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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1900.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF BIBLE PORTRAITURE.

1. *Can the Old Faith Live with the New? The Psalmist and the Scientist. The Distinctive Messages of the Old Religions. The Spiritual Development of St. Paul.* By Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, D.D. (London: Blackwood & Sons.)
2. *Sidelights from Patmos. Studies of the Portrait of Christ.* By the same Author. (London: Hodder & Stoughton.)

THERE are no subjects so difficult to study as those nearest to us. "It is expedient for you that I go away" are words that might be printed on every familiar object in the world. It is the things which are in contact with us that are the things most hid from us. We know more about the stars than we do of our own life. Why? Just because life is our own, and the stars are not. I do not think familiarity breeds contempt; my adage would rather be that familiarity

breeds blindness. The constant and unvaried vicinity of an object incapacitates us from mentally seeing it.

I think the literature of the Bible has suffered peculiarly in this respect. There is no book in Europe whose phrases are so familiar; there is, perhaps, no book in Europe of which the masses have so little artistic knowledge. I say "*artistic* knowledge." Men have looked upon it so long as a thing of divine grace that they have ceased to view it as a thing of human nature. There is even an impression that, from the natural side, a knowledge of the Bible is no mark of culture. Tell an average man that he has thoroughly appreciated the literary spirit of Homer; he will feel proud. Tell an average man that he is thoroughly deficient in a knowledge of English literature; he will be either incensed or ashamed. But I have heard young men of great ambition and of high pretensions actually *boast* of their ignorance of the *Bible*! It is the artistic aspect of such a boast that alone I have here to do with. The idea evidently is that, however much the Bible makes a demand upon the *conscience*, it makes no demand upon the *culture*. And I attribute this impression largely to the fact that the words of the book are so *familiar* to the conscience. The conscience is the innermost part of our nature; and what gets in there, is not easily brought further out. A song whose words are familiar by the tune is not likely to be appreciated at its poetic value; and a book whose first appeal is to the conscience is not readily overheard by the literary instinct.

None the less, the impression of the average man on this subject is the reverse of the truth. In order to see this, the first thing to do is to stand back. What we want is a more distant prospect of the Bible. It is too near us. Its literature is eclipsed by its message of salvation. Its awful proximity to the *soul* prevents it from being seen by the *eye*. I intend to escape from this proximity. I am going to make an effort to obtain a more distant view. I will try to forget that this book brings a message of salvation. I will try to forget that it is making an appeal to my conscience. I will endeavour to be a neutral spectator, to look at the book as if I had seen

it for the first time—seen it as a purely secular thing, and as a purely literary phenomenon. To facilitate such an effort I shall keep to that in the Bible which is *most* secular and nearest to the common day—the figures delineated upon the page of Scripture.

I have not long adopted the attitude until I am brought to a very startling discovery. It is this, that the figures of the Bible are purely *mental* pictures. Dealing as I am with the products of an unphilosophic people, I expect to find that the physical predominates; I find that the physical is almost entirely absent. Have you ever turned your mind to this peculiarity of Bible portraiture—its repudiation of photography? When a modern novelist presents the personages of his drama, the first thing he does is to describe them. Our first question about a man is, What is he like? our second is, perhaps, Where does he live?—the immediate subjects of interest are the form and its environment. But the Bible ignores both the form and its environment. You ask in vain the question, What is he like? The personages of the Bible are without dimension, without feature, without physical attribute; they are all spirit. Was Peter tall or short? Was Judas handsome or deformed? Had Martha wrinkles on her brow? Had Elijah a flashing eye? Had Abraham a patriarchal mien? No answer comes. We hear on the stage a dialogue of voices, but we see not the form of him who speaks. And the environment is equally unrevealed. There is no vision of the land where Abraham journeyed, of the oak where Abraham worshipped, of the mountain where Abraham sacrificed. So far as description is concerned, Joseph in Egypt might have been equally Joseph in Mesopotamia or Joseph in Arabia. The central figure of all is no exception. The Son of man is physically unseen. The only instance where His outward beauty breaks through the veil is an instance which rather confirms than violates the principle. It is that moment of Transfiguration glory in which His countenance is illumined exclusively from within.

Now, do you imagine all this was an accident? Do you think it would have been difficult for the historians and

poets of Israel to have portrayed the fire on Elijah's face or depicted the openness of Nathaniel's expression? The difficulty must have been to avoid it. The truth is, we have here a bit of literary culture as pronounced as the mannerism of Browning. The key-note of the national Jewish literature, which is also the key-note of the national Jewish character, is struck on its opening page, where, before the light or the firmament, before the herb or the tree, before the emergence of the shape of man or woman, the *Spirit* moved. This was the nation's motto—the power of the internal. This was to be the music to which its march was to be timed—through city and desert, through prosperity and captivity. This was the rhythm by which it was to frame the lives of its heroes and according to which it was to estimate their power—the hidden self, the inner man. In its literature as in its religion, the primary rule of Jewish culture was that precept which it inculcated next to the worship of God, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."

Before leaving this point I cannot but direct attention to the fact that these formless lives are household words among us. Spite of their abstractness, they have got possession of both the altar and the hearth. We ourselves have clothed them--given them a body, set them a local habitation. The local habitation we have assigned them is not the land in which they lived. It is our own land, our modern surroundings. The personalities of that far past are ever present. They are no anachronism. They sit among us clothed in garbs they never wore on *earth*; and probably each of us has woven for them a *different* garb. Yet to all of us they convey the same spiritual impression. Their identity to us lies not in their garb, but in their mind. Their power remains what it originally was—a mental power. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, are essentially spiritual entities. They are independent of feature, independent of costume. *You* do not *figure* them as I do, but you *think* of them as I do. We have separate ideals of their form, but we have a common interest in their character. And it is this mental interest that keeps them alive. We have no photograph in

common, no picture in common, no image in common; but we *have* in common the impression of certain mind-forces which have lived and struggled on the stage of time. In this region these words are emphatically true, "It is the *spirit* that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing."

Here, then, is the first principle of Bible delineation—the absence of any effort at physical representation. But this leads me to a second point closely connected with it. Not only are the men of the Bible purely spiritual abstractions; their *deeds* are purely inward. The dramas which they enact are enacted within their own brain. The stage on which each of them moves is the stage of his own heart: his dialogue is with himself, and he is unconscious of an audience. In the least philosophical of all nations we have dramatic incidents whose interest is purely psychological and whose theatre is as internal as is the stage on which move the plays of Ibsen. What is the drama of Abraham? It is a sacrifice of the will—a sacrifice which is never outwardly exacted, and where the lamb for the burnt-offering is unseen. What is the drama of Isaac? It is a life of self-restraint—a life in which the man withholds the exercise of half his power. What is the drama of Jacob? It is a struggle with conscience—a struggle in which a man wrestles with his better self until the breaking of the day. What is the drama of Joseph? It is the communing of a youth with his own dreams—alike under the stars of heaven and within the bars of a dungeon. What is the drama of Moses? It is the tragedy of hope deferred—of a heart never quite seeing the realisation of its promised land. Nay, I ask it with reverence, what is the drama of Calvary? It is the vision of a Spirit broken by no outward calamity, by no visible storm, by no stress of mind or fortune, but simply and solely by the sense of human sin. A series like this cannot be accidental. It is, in truth, symptomatic—the expression of an idea which pervades the national literature because it constitutes the national life. From Adam to Paul, from Eden to Damascus, from the flaming sword in front of paradise to the flaming light before the eye of the

man of Tarsus, the history of Israel exhibits one refrain—the struggle of each man with his own soul.

Now, this inwardness of the Bible drama has become the root of a third characteristic which I cannot otherwise describe than by the name "Shakespearian." By this name I mean to emphasise the fact that the men of the Bible are timeless. They are altogether independent of chronology. There is no distance in development between Hamlet and Julius Cæsar. The peculiarity of Shakespear is that we have never the sense of going back. The spectator does not need to transport himself by an act of historical sympathy into another age. Change the costumes, alter the names of places, and there is no difference in time between Macbeth and Richard III. Beyond the fact of his genius, this is not surprising in Shakespear; the scenes are, after all, the work of a single mind living in a very cosmopolitan period. But that the same characteristic should prevail in the Bible, that the same universalism should meet us in a nation the reverse of cosmopolitan, and in a series of books enfolding all stages of culture—this is a phenomenon which may well make the historian pause to ponder. Nothing proves the inwardness of the Bible like its timelessness. The innermost part of us belongs neither to London nor Paris nor Jerusalem, neither to the twentieth century after Christ nor to the twentieth century before Christ; it is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. But, as a rule, this changeless thing below the sea is eclipsed from the eye by the foam on the surface and curtained from the ear by the sound of waves. The literature which can disregard such outward interruptions, the literature which can look below the foam and listen for voices beneath the wave, must be deserving of all respect and worthy of all acceptation.

And such a literature is the Bible. Let us take the rudest of those ages embraced within its records. By the rudest I mean the most external—the age least touched by mental influence. *What* is that period of the Jewish annals? It is the age that immediately follows the return from captivity. Nowhere is the life of Israel so threatened with mental

bondage. Nowhere is the nation so near to becoming a "peculiar people." Nowhere are the lines of universal humanity in such danger of being obliterated by the eccentric course of an individual stream. If at any time Judæa was unlike the rest of the world or *desired* to be unlike the rest of the world, it was then. She was making the most frantic efforts to show her difference from other lands. She was straining to exhibit her points of divergence from the common heart of man. She was proclaiming in trumpet voices her isolation from the general experience, her independence of those channels of revelation which are supposed to be the property of the human race. One would say that the literature of such a period, however great its power, must at all events be the literature of a class, the product of a particular phase of culture, to be studied as an historic curiosity, but not to be quoted as a verdict of Man.

Now, what is the state of the case? According to the Higher Criticism, it is this period which is mainly responsible for the most universal manual of inward biography which has ever been written—the Book of Psalms. I say "inward biography," for that is the character of the book. The writers of the Psalms are what Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob are—subjects of an inward drama whose tragedy is in the heart, whose struggle is in the mind, whose dialogue is in the voices of their own souls. Sometimes the dialogue is actually uttered, sometimes it is only inferred; but whether uttered or inferred, it is *there*. And the result of the whole is a series of experiences absolutely cosmopolitan. We have upwards of a hundred confessions of inward biography—all the more significant because they are mostly anonymous. Like the angel of Jacob the writers give no name; they refuse to be interrogated; they bless us and let us go. Yet their blessing is a cosmopolitan blessing. Their message at once raises them "above all principalities and powers," into a world where there is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female, bond nor free. Nationalities are superseded, environments are superseded, classes are superseded; the wants of men give place to the needs of Man. The

problems of these nameless lives are the problems of human nature, always and everywhere. The bars against which they struggle belong to no local cage ; they are the bars to the cage of humanity. Their difficulties are as old as creation and as new as the Higher Criticism. The experiences are vastly varied ; but there is none of them local, there is none of them transient, there is none of them peculiar to an age. They have survived their country in a different sense from that in which her actual people have survived her. The people have preserved their individual peculiarities steadfast unto the end ; but the aspirings of the psalmists of Israel have even in the lifetime of their land soared beyond her and claimed a corner in every soil.

I do not know an emotion of the human heart, I do not know a phase of the human intellect, revealed in these psalms which is not also an experience of *mine*. The diary of these nameless lives is a diary of *my* life—of its present problems, of its existing difficulties. Every mental struggle of these unconscious biographies is my struggle. It is I who look up to the heavens, and say, "What is Man!" It is I who marvel at the seeming impartiality between the treatment of the evil and the treatment of the good. It is I who cry out against the apparent silence in the temple of nature —the hidings of the face of God. It is I who pray for the advent of a reign of righteousness which shall be a refuge to distress and a shield from oppression. It is I who supplicate for a judgment more just than the secular tribunal, "Let my sentence come forth from *Thy* presence!" It is I who have made the discovery, once and for ever, that the only availing sacrifice is a surrendered will, a broken and a contrite heart. It is I who have recognised the fact that forgiveness is not enough for me, that redemption is not enough for me, that what I need is a cancelling of my yesterday, a blotting out of my transgression. It is I who feel the three solemnities of life expressed in the words, "Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid Thine hand upon me." The man who said that was a cosmopolitan indeed! My religion demands the three—a glorified

memory, a golden forecast, and the weight of a present responsibility or sense of a pressing hand. The man who has reached this threefold faith will never thirst again.

In intimate association with this absence of the idea of time from Bible portraiture, there is another characteristic which seems to me to constitute a unique literary peculiarity. I allude to the fact that in delineating its types of heroism there is an annulling of the distinction between youth and age. I know not where to find a parallel to this experience. In all nations, and specially in the earliest nations, there is a tendency to magnify youth. It is rarely that romance selects its hero from the ranks of middle age. The glow of the morning sun seems indispensable to the poet's gallery. But the city of the Bible has no need of the morning sun. The inhabitants of this city have lost the distinction between dawn and twilight. There is no night there; the gates of promise are open continually. It would almost seem at times as if the motto of the historian were, "They shall bring forth fruit in old age." It is oftenest at evening-time that in the Bible city there is light. The heroism of this gallery only begins where the heroism of other galleries is ended. The phenomenon is so striking that we are constrained to linger over it.

Did it ever occur to you that each successive picture of these Bible times is a picture of heroic old age? I see an old man breasting a storm that has drowned the world, and surveying from Ararat the vanquished flood. I see an old man climbing the heights of Moriah to become the prophet of a new age. I see an old man, who has spent all his youth and middle life in money-making, break forth on his deathbed into the grandest poetry; it is Jacob leaning on the point of his staff and singing the songs of the morning. I see an old man getting the first vision of the promised land—the aged Moses with his mountain view, with his eye undimmed and his natural strength unabated. I see an old man wrapped in the shadows of the grave, proclaiming the advent of a higher and a purer government; it is Samuel, the first of the prophets. I see an old man at the very

moment when he feels his body failing, at the very moment when he sees his empire tottering, break forth into the most exultant music, "God has made with me an everlasting covenant which is well-ordered and sure"; it is David, the king. It is the old who greet the rising sun of Jesus—Elisabeth and Zacharias and Anna and Simeon. It is to "such a one as Paul the aged" that this earth which had been despised by Paul the young becomes a possible scene of glory. And it is to the gaze of age, not of youth, that there comes in Patmos Isle the most optimistic vision that has ever flashed before the eye of man—the vision of that city of Christ which has reached the harmony of a "length and a breadth and a height that are equal."

Can we account for this phase of Jewish literature? At first sight it seems a contradiction to the national life. Why should a nation which for centuries is silent about a future state have annulled from the outset the distinction between youth and age? You forget one point. *Why* is this nation silent about that future life of which *we* speak so *much*? It is because *our future* was *its present*. What *we* look for mainly beyond the grave was to the Jew a fact of every day —the ushering into the immediate presence of God. We do not think of the dead as growing old; why? Simply because we think of them as being "ever with the Lord." The Jew reached that thought apart from death. He did not hold that to be with the Lord a man must be caught up in the air; his motto rather was, "Whither shall I *flee* from Thy presence!" To him there was only one source of the national life—the inspiration of the Eternal. It was by no human strength that Abraham climbed the mount of sacrifice. It was by no human strength that Jacob sang his song in death. It was by no human strength that Moses had in old age the aspiration of a youth. The life which did these things was the life of the Eternal. The Jew was thoroughly consistent. He believed that his heroes were animated by the breath of a timeless God, and therefore he felt that old age was to them as favourable as youth. He said with the prophet, "*Thou* art from everlasting; there-

fore *I* shall not die!" That is the reason why he is not eager to exhibit his heroes in the morning. To him the evening and the morning were not only one day, but one intensity of light. Each was *God's* light, and therefore each was equally near the vital stream. What youth achieved was by the breath of God; what age achieved was also by the breath of God. The thought which animated the nation, the thought which permeated the national literature, was the voice which summed up the experience of generations, "Not by might nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."

And it is this that to my mind explains the fact that Judæa, unlike other lands, has accepted a paradise at both ends. There have been nations, and these have been the majority, who have had their paradise in the past; their glory is seen in retrospect; they look back to their *morning* as their age of gold. There have been nations, on the other hand, who have placed their paradise in the future; their golden age is coming; their El Dorado is in *to-morrow's* sky. But here is a nation, here is a literature, which combines the two! In the life of this Jewish people memory and hope have met together, yesterday and to-morrow have embraced each other. There is a paradise in the rear, and there is a paradise in the van. Behind, is the glory of the Cherubim; before, is the glory of the Christ. They are lit by two lamps,—the one shining from the past, the other gleaming from the future—the one the light of Eden, the other the light of the Messiah. Each is a proclamation in favour of the timeless. The light of Eden proclaims that the nation's morning was not the nation's childhood; the light of the Messiah proclaims that the nation's evening will not be the nation's old age. This land and its literature are on every side "bound with gold chains about the feet of God."

And hence there is one more strange phenomenon. This nation's ideal of its future glory becomes the ideal of its past glory. What is its ideal of future glory? It is the reign of One who shall be called the Prince of Peace—*this*

is its standard of coming heroism. But this is also its standard for estimating the heroism of the past—and here lies the uniqueness of its literature. Take the earliest literature of other lands; of what does it sing? Of wars and rumours of war, of mighty deeds of arms, of prodigies of strength and paragons of valour; of the beginners of history the *physically* bravest are deemed the fittest to survive. But for the beginners of *this* nation's history there has been a reversal of the rule. The men of the past on whom this people puts the wreath are the men, not of war, but of peace. The lives that receive the crown are the lives of the family altar, of the fireside, of the home. Other empires delight to tell how they were established by the sword—Persia, Assyria, Babylon, Greece, Rome. But Judæa delights to tell how she was established on the virtues of the hearth—on domestic purity, on paternal love, on filial devotion, on deference to woman, on fidelity to the marriage vow, on sympathy with the needs of Man. It is from the fireside virtues of an Abraham, from the homely duties of an Isaac, from the commercial success of a Jacob, from the peaceful economics of a Joseph, that in the eyes of Israel her public greatness is derived. And the beginning of her actual power is traced back to a deed of humanitarian charity—the picking up of a little waif for a foundling hospital. Rome tells how the founder of her empire was suckled by a wolf; Judæa is proud to record how the initial stage of *her* glory was the philanthropy of a human heart who rescued a drowning infant from the waters of the Nile.

GEORGE MATHESON.

THE LATE DUKE OF ARGYLL:

CHRISTIANITY AND SCIENCE.

The Reign of Law (1866). *The Unity of Nature* (1884). *The Philosophy of Belief* (1896). By the DUKE OF ARGYLL, K.G., K.T.

TO most of his contemporaries the late Duke of Argyll was known chiefly as a politician, straightforward and independent, perhaps a little crotchety and impracticable. No one doubted his ability or his sturdy sincerity. As a debater he attained a deserved reputation for his courage, his keen criticism, his grasp of principles, and a certain stately eloquence. He was recognised as one of those Christian statesmen for whom Britain is justly thankful. The public look upon the hobbies of our prominent men of affairs with more than allowance. We are proud to see them taking a worthy part in literature, science, philosophy, theology. But we regard these subjects as their recreations rather than their business. In the case of the Duke of Argyll, closer scrutiny might seem almost to reverse these positions.

True, several of his publications, both books and pamphlets, were distinctly political; these it suffices now merely to mention. Others, dealing with other matters, such as *Scotland as it Was and as it Is*, are deeply tinged with politics, though it and *Iona* are concerned mainly with history and archæology. The *Unseen Foundations of Society* contains shrewd exposures of economic fallacies, and much acute and interesting observation. If somewhat diffuse and overgrown, and redolent of parliamentary speeches, it puts points, many of them too often overlooked, essential to a

sound and Christian political economy. Whilst it does not treat economics, as perhaps it should, as a branch of ethics, it insists strongly upon the ethical basis of social law and organisation. And this is no slight service.

His earliest publication, *A Letter to the Peers by a Peer's Son*, was occasioned by the Disruption controversy. One of his latest was *Some Words of Warning to the Presbyterians of Scotland*. In both he defends stoutly the principle of an Established Church; but he is liberal towards Nonconformists, and perceives that the assertion by the Free Kirk of the crown rights of Jesus Christ accorded with both Scripture and right reason. Other volumes treated directly of science, e.g. *Primeval Man*, still useful for methods of test and proof, but otherwise out of date by this time; and *Organic Evolution Cross-examined*, to which we must refer again later. He even published a novel, *The Highland Nurse*, not without its touches of characterisation, but wearisome nevertheless; and a collection of poems, *The Burdens of Belief*, which entitles him to a place amongst the minor poets of the century.

With the possible exception of the *Unseen Foundations*, none of the works catalogued hitherto is of more than transitory importance. The three books at the head of this article belong to a different class. They constitute a strenuous effort to settle the true relations and the legitimate spheres of physical science, metaphysics, and theology. Thirty years separate between the first and the last of them; but there is scarcely any perceptible change of general attitude or method, only expansion, application, and defence of fundamental principles, and increasing tendency to address students and thinkers rather than the public at large. *The Reign of Law* has passed through about twenty editions, and probably has been read more widely than all the rest of the Duke's writings taken together. It owes its popularity to the combination of ease of style, felicity of illustration, and comparative brevity, with strong and clear thought, not too metaphysical in substance or too technical in expression for ordinary understanding. It is the

germ, however, out of which the more difficult and elaborate volumes grew. The preface to *The Philosophy of Belief* states:

The first of these treatises, *The Reign of Law*, dealt with the question how far the idea is rational that physical laws are the supreme agencies in Nature, or whether, on the contrary, Mind and Will are seated on that universal throne. The second of the series, *The Unity of Nature*, starting from a fresh point of view, dealt mainly with the problem how far our human faculties are competent, on this matter, to give us any knowledge whatever, or whether they must leave us in conscious, yet helpless and hopeless, ignorance on the whole of it, and on all that it involves. The third and last endeavour of the series—the present volume—applies the reasonings and conclusions which have been thus reached, to an examination of the relation in which the great conception of Natural Law, when properly understood, stands to religion in general, and to Christian theology in particular.

An interesting piece of autobiography confesses, "Neither in theology, nor in philosophy, have I ever had any scholastic training." This lack has affected at least the form of some of the Duke's reasoning. In early life the influence of Mr. John McLeod Campbell awoke his "innate tendency to cross-examine every verbal proposition," and set it to work on theology. Mr. James Smith, of Jordanhill, introduced the lad to the wonders of geology and zoology. His father taught him to investigate the mysteries of mechanics as applied to both organic and inorganic contrivances. Ever was he encouraged to seek the "Why" of a process no less than the "How," to recognise "Purpose."

Thus [he says] the great doctrine of the intelligibility of Nature, and of the certain truth of our (so-called) "anthropomorphic" explanations of the creative Mind, was a doctrine borne in upon my convictions with even more power than it is embedded in the universal instincts and language of mankind. Indeed, it was, with me, not so much a doctrine as a Presence. It never appeared to me to be any mere inference, or the result

of an argument of any kind, however linked and strong. It was an integral part of the observed phenomena, and a direct object of perception.

The mental habits and convictions thus attained ruled all his subsequent thinking.

Our space does not permit a summary of the general argument of the Duke's trilogy, an exposition of its conclusions, and an estimate of their validity and value. We must content ourselves with brief notes on four points of cardinal importance: (1) the conceptions of Law and of Nature; (2) the position in regard to teleology, especially as affected by the doctrine of evolution; (3) the examination of Materialism; (4) the relation to the Christian religion and theology. The second subject (2) must receive most of our attention, as it is the basis upon which the whole reasoning rests.

I. According to the Duke of Argyll, "the primary conception of" law "is that of an authoritative determination." It is rather to be regretted that this definition is not reached till the third volume of the series. In the first volume law is apt to be confounded, at least verbally, with force: "no Law—that is, no elementary Force"; "Law—an agency through which we see working everywhere some Purpose of the Everlasting Will." But if law is determination, it can be neither force[1] nor agency, only the method according to which force acts, the principle imposed upon it by Will. Force is subject to law, which rules agencies but can never be an agent itself. Upon this distinction, indeed, the Duke's entire argument rests, as the mention of Purpose indicates. The essential object of *The Reign of Law* is to show that the order which exists in things physical, in mental processes, in social movements must ultimately be traced to a single Will; that the fullest acknowledgment of the immutability of Nature, of the limitations and necessary modes of operation of the human mind, does not prevent—

[1] Obviously, just here the notion of will as itself force does not come into the question.

in fact, compels—the recognition of a Supreme Intelligence from whom Nature as a whole, inclusive of man, proceeds. In this respect, the Duke's contention is clear from start to finish. It is this combination which gives to the book its worth in theistic apologetics.

The reign of law is thus the reign of God acting according to and by means of an order of His own fixing. When the idea is carried from physical science into the sphere of morals, the Duke, in his sixth chapter, not only restricts dangerously but appears to leave no room for the freedom of the human will. This results partly from confusion of expression, and partly from the desire to regard all Nature as a unity. Insufficient heed is given to the possibility of personal disobedience. The second volume of the series tends at first in the same direction. The distinction between law as applied to dead matter and law as governing responsible persons is not stated with adequate clearness and insistence. Nevertheless freedom is asserted as an undeniable finding of consciousness. Choice amongst an infinite complexity of motives is declared our indefeasible prerogative. And *The Philosophy of Belief* assumes human freedom and responsibility as incontrovertible truths, elementary facts of the case. Plainly this is the view really held, though it harmonizes somewhat imperfectly with the earlier statements. Nor are the three volumes always consistent in their use of "nature." The second defines it as "but a word for the whole Sum and System of intelligible things . . . the issue of the Fountain in which all Fulness dwells"; the third as including "not only the mind of man with all his works, but also whatever other and higher Mind there may be, of which his is but an emanation or fragment." Of course, the latter definition destroys the distinction between natural and supernatural. To say the least, the second connotation is very inconvenient; we require a word to denote all created existence, the totality of things which physical and psychological science can investigate. The argument, indeed, depends upon the former definition. The unity of nature consists not "in mere sameness of material, or in mere

identity of composition, or in mere uniformity of structure, but in the subordination of all these to similar aims and to similar principles of action"; to similar laws. To this the most determined materialism cannot demur, nor to the next step, "of this unity, we who see it, and think of it, and speak of it—we are part. In body and in mind we belong to it, and are included in it." The inference is that this unity must be intelligible to us; that we may trust our mental instincts and processes, even as our physical do not fail us. Obviously the validity of the scientific doctrine—or postulate—of the unity of nature stands or falls with this trustworthiness. If it is good for Materialism or Positivism, it is good for Theism or Christianity.

As an *argumentum ad hominem*, this seems unanswerable; it is also sufficient *ad rem*.

The very life of every creature depends on the unity which exists between its sense-impressions and those realities of the external world which are specially related. There is therefore no conception of the mind which rests on a broader basis of experience than that which affirms this unity—a unity which constitutes and guarantees the various senses with their corresponding appetites, each in its own sphere of adapted relations, to be exact and faithful interpreters of external truth.

In the course of multiplied centuries our faculties and perceptions surely have gained a character for veracity. We have no right to limit this character to the things we can see and touch.

What, then, of the relativity of all knowledge? Short work is made of its scepticism. "The very idea of knowledge consists in the perception of relations." If we could know a thing apart from its relations, we should know very little about it indeed. It is pure assumption, if not sheer nonsense, that if we could reach ultimate reality we should find it destitute of relations. And—to go further than the Duke—knowledge of things "in themselves" would be knowledge of their relation to their origin, to their Creator. At any rate, experience justifies this relative knowledge; it

suffices for the life that now is, not only for the immediate present but for prevision and provision. Its compass may be limited, but that which it does encompass is truth.

Had the Duke of Argyll's metaphysical discipline been more severe, he would have perceived the trend of current philosophy towards Idealism. In this, however modified and supplemented, must be sought the intellectual solution of the universe, the underlying problems of theology as well as of science.[1] Here the definition of Nature which includes God might be used with effect. The unity of Nature has its origin and bond, its explanation, in God immanent and transcendent, in the spirituality of His essence, in the relation of all that is to the movements, the existence, of the Divine Mind. The Duke, however, does point out that the unity of Nature is not, historically, a discovery of modern science. It began with the recognition of the unity of God, let Monotheism have arisen how and when it may. As to the Bible, the "Nature-psalms" afford ample evidence. Indubitably Monotheism had its birth before metaphysical inquiry and formalisation.

II. The universe is brought under the dominion of law, Nature is shown to be a unity, our faculties are defended as trustworthy, chiefly for the sake of the recognition of Purpose. At the same time, Purpose becomes a main support of the law and the unity. This is not to argue in a circle. The two conceptions are related to each other intimately. Of necessity, one purpose means one law, and one law binds all nature into a unity. On the other hand, men admit the law and the unity who deny the purpose; and it is legitimate to reason that these actually do manifest Purpose. It is not too much to say that the principal object of *The Reign of Law*, *The Unity of Nature*, and the first Division of *The Philosophy of Belief* is teleological. No part of theistic evidence is treated, in certain quarters, with more triumphant discourtesy than the argument from

[1] See *Idealism and Theology*, by Charles d'Arcy, B.D., a remarkably suggestive book.

design. Yet the Duke repeats it, and restates it, with unwearied persistence and confidence. Let us examine his position, its basis, and its consequences.

In the first two volumes of the trilogy a number of concrete examples is given, the mechanism of flight, the working of animal instincts, etc. Between the arrangement of a bird's shape and feathers for flight and the puncture of a tree by a gall-fly to provide a cradle for her unborn babies, there is the clear difference that the one has to do with immediate and constant use, the other looks to a future of which the insect must be unconscious. But the argument for purpose outside the creatures that employ the instruments and the material on which they operate is similar. In the first case, we have an argument practically identical with that of Paley and Bell; in the second, the gist lies in the unconscious provision for future needs. The argument from the first is like that from a machine of human contrivance: "every house is builded by some man, He that built all things is God." The argument from the second is that a higher Mind than the insect's must have foreseen and provided for the future needs of the offspring. As to the first, it is enough now to remark that it will be many a long day before it ceases to appeal to ordinary intelligence. We should require no small amount of convincing that teeth were not *meant to* bite, that the stomach was not *meant to* digest, that food was not *meant to* be ground by the teeth and digested by the stomach. If the second requires somewhat closer study, when understood, it affects the unsophisticated intelligence even more strongly. The question, Who taught? opens out suggestions quite as far-reaching as the question, Who made? The full force of this, and the objections to it, will appear later.

