the way in which Hansa trade was ruined in Russia by Ivan the Terrible; and, above all, the pathetic career of Wullenweber, Lutheran burgo-master of Lübeck, are well told. This last is a sad episode of Romanist treachery and cruelty, which deserves to be more fully detailed along with the authorities, the absence of which in a case that has been so much controverted is matter of regret. If Miss Zimmern dislikes foot-notes, with which some volumes of the Series are furnished, she should have thrown the *pièces justificatives* of the Wullenweber affair into an appendix. She is strictly impartial, showing how, while the Hansa benefited Europe in many ways, it was as selfish in policy as Carthage is said to have been. Its policy in Bergen, especially, was cruel and overbearing. We must not forget that the Hansa helped us to win Crecy and Poitiers: for a long time our regalia were in pawn to these cosmopolitan merchants.

*Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine and Mother of Philippe d'Orleans, Regent of France (1652-1720).* London: Chapman & Hall. 1889.

Seldom have archives and unpublished letters and documents been ransacked to such purpose as those named at the head of this volume. Madame (that was her title as the king's brother's wife) was, as Thackeray says in the *Four Georges*, "a woman whose honest heart was always with her friends and dear old Deutschland, though her fat little body was confined at Paris, Marly, or Versailles." She was, moreover, an exceedingly strong-minded woman; and held her own, in spite of the natural jealousy awakened by a foreigner and of the unpleasantness (which with a less magnanimous royal family might have involved humiliation) caused by her thrifty father putting off paying her promised dowry. Her early surroundings were very German. Her father, the Elector Palatine, son of Frederic V., titular King of Bohemia, and of Elizabeth, James I.'s daughter and mother of George I.'s mother, the Electress Sophia, quarrelled during the honeymoon with his wife, a Hesse Cassel princess. Soon after his daughter's birth he fell in love with Louisa von Degenfeld, a girl of eighteen, his wife's maid of honour. Louisa behaved as scarcely any but a German woman could do—she showed the Electress her husband's letters to her, at the same time keeping up the correspondence! Things came to a climax when, at a great banquet, the Electress publicly told her grievances and boxed her husband's ears. The Diet of Ratisbon, more facile than the Popes had ever been, granted a divorce; the Elector married his Louisa, and refused his wife access to her children unless she promised to live on good terms with her supplanter! After some very pathetic appeals for mercy, the Electress dropped out of notice, and her daughter (partly brought up by her aunt Sophia) seems to have quite forgotten her; for she lived on the best of terms with her half brothers and sisters (Raugraf, Raugravine, are their

strange German titles), one of the latter being her chief correspondent. Why Monsieur, Duke of Orleans, should have wished to marry a very ugly Protestant girl, connected with such a very ugly story, is explained by Louis XIV.'s hankering after the Palatinate. By right of his brother's wife (who, of course, German fashion, adopted her husband's creed) he hoped to give a colour of right to the annexation which, but for Marlborough's successes, would have been infallibly carried out. Louis XIV. liked her; her frankness pleased him. When her husband died, he was very kind; and instead of obliging her to live in the tumbledown dowry-house of Montargis, allowed her to remain at Court. In fact, amid all the intrigue, the vice, and the etiquette of the Grand Monarch's Court, there was much more heart than we should expect. Under Madame de Maintenon's reign the dulness was the worst part; it must have been phenomenal; indeed, the letters at once take a lighter tone after the old king's death. The doctoring that went on was frightful; everybody was bled, even babies. The Duke of Orleans, in his last illness, which lasted only a few hours, *was bled thrice*, took eleven ounces of emetics, two bottles of English drops, and a bottle of Schaffhausen water. The letters contain very little about politics (they were all read before they were allowed to pass the frontier; and Madame was prudent). Of the terrible fighting in Flanders she seldom says a word, and not much more of that in Italy, where her son was in command, and where, before Turin, the French fared almost as badly as in the Low Countries.

In 1706 she writes: "Let us pray for peace. . . . I've always said they ought to set the two kings of Spain to wrestle together, and award the kingdom to the stronger. This would be the more Christian course." Unlike many "converts" she was wholly free from bigotry. She would have liked to see Protestant and Catholic so far give and take as to be able to form one body. The persecution of the Huguenots touched her deeply; and she several times interceded, not unsuccessfully, for some of them. The following shows her *esprit positif*: "It is better to reach heaven later than sooner. The world, it is true, is not worth much, but to die is an awful thing, and unhappily we do not exactly know what will happen to us after this life." Her likes and dislikes were strong. Mdme. de Maintenon she cordially hated; George I., her first cousin, she deeply disliked. He had shown himself a hard, bad ruler in Germany, and was (she said) rightly punished by being set to rule "the most unpleasant people in Europe." So poor an opinion had she of the English that she felt not the least disappointment at having lost her chance of reigning over them by marrying the Duke. "The English are so false, I would not trust them with a single hair" (p. 247), is a sample of her remarks on us. Of course she was attached to her kindred, the exiled family of James II., whom she always calls "the true King of England." She was struck with the right royal way in which Louis treated them throughout. A few of her shrewd sayings will be enough to show how interesting the book is. Far better than many more pretentious works, it enables us to reconstruct a society so different from that of to-day



that comparison between the two is idle and fallacious. Of marriage, she says (p. 266), "a man must have enough to keep his wife properly in her own rank." No love in a cottage, nothing *romantisch*, for her. "Then, if the two love one another, all will go well; but if the man is poor, love is only a question of time. Afterwards come bitterness and quarrels, one gets a heap of children, and nothing to bring them up on. This kind of marriage brings two future enemies together."

This, again, has always been true of Frenchwomen: "The women here are jealous by ambition, not through love; they all wish to govern. There is not a kitchenmaid who does not think herself capable of guiding the State; so when women find they've no empire over their husbands they become furious." And she cynically adds: "The wisest way is to love your husband reasonably and dutifully, but not with passion; to be peaceful and kind, and not to trouble yourself about his conduct." Of England: "It is a singular country. There is a Genoese envoy here who hates them so much that not only would he refuse to go there, but he would even dislike his portrait being there." Of Louis XIV.: "When dying he laughed to Madame de Maintenon, and said: 'I was told it was a very hard thing to die; I assure you I find it very easy.' . . . He was a great eater; I've seen him eat four platesful of different soups, a whole pheasant, a plate of salad, two large slices of ham, mutton with garlic, a plateful of cakes, and then some fruit and hard-boiled eggs. He had a fine figure, a pleasing face, and a charming voice. We shall never see his equal. He remained charming to the day of his death." This shows how "broad" she was in religion: "I am convinced that Luther would have done better to reform, and not set up a new faith." Madame gives a picture of Paris during Law's scheme, the French "South Sea Bubble"—of the misery wrought, of the contemptible character of the promoter. To the end of her life she was busy in politics, her work being "to thwart the Duke of Maine and his treacherous wife, who are plotting to put an end to the Regency"—i.e., to practically dethrone her son. She gained her end here, as in most things; the most wonderful of her victories being that over French cookery! Herself much preferring the *cuisine* of the fatherland, she actually made *sauerkraut* and raw ham, and such like, fashionable at Court. Such a book was worthy of an index; though, as it is just the book to take up at odd moments, and not when seriously studying, the need is less felt than with a less chatty work. Besides, the anecdotes are so well told and are so full of *verve*, that once read they are not likely to be forgotten.

*Life of Charles Blacker Vignoles, F.R.S., &c., Soldier and Civil Engineer.* By his Son, O. J. VIGNOLES, M.A., of St. Peter's Church, Vere Street. London: Longmans & Co.

Vignoles is not such a household word as Stephenson or Brunel, and yet he did work which will well compare with that of any of our great engineers.

Moreover, his life is far more interesting than that of most of his fellows; he had, indeed, gone through well-nigh enough to fill a biography before he settled to work in England. His family, Huguenot, emigrated to Ireland, after the Edict of Nantes was revoked. Like the Latouches and others, they rose to importance, one branch being clerical (the late Dr. C. Vignoles was Dean of the Chapel Royal and of Ossory), the other military, after the traditions which record that Marshal de Vignolles was companion-in-arms of Xaintrailles and La Hire. Our engineer's father married the daughter of Dr. Hutton of the Woolwich Academy, a kinsman of Sir I. Newton, and their only child was born in 1793, near Arklow, at the seat of Mr. Blacker, his godfather. Before he was many months old his father was ordered to Guadeloupe, where, seriously wounded, he was left prisoner with his wife and babe when the English evacuated the island. Father and mother died of yellow fever, and the babe owed his life to the care of a French merchant, M. Courtois, whose very touching letter, written in 1805, tells the lad the story of his bereavement. By way of compensation, the Commander-in-Chief (no doubt at Dr. Hutton's request) appointed the infant to an ensigncy, exchanging him at once to half-pay,\* which he continued to draw till his twentieth year, when the Duke of Kent gazetted him to the York Chasseurs, and he had first experience of war in the disastrous affair of Bergen-op-Zoom. In Holland he had got on the staff owing to his knowledge of French and German, combined with engineering knowledge which he owed to Dr. Hutton. When this expedition failed he was sent to Canada, whence, returning, he was very near taking service in one of the new South American republics. Instead, he persuaded the young lady to whom he had been for some time engaged to make a runaway match, and, leaving her in England, got work as assistant State surveyor in Charleston. In 1823 he came back to England, and fell in with Bennie, a friend of Dr. Hutton. Rennie's fen-drainage system he carried out as far as Cambridge; and in 1825 was employed by him on the Surrey and Sussex surveys, which were the first germ of railway enterprise in the South. From that time his career was fixed, and he was associated with railways all over the kingdom. He was at Rainhill during the competition between the "Rocket" and Ericson's "Novelty." Mr. Huskisson was killed before his eyes a few months later. He made the difficult railway between Dublin and Kingstown, adopting a gauge intermediate between the narrow and Brunel's broad. He made many surveys, and was appointed consulting engineer to several railways, and had his share of the turmoil which marked the railway mania, when rival lines spent money like water, and hired experts of all kinds to support their claims before the House of Commons. For Brighton, for instance, there were four schemes, and the amount of money thus wasted in law and other expenses, and of nerve force expended by Vignoles

---

\* We are reminded of the old Scotch story of the nurse bidding the three-year old colonel go rock the meejor wha's greetin' in his cradle.

and others, was something fabulous. With the Sheffield and Manchester Railway Vignoles's connection was ruinous. He quarrelled with the directors, though he was bound to them by owning over 1400 shares which he had bought up and persuaded his friends to repurchase in small lots, in order to prevent the break-up of the company. It was a most unhappy business, not fully explained by his son. The upshot was that Vignoles resigned his engineership, and lost £80,000 on his shares, several of his friends becoming bankrupt in spite of his sacrifices to save them. In 1841 the Court of Exchequer decided against him, his comment being: "Good God! that men whom I had served so faithfully and for whose railway I had done so much should act like this." Glad to take the post of Professor of Engineering in University College, Vignoles refused £4000 a year to go out and engineer the Indian railways. Soon afterwards he went abroad, successfully planning the Würtemberg railways, despite an unusual amount of back-stairs influence, and building at Kieff the famous suspension bridge. This last was a most heart-breaking work. The only workers available were Jews, whom for some time he was not permitted to employ. The cheating and chicane of the contractors and officials was monstrous; and, to crown all, Vignoles came home a poorer man than he went out. With fresh courage he began work in Spain; for, worse than the money loss, he found himself "out of it" when he came back after his absence in Russia. Nor were his energies confined to engineering work; both in Russia and in Spain he came in for a total eclipse of the sun, though on both occasions his observations were baffled by weather. Vignoles was a man of much originality of mind. "The Vignoles rail," though his share in it is forgotten, gives the Great Western Railway its superior steadiness and comfort. He anticipated in Dublin the plan (only just carried out) of a union between the City railways. His improvements on Brunel's Thames Tunnel scheme led to an estrangement between them. Some of his tunnelling plans in the Midlands astonished the men of that day by their fearlessness, notably his piercing for the "Sheffield and Manchester" the mountain barrier between Yorkshire and Lancashire. He was the first to propose and use steeper gradients and sharper curves. What hindered his taking the place he should have done was "an impetuosity of character by which he made enemies." He was handicapped, too, by his wife's poor health, which was reproduced in some of his children. But more distressing by far was the accident to his eldest son. He fell from a pony, coming down on his head, and the result wholly marred a promising life. The book is full of interest to those who remember old railway times, and of instruction as well as interest for the general reader.

*Father Damien: A Journey from Cashmere to his Home in Hawaii.* By EDWARD CLIFFORD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1889.

Mr. Clifford, we may almost say, has discovered a new Saint in an obscure corner, and made the world wonder afresh at the heights of devotion to which

grace can still raise human character. It is a face with evident possibilities of heroic self-sacrifice which Mr. Clifford has given us with his memoir. Father Damien was only twenty-seven when the portrait was taken. He did not go to Molokai for five years later, but his every look seems to say, "Behold the servant of the Lord." There is also a page of Father Damien's handwriting, with the significant words: "I was sick and ye visited me." Mr. Clifford begins his book by maintaining the duty of honouring such men as the leper-priest, but clearly states the reasons why he is not able himself to join Father Damien's Church. The first is a formidable indictment: "No Roman Catholic that I have ever yet met forms his opinion on a religious subject by his sense of what is right or wrong, or true or untrue. He only inquires what the Church has decided, and then he argues from that standpoint as well as he knows how. The question is closed for him of whether the Church was right or wrong. There is no possibility of error. A dead wall is between him and freedom of thought, and he glories in the wall. . . . Roman Catholicism means an iron slavery both for individuals and nations."

The second reason is no less cogent: "The Church of Rome, in spite of plaintive explanations and protestations, does fear the Bible as a cat fears the water." Mr. Clifford's interest in Father Damien was aroused by an article in the magazine of the Soho Girls' Club, which he read in the spring of 1887. He made up his mind almost immediately to visit him at Molokai after a journey to India, where he was going to spend the next winter in mission work among the native Christians. His attention had previously been called to the question of leprosy, and he hoped to pursue some investigations among the Indian sufferers. The results of his tour are briefly given in the last chapter of his book. After his work in India he took refuge for awhile in Cashmere, of which he gives a striking picture: "Cashmere is the loveliest country in the world, as far as my experience has gone—a land of snow mountains and rushing rivers, but rich also in noble park-like scenery, where grow the most beautiful trees I ever beheld. The apple and pear orchards were then in such profusion of white and pink blossoms, and the roses, red, white, and yellow, were so delightful that it seemed as if a universal wedding were going on. The large stars of the white clematis wreathed the trees; all kinds of irises, great and small, abounded; red tulips were to be seen in crowds; and by the glacier's edge grew immense poppies of a gorgeous blue colour. And with all this there was a familiar air about Cashmere. It was like an ideal and glorified England, and I always look back to it as an intimation of

'What the world will be  
When the years have passed away.'

We are sorry that Mr. Clifford, who is an artist, has inserted six pages of inane remarks made by his fellow-travellers about his pictures. They lower

the tone of a book which will become historic. The chapter on "Hawaiians and Hawaii" gives an account of the introduction of Christianity to the islands. Then comes the narrative of Mr. Clifford's visit to Molokai, which awakened so deep an interest when it first appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*. It is told with rare artistic skill. The stepping on shore, the first sight of the leper settlement, the simple story of Father Damien's life-work, the calm fortitude with which he bore the news that the awful disease had fastened on him, all this and more is told in a way that takes one's heart by storm. The brief letters or postscripts of the leper-priest and the touching accounts sent by Brother James of Father Damien's last hours add many details.

The too brief biography is followed by a short account of the Volcano of Kilanea in the Sandwich Islands, under the sensational title of "The Lake of Fire." The last chapter, "Our Next Duty," is an attempt to awake public opinion to the gravity of the leper question in India. Mr. Clifford gives the Prince of Wales's speech at the "Father Damien Memorial" meeting, with some painful information about the state of things among the lepers of India.

*Bishop Selwyn, of New Zealand and of Lichfield: A Sketch of his Life and Work, with some further Gleanings from his Letters, Sermons, and Speeches.* By G. H. CURTEIS, M.A., Canon of Lichfield Cathedral. Second Edition. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1889.

Mrs. Curteis's short "sketch" and Mr. Tucker's able biography have made the character and work of Bishop Selwyn familiar to a wide circle of readers at home and in the colonies. But Selwyn's manly outspokenness, his hatred of shams, his love of all true work, have won him such a place in the hearts of Englishmen, that any additional facts are eagerly welcomed. Canon Curteis, whilst giving an adequate account of Selwyn's twenty-six years in New Zealand, has been able to add from personal knowledge many facts "which throw light on Bishop Selwyn's episcopate in England—a period far too slightly delineated in both the previous biographies." A considerable amount of fresh material has also been placed at his disposal, which is now first given to the world. The result is an admirable study of the man and his work in one neat volume of 500 pages, with a capital portrait as frontispiece. Selwyn proved himself a born leader of others before he left his nursery at Hampstead. At Eton, where he was noted as an oarsman, he used to take care to secure the "punt-pole," which the other boys were so eager to escape. Nor would he take any credit for so doing. When the other boys chaffed him, he laughed, and said, "It's worth my while taking that bad oar; I used to have to pull the weight of the sulky fellow who had it; now you are all in good humour." He rowed in the first inter-University race; and was second classic of his year at Cambridge. When he returned to Eton as a private tutor he persuaded Dr. Hawtrey to let him undertake the management of his riverside arrangements

for the boys. Hitherto the river had been treated as out of bounds. Selwyn argued that it was wrong to treat the boys as criminals for going on the river. "Let them have freedom, but force them to learn swimming before going on the water." This sensible advice was followed, and since 1839 it is said that not a single fatal accident has occurred. He was equally zealous in his labours as curate of Windsor. It was no wonder that such a man was chosen as the first Bishop of New Zealand in 1841. On the outward voyage he gained that skill as a navigator which made a merchant captain once say, "It almost made him a Christian and a Churchman to see the Bishop bring his schooner into harbour." Selwyn proved to be the very man for the post. He was full of resources, unwearied in labours, and showed a rare skill in managing men, whether natives or Englishmen. He had the joy before he finally returned to England of winning Coleridge Patteson as a fellow-labourer in Melanesia. In the diocese of Lichfield Selwyn soon made himself known as one of the most fearless and energetic of bishops. His colonial life somewhat disqualified him for certain kinds of work at home. He seemed to underrate "the enormous forces of passive resistance to all new schemes which he would have to encounter in England." He persuaded himself that he could divide the diocese of Lichfield into three as easily as he had divided that of New Zealand into seven. But no one could fail to admire Selwyn's whole-hearted devotion. He introduced many reforms. A theological college was established; candidates for Ordination were housed in the Palace instead of being scattered over the city in inns or boarding houses; Confirmations were held annually instead of once in three years. The whole diocese caught its Bishop's enthusiasm. Canon Curteis has gathered together many racy stories, which illustrate the Bishop's homely helpfulness, courtesy, and good humour. He took one end of a heavy box which an old woman and her daughter were struggling with along a dusty road, and made the old lady march on in front; he picked up some heavy hurdles which an aged labourer had upset, and wheeled the barrow for him down into the field. An invalid lady who could not cross the railway line at a station was supplied with a Sedan-chair by Selwyn and his coadjutor-bishop joining hands. These and other incidents which are given in this biography will show how Selwyn's name became a household word in his diocese. He has also written it broad and deep on the religious history of this generation, and many readers at home and abroad will welcome this latest and most complete biography of one of the best and most striking characters of the last half-century.