Another argument on which the greatest stress is laid arises from language in its common use and as employed by those who avowedly wish to exclude the idea of purpose. Huxley and Herbert Spencer, for instance, continually speak of "adjustment," "preparation," even "contrivance." The notion slips in when, apparently, they are quite uncon-

scious of it; forces itself upon them when they would avoid it. On the first page of his *Comparative Anatomy* Huxley writes of "physiological apparatus." Now "*apparatus* means anything made 'for' the doing of something else—'for' the accomplishment of some end which has been thought of and foreseen." Again, the new word "homology"

was taken from that language which is the richest in the world for the expression of abstract conceptions, moulded, as it was, on the thoughts of the most thoughtful and intellectual race which has ever represented the mind of man. Some word was wanted to express an idea which was practically new as a sharply defined conception. That conception was not one of mere likeness, whether in shape or in use, but of sameness or identity in the elements of an arrangement of parts, which arrangement was for a purpose, or rather for many purposes, and was therefore essentially a plan, or an ideal structure framed for ulterior ends. And so the word "Homology" came to be coined, as a combination of two words in Greek which represented sameness or identity, and reason in the highest senses in which that word can be used. We all know the high place occupied by the word Logos in the history of human thought, how it came to express the highest altitudes of mind, even in the Supreme. Yet this is the word—no poorer a word would do—now admitted and adopted by the scientific world, etc.

A simpler illustration, rather strangely overlooked by the Duke, is that "means" expresses that which *is meant to* lead to a desired end.

Such usage is acknowledged, and the natural implication of it. We are reminded, however, that, in common parlance, words expressive of purpose are employed where no purpose is intended to be expressed. "*In order that* a stool may stand firmly, it must have three legs" may signify merely "A stool will not stand firmly *unless* it has three legs." Yet, after all, the two phrases are not absolutely identical in sense any more than in sound. The latter utters a simple physical fact; the former suggests that some one wants the

stool to stand firmly. The idea of purpose is there as well as the phraseology.

But, it is answered, words cannot be confined to their primitive meanings. Our philosophic and scientific teachers aver *totidem verbis* that they do not intend purpose when employing those words, that the idea of purpose is excluded from them distinctly. Apart from any question of the right to employ habitually ordinary words after emasculation of their essential content, the fact must be faced that human language is incapable of expressing the required conceptions, of describing the connexions treated of, except in words the very spirit of which is *purpose.* The processes involved cannot be discussed even by trained metaphysicians and past masters of language, cannot be explained, or rendered at all intelligible, not merely without words indicative of purpose but without the idea itself.

When, therefore, all animal organisms are designated as "physiological apparatuses," we do not need to ask any question as to the intention of the individual who uses this language, as we analyse its meaning. That meaning is indisputable, whatever may have been his intention; and its significance is all the greater in proportion as it is inseparable from any conscious deliberate purpose. It stands forth as expressing a fact of mental perception and recognition, more surely representing a truth than the photographic record of a heavenly body—otherwise unseen—upon a surface sensitive to light.

Here we reach the real centre and strength of the argument. Purpose, mind, causality are not matters of inference. Our conviction of them does not depend upon reasoning, however indisputable its premises, however closely welded its links. They are the objects of direct and immediate perception and recognition, as are things visible and tangible to our bodily eyes, as are truth and righteousness to our spirits. In all three cases we are surrounded by a barrier of mystery which we cannot break, over which we can only peer doubtfully; we are fain to confess ignorance and limitation of knowledge; but the reality of that which we do perceive remains firm. Once again, we must deny the

trustworthiness of all our faculties, mental and physical, or we must acknowledge the veracity and validity of these perceptions. Logically and fairly we must cast our science to the winds, or we must recognise purpose behind phenomena. The faculties that assure us of the one, that make it possible, testify no less strongly to the other. To both alike belong the ratification of experience. Man's place in and connexion with the unity of Nature guarantees the instinctive operations of his mind.

This position appears to us impregnable. The terrible forms of "animism" and "anthropomorphism" lose their virtue when they are grasped. To reply that the recognition of purpose is of a piece with the ascription, by ignorant and early races, of a soul to things inanimate, is simply to misread the argument. Not only does the recognition survive the ignorance and the ascription, but it is wholly unaffected by them. A mistake in the localisation of purpose differs *in toto* from the conjuring into existence the purpose itself. So clear was the perception of Mind that it ***had*** to be located somewhere. Neither a physical nor an intellectual necessity is destroyed because the means of supplying it are inadequate, and, by-and-by, are superseded by improved methods. "Anthropomorphism" is deprived of half its terrors when we recollect that by it we do not attribute anthropopsychism to God but theopsychism to man. This is a sufficient answer to the plea that the adaptation of means to ends is unworthy of the Author of Nature, of "the Unconditioned," "the Absolute." According to the hypothesis itself, we know far too little about Him or It to warrant the assertion that this or that is worthy or unworthy. If anthropomorphism is used to discredit our faculties, then the laws of chemical affinity, the very conception of the order and stability of the universe are anthropomorphic also. Perforce men think in terms of their own being even as they see by their own organs of vision. The Duke of Argyll calls natural religion "intuitive theology." The phrase is not altogether a happy one, but it does indicate that anthropo- or theo-psychism

harmonizes with the facts, must be true, or Nature is utterly unintelligible.

But does not the doctrine of evolution render teleology irrational and impossible? Does it not at least dispense with purpose, itself supplying a satisfactory explanation of the universe? Plainly it leaves untouched the witness of language, extreme evolutionists themselves being judges, and furnishing typical evidence. Because the Duke pressed this, he was condemned as an anti-evolutionist, and that despite his repeated protests. His latest work, *Organic Evolution Cross-examined*,[1] declares:

> Nothing can be more certain than that Nature is not hostile to the general idea of development; nor to the general idea of what Mr. Spencer calls organic evolution. Provided these conceptions are so widened as to include that Agency of which all Nature is full . . . provided the development, or evolution, of prevision of the future, and of provision for it, are fully admitted—there is no antagonism between these general conceptions and the facts of Nature. . . . I cannot accept, or even respect, the opinions of men who, in describing the *facts* of Nature, and especially the growth of adaptations of organic structures, use perpetually the language of intention as essential to the understanding of them, and then repudiate the implication of that language when they talk what they call science or philosophy.

If evolution explains better than any other conception *how* things came to be, it leaves the *why* exactly where it found it. If, to adapt a saying of Mother Nature in Kingsley's *Water-babies*, things are made to make themselves, purpose is not dimmed, much less deleted. The right to speak of "accidental variations," of long trains of circumstances as "fortuitously arising," must submit to the test of reason and perception precisely as under any and every theory of method.

It is a little different when we consider individual in-

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[1] The second title, *Some Suggestions on the Great Secret of Biology*, shows that the object is not entirely negative and critical.

stances of plan or preparation. The phenomena of growth, of modification by environment, of slow development by almost imperceptible stages may so conceal design, may intimate so much that seems merely temporary and tentative, may show so much that is apparently useless, that we may hesitate, as we watch the process, to pronounce that this or that is due to set purpose. Yet surely an organ should be studied in its completeness, and not only in its germ or growth, before we can decide on the presence or absence of purpose. Moreover, we are in danger of misinterpreting the process itself.

We deceive ourselves when we think or talk, as the Darwinian school perpetually does, of organs being made or fitted by use. The idea is, strictly speaking, nonsense. They must have been made *for* use, not *by* use, because they have always existed in embryo before the use was possible, and, generally there are stages of growth before they can be put to use. It is, therefore, a fact—not a theory—that during all these stages the lines of development were strictly governed by the end to be attained—that is to say, by the purpose to be fulfilled.

We can scarcely get rid of the notion of superintendence without doing intellectual violence to ourselves ; yet, if we were compelled to relegate purpose to a primordial arrangement of forces, the science of final causes would not be vitiated. The insoluble problem would relate only to the manner of the activity of the Divine Mind.

Caution is requisite lest we put upon teleology a strain that it is incapable of bearing. Often we are told that the argument from design, in any shape, is necessarily worthless without the preliminary assumption of the existence of God. Thus the argument rests upon the principle that it is summoned to prove. Certainly theistic champions have not been sufficiently modest in their demands upon it. By no multiplication of finite instances can we reach the Infinite ; nor by any extension of known laws, or magnifying of principles. Teleology, however, ought never to be called upon for any demonstration of the sort. The perception of purpose is the perception of Mind, but not of an

Infinite Mind. When reason leads to the conviction that the Mind perceived in Nature is Divine, we rely upon metaphysical inference, and upon testimony drawn from a vast variety of sources ranging from the facts of our moral being to a written revelation. All that we ask from physical science is the recognition of Mind. "The bond—the nexus—between the existence of a need and the actual meeting of that need, in the supply of an apparatus, can be nothing but a perceiving mind and will." We do not expect science to carry us a hair's breadth further. Nature can tell us little or nothing of the character of that Mind, of its dispositions towards men.

> Yet furthest realms of space
> In which our largest units die
> Have sent us nought that we can trace,
> That is not also nigh.
> Orion's stars that burn,
> With furious heat and glowing flame,
> Hold naught but elements that turn
> Into our flesh and frame.
> No words of Nature teach,
> However far they bear us hence,
> That we can soar beyond the reach
> Of matter and of sense.[1]

If "the things that are made"—surely inclusive of the moral nature of man—enable us to see clearly "His everlasting power and divinity," that falls very far short of benevolence, mercy, redemption. No chapter of the Duke's contains sounder, soberer, or more reverent reason than that which treats of the "limitations" of "Intuitive Theology." The final step Godwards remains to be taken by faith. The last number of the trilogy discusses the philosophy of *belief*.

III. There is a growing tendency to seek the philosophic basis of theism in, to base the defence against materialism upon, not the discernment of purpose in creation as a whole but the constitution and capacities of man. The recently

[1] *The Burdens of Belief.*

published Gifford Lectures of Dr. John Caird, proceeding entirely upon grounds of pure reason, argue from man's insatiable desire for knowledge; his persuasion whether intuitive or no, that the unknown holds the answers to all his questions; his irresistible reaching forth into the mysteries that environ him; his eager pursuit of an ideal of perfect truth and goodness—that not only may he claim kinship with the Infinite, but that the Infinite lies within him as well as around him. However different its setting, all this is included essentially in the conception of the unity of Nature. The Duke of Argyll does not altogether ignore this portion of the argument. He contends stoutly that infinity is a conception known to science, though he seems to mean rather indestructibility. It would be possible to piece together detached passages of his writings into a cogent exhibition of the nature of man as guarantee of the existence of a personal God. But he has been too much occupied with the proof of Mind indicated by purpose to study the kindred aspect of his subject. The deeper problems of psychology and philosophy are not discussed, even if their bearing on the matter in hand has been perceived.

This scarcely detracts from the actual force of the display of purpose, nor from the acuteness and exceeding aptness of the retorts to and exposures of opposing arguments, yet it leaves one regrettable mark upon all three books, especially the second. Apart from the freedom of the human will, an awkward determinism runs through the representation of Nature. Evil appears to have been not only permitted but compelled, decided on from the first. Cruelty and death are made integral factors in the original plan of finite being. More strangely still, we meet with aspects themselves materialistic. Creation by development is at least silent as to an initial creation. Occasionally the eternity of matter is assumed verbally, and more often the reasoning looks in that direction. Certainly time is treated as self-existent; it is not simply a law of man's thought, or even of God's, but an eternal necessity. Space seems to be regarded in like manner, though less definitely. We doubt if those were the Duke's

genuine judgments; they are quite incompatible with his treatment of Hebrew and Christian theology. Probably they proceed from lack of caution and from concentration of inquiry upon too restricted a field. A more thorough mastery of current philosophy, particularly in its Idealistic relations, would have prevented them. We repeat—they do not greatly detract from the main arguments. We are bound to notice them for their own sake, and because of the use they might be—and have been—put to by antagonists of a sound Christian theism, or a rational and spiritual explanation of the cosmos. As a reply to materialistic misconceptions and sophistries, the books still stand almost alone for their vigour and scope, their forcefulness of criticism, their skill in cross-examination, their fertility of illustration, and their resistless logic, when due allowance is given for the side on which their subject is approached.

IV. On the origin of religion the Duke's doctrine is as courageous as it is reasonable. He puts aside, with quiet scorn, the "fetish" and "ghost" hypotheses. If God does not exist, the history of the invention has yet to be written, its method to be discovered. If God does exist, then "not as the result of any reasoning, but by the same power by which it sees and feels the postulates on which all reasoning rests, the Human Mind may from the very first have felt that it was in contact with a Mind which was the fountain of its own." In some way the Creator would impress Himself upon His intelligent creature; to such intimations the human mind is responsive by its very structure. It is as truly adapted to receive such impressions as the eye to discern light or the ear sound. "There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

Whether or no the knowledge of God reached man thus, whether or no there was from the first more direct communication, for many centuries the world has possessed records professing to be Divine revelation. These are passed in review in order to show that law—order, immutable principles, the adaptation of means to ends—reigns through-

out. Both exegesis and theology are often those of the well read amateur rather than the expert, but the point endeavoured is proved abundantly. Christianity fits in completely with the unity of Nature; and supplies adequate answers to the problems of existence where all non-Christian philosophies have failed conspicuously. This alone may not prove the truth of Christianity, though it goes some considerable distance in the direction of proof; but it obviates objections, and links science, philosophy, and religion into one. The Duke does not always rise to the full height of his argument; and his deliberate determination to avoid matters controverted amongst Christians, the Atonement, to wit, leaves more than one obtrusive hiatus. We miss, too, some discussion of the rationale of miracle, except as it is implied in the suggestive chapter on Prayer, where the right and power of the Supreme Being to grant requests without violation, indeed by the use, of law, just as men can and do in an infinitely narrower sphere, are vindicated. On the other hand, the Christian doctrine of sin is set forth as the sole possible account of the one great anomaly in the universe, the moral character of man. Thus we are brought to see the necessity of regeneration, and its harmony with the constitution and course of nature. But the verification of experience—surely connected integrally with the subject—is passed over in nearly complete silence. The absence of the crown and consummation of a noble structure depresses and discourages.

Clear and hearty acknowledgment of the Christian revelation so lightens the burden of intuitive theology that it is not subjected to overstrain. Christ is recognised as the beginning of the creation of God, and its ultimate unification and goal. Hence the Duke of Argyll's contribution to the defence of religion which runs, to a great extent, parallel with the much more massive work of Dr. Martineau, has a practical value that the non-Christian metaphysician's could not attain. The severest and strongest thought of our day approximates more and more closely to the conclusion that the only satisfactory theism must be Trinitarian. The Duke

does not reach this position formally—indeed, he seems to have shrunk from its enunciation; but the very harmony of his last chapters with his first manifests it. The theistic creed cannot but include immortality; and its philosophy demands it. The Duke furnishes no such ardent argument for a future life as the Unitarian thinker. Immortality does not occupy so large a place in his system as in Mr. Gladstone's theology. Mind, purpose, law, the subordination of means to ends fill his thought. He is content to demonstrate the universal prevalence of these. The rest follows in inevitable and joyful sequence, if only from the trustworthiness of our higher no less than of our lower instincts.

Regarding the three volumes as one book, two faults are apparent. The years that separate the volumes cause an enormous and provoking amount of repetition in substance and in expression. Then the spirit of the saying, "What I have written I have written," exercises too dominant an influence. Corrections, modifications of view may be found, but they are never admitted, to the great detriment of real consistency. If the argument of the book could be rearranged, perfectly harmonized, and compressed into a single volume, no small service would be rendered to the general faith. The teleology is more popular, more combative, more intelligible to the ordinary reader, more comprehensive, perhaps more convincing, if less philosophic and subtil than Dr. Martineau's. The reasoning can be understanded of the people, and appeals to them, whilst it claims the attention of student and thinker. The merit and usefulness of the successful performance of such a task are discounted very lightly by occasional slips and omissions in metaphysics.

The Duke's style unmistakably reveals the man. Usually it cares little for grace, much for lucidity and strength. Tricks of magazine writing disfigure nearly every page. Usually everything gives way to vigorous and telling polemic. A few passages evince a lofty rhetoric, a less number a certain poetic beauty and delicacy. For the most

part, we have plain speech, satisfied to express its own meaning without ornament. A debater by constitution, training, habit, the Duke writes as in the presence of a personal opponent. Nevertheless notes of heartfelt religion are heard now and again. "In Thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded" lies at the root of exposition and controversy. The intelligibility of the universe does not hide its mystery. The vindication of knowledge is joined to profound humility and confession of ignorance. "We know in part," but enough to lead from Nature up to Nature's God; to accept the Christian revelation as the solvent of difficulty, as the one guide to peace and salvation.

> Mysteries unsolved? Ah, yes,
> Of these our cup is full to brim—
> Yet light enough to guide and bless,
> Enough to follow Him.
> No darkest doubt dissolves in flame,
> To those who will not hear His call;
> There is no other Name.
> None other sheds one ray,
> One single ray of living light,
> To strike this world, and chase away
> The darkness of its night![1]

A sober agnosticism combined with the thankful acceptation of the limited knowledge vouchsafed issues in strong confidence and a good hope through grace.

J. ROBINSON GREGORY.

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[1] *The Burdens of Belief.*

THE PRAISE OF GARDENS.

1. *The Praise of Gardens.* An Epitome of the Literature of Garden-Art. With an Historical Epilogue. By ALBERT FORBES SIEVEKING, F.S.A. With Illustrations. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1899.)

2. *Our Gardens.* By S. REYNOLDS HOLE. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1899.)

3. *Wood and Garden.* By GERTRUDE JEKYLL. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1900.)

4. *A World in a Garden.* By R. NEISH. (London: J. M. Dent & Co. 1899.)

MR. SIEVEKING'S scholarly book is a rich treasury of garden lore. It is a chronicle of the dreams, ideals, and labours of lovers of the garden art in every age and country; from early Egyptian times—long before Solomon entreated the south wind to blow upon his garden, or Homer sang of these "splendid gifts of the gods"—down to yesterday; in the far away indulgent, drowsy East with its sun-drenched Edens; in ancient Greece and Rome, where all was ordered and stately; in Persia, where the rose riots in tangled groves filling with luxurious fragrance the haunts of the nightingale; in mediæval and modern Italy, where, in sweet nooks, in the shelter of dark ilex woods, the pale gold of the lemon gleams, "scarlet passion-flowers burn in drifted fire spots," myriads of flushed cyclamen bloom, and lawns, bespangled with the dust of all gems and lily-fringed, slope down to lakes as blue as the pavement of heaven. Nor are France and Holland omitted. In the former country, in seeking to perfect architectural gardening, with its alleys and grottoes,

its statuary and fountains, its painted skies and hills, its labyrinths and cabinets of verdure, the climax of fantastic artificiality was reached: in the latter, flora was made to march in line, and all the wild pranks of the wayward beauty were severely restrained; she was reduced to trimness and primness, and her vesture and fragrances carefully prescribed. England, Mr. Sieveking shows, has been the age-long home of the loveliest of gardens. All types have flourished in their turn—the Renaissance, the Elizabethan, the Stuart, the symmetrical garden of the seventeenth century, the sentimental and landscape schools founded on painting, and the "natural" style, and all have combined, at length, to form the delightsome place that is known as the English garden. Our modern English gardens challenge the world. From every part of the globe exquisite shrubs and flowers have been brought to enrich them, and to contribute to the ideal beauty which characterises the best of them. Formality and painful stiffness have given place to careless grace, to naturalness, to congruity in arrangement, to manifold harmonies of colouring and form in leaf and blossom.

The historical epilogue at the close of the volume is of much value as presenting a consecutive account of the development, sway, and decline of the respective styles of gardening spoken of above, in their almost infinite variety and modification of treatment.

Dean Hole's *Our Gardens* is the work of an enthusiastic gardener of old experience. As Oliver Wendell Holmes might have said, he has scaled the eight-barred gate of life. An "octogeranium," he tells us, some of his friends have called him—a famous rose-grower, a poet in his reverent delight in beautiful form and colour. The book is full of sunshine and sweet odour as it is of practical knowledge of his loved art, of tender and mellow wisdom, and of brooding peace that casts its spell over us like the charm of October days. It deals with the whole art and mystery by which are brought into being and perfected things more delicately finished, more chaste or more gorgeous in hue and tone,

more exquisitely shaped in star and cluster, in vase and graceful bell, than lathe of lapidary or graver's tool ever produced. It lingers leisurely over rose-gardens of royal munificence and of great diversity of colour; over rock-gardens where species, niggard of leaf, but libertines in blossom, contrast pleasantly with cool mosses and gray stones, with the docile drooping ferns that naturalise themselves wherever a handful of peat is placed for their roots, and the convolvulus that aspires sunward, leaving in the shadow they love the tiny flora gathered hither from Alpine heights, and English woodland and combe and river-side; over water-gardens with many an iris and lily, charming beyond the power of words to paint, with sweet flag and flowering rush, and the Osmunda and kindred plants that love to dip their feet and mirror their tresses in the shallows; over wild gardens, the abode of the forerunners of the spring where, when the primrose and daffodil are faded, the wilding rose

> grows
> Mystic, shining on the tufted bowers,
> And burns its incense to the summer hours,

and joins with a multitude of field flowers and troops of merry birds in conveying messages of gladness to those whose ears are open to hear nature's voices; over cottage gardens, children's gardens, and cemetery gardens, the last no longer, in many cases, neglected and abandoned to rank nettles, but made beautiful by reverent, loving hands, the forget-me-not growing in the shadow of the cypress; and over the garden of odours, of old-fashioned sweet-scented herbs, thyme, marjoram, and lad's-love, puritan plants, modest, unsmiling, plainly garbed, yet distilling fragrance more welcome than the aromas of the spices of the Orient.

The gardens contemplated in these volumes are chiefly on a large scale. Picturesque, austere oaks flank wild cherry-trees, blossoming showers of snow in May. Maples are here, gleaming silver in the advance of the year, flaming torches to light her autumn retreat; almonds, the most exhilarating of flowering trees; acacias and scarlet-fruited

arbutus; japonicas dividing the seasons with gold-green leaf and red berries; azaleas with garniture of all hues from

gold so pure it half refines to white

to brilliant rose; the barberry, ripe orange in spring and vermilion in autumn, and the judas-tree ever blood-dyed.

Behind screens of larch, in wide herbaceous borders, among a hundred shrubs and plants, flourish spiræas of endless variety of colouring, hydrangeas carrying their flowers into the heart of winter, bright *deutzias* from far Japan, the magnificent old-time but not out-worn *Ribes sanguineum* clothed in glorious bloom, and a gay band of less familiar species whose principal want is enfranchisement from the uncouth names which botanists devoid of any spark of poetry have fastened upon them—and roses, witching roses (of which we shall have more to say), beyond all flowers, roses of ineffable splendour.

Houses, the dean thinks, must be covered, despite the protests of architects, with greenery and blossom,—with magnolias, glossy of leaf, of great roseate globe-like flower-bud, and superb and snow-white flower-chalice; with the lilac and purple of clematis and wistaria, with sumptuous, languid passion-flowers and sun-loving jasmines and myrtles, with clambering roses and honeysuckles that interweave their trailing sprays, their tassels and gems, and with the Virginian creeper—a climber that writes the elegy of the dying summer in letters of flame. And these are but a sample of the plants that wait the bidding of man to lend their grace to his dwelling. A thousand species and varieties of trees and shrubs will grow in this country in the open air.

The ground is to be carpeted with flowers to the trunks of the trees. To produce delightful effects of colour, plants are to be disposed in masses—blues here and purples there, violets in one parterre and pinks in another, reds blazing over against a glitter of orange, pale demure beauties of fragile shapeliness standing in a group by themselves in half-shadow, and then, in a crowd, the aristocracy of the

garden proudly tossing their heads in the wind and displaying their charms. Frames of contrasting varieties are to set off entrancingly glowing breadths of bloom. Turk's-cap lilies shine out of a background of juniper; roses kindle their lamps in the vicinity of dark-hued foliage; poppies with their lurid crimsons neighbour white lupines; irises, pure snow, gray-white, pale blue, gold on white, purple pranked with orange, lifting their heads above dark green or gold-green leaves, find fitting environment in lilies of harmonious shades,—a trance of sweetness, symbolising the splendour of purity.

Our only criticism of volumes like *Our Gardens* and *Wood and Garden* is that the gardens which they appraise and appreciate are for the most part those which are out of the reach of any but the wealthy and the leisured. Few persons have either the time or the means to furnish or to care for these paradises of gigantic trees, of exotic shrubs that must be planted in the eye of the sun and out of the cold winds; gardens where the water lies in clear lakes, starred with rare lilies, or flows musically between banks aglow with colour, where closely grown hedges of evergreens afford shelter, where the well kept paths wind through scenes of beauty, where fountains play, and marble statues add their touch of classic grace—gardens needing a host of workmen to care for them. These coveted possessions of the few are but "sumptuous and selfish seclusions," save where by unselfishness they are made the joy of the many.

Our common gardens have their charm. To-day, as we write, there is a keen wind, but in sheltered places the sunshine is pleasant. The plants are beginning

> To turn the light and dews by inward power
> To their own substance.

From the green bank under the privet hedge the primroses look up with clear, unaffected gaze. The periwinkle in the open is a galaxy of tiny white stars much smaller than their shy hyacinthine fellows in the fuchsia border where the soil

has been enriched with leaf-waste. The blue species trail their wreaths (the white have no wreaths; they are a dense cluster) in the intervals between the bushes. The wall-flowers are full of fragrant blossom. The scent fills the garden and the lane adjoining. What a lovable old flower this is!—early to bloom, long to bear its floral wealth, among the last of the children of the sun to retreat before advancing winter; sowing itself, giving little trouble, exacting no care, loved by bees and sweet-lipped butterflies. Auriculas, orange, lilac, dark crimson, lie snugly under a breadth of pinks whose day of blooming is not yet, and a line of narcissus just unfolding its white, gold-hearted blossoms. Tulips are in rich bravery of many hues, and anemones and pansies in modest array, regardless of the cold breezes. The meadows around are gold-mosaic.

> Spring is come home with her world-wandering feet,
> And all things are made young.

On the footsteps of spring attend the birds. Their *jubilate* rings through the garden. The thrush is toying mellifluously with his song, playing with it as Paganini might with his violin, lingering over its sweetnesses, varying his strain as he answers the challengings of a rival singer. A blackbird pours out his soft, flute-like melody. He has haunted the garden all the winter. Now he has mated with a thrush, and they have their nest in a laurel-bush. He is a singularly marked bird, having a narrow ring of pure white feathers around his neck, but he is not a ring-ousel. His orchestra is a laburnum whose trailing blossom is as the spray of a cascade of gold. Linnets, the garden warbler, the wood-wren with his wildly sweet note, suggesting the remoteness and solitude of green woodland, and other birds more voluble than musical, complete the garden choir. To note the ways of the birds, so artless, so confiding when kindly treated, with such strong affection for their offspring, such labour on their behalf, is to learn wisdom at Nature's feet. Last spring a pair of little spotted flycatchers built in a plum-tree against one of our gables. The mother bird was killed by a cat

when there were young in the nest. After bemoaning his loss for a while, the male bird turned to his domestic duties and alone reared his family, caring for the tiny bits of fluff, and feeding them, until, full-fledged, they took their flight. These charming and useful creatures of sweet song and soft plumage should be welcomed as the natural ornaments of the garden. Only ignorance or selfishness would expel them as pilferers and pests. "I value my garden," said Joseph Addison, "more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs." Richard Owen was asked why he did not protect his cherries. He replied that they were "the salaries of his orchestra." But to bring to reason bird-persecutors, fortified by some armchair naturalists, is the despair of observers of avian *life*—not of textbooks and bones—whose study is the lush grass and the rustic seat under the fruit tree.

Here, too, we watch the clouds at sunset, the pageantry of dying day; and sunsets over the western sea are for Britain unique in their splendour. Now there are lakes of crimson sky whose shallow margins are purple shading off into delicate azure-tinted pearl; then the whole west grows flamant "in one vast flowerage of fire."

The strait that lies before us reflects every cloud with absolute truth of form and colour. When the sun has set, and the "usurping moon" comes out in whiteness, it is impossible at times to distinguish the reflections in the water of the heavens and of the trees that fringe the strait from the things which are reflected. Reflection and substance become blended as in a dream. The beginning of the one and the ending of the other are blotted out in filmy half-illumined mists and the dusky beams of the moon. Soft, sweet shadows and the shapes of reality are blurred silver-gray, interfused, and lost in utter indistinctness. We seem to be in an unreal world, but the white light grows clearer, the vapour disperses, and reveals

the steadfast beauty of the scene.

A still summer night in the garden holds a strange

enchantment. We have watched the opal tints die out of the sky, and the purple haze on the mountains deepen till the great peaks faded gradually out of sight. The night-jar's note came out of the gorse slopes above the garden. Half-way between dewy twilight and grim darkness the night halted. The stars came out "to listen to the music of the sea," which not far away laves our coast, and to illumine its depths with long tapers of pale flame.

> Odour and song embalm the day's decline.

The little sedge-bird sings its whimsical, winsome song, the resilient tide chimes on the beach, the corncrake grinds out its harsh, tuneless cry—these are almost the only sounds that break the stillness. On and on, joyfully, wildly carols the tiny bird, one of the sweetest things out of heaven,—

> Like an enamoured rivulet that flows
> Under a night of leaves and flowering may,—

uplifting our thought, deepening it, and linking us, in conscious sympathy, to the great universe around with its order and harmony, its enigmas and mysteries; and to Him who seems to fill the night with His holy Presence, to enfold us, to lay a soothing hand upon us, and to speak to us out of the silences. The flowers slept around, their colours viewless in the gloom; the feathered choristers of the day nestled with their callow younglings in the bushes; the glow-worm came out with its lamp; the restless city was far away; eternity projected itself into time. How illusive appeared gold and place and plaudit! How real the things of the soul! A great peace brooded over nature, and gathered itself familiarly into the quiet heart.