*Joseph Rogers, M.D.: Reminiscences of a Workhouse Medical Officer.* Edited, with a Preface, by Professor THOROLD ROGERS. London: Fisher Unwin.

Whoever is interested in the early struggles of sanitary reformers should read the life of Dr. Rogers. Thwarted by vestrymen and guardians, and

bullied by police doctors, he persevered on the line of which he was one of the first pioneers, and one of the results of his work is thus summed up by his brother: "He had added £18,000 a year to the incomes of the once wretchedly-paid Poor Law Medical Officers of the Metropolis, and thereby had saved ten times that amount in the Metropolitan Rates." Intramural interment, which socio-political veterans remember in connection with Mr. Chadwick, was one of his subjects. St. Anne's, Soho, his first parish, specially needed that reform. The window-tax he fought with the help of Lord Duncan and of Dr. Southwood Smith—the latter a rare exception to the usual apathetic caution with which prominent physicians used to stand aloof from public questions. London Boards of Guardians have, since Dr. Rogers' day been, now and then, held up to deserved obloquy; but a case like the Strand, where the master, one Catch, had been a common policeman in Clare Market, the chairman being an *à la mode* beef shopkeeper in the same quarter, is *hors ligne* even in the annals of Metropolitan parishes. The picture of the latter worthy, "coming to the House on Sunday morning in the dirty greasy jacket in which he had been serving beef the night before, and unshaven and unshorn, going into chapel with the panpers and then breakfasting in the board-room with the master and matron," matches with the arrangements, or rather, total absence of them, whereby noisy and dangerous lunatics were herded just below the lying-in women—regard for the comfort and feelings of the inmates being in those days unknown alike to Guardians and to Poor Law Inspectors. "The hour for giving out stimulants was 7 A.M.; and, as many inmates sold their allowance, the nurses had become wholly or partially drunk when I reached the House." Another iniquity was the deliberate starvation, "as a deterrent," of single women who came to be confined. This was about thirty years ago. The change towards humane treatment, which is not yet complete, is largely due to Dr. Rogers. The book is as interesting as one of Mr. Besant's novels.

---

## BELLES LETTRES.

*Sant' Ilario.* By F. MARION CRAWFORD. Three Vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

THIS novel is a sort of continuation of *Sarracinesca*, and is to be followed by a third story, which will carry forward the thread of the fictitious history. The former novel dealt with Rome about the period of 1864. Of this the date is 1867, including the abortive Garibaldian attack on Rome and the battle of Mentana. We have in this second instalment more Roman interiors—in particular, a princely family of the ancient patriarchal type, with three

generations under one roof, and absolutely dependent on the purse and will of the Prince and grandfather who is the head of the family. Cardinal Antonelli reappears in the story. Prince Sarracinesca is again a leading character, as also his son, Don Giovanni, now known as the Prince Sant' Ilario, and the son's peerless wife, Corona, formerly the Duchess D'Astrardente. The gigantic cousin of Sarracinesca, who, through his grandfather's folly, had sunk to the condition of a country innkeeper, comes forward here as a claimant of his hereditary rank and honours, whereby many complications are introduced and the plot is made lively and even tragical. The painter Gouache also reappears, and makes confusion by claiming the hand of the patriarchal prince's youngest daughter—an unheard of audacity in Rome, at all events, thirty years ago. The story has more colour and movement than are found in *Sarracinesca*. There is not only some little fighting in Rome and more at Mentana, but there is forgery and a murder. Still, Mr. Crawford maintains his dignity as a writer of fiction, and his work would not be rightly classed among sensational novels. He also preserves the purity of tone which happily distinguishes him as a novel writer. We can hardly rank this as an historical novel, though a certain thread of history crosses it here and there. Nevertheless, this, like *Sarracinesca*, helps the reader to understand the real character of Roman society and family life, in its normal condition, as it existed before 1870 brought into Rome, with the Italian Court and Parliament, social revolution.

*The Three Reverences and other Addresses spoken to the Girls at Wintersdorf, Southport, on Prize Days 1880-1888.* By JOHN S. SIMON. London: T. Woolmer. 1889.

It speaks well for Wintersdorf that nine years in succession it has taken care to secure an address from Mr. Simon on its prize day. His mother and sisters preside over a school which has won a high reputation for thoroughness and for love of real culture. The reading society at Wintersdorf, with its winter work and its summer holiday devoted to lectures and to recreation, is an institution which bears witness both to the character of the work done at the school, and to the fact that the girls do not cease to study when they leave Southport. The addresses themselves discourse pleasantly on many fruitful topics. Seeing things as they are; taking an interest in work; thoroughness; books, and how to read them; genius and common sense. Then come the addresses on reverence, which give a title to the volume. Reverence for that which is beneath us; equal to us, and above us. From the suggestive paper, entitled "Body, Soul, and Spirit," which closes the book, we may make one quotation, which will show the writer's felicity of phrasing and diction. Mr. Simon is speaking of the impression produced on us by mountain scenery. "We are not only conscious of vastness and strength, we also feel that the immense spaces around us are filled with a living Presence. We speak of



being alone on the hills, but we are never alone. There is a movement and stir of life there, both in storm and sunshine, which show that we are standing in the midst of intense activities. Judge that life by sound. . . . Listen! the soft wind breathes, and the music of the forest fills us with tremulous delight. The music of the forest! That phrase expresses a fact. The wind passing through a tree is influenced by its structure and leafage. It has been affirmed that each tree gives out a distinct sound. And, I should add, each reed, and flag, and blade of grass. Stand by the mere side when the wind is crisping the water, and listen to the low murmur, and hiss, and sigh of the bending reeds. Hark to the concert of the woods! If willows grow by the bank, then the louder hiss of their back-blown grey leaves will fill the air. It is well that the delicate lace tracery of the silver beeches modulates the hissing of the reeds and willows. . . . Let us stand by the side of this tarn. . . . The little hill-mirror catches a glimpse of the blue sky, and for a moment it is the laughing comrade of the morning; then it reflects a thunder-cloud, and instantly it becomes the companion of despair."

This quotation, which we have been sorry to spoil somewhat by compressing it, will show how much food for thought is to be found in this delightful series of addresses. One feels thankful that girls should have left school with such words ringing in their ears. The book is well printed on antique, rough-edged paper. It would be a capital book to put into the hands of a thoughtful girl.

*Merlin and other Poems.* By JOHN VEITCH, Professor in the University of Glasgow. London: Blackwood & Sons. 1889.

It is not often that a volume of poems and a volume of metaphysical lectures reaches us almost simultaneously from the same pen. Professor Veitch, who has just been demolishing—or trying with vigorous strokes to demolish—Green's theory of Knowing and Being, proves in this volume that a metaphysician need not be a creature void of imagination, deaf to music, dry as mummy-dust. There ought to be no incompatibility between metaphysics and poetry, but only here and there do we find a Plato or a Coleridge showing either in prose or verse the close intrinsic connection of the two. Professor Veitch's verses are not ambitious, but they are sweet, pure, and refreshing: the work of one with an eye not only for the beauties but also for the deep inner significance of Nature and with no inconsiderable power of versification and expression. There is a measure of sameness in the subjects chosen, a typical example of the whole being the lines on "My own Familiar Hills." In the longer poem, which gives the name to the book, the author hardly seems to have been so successful as in the "bonny" lyrics inspired by familiar and beloved Scotch scenes. May all metaphysicians keep as fresh a heart, as reverent a spirit, and as sympathetic an insight into nature and life as the Glasgow Professor of Logic here exhibits!

## MISCELLANEOUS.

*New Zealand of To-Day* (1884-7). By JOHN BRADSHAW, late Chairman of the Canterbury Farmers' Co-operative Association, Author of *New Zealand as It Is*. London: Sampson Low & Co.