We cannot boast of many exotics in the garden we love. In truth, we have little but pity for many of these—exiled, brought hither by ruthless invaders from distant lands across the seas in dismal under-deck chambers, where no sun ever greets them, where the light is as darkness, where the rain never quenches their thirst; landing shrivelled and half-

dead in our fickle climate—to pine and bear their blanched and dwarfed blooms, notwithstanding the efforts made by zealous gardeners to awake their dormant energies, and woo from them, beneath our grayer skies, the glory of blossom that won for them admiration in the more bounteous land of their birth. Some exotics, without doubt, adapt themselves to the new conditions of existence that meet them here; but a greater number seem ever, in their wan blossoms and sickly leafage, to sigh for their southern or eastern home. The best of them, in their brilliance, are apt to look somewhat out of place among our homely flowers, as birds of paradise and jewelled macaws would among the linnets and starlings of our English landscape. "They doo not grow for us," says an old writer, "because that God hath bestowed sufficient commodities upon everie countrie for his owne necessitie; yet for delectation sake unto the eie and their odoriferous savours unto the nose, they are to be cherished, and God to be glorified also in them, because they are His good gifts." Since Cobden, this will hardly pass. Yet give us chiefly our indigenous flowers, or those that, in process of time, have become thoroughly naturalised. What flower can surpass the rose? whether it be the briar-rose of our country lanes, with its petals of beaten light, exhaling nature's purest gladness; or the burnet rose (so called) with its clusters of lemon-gold; or the double pink rose, with its perfume and its dainty heart of deeper colour; or one of a host, which to name would be a bewilderment, of coldest white, of all tones of gold, of vivid scarlet, of crimsons

> Saturate with purple glows,
> Cupped to the marge with beauty;

blooming in every season, a sequence of loveliness from May to December. For compass of colour, form, and fragrance the rose is easily first of the flowers in our garden.

Old-time plants of which we never tire grow around. Here is lavender in the border with carnations of rustic

fame,—the fair maid of Kent, the lustie gallant, the pale pageant! The eglantine entwines its scented sprays in the trellis. The snowdrop has long since faded, but the gladiola

hails far summer with its lifted spear.

The foxglove has crept in from the woods, the meadow-sweet from the pastures, the forget-me-not from the margins of sunny streams, and the columbine from ancient banks and braes. Under the leaves of sheltering shrubs, the heart's-ease hides, nor complains that its protectors steal from it the light. Here are larkspurs of all shades, sweet-williams, peonies, stocks, valerias, Jacob's-ladder—all "true clients of the sun," glorious in colour, vintages of scent, "golden markets of the bees."

How the face of the garden changes from day to day! The grass loses its predominant greenness in the multitude of wild flowers that spring up through it. The brown earth is transformed into a canvas on which is painted a marvellous picture of heightening beauty. The flush of warm colour grows with the advancing season. The pearly white of the snowdrop, the pallor of a winter dawn, is followed by the tender yellow of the primrose, and this by the gleaming gold of the daffodil. The blood-tinted orange of the nasturtiums leads on to the mellowing tones of ripening cornfields. The violet pales before the rose; and the rose, royal mistress of the empire of flowers, is put to shame by the "flapping flame" of the vagrant poppy—

drowsed in sleepy savageries.

The trees have exchanged their delicate spring-greens and their gossamer mist of vapour-gray for stronger hues. Gradually the rainbow glory of the unshorn lawn and the meadow will die back into the quiet green of the grass—the most pleasing and enduring and restful of natural colours.

Reference has been made to the fragrance of flowers. There are no scents so subtle, so delicious as those which

nature extracts from rose-heart and lily, from sweet-briar, young larch and fresh bracken, and a thousand flowers beside, pouring them out upon the winds, till

> from sky to sod
> The world's unfolded blossom smells of God.

They are the sweet vehicles of still sweeter thoughts and emotions; they have a strange power to awaken memories, and summon vanished scenes to the mind. Mr. W. H. Hudson, the naturalist of La Plata, tells us that the scent of an evening primrose—his favourite flower of long ago in the wild gardens of South America—causes him a shock of keen pleasure, and a mental change so great that it is "like a miracle."

"I am again," he says, "on the grassy pampas, where I have been sleeping soundly under the stars. It is the moment of wakening, when my eyes are just opening to the pure over-arching sky, flushed in its eastern half with tender colour; and at the moment that nature thus reveals itself to my vision in its exquisite morning freshness and beauty, I am sensible of the subtle primrose perfume in the air. The blossoms are all about me, as if the morning wind had blown them out of that eastern sky and scattered their pale yellow stars in millions over the surface of the tall sere grass."

And nothing that we can see or hear can in the same way restore the past. It is said of Cuvier that the perfume of some flower familiar to him in his boyhood always affected him to tears, as it recalled to his memory vanished happiness. We have no space to linger over the physiological and psychological problems involved in this; but it would seem, as Mr. Hudson contends, that smell must be raised to the rank of an intellectual sense,—and that

> Odours . . .
> Live with the sense they quicken.

Perfumes of flowers are strongest by night, and this fact leads Heine to the pretty conceit that as the human heart feels the most powerful emotions by night when it is alone, so

the flowers wait for concealing darkness that they may give themselves wholly to their feelings and breathe them out in sweet odours.

Early autumn in the garden has its own charms. The light grows softer with the shortening days; more superb grow the sunsets. The air is laden with the fragrance of thyme and ripening fruits. Some of our roses, stocks, and hollyhocks are still in bloom. The dahlias and gladiolas are in great glory of colour. The bees seem eager to complete their labours, and hum incessantly in orchards and clover-scented meadows. After a night of wind, the rose petals strew the grass like flakes of crimson snow. The banners of the trees

> Brighter than the brightest silks of Samarkand

are being gradually unfurled. The evenings are especially delightful, as the great harvest moon comes out, and

> Silently, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
> Blossom the lovely stars.

As the season advances, October pensiveness merges into sombreness. The wreck of plants and shrubs encumbers the garden. The Virginian creeper hangs dishevelled against the wall, its fiery splendour vanished. The trees, now in vestures of rich bronzes and singed reds, of orange and ivory, are rapidly disrobing. Honeysuckle and hawthorn display their ruddy fruit. Wild cherries, among the earliest to bloom, are already bare. "The wind sobs disconsolately over a waste of dying flowers." The mists of the late morning clasp those of the early afternoon across the strip of sunshine that grows narrower every day. Still the lark sings at the gate of heaven, and the cunning spider spins his slender cables and his wondrous nets of sheeny gossamer.

We would remind those who cannot boast of a garden that our England is itself a garden,—the common garden of the people. Hills clad with purple heather or golden gorse; stretches of upland carpeted with the bronze of faded fern

in winter, or with its lustrous green in early summer; lichen-painted masses of granite rising out of moss-clad moors; pine-woods whose red stems glow under a canopy of dark foliage; oak forests where ancient giants sternly wrestle with winter storms or relent into a dream of green loveliness under the caresses of May; birch copses with their harmonies of silver-gray in bole and bough, and their cloud-like tresses of gray-green leafage; woodland flowers —the anemone, the frail white stars of the wood-sorrel, the tassels of the cowslip, the sapphire-hued hyacinth, and the wild strawberry; green meadows, gemmed with gold to-day and with pearl to-morrow; valleys covered over with corn; streams that flow through scenes of rare beauty, hearing in the enchanted silence only their own voices and the carol of solitary birds; and pictures of quiet homes, framed in stately trees, where plenty still waits on labour and thrift,—what need to bemoan the want of a garden inclosed when this great garden offers itself to our hours of relaxation and rest?

The benefits that accrue from a garden are manifold. We make no reference to pecuniary advantages; but who can doubt that intelligently to produce loveliness, and to contemplate loveliness, fosters what is best in the mind, contributing to its moral elevation? "A garden is a filter to filter the grossness out of us." It is friendly to every virtue, it creates a taste for minute observation, and it refreshes the gentle, generous, noble soul. It has a poetical and spiritual beauty which is more than colour, light, and shade,—and to which these minister. Thoughtful lovers of nature ever recognise this, and garner these mystic delights, and, as Wordsworth sings,

> in lonely rooms and 'mid the din
> Of towns and cities, have owed to them,
> In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
> Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart.

Mr. Neish's *A World in a Garden*, a delightful book, makes this aspect of the garden prominent.

A garden adds to the interest and enrichment of life, providing another link of attachment to the home; a needed link,—for the home is often neglected for the club and for outside sources of amusement. What could be more refreshing after the toil of the day

In dusky lane and crowded mart,

with the fret and heat of business, than an hour or two spent amid the unfolding leafery of spring, or the rich blooms of summer, or the pageant of autumn, watching the processes of nature? Are not the hues of flowers, the music of birds, the hum of insects, the gentle sigh of the wind in grass and trees, the subduing calm of twilight, the employments of the garden more conducive to health and happiness than the excitements of the resorts of the ordinary pleasure-seeker? We make no mention of higher things —of lofty thoughts of God, of life with its mysteries, of the lessons of swift decay and certain resurrection, of solicitude and affection, of patience and hope—that come to men in such a place, even if the garden be a poor one, if the bushes be unkempt, the paths weedy, and the flowers only of the commonest. We cannot do better than close with Douglas Jerrold's saying that "a garden is a beautiful book, writ by the finger of God; every flower and leaf a letter."

R. CORLETT COWELL.

RECENT STUDIES IN THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF JESUS.

1. *The Student's Life of Jesus.* By GEORGE HOLLEY GILBERT, D.D. (London: Macmillan & Co.)

2. *The Christology of Jesus.* By Rev. JAMES STALKER, M.A., D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1899.)

3. *Quelques Traits du Jésus de l'Histoire.* Par J. DE VISME. (Montauban. 1899.)

4. *Studies of the Portrait of Christ.* By Rev. GEORGE MATHESON, M.A., D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1899.)

IT is the duty of the theologian to watch with jealous eye the literature, whether critical or devotional, which gathers round the history of Jesus. Nor should the intelligent believer ignore the instruction and profit involved even in a general acquaintance with the tendencies of such literature. The theme is inexhaustible, and it is not surprising that hardly a decade passes without some new method or phase of interpretation coming into vogue. There are signs that the merely picturesque life of Christ, which weaves about the story of the gospels a graphic narrative, abounding in descriptions of local landscapes, customs, and the like, is yielding even in popular appreciation to a more critical type of work, such as Germany has always taken the lead in producing. The prevailing tendency to-day is to scrutinise the self-consciousness of Jesus, and to interpret it by the local and national conditions of life and thought in which it developed. Dr. Sanday's

remark[1] that the classical life of Christ has yet to be written will be endorsed by all, though not all will go with him when he suggests that Newman might have done it. Newman certainly had some supreme qualifications for the task—a wide erudition, an adequate historical grasp, a singular capacity for subtle and logical analysis, an unquestioned devoutness of spirit, and an equally undoubted charm of style; but we cannot help thinking that his intellectual sympathies were cast in too rigid a mould, and were not sufficiently informed by the qualities of sweet reasonableness and patient, large-minded tolerance. What is needed is a critical and scientific treatment of the facts, undertaken in a fearless as well as a reverent spirit. It is doubtless true that faith is an essential qualification; but faith has to be open-minded, discriminating, and courageous.

It will be conceded by all that a life of Christ must begin with an adequate discussion of the origin and historicity of the gospels. There is no problem in literature so delicate and complex as this. And yet we venture to think this is the problem of which a solution is urgent in the interests of the Church. An immense amount of patient investigation has been given to the subject. The time has surely arrived when we might ask for some assured result of criticism—an historical residuum which all parties might agree to accept. The wave of criticism which for a generation has been sweeping over the Pauline epistles has spent itself, with the result that certain epistles, universally accepted as authentic and dating before our gospels, stand out like rocks above the retreating tide. It is a great gain to have these landmarks. They are a kind of historical norm of the conception of Jesus which dominated the Christian world less than thirty years after Christ's death. For example, they enable us to appraise at its true value the attenuated primitive gospel, which a skilful scholar, like Wendt, evolves by a series of ingenious assumptions from our four gospels. All curious readers may find in a valuable

[1] See article "Jesus Christ," in Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, p. 653.

appendix[1] to Dr. Stalker's book the process by which Wendt reaches this document, and turns it out ready made in Greek I Suffice it to say that in this original gospel Jesus is the son of Joseph, had no pre-existence, was not acknowledged as the Messiah by the Baptist, healed the sick by virtue of his medical knowledge but did not raise the dead, and finally did not Himself rise from the tomb. The plausibility of this attempt ceases to be startling, when we ask if this is the class of facts that St. Paul had before him when he wrote his epistles and founded his churches.

Yet we may take it for granted that attempts will be made to get behind the gospels to the original framework of teaching and narrative, so long as the assumption prevails that even the gospel of Mark—now generally believed to be the oldest of the three synoptists—originated from an "original" Mark, together with certain reminiscences of Peter, which, according to Papias, were embodied in the composition. The fact is, there is no question on which scholars are so divided as this of the origin and mutual relationship of the gospels. It is also obvious that an unlimited field of inquiry is opened up by the theory that the synoptic gospels, as we have them, were based on written gospels.

The whole subject receives careful discussion in the introductory chapter of Dr. Gilbert's book. Of this volume we may say that it goes a long way towards fulfilling the conditions sketched above which make for a modern ideal life of Jesus. Within its limits we have met with nothing so fresh and valuable in recent literature of this order. Disclaiming any attempt to rival the great lives of Christ, to discuss the teaching of Jesus,—a theme by itself,—or to weave the facts into a romance and to draw devotional lessons therefrom, it is a condensed, scientific, yet reverent study addressed to students who wish to get at the facts. It is, therefore, with something of surprise that we find

[1] Containing an account of Wendt's untranslated volume on the teaching of Christ: *Christology of Jesus*, pp. 247–268.

Dr. Gilbert arguing, in contradistinction to German opinion, in favour of the mutual independence of the synoptic gospels. He accounts for the agreement of their statements by presupposing not a written source, but a stereotyped oral tradition. He does not, indeed, deny the probability of written sources being used in the composition of Matthew and Luke, and in a lesser degree in the case of Mark; but he thinks that the hypothesis of written sources in explanation of their verbal agreement is inconclusive, while their differences in reporting the same narratives are equally unfavourable to the assumption. "The large element of wholly peculiar matter in each gospel, especially in the first and third, as well as the independence of each writer in presenting that matter which he has in common with the others, seems to point back to a time when no record either of the words or deeds of Jesus had gained a recognised standing in the Christian community" (p. 44). Whether Dr. Gilbert carries conviction or not to the minds of his readers, he has stated his views in a manner to inspire respect. The theory which he supports, though old-fashioned, may yet emerge into new prominence.

For general readers, however, more important than the question, How did the gospels come to be? is the question, What is their historical value? In favour of their general trustworthiness Dr. Gilbert offers some cogent arguments; but we venture to think he rather weakens his case by making exceptions of incidents which do not appear to have been the reports of eye-witnesses. Among these may be noted the descent of an angel on Easter morning, his rolling away of the stone, the rending of the veil in the temple at the death of Jesus, and the appearance of the risen saints, who entered Jerusalem after the resurrection. Dr. Gilbert's general treatment of the supernatural elements of the gospel is so reverent, that we cannot suppose him to cherish any *a priori* objection to the occurrence of marvellous phenomena in connexion with events so unique as the death and resurrection of our Lord. It is a matter of evidence with him. But we do not consider that the

absence of allusion in Jewish literature to the rending of the veil is to be taken as an adequate reason for doubting the historical character of the incident. Nor is the treatment of the resurrection of the saints more convincing, though the difficulties of Matthew's statements may be readily admitted. Dr. Gilbert suggests that the whole story is "an attempt to put into historical and objective form the true thought that Christ's resurrection stood in vital relation to the resurrection of all the saints, and that, as Paul says, "Christ was the firstfruits of them that slept." Yet this suggestion still leaves the incident a myth. The narrative asserts that there occurred a visible manifestation of the effect of Christ's resurrection on the realm of the departed. The detailed explanation of this extraordinary event may escape us; but we are only landed in another difficulty, if we suppose that Matthew incorporated an objective presentation of a current Christian conception in the middle of an admittedly historical narrative. A similar tendency to deny the objective reality of events related by the historian is also seen in the treatment of the Transfiguration. Here we have the account of eye-witnesses; but Dr. Gilbert believes that while they were asleep a divine vision, or trance, was granted to them, in the course of which they saw Jesus glorified, and Moses and Elijah conversing with Him. It was when they came out of this trance that they saw no one but Jesus only. The narratives certainly do not convey the impression that it was a purely subjective experience of which they were conscious. Luke expressly states that it was "when they were fully awake"[1] that they saw His glory and the two men that were with Him. The explanation of the event as a vision vouchsafed to three men, in which they saw and heard simultaneously the same things, makes a greater strain on one's credulity than the obvious inference that there was a certain objective foundation for what the disciples were convinced they saw and heard on the Mount of Transfiguration. But we do not

[1] Luke ix. 32: *διαγρηγορήσαντες*.

wish by these criticisms to convey the impression that our author consistently endeavours to give a naturalistic account of the miraculous incidents of the gospels. On the contrary, it is where the statements of the gospel are capable of different interpretations, or where there may be reasonable doubt as to their historical character, that he submits the whole narrative to a careful scrutiny. This fearless facing of the difficulties is an admirable feature of this little volume, for which the author deserves the gratitude of all students. It is here where the popular life of Christ is wanting, making little or no attempt to satisfy the critical instincts of its readers.

We ought to have noted that Dr. Gilbert strongly believes in the historicity of the fourth gospel. He is convinced even of the trustworthiness of the discourses, though he admits they have received a peculiar colouring and setting in passing through the apostle's consciousness. It is satisfactory, too, to be assured that there is no real contradiction between the portraiture of Jesus here and that of the synoptists. Even the prologue, with its special conception of the Logos, he considers to have better roots in the Old Testament and in the teaching of Jesus than it has in Philo. And to those who deny the authenticity of the fourth gospel he puts the unanswerable question, "Who is the wondrous stranger of the second century who, untouched by any of its weaknesses, towered a full head above all the ecclesiastical dignitaries of his time, and nevertheless, personally considered, remained absolutely unknown?"

We must not leave the book without also noting its successful attempt to harmonize the four gospels in their account of the divisions of our Lord's ministry. A chronological and topographical outline of the ministry is deduced from a careful study of the gospels, and this cannot but be of great value to all those who have found difficulty in reconciling the discrepancies of the evangelic testimony on this subject.

Dr. Stalker's volume on the Christology of Jesus is the first of three studies, the other two in contemplation being

respectively a study of the Ethic of Jesus and a general study of the teaching of Jesus as recorded by St. John. As the author is a firm believer in the authenticity of the fourth gospel, we wish his plan had admitted of his giving a conspectus of the Christology of Jesus as it appears in all four gospels, and similarly also of the Ethic of Jesus. This is Wendt's method, and Dr. Stalker commends its effectiveness in Wendt's hands, but he believes that "it scarcely does justice to St. John, whose ideas are torn from their natural context, and not infrequently somewhat distorted in the process." He gives as another reason for not following this plan, the present state of criticism. Not a few will feel that Dr. Stalker exaggerates the extent of the movement against John's authenticity. But granting the wide area of the revolt against John, it is possible to prove that the Johannean witness to the teaching of Jesus confirms and completes the synoptic witness in many important features, and is not to be regarded as a separable and unique formation, standing wholly apart, far remote alike in date and character, from the synoptic gospels.

It is natural that Dr. Stalker should begin his study by emphasising the importance of the teaching of Jesus. In the modern theological world the words of Jesus have attained an extraordinary prominence, and Dr. Stalker seems to be justified in his prophecy that "in the next fifty years the books on the teaching of Jesus will probably be as numerous as in the last fifty years have been those on His life." The subject is receiving close investigation in this country and on the Continent; and there are abundant reasons why the Christian consciousness should diligently and lovingly study the utterances of Jesus. It is obvious, for example, that grave theological issues affecting the doctrine of the person of Christ hang on the results of such a study as Dr. Stalker here conducts into Christ's teaching about Himself. But the tendency to exalt Christ's teaching, like all similar phases in the history of Christian thought, is in danger of being carried to excess. In a delightful passage Dr. Stalker rallies Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) on his

exaltation of the words of Jesus to a new theological standard or creed ; but we think he hardly goes far enough in protesting against the over-emphasis which is placed upon them in many quarters. Nor will he carry all his readers with him when he states that "Christ's earthly history, His miracles, and His sufferings are all words of the Word *on a level with*[1] His spoken words." On the contrary, it may be justly maintained that the culminating acts of the Cross and the Resurrection, which founded the Christian Church, are more than His spoken words, and that His teaching in comparison occupies a subsidiary and inferior place in the great purposes of His incarnation. However closely the Christian consciousness may dwell on the utterances of Jesus in the days of His flesh,—and no one will deny that this is a duty not to be neglected,—the fact remains that it is the central act of Calvary which is the original and eternally potent element of the Christian revelation. The world was saved by Christ, not from the plane of ethical instruction, but from the plane of redemptive and sacrificial suffering.

Dr. Stalker admits, in his chapter on Jesus as the Redeemer, that "at no period of His ministry was the thought of His death foreign to Him, and that during the last year of His life it was an ever-present and absorbing preoccupation." The act of the Cross perfected and crowned the self-revelation of His spoken words. The teaching of Jesus unfolded an ideal which could only be realised in experience because He died. It is Calvary which creates the faith that no longer regards the Sermon on the Mount as impracticable and the Christian life as pure idealism. Yet if the acts of Jesus have this supreme value, they enhance the importance of His witness concerning Himself. No part of Christ's teaching is so significant as those utterances which explain the Teacher. And here Dr. Stalker is a wise and discriminating guide, setting forth in a style of remarkable clearness and beauty the results of twenty years' study of this great theme. If the popular interest in theology has

[1] The italics are ours.

developed, it is largely due to the fact that scholars like Dr. Stalker are capable of presenting the results of scholarly labour and criticism in a form which will attract and instruct people of average intelligence. Such a book as this will go far to modify the widespread opinion that a theologian is an obscurantist, and ministers to an esoteric circle.

Two of the five chapters dealing directly with Christ's teaching about His own person discuss the designations "Son of man" and "Son of God." With regard to the term "Son of man," which is used the most frequently by Jesus of Himself, Dr. Stalker shares the prevailing opinion that it was drawn from Daniel, and is practically equivalent to "Messiah." But he rejects the view that it became a popular name for the Messiah through apocalyptic literature like the book of Enoch. Jesus adopted it, because it suited His purpose "for concealing His messianic claims, while it expressed them to Himself and hinted them to His disciples." But His main reason for using the term was the fact that it admirably expressed His identity with the experience of humanity. The other term, "Son of God," is subjected to careful examination, in view of the general belief that it has simply a messianic import and expressed the kingship of Christ. Among the passages which appear to support the opinion that the terms "Son of God" and "Messiah" were synonymous is that of the confession of Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," where the second phrase appears to be but a variation of the first. But Dr. Stalker does not agree with Holtzmann in regarding Christ's confession before the high-priest as similarly proving the identity of the terms. In Matthew the high-priest asks, "Tell us whether Thou be the Christ, the Son of God." Jesus replies, "Thou hast said." Here the very collocation of the words proves that the phrases were equivalent. But Dr. Stalker refers to Luke's narrative, where Jesus is asked, "Art Thou the Christ? tell us." His reply was, "If I tell you, ye will not believe; and if I also ask you, ye will not answer Me, nor let Me go. Hereafter shall the Son of man

sit on the right hand of the power of God. Then said they all, Art Thou then the Son of God? And He said unto them, Ye say that I am." Dr. Stalker argues, from this separation of the phrases "the Christ" and "the Son of God," that they do not mean the same thing, and that the charge of blasphemy which followed arose from the fact that they knew He made a claim beyond that of being Messiah. But may it not be argued that the question of the high-priest merely resumes the first interrogation by using a term recognised in general usage as synonymous with "the Christ"? There seems no reason to doubt Holtzmann's view that the claim of Messiahship by itself, coming from One belonging to a humble family, openly forsaken of God, and rejected by the ecclesiastical authorities of His day, was by itself a blasphemy. We are inclined to doubt whether this can fairly be quoted as one of the passages which prove that the term "Son of God" in the language of the people meant more than "Messiah." The facts of the case warrant the conclusion that in the popular usage they were synonymous, but that for Jesus the term "Son of God" meant more than "Messiah." Dr. Stalker has made out a good case against those who deny that the term was used by Christ in any other than the popular sense; and we do not see how the force of his arguments can be evaded. His conclusion is that, "in the use of this term, while the reference to Messiahship is sometimes present as a suggestive undersense, the reference to an interior relation between person and person is uniform."

This chapter is a valuable piece of work, as it establishes the fact, which is of far reaching dogmatic importance, that Christ's language concerning Himself went beyond the popular conception of a human Messiahship, and implied a superhuman relationship with God. It also shows Dr. Stalker's peculiar gifts of calm discrimination, his tactful and judicious investigation of opposing theories, and his dignified self-restraint in the statement of his own. "It has been no effort of mine to find in the name the meaning at which we have arrived. Had the evidence led to a different

conclusion, I would have accepted it without hesitation." We cannot follow Dr. Stalker in detail through his discussion of Jesus as "Messiah," as "Redeemer," and as "Judge." But we may note, in the latter case, his protest against the fashionable German theory, represented by a writer like Baldensperger, that Christ's conception of His mission grew up gradually in His mind under the influence of His environment. According to this view, the knowledge that He was the Messiah came to Him suddenly, and as time went on He expected that some supernatural and heavenly portent would at length attest His claims and satisfy the populace. It delayed to come. Death was inevitable. He then prophesied His second coming, when the glory He had all along anticipated would be given Him! Of this Dr. Stalker remarks that "it is the picture of One who lived in an atmosphere of illusion, and bequeathed to His followers something very like a delusion."

It may be interesting to note the attitude of a modern French theologian to an important element already noted in the teaching of Jesus. In a brief study of the historical Jesus by M. de Visme we find an essay,[1] admirable alike in expression and spirit, on what Jesus thought about His death. This subject is important owing to a theory popular among some schools of thought that the apostles constructed a theology of the Atonement which had no foundation in the teaching of the Master Himself. M. de Visme, like Dr. Stalker, disposes of the idea that Christ began to think of His death only when disillusioned by the hostility of the multitude. He believes that we have evidence in the gospels of the fact that from the first there existed in His consciousness the conception of a sacrificial death as the inevitable issue of His messianic work. Jesus drew the conception not from Jewish apocalyptic literature, but from the Old Testament Scriptures, and this outward revelation received an inner confirmation in the inspirations of His spirit, the direct revelations and instructions of His Father.

[1] Read before the General Pastoral Conference of Paris, April 18, 1899.

Death was, therefore, no surprise to Him; rather He desired it as the crowning expression of His obedience to the divine will. That there was a *development* in the thought of Jesus about His death is probable from the evidence of the records. What was, perhaps, at first a presentiment took gradually in His mind the form of a divine necessity to which He voluntarily submitted Himself.

M. de Visme fixes on five typical utterances in support of his view, namely, the Brazen Serpent, the Baptism of Fire, the Ransom, the Corn of Wheat, and the Holy Supper. It will be seen that he includes the gospel of St. John in this survey. He regards it as the earliest life of Jesus written from the standpoint of faith, and believes it to have been directly inspired, if not actually composed, by that disciple who had the most intimate access to his Master's heart, the profound source of His thought. In discussing the phrase "a ransom for many," M. de Visme, again in agreement with Dr. Stalker, maintains that it was suggested by the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah—the "fifth gospel," as it has been well called. The word "many" is an echo of the sentence "by his wisdom shall my righteous servant justify *many*," and is intended to contrast the unity of the person of the Redeemer with the indefinite number of those who will share in the benefits of His sacrifice as the result of their faith in Him. M. de Visme disclaims any intention of demonstrating how Jesus came to recognise Himself in the Servant of the Lord laying down His life for the sins of others, but he regards it as not out of our power in some measure to represent the development of His thought.

As He looked for the divine ground of His death the necessity of which daily became clearer to His vision, why should He not have found it in His love for sinners which brought Him to take upon Himself their sicknesses and even their iniquities, and in fact to make His cause one (*solidariser*) with theirs before the holy and just God whom He called His Father? Sinless Himself, why should He die, if not for the sins of those to whom He was giving Himself entirely every day? Besides, was not this the work assigned to the ideal Servant whom the

prophet described? And thus His own conscience and the prophecy, the voice within and the voice without, each the voice of God, united in a wondrous harmony to reveal to Him in the death, to which He was advancing, at once the salvation of His people and "the hour" for which He had come into the world.

In spite of the term "solidarity," which, however, contains a very old idea, we feel that this language has the ring of an earlier day in it. One sometimes wonders if in the modern treatment of the Atonement there is not too much thought and too little feeling. The Crucified is in danger of being obscured by the multitude of theories about the Atonement. Surely it is not enough to treat the cross dispassionately, logically, and philosophically. By all means let us have the cross stated in terms of modern thought; but we are not qualified to interpret it till we have passed through an experience like that of Christian described in the *Pilgrim's Progress* when "the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks." The Atonement will ever remain a mystery, baffling thought and evoking doubt; but if all were to become clear, the cross would certainly lose its power over the conscience of mankind. Whether viewed in the light of Christ's teaching or that of the apostles, it remains the highest expression of the divine law of vicarious sacrifice. M. de Visme notes that "to believe *in* Jesus" and "to believe *like* Jesus" are the two watchwords of modern opposing schools of thought. If we view the death of Jesus as He viewed it, to believe *in* Him is not an act of blind faith. It is a natural and logical conclusion. The Teacher has become the Redeemer of the world.

When we turn to Dr. Matheson's book, we find ourselves in the realm of devotional literature. Here is a haunt of peace—a garden of the soul, where, undisturbed by the dust of criticism, one may enjoy the fruits of a mystic contemplation of Jesus. It is a meditative work of a rare and calm beauty, redolent of spots where the pastures are green and the waters still. It displays a deep and spiritual imagina-

tiveness, and breathes a sympathy with all things beautiful and holy. There is a sense in which it is not to be plumbed by the critic's "coarse thumb." And yet from another point of view it is open to criticism. For, apart from the devotional elements, it is a scholarly study in the spiritual development, not of the life, but of the work of Jesus, and as such involves interpretations and opinions which appeal to the reader's critical judgment.

Dr. Matheson fairly revels in ingenuities of exposition. He delights to leave the beaten track, and to wander into the by-paths of exegesis. He is almost perverse in his attachment to secondary meanings. For example, he regards the first temptation, not as an appeal to Christ that He should use His power in order to satisfy His own hunger,—the obvious interpretation,—but as a suggestion to play the part of a social reformer, who is to find bread for the hungry proletariat, and to reach power through a popular programme of social amelioration.[1] Again, the miracle of stilling the storm is treated as a kind of object-lesson for the disciples, who need to be reduced to a position of utter helplessness, if they are fully to sympathise with troubled man. Hence, when Christ is asleep, the storm comes, and they raise the agonising cry, "Lord, save us: we perish." This is striking and suggestive; but it makes everything turn, not on the stilling of the storm, but on the storm itself. Surely it is much more likely that Christ's real purpose on this occasion was to educate them, not so much to sympathy with *man*, as into faith in *Himself*. They despaired of His power to help them. He then showed the baselessness of their unbelief by a signal demonstration of His power over the forces of nature. Yet it is an ungracious task to demur,

[1] We do not deny the force, only the obviousness of this interpretation, which, by-the-by, Dr. Stalker apparently accepts: see *Christology of Jesus*, p. 148, where he speaks of the temptation as "in all probability directed towards the winning of popularity by creating the necessaries and luxuries of life on a lavish scale—by becoming in short a bread-king, like those who in another country courted the popular favour by giving *panem et circenses*."

even when Dr. Matheson exalts a secondary lesson into the primary. We are grateful to him for throwing on the sacred story some charming sidelights, such as only a loving study of the gospel has enabled him to detect, and for drawing forth the hidden wealth of exposition which lies beyond that already discovered and manifest.