MR. BRADSHAW'S proved common sense and thorough knowledge of what he writes about give authority to his book. He says that, while no old colonist would positively advise any man to emigrate, New Zealand offers greater advantages now than she has done for several years. Ready-made farms have fallen in value; under the Government scheme of village settlement a man can get fifty acres on perpetual lease, together with an advance towards building a house and developing the land (p. 167). Of course, to avoid failure, an emigrant must be of the right sort; "failures in the land of their birth are oftener than not failures in the land of their adoption." A "remittance man" is perhaps the most hopeless and useless being on the face of the earth. Upper servants, too, male or female, Mr. Bradshaw advises to keep at home, as well as clerks and shopkeepers' assistants. At the same time he is sorry that, out of deference to the all-powerful trades unions, Government discourages the introduction of skilled labour, and limits "nominated emigration" to farm labourers and female servants. Mr. Bradshaw has a great deal to say about New Zealand politics. The reckless expenditure, to which the late depression was mainly due, he charges on Sir Julius Vogel, "who (if I may be pardoned the metaphor) seems to have winged his flight to the Treasury in an evil hour for the colony." Education appears to be in a bad way; candidates for Wellington College Scholarships fail egregiously in spelling and grammar, while "the pretentious syllabus and the cram it necessitates put far too severe a strain on masters and pupil teachers" (p. 313). A return to the three R's is very generally recommended. Mr. Bradshaw strongly denounces the purely secular system enforced in the State schools. It tends to Atheism. No doubt there are the Sunday schools, but many children are not sent to them; and "infidels and indifferents have increased in the last five years by 35 per cent., liberal Christians only by 17½ per cent." He is sure the deeper thinking among the colonists will not much longer permit such a state of things, which might be remedied by "a simple gospel text-book for all Protestant Christians, and a capitation grant to the Roman Catholic and Denominational schools."

Enough to show that Mr. Bradshaw's book is very different from the usually worthless publications of the globe-trotter and the emigration agent. A better conspectus of the prospects, politics, and social condition of the colony it would be impossible to find. Mr. Bradshaw is very angry with Mr. Froude (whose *Oceana* well merits the epithet, "froudacious," applied to

it by Australians), for settling the whole New Zealand question after a three-weeks' stay, one of which was wholly spent with Sir George Grey in his charming islet of Kawan, another in "doing" the hot lakes and rose-coloured terraces, since engulfed in the earthquake, only six days being left, which were spent in Auckland and its suburbs. "Never was a more gross and cruel libel published than Mr. Froude's statement that New Zealanders discuss the prospect of repudiation as calmly as farmers might last year's weather" (p. 243); while it is equally cruel and unjust to say that "young New Zealanders, as a rule, are ignorant, vain, underbred, without dignity, without courtesy, and with unbounded conceit" (p. 20). Mr. Froude is equally wrong, it appears, in his estimate of soils. Remembering that Virgil says land which grows fern is always rich, he lavishes praise on the fern-lands of the Waikato, and blame on those who don't fall to and cultivate them; the truth being that the bulk of the fern land is sour, cold clay, demanding much special culture before it can be made to pay (p. 11). Mr. Bradshaw might have quoted Dieffenbach, who pointed out nearly fifty years ago that the fern which covers the land when the Kauri pines are cleared off is a sign not of richness but of poverty; and who warned the colonists of that day not to hastily get rid of "bush" from soils which, while admirably adapted for certain kinds of trees, are good for little else.

*The Native Flowers of New Zealand.* Illustrated in Colours in the best style of Chromolitho Art, from Drawings Coloured to Nature. By Mrs. CHARLES HETLEY. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The promise of the title-page is well fulfilled in the thirty-six plates which are all that as yet Mrs. Hetley has given us. These are nearly all "coloured to nature," though the red of the *Metrosideros tomentosa* is surely a shade too dull; and Messrs. Leighton have admirably reproduced the artist's fineness of touch and delicacy of colouring. The price seems heavy—three guineas and a half; if we mistake not, Mrs. F. Sinclair's forty coloured prints of Sandwich Island flowers, published some three years back, cost less than half the money. But for such a book a large sale cannot be expected; and though the Colony helped to the extent of giving the enterprising artist free passage by boat and rail, and by ordering (per Sir R. Stout) copies for schools and public libraries, there is scarcely yet in New Zealand a public for a work of the kind. Indeed Mrs. Hetley took up her task quite as much with the view of teaching her country people what unsuspected floral treasures are to be found close by as to awaken over here an interest in the flora of the Britain of the South. A lecture given at Auckland, where flowers from Arthur's Pass, &c., were shown, first put the idea into her head. They were all so new to the Aucklanders that she felt "what a pity not to paint them before they all turn to hay in the drawers of the museum." She has only given us a sample, leaving out some of the

most brilliant and characteristic—e.g., the *Veronicas*, which form such a feature in the landscape of Middle Island; the widely diffused *Aralia polaris* (*Stilbocarpa*), a grand tree, with umbels, as big as the head, of yellow waxy flowers, and black shiny fruit justifying its second name; and the *Clianthus* ("parrot beak") that glorious pea which so long ago caught the eye of Dr. Solander. Her orchids, *Dendrobium Cunninghamii* and *Earina mucronata*, won't stand comparison with even the meanest orchids of Borneo. Possibly she was determined to give Epiphytes, of which the islands have only three—the *Dendrobium* aforesaid, and two *Earinas* (a genus confined to New Zealand). For of terrestrial orchids New Zealand has some very beautiful, the *Corysanthes*, for instance, some curious—e.g., the *Gastrodia* and the *Pterostylum*, a sort of big green "lady's slipper." With *Fuchsias* she could do no better than she has done: the New Zealand *fuchsia* is a very poor thing; interesting, because the genus is found only in the islands and in that South America with which the New Zealand flora has several affinities. She has given us plenty of *Senecios*—several of them are shrubs; and a more beautiful flower than the *S. Hectorii*, from that Buller river, her wild drive down to which she describes so graphically, it would be hard to find. An allied family is the *Olearia*, only found in Australia and New Zealand—shrubs like the *Daphne*, but with heads of small composite flowers; another is the *Celmisia*, one of which—the *Monroii*—is one of Mrs. Hetley's best plates. Of the *Metrosideros* (*rata*, iron bark), some species of which are tall trees, others creepers, she gives four kinds; of *Gnaphalium* (*helichrysium*) only two, one of them the New Zealand *edelweis*, only distinguished from the Swiss by the brown spots in its disc. We wish some broad-minded botanist would stop the needless multiplying of species by "proving," what Dr. Hooker hinted, that a great many of the New Zealand species are only varieties. It is classification run mad when the very plant which in Australia is called *Thelymistra nuda*, in New Zealand is set down as *pulchella*. We should like to see Mrs. Hetley's book in every Free Library in England. It is interesting to know what manner of flowers our kinsfolk at the Antipodes can find if they look for them. We trust, too, Mrs. Hetley will be encouraged to go on, and to paint in Miss North's style, but on broader canvas, a New Zealand forest in January, with its blossoming trees and its many shades of green. The book is dedicated to the Queen, from whom it will doubtless receive the substantial encouragement it so well deserves.

*Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute.* Vol. XX. 1888-89.  
London: Sampson Low & Co.

As usual the "Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute" are full of varied interest. No better means of eliciting truth can be imagined than for a man who speaks with authority to read a paper, and then for him to be criticized by those who from their position and antecedents ought to know at least as much about his subject as he does himself. The prospect of such criticism must prevent that sketching in rose-colour to which Colonial

agents are so often tempted. When we take one of these papers along with the discussion that follows, we may be pretty sure that we have got almost as much information as can be obtained, and that what we have got is trustworthy. Vol. XX. contains, besides reports of anniversary celebrations, &c., papers on South Africa as a health resort, on colonization, on West Africa, on Tasmania, on the native Indian princes in their relations with our Government, &c. Dr. Symes Thompson strongly recommends Graham's Town, "the Winchester of South Africa, with its intellectual and social activities so much like those of a Cathedral town," as sharing the distinctive climate of the South African Highlands, and yet being free from the excessive dryness complained of in Bechuanaland and Bloemfontein, where it is such as to make the brass and wood of a ramrod part company. "Stay at Graham's Town till your phthisis is arrested and then go on and work at Aliwal," says Dr. Thompson. Fancy a country in which you can leave a knife out on the richly grassed veldt for a year or two without its becoming rusty. The thing is not to stay at Port Elizabeth, "where high solar heat and winds laden with saline moisture produce a climate very unsuitable for bronchial or lung mischief." "The air is so pure, dry, and generally in motion in the upper Karoo plateau that sun-stroke is unknown." But in this upper Karoo you must be prepared to rough it. If you like riding and hunting the four kinds of buck, well and good; you will find that in 120° sun-heat you can work hard, whereas 90° of shade-heat would quite overpower you. If, however, you want the delicacies of home life you will find the Karoo intolerably irksome, as to cure a chronic case a continuous residence is needed. Dr. Thompson himself took the journey which he recommends. Starting from the East India Docks at the end of July, he had three weeks' perfect rest and regularity on a mail steamer, and landed "refreshed after a time of quiescence unattainable on land, and invaluable to one who has run down from overwork, under-rest, or faulty adaptation of the human machine to its environment." His aim in pointing out the special advantages of South Africa is a patriotic one. "As citizens of Greater Britain, we doctors should always ask ourselves before sending a patient to a foreign health resort, Have we none of equal value in our own possessions?"