No one can rise from the perusal of these pages without having his imagination stirred and his spiritual being uplifted. Dr. Matheson renders his thoughts in sentences of epigrammatic terseness, his illustrations are fresh, and his antitheses telling. Here are a few of his sayings: "Christianity is the only religion which goes back to gather up the lost things—the things that have fallen by the way, and have been left behind." "In His view there should be no going out from the family circle into the world; there should be a bringing in of the world into the family circle." "It was one step of humiliation to assume the likeness of *Man*; but it was another and deeper step to assume the likeness of *men*." "Nature made Him glad; man made Him grave. He felt what a difference there was between the multitude of the lilies and the multitude of human souls."

This book cannot but have a host of readers, for it responds to the modern passion for the study of the human Christ. The world thirsts to realise more and more the Man of Nazareth. And no aim can be nobler or more inspiring, even when, as in so many natures, it has its roots in the recoil from dogmas. For the close study of the gospels can only deepen the impression of their historical trustworthiness; while a loving and patient scrutiny of the portrait of Jesus will both create and confirm loyalty to the conviction of the Christian Church, which through all ages has adored and exalted Jesus as the true Son of God.

R. MARTIN POPE.

"THE CELTIC TWILIGHT."

THE POEMS OF W. B. YEATS.

1. *Poems.* By W. B. YEATS. (London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1899.)

2. *The Wind among the Reeds.* By the same Author. (London: E. Mathews. 1899.)

3. *The Celtic Twilight.* By the same Author. (London: Lawrence & Bullen. 1893.)

IN one of the short tales of Novalis, he speaks of a Blue Flower, which never had been and never could be seen by mortal eye, and the fragrance of which was unperceived by the common run of men. But to the few who did perceive it that fragrance seemed to fill the whole world, and till death the quest for the magic flower consumed their unsatisfied days.

There are many who have been bewitched by the fragrance of the Blue Flower, and know not what has befallen them. They give the vague desire within them a name and a concrete embodiment. They fancy that their unrest is caused by the lack of something for which they strive—a wife or a fortune, the success of a scheme, the triumph of a cause. These are the men of the Saxon breed. The Celt is wiser. He knows that what he longs for is in its nature impossible of attainment here, and yet the unfulfilled longing is the best of his life. He goes on his visionary way,

> Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
> Still clutching the inviolable shade,

not with the desperate doggedness of one who sees his aim ever defeated and will not accept defeat, but with a wistful yet exquisite renunciation of the tangible for the intangible, the reality for the dream.

This "Celtic sadness, Celtic longing for infinite things," has found one of its most subtle and passionate exponents in Mr. W. B. Yeats, a poet who, though long honoured by all who recognise and love what is of the essence of poetry as opposed to the thin rhetoric and mechanical verse-building of our fashionable bards, has not yet "come to his own," in England at least. His verse has the thrilling melancholy of a violin—more than that, the mystical glamour of the hour "twixt gloaming and the mirk," when the elemental spirits have power and the hills and trees seem to brood with half conscious life as they grow dark against the sky. It is a melancholy fed with dreams of

> Marble cities loud with tabors of old
> In dove-gray faery lands,
> From battle banners, fold upon purple fold,
> Queens wrought with glimmering hands.

It is the Celtic "impatience of reality." Not the voluptuous impatience of Keats, because

> Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes
> Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow;

but the impatience of him who finds no earthly beauty fair enough for the worship that he longs to bestow. "Lilies of death-pale hope, roses of passionate dream" haunt with their sad fragrance the way of his wanderings.

But this impatience of compromise and vulgarity, this passionate idealism, this scorn of common, dusty, homely paths, has its perils and its dire catastrophes. In *The Wind among the Reeds* there is the legend of the men who saw the vision of the faery riders in the mysterious hour between the lights,

> Caolte tossing his burning hair
> And Niamh calling Away, Come away,

and ever after walked among the living as those who belonged to the dead.

An exquisite variant of this theme is "The Land of Heart's Desire," which tells of the new-made bride who was stolen by the faeries, the dreamy girl with the "broad pale brows"

> under a cloudy blossoming of hair.

The whole thing follows the line of the Celtic folk-tales, the path of primroses made for the "good people," the food and fire given at the door, the entrance of the elfin child in red and green, its shrinking horror of the crucifix, the spell it casts upon the discontented young bride.

> You love that great tall fellow over there,
> Yet I could make you ride upon the winds,
> Run upon the top of the dishevelled tide,
> And dance upon the mountains like a flame.

The very spirit of Celtic poetry is in those last two lines, —the fearless fantasy, the penetrating sympathy with nature, which seems to give power to enter into the very life of the sea-foam and the wandering fires of the hillsides. "The Faeries," says Mr. Yeats, in one of the essays he contributed to the *National Observer*, "know untrammelled hate and unmixed love, and have never wearied themselves with 'yes' and 'no,' or entangled their feet with the sorry net of may-be and perhaps." The belief in these wild creatures of nature, with their careless, instinctive lives, could only take root among a people who lived very near to nature's heart, sharing the life of flowers and birds, troubled or cheered by the face of the sky, in a way of which the modern man, the creature of an industrial civilisation, has forgot the secret.

Again Mr. Yeats (who is the best interpreter of his own verse) speaks of the "vast and vague extravagance of the Celtic fancy." We have it in "The Wanderings of Usheen," the Fenian hero stolen from men by the faery Neave. A

hundred years he feasts with his bride in the Isle of Dancing beyond the western seas; a hundred more he spends in slaying the monsters of the Isle of Victories; a hundred more he sleeps away in the Isle of Forgetfulness.

Then remembrance of his old days wakes: he comes back from the faery shore, and finds an Ireland changed and Christianised. St. Patrick, the apostle of the country, seeks to convert the old warrior. But Usheen would fain know the fate of his departed companions; and when St. Patrick tells him of their certain damnation, his reply is the same as that of the old Frankish chief:

It were sad to gaze on the blessed and no face I loved of old here,
I throw down the chain of small stones: when life in my body has ceased,
I will go to Caolte and Conan and Bran, Sgeolan, Lomair,
And dwell in the house of the Fenians, be they in flames or at feast.

But it is not in this titanic vein that Mr. Yeats most exemplifies the Celtic glamour. One finds it rather in such little poems as "A Dream of a Blessed Spirit":

All the heavy days are over;
Lay the body's coloured pride
Underneath the grass and clover,
With the feet laid side by side.

One with her are mirth and duty;
Bear the gold embroidered dress,
For she needs not her sad beauty,
To the scented oaken press.

Hers the kiss of Mother Mary,
The long hair shadows her face;
Still she goes with footsteps wary,
Full of earth's old timid grace.

With white feet of angels seven,
Her white feet go glimmering:
And above, the deep of heaven,
Flame on flame and wing on wing.

Here is the tender Celtic fancy, the delight in bright and soft colour, a pathetic fragrance as of the violets that they strew in Wales on the graves of girls who die unwedded, and above all, that lift of wings, that imaginative ecstasy, which bears one suddenly, as it were, to spiritual mountain-tops and opens a window into heaven.

Gleams of piercing insight, flashes of imagination, that seem to lighten up for one brief brilliant moment the field of human fate,—these are in the Celtic genius. It lacks, Matthew Arnold has told us, the architectonic faculty, the brooding patience of the "builder of lofty rhyme." Certainly, those who will, may say that Mr. Yeats's verse is often unequal, that with all his exquisite sense of rhythm and gift of haunting melody, he is sometimes wilfully harsh, that he has given us many exquisite poems, but not a single great one. It is better, perhaps, when all is said and done, to rejoice in what a man of genius can do for us, than to complain that he has not done something different.

The most ambitious, and in some respects the finest work he has achieved up to the present moment, is "The Countess Cathleen." The piece is steeped in the weird superstition of the Celt. Demons and angels, wood-elves and water-sprites, and lost souls of men and women are among the actors, and the mysterious twilight atmosphere is preserved in a way which argues more than mere skill, which reveals the intimate possession of the writer by his subject. There are few more thrilling passages in modern poetry than that in which the two wizard merchants, who have come among the people during the famine to tempt them to sell their souls for bread, meet in the castle of the Countess Cathleen, the "saint with the sapphire eyes" who stands between them and their prey. The second merchant says to his fellow:

> I found you sitting drowsed and motionless,
> Your chin bowed to your knees, while on all sides,
> Batlike from bough and roof and window ledge,
> Clung evil souls of men, and in the woods,
> Like streaming flames, floating upon the waves,
> The elemental creatures.

He calls the elemental spirits to his aid, the elves of the forests and streams:

> And see, the sheogues, like a surf of light,
> Pour eddying through the pathways of the oaks.

He calls the sowlths and thivishes, the spirits of degraded men and women, too foul for heaven, too stupidly besotted for hell, and of those who are doomed to hover miserably round the scene of past crimes.

At last the moment comes when the countess sees no way but the selling of her own soul to deliver her people:

> A sad resolve wakes in me. I have heard
> A sound of wailing in unnumbered hovels,
> And I must go down—down—I know not where.
> Pray for the poor folk who are cursed with famine,
> Pray you good neighbours—
> Mary, Queen of Angels,
> And all you clouds and clouds of saints, farewell.

But Eternal Mercy regards the motive, not the deed, and they who loved her see her in vision "passing to the floor of peace."

Elsewhere Mr. Yeats, with all his fondness for Druid lore, has shown that he can deal tenderly and pathetically with the Christian traditions of his land. For instance, there is the exquisite story of Father Gilligan, the worn-out old priest, overcome by utter weariness at the moment when he should be setting out to administer a dying man. He wakes at dawn, and hurries to the poor man's cottage, in terror lest he should have passed away without the last sacraments. The man is dead; but an angel has been there in the guise of the absent priest, to comfort him and prepare him for the last journey.

> The old priest Peter Gilligan
> He knelt him at that word:
> "God who has made the night of stars
> For souls that tire and bleed,
> Has sent His holy angel down
> To help me at my need.

He who is wrapped in purple robes,
With planets in His care,
Had pity on the least of things
Asleep upon a chair."

An instinctive sense of style, an inalienable distinction, a haunting melancholy grace in the turn of the phrase, is a characteristic attribute of Celtic verse, and one which makes these poems a delight to all who have ears to distinguish and souls to feel it. Where is there a daintier melancholy than the song of the faeries to the stolen child?—

Come away, O human child,
To the waters and the wild,
With a faery, hand in hand,
From a world more full of weeping than you can understand!

Where is there a tenderer voicing of the exile's longing for the things that were?—

Cabins gone now, old wellsides, old dear places,
And men who loved the cause that never dies.

But here and there our poet has shown that he can strike a more resonant note, as when he sings of

The embattled flaming multitude
Who rise, wing above wing, flame above flame,
And like a storm, name the Ineffable Name,
And with the clashing of their swordblades make
A rapturous music till the morning break,
And the white hush ends all things but the beat
Of their long wings, the flash of their white feet.

There is nothing that more lets one into the secret of a poet's nature, or of any man's nature, than his thoughts of the love of women. Many of these poems treat of love; but the love is not the flushed god who waves his torch in so much of the erotic poetry of the day. He is a twilight spirit; wonder, aspiration, worship and the sorrow of a

deathless longing are in his eyes. This is how the peasant in the "Land of Heart's Desire" speaks to his bride:

> I would mould a world of fire and dew,
> With no one bitter, grave, or over-wise,
> And nothing marred or old to do you wrong;
> And crowd the enraptured quiet of the skies,
> With candles burning to your lonely face.

Yet this love is not only worship, but pity. The beauty that thrills the lover sets his heart aching with its fragility, its sensitiveness to all cruel and blighting influences from malefic spirits or an uncongenial world.

"When you are old," he says, with a turn of phrase that recalls Ronsard's sonnet to his lost mistress,

> and dream of the soft look
> Your eyes had once and of their shadows deep;
> How many loved your moments of glad grace,
> And loved your beauty with love false or true,
> But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
> And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

This spiritual passion hopes for no satisfaction in this life. The Bard Mongan knows one, out of all things, alone:

> That his head
> Would not lie on the breast or his lips on the hair
> Of the woman that he loves, until he die,
> Although the rushes and the fowls of the air
> Cry of his love with their pitiful cries.

No earthly fount of bliss can satisfy "the immortal desire of immortals." For the object of that desire is, whether they know it or not, the secret Rose, the eternal Beauty, of which all earthly beauty is but the distant hint, the far off prophecy. "Too late have I sought Thee, too late have I found Thee, O first and only Fair!" cried Augustine, as he looked back on his stormy youth, with all its vain following of wandering fires.

The English, speaking broadly, have a turn for action, a narrow range of practical effectiveness, that has made them

what they are, the richest, the most dominant, the best hated, and perhaps the least susceptible to the influence of abstract ideas, of any people in Europe. The very spiritual energy which has produced what is best in them has degenerated from time to time into strangely inhumane, selfish, and repellent types of religiosity. They are ready enough to scorn the ineffectual Celt, whose aspiration is so disproportioned to his achievement. Yet, after all, may he not, in the gray dewy hush of his twilight, hear voices which are silent to them?

The vision of eternal Beauty is only granted—and here Mr. Yeats is at one with the mystics of all ages—to a heart which is at rest and free from self-seeking. Herein is the function of true art, that it lifts the mind out of itself in pure love and worship of loveliness, without a selfish aim or desire. The kernel of truth in the philosophy of Schopenhauer is just this,—that the really wise man is he who has overcome the mere animal "will to live," the selfish struggle for selfish ends, and has attained to the disinterested contemplation of truth and beauty.

But has not effort its place, action its place? Yes, truly, and in an age like our own they stand no chance of being forgotten. For one who is in danger of caring so much for the things of the mind as to neglect his own advancement in life, there are many in whom all perception of the beautiful is killed by the incessant petty soul-starving preoccupations of modern life, the haste and the crowding that make thought and meditation impossible.

> Each day brings its petty dust,
> Our soon-choked souls to fill;
> And we forget because we must,
> And not because we will.

We forget the morning of our life and that strange radiance with which the vision of the world came upon us, "the splendour of the grass and glory of the flower." Yet there are moments in which that radiance seems to return. Early one spring morning in Regent's Park I met

three girls, hatless, their arms interlaced, loitering along one of the paths. They were ordinary London factory girls, but the exquisite silent freshness of the morning had stolen on them and waked the slumbering soul in them. They walked softly with cadenced footsteps, and on their lips and in their dreamful eyes was the vague expectant sweetness that Burne Jones gave to his faces of women. They might have been the three princesses whom St. Patrick met in the pearly dawn, and for whom, touched by their beauty, he besought of his Master the best of all gifts. After he had blessed them, says the legend, they went home and slept in each other's arms and woke not again, so soon and so gently, by the mercy of God, attaining unto peace.

There are times when the most unnoted objects of our common life take on a beauty that we never knew in them before. The glow of a rosy sunset in the dingy vista of a city street will sometimes set us wondering whether there is not indeed a Presence of Beauty in all things, waiting but the opportunity to come in and flood our lives with beauty and joy. At such times we feel yearnings, aspirations, to which we can give no words ; and those poets are the dearest to us who go the longest way in what is after all a mere adventure in the realm of the inexpressible. Perhaps in another world we may be able to say what it was that thrilled us in the sunrise, that spoke to us in the wail of the violin, that brought tears to our eyes at the sight of the first spring primrose, or made some face and voice seem to us a suggestion and a pledge of that far off home of the soul where blossoms the rose of peace.

DORA M. JONES.

HOW DOES IT STAND WITH THE BIBLE?

1. *Inspiration and the Bible.* By ROBERT F. HORTON, M.A. (London : T. Fisher Unwin. Fifth Edition. 1891.)

2. *Verbum Dei.* By R. F. HORTON, D.D. (London : T. Fisher Unwin. Second Edition. 1898.)

3. *Faith and Criticism.* Essays by Congregationalists. (London : Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Ld. 1893.)

4. *None Like It.* By JOSEPH PARKER, D.D. (London : J. Nisbet & Co. 1894.)

5. *Gain or Loss?* By Rev. BERNARD J. SNELL, M.A., B.Sc. (London : James Clarke & Co. 1895.)

6. *Introduction to the Holy Scriptures.* By Dr. BRIGGS. (Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. 1899.)

BETWEEN new Encyclopædias, Polychrome editions, the Higher Criticism, and its echoes in volumes dropping now and then from the occupants of pulpits, the Bible looks to have fallen upon evil times. The dear old book has still its valiant defenders on the well known lines, and some of them are possessed of marked ability; but somehow, unlike the usual experience in war, attacks appear to be more telling than defences. In spite of the best that can be said, the rank and file of the Church are beginning to feel that something has gone wrong, and to dread the coming day when the whole calamity will bear no more concealment. Dr. Parker deprecates the flooding of the pews with unsettling criticism; but the mischief is very largely done, and perhaps when the laity know so much

there may be no harm but rather positive good in their knowing more. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," and the remedy may be to drink a little deeper of the spring. But the new learning ought not to be administered in the inconsiderate and intensely iconoclastic form in which, to our surprise, it is to be found in some of the volumes we have named.

Meanwhile, we are not astonished at the shock which so many elderly Christians feel on being told that the Bible is not all true. We whose hair is weathering to gray were trained in a very strict belief in the infallibility of every word from Genesis to Revelation. We knew that "infidels" and "secularists" denied the same, but we were not disturbed. It is entirely different nowadays when we find so many within the Church, professors, doctors of divinity, popular London preachers, etc., telling us that all this is the mistake of our simplicity, and backing up their bold denials with such parades of proof and learning. The word of an enemy could be mistrusted and despised; but when men whose personal interests seem to be all pledged to an immaculate Bible begin to denounce, the outlook becomes threatening.

The first duty of the Christian laity is to take this apparent danger calmly. The case is not by any means so serious as it seems upon the surface. The higher critic, regarded from a distance, looks to be a Philistine bent on raiding the Ark of God, and we fear that some of them do take pleasure in despoiling sacred things; but the good and honest higher critic believes himself to be employed in the laudable endeavour of trying to give to every sacred author his own, and to every century the credit of its own productions. I have no grudge against these higher men. I would hail them as benefactors, if only they would abide in their private arcana and hold their peace until they can make us assured that their new adjustments will stand the test of time. We cannot afford to change the authorship of the sacred books every quarter of a century. Let the work be well done once for all, and then the Churches will have peace.

The present alarm is, however, more the work of the lower criticism, in books such as some of those we have named. It may not matter much to the multitude whether Moses or Ezra is the author of a certain book, or even that a critic with a foreign name "tears up a parchment more or less." But it matters seriously that the minister of religion who is set up to teach the doctrines of the Bible begins to show that the contents of the book are "faulty," "untruthful," "immoral," "illusory," etc., etc., beyond my willingness to detail.

Now, no one should be surprised to hear that a certain amount of errors or mistakes can be pointed out in Scripture; nor need they feel that the existence of such must shift them from their old belief in inspiration and infallibility. If we go into the literary history of the book, we find, for instance, that parts of the Old Testament existed for, perhaps, hundreds of years as loose and scattered manuscripts, and in those years were copied and recopied, surely not always by infallible amanuenses; that the Hebrew alphabet has many letters so much formed alike that the substitution of one for another was an occasional probability; that many of these separate books were written only in their consonantal letters, and the vowels supplied long after by different hands; that the copying and recopying of these manuscripts went on until, we may say, the tenth Christian century. If, then, the Old Testament documents had actually come into the hands of their first printer in a state of absolute accuracy, that would have been a miracle far greater than the production of the original inspired and infallible manuscripts. Surely we need not stretch the miraculous so far as that. Mistakes of small magnitude may certainly have become embodied in the text.

The New Testament has not been exposed to anything like equal risks. Its language is more legible to the eye, and was better understood by the scribes to whom the copying fell. Nevertheless, it need not surprise us if, in the course of centuries, little misadventures have crept in and made it possible for microscopic critics to point us to this

word or this number, and say, "There is a mistake." It is human to err; and man's slovenliness will tell on work he has handled for some centuries. Unless God had consented to exercise a perpetual miracle in the supervision of each separate book, the elimination of all mistakes was not possible. But, indeed, the various readings in Hebrew and Greek amount to a demonstration that such a supernatural interference has not been exercised. This much, then, ought to be conceded without fear—it must be conceded, whether we fear or not.

The possibility of mistakes does not drive us to the admission of their existence. We have, therefore, to follow on and ask those who depreciate the book to show us the particular parts on which their estimate is based. We shall probably be pointed, in the first place, to certain dates in different books that do not synchronise, numerical values on which two books differ, arithmetical puzzles of one kind or another. All such cases have been long and seriously argued on both sides. How ought we to bear ourselves toward all such points of controversy? My answer would be, In a temper of complete indifference. Even if we could trace acknowledged discrepancies back to the original copy, —and in no case can we do that,—it should not disturb us in the least. There may be discrepancies where there is no positive error; but even taking the more serious view, why should we insist upon infallible accuracy or completeness in statements of a strictly subsidiary nature, or, indeed, of absolute indifference, when the narratives in which they occur show that the mind of the narrator is absorbed in conveying a valued spiritual conception to which the defective historical data are attached by the merest accident? It is scarcely worth the pains of a Bible student to labour for the reward of an apparent victory over numerical variations that have neither moral nor religious significance.

Much more serious are the attempts made to discredit Scripture by appealing to certain teachings which are impugned as childish and illusory. Amongst these are the narratives of the world's creation, the woman taken from

Adam's side, the temptation of Eve by a speaking serpent, and the apostolic expectation of the second coming of Christ. Nothing is more surprising to me in this controversy than the easy assurance with which certain young divines take it upon themselves to proclaim their superior wisdom over the sages of Scripture and the best blood of the Church. To boldly decree that whatever transcends their understanding is childish or mistaken is to make their own want of scholarship or imagination the measure of the universe. It is utterly unfair to the unlearned for the preacher to make whatever is too occult for his ignorance an excuse for belittling a book which is so justly revered by the people and which has done so much for its critics. It is fair enough to paint Cromwell's portrait with his wart, and it is fair enough to point out warts that exist on the face of Scripture; but to create them out of our ignorance is to take an illegitimate freedom. In dealing with such matters we are on ground which must be argued. What appears to be a childish mistake to the critic may be a profound and luminous symbolism to another reader. It is a common experience with me to discover that these fault-finders first of all thrust impossible meanings upon the passages, and then condemn. The ancient orientalism is modernised, the symbolical is made a feeble literalism, the spiritual is hardened into the political, and then the criticism is a sneer or a laugh.

Of course we may expect in these superstitiously scientific days that offence will be taken at everything in the Bible, and especially in the Old Testament, which has the look of a miracle. The miracles are not so numerous as they seem to a hasty or prejudiced reader; but on this point I do not enlarge. What I would insist on here is, that no man, whatever his scholarship or scientific knowledge, has the right to say that miracles are impossible. Huxley himself distinctly disclaimed such presumptiveness. If, then, miracles are not impossible, the record of a miracle cannot be discarded with an impatient exclamation. A divine may toss his head in the air at the relation of what he calls a

miracle, but which may be explained as a perfectly natural phenomenon—if, indeed, his miracle is not like Joshua's with the sun, a careless turning of a rhetorical apostrophe into an arrestment of astronomical motion. To conjure up miracles in this heedless way and parade them as cases of mistake is simply to trump up evil charges against the book.

A still more damaging charge made against the Bible is that of teaching immorality. When an historical book states that the Hebrews slew the men and married women of a city but spared the maids and children for use as concubines and slaves, and did this by Jehovah's command, or assures us that God sent a plague upon a city because the king had taken a census of the people, we are, indeed, face to face with a serious problem. It certainly seems that the narrative imputes what we call "immorality" to God, and something within us is ready to take alarm.

> The wrong that pains my soul below
> I dare not throne above;
> I know not of His hate; I know
> His goodness and His love.

Expositors have tried to justify these so called divine commands. We cannot bring ourselves to say that an immorality becomes a moral act if God decrees it to be done. There must be some other explanation. Frankly, we must own to the presence of many unclean things in the Old Testament. Sometimes, too, these unsavouries are not condemned because their bad atmosphere is not sensed; indeed, sometimes, as in the wrathful utterances of the cursing psalms, they are written down among the lesser virtues. If this awkward fact can be explained, it will explain much else. We think it can, without discrediting the historian or the books in which such things occur. It is now a matter of almost common knowledge that the Bible is a progressive revelation of God; but it is recognised by few as yet that it is also a progressive revelation of man. Can it be a revelation of God without being also a revela-

tion of man? Is not God's development of His moralities in history dependent on the growing morality and spiritual receptivity of the men to whom He reveals Himself? "To the froward God is froward, to the pure He is pure." If the evolution of morality as dependent on religion is to be measured by future generations as an element in their own further education, that morality must work itself out in private and in national life, and find unbiassed record in the page of history. If an immoral or unmoral people have a God, they will have immoral or unmoral conceptions of His will and purpose, and, in the best of faith, will cover their iniquities with His sanction. The priest will know no better; the prophet may be blind or prophesying falsely to please the multitude; and the historian knows no better, or cannot go behind the assertions of the officials who are the accredited mediums of the divine communications. These offensive records in our Old Testament show that Israel was once so blind as not to know the difference between purity and passion, love and lust, self-pleasing and self-sacrifice. They thought that God was "altogether such as themselves." There you see the depths of man's alienation from the life of God. His lowest lustings are confounded with his divinest inspirations, and no man knows the same. The Bible must show us "the rock whence we were hewn, and the pit whence we were dug." How else can we get the knowledge of sin, or measure the divine patience of grace which has wrought such a marvellous change in His people's experience? But because we have these humiliating records of human blindness and perversity, in which the wellings up of our fleshly lustings defile the purity of God and blaspheme His holiness, are we to take offence at the recorded word and blind our eyes to the evident lessons it is intended to convey? Let us avoid such folly. These shameful records do not stumble me. They are now every good man's abhorrence, but they once were the best men's most cherished convictions; and I am glad to see what depths of grossness we have left behind through God's most patient education of

the human race. We are assured by certain scholars that Israel had no devil till it imported one from Persia. It needed none in its earlier history. Its deity was not many removes away. And I beg to commend some of these texts to the preachers who have misunderstood their purpose and assailed the Bible on their account. They have not yet discovered all the functions of the Scripture, nor fathomed the black depths of the human heart; and if they look about them, they may yet find cases of reversion to this ancient type in men who live in their street to-day or who worship in their congregation,—men who hold God responsible for passions and brutalities in our modern life which God abhors.

The reader must not understand from anything I have written that if one finds something in the Bible that on consideration he cannot well believe he is thereupon to force himself into implicit faith. Some branches of the Church would, indeed, inculcate such credulity, and impute it as a virtue. God does not wish any man to vacate the reason which He has given him, or to hold up a passively receptive mind to whatever statement may be spoken in His name. "Prove all things," "try the spirits," "give no heed to lying fables"—all these are Scripture admonitions. Therefore we must not be credulous in the sacred name of religion. But we should be tender and patient with the Bible. It is a wonderful book, the greatest and most inspiring on earth; and whatever we find in it is worthy of serious thought, and not to be rejected without irrefragable proof that it is not true. On the other hand, if you find that anything is unreasonable, unlike God, bears the marks of moral incongruity or impossibility, you certainly are not called upon to believe that it is directly and with authority from God for your approving faith. I know no commandment where God gives the order, "Believe everything that is written." Therefore do not sell your liberty of judgment for any dogmatic conception. Read and reflect, and pause before you cast anything away as superstition or error; but never debase your manhood so far as to think that you *must*

believe what has the appearance of untruth, or be afraid to examine and inquire lest you should find Scripture in mistake. Such timidity is not manly,—it is still less Christian. Follow where truth leads, and let error go.

A different counsellor might give you different advice. Some would say to you: "The Bible is the word of God; you are bound to believe it. God cannot err. You must not set your reason up as the standard of truth, as if you were superior to God." But the fallacies of this position are too evident almost to need refutation. The Bible does not claim this sort of infallibility for itself. Reason has its limitations; but how can you understand any of the Bible without your reason? And if you trust your reason in understanding, why not trust it when it perceives something amiss? And if men are not to follow their reason in religion, then there is good news for every false religion upon earth. The Fountain of Light does not ask us to put out our eyes, or to shut them and go blind. We ought not to reject a statement because we do not understand it, or cannot appraise its reasons; but neither should we think that we are divinely called upon to believe anything merely because it is within the boards of the best of books. Faith is vain if it is not faithful to truth and sincere to its deepest core.

Especially in such moments of stumbling remember that amongst its many functions the Bible is a book of judgment as certainly as it is a primer of salvation. If the Living Word was set for the falling of many in Israel, is it not probable that the written word may be intended to educate us by revealing both what we can and what we cannot well believe concerning God? Some of the most painful things in the ripened Christian experience is the remembrance of what hard, mean things we once attributed to God. There are statements in the Bible that will test your faith in the sincerity and in the goodness and love of God. Why should they not be there? Why should not God, in His supervision of the Scriptures, have suffered some of the chaff to go in with the wheat, just that we might have the

means of testing our faith in God as the good One, and of gauging our measure of partnership in the mind of God by our power of discriminating between the evil and the good? When you come to the decision that a certain statement concerning God is not true, although the historian is quite veracious in so recording it, it may be that instead of offending God by the seeming liberty you take you are really gladdening His heart, because you are discerning that His ways are higher than our ways. To reject may be more meritorious than to accept. Yet the book is all the more God's book, and all the more your servant, because it forces you to consider and reject.

Whatever be the portions of Scripture that for the time may stumble us, we must avoid the bad mistake of thinking that we must throw all the book away. That would be quite unreasonable. We treat no other book in so cavalier a fashion. Besides, the Bible is not a book, but a cluster of books, a library, a literature. The production of those books has extended over probably a period of nearly two thousand years. Many are the authors, the themes, the humours, and modes of treatment. There are archæological remnants going back beyond the dawn of history, historical sketches made by men of a succeeding or not distant generation, idyllic stories, apologetic dramas, love poems, moral essays, proverbial philosophy, ritualistic and social laws, psalms of the sanctuary and the palace, prophetic rhapsodies forecasting the coming days or interpreting the experiences of the past. Then, coming to the New Testament, we have sober narrative descriptions of the open life of Jesus and His disciples, didactic religious letters, and an allegorical forecasting of religious and political changes coming upon the world through the advent of the gospel. Now, because you have been disappointed in a page of Genesis, or in a few figures in the historical books; or because a prophecy was not fulfilled (and all such were spoken conditionally even when no condition was expressed), or a story concerning Jonah looks unseemly (which after all may be only an imaginary tale with a religious moral),

—why should you reject so much that has no dependence whatever on the part at which you take offence? How much of the essential contents of the Bible has been touched by what you think yourself entitled to reject? If in a pound of silver coins you found a spurious shilling, would you fling all the twenty into the street? Then why should you fling away in supercilious haste six and sixty books because in one or two of them you find a few questionable things?

Do you say, It is all one book, and must hang together in one judgment? Fact answers, No! It is a number of separate books whose standing was determined by the makers of the Canon, feeling the sense of the Church; and these judges were all fallible men who might err by either admission or omission. If one book appears to our modern minds comparatively worthless, that does not quite settle the value of the book to past generations, nor discredit another book by another author of very different contents.

And what, after the worst is made out, are the things that are judged not to be accurate? Do they concern anything but the history, or the unfamiliar form of the teaching,—the mere outward wrappings in which the sacred deposit of religious knowledge has been preserved? Surely God may have been working in the history of Israel, revealing the justice and mercy of His character, and giving men a healthier world-view, although the historian of the movement may have written without the fullest acquaintance with the arithmetical details. The narrative of creation may be in substance true as it builds the world up in six distinctive stages, culminating in the sanctified and restful relationship of God and man, although it speaks the truth under a parabolic form. The story of the serpent may be the profoundest philosophy of the coming of sin, although it is given verbally and literally from a rudely scribbled picture that has been handed on from the most primitive times. Indeed, this rejection of the Bible is too hasty and too inconsiderate, considering what the Bible is. It is a record of revelation; a series of views and reviews of how

God drew near to men and men learned to apprehend the things of the spirit and the character and purpose of God. It shows God under crude conditions in the beginning, because men were crude; but it does not end until we see God creating a perfect manhood and revealing Himself in a holiness which is pure, a love which is self-sacrificing, a righteousness which wars with all sin and imperfection, and has as its abiding passion the redemption of man and his world.

What have a few trivial errors in geography, chronology, or natural science to do with this? Nothing. In the Bible we have to do with God, and with human nature in God's light. It, therefore, follows that the Bible has no justice at our hands unless we study its religious contents, master them in faith, live according to its regimen, see whether it brings us into touch with God, and the touch of God makes us strong, happy, and victorious over sin. No man really knows the Bible until he believes its revelations, finds its God, lives its Christian life, and realises the power of the Holy Spirit in his personal consciousness. Try the Christian experience, and then you may do justice to the Christian books. The Bible stands not by its immaculate body, but by its beautiful soul; not by its infallible literalities, but by what it can infallibly do for a sinful heart, a tempted life, and a soul that seeks for God.

ALEXANDER BROWN.

THE IMPERIAL INFLUENCE OF THE POOR.

THE vice, the degradation, the misery of the London poor is one of the most constant themes of discussion, one of the most absorbing problems of the day. Pity and sympathy have been aroused to the noblest efforts for their amelioration ; new theories of Poor Law administration have had their turn in attempts at reformation or improvement. But still the nation's hideous poison tree of poverty and crime rears its ugly crest with ever fresh vigour and growth, until it almost threatens to dwarf all healthy upward movement beneath its deadly shade.

There are two evil forces at work under all our gilded civilisation, of such deadly strength and hold upon the people, as to almost stultify human effort in every department of philanthropy : and these two forces are overcrowding, or absolute herding of helpless tenants into conditions of the brute ; and over-drinking, or absolute tempting of already degraded, helpless human beings into conditions of the beast. Royal Commissions and Government Inquiries sufficiently attest the importance of these evil forces,—as to which it is time the plainest language should be used,—and also the anxiety that is awakening as to their still greater power in the future, for undermining our national character and influence.

But when all speeches and efforts, both public and private, have been taken into account, the obvious fact remains that the inquiries, like the efforts, have only dealt with the insular-humanitarian side of the matter, or the purely home aspect of the case ; and have altogether failed to look beyond the limited if also stupendous home interests involved.

There is yet, however, another wider and truly imperial view of the case, which should appeal, not only to those who draw their gilded luxury from the slum and drink slavery of the masses, without observing whether those masses are housed like men or herded like brutes; not only to those who are proud of our supremacy abroad, and bent on maintaining it at all cost; but also to those who are interested in foreign missions and in the spread of gospel truth abroad. We seem so far to have been strangely blind to the fact, nationally, that those poor members of the human race who are driven by high rents and demoralising environment into degradation which threatens to obliterate every trace of the divine image, and driven again by their degraded misery into the public-house that stands so brilliant and inviting at the street corner, send out their hapless offspring into all parts of the world as well as into the convict prisons at home. Not only does the wretched population burst its bounds to the defilement of neighbouring towns and districts, but it sends out its representatives of England across the high seas to foreign ports and foreign lands, there to give an impression of English character and conduct, stronger, alas! for evil than all our missionary teaching can be for good.

It seems a terrible handicapping of our magnificent missionary efforts that this great wave of irreligion and worse should be driven or persuaded from our shores to foreign lands, where it must perforce engulf much of their highest effort, just because "example is stronger than precept." And is not that a blind one-idea'd obedience to the divine command which trains a noble army of missionaries for work among the heathen abroad, and leaves our poor in worse than heathendom at home? For, in spite of all our noble, partial labours at mass elevation, heathendom it is, and heathendom it will remain until the very nation rises in its might to kill, not scotch our two worst national demons, Over-drink and Over-crowding. The divinely given command to "preach the gospel to all nations" has naturally claimed a fascinated response from the Church in every

age; but may not the added words, "beginning at Jerusalem," be pregnant with a deeper, more home-stirring meaning than we have hitherto attached to them?

Jerusalem was a well populated town teeming with foreigners who traded with all parts of the known world, and the importance of this fact was surely demonstrated at the first great missionary meeting which "began at Jerusalem." And had England, from her earliest days of lofty missionary enterprise, more earnestly, nationally, and progressively found her first — not her final — missionary obedience in properly environing, in Christianising, in teaching her heathen hordes at home, would she not have turned their present vicious influence abroad into an involuntary sister foreign mission, and have more than doubled her power for the spread of Christianity by such turning over of evil into good?

In all the triumph chord of our great missionary enterprise —and its echoes are now justly ringing in our midst—one may also hear the minor tone. Complaints are sometimes made of the fruitless, if not even mischievous effect of all the money poured out in missionary effort, of all the lives laid down in noble martyrdom; and can one resist the saddening reflection that the glorious results vouchsafed to human devotion and obedience may have been marred for want of clearer Christian vision at home, that the missionary abroad is ofttimes powerless because his supporters at home are blind to their own deepest want and failing?

This is not merely a religious aspect of the case, but an eminently social one also; and one would question if religious and social claims in their highest sense could ever be divorced unless to their mutual loss. If it seems a harsh or unfair statement, look not only on the still largely neglected sailors of our marine and merchant services, but go into one of the crowded slums that exist quite near us all: no need to go to Southwark or the extreme East; be content with the purlieus of the nearest park. There you will see the two great evil forces in mighty operation; there you will find human beings in swarms—unkempt in looks, unholy in

speech, uncivilised in manners. There, dirty faces leer at you from dirty windows; there, ragged clothes without match dilapidated rooms within; there, scolding mothers drag their wailing babies through the refuse and the misery of the gutter. Then, as the evening shadows fall, see that brilliant, large-windowed house at the corner, pouring out its light and warmth, dazzling all eyes with its advertisements of drinks and cordials that will drive away care; and do not wonder that many a shivering wretch is drawn inside, hopeless and careless of what may follow. Then stay until night has fallen; hear the curses, the blows that are exchanged between those that are driven out from their short-lived paradise; see the unsexed women, the little children who swell that crowd of misery; and then think, if you can, what the result of such a condition of things must be on the power of our own lives at home, and on our religious talk and teaching abroad.

How *dare* we hope for more blessed results among the heathen, when our poorer population at home are tempted and driven to the devil by our selfish greed for wealth and for all the luxury and refinement that wealth can bring?

This is no over-coloured picture of an exceptional district, or even of a single town. These people, these almost obliterated humanities are in their thousands and tens of thousands in all the towns of England, and are multiplying daily. The evil is already too large to be grappled with by individual effort or mere religious talking, because the souls we help to kill are as infinite in number as the souls we try to save. And one deplorable result of those very efforts is that increasing numbers are shipped out of the country carrying the contagion far and wide, while the curse of drink and the curse of over-crowding are for ever filling up the vacancies so caused at home; and unless or until our country as a whole will unitedly refuse to be enriched at the cost of human souls, there seems but little hope of amending our awful circumstances.

It is useless to throw blame on the publicans; for they rapidly tend to become the mere tenants of those who distil

and brew, those who seem so reckless of the victims they do not see, the consequences they do not suffer. It is useless to blame individuals at all; for the sins are national, and should be nationally repudiated. The Government even cannot effectually act unless constitutionally forced by the people's will, and cannot justly be expected to take the lead in what is the people's own concern, and must mean the people's own sacrifice.

But are not *all* people called upon to show their interest in this national regeneration, by joining together to insist on securing legal rights of air and space against the indifferent or rapacious landlord, by uniting to pay, if need be, fair compensation to those whose fortunes are involved in the drink traffic—often by inheritance, always under sanction of the law? It would scarcely seem to be national morality to benefit even the most needy at the cost of the ruin of one particular class, because—or when—the national conscience is aroused to condemnation of their hitherto sanctioned trade! But this question of drink slavery is not really of less momentous national importance than was the question of the slave trade in all its moral aspects at the beginning of the century; perhaps is even of still greater national importance; and if an equally noble crusade could be initiated, and the present drink traffic in its excess be bought out and abolished, can it be doubted that the country, the empire, would rise from its shackles with clearer eyes and bolder brains, and that a more wholesome, cleanly, and industrious population would soon repair the cost in a more solidly wealthy and prosperous condition of trade and commerce?

Temperance as against abstinence might, to the satisfaction of many, be taught without fear, if dazzling temptations to irregular and adulterated indulgence were abolished; if decent homes and open spaces promoted the rise of a race of honest workmen from the ashes of the drunkard, and fortified even the poorest against unhealthy cravings for drink, and conquered their present crass indifference to all claims of manhood and morality. Christianity would then

become an active living force as well as national boast, and England indeed become the Mistress of the World, strong in her religion of deed at home and doubly strong in her spiritual influence abroad.

Finally, if it be granted—and it can hardly be denied—that our ships, whether through their crews or by traders or steerage passengers, are carrying abroad into every land a most potent force for good or evil, it seems to follow, for those at least who most devotedly obey our Lord's commands, that the problem of fully converting the heathen abroad may have to be solved by harder missionary work at home. And first by directly influencing those who make, not take the drink; those who take the cruel rents, yet herd, not house, their tenants, but who may perhaps be unconscious still of all the dire woe that is being wrought by such inhuman dwellings and such inhuman trade.

WATKIN WILLIAMS.

CAN WE SEE ANY PREPARATION FOR THE SECOND ADVENT?

1. *The Preparation for Christianity in the Ancient World.* By R. M. WENLEY, Sc.D. (Edin.), D.Phil. (Glas.), Senior Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan. (Edinburgh: R. & R. Clark, Limited. 1898.)

2. *Traces of Greek Philosophy and Roman Law in the New Testament.* By EDWARD HICKS, D.D., D.C.L., Vicar of St. Stephen's, Sheffield. (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1896.)

3. *Students and the Missionary Problem.* Being the Report of the International Students' Missionary Conference, held from January 2 to 6, 1900. (London: General Secretary of the Students' Volunteer Missionary Union. 1900.)

THE most attractive feature in the study of ancient history is, to the Christian mind, the golden thread which runs through it of an unconscious preparation for the coming of our Lord. Not only in the Jewish nation, where at sundry times and in divers manners God spake to their fathers by the prophets, but amongst those great Gentile peoples who yielded to the shaping influence of something outside themselves, or, in other words, who had ideals, and endeavoured to realise them, can we now distinctly trace the workings of a divine purpose, leading them on to make straight the way of the Lord. This subject has been often expounded at length; but a short outline of its main features may be found convenient before we proceed to ask whether any parallel to it is to be found in the present day amongst ourselves.

We shall not go so far back as to the Egyptians, the Assyrians, and the Carthaginians, partly because we have ample materials for our assertion without them, and partly because their remains do not afford us sufficient data to argue from. Yet unquestionably it is to the first two of these nations that we must look for the origin of written signs. Phœnicia gave an alphabet to Greece. She received it from one or other of her powerful neighbours, and it is in the domain of language both oral and written that we shall look first for the story of the Preparation. Assyria and Egypt, moreover, were no mean factors in the moulding and training of the chosen people amongst whom the Messiah was to come. But as this side of the Preparation is so obvious, there is the less need for us to dwell upon it.

We love to think of the growth and wide diffusion of the Greek language, the most perfect vehicle which human thought has produced for the expression and the communication of ideas, whether of a lofty, a practical, or a subtle kind, whether they deal with metaphysical subjects beyond our ken or with the common occurrences of daily life. The Grecian poets sang, the Grecian philosophers dreamed, the rhetoricians argued, the orators declaimed, the common people jested; all pursued their own ends, and knew not that the plastic words in which they enshrined their thoughts were one day to receive a deeper inspiration, and convey the very mysteries of the divine purpose, as reeds which would bring to earth a more than Promethean fire.

We shall realise this the more vividly, perhaps, if we try to imagine what difficulties the apostles and preachers of the early Christian Church would have had if they had been obliged to express the wonders and transcendent mysteries of God's plan of redemption either in Latin or in Hebrew. A. F. Ozanam was, we believe, the first to point out that the Latin language had in classical times no equivalent for the ideas of "save" and "saviour," simply because the notion of redeeming the lost did not exist amongst those who spoke it. It had the verb *servare*, from which "servator"

might be formed; but *servare* meant to keep what was already there, not to seek and to find what had gone astray. Before the ideas contained in the words σώζειν and σωτήρ could be conveyed to a Roman's mind, violence had to be done to his language. The imperfect verb *salve* had to be furnished with an infinitive, and a noun derived therefrom such as Cicero and Cæsar might not have approved.

If any one doubts the inadequacy of the Latin language to express abstract or metaphysical ideas, let him take the phrase in Hebrews i. 3, χαρακτὴρ τῆς ὑποστάσεως αὐτοῦ, and see how it has been rendered. In the English Authorised Version it is "the express image of His person." Here we feel that "express image" is a happy equivalent for χαρακτήρ, but that "person" in no way gives us the sense of ὑποστάσεως. The Revisers have accordingly translated the phrase by "the very image of His substance," or, in the margin, "the impress of His substance," showing that they were somewhat puzzled by it. Now, when we turn to the Vulgate, we find *et figura substantiæ eius*, and in Beza's translation *et character personæ illius*, both shallow renderings of the Greek, one of them being actually obliged to borrow a foreign word.

Who does not feel that the word *lenitas* in Romans ii. 4 is an insufficient rendering of μακροθυμία, so well expressed by the English "long-suffering," and that the ἀφθαρσία of verse 7 is a much fuller and more picturesque expression than *immortalitas*? We all know how St. Jerome was obliged to coin the word *caritas*, because the Latin *amor* made no distinction between ἔρως and ἀγάπη; how we have rendered *caritas* by "charity," thus spoiling the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, and have filled up the measure of our sins by confounding *caritas* with ἐλεημοσύνη, and too often divorcing charity from ἀγάπη so as to make the former seem cold!

"Nothing," says Ozanam, "appeared at first less capable of expressing Christian ideas than that old Latin tongue, which seemed in its primitive roughness to be made only for war, agriculture, and lawsuits. Accordingly, many New Testament

words were taken over bodily into Latin, such as *episcopus*, *presbyter*, *diaconus*. *Christus*, *baptisma*, *anathema*, *eleemosyna*, and a great number of new words were coined from words already existing. Such were *justificare*, *mortificare*, *jejunare*, *compassio*, *ingratitudo*, *impossibilitas*, *spiritualis*, *carnalis*, *sensualis*."[1]

To have made use of the Hebrew language for New Testament ideas would not, perhaps, have occasioned the same kind of inadequacy in their expression, but it might have resulted in vagueness. The Old Testament has no great body of secular literature contemporary with any of its books, so we can seldom look outside of itself to ascertain the exact meaning of words which occur but once. In one passage the Revisers have not been able to tell us whether the Paschal lamb was to be boiled or roasted (see Deut. xvi. 7); and we need only look down the margins of their pages in the book of the prophet Isaiah to see how many phrases are capable of being translated in two different ways. Take one chapter only. In i. 2 should we read "nourished and brought up," or "made great and exalted"? in verse 5, "the whole heart," or "every heart"? verse 12, "to appear before me," or "to see my face"? verse 13, "I cannot away with iniquity and the solemn meeting," or "I cannot away with; it is iniquity, even the solemn meeting"? In verse 17, are the rulers told to "relieve the oppressed," or to perform the more difficult task of "setting right the oppressor"? These ambiguities are, we suspect, due to the Hebrew idiom. Where marginal variants are noted in the New Testament, they are probably due to the diversity of readings in numerous manuscripts, and in few cases is the discrepancy very great.

No spoken language has ever equalled the Greek in depth, in fulness, in picturesqueness, or in flexibility. And when we consider the great difference in habits of thought which exists between a logical Aryan and an intuitive Semite, we cannot help being grateful that God has revealed to us His lively oracles partly in a tongue evolved by the

[1] OZANAM: *Comment la langue Latine devint Chrétienne.*

one, and partly in a tongue pertaining to the other. The Greek language overpowered the Latin and all others chiefly by its own innate superiority—a superiority which the Romans themselves were the first to acknowledge. The conquests of the Macedonian Alexander caused it to spread itself over the world in a way that neither the Assyrian nor the Persian had ever done in those regions which came under the sway of Sennacherib or of Cyrus.

Rome's share in the preparation for our Lord's coming may be traced almost from the first settlement of Romulus and Remus on the Palatine Hill. As the Sabines, the Albans, the Latins, and the Etruscans, after long continued struggles, became successively amalgamated with the Roman community, they laid claim to a share in its government, and the experiments which were made in the science of maintaining a just equilibrium between the various classes of the community are not only exceedingly instructive to politicians in every age, but they laid the foundations of that jurisprudence which is one of the chief bases of our European civilisation. The extension of Roman law over a large part of the world no doubt provided a very valuable means of protection for the first messengers of the gospel. We know how one of the greatest of them baffled the malice of his own Jewish compatriots by an appeal to Cæsar.

But the laws of Rome were not the only contribution which she made to the work of the Preparation. Through all the extent of her vast empire one of her first cares was to construct roads. Through the forests of Germany and of England, over the sands of the African desert, across the mountains of Asia Minor, and even over the gigantic barrier of the Alps, these ran like threads of silver, straight as the course of a measuring line, and yet so solidly made that the lapse of twenty centuries has not sufficed in many cases to displace their huge flat paving-stones. By means of these roads the Romans secured their hold over the countries they had conquered, just as the modern French have done in Algeria and Kabylia. They made straight the

paths by which the good news, radiating from Jerusalem, might be carried with all possible dispatch to the ends of the earth, as far as the earth was known to them.

The writer of this article dwells at a spot where two of these Roman roads crossed each other. The old paving-stones and the solid substructure of the foundations have disappeared for centuries; but the modern macadamised ways lie upon the top of these, and are remarkable for their un-English straightness. We can picture in imagination how the Roman soldiers cut through the tough jungle of the East Anglian forests, draining some of the marshy lands; how they dug a couple of side trenches; how they removed the soft earth; how they brought stones in barges down the rivers, or in wagons along that part of the road already made; how they filled up the long excavations, chose out the flat paving-stones and fitted them together, after the pattern with which they were familiar in the Appian Way. Now, if any one had approached a Roman centurion, as he stood directing the labour of his men, and had asked him, "Why are you making that road?" he would have replied, "To facilitate our own communications and keep down the barbarous natives." If any one had suggested to him that the ultimate use of his road would be to afford a means of transit for men who would carry the story of a crucified Jew, would he not have laughed the suggestion to scorn? Yet so it was. When the fulness of the time had come, and the Son of God dwelt upon earth, the language and the roads of the civilised world were alike ready to carry the good news of His life, of His death, and of His resurrection, whilst over the first reciters of His story the Roman eagle spread its protecting wings.

Can we imagine that the Almighty Creator and Director of this universe, the Father of all mankind, carried out a distinct purpose in the history of our race up to the reigns of Augustus and Tiberius Cæsar, and that ever since He has let us drift where we will? Is it not more natural to suppose that as earth is yet more closely linked to heaven than it was in the days before the great redemption, God

overrules our actions, just as a wise father quietly guides the doings of his children, and makes them all unconsciously converge towards the fulfilment of some great and beneficent design which He had in His mind even when the foundations of the world were laid. And we who believe that the prophecies both of the Old Testament and of the New, such as those in Psalm lxxii., Isaiah xi., and in 2 Peter iii. 13, are not to be wholly explained away as figurative prophecies, can we doubt what the next great divine interference with the course of human history will be? May we not, therefore, inquire if in this our world any great processes are going forward analogous to those which preceded the First Advent, and which may be construed by us into a possible preparation for the Second?

Let us look first at international politics. No world-power, like that of Rome, threatens to bring all races of men under the sway of one sceptre. The dream of France under the First Republic and under Napoleon has not been fulfilled, or rather the attempt to realise it has proved a disastrous failure. Greater Britain, with nearly four hundred millions of citizens, does not even aspire to subjugate the habitable globe; and there is the less chance of her doing so since she is confronted by the ever growing power of Russia. But we submit that, what Rome was to the ancient world, Europe, taken as a whole, is to the modern. Not by force of arms alone, but by her moral and intellectual superiority, she is bringing the other four great continents and the islands of the sea under her undisputed sovereignty. The ancient civilisations of India and of Persia have already succumbed. China is breaking up; Japan has secured her political independence only by becoming Europeanised; the wild Tartars and Mongols are gradually owning the sway of Christian Russia; the natives of Australia and New Zealand have been replaced by the hardy Briton; the veil of mystery which shrouded the interior of Africa is for ever rent; North and South America have been transformed by the united genius of the Anglo-Saxon, the Celt and the Spaniard. The African cannibal lays aside his spear, and

learns to read his Bible ; and that most stubborn of bigots, the Mohammedan, is forced to acknowledge that there is a useful kind of learning outside of his Coran—a learning which every year brings forth practical fruit in the shape of railways, telegraphs, post-offices and electric lighting, blessings of which he gladly avails himself, but of which the secret has never been known to the doctors in El Azhar.[1] Man has in this century made extraordinary progress in the art of subduing the globe. One by one Nature has yielded up to him her secrets, the secrets of God, and, what is more, he has become conscious of an impetus which will not let him rest till he has explored this world and her wonders to the utmost limit where his intelligence can penetrate.

Then let us take the question of language. It may seem a bold and perhaps a boastful thing to say, but it is nevertheless true, that our own English tongue is rapidly acquiring the position, not altogether as a representative of the highest literature, but as a medium of communication between the scattered families of the human race, which Greek had in the days of Roman political supremacy. Various causes have contributed to this : the admiration inspired by the works of Shakespeare and Scott amongst our German cousins ; the hitherto unparalleled extent of our commerce, the growing might of the two English-speaking nations across the Atlantic ; the forcefulness of our language itself in its direct locutions and freedom from troublesome inflections, and the intense longing of foreigners, especially of Germans, to display their supposed linguistic superiority to ourselves by speaking it on every possible occasion. But the cause which has most of all contributed to this result is the effort of missionaries, British and American, to make known the gospel among the heathen. It is, indeed, sometimes said that, as the whole truths of Christianity cannot be taught in

[1] An Arab professor from Tunis once told us that the pupils in the university there are still taught to believe that the sun goes round the earth.

some of the African tongues, it is expedient that those who speak these tongues should learn English. Their doing so must greatly simplify the work of the missionary, who is thereby absolved from the task of translating all the masterpieces of Christian literature into every conceivable dialect. They are also thereby made with us the heirs of the ages, not of the cycles of Cathay, but of the times in which the human intellect has brought forth its choicest fruits, and has held the closest communion with the Divine.

Nor would we forget to note the very great political service which our American cousins are, perhaps unconsciously, rendering to us through their missions in Egypt, in Turkey, and elsewhere. The immense pains which they bestow (as the present writer can bear personal witness) in teaching their own mother tongue to the native children has had the effect of disposing thousands of young people to welcome British rule. However unreasonable it may appear, a Greek or an Arab has always a strong bias in favour of the nation whose language he understands, be it French or be it English; and it is thus not too much to say that in Egypt, at least, the American missionaries, though devoting their whole time to the work of teaching Bible truth, and though keeping scrupulously aloof from politics, have nevertheless smoothed away some of the difficulties which have beset our control of the Egyptian Government.

We may safely predict that the inferior languages of the world will more and more give place to those which have great literatures behind them. German, French, Italian, and Spanish may be included amongst these; but the fact remains that English is already far in advance of them all, and to a much greater extent than they it is now being employed for the transmission of divine truth. It has been calculated by those who profess to know that Arabic will offer the only effectual resistance to its onward march, because Arabic has behind it the faith of the False Prophet.

Another force which tends to promote the hegemony of the English language is, if we mistake not, the potent one of newspaper correspondence. The ink-bottle of a

scientific German may be deeper than that of an Englishman; but how poor do the best of Continental papers—the *Temps*, the *Figaro*, the *Cologne Gazette*, the *Neue Freie Presse*, or the *Secolo*—look beside the *Times*! We doubt if any European journal outside our own islands has a paid representative at the seat of war in South Africa, we doubt if there were any with Lord Kitchener in the Soudan. It will be readily perceived that if the descriptions of battles, or of other great events, are in Continental papers mere translations of what has already appeared in our own, it becomes more important for German journalists to acquaint themselves with English than for English ones to become familiar with German. And we must confess to some good-natured amusement when we read of a Bulgarian adventurer in the Boer trenches, having taken up arms against us from pure love of fighting, being obliged to converse in English with our enemies. And if the most formidable of the barriers which separate nations, that of language, is thus being broken down, is there not another direction in which we may discern still more distinctly the traces of a preparation for some great event?

"Change is upon the world" in many respects; but in none has it been more triumphantly revolutionary than in the means of locomotion. What were the Roman roads, and the facilities which they afforded to the early progress of the gospel, compared with railways? These are emphatically a product of this century. The infant Steam, like the electric spark, grew even under the care of its first nurses, Watt, Stephenson, and others, to be a giant, whose arms now embrace the habitable globe. We cannot help smiling when we remember that the first trains on the first passenger railway, that between Stockton and Darlington, opened in September, 1825, were preceded by a signalman on horseback. As well might we compel one of the great Atlantic steamships to follow a small rowing-boat!

Our grandfathers took at least three days to travel uncomfortably from Edinburgh to London, making their wills as

a precautionary measure before they started,[1] and our great-grandfathers had not even the benefit of a public conveyance, for the first stage-coach between these two important capitals ran only in 1785. We employ precisely the same amount of time between London and Tunis, enjoying no small degree of luxury on the road, and with no preparation more serious than the packing of a portmanteau and the acquisition of a few circular notes. Under the auspices of Messrs. Cook, Perowne, or Gaze, it is even possible to start for the interior of Africa or of Asia with a light heart, and where the lion prowled only ten years ago we shall step into a well provided refreshment-room. Some of our married friends, if they were to confess the truth about their courting-days, might tell us that they had agreed to link their fate together, some at Samarkand and some at Bassæ, in the Peloponnesus. Asiatic princes, in out-of-the-way places, even when ruling over semi-barbarous tribes, have surprised explorers by talking of their Oxford and Cambridge days; and in every British university fresh links are being forged in the invisible chain which binds us to the uttermost parts of the earth.

The ship which bore St. Paul from Myra to Melita on his Romeward way had probably already spent several months betwixt Alexandria and the coast of Asia Minor. It will give us some food for meditation if we first read St. Luke's account of the journey in Acts xxvii. and xxviii., and note how much time was spent before they reached Crete; how they debated as to which part of the island would be most commodious to winter in; how they were tossed about for at least fourteen days in Adria before they suffered shipwreck at Melita; how after three months they departed in another ship of Alexandria which had wintered in the isle; and were no doubt very glad of a three days' rest at Syracuse; and how they reached Rome, probably, in about six months after their departure from Palestine. Then let

[1] The journey from Glasgow to Edinburgh occupied twelve hours, if we may believe John Galt in his *Annals of the Parish*.

us turn to the last number of Bradshaw's Guide-book, and judge of what St. Paul's feelings would have been could he have read on page lxvi—"Leave London (in Ultima Thule) Monday night, arrive Alexandria (*vid* Brindisi) Sunday morning"; that is, in five and a half days.

Livingstone's solitary wanderings along the great lakes and rivers of Africa may now be read as if they belonged to a past century, for his track will soon be a highway of commerce. We may go comfortably round the world in ninety days, and pay less for so doing than if we had made the grand tour of Europe fifty years ago. Electric railways and steam-turbines may even reduce all journeys to less than one-half of their present duration.

How greatly have these improved means of locomotion facilitated the preaching of the everlasting gospel! Scarcely was Uganda opened up, nay, scarcely had the British public realised its existence, before Bibles were poured into it—Bibles which were eagerly read by its natives. The Cape to Cairo telegraph, when it is established, will not only pass along a chain of mission stations, but will find in every one of them a few Christian natives trained to work it; men whose parents were once fully capable of eating each other. Few steamers cross the ocean without some missionaries being amongst their passengers, and on the railways of Russia Bibles are carried gratis. The Christian teacher on going to a foreign station does not now bid a life-long farewell to his friends in Great Britain; and the faces of his converts or his pupils soon become familiar to these by means of photography.

And what shall we say of the electric telegraph? The spark, first brought down from heaven by Benjamin Franklin in the middle of the seventeenth century, was freighted with a message by Morse in 1835, and has been taught to speak through a series of more and more ingenious contrivances, till at last in this, the closing year of the century, we may hear of a battle in South Africa a few hours after it has happened, and with our morning coffee read all the details of yesterday's fighting. All mankind are thus

allured to take an interest in each other's affairs; the limits of time and space, so far as this world is concerned, are practically vanishing; we converse with each other across the seas, both by pen and by word of mouth, and the sensitive chord of human sympathy is struck and played upon in a way which has no parallel since the human family left the Ark.