Mr. W. Gisborne, one of the New Zealand pioneers, treating of colonization, enlarged on the duty of sending out good colonists of whatever class, and at the same time remarked that "material progress stimulates moral improvement." In the discussion Lord Meath pointed out the difference (as old as Greek days) between emigration and colonization, and advocated State Colonies supported at the outset by public grants. Mr. H. H. Johnston, in his paper on West Africa, hailed with delight the improvement that has taken place in the British residents since the days of the "Palm-oil ruffians," who, lest their luats should be interfered with, bribed and frightened the chiefs to keep missionaries at a distance. The old style of clerk, whom he humorously described as "dear Freddy," has also given place to a more reasonable and useful being, and the Colonial service of West

Africa is now no ways inferior to any other. Great interest was given to the discussion by Mr. S. Lewis, a liberated African of Sierra Leone. He strongly objected to Mr. Johnston's calling the Sierra Leoners "the scum and sweepings of Africa." Most of them are sprung from the Yoruba people, who are like the English in their intelligence, industry, and aptness for trade. Of Tasmania Mr. Braddon drew a picture which ought to tell with those who do not quite know what home to choose. Climate, soil, natural features are alike perfect. His denunciation of the Aborigines was combated by Mr. Dennistoun Wood, who also disputed the island's right to the epithet "emerald." Sir Lepel Griffin, on "The Native Indian Princes and the proposed military colony in Kashmir," called forth a lively discussion. Mr. Hurrey Chintamon hinting that Sir Lepel's policy would aggrandize England by the destruction of the native dynasties. But the paper to which recent debates have given exceptional interest is that by Mr. A. P. Hensman, ex-Attorney-General for Western Australia. Many people look on that country as a desert on which all the sand of Australasia has been shot, and where nothing will grow but "the poison plant." On the contrary, some of the land in the south-west is excellent; the grapes far excel even those in Victoria. Butter, despite the poor breed of cows, is always marketable—never goes down from 2s. to 6d. a pound, as it does in South Australia. Sir J. Coode said he knew all the world's climates, and that of West Australia is undoubtedly the best. The one difficulty—water—may be overcome by a system of storage, which, from a people who have had the enterprise to make a mile of rail for every hundred of the 45,000 inhabitants, will surely be forthcoming. "Do what M. de Lesseps has done so well at Ismailia." When we read of raising £3,000 for sufferers by West Australia occasional floods, we feel that tanks, such as Herodotus says each successive Babylonish monarch made, would be more to the purpose. One is glad to hear that the Chinese are appreciated as gardeners (the soil near Albany grows three crops of potatoes a year), and that the Aborigines' settlement, managed under Bishop Salvado, by Spanish Benedictines, continues to do a good work. Enough was said about West Australia to make us feel that it is indeed an "Imperial inheritance." It has bye-industries—pearling—one speaker said he picked up, in waters only knee-deep, a pearl that he sold for £950; coal; gold, which may either be only a surface patch, as in Wales, or a bit of "that marriage-ring that runs round the world." There is sandalwood, too, just now a great industry, but needing care lest the valuable tree be wholly killed off. Much was said of the value of the colony as a health resort for Anglo-Indians; its dry air is specially good for some forms of Indian ailments, and its greater nearness gives it an advantage over New Zealand. Sir G. Bowen, in a remarkable speech, hoped the Institute "might do something to repair the reckless action of the Colonial Office in 1852 in giving up to the Local Australian Parliaments, then representing less than half a million people, the vast public lands, as large as all Europe." Had half the revenue derived from the Australian Crown-lands been, as it used to be, spent on

systematic colonization, we should, for one thing, have practically solved the Irish difficulty.

*Imperial Germany: A Critical Study of Fact and Character.*

By SIDNEY WHITMAN. London: Trübner & Co.

Except that his praise of Prince Bismarck is a little too unmixed, Mr. Whitman's book may be accepted as a fair and instructive picture of German society and German politics. The Germans are a people of contradictions. Always harping on their "freedom," they, of all Europeans, bow down the most slavishly to rank and title. In England when a great poet, or artist, or scientist is honoured by royalty and therefore taken up by "Society," his wife and family, as a matter of course, pass within the charmed circle. In Germany quite otherwise. The husband may be loaded with stars and appointed to high office, while his wife is still not "hoffähig" (qualified to be received at Court). Even if herself of noble birth and presented at Court before her marriage, she forfeits this by marrying a commoner. The only exception is the army. There the plebeian officers (few enough) are studiously kept on the level of the rest. Of this Mr. Whitman gives a striking instance. A great Berlin banker had been ennobled. His son was in the army; and the father asked the officers in his regiment to dinner, leaving out one who had not the magic prefix *von* to his name. During dinner the Colonel asked, "Why is So-and-so not here?" "I meant that we should be entirely *entre nous*," replied the banker-baron, with a smile. At a signal from the Colonel all the officers arose and left the house. But if their deference to rank is in strange contrast with their boast of *Freiheit*, no less does their trade dishonestly clash in contrast with the cuckoo-cry of *Deutsche Treue*. The people who make up packets exactly like Novill's Sheffield Cutlery and mark them "Nomill, Shemfield" in such a way that it needs a practised eye to discover the fraud, have much to learn in the matter of practical truthfulness. In one thing they set us an example. Food adulteration is so watched as to be almost impossible; and patent medicines, out of the stamps on which we make a very large revenue, are analyzed, and, when found worthless, exposed in the newspapers. What should we think of a Government advertisement warning the public that a certain "water" sold at 8s. a bottle cost the maker 2½d. and *could* not do a hundredth part of what was claimed for it as a curative? Another contradiction is that, whereas we have always looked on Germany as the land of ideas, Mr. Whitman shows that in arts and manufactures (with a few rare exceptions, such as Mr. Bessemer), they have "no ideas, no originality;" their rôle is to imitate, and the imitations are too often nasty as well as cheap. It is poor work for a great people to be "chiefly employed in copying other nations' rubbish (p. 272) besides producing their own." This lack of inventiveness is to some extent a condemnation of the technical and art school system so universal in the Fatherland. And yet in chemistry they are inventors; witness salicylic acid and saccharine. The army Mr.

Whitman looks on as a moral and physical agent for good. "The Prussian officers have to pass an examination, but not a competitive one. Our examinations favour the chances of the bookworm to a ridiculous extent, and often exclude the character capable of quick resolution and prompt initiative. These qualities are specially dwelt on in Prussian examinations." Enough to show that Mr. Whitman's book is full of instruction. His chapters on German women and the household will interest even those who have no care for politics, or arts, or trade competition.

*The Rude Stone Monuments of Ireland (Co. Sligo and the Island of Achill).* By W. G. WOOD-MARTIN, M.R.S.A., Lieut.-Col., Author of *Lake Dwellings of Ireland*, &c. Dublin: Hodges; London: Williams & Norgate.

Colonel Wood-Martin's new work is not quite of such general interest as the *Lake Dwellings of Ireland*, in which he carefully described not only the Irish "crannoges," but also the many and various "finds" for which they are famous. Of "rude stone monuments" one soon gets wearied, when nothing is discovered along with them save a few charred bones and now and then the fragment of an unglazed urn. When there are megaliths, as at Stonehenge, and in so many places in Cornwall, they have a grandeur of their own, and there is always the question: "How did rude tribes manage to place them as they stand?" But, though Sligo has some vast megaliths, not all those described in this volume can be fairly so called. On the other hand, they mostly have their legend; and some of them can be approximately dated from the Chronicles. When the Nemesis of fine writing led Sir F. Palgrave to pen his eloquent tirade against the futility of trying to seek out the history of such monuments as Carnac: "Question not the voiceless past. Gone is gone; and you may as well let that alone for ever," he made a sweeping assertion which is wholly untrue of Western Ireland. The battle of Moytirra, for instance, which is connected with the large number of remains (sixty-five stone circles, monoliths, and cromlechs!) in and round Carrowmore, between Sligo town and Seafield, is certainly quasi-historic; and the monuments are as indisputably connected with it as the "nineteen merry maidens" in St. Buryan, near Land's End, are with Athelstane's last victory over the Cornu Britons. Moytirra is on good grounds believed to have been the last stand made by the Firbolg (earliest of known Irish races; query, non-Aryan, Basque) against the so-called Danaan (a tall, light-haired people, the earliest Irish Celts). The Firbolg got help from Hebridean sea-robbers; but their combined forces were routed with the loss of almost all their chiefs. The Danaan king and his three sons were also slain—enough men of mark to account for a large number of monumental stones. Col. Wood-Martin prefers to the newer "dolmen" the old name "cromlech" for the three or four uprights and a covering slab, called in Cornwall a "quoit." These, he believes, were never



covered in with stones or earth; the "carns," covering one or more cists he holds to be much more modern. The "cromlech builders," he believes, following Mr. Fergusson, to have been an early race, kin to the hill tribes who in various parts of India still build such tombs. These moved west in two streams (as the gipsies did, ages after, from the same country). One stream took the south of the Mediterranean—there are more of these remains in Algeria than everywhere else put together; the other followed the Baltic, and then bifurcated, one going into Scandinavia, the other into France, and thence across to our islands. This migration was before the Bronze Age; and the "finds" in these Sligo "giants' graves" are flint flakes, beads of steatite or clay, clay urns, and weapons made of the bone of a whale. Nevertheless, from one a bronze flake was reported, in another Dr. Petrie is said to have found a bronze pin; and, as the burial was by cremation, and the heat enough to partly vitrify the flag-stones, there may have been other metal objects. On the other hand, the sifting was most careful, and much of what was found was in "pockets" and corners to which the fire had not extended. Col. Martin had been forestalled in many of the tombs by Dr. Petrie, who kept a very loose account of where each object was discovered, and in others by early treasure seekers; for, though nothing valuable has been found in any of these tombs, a gold gorget was found in 1837 in a carn in their immediate neighbourhood. To the specialist Col. Martin's book is invaluable; to the pure amateur his profuse illustrations are in themselves an education. The rapid destruction of these remains shows the need of extending Sir J. Lubbock's Act to Ireland.