What a revolution, too, has been wrought in our habits by the bicycle, and by its adaptation to the use of women! The sewing-machine has been called the emancipation of our sex, but its effects in that way have been partly neutralised by the introduction of superfluous frills and furbelows. These the bicycle will doubtless help to abolish, at least in the daytime, as a slight addition to its healthy and beneficent influence. We need none of us look beyond the circle of our personal acquaintances in order to realise that a new era is dawning. Girls and even elderly women of limited means, who can seldom afford an occasional cab, and were thus only a few years ago moving in a limited orbit around their homes, an orbit determined by their own walking powers, now fly across the country for thirty miles at a stretch, and undertake tours through the Midland Counties or the Scottish Highlands at a very moderate expense. To be furnished with wheels comes near to being furnished with wings; and if a broken arm or even a cracked head sometimes results, the price is well worth paying for the alertness of wit, the vigour of body, and the enlargement of vision, physical and mental, which the exercise brings with it.

We do live a very different life from that of our grandmothers or our grandfathers either; and whither does it tend? Surely to place within our reach, more and more, the treasures of this world, to help us to appreciate the beauties of nature, and to feel something of the pulse of human life as it beats in this great earth, this earth which our race is subduing more completely than it has ever done before. And who shall say that these things are not a preparation for something? The greater the power that is

placed in our hands, the more is our responsibility, and the more important does it become, whether we use it for good or for evil. It may be part of God's plan that the secrets of nature shall all be explored by man before the present state of things passes away, and that when the human intellect shall have made the most that it can out of this world, the consummation of the ages will take place, and all created lights shall wax dim in the effulgence of the visible presence of the Christ.

Nor is it the material world alone, and our relations to it, that has entered upon a fresh period of change. It seems to us that man's moral nature is yielding more and more to the power of the Spirit of God. We may be too sanguine, but we think that during the period of our own lifetime society in England and Scotland has become more and more pervaded by an earnest Christian spirit; and we are delighted to find that our own impressions on the subject are confirmed by those of many of our friends. Enthusiasm for foreign missions is not sneered at as it once was. To be a Christian in very deed is not now considered eccentric, even in fashionable, frivolous society. "Church work," as it is called, may not be always of the wisest kind, but the fact that it is so widely undertaken is a sign of no little significance. There has never been a period, nor a country, where the interests of the poor and the ignorant have been so considerately attended to as they are in Great Britain at the present day. Lazarus has allured Dives from his palace, and has induced him to build model dwellings, to open reading-rooms, to pay for the education of his children—nay, to step down himself and entertain him with song and story. When Lazarus is sick, his bed is made for him by the district nurse, who is often a girl of gentle blood; when he is very ill indeed, the hospital opens its kindly doors, and the highest medical skill in the land is at his service gratis. Yet only a few years ago Dives himself might have been nursed by one of the Gamp sisterhood.

Serious attempts are now made to grapple with poverty and other social evils. The easy methods of ancient days,

the flinging of largesse and doling of soup are perceived to have been no methods at all. An appeal is rather made to the manliness or womanliness latent in every human breast; and a reform is attempted from within rather than from without. That reform can be thorough and permanent only if it is based on spiritual regeneration, or, in other words, if it makes Christ a factor in the individual life as in the life of the body politic.

But wars have not come to an end, it may be said. The angels' song at Bethlehem was never responded to with such irony as it is now, when two Christian and Protestant nations are shedding each other's blood to decide who shall be supreme in South Africa. Europe is armed to the teeth; and the United States, whose happy geographical situation seemed to enable her to live at peace with all mankind, after recovering from the disastrous effects of a bloody civil contest, has just waged a fierce battle with Spain, and will be constrained henceforth to keep up a standing army and a navy. We ourselves may soon have to resort to the conscription in order to secure our frontiers from invasion; and the world seems drawing nearer and nearer to the battle of Armageddon.

We grant it. But may not this battle, and those which shall precede it and prepare for it, be just the furnace of the Lord burning up the dross, or the winnowing-fan with which He shall thoroughly cleanse His floor? As flowers appear after a rain-storm, so side by side with these fierce conflicts we witness ever greater efforts to mitigate the effects of their violence. At no period of man's history, since the curse of Cain fell upon us, has the wounded warrior been more anxiously or more skilfully cared for. Stretcher-bearers, Hindu and Kaffir, watch for his fall, and convey him, sometimes at the risk of their own lives, to the field hospital, where experienced surgeons are ready with their Röntgen rays, their chloroform, and their antiseptic dressings, to mitigate his sufferings, and to do what is humanly possible to set him on his feet again. The spirit of sympathy and of active kindness broods over friend and

foe alike. Not only Tommy Atkins, but the rough Boer himself, puts the cup of cold water from his own lips, and holds it to those of the man whom he has lately shot down.

To sum up. When we see the rapid and extraordinary changes which have passed over the world even during the brief space of our own lifetime, the spread of one European language, the increased rapidity in our means of transit and in the communication of our thoughts, the powerful influence of applied science in ministering to the necessities of man, or in alleviating his miseries, and, above all, the ever growing enthusiasm with which the everlasting gospel is being preached, may we not ask, Whither does it all tend? Is the way of the Lord being prepared for the second time in this world's history, and we, who are carried swiftly along with the stream, do not recognise it? We shall all at least agree to the proposition that great changes must take place in the constitution of human society before this our earth can answer to St. Peter's description as a place "wherein dwelleth righteousness." Possibly it may become so by a process of evolution rather than by a direct act of creation; the seed from which so glorious a harvest is yet to spring having been dropped into it at the First Advent.

AGNES SMITH LEWIS.

THE PRESENT-DAY CHINA.

WHAT can be said of China at the present time? Can we form an adequate idea of it? Changes have been passing over it, exciting a deep interest among the leading nations of the world. Naturally it is a country of high consequence from its vast and unique population, its importance as a field of commerce, and its capacity for development; and there are still higher considerations connected with it which may well attract the attention and call forth the energies of thoughtful minds in its behalf. Indeed, the character and condition of China in every point of view place it in the foreground among the manifold subjects claiming the interest of civilised and Christian humanity. There are countries which give occasion for special regard from the circumstances immediately connected with them or the immense possibilities arising from them; but nothing can surpass in magnitude, grandeur, or importance the idea which China presents in the scale of being, whether looked at from a merely superficial aspect or from a real and essential view of the case,—the one as physically observed, the other as spiritually apprehended; the one from the outward and human side, the other from the inward and divine.

We propose to look at China as it now appears to us in the light of its government and political standing; its scholars, their learning and literature; its people in the ordinary course of their social life; and the bearing of the whole in relation to Christianity.

I. China in the Matter of its Government and Political Standing.

It is now in the hands of the empress-dowager as she is called, the second wife of a late emperor and a woman of

remarkable ability. When the T'ai-p'ing rebellion was in force, she assumed power as regent and guided the affairs of empire in a most capable and effective manner, so as to bring about peace and tranquillity. There was everything in her mode of government that gave satisfaction; and when she reached her sixtieth year of age, and the thirtieth year of her reign, it was arranged to transfer the sceptre fully into the hands of her nephew bearing the imperial name of Kwang Sü. Then the whole country was stirred up to acknowledge its indebtedness to her, to express its high admiration of her character and abilities, and its sense of the benefits it had received under her rule. In doing so presents of great value were sent to her from all quarters, and among these was a most beautiful edition of the New Testament, forwarded through the English and American Ministers, the gift of the female Christian converts in different parts of the empire, a gift that was graciously accepted. Things went on apparently well under the new regime until the war with Japan, when the Government was convulsed by defeat, and it was needful that a strong hand should interpose; then the empress-dowager alone appeared capable. Mainly through her counsel and action the two countries were reconciled, and matters seemed likely to proceed happily in spite of many local troubles springing up, and the coming forward of the Foreign Powers with a perplexity of affairs, arising in part from jealousy of each other and claims for indemnity for supposed injury to their respective subjects. Truly the calls upon her majesty were many and heavy. She was the ruling spirit of the whole, and her numerous subordinates had simply to submit to her authority and to be guided by her counsels.

One matter, however, occurred two years ago that aroused the energies of the empress-dowager to an extreme degree. The emperor came under the influence of various ministers whose aim was to effect a great reform in the general administration of the government. It was intended to accomplish vast and momentous changes in the political and

educational course, and the emperor fell in with this policy. His imperial decrees were published with all due authority, and roused an eager spirit throughout the country, in which there was great sympathy and rejoicing on the one hand and intense hatred and opposition on the other. What was to follow? The empress-dowager and her confederates were amazed, fearing the consequences of such reformations, involving as it seemed the very constitution of the empire, the safety of the Manchu dynasty, and the prosperity of the country. They took action, seized the leading reformers, killed some, banished others, and they are now offering vast sums of money for the capture of the two principal leaders who fortunately escaped; in short, they are resolved to suppress any attempt in the line of reform. The emperor was practically deposed, and his aunt assumed the whole power of the State, which she is now wielding in a most determined manner. Her edicts, issued in her own name, and at times also in that of the emperor, are dictated in strong and violent terms, always professing the greatest regard for the welfare of the country, and aiming at the aggrandisement of the empire. The various provinces are taxed as much as they can possibly bear with a view to increasing the army and navy far beyond their present strength, and this in order not only to repress local rebellion, but, if necessary, to frustrate outside Powers in their attempts to seize different points and break up the unity of the empire.

Such is the condition of China at the present hour. It is in a state of uncertainty. In all parts, more or less, are disorder and confusion, and a readiness to oppose the order of things favoured by her majesty, whose fulminations against the proposed reform have aroused the antipathy and ill-will of many in the country, and may yet lead to open rebellion against the dynasty. In some quarters a strong anti-foreign spirit seems to prevail, largely owing, perhaps, to foreign encroachments and the natural aversion of China to all outside intervention; the authorities not being eager to suppress this spirit, if not actually encouraging it.

Suffice that the native officials, from the highest to the lowest, follow in the wake of the powers that be; and whatever a few of the more enlightened might wish to do, they would rather go on the old lines which they understand and from which they profit, than act in opposition to those above them and adopt a course which might be to their personal disadvantage. We simply add that the Government all through, with few exceptions, is in a corrupt and venal state, every one peculating for himself, and in a sense compelled to do so owing to the defective salary arrangements which induce the whole class of officials to prey upon those beneath and around them in order to obtain a sufficient livelihood and to enrich themselves as soon as may be. Outwardly they have at command the highest moral maxims, which they seek to impress upon others and profess personally to comply with, but these maxims have little influence on official morality.

II. The Scholars, their Learning and Literature.

We make a point of this, and attach to it the greatest importance because of its place in the economy of China. Their system and theory of education, uniform throughout the empire, have continued down from ancient times. They consist mainly in the study of the classics, which are regarded as the repository of all wisdom and moral excellence for the guidance and instruction of the whole community in every department of life. Accordingly, in the myriad schools everywhere established these classics are learned and rehearsed in their language and sentiments, so as to make them most familiar to the students. Many of the youthful aspirants, the great majority indeed, cannot prosecute the study long enough to obtain a proper knowledge of them, having to leave school for the business of life, thus attaining only a very modified acquaintance with the subject and even of the Chinese characters; others attain even less than this, while the vast number of

children receive no instruction at all. Still, hundreds of thousands pursue the study for many years as if literature was to be their profession, or as if official position was their great aim in life. These go forward in their studies till qualified to attend the examinations which test their attainments, and as they succeed prove their capacity for public service. Only a very few of the whole reach this standard; but when arrived at, it is thought to be the *summum bonum* of life, and they revel in the attainment. But the question is, What does this learning amount to? The classics in their political, historical, moral, and social teaching, together with the manifold commentaries formed upon them, are the basis of the whole, and the apparent proficiency of the students in regard to these classics is the criterion of their capabilities for civil office. The studies in question require a long and laborious course to attain high eminence as a Chinese scholar, and the teaching implied in them certainly includes much that is interesting and beneficial in mental and moral culture and in the practical duties of public life. It is, no doubt, for this reason that the system has been adopted, in the hope that the students who have been most successful in these intellectual and ethical studies would be best fitted for the work of government. This ought to be candidly acknowledged. The character and effect of these studies must, however, be noticed. In regard to history and example there is much excellent moral teaching and intellectual acumen to be met with in these ancient writings, teaching calculated to work out most satisfactory results. The various relations and virtues of social life are descanted on, the advantages of faithfulness and the disadvantages of the opposite being emphasised; and all not only in a mere humanitarian aspect, but in application to the will and authority of Heaven, which at times is distinctly insisted upon as binding on the observance of every one. Judged by this rule, the whole course of these studies might be expected to produce the happiest effects. Yet while admitting this in a large degree, we must add *Humanum*

est errare, and the entire class of scholars, or as they are commonly called the literati, and from the pith of whom the mandarins are chosen, are imbued with the highest ideas of their own importance, as being vastly superior to all others; they are full of prejudice against everything that savours of change from the established order, and keenly opposed to foreign intervention in education, religion, literature, and science. There is a saying in the classics which is devotedly studied and carried out—"Beware of strange customs"; and though novel customs obtain in the course of social life in manifold instances, still the literary class have such a high idea of their own learning and scholarship as far exceeding what foreigners can introduce among them that everything attempted in the way of innovation is belittled and opposed.

When the matter of reform came to the front, the whole literary system was revised, and a new order was proposed in great measure to supersede it. Education as pursued in the West was planned, and the old lines were condemned as unsuited to the requirements of the age. This proposal was, however, regarded with amazement and denounced as monstrous and affronting alike to the sages of the past and to the scholars of the present. It would never do; and as the literati were counted by millions and formed the standard of the country, the contemplated change was decried as utterly unwarrantable. A comparative few favoured the change; but their influence was overborne by the reaction that was provoked, and the old system was continued with slight modifications here and there as a show of improvement in various departments.

Such, then, is the course now pursued. Education goes on as before in the numerous seminaries throughout the country, and the tens of thousands under instruction are being taught as hitherto, without any regard to what we consider essential to a liberal education, or at all beyond the lines inculcated in the old classics which are still enforced as sufficient for all the purposes of life.

We may say, in passing, that there is in the Chinese mind

a capacity for high training and development. Their intellect is cramped at present by the very language requiring to be learned, the difficult and peculiar characters to be acquired, the range of instruction by which it is bound down, and the prejudice existing against all change whatsoever. Only let these be broken through,—and happily there are cases where this is being done,—and there is every capability in the Chinese mind for the highest attainments, and the more that certain native studies are examined outside the usual lines the more one can see ample proof of the native capacity for achievements being equal with our own. How this is to be done may be a question; but let a reform be instituted, as was the case in 1898, let foreign intervention take place in the studies of the schools and colleges of China, let it be as with our own country in former days that "the schoolmaster is abroad," and China will gradually burst the fetters which enslave it and the scholars set free will rise to an equality with ourselves. There are influences now at work for this end in various institutions that have been formed, in the diffusion of general knowledge, and in the enterprise of foreign employ—all as yet very limited, still working toward the enlightenment and elevation of the country.

III. The People in the Ordinary Relations of Social Life.

They are, of course, highly diversified, and they are in the main divided by themselves into four classes—the scholars, farmers, workmen, and merchants. These have each their respective positions from the importance attached to them in the scale of civilisation, or from their bearing on the welfare of the community. We have spoken of the scholars, and need not speak of the others in their several characteristics, only we may depict the people as a whole in various broad lines which give to them a distinct and definite form.

The Chinese are a people satisfied with themselves. They have no knowledge except in a limited degree of any one or anything outside their own circle, and they have no means

of becoming acquainted with the circumstances and condition of other countries. They were born in their present sphere, and have been accustomed to it as necessarily belonging to them and they to it. Any changes through which they have passed, whether in the way of fortune or misfortune, are a matter of natural occurrence, and whether satisfied or dissatisfied with the course of government under which they are placed, so it is, and so it must be. They have nothing to do with political affairs or the government of the country in a local or larger aspect. That is a matter in which they have no personal concern, and it is left entirely to others. Their only desire is for peace in their day and in their homes. The interest taken by the people of the West in the rule and ruling powers of their country, and the contrasts these people draw between other lands and their own, or between what is and what might be in the ordinary course of things, have no parallel in China. There they are, and there they are called to be and to do, and they are content. When a Chinaman was told of the demands made by the barons in England in former days, his reply was, "That may be all very well for you, but it would not do for us." This applies to things in general: complaints are made against the local authorities, and rebellions are even raised against the powers that be, but this is not the usual run of events, which move on peacefully and quietly, and the Chinese knowing no better, and, it may be, desiring no better, proceed day by day, and year after year, taking things as they are, and considering they are as well off as they can expect to be.

Again, they are active and industrious in their habits of life. We do not mean that they are impulsive and restless as we are inclined to be; but they carry on in their own way, and do what they are called to do in their own time, and perhaps no less effectually than ourselves. A view of the whole country in its various forms of civilisation suggests this idea most strongly. Let us not take our lines as a standard for them, but look at the Chinese from their own standpoint, and as we survey their villages, towns, and

cities, their residence and occupations, or the outlying country in its hamlets, bridges, and field cultivation, we must be struck with the industry and laboriousness of the people. We cannot charge them with indolence or niggardliness in their social economy, or in local and national development in so far as their ideas of comfort and convenience are concerned. Though far removed from our standard in this respect, the Chinese, isolated as they have been from all means of suggestion and instruction arising from intercourse with other countries, have of themselves wonderfully advanced in their own line of things, and produced monuments of skilful labour, mechanical contrivances, and unique artistic arrangements adapted to the circumstances in which they are placed and satisfactory to themselves. Looking at them from an outside point of view alike at home and abroad, in their various professions and positions in life, they are capable of good and useful service, apt to learn, ready to do what they are called upon to do, and diligent and trustworthy for the most part in the doing of it.

Further, in regard to native manners and customs. Politeness and civility are never wanting among the Chinese. Politeness is inculcated as one of the virtues of the five relations, and it is observed by all classes. The very lowest in the community display it in their intercourse with each other, and, when occasion occurs, in dealing with the foreigner. Not that they are devoid of the opposite quality either in their language or conduct, but such is exceptional in the ordinary course of life. It is one of the proofs of its being a natural virtue in the human mind, or an effect of the teaching of the ancient sages, learned from the classics, acquired in the schools, and permeating the country at large. The Chinese are distinguished in this respect, and their epistles to one another and their daily conversation are evidences of it. Again, their idolatries and superstitions are a marked element in their social life. These enter into every department, public and private, and many descriptions have been given of them. We cannot characterise them to the full. From early age to the close

of life and afterwards they are acted upon and regarded as indispensable for safety and happiness, here and hereafter. However different in the various systems of Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taouism, they are alike observed by their respective adherents. It may truly be said, "The whole nation is given to idolatry." Not that the Chinese are a religious people, that is, a spiritually-minded people. They are too practical, materialistic, and worldly for that, and this temper is induced by the secular and political teaching of the Confucian school. Still, multitudes entertain the idea of ancestral worship, for instance, as a necessary duty towards departed friends for whose comfort and happiness it is performed, while the neglect of such worship would be a grievous sin against the deceased and a danger to themselves. The veneration of the idols, too, in the homes, shops, temples, etc., is regarded as a means of benefit by averting disease, prospering business, and saving souls in another world. Many are no doubt serious and sincere in the forms they thus adopt, but the great mass of the people observe them merely from habit and custom, and make no other apology for them, while vast numbers do not observe them at all. We enter into no particulars about them. These can easily be ascertained, and it is sufficient to note that such is the state of things throughout China. This vast country in its three hundred millions of population are altogether ignorant of God, of Christ, and of immortality, and they are given over to a thousand superstitions in thought and feeling, in word and deed. Their literature and learning, their natural intelligence and practical manner of life are of no avail to show them the folly, the guilt, and the danger of the course they pursue. They simply follow in the lines of the ages that preceded them, and they are more and more confirmed in them by the example and the conduct of those who are professedly their teachers and guides. They all need light from above, and that light is now being brought near to many of them. What shall we say in regard to it? How shall we best use it for the salvation of China?

IV. Christianity in Relation to the Wants of China.

1. In its revelation of God, Christ, and immortality Christianity meets the wants of China. In regard to these great subjects China is in the dark. Originally it seems to have had a certain knowledge of the divine Being as the creator, preserver, and governor of all things. This was acknowledged by the highest powers, and He was worshipped accordingly, but only by the emperor, as he alone was deemed worthy of this great service. Even now in the capital the Supreme Being by the imperial authority is worshipped twice a year in the Temple of Heaven. But how different is all this from what we know of the divine majesty as revealed to us in the sacred Scriptures! He is there made known in His eternal existence, infinite glory, wisdom, power, holiness, mercy, and love. He is related to us in the most intimate and endearing manner as our Father in heaven, whom we are called to worship in spirit and truth, and to whom we can pray for all the blessings we stand in need of, in sure confidence of being heard. So in reference to the Lord Jesus Christ the Saviour of sinners, His person, character, and work in our behalf, adapted to our extreme necessities, and through whom we obtain pardon, peace, and eternal life. So, again, in regard to our spiritual being as destined for immortality, and in the light of the Christian salvation, an immortality of bliss and purity in the immediate presence of God. These are the truths with which Christianity inspires our hearts; they are as much designed for China as for ourselves, and they will dispel the ignorance and error in which this whole country is plunged. It is the command of our blessed Lord that these great and glorious truths should be communicated to all the world, and not until they are made known to China will it be emancipated from the grievous thraldom in which it is now held.

2. Christianity meets the wants of China as a vital and vitalising power,—awakening it from mental, moral, and

spiritual lethargy and starting it in the way of progress. Nothing in the native systems is capable of doing this. It is said in regard to the language of China that it has long reached its culmination. It cannot advance one step farther by the very constitution of it. It is what it was ages ago. Like the Japanese, though on different grounds, it has made no progress for centuries; nay, we may say the Chinese language has made no advance from the first, and it cannot do so from its radical structure. Much more does this apply to the moral and spiritual teachings of China. Buddhism and Mohammedanism have to some extent added to its ideas, but that was from their own standpoints. As for Confucianism it is dead in this point of view, and so far as a vitalising power is concerned Christianity alone can meet the wants of the case. The Chinese classics contain all that man can devise of moral or metaphysical truth, and he can go no farther in that line, with what result we see in the character and condition of the Chinese people. These classics cannot awaken China. They cannot rouse the native mind. The movement that is needed must come from without, and Christianity alone is fitted to take up the work and carry it forward. There is power and capacity in the Chinese mind and heart and conscience, when influenced by Christianity, to raise them to a far higher standard than any to which they have attained, and, in a word, to impart to them a new, holy, divine life, to make them true men in the best and highest sense. Only let this heaven-born principle possess the soul of a Chinaman, and it will make a man of him indeed, and as it affects the nation at large it will transform the whole order of things.

3. Christianity meets the wants of China by purifying it from the corruptions to which it is subject from the cupidities and vices of both the rulers and the ruled. These are notorious. They affect all classes more or less, whilst the high-sounding morality of the classics, the urgent imperial decrees from the throne, and the earnest exhortations of good and honest men alike fail to produce

the desired result. There is no power in them or connected with them to effect the end in view. At best only a small improvement could be accomplished by them either in individual experience or in national character. It is otherwise, far otherwise, in the case of Christianity. It is of divine origin and, through faith, of divine application to the hearts and lives of men. It has overwhelming evidence in its behalf in all the varieties of human character and conduct, in every condition of society, and in every country under heaven. The provision made in connexion with it, not only in its momentous truths, but in the promise of the Holy Spirit, assures its adequacy for the purpose, and indeed it is the only effectual mean for purifying the souls of men from the vices by which we are so painfully characterised. No religious system depicts the moral condition of humanity in such a truly debased state as Christianity does, and at the same time no system offers such a sanctifying power from evil in every form. It is no less than the power of God unto salvation in the grandest and completest sense in individual men, in social life, in national character, in the world at large. In a word, it is the divine panacea, the only heaven-born remedy for the wickedness of mankind everywhere. Would that China were led to know and feel it throughout its whole body politic, and thus it would be purified from manifold corruptions among high and low, and raised to a standard of moral integrity and holiness such as it has never dreamed of, and to which it cannot otherwise by any possibility attain.

4. Christianity meets the wants of China by its power to sweep away the idolatries and superstitions by which the land has long been encumbered, and to transform it into a new land in which the worship of the only true and living God shall be observed, His name honoured, and His authority obeyed. These are the grandest of all characteristics, surpassing every other consideration. Is such purifying power a reality, borne out by incontrovertible evidence? We answer it is so, without the shadow of a doubt. It is the very purpose for which Christianity was

founded. Contemplate the scheme for a moment—its divine initiation in the counsels of eternal Love, its execution in the mission and mediation of the only begotten Son of God, and the application of it by the promised influence of the Holy Spirit. What a magnanimous idea for the redemption of men from sin and evil of every kind! What imagination can grasp it to the full? There can be no question of its infinite grandeur and moral excellence, its infinite capacity and power. It is equal to all the requirements of the case, and its express object is to renovate, ennoble, and glorify humanity, raising it high in the scale of being, bringing it into fellowship and contact with God, dissipating false and idolatrous worship, and making this world the counterpart and transcript of heaven above. Oh that this were being the case in China! and it will be the more as Christianity is made known, understood, and realised by its millions of people. The Lord hasten it in His own time!

WILLIAM MUIRHEAD.

NAPLES AND THE GOSPEL.

1. *St. Alfonso dei Liguori and the Present Papal Aggressive Movement in Italy.* By Rev. T. W. S. JONES. (Naples: "La Meridionale." 1896.)

2. *The Queen of Heaven: Màmma Schiavona (the Black Mother), the Madonna of the Pignasecca.* A Delineation of the Great Idolatry. By Rev. T. W. S. JONES. (Naples: "La Meridionale." 1898.)

3. *La Miseria in Napoli.* Per JESSIE WHITE MARIO. (Firenze: Successori Le Monnier. 1877.)

4. *Nouvelles Études Napolitaines.* Par JOHN PETER. (Lausanne: Georges Bridel, Editeur. 1887.)

5. *Mala Vita Napoletana.* Per GIULIO CAGGIANO. Seconda Edizione. (Milano: "La Poligrafica." Società Editrice. 1900.)

IT may reasonably be doubted if the modern pilgrim in pursuit of pleasure and the picturesque be more familiarly acquainted with any great modern European city than he is with Naples; few of earth's fairer scenes have been celebrated with more enthusiastic praise than the bay which boasts as its proudest jewel that "delightful and unfortunate" city; nor are there many regions more famous alike in far antiquity and in the most recent periods for events of wild romance, heart-piercing tragedy, and spirit-stirring heroism. Yet, for all this, little indeed of the inner present-day life of this world-famous, many-sided city is known to the tourists who for a few weeks make it their headquarters, or to the quieter spirits, lovers of art, history, or science, who are interested in the seismic phenomena of the region dominated by Vesuvius, in the unburied treasures

of Pompei, and in the traces which the admiring eye may find everywhere in these lovely lands of "the glory that was Greece, and the grandeur that was Rome." As for the busy, stay-at-home, incurious Englishman, his ideas of Naples are summed up in one of two traditional formulas. Either it is "a city of priests and beggars," worthy only of the contempt of an honest Protestant; or it is a wonderful pleasure-resort, whose enchanting loveliness inspires the proud Neapolitan saying, "See Naples, and then die," no other spot being worth seeing after beautiful Parthenope, the "Napoli bella" of her children, who hardly deem existence tolerable in any other clime and scene.

There is unhappily some truth in even the less favourable of these appreciations; but it is our hope to show that they are far indeed from exhaustive, and that while much that is sinister and terrible underlies the fair outside offered by Naples to her thousands of visitors, there are also latent forces at work which are rife with possibilities of regeneration. Since the day when, under the leadership of the liberator Garibaldi, the city and kingdom consented to merge their national existence in that of free United Italy,—buying that freedom "with a great price," in immensely increased taxation,—Naples has been a battlefield on which the powers of light and darkness have been contending, in a struggle all the more deadly because waged with little noise. Here the problem, which has to be faced the world over, as to the character to be assumed by the civilisation of the future is presented in its most startling difficulty. Shall that civilisation be anti-Christian and materialistic? or shall it be of the highest and purest Christian type, at once humanitarian and spiritual? Shall Christianity itself be freed from the crippling pagan superstitions that like parasitic plants thrive on its life-blood, deforming and paralysing? or shall it be ever more deeply entangled in their trammels, till, poisoned in every limb, it is mighty only for evil? These momentous questions have to be faced to-day in Naples; for terrible is its heritage of social, moral, spiritual corruption from the evil past; the Old Order dies hard and most unwillingly. We would

attempt to show what hope there is for the future of the fair city and fruitful realm, which as yet have not completed their first half-century of constitutional freedom.

Visitors, returning to Naples after an absence of twenty or thirty years, speak of many surprising changes in it. The wonderful beauty of the site, and the picturesque kind of architecture necessitated by the nature of the ground, are indeed happily insusceptible of being "improved away"; and despite the rapid advance of native industries, the "storm-cloud of the nineteenth century," evolved from coal-smoke, does not yet blur the lucid air. Sky and sea are still blue and transparent as in the days of Nelson, and still lend the witchery of their changeful colouring to the mass of stately-seeming structures—white, rosy, orange-hued—that clothe the terraced heights rising around the long lovely curve of the bay, interspersed with rocky rifts down which luxuriant orange-groves and blossoming gardens flow like rivers of verdure towards the sea. Still the summer sunsets have their fairy charm, "when the light falls like a filmy, mysterious golden veil, half draping, half revealing the bridal beauty of the shores, and when the sky and waters gleam and glow, a living, translucent blue, or change to golden, orange, purple, dying out in neutral tints. The glory of the light, the marvels of atmospheric effects" are happily undimmed, untarnishable in their magic loveliness; and the long absent visitor at first sight finds little to disturb his former impressions.

But a nearer view reveals to him a new world; or rather, a world in transition. The quarter most haunted by tourists is a region of new magnificent hotels, new, broad, and stately thoroughfares, new majestic public buildings, and new splendid shops, displaying artistically disposed stores of *marchandises de luxe*. Funicular railways and electric trams whirl the admiring stranger at will to the heights, once crowned only by the humblest villages, or sheltering squalid cave-dwellers, where Naples to-day is expanding in noble suburbs, planned with a true artistic sense of the style of architecture,—grandiose, decorated,

massive,—which harmonizes best with the large panoramic character of the surrounding landscape.

Even those two great characteristic and historic streets of old Naples,—Via Roma, once Toledo, arrow-straight in its long-vanishing perspective of many-storied, many-balconied houses; Chiaja, tortuous and erratic as the bed of a torrent, now widening as in a broad pool, now narrowing into a gully under the cliff-like buildings that border it,—have put on modern and progressive airs with their street trams and omnibuses, their attractive shops and restaurants dazzling after nightfall under the flood of electric light, their throngs of men and women ultra-fashionable in array. Perhaps the ladies affect colours more vivid, and coiffures more fantastic, than please a severe English taste; but these are somehow in keeping with the warm southern hues of complexion, the velvet darkness of eyes and hair, the opulent outlines of Neapolitan beauty. One *might* augur, however, too much financial prosperity from these street costumes; for no one understands the fine art of thrift better than the Neapolitan, or will practise it more ably in order to make a good public appearance.

Turn into this lofty portico that opens from Toledo, and look down the intersecting aisles of this richly decorated arcade; its broad marble pavement, over which a busy crowd always is moving, is bordered by sumptuous shops, cafés, and offices. Here stood not long ago a congeries of wretched narrow streets, the resort of criminals, which resembled nothing so much as a gigantic spider's web in which helpless human flies lived a dying life. These squalid alleys have been swept away by the reformer's besom, and replaced by this splendid "Galleria Umberto I.," whose vast central glass dome, lit by electricity, shines high in air all night long, a veritable Midnight Sun of Progress.

In many other quarters the same work of demolition and reconstruction is going on; ancient haunts of Want and Vice, picturesque yet appalling, are giving place to dwellings better adapted to human needs; it is computed that at least one-third of the town is thus undergoing renovation.

And—wonderful boon to a city which used to be as uncleanly and malodorous as it was beautiful!—the water supply is now abundant and pure, where it was formerly always scanty, and often polluted, derived as it was from the wells in the central courtyards of "those blocks of buildings divided into floors or flats, and these again into smaller or larger apartments, which the Neapolitans generally dignify by the name of palaces" (*palazzi*). No better preventive of the ever-recurring cholera-plague has been found than the copious and delicious water of Serino, brought from the Apennines about forty miles away by a great feat of engineering skill, to supply the many needs of this sunny and thirsty metropolis, the most densely populated in Europe.

Such are some of the great material changes which seem to indicate steady advance along the best modern lines. Yet in this region of paradox it needs but two steps to transport you into scenes not yet invaded by the reforming spirit of the day, and into an atmosphere at once Oriental and mediæval, and quaintly unfamiliar.

Leave the main arteries of traffic for any one of the countless narrow streets or *vicoli* branching off from them, and crossing each other in so intricate a network; mingle with the motley groups that stroll along below the towering houses and make the air vocal with strange raucous, weirdly musical cries; and you may well wonder if this be modern Europe. The slippery lava pavements are ill adapted to wheeled traffic; with difficulty a few patient donkeys draw along little carts laden with garden produce or earthenware; but crowds of ambulant sellers parade the street and cry their wares, balancing on their heads wicker trays heaped with fruit, Babel-towers of ironmongery, clusters of glassware and earthenware, as the case may be; and porters hurry along, laden with such heavy burdens of furniture on head or shoulder as astonish the unpractised eye. At the street corners the fruit- and flower-stalls glow with masses of rich colour, and the money-changer sits in his tiny booth behind his piles of coin; dealers yet poorer

crouch on the rough pavement beside their panniers of silvery fish, golden fruit, or dainty bread-stuffs, waiting for customers. A continual clamour fills the air, rising to its height when women of the people, gay in bright-hued bodice and skirt, the uncovered masses of their dark hair elaborately dressed à la Japonaise, chaffer with the dealers in true Eastern style, amid vehement outcries,—the seller asking prices impossibly high, the purchaser trying to beat him down beyond reason,—until a bargain is struck pleasing to both. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he goeth his way, then he boasteth." Naples can furnish as lively illustration of this proverb as ever Jerusalem in the days of the Wise King; the pictured Madonna in her flower-decked street shrine smiles down on extortion as unscrupulous as ever was practised by Bedouin or Jew. The humble votaries whom you may see trimming the dim oil-lamps that burn before their goddess, and renewing her votive flowers as they fade, have never learnt that she will frown on their poor attempts to secure a cent. per cent. profit; rather they would entreat her favouring aid while they are thus pitting craft against craft, as without scruple they implore her to grant them success in the games of chance which they play with a passion that often ends in bloodshed.

A progressive municipality has vainly tried to do away with the obstructive street traffic, building covered markets and requiring the hawkers to transact their business therein; the hawkers have opposed to the well meant plan a victorious *vis inertiæ*. New ways are hateful to them and to their customers, many of whom have a pleasant way of bargaining for their greengrocery from the fourth, fifth, or sixth *piano* (story) which is their home. You see them let down a basket, swinging by a cord, to the hawker; he takes from it the coins agreed on, and replaces them by the commodity required, which the purchaser then draws up to her airy abode. This style of doing business suits well with the *Napoletana's* ideas of decorum; it is eloquent of the not very distant days when, as a matter of sage precaution, it

was thought well, and even kind, to lock up the females of a family, so that only this limited kind of marketing was open to them. Even to-day you shall see grave and reverend signors seriously engaged in choosing from the milliner's gay stores the head-gear to be worn by their womenfolk, who are not deemed free to go about their own shopping. So deep a tinge of Orientalism still suffuses Neapolitan ideas as to the *status* of woman, that the Hindu or Mohammedan woman of India, in the *zenana*, or behind the *purdah*, is hardly more inaccessible to the influence of the evangelist than is the Neapolitan lady, in her home or out of it. Only to-day is the enfranchising power of the gospel beginning to break down the triple barriers of etiquette, prejudice, and superstition, and letting in the purifying Light.

We have not yet done with our *vico*. Glance into these *bassi* which line it, forming the ground-floor of the *palazzi*, which are themselves let out in innumerable tenements. The *basso* opens on the street by one wide and high doorway, which can be closed by glazed shutters, also by strong outer doors pierced high up by a tiny grating; other window or means of ventilation there is none. Properly the *bassi* should be used as lock-up shops; too often they are workrooms and private dwellings, and the rent paid for them would be thought monstrous save in a city like this, where the hard lot of the poor is made harder by the fabulous prices exacted for very wretched house accommodation. Picturesque enough are the *bassi*, especially at nightfall, with their strong Rembrandt-like contrasts of light and shade; the smith's forge duskily reddens in one, the smith plying hammer on anvil in the open street; next door, groups of women shimmer through the lamp-lit gloom as they bend over the ironing-board amid piles of snowy linen; in some wide open doorways sit the hatter, the tailor, the shoemaker, plying their craft by the last gleams of day; through others you discern half a score of seamstresses toiling at their sewing-machines—the one modern touch; too often you espy in the dim background a number of beds ranged side by side, well spread indeed with spotless linen

and gay coverlets, but terribly suggestive of the mephitic atmosphere that will pervade the *basso* when it is closed for the night, and the sleeping inmates shall have no defence against poisonous exhalations save the inefficient images of saint and Madonna, whose tinsel crowns glitter on the wall amid gaudy artificial flowers. At first sight there is a delusive charm about these quaint cavernous dwellings; but the spell dissolves as you contemplate the pallid cheeks, the sunken features, the stunted forms of the workers.

And could we but pass in through some of the vast porticoes which show us mysterious, far-withdrawing vistas of archway and stair, and visit the hidden world behind and above the *bassi*, we might see sadder sights in some of the lofty houses which, Eastern fashion, rise around a central courtyard,—"houses constructed for one single family, now transformed into barracks for the wretched," where "on every landing of the staircase lie heaps of rotting refuse," and where "four or five persons sleep in every squalid bed, men and women together, whole families, who can only afford to hire a single room for a few francs monthly." Here is the very forcing-house of vice and crime; here grow up recruits for the Camorra, that formidable secret association, a legacy from the evil days of Spanish domination, which still works on, mole-like, under the apparent prosperity of the new regime, and is little affected by modern reforms. An *imperium in imperio*, the Camorra has its own code of laws, rigidly administered by its own tribunals, and implicitly obeyed by its subjects, who are gathered in ever newly from the ragged barefoot hordes of homeless, friendless boys, whom you may see frolicking and wrangling in Naples streets. This well organised criminal society absorbs into its brotherhood all those among the worst characters of the populace who by well proved daring and ferocity have qualified for membership; these it upholds and defends in crime and violence; and the outcast child of society, when once a Camorrist, lives by a tribute exacted from society at the knifepoint. He preys alike on rich and poor; vice must pay its tax to him. Cabmen, boatmen, door-

keepers, fruitsellers, usurers, prostitutes, and the like, render a fixed percentage of their gains to the omnipotent Camorra, whose tentacles fasten on victims in the highest classes also, for even among them it has its gentlemanly, elegantly clad associates, living by espionage, blackmail, and fraud.

It seems as if the Camorra were drifting into two distinct currents,—the one marked by the exploits of the "Tammany Ring" kind; the other, the settling of the coarsest of the dregs into what is taking the name of Mala Vita (=evil life).

Various causes favour the surprising tenacity of this hydra-evil. Employment, more abundant than of old and still increasing, is not yet adequate to the needs of the dense population; the Government system of education, theoretically perfect, allows hundreds of poor boys to slip through its wide-meshed net, the more prosperous being caught instead; and the untaught sons of the poor swell the great army of *analfabeti* (unlettered) which, though diminishing, still forms one-half of the population. Of these, thousands are allowed to grow up into men who must die of want or live in crime, the ill-paid trades for which alone they are fit being overcrowded. And unhappily they have small reason to respect the law as at present administered in Naples. Hundreds of *innocent* persons are daily arrested on false accusations, and detained indefinitely in *arresto provvisorio*; and the best authorities admit the existence of widespread corruption in matters legal and judicial. "Witnesses corrupted, juries intimidated, documents artfully falsified, long and captious processes . . . all render the administration of justice in Naples unbearable."

The Camorrist finds the prompt, inflexible action of his own secret tribunals more righteous. He takes bribes for serving a client? so does many an officer of law. And he knows reputable citizens who seek his aid to redress their injuries, rather than that of the tardy, costly, uncertain processes of law.

Other evils act and react to the impoverishment and the depravation of the people. Usury reaches unexampled

heights. Swarms of small money-lenders suck the blood of the unprosperous, exact enormous interest for trifling loans, and will strip their starving victims of the last rag to insure the payment of their 200 or 300 per cent. profits. The mass of misery thus created is increased by the all but universal passion for gambling, which finds its grand outlet in the public *legal* lotteries.

On Saturdays, when the numbers are drawn, the doorways of every Banco Lotto—and their name is legion—are besieged by eager throngs in feverish expectation. It is easy to understand how the lottery allures the struggling poor, who may hope to quadruple their small savings if staked on a lucky number. But all classes share the rage; and the springs of healthy energy are poisoned in them, while they imagine combinations to secure the success of their golden visions. Dreams and omens, prayers to the saints, to the Madonna, to the Redeemer Himself, invocations of demons and of the departed, are mingled up with these sordid calculations; friars, vowed to holy poverty, are besieged and maltreated to make them indicate favourable numbers; priests are bribed to celebrate the "Black Mass," in order to propitiate the powers of evil on behalf of the votaries of Mammon—a mystery of iniquity into which we will not enter. Thus the mental and moral injury wrought by this degrading pursuit almost outdoes the financial and industrial loss which it occasions to the community.

There is an intelligible if not a justifiable unwillingness to pay the heavy governmental and municipal taxes and duties; much ingenuity is expended in evading them; but no vexatious duty on property or merchandise, or the necessaries of life, is so ruinous as the self-imposed tax paid eagerly to the lottery.

Such festering sores in the body politic indicate long-standing moral disease; other proofs of it are not lacking.

Naples—despite her special devotion to the spotless Virgin, whom, guided by Rome, she adores as "Queen of Heaven, Queen of Earth, Queen of Hell," exactly as ancient Neapolis adored Artemis,—Naples has long disputed with

Paris the bad pre-eminence of being the most immoral city in Europe. The imperious passions of this fiery southern race, quick and sudden in love as in quarrel, prone to frenzied jealousy, and little acquainted with the principles of pure morality, bulk largely among the determining causes of the abnormally high average of crimes of violence, murders, suicides, among a population whose general sobriety is remarkable. For you may live long years in the heart of Naples and scarcely see a drunken man, despite the growing taste for malt liquors and ardent spirits, more noxious far than the pure light native wines, which is due to the influx of foreign visitors. But *temperate*, alas! in the large and lofty scriptural sense, the Neapolitans may not be called, while crimes of sense, scarcely recognised as sins, lay waste their existence, "sapping the very foundations of character and corrupting the physical conditions of the people." The laws which once promoted these evils under a show of regulating them have been abrogated; but amended laws cannot heal the plague of the people's heart.

What is needed is to create anew in them the Christian conscience. It had practically ceased to exist under the sway of the Romish Church, which for centuries ruled unquestioned over this richly and perilously endowed race, so prone to extremes, among whom you may find gross ignorance and high intellectual achievement, heroism and cowardice, fickleness and deathless constancy, high poetic imaginings and arid materialism, blank atheism and unreasoning, grovelling superstition, divine tenderness and fiend-like cruelty.

What account has Rome to render of her long stewardship over this people of splendid and terrible possibilities? with what food has she nourished them?

We look around in Naples; we see in ravaged homes, ruined lives, bankrupt hopes, the workings of that moral depravation, that cynical indifference to truth, purity, and justice, at which we have only dared to hint; we see socialism rampant, anarchism raising its crest, and making mock of the idea of a divine revelation; we follow the

people to sermon and sanctuary, shrine and confessional; and beholding their devotions, we answer, "They have been given husks instead of the Bread of God, poisoned dregs instead of the sacramental wine."

For the popular religion has forgotten God the Father Almighty and His royal gift of the Holy Spirit, and has dethroned His Son, the one Mediator between God and man, in favour of a multitude of deified human mediators,—a pagan pantheon of gods and goddesses masquing as Christian saints, and propitiated in true pagan fashion with homage and votive gift to grant healing in sickness and success in worldly affairs, their images being liable to gross maltreatment and blasphemous abuse when fortune frowns on the devotee. There lacks not the use of consecrated philters and charms, deemed potent against disease and death; the sanctuary of New Pompei is profuse of these: dust from the wonder-working picture of the Madonna; oil from the silver lamps that burn before it; paper reproductions of the effigy; petals of the rose, sacred to Mary, are all dispensed as sovereign medicines, and devoutly swallowed as such. But "the law of Christ" is neither taught nor understood; nothing more ghastly than the parody of its divine morality in the fantastic theology of that "ideal, aristocratic Neapolitan saint," Alfonso de' Liguori, whose ardent initiative gave new impulse to Madonna-worship,—that canonised doctor of the Church who died under the Church's ban; whose system of casuistry ignores and contradicts the rights and powers of the new, the regenerate life, and in some cases even the monitions of natural conscience, being indeed so rife with moral poison that the common use of his "Instructions to Confessors" would almost suffice to explain the cancerous moral corruptions of Naples.

Fresh from the daily study of the workings of this religion, made up as it is of spectacle, sentiment, ritual, and superstition, we find the grimmest irony in the words put by a brilliant English writer into the mouth of a modern English unbeliever, inconsistent and erratic, who, having

denounced the "cocksure, peering Protestant" as "the force making for ruin," goes on to say:

> I take my stand on morals. And if you give me morals, you must give me the only force that can guarantee them—Catholicism—more or less; and dogma, and ritual, and superstition, and all the foolish ineffable things that bind men together and send them to "face the music" in this world and the next.[1]

The colossal absurdity of such an utterance is best understood in a centre like this, where papal dogma is all but supreme, where papal ritual and superstition bloom rankly in gorgeous luxuriance, appealing mightily to sense and to sentiment. We see their work.

It is from far other influences that we may hope the regeneration of a people well worth saving. Of one agency that has wrought well to such end we will now speak.

Leave Toledo by one of several neighbouring vicoli, and pause where they intersect in Largo S. Anna di Palazzo; it is a centre seething with a noisy, busy population; the clamours—rising into shriek and roar ever and anon when some quarrel ends in knife-play—are at their loudest on Sunday, Rome with her saints' days having made nought God's gift of the day of rest; but it is on Sunday that we ask you to look at this building, massive and tall, of blue-gray tufa stone, which for about thirty years has towered up above the Largo. An English eye divines its religious character from its architecture, approximating to the Gothic, and gathers from one of the two inscriptions carved above its portal that this is a Wesleyan Methodist church; and in fact a faithful little English company worships here weekly. But we prefer to ask you to follow the Italians who steal in through that arched doorway at noon or night of some Sunday, invited by the open door and by the mellow organ-peal to enter this "Chiesa Evangelica Metodista Italiana," as the second carved legend has it. You find yourself in a

[1] "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphry Ward, *Harper's Monthly Magazine*, May, 1900.

simple stately church, beautiful in its subdued colouring and graceful proportions. Its vaulted roof and pillared aisles do not dazzle with the barbaric magnificence of Neapolitan papal churches, profuse of gold and crimson, scarlet and purple, pictures and images; but there is something to please the childlike taste of a people passionately attached to beauty, and their gaze lingers on the Creed, the Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and many a divine saying blazoned in red and gold; so they drink in Scripture truth, half unwittingly.

Almost all classes are represented in the motley throng that flows in, occupies the rush-seated chairs, or stands aloof in the aisles—new-comers these, ignorant that the seats are not hired out as in a Romish church, but are free to all. You see faces rough-hewn, rugged, seamed and bronzed with grief and toil, wasted with want or with sin; faces pallid, clear-cut, intellectual, stamped with ineffaceable aristocratic distinction, or with easy bourgeois bonhomie. Here too are some who, though manly and intelligent of aspect, have something of the timid unreadiness of the newly freed captive; for, pledged too early to priestly or monastic life, they have broken but lately from that servitude and its hollow unreality, escaping with little more than bare life into an unfamiliar world. Here is a fair young group, pupils of the English Institute directed by the pastor's sister; and many a youthful figure beside, angelic or elfish, adds not the least hopeful element to the scene. You may read on many a brow the wistful question, "Who will show us any good?" on many another rests like sunshine the assurance of such good received here, that life itself, and the means of life, shall be risked to hold it fast.

Led only by the sweet-toned organ, skilfully touched by the lady directress, the worshippers join in singing Italian hymns,—hymns glowing with true southern fervour, set to tunes essentially Italian in style, and possessing a great charm for a people sensitive to the power of song, but unused to share the joy of choral worship before Mr. Jones, the first Wesleyan missionary to Southern Italy, showed them

the way and gave them the great boon of his hymn-book. It matters little if the singing be not faultless; the pathetic earnestness with which these believers hymn the Redeemer and His power to save outbuys mere mechanical correctness. Prayers, Scripture-reading, sermon, alternate with the hymn-singing. It may be the pastor, Mr. Jones, it may be an Italian co-worker who officiates; or perchance some stranger minister passing through Naples gives a gospel address in his own tongue, swiftly interpreted, sentence by sentence, to the Italian hearers. But whoever the speaker the message is the same—the "plain old gospel," mighty to save, set forth with southern passion or calmer English fervour, but always with convincing simplicity, the thoughts not below the level of the most intellectual hearer, the language not above the comprehension of the poorest *analfabeto* who may stray within the door. Touching are the meetings for united prayer, when these Italian Christians plead with God for themselves, no priest intervening; most impressive the simple monthly communion services, at which sometimes a Church member, pallid with mortal suffering, may be found kneeling in solemn attestation of dying steadfastness in the gospel faith, so as to leave well-meaning Papist friends no plea for summoning priestly aid to the chamber of death.

The public services over, there follow friendly greetings between pastor and people, inquiries as to the needs and welfare of present and absent, confidences and counsels, with welcomings and invitations to the new comers who rarely fail to appear,—all natural, easy, unconventional as in the family circle. It is typical of the week-long, year-long, life-long relations maintained between the pastor of this Church and his spiritual children.

The story of this Church and of the mission connected with it will perhaps never be fully told, rich as it is in dramatic vicissitudes, with tragic glooms, and gleams of quaintly humorous incident chequering its course. For while the visible results of the work centring here are truly remarkable, in view of the mighty opposing forces ranged

against it, the influence it has invisibly exercised during a long term of years is quite beyond calculation,—that influence being diffused through many an unseen channel, and acting as a purifying, elevating force to an extent that can never be rightly estimated till "the Day shall declare it."

One of the most stirring chapters in this unwritten history is that relating to the erection of the mission premises,—a pile large and lofty, central and healthy in position, well lighted and airy, and thus admirably adapted to the various purposes—religious, educational, residential—which it subserves. The enterprise met with the most inveterate, not to say malignant, opposition. Its bigoted priestly enemies tried every device of chicanery to prevent the acquisition of the site; foiled in this, thanks to the favour with which the authorities of Naples regarded the scheme, they toiled hard to check the progress of the work, no matter by what means. When, despite their efforts, the building was rising high, attempts were made on the lives of the workmen: here a plank of the scaffolding would be sawn half through; there one of the ropes binding it was found nearly severed. Every foul plot was detected in time; the building was complete, was inhabited by the missionary family; and now mysterious fires, not to be accounted for as accidents, broke out in the dwelling-house on three different occasions. But an overruling Providence frustrated these criminal attempts also; and the adversary must work in other ways less obviously felonious.

Perhaps his rage and hate are more aroused against the educational branch of the work than against any other,—a sufficient testimony to its great value. For here, under a staff of earnest evangelical Italian teachers of approved efficiency, as the Government inspectors testify, a sound elementary education is given to hundreds of poor children, of whom too many might otherwise be left to the tender mercies of Naples streets, there to graduate in vice. No attempt at proselytising is made; but the parents know that children attending here will learn to study the gospel, and will thus be brought into touch with the life and love

of Christ. Themselves often quite untaught, these parents keenly appreciate the helpful instruction acquired and the refinement and purity developed by their little ones under these influences, and will suffer much rather than see them deprived of such privileges; for deep in the passionate Neapolitan heart lies an exquisite tenderness towards little children. Opposition is often cruel; children are spied on, tracked to their poor homes; their parents bribed, bullied, threatened with poverty and starvation if they persist in their patronage of the "heretic" school; then a rigorous boycott is enforced; and it has befallen that a *Papist* father, enraged with wrongs sustained from priestly persecutors, has hardly been restrained from avenging his injuries bloodily, being persuaded by the pastor rather to seek legal redress, which, thanks to "friends at court," has been at last attained, and with it a useful object-lesson in the might of gentleness. Doubtless there is reason for this fury of persecution in the great moral influence of the educational work; the scholars carrying into many a home the love of Jesus and the knowledge of His high, majestic claims and teaching, irreconcilable with the traffic in absolution and indulgences, with mass and confessional, with the lucrative idolatries of papal shrines, like that of the Black Virgin of the Pignasecca, popular, wonderful, miraculous, and worked by Camorrist proprietors for the benefit of their criminal society.

We may not linger on the English Institute, so successful under its patient directress in training up pupils of many nationalities to fill their higher place in life nobly; nor on the bravely fulfilled difficult task of the Sunday-school teachers here and elsewhere in South Italy. But could such schools as we have tried to describe be multiplied a hundredfold; could one only be maintained in each of the many centres where the head of the South Italian Mission has succeeded in opening a preaching-place and gathering a church,—nothing could be of such happy omen for the regeneration of city and realm.

Very much has been already achieved, by word, by pen, by the press, by personal influence. It is not in vain that

the truth has been fearlessly preached for many years; not in vain that the mission press has sent forth steadily book and journal and pamphlet, upholding with cogent reasoning the sovereign claims of the Lord Christ, tearing the bright angelic disguise from His masked enemies; not in vain that the people have been taught to sing in their own tongue the wonderful works of God; not in vain, assuredly, that the mission-house has been and is in the truest sense a refuge for the perplexed and the distressed, a centre of help, guidance, and hospitality, whence for many a year the bright example of a pure, beneficent family life shone forth undimmed, cheering and enlightening. To the action of friends intimately connected with the mission it is due that a wholesome change has come over "the morality of the commerce of Naples"; English men of business who dared to carry their religious principles into their business having shown that honesty and fair dealing could secure more success than fraud and falsehood, their example has been followed by Italian tradesmen; English capital, put to use with English probity, develops industry, enriches labour, and points to the solution of the terrible economic question. Yes, much has been achieved; a regenerating power has gone forth, and is moving in the hearts of men. But infinitely more remains to do; and the workers who have borne so long the burden and heat of the day are craving only one reward,—help and ability to achieve yet more.

Give them the glory of going on, and yet to be.

ANNE E. KEELING.

THE LATE MISS M. H. KINGSLEY.

I FIRST met Miss Mary Kingsley in January, 1895, on board a West African trading-vessel at Sierra Leone, whither I had taken my wife for the benefit of her health after an almost fatal attack of fever at the Gold Coast. Our 'chance" acquaintanceship grew into friendship. As I regard it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have met this truly noble woman, I am naturally proud of the thought that—to quote a line from her brother's recent letter—we "were amongst her best and truest friends."

I cannot now recall the particulars of our various conversations during our six days' voyage, but I remember that we discussed matters theological and ecclesiastical. It was most pleasing to hear of her father's warm regard for Dr. Moulton, and to know that they had been so neighbourly as to enter each other's houses in the most unceremonious manner.

Miss Kingsley's mission to the coast was undertaken in order to study, as we shall see later, "fish and fetish"; but, in the words of the captain who introduced us, she was anxious also to glean "as much information as possible about everybody and everything in West Africa." At Cape Coast Miss Kingsley spent the night with us; not, however, before offering to contribute towards her share of the work by "making the kettle boil and helping to wash up."

Later on we received a characteristic letter describing the reception of her friend Lady Macdonald (wife of Sir Claude Macdonald, now at Pekin) and herself at Calabar.

My next letter was received while on furlough at Tunbridge Wells in May, 1897. As I am reproducing it I ought perhaps to explain the circumstances which called it forth. I had just previously read her *Travels in West Africa*, and found, as some of our readers may remember, that although the

kindest things had been said about us personally, yet missionary methods and converts were severely criticised. In the course of my remarks at the following Missionary Breakfast meeting I took exception to Miss Kingsley's strictures and introduced the well known couplet—

> It is all very well to dissemble your love,
> But why did you kick me downstairs?—

and I suggested that as it would be unreasonable to blame my little son for not being the fully developed man that his father was, so would it be unreasonable to expect the native Christian just emerging from heathenism to be as fully developed as the nineteenth-century Christian of this country. I further suggested that just as Canon Kingsley's knowledge of Methodists was lamentably restricted, and he had consequently been led into the grave error of giving only a distorted presentation of their character in his popular novels; so, I feared, the same remark applied to his distinguished niece and her knowledge of missions. Miss Kingsley's letter runs thus:

Allow me first of all to say I am very glad to learn you are safe in England, and that son of yours flourishing, and I sincerely hope Mrs. Dennis Kemp is flourishing too: but regarding her my source of information is dumb. You may naturally wonder who my source is, and so I beg to state that a valued Methodist friend of mine, Mr. Mudge, sends me as a general rule the *Methodist Times* in exchange for my *English Mechanic*. But this week, for unknown reasons, he has sent me the *Methodist Recorder*, and in its supplement I find a portrait of yourself, looking simply dangerous, roused, I presume, from reading its surrounding letter-press by my remarks on Missions; and I only hope the Missionary Society will not print a flyleaf with your portrait and that of Mr. Todd, and underneath thus, "Portrait of the Wesleyan missionary who had read Miss K—— and portrait of the one who did not"; for Mr. Todd's unruffled expression is a contrast to your own, and your own is a contrast to the one I have of you taken before you saw me. I had, however, better say no more or I shall have Mrs. Kemp down on me.

Seriously though, I am very sorry I have written a word that has given pain to any Methodist missionary. I do not seem to have injured the feelings of the French Protestants, with whom I live at great peace. I am not in such a sweet state of remorse regarding the C. M. S. or the Presbyterians. But you know enough of the world and the West Coast to know the wholesale indiscriminate abuse showered on missionaries, and you know the class I associate with on the coast—traders and sea-captains. In the interests of peace, or, if you like it, idleness,—for I take no pleasure in hearing people abuse each other,—I have studiously avoided alike Government officials and missionaries; because if I associated with them they said things about the traders, and if I associated with the latter they retaliated. With the traders it was necessary for my work I should be in touch—not on your coast, where I do not pretend to work either at fish or fetish—but on my S.W. coast, which is far less civilised, and where there are many places with no mission of any sort or description, and the only white is the trader. By knowing the trader I have got to like him, and by the exercise of common sense I have been able to see the good in the missionary. But please remember I have had to find this out more gradually, for I have always been surrounded by people who did not approve of missions; and at the same time it was impossible for me to ignore the truth of what was said against the missionaries for their destroying the honesty and morality of the native; for when among bush tribes like those Fans and Ajumbas I found both honesty and morality and truthfulness; but down in Victoria Ambas Bay—save for good dear old Mr. Wilson, the black Baptist missionary—these qualities were discernible mainly by their absence, and on Fernando Po among those Portos things were worse. But I had reason to believe that these hymn-singing, canting scoundrels that brought such denunciations down on missionaries were the outcasts from missionary societies of the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone. So I do not publish facts about them of a sensational nature just to amuse the non-missionary-loving public in England; all I tried to do was to prove that the African was not a bad sort of man, not an habitual drunkard, not a childish fool, and that the failure of missionaries in dealing with him—and it is a failure when one thinks of the lives and money spent on it—arose from error in the method of teaching, want of industrial training, want of a knowledge of the sort of man they had to deal with;

and that to put this failure down to other causes such as the drink traffic, and polygamy, etc., was drawing the red herring across the trail, and tended to the perpetuation of error, which means more waste of life and money. I never meant "to kick the missionary downstairs"—I was kicking him up, and defending the nobility of the man and his intentions from the sort of abuse I hear showered on him—not on the West Coast, but up here in so called intellectual circles. Of course I expected to catch it from the mission party all the time, so entrenched my story in facts; for I know no one—I don't myself—likes the candid friend or the impartial critic.