*Unknown Switzerland.* By VICTOR TISSOT. Translated from the Twelfth Edition by Mrs. WILSON. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1889.

"Unknown Switzerland," we here are told, "hiding away like a rare flower in Alpine valleys, must be sought for far from the common track." It is not the Switzerland of trade and money-making, that deals in long hotel bills, the Switzerland of busy hotel clerks and dainty salons, whose beauties are set in brooches and painted on cigar-cases, the Switzerland "where each troupe of tourists follows in the footsteps of the last, like people passing through a crowded museum"—the region of *table d'hôte* dinners, with white-tied and black dress-coated waiters—where the bill of fare never varies, and "all the sauces are exactly alike in taste, smell, and colour." It is, on the contrary, "the good old Switzerland of flower-bordered paths through shady woods; the charming Switzerland of mountain zig-zag, of cheerful roads, following no rule, enlivened by the jingling of the *diligence* bells, and the bold, merry blast of the postilion's horn; sounds that draw all the prettiest damsels to the village windows." In this Switzerland, instead of the costly regulation hotels, "there is the peaceful and patriarchal wayside inn, where you are entertained for four or five francs a day, with its kindly hostess and her smiling maidens."

Many young and active tourists will welcome heartily a guide to this unknown Switzerland. In the beautiful volume before us we are shown the way by such routes: through the Engadine—having first done the journey from Paris to Chiavenna—through the regions between the Inn and the Rhone, through the Valais, and in and about the Gruyère. No wonder this volume has in France reached a twelfth edition.

*The Politics of Aristotle.* Translated into English, with Introduction, Marginal Analysis, Essays, Notes, and Indices. By B. JOWETT, M.A., Master of Balliol College. Two Vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Dr. Jowett's life-work, as a commentator on Plato, led him twenty years ago to undertake a translation of Aristotle's *Politics*, in order to illustrate Plato's *Laws*. These two handsome volumes show with what scholarly patience he has carried out this task. The translation is exact and clear throughout, whilst various readings are carefully noted at the bottom of the page. A capital analysis, which catches all the salient points of the work, condenses and sets out distinctly every fact and argument, is given for each book. It is interspersed with a running commentary, which calls attention to the chief features of interest in each section, and puts the teaching of Aristotle in its historic setting. The relation of his views to those of Plato, and their influence on the current of later political speculation, are thus pointed out. The notes and essays which fill the second volume contain a mass of historic illustration covering all the topics touched on by Aristotle in the course of his argument. Of the importance of Aristotle's work itself we need say little. Politicians and philosophers will alike find it suggestive. There are few splendid passages such as we find in Plato's ideal Republic. In literary grace and speculative daring Aristotle's work will not compare for a moment with that of his master; but it is full of historic details about the various forms of government in Greece, which are of great value to the historian, and it is marked throughout by a calm common sense and practical wisdom, which make it worthy of painstaking study from all who are interested in the past, or awake to the great social problems of the present. Students of the *Politics* can find no guide so competent as Dr. Jowett. His volumes are a complete encyclopædia on the great work of the Greek thinker, written in a luminous, sympathetic style, and full of interest from first to last.

*Shaw Fellowship Lectures: On the Philosophy of Kant.* By ROBERT ADAMSON, M.A. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Professor Adamson divides his subject into four parts, each of which forms the subject of one lecture. In the introductory discourse, "The General Problem of the Critical Philosophy" is handled, and the links between Hume,

Leibnitz and Kant are clearly traced. The second is on "Kant's Theory of Knowledge;" the third deals with the "Metaphysical Idea of the Critical Philosophy." Lecture four, on "Recent Developments of Kantianism," is, to our thinking, the clearest and most suggestive. The valuable critique of Lange deserves special attention. The notes and appendixes give many hints which will guide a student of Kant to the chief authorities and the crucial passages of the work. The book is well printed and neatly got up, so that the student of philosophy is helped in grappling with the difficult metaphysical problems of the Kantian philosophy. Any one, indeed, who masters this able and compact monograph will have made considerable progress in philosophy.

*A Handbook of Psychology.* By J. CLARK MURRAY, LL.D., F.R.S.C., John Frothingham Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy, McGill College, Montreal. Second Edition. Paisley: Gardner. 1888.

We are not surprised that Dr. Murray's book has soon reached a second edition. It is one of the best manuals on psychology that we know. Every topic is treated with great clearness, with much philosophic acumen, and in such a style as to make ordinary people, as well as students, feel this book pleasant reading. The chapter on Illusions is excellent. It is a subject not often treated in such manuals, but Dr. Murray manages to give in a few pages a capital *résumé* of the chief results which psychology has reached in this field. The treatment of Perception is specially luminous, and the latest research as to Sensation is well grouped and neatly put. The chapters are lighted up with many apposite literary quotations. It is a manual which all students of psychology will find of the highest value for its suggestive, clear, and fresh putting of every topic discussed.

*Blackie's Modern Cyclopædia of Universal Information.* A Handy Book of Reference on all Subjects, and for all Readers. Edited by CHARLES ANNANDALE, M.A., LL.D. Vol. II. London and Glasgow: Blackie & Son.

The high praise which it was our duty to give to the first volume of this work, ought certainly to be no less emphatic as awarded to this second volume. It is a marvel of usefulness and beauty, of research on subjects of every class of care and condensation. Even the short articles are not insignificant. For important subjects the articles are original, and although condensed, are yet valuable and suggestive. In this volume we find, among the contents, articles on "Blue Bell" and "Blue Stocking," "Bocca Tigris," "Boethius," "Bog," "Bog Oak," "Bohemian Brethren," "Boiler" (not a very short article), "Bolan Pass," "Book Trade," "Bossuet," "Boston," "Bourbon," "Bourda-

lous," "Bradshaw's Railway Guide," "Brandenburg," "Breeches," "Britain," and so on through the B's; and among the C's, "Cavour," "Carton," "Chat Moss," "Chatham," "Chattanooga," "Choeroes I.," "Cheta Nagpore," "Clement," "Cleon," "Cleopatra"—these are instances taken at hazard. The illustrations—as might be expected from such publishers—are wonderfully good. The pronunciations given of foreign and unusual words are very useful.

*Prize Essays on the Class Meeting : its Value to the Church, and Suggestions for Increasing its Efficiency and Attractiveness.*  
With Supplement. London : T. Woolmer. 1889.

The neat, cheap form in which these Prize Essays have been issued will go far to secure for them an extensive circulation among leaders and members. One hundred and fifty pages of argument and suggestion for threepence may well tempt purchasers to study this valuable manual. Mr. Thompson fittingly begins his paper with a condensed yet adequate summary of New Testament teaching on the fellowship of saints, and then clearly brings out the special value of the Methodist class-meeting. Mr. Simpson Johnson and Mr. Edward Smith are strong in practical suggestions for giving force and freshness to the class-meeting. The Supplement is full of brief, bright paragraphs on its value to the Church; on means for increasing efficiency in leaders, class-rooms, and meetings; on methods of conducting the class; and other topics of equal interest and importance. Eighteen outlines of Bible studies and a list of suitable books are also given. This epitome of the contents of the volume will show that it is full of food for thought. The recent Conference has shown its sense of the vital importance of Christian fellowship, and no time could have been more fitting for the publication of one of the most helpful and practical manuals on the class-meeting that has ever been issued. At the same time we must add that among the suggestions in the Supplement are some that we could not endorse. Even in Mr. Smith's practical and valuable essay there is at least one very doubtful suggestion. But, taken as a whole, the book is exceedingly valuable.

*Practical Plane and Solid Geometry, Scales and Pattern Drawing.* Revised and Enlarged Edition. With nearly Six Hundred Diagrams. By JOHN S. RAWLE, F.S.A.  
London : Simpkin, Marshall & Co. 1889.

A book of which 140,000 copies have already been sold evidently meets a widely-felt want. It is designed for South Kensington, for Army, and for Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations; and is one of the best packed manuals we know. How so much technical information has been put so clearly and so neatly is a marvel.

## SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

**LA NOUVELLE REVUE** (July 1).—M. A. Tchernoff, in his article on "University Education in Russia," expresses his opinion that the want of success in Russian policy has been largely due to German influence and traditions. Through the Court and the royal house it has filtered down to all branches of the administration. Bureaucratic methods have paralyzed the beneficent influence of the direct intervention of the sovereign. Judicial ideas which suit their native soil have been eminently prejudicial in Russia. But those who despised the national genius have had a freer hand in the higher branches of education. They have introduced European notions of public and private law, and have cast a heavy shadow upon the past history of their own country. Thus, in place of the triumph of patriotic and collective ideas, the era of individual claims has commenced in Russia, the first and deadly symptom of social disorganization. In Russia there is none of that distinction between schools which guides French, English, or even German families in the choice of a school for their children. That spirit of moral unity which makes our schools wield so powerful an influence on their pupils is entirely absent. If you go to a great Russian educational establishment, you find the director is a German Protestant; the ushers are Orthodox, Catholic, Calvinist, or Protestant; the professors belong to all Faiths, if to any at all. The sciences and university methods imported from Europe into Russia have been the most powerful dissolvants of the national spirit. The intellectual origin of the Russian people has its roots in Byzantinism—that is, in the abstract notions of a religion that teaches men to despise the flesh, to renounce earthly joys, and seek the glorification of the soul in a future life. The Russian peasant pursues this luminous vision, which has charmed his infancy, to the latest hour of life. The very difficulty which he finds in this struggle against his natural feelings consoles him and intensifies the sentiment of spiritual individuality. Among western nations, M. Tchernoff says, the collective idea destroys individualism. The whole character of higher education in Russia runs counter to the tradition, experience, and historic sentiment of Russia. He holds that whilst ample liberty must be allowed to professors, no one should be at liberty to deny the principles of the Russian State—Orthodoxy and Czarisme—under pain of being deemed a hypocrite. The writer then brings forward some principles found in classical manuals which are opposed to the genius of the country. He complains of one passage because it does not recognize the facts that all Russians are bound to belong to the Orthodox Church and that proselytism is forbidden. Another count in the indictment is the failure to recognize the autocracy of the Government. Some opinions on international law are also challenged. Then M. Tchernoff criticizes the way in which religious instruction has been separated from the study of history proper, and handed over to the priests, whereas Russian history is so intimately bound up with the history of the Orthodox Church that they cannot be understood apart. This thought-provoking article, which we have epitomized but not criticized, concludes with the words—"We Russians are Asiatics, and on the eve of the great struggle we cannot permit the worth of our historic institutions to be questioned. On the contrary, it is by exalting the mystic and personal principle of sovereignty, by eliminating from university and middle-class education all that might cause division and doubt, and by maintaining our historic right in all its purity, that we shall gain that cohesion which alone can inspire zeal for our struggle and secure its success."

**REVUE CHRÉTIENNE** (June 1).—M. Ch. Secrétan has an article on "The Respective Roles of Political Economy and Morals in a Social Reform." He holds that personal interest will always be the prime mover in the machine of the world, but intelligence must create new channels in which it shall flow.

A moderate exercise of moral force will suffice to bear down the last obstacles, and make the current flow in these channels. Such is the rôle of liberty, such the rôle of charity, in the social reform. See how it is able to renew the face of the earth. To count upon a future where justice and benevolence will be the springs of action for the great majority is a vain hope; egoism never abdicates the throne. But the conflicting interests are so poised that a little group, independent and devoted, will now suffice to secure the victory for justice. It is not necessary to create new forces, for the beneficent forces are already at work in our societies. The influences must be made to converge against the obstacles which experience indicates, or, better still, to direct the growing movement towards justice and life, leaving the passions which lead towards death to work out their own ruin. In brief, political economy must distinguish that which is possible from that which is not, and make the road clear by revealing the natural results of each step upon it. Social science must mark the end—that is, to assure each of the value of his work by harmonizing various interests with justice. Power of moral will is needed in order that each may gain a complete understanding of the true end and the true means, may adopt them without reserve, and may so understand things around him that he may be saved from prejudice.

(July 1.)—Each of the four articles in this number is well worth reading. D. H. Meyer writes about Godet's Commentary on the First Epistle to the Corinthians; M. Roller sends some more letters from the East; M. Landal contributes a paper on Beethoven and his genius; Madame de Witt-Guizot on Louise de Coligny. A letter from Signor E. Comba, on the Fête of Giordano Bruno, has special interest. Leo XIII. regards the festival as a new breach with the Holy See. The first was political, this is intellectual or moral. Giovanni Bovio, who pronounced the oration at the ceremony in honour of Bruno on June 9, said: "The twentieth of September troubles the Papacy less than the ninth of June. The first date was a conclusion, the second is a beginning. Then Italy, entering Rome, achieved its purpose; to-day Rome inaugurates the religion of thought, the beginning of a new age. Just as an imperial decree at Milan in 313 fixed the date of the Christian religion, so this day at Rome, the ninth of June, is the date of the religion of thought." Signor Comba well says that declamation is not the prerogative of the Vatican alone. These pontiffs of free-thinking can play the same game as the Pope himself by their *ex cathedra* declamations. Free-thinking seems as though it would really play into the hands of the Vatican. Whilst the memory of Bruno was thus being embalmed, the public press announced that Ausonio Franchi, the ex-monk, who for many years had been the most distinguished leader of the common rationalism, had been reconciled with Aquinas, and was about to make his apology. If the masters are thus unstable, what hope is there that the common people will be faithful to this new gospel. Moleschott, one of the chiefs of the Bruno fête, said that it ought to rally all friends of liberty of thought against the Pope. In the same temper the artist who designed the monument decorated it with medallions of Wiclif, Hus, Sarpi, and others. One may well dispute the justice of such a subordination of these heroes to the ex-monk of Nola. In reality, the fête was monopolized by the materialists, who made it a great opportunity for dogmatizing. Gaetano Trezza, in his official discourse on the life and philosophy of Bruno, set forth free-thought as the gospel of the future. According to him it consists in matter, not matter which awaits the moment when some almighty fiat shall awake it from its lethargy and impart to it a power of movement which it does not possess, it is an *ovary* of eternal forces which develop themselves from its fruitful bosom. The key to the mystery is evolution. Against such unintelligible jargon Signor Comba enters a vigorous protest. Giovanni Bovio's discourse on *Etica* from Dante to Bruno is also criticized with much acumen. The Evangelical press held aloof from the fête. *Le Temois*, the organ of the Vaudois, said that if the Evangelicals had to choose a representative of liberty of conscience they would name Paleario or Pascal rather than Bruno. "Those who organized the fête

of the ninth of June have followed their own inclinations in choosing Giordano Bruno. We do not wish to blame them, and their action does not hinder us in any way from rejoicing to see liberty of conscience stoutly affirmed as an absolute right. We wish that it may ever be better understood and practised. And our wish is not superfluous, because intolerance is natural to the heart of man; it is, at bottom, only one of the forms of pride and one of the symptoms of want of love. He who lives without God and without hope is not for that reason more intolerant than he who believes." The article closes by speaking of Our Lord as the pattern of faith, who has declared the truth with absolute authority, yet has shown the greatest respect for human liberty, and the greatest charity for men, even for His enemies.

(August 1.)—M. Puanx writes on "Protestant Schools" in France. The first part of his paper describes "Primary Protestant Instruction before the Revolution." The first article of the chapter on schools in "The Discipline of the Reformed Churches in France," lays down the principle that the Church ought to form schools and give instruction to the young. Thus the question became from the first one of the chief responsibilities of French Protestantism. National synods called upon parents to care religiously for the instruction of their children. "In Protestantism," said Edgar Quinet, "it is vital that every adherent should be able to read. The right to judge on religious topics presupposes that he who exercises it should be able to consult the Holy Scriptures." The primary schools of France were jealously watched over by the Established Church. The Edict of Chateaubriand (June 27, 1551) pronounces severe penalties against the masters and teachers who had fallen into error and heresy, whilst the Parliament of Paris next year took vigorous measures against those suspected of adhering to the new doctrines. It was necessary for the Protestants to use due secrecy in order to escape persecution. The chantry of the Church of Paris presided over the schools and issued severe injunctions as to their management. A declaration of Charles IX. forbade any one to preside over a college unless he was a Catholic. After peace was restored the schoolmaster became a religious functionary who had to sign the Confession of Faith and the form of ecclesiastical discipline. Special care was taken to guard the entrance to the profession, and one master was deposited and fined for teaching Latin to the most advanced class. The study of the Bible was the chief work of the schools. After an instructive sketch of the effect of the Edict of Nantes on education comes the second part of the paper, which deals with "Primary Protestant Instruction in the Nineteenth Century." The whole course of educational policy is clearly sketched in outline. After the revolution of 1830 it was found that out of 38,135 communes 13,984 had no schools. Some pastors had no catechumen who could sign his name; others declared that the children scarcely knew how to read. In July 1829 a royal decree authorized the formation of the "Society for Encouraging Primary Instruction among the Protestants of France." Forty-three years after, M. Guizot was able to say that this society had created and sustained 600 schools and refuges. Its normal college, at Courbevoie, had sent out 447 teachers. There were 1600 Protestant schools in France at the time of the recent laws which have so profoundly altered the organization of primary schools.

DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU (July).—Herr Bode in a brief paper discusses "the development of public collections of the art of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance in Germany since the war of 1870-71." He points out that whilst the gathering together of works of art is almost as old as art itself, their systematic and scientific arrangement is an invention of modern times, an outcome of the historic temper of our century. It was under Napoleon Buonaparte that the first great collection of sculpture and painting of this sort was brought together in the French museum and the Louvre. Many causes have contributed to enrich the German museums, and Herr Bode throws out some suggestions as to the way in which these can best be united into one great treasury of art. Our National Gallery, he says, supplies a model which Germany should strive to imitate.

**NUOVA ANTOLOGIA** (July 16).—Signor Luzzatti's article on "Italian Finance in the Chamber and the Senate" is crowded with facts and figures which give a clear view of Italian finance.

**NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW** (July).—This number opens with a symposium on "Discipline in American Colleges," to which seven heads of colleges or professors contribute. Professor Shaler represents Harvard. He argues that if a young man is clearly brought to feel that his career in life is fairly begun when he goes to college or to his professional school, that a lofty set of motives will be brought to bear upon his character. "For my own part, I find that the quick response to the freedom which my own college gives to youths is an admirable touchstone of quality. Where a young man does not quickly and eagerly take up the burden of trust which is confided in him, I have little hope of his future. He may blunder a bit, but unless there is something which may be fairly called a passion for the man's duties, it seems to me he is unfitted for higher education." He thinks that students should have some right to choose the course of study which they will follow; that more teachers should be employed, say one to each twelve students; and that "each student must be thoroughly well known by some member of the faculty, who feels in a way responsible for his conduct in life." The government of Harvard has been for many years tending in this direction.—General Collis's paper, "A Plague of Office-seeking," gives a pitiable account of the annoyance to which the President of the United States and his Cabinet are put by the eager throng of would-be placemen. Some droll instances of the lengths to which these people go are given. At least three-fourths of the time of the President and Cabinet are absorbed by listening to appeals for office, whilst letters pour in upon them by every post on the same subject. "The President of the United States is, perhaps, the only man in the world who has absolutely no privacy; even his garden in the rear of his residence is a public park open to everybody; he is not secure against the place-hunter in the public street; and I know personally that he and his predecessors have been importuned for favours while trying to enjoy a little rest at the homes of their friends." Mr. Blaine's "excruciating urbanity" to the throng in his room filled General Collis with envy. Not far away the remorseless and insatiable crowd filled Mr. Secretary Windom's office, though it is one of the largest apartments in the Treasury building.

**PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW** (July).—In "Editorial Notes," Dr. Briggs gives an account of the work done by "The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America." It was the one hundred and first General Assembly, and was held in New York. Dr. Roberts, President of Lake Forest University, the most conspicuous representative of higher education in the Western States, was chosen Moderator. Last year a committee was appointed "to revise the proof-texts of our Standards, and to suggest such changes as may, on examination, be found desirable." The committee simply reported progress, and was strengthened by the addition of Drs. Shedd, Welch, and Morris as "recognized exponents of dogmatic theology." Dr. Briggs regards this addition as a wise step, but says it would have been still wiser if the recognized exponents of historical theology and the newer exegesis had been added. "The fault in the study of the Standards and their proof-texts has been that these have not been interpreted in their *historic sense*." He says the proof-texts are no part of the constitution, and that the best work the committee could do would be to strike them out of the official copies. If any texts are printed they should be those used by the Westminster Assembly itself. The most important subject of discussion at New York was the revision of the Confession of Faith. Dr. Briggs says that it is the desire to get Calvinism out of the Standards which has given rise to this discussion, and strongly objects to any revision which would remove the "most cautious, firm, and carefully guarded" statements of Calvinistic doctrine anywhere to be found. He continues: "The situation of the Presbyterian Church at the present time is an unfortunate one. Large numbers of the ministers have drifted away from the Standards, some here and some there, and it is clear to the careful observer



that these and many others who desire greater liberty of opinion are eager for revision." But the difficulty is still greater as regards the students for the ministry. Ministers of tender consciences are withdrawing from the Presbyterian ranks, some only stay by playing astonishing "tricks of legerdemain" with their consciences. For some years the Presbyterian Church has not been able to supply the gaps in its ministerial ranks. There is no prospect of improvement, though the average quality and standing of the ministry has been lowered, and is likely to be lowered still more. He discusses various ways for meeting the crisis, and holds that to interpret the Standards themselves in their historic sense, and to interpret the terms of subscription in their historic sense, would go a good way towards meeting the difficulty. Ministers might declare their scruples to the Presbytery, who would "decide whether such ministers are erroneous in essential and necessary articles or not." The growing spirit of toleration would further such steps and give greater relief. Dr. Briggs would rather revise the terms of subscription, so that a larger departure from the Westminster symbols may gain a right to exist in the Church, than resort to revision, or a new creed, or a Declaratory Act. He wants no alteration for himself, but has great respect for young men and eager inquirers who feel the formularies to be repressive. "New creeds, new Declaratory Acts will only increase divisions. Let us maintain the old creeds as our historic banners, but lay stress on them only on those matters in which there is a consensus of the Churches of the Reformation." Other suggestive discussions are also chronicled in this able paper. The next Assembly is to be held at Saratoga in May. The cost of the Assemblies grows every year. That in New York is said to have entailed an expense of more than 40,000 dollars. Many are asking whether it would not be wiser to spend the money in home and foreign missions. Nine-tenths of the time is spent over routine reports of the Boards, or debates over resolutions and deliverances that merely express the opinions of a majority of the delegates, and have no binding force whatever upon the ministers and the churches. He thinks triennial Assemblies, smaller and more representative, with each synod paying the expense of the commissioners whom it chose, would tend to remove this difficulty.

CENTURY MAGAZINE (July, August, September).—Mrs. Pennell's "River of Pleasure," in the August number, is a crisp description of a summer's boating between Oxford and Richmond, which lovers of the Thames will much enjoy. It is well illustrated.—Mr. Kennan's paper this month, about the "State Criminals at the Kara Mines," opens with a pathetic account of the effort made by Miss Armfeldt, a political prisoner at Kara, to take a portrait of her mother which should recall the familiar face to her in that land of exile. Mrs. Armfeldt had come to Siberia to see her daughter, but was just on the point of returning to Russia. Mr. Kennan ran great risk of immediate expulsion from the empire by his intercourse with the political prisoners, and still more by taking letters from them to friends with whom they had not been allowed to communicate. Unfortunately he was compelled to destroy one batch of these letters as it seemed likely that his luggage would be searched at Kara. He did not visit Dr. Weimar, who was dying of consumption at Kara, brought on by the privations of prison-life, as he feared the shock of such a meeting might be too great for one in so feeble a state. Weimar had been the head of the Crown Princess' hospital during the Russo-Turkish War. When she became Empress, in 1881, she sent Colonel Nord to the mines to offer Weimar his freedom on condition that he would not engage in any opposition to the Government, but the doctor would not bind himself till he had seen how Russia was governed. In St. Petersburg Mr. Kennan saw the "cultivated and attractive" young lady to whom the doctor had been engaged. She showed him a strip of coarse cloth embroidered in geometrical patterns, which he had succeeded in smuggling through to her as a token of love. "Mr. Kennan," she said to me, trying in vain to choke down her sobs, "imagine the thoughts that have been sewn into that piece of embroidery!" A pleasing contrast to the usual brutality of prison officials in

Siberia is seen in the brief sketch of Colonel Kononovich, who for some time was in charge of the mines at Kara. Nearly all the improvements made in the condition of the poor wretches there have been due to this good governor.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE** (July, August, September).—The August number has some descriptive articles of special value. "The Kremlin and Russian Art," by Theodore Child, gives a very distinct idea of the chief features of that great "treasury of all that is dear to the Russian heart." No one who wishes to study the wonderful cluster of buildings, with three cathedrals, seven churches, a convent, a monastery, three imperial palaces, and other wonders, could find a more helpful guide than Mr. Child.—"The Fan," by Louisa Parr, is in its own line quite as well worth reading. Many quaint and amusing incidents of fashionable life are gathered together, and some well-executed cuts show the famous fans to great advantage.—"Westminster Effigies" reminds us of the wax-work figures which once played so large a place in the great funerals at the Abbey, whilst "County Court Day in Kentucky" opens up a phase of life which resembles a busy market-day in some English town.—Dr. Lichtenberger, Dean of the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris, gives a painful sketch of the religious condition of Germany. After tracing briefly, but clearly, the course of opinion on Biblical subjects since the Reformation, he shows that, as an eminent German publicist, Dr. Frantz, has pointed out, the people are "gradually replacing Christianity by a sort of worship of the nation, and substituting justification by success in the place of justification by faith." The Church itself has pandered to this tendency. Attendance at public worship has notably diminished. Berlin has 50,000 seats in its churches and chapels for a million Protestants, but the attendance is miserable. People go to the Cathedral to hear the fine music and to see the Emperor. When the Liturgy is over there is a considerable exodus; before the sermon is finished there is a formidable rush to the doors to get good places from which to see the Imperial family go out. "The service ends before empty benches; and at the celebration of Holy Communion, which follows, there are often not a dozen communicants." Religious ceremonies at funerals, marriages, and baptisms are preserved; "but the life, the sincerity, the fervour of them are absent. Religion is no longer anything but a frame, or, as it were, an empty vase from which the perfume has vanished."

**SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE** (July, August, September).—Mr. Van Dyke's account in *Scribner* for August of "Tennyson's First Flight" gives some quotations from a little volume of poems published by the Laureate and his brother Charles in 1827, which will be read with interest. The poet's homes at Freshwater and at Aldworth, two capital portraits, cuts of Freshwater Bay and Tennyson's Lane at Farringford, as well as a page of his clear, neat manuscript, add greatly to the pleasure with which one turns to this capital paper.—"Form in Lawn Tennis," illustrated by figures showing the chief strokes, "Tarpon Fishing in Florida," and "Electricity in Lighting" will also be popular. The stories and other papers make up a capital number.

**ST. NICHOLAS** (July, August, September) has everything that children delight in—boating stories, and some good pages on natural history.—"The Road-Runner," a long-tailed cuckoo found on the western coast of America, is the subject of one paper. He lives among the cactus plants, and when in danger from hawks or other birds of prey, jumps into his castle of thorns. The great poison-spider, the tarantula, is said to be one of his favourite dishes. When the bird finds a tarantula asleep, he builds round it a wall of thorny cactus leaves, so high that the victim cannot jump over. When all is ready the bird drops a piece of cactus down on the spider, which starts up and bounds round till he kills himself on the thorns.