I am sorry Uncle Charles said those things about Methodists; for you don't forget them, and you seem to think that sort of feeling runs in the family. . . . Such is not the case. I have before me a letter from an irritated Churchman saying "it is most regrettable that a daughter (which means me) should show such bias in favour of Nonconformist missions." But I will bother you no more; I have said nothing further on missions. I think I have a right to an opinion, for I have been twice to West Africa. You saw me on my second trip out, after which I went far into the interior of the most dangerous part of all Africa, and I know the native well enough to be able to manage him—with no white assistance either educational or personal; and I feel I should be a perfect snob if I did not speak out and say that he is not a bad sort of man. . . . Pray do not ever imagine any of my wickedness rises in Mr. ——. He is always quarrelling with me, and warning me not to say things. Now he is congratulating me on my conversion to Methodism.

In reply to this letter I confessed my utter inability to answer in a written communication, but said that I should be glad to call on the following Monday. A line by return expressed her pleasure at the suggestion, and directions as to reaching her residence, in case I did not know the district, "which is intricate, and several valuable West Coasters have been lost on their way here!"

The interview was to me most delightfully charming. There was scarcely a moment's pause in our conversation during the four hours—except during supper. Apart from the controversy—during which there was not the slightest

"warmth," though much earnestness—there was so much to talk over of experiences in West Africa. Her merry laughter was most contagious. I need hardly say that Miss Kingsley thoroughly enjoyed the funny side of her West African life. Nor need I say that no one can so thoroughly enter into a West African story as the traveller who is so familiar with its setting. At 10.30 p.m. we decided to conclude the interview the next afternoon. Another two hours were thus spent. I do not for a moment suggest that my view of the missionary question modified hers in the slightest degree; but Miss Kingsley readily admitted the difficulty of a missionary in setting before an English audience all the obstacles that beset his path on the foreign field. She expressed a hope that I would not too seriously lay to heart her comments on missions. I very readily and heartily assured her that as far as I personally was concerned she need be under no apprehension whatever. What I was somewhat concerned about was the fact that *some* of her readers would be influenced. While I greatly appreciated the beautiful things that were said about "nobility," etc., I wished she could have seen her way to have credited us with an average amount of intelligence. I ought perhaps to add that Miss Kingsley very strongly advised me to attempt a description of our work, and kindly offered me an introduction to her friend, Mr. George Macmillan, who she felt convinced would undertake to publish it.

As the "dangerous"-looking photograph was considered unsatisfactory, I ventured to send one that certainly was less ferocious in appearance, with the legend, "The photo of the missionary after he was kicked downstairs"; and in return I received one of herself as "The melancholy person who tried to be just," and a few days later came the following letter:

Thank you very much for your two kind letters, which I ought to have answered before, only I have been away from home on business, and could not at once see Mr. Macmillan regarding Bosman, which I felt it was my duty to do before

writing again to you. I have however now done so, and he says he will send me his decision in a day or so, which means when he has consulted his fetishes—the Readers and the Booksellers. I have told him of the great importance of Bosman and of you—and he is impressed. But he says he does not think the general public (his great Ju-Ju) is sufficiently interested in W. A. "to buy a book written about it so long ago," and that it ought owing to its great importance to be published by the Hakluyt Society. I hope, however, that he will come round, for through your editing, a book for this learned body would bring you honour and glory; but it would not bring you gold. If you would only write a general description of your own of the Gold Coast with your experience—and if you would only write as you talk—there would be no doubt at all of the General Public taking to it. If you cannot do it yourself, I know Mrs. Kemp can.

I am really much obliged to you both for caring to have that photograph. I am really a very melancholy person inside. But I don't show that part of myself. I feel I have no right to any one's sympathy, and I have so much more than I deserve of what is worth having in this life; and, moreover, far under the melancholy there is an utter faith in God, which I fear I could not make you believe I have. Nevertheless it is there, and it has survived my being educated among agnostics, and the dreadful gloom of all my life until I went to Africa; but it has grown so strong now that I never question the truth of it. I never feel the need I see my fellow scientifics feel of proving it by some human means, such as spiritualism—or of giving it up and handing the affair over to Rome. I do not mean that my faith is of any use except to the owner, or that it is comfortable and restful; for I have always a feeling of responsibility. All through the fifteen years during which I nursed my mother and watched over my brother's delicate health I never felt "it was all for the best," but only that perhaps I could make things better for them—if I only knew how, or were more able, and I tried my best, and I know I failed, for my mother's sufferings were terrible, and my brother's health is now far from what I should wish. So you see I have too gloomy a religion to want to convert other people to it. For I think, when I hear an unbeliever holding forth on the "ridiculousness of Christianity," or "the idea of a Great Good God," Ah! you fool, you'll know better some

day, and if you don't, it doesn't much matter; and when I hear the Christian I feel I cannot believe that, but I wish I could—when I am lazy. I know you'll rise up at this; but I only mean to say that if *I* had a dogmatic Christian faith *I* should he lazy. Meanwhile I can only feel that I know and see the

> God of the Lily and the Rose,
> Soul of the granite and the bee;
> The mighty tide of Being flows
> In countless ages, Lord, from Thee.
> It springs to life in grass and flowers,
> Through every age of being runs,
> And from Creation's mighty towers
> Its glory flames in stars and suns.

Where this verse comes from I do not know; I heard it when I was a child a quarter of a century ago; and it, and the grand passage in Spinoza's *Tractatus Religico Politicus*, are all the sacred books I have. Forgive me for bothering you about this. I never wrote on my religious views before, nor will I again.

P.S.—Oh! I had an invitation to lecture from a Tunbridge Wells Society yesterday which puts me in mind to say that if you would like me to lecture for any of your Societies I will. They cleared £76 by a lecture I gave—East End charities on Tuesday.

In the early days of my correspondence I used to think that the oddest sentence in Miss Kingsley's letters was that which conveyed "love" to Mrs. Kemp. I could not associate the traveller with that form of sentiment. I have often in imagination seen her shooting a West African rapid with keen relish. I have seen her studying all manner of "creeping" things in the most philosophical manner, and could imagine her conversations with the sable sons of the forest; but I could not associate her with any scene in a popular love-story. Her life seemed so wholly engrossed in matters of a scientific character as to preclude the possibility of ever thinking about love. But after having observed her devoted attachment to her brother, one is forced to the conclusion that a most beautiful love-story

might be told of the assiduous attention "all through the fifteen years" during which she nursed her mother and watched over her brother's delicate health. We shall see, if space permit, her consideration for her "old servant," her journeyings on behalf of the sick and sorrowful, her readiness to help in all philanthropic work. I could not but feel as I bade adieu to Mr. Charles Kingsley on his sorrowful voyage to South Africa a few days ago, that while the many mourn the loss of a brave lady, he, in addition, suffers the loss of the most affectionate of sisters.

A propos of religious belief I find in reply to one from me:

Gracious only knows what other people think I am. But I find they have a way of regarding me as one of themselves—whether they are Roman Catholics or Mahometans. But that is no affair of mine as long as I do nothing to deceive them.

The next letter has reference to some photographs which she desired to publish, "particularly the ants' nest and the Devil-man. Would you mind letting me know if the Devil-man belongs to Oru Society functions?"

A few weeks later Miss Kingsley was good enough to arrange for me to meet Mrs. J. R. Green and her brother the Rev. Mr. Bycherdyke.

He is in London for this week from Ireland, staying with my friend who has called to know if there is a chance of your being able to have a talk with her brother. He is a very devout man, and his whole life is the mission. I cannot call it a question—for him there is "no question" about it: it is a necessity, and when he is away at his work in Ireland as a missionary to the Irish Catholics—he being a devout Protestant—he has no chance of meeting people who really know about foreign missions personally, and both Mr. Bycherdyke and his sister wish me to say if you can spare the time they will be grateful to you.

In the meantime I must have decided to act on Miss Kingsley's suggestion regarding the story of the work at

West Africa from a missionary's point of view, and must have taken a few pages of manuscript with me; for a few days after meeting her at Mrs. Green's I received a letter which contained the following:

I have absolutely no doubt over the success of the book when it is finished. I have read many bits over again several times, and have commenced drawing up a little list of suggestions which mainly consist of "tell us more about this." Don't you spare the details. The General Public love them. Fancy what joy details regarding matrimonial troubles will give them!! It will be simply scrumptious. The General P. you will find can get on quite nicely without native names and statistics, but we ethnologists want everything.

H. M. Stanley has been and carried off Bosman; but Mr. Macmillan has another copy now to make his estimate from. I have just seen the article in the LONDON QUARTERLY [by the Rev. John Telford], and am much obliged for the kindness, toleration, and patience with me shown in it. There is also a review from the missionary standpoint in the *Baptist Magazine* which has also come out in a local paper which I send you. I am going to write a letter to the *Baptist* which will be the first and *only* answer back I have given to any critic except the *Athenæum*. I must send you that letter of mine to the *A*. as soon as I can hunt it out.

Although I had, indeed, made a beginning with my manuscript, I hesitated to take it to so great a house as that of Messrs. Macmillan. I had sufficient confidence in my story to believe that our Methodist people who supported the Missionary Society would be interested in the book, but I was not so equally convinced that the General Public would. My doubts, however, were somewhat set at rest after Miss Kingsley had seen her friend Mr. George Macmillan:

These things being thus, will you when you have done "Conferencing" turn your attention to literature and send in all the chapters you have finished to Mr. Macmillan, and write to him your general intentions regarding the book and so on? I need not say if you would like me to see the MSS. first I shall be only too pleased to do so. But it is not necessary. . . . My

own popularity has arisen entirely from my writing perfectly naturally, and you write perfectly naturally too. I don't mean to say that you write the same as I, because I write according to my town nature. But you do not take up a proud pen like —— and turn out stuff like badly written ——.

I hope things are going well with you all. I have had such a kind but sad letter from Dr. Nassau, which I should like you to see some day, and then you would be able to read between the lines I have written regarding missions.

Miss Kingsley's estimate of Mr. George Macmillan I can scarcely quote, lest these lines should meet his eye. But I may perhaps say that after paying the highest tribute to his conscientiousness she adds:

He is an intensely kindly tolerant sympathetic human being. And I am quite sure you two will get on together. . . . You will please remember I am in awe of both of you.

It will of course be readily taken for granted that the latter sentence was written in one of Miss Kingsley's lighter moments. Perhaps it is unnecessary to add that I do not recall an instance in which I had reason seriously to entertain the idea suggested therein. I had proposed asking a literary friend, with missionary experience (the Rev. W. T. A. Barber), to look through my manuscript. This suggestion drew forth the following remark:

The only thing about the affair that alarms me is that Cambridge friend mentioned in your letter. If you let him tamper with your "idiosyncrasies," I'll buy a gun! If he asks "What's fou fou?" etc., bear with him patiently, and that is all.

In regard to the vexed question of the liquor traffic in West Africa I have had occasion to say at a meeting of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and in recording my experience, that although I personally would greatly desire to see the quantity restricted or even prohibited, yet I could not in all conscience say that whole tribes were being annihilated through the traffic; but that, on the contrary, our people of the Gold Coast were far more temperate than the

British nation as a whole. These views have the following comment of the traveller:

By the way, think over mentioning the liquor question before you do it. Your observations will make for *truth*. But they will land you in war, and in a war in which you cannot fight so freely as I can. Believe me it will always be a great consolation to me to know that men like you do not think I am altogether wrong.

A postscript adds:

—— sent —— a letter about me last mail from the Coast which the latter intended publishing, but I prevented him because, although it would have been to my advantage, it would have done harm to the writer, and I do not want to get one involved in a war on my account.

A most natural trait in her character.

The Conference of 1897 appointed me to Portsmouth, whither we came in September. But as Mr. Telford—with a new chapel on hand—had availed himself of Miss Kingsley's generous offer to lecture in aid of any funds that needed assistance, I arranged to go over to Tunbridge Wells on the evening of the lecture. The next communications addressed to Mrs. Kemp will indicate the busy, unselfish life which Miss Kingsley lived.

I have been waiting to write to you about your kind invitation to Southsea until I could do so with something approaching definiteness, and as a lot of my arrangements settled themselves last night I can at last do so, though not so satisfactorily to myself as I could wish. I find I cannot come to you before I go to Tunbridge Wells, because I have to go to the "Mary Datchelor" School on the 24th, and to a Boys' Institute in the slums of North London on the 20th. But if you will have me, and it is *quite* convenient, I will gladly come to you for the Saturday till Monday on the 2nd of October. That is about the largest space of time I have for a holiday until the 14th—when I have another two days—up to the end of December. I should much like to see you again, but you must not let me put you out.

This visit was postponed for reasons which I do not now remember. Nor can I quite explain the first two sentences in the next letter, which was also addressed to Mrs. Kemp:

But don't let Mr. Kemp carry out his plans. I can see he suspects me of bolting. I always want to do so when there is a lecture, but I don't do it. If he is up in London that day on other business he would employ his time better by going to see Bishop Hartzell at Burr's Hotel, Queen's Square. If he made an appointment with him, I know it would be a pleasure to the Bishop, who has recently been appointed Bishop of Africa by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and he is most anxious to get reliable information on Africa. He has made one tour to Liberia and Angola, and on the 2nd goes thither again with his wife, a very nice lady, whom I have strongly advised to write to you for advice. Excuse more, I am dreadfully worried and busy just now, with other people's afflictions mainly; but they are none the less trying for all that—as I am sure you know.

A curious printer's error respecting the Tunbridge Wells hand-bill announcing the lecture explains the following:

I cannot utter that wild shriek of joy over the hand-bill that I might have done if you had put Ethnologist. For, to put it mildly, Entomologist is quite wrong. It will attract the local beetle-catchers, and they will be disappointed and demand their money back at the door.

I have written to Mr. Telford to implore him not to worry over the hand-bill, or anything connected with me. A grim despair seizes me when I am going to lecture, and there is no room left for minor nervousness.

The lecture was greatly appreciated, and was financially a gratifying success. With her characteristic generosity Miss Kingsley refused to be reimbursed. A few weeks later she wrote:

I am lecturing again in Liverpool on Friday, worse luck; for I want to see you about many things. I have not had a day to call my own for months, and lately have had in addition a poor young friend ill, with what doctors call spinal neuralgia; and to-night I have heard she is dead. I must go to her people

to-morrow, and then down to Liverpool and back on Saturday. Will you be in town next week or any day before the 15th of January? Excuse more, I am dead beat and not well.

The next letter, received in January, 1898, acknowledges the receipt of the greater part of my manuscript. Parts of it will be of special interest inasmuch as they contain references (1) to the anatomy of a crocodile; (2) my exceptions to her own criticism of missions (and here I ought to say that it was not without much compunction that I yielded to a sense of duty to draw special attention to the strictures of so renowned a critic, or rather of so generous a friend; but I felt that personal considerations should give place to a sense of justice, and I was not misunderstood); (3) Miss Kingsley's ideas of heroism, where I had scouted the idea.

The only two things so far that I have come across wherein I venture to offer humble comment is your statement about the crocodile tongue. I am glad you told that man that it had not one, . . . because he was a man who wanted sitting on for the sake of his mental health. But still, between ourselves, crocodiles *have* tongues. They are one of the most marvellous contrivances we find in the animal kingdom. People, not of scientific tribes, however, can open hundreds of crocodiles' mouths and never see the tongue, and the popular idea is that they have none, and if the officer had known anything about them he would have known they hadn't got one. Still, the thing is there; it's a large tongue—it is like, in a way, the tongue of the iguana—incapable of protrusion. He cannot put it out and flicker it about like a lizard or a snake—still its there, a large flabby structure. It has a hyoid bone in its base in the throat, and this tongue is a lower flap of membrane which goes across the throat. The mechanism of the tongue, the membrane, and the nostrils work together, so that the crocodile can seize anything in his mouth, then sink it below water without any water entering his throat, and just keeping his nostrils above water he can breathe all the time. Don't take the story out, because it and its surroundings give an excellent picture of that form of officer found on the West Coast boats which is no ornament to them. . . . I am amused and own to the truth of your description of the traders

on steamboats. Don't interfere with it, as far as steamboats go. For I dare say you are right about the way they persecute missionaries. Still, on the steamboats I have been where there has been a missionary he has always had his upper hand. Where there have been a band of missionaries they have been tyrants. I am delighted with your Fetish observations; they so entirely back up what I have said about the principles of Fetishism. . . . With regard to your criticisms on me you must make them more virulent and savage. . . .

As for heroism, perhaps you will kindly tell me what is heroism if it is not doing one's duty. For example, I plunge into the sea to save a man, knowing the sea is dangerous—full of sharks and things. I am a hero. Then I fall into the sea off a dockhead in a fog, or jump in for pennies. I am not a hero, am I? But have it your own way: it is a credit to you.

When calling at Addison Road a week later, I was grieved to find that Miss Kingsley was very ill and unable to see any one. I mentioned the fact to Mr. Macmillan a few hours later, with the result which is seen in the following:

I am very grateful for your kind interest in me. I don't know what Charley told you, but I gave him general orders not to say anything except that I was better, irrespective of the doctor's views. For the news of my being ill brought down on us such a lot of extra letters and callers, which of course worried my brother. Briefly, in Ireland I caught, being very run down and over-worked, a very virulent form of influenza. It first attacked my heart, which is always a very weak spot; being driven from that with severe doses of strychnine, it retired into my lungs, and gave me a touch of inflammatory congestion there; and then turned into a mild form of typhoid. But it was all influenza, and so these various abominations have taken themselves off, leaving me exceedingly weak and almost skinny. But if I keep clear of relapses I have only got to get well again on plain lines, and I feel I have got a delicious excuse for idleness for the next fortnight. Idleness with me means neglect of duties—doing just what I like, and nothing more. I shall soon be non-infectious. I believe this influenza is infectious. It is not as far as I can judge at all really like Coast fever. I had an awfully sweet letter from H. M. Stanley,

and he said it was the same as the Central American fever—not the African—and he knows both.

I do not know what was the result of G. Macmillan's interview with you, except that you let him loose on me and produced complications and rows in my family; for he came up here, saw my doctor, took the idea into his head that I was dying, which that day I very nearly was, and instead of communicating to my cousins, the C. Kingsleys, went and sent for Mrs. Green from Paris. I had not told my cousins of my illness, so now I have to protect G. M. You see, my very reverend and respected friend, the whole of that palaver was your doing, and Mrs. Kemp will explain to you how naughty you have been. . . . Charley, however, contributed by telling divers other gentlemen that I was worried to death by women. My poor old servant who was the working element would have been bothered to death by fussmakers but for C.

You are wrong about the chimney-pot hats, because you missionaries have been on the West Coast since 1443—and for certain on the S. W. Coast since 1490—that is to say, before chimney-pot hats and traders. I quite agree with you about the native toga [as being ill-adapted as an article of dress for manual labour]; but, Mr. Kemp, down in those Rivers, and below the Rivers, the natives don't have a toga. However, I am writing a study on that superimposition of white culture which will be published some day—goodness know when, at the pace it is getting on.

You would blush if you knew how deeply valued you are in Liverpool and here for your fairness and moderation. But, seriously, it is you with the few missionaries like you, who save the mission cause to thinking men. From a certain standpoint you are a trial, because you prevent thinking men from going—what the Americans would call bald-headed for missionaries. *I* cannot say anything against missionaries like——half so cutting or so damaging as I should did I not know men like you, Dr. Law, Dr. Nassau, Pere Adams, M. Leroz, and Lawson Forfeitt. And so you shelter those screamers who turn again and rend you because you will not go for the mission subject on emotional lines. I know your religious fervour is as great and greater than theirs, but it is manly. Please do not think I admire, or for that matter any of the scientific tribe I was brought up amongst, admire what is called Broad-minded theology. We don't; we despise the person who tries to

reconcile Religion and Science—by twisting them both out of their shape and meaning.

By the way, have you seen Bishop Westcott's last book? If not, I will send it you. Can you also let me have four more copies of *Sunny Fountains*. I want to send them to divers people who say, "Which mission do you, etc., etc." I see no reason why they should not be subscribers. By the way, also, have you seen the *Contemporary* with those articles on Methodism? I picked up a number the other day when I was waiting somewhere, and read what was evidently an answer, a very mild one, to what had evidently been a furious attack on Modern Methodists. I am sending you a copy of an extraordinarily silly article in the ——; it was sent in the other day by the Editor with a comment that it did not agree with my view as stated in the *Baptist Magazine* for October. He wanted me to answer it. But I know I am a person whose advocacy of missions may be regarded by them as an impertinence, and I think it ought to be answered from inside. Therefore if you like to write an answer I think I can get the Editor to publish it. I may suggest that if you would like an unregenerate, scoffing, cynical outsider's opinion you might send me your manuscript before sending it to the Editor. But by now you must be regretting my revival.

DENNIS KEMP.

The World of Books.

I. THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS.

The Christian Conception of Holiness. By E. H. Askwith, M.A., Chaplain of Trinity College, Cambridge. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1900. 6*s*.)

The title of this book hardly conveys an adequate idea of its contents. It seeks to give a "restatement of the eternal Gospel of Christ in the language of modern thought." And this is to be accomplished by showing that the true rationale of man's moral nature is to be found in the conception of holiness as given in the New Testament. A large part of the book is occupied by a vindication of man's moral reason as the faculty "whereby we judge of the worth and dignity of being and the possession of which enables us to say that God must be this or that." An argument addressed to the moral reason is, in Mr. Askwith's judgment, much more cogent, at all events for our own times, than an appeal to miracle. He therefore seeks to show that the character described by the word "holiness" in the Christian sense alone, meets the claims of the moral reason. The Old Testament view of holiness is explained at some length and its complete transformation by Christ and His apostles is fully illustrated.

Mr. Askwith seems to rely on what he calls (after Bishop Westcott) the Gospel of Creation for salvation, rather than on the Gospel of Atonement. Sin is for him "the resistance of the cosmic to the spiritual," and life as we know it is one "great purgatorium of infinite love, wherein the self of the flesh is being transformed into the self of the spirit, the true self, the self that we hear speaking within us, the self which is divine." Very much is made of the "unselfishness of God," and certain sentences are printed in capitals on p. 154 in which the author emphasises "a thought which has come to"

him, as if it were a new gospel, the gist of which is that "God has not one selfish thought." His holiness and His love are one; holiness may appear as sternness to the natural, carnal man, to the spiritual man it is seen as Perfect Love. The author's answer to Anselm's question *Cur Deus Homo?* is "God came into the Cosmos to spiritualise it."

Mr. Askwith claims that the thought of this volume is original. We gladly recognise in it the attempt of a thoughtful Christian teacher to think out afresh and re-state old truths. We cannot say, however, that so great an enterprise is here adequately carried out. The book is crude, immature, covers too much ground, and does not cover it either satisfyingly or well. Hints and suggestions occur in the course of the writer's argument which may be of value, especially to those who are only feeling their way towards Christianity. But we cannot think that the conception of holiness set forth in this book rises to the height, or covers the area, of a truly Christian conception. The best part of the book is that in which the author seeks to show the correspondence between the conclusions of enlightened moral reason and the Christian ideal of life. Parts of the book—if we may be allowed the expression—are better than the whole. We can conceive its being re-written after the lapse of some years, and proving much more useful in a more mature form. W. T. DAVISON.

Outlines of Christian Dogma. By Darwell Stone, M.A., Principal of Dorchester Missionary College. (Longmans & Co. 1900. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

The object of this book is to give "a clear and systematic idea of the chief tenets of the Christian faith" to those who have not opportunity to study technical theology, and to furnish for such persons an accurate knowledge of "what historical Christianity really is." Given the author's point of view, his work is clearly, fully, and ably carried out. His summary statements of doctrine in the text are framed succinctly and well, while the sixty pages of notes furnish references such as the thorough student will require. Mr. Stone explains the meaning and attitude of dogmatics, and, beginning with the nature and attributes of God, traverses the ground generally recognised as belonging to Christian theology, closing with eschatology and the doctrine of the Future State.

It is significant, however, that nearly half the book is occupied with the doctrine of the Church. Eight or ten pages suffice the author for an exposition of the nature of God, and about twelve pages are allotted to the doctrine of the Atonement, whilst more than a hundred are devoted to the Church. It is significant that by far the longest chapters in the book are devoted to "the Sanctifying Office" of the Church—an utterly unscriptural phrase and idea. It springs, however, naturally enough from the author's conception of what the Church is; and the chapter deals with the seven "sacraments" which from this point of view are much more important to the Christian than any study of the nature of God or the Person of Christ. In these latter mysteries the human mind may soon lose itself; but it is all important to know that "regeneration in baptism constitutes a Christian," that Christian life can only be maintained by partaking of the body and blood of Christ in the elements at the Eucharistic Sacrifice, that absolution may be obtained from duly constituted priests, that such absolution is the one divinely appointed mode for the removal of post-baptismal sin, and that one of the "sacraments" of the Church is Unction, which "conveys forgiveness of venial sins, purification of soul, spiritual strength, and sometimes bodily health." Of course these blessings can only be obtained through the instrumentality of "the Church," in which episcopal succession duly traceable from the apostles is the chief—as far as we can perceive, the only—essential note or feature.

We do not intend to criticise this new presentation of what is now recognised as the dominant school of contemporary Anglicanism. If it is the office of the Church thus to justify, regenerate, and sanctify by the performance of certain stated rites, and if there be no salvation outside its pale, no wonder that the doctrines of God, of Christ, of Grace, of Conversion, of Justification by Faith, and many others are crowded into the background by an exposition of ecclesiastical ceremonies and ordinances. This is what exaltation of "the Church" is sure to bring in its train. It has been so in the past, from the time of Cyprian onwards. It matters nothing whether Rome be the centre of such an ecclesiastical system—as upon this basis it ought to be, whether logic or history be arbiter—or whether Rome be regarded as an erring sister, who claims more obedience than Moscow and Canterbury are prepared to grant. The ecclesiastic who saves by a sacramental system is the same in

principle, whatever the name of his community. We respect the personal character, the actual work, and to some extent the spirit of many of the "Anglo-Catholics" whom Mr. Stone represents. Their system, however, is as mischievous in many of its results as their principles are alien to the simplicity of the New Testament. A further spread of their views in this country will provoke unbelief outside the Church and necessitate before long a new Reformation within it. Meanwhile, Evangelical Free Churches know what for them is the duty of the hour. W. T. D.

Pro Christo et Ecclesia. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1900. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This anonymous publication might be said to follow—*haud passibus æquis*—in the steps of *Ecce Homo*. It presents us with an incomplete but suggestive study of Christ's work and the spirit of His teaching, and it is marked by the detachment of mind and to some extent by the freshness and originality which characterised its famous predecessor. But it is as distinctly inferior in ability as it is similar in aim. Presenting Jesus as "the supreme religious genius," the author gives an historical sketch of the Pharisees and Sadducees, and of Christ's attitude in relation to them. Separatism and Indifferentism, the leading principles of these two religious parties, are, as the author reminds us, always with us. His object is to show how "the Christ-life," rightly understood, should manifest itself in these days, if it is to be recognised as indeed animated by the spirit of the Master. He denounces Puritan and Ritualist alike, and is sure that if Christ were to visit the modern Church He would condemn alike Mr. Moody and the High Churchmen who thank God they are not as these Dissenters. He is confident that the Christ-life "seeks no separation from evil-doers," that it "does not make any rite or doctrine a test of spiritual life," and maintains that it "does not attack impious evils but offers the wicked positive joys." For the exact meaning of this, and some other paradoxical principles which the writer sets forth, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

It will be clear, however, from what we have said, that there are points in the essay well worth the attention of modern ecclesiastics. It is only too easy, while professing the name of Christ, to depart from the spirit of Christ. A critic of

modern Christianity from the point of view of the New Testament will certainly not lack material. The author of this volume —we have no idea who he is, but could guess that the veil of anonymity hides features not unknown—pursues a method which might have been more fruitful than he has made it. He has undertaken more than he can accomplish. The well is deep, and his rope is short. Or perhaps we should rather say, the wound is deep-seated, and his probe is only partially effective. It needs a wise physician to lay his finger on the modern Church and say, "Thou ailest here, and here"; and a still more skilful surgeon to remove the diseased tissue from the body politic. The author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* understands some evils of the Church very well, but he must understand the Christ better before he can efficiently aid her in curing them.

W. T. D.

Village Sermons in Outline. By the late F. J. A. Hort, D.D. (London: Macmillan & Co. 1900. 6*s*.)

The late Dr. Hort did not enjoy preaching. His biographer records the increasing sense of effort, sometimes almost amounting to pain, with which he undertook pulpit duty. But this was due to his own high standard of success and the fastidiousness of judgment and taste which naturally grew with added years. The sermons of Dr. Hort already printed testify to the excellence of his work in this as in every department of duty which he undertook, and we are not surprised that his son has committed to the press these outlines of village sermons. How far they were successful at St. Ippolyts we do not know. In all probability they are likely to be more useful to readers in their printed form than they were to villagers when delivered from the pulpit. The subjects are very various. Sixteen are on the Prayer-Book, five on Baptism, eleven on the Sermon on the Mount, while others deal with the Resurrection, the Advent, and certain practical duties and relationships of life. The class most likely to benefit by them will naturally be preachers and teachers. The marks of Dr. Hort's sound and well balanced mind are impressed even on these slight outlines, and wise men will know how to utilise, without unduly depending on, the valuable sermon material here furnished. If the pulpit is indeed to *teach*, modern sermons must be more like these and less like those of—preachers whom we will not specify.

W. T. D.

1. *The Genius of Protestantism: A Book for the Times.* By Rev. R. M'Cheyne Edgar, M.A., D.D. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1900. 6*s.*)

2. *The Paraclete: A Series of Discourses on the Person and Work of the Holy Spirit.* By William Clark, M.A., LL.D. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

3. *The Morals of Suicide.* By Rev. J. Gurnhill, B.A. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1900. 6*s.*)

4. *The Blessed God: Impassibility.* By Rev. Marshall Randles, D.D. (London: C. H. Kelly. 1900. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

5. *The Journal of Theological Studies.* No. 3. (London: Macmillan & Co. 3*s.*)

6. *The Urdu New Testament.* (London: British and Foreign Bible Society. 1900. 6*d.*)

1. The substance of Dr. Edgar's volume was given in lectures to classes of Senior Freshmen in Trinity College, Dublin. The title faithfully describes the book, the aim of which is not to discuss systematically the doctrines of the two confessions, but rather to illustrate their spirit and influence on human character and life generally. The work shows wide reading and much intelligence. The amount of quotation and reference to other works, old and new, is remarkable. Luther's *Primary Works* are often quoted. Dr. Hatch's fine poem on "All Saints" and Dr. Bonar's Communion Hymn are given in full. We are glad to see solid works like Dorner's *History of Protestant Theology* referred to with praise. The most recent works are also quoted. It is a pity to make general statements which it would be difficult to prove, like that in the note on p. 87. Apart from such slips, the work is one to be heartily commended.

2. The eight lectures of the second volume epitomise in clear, calm language the teaching of Scripture on the person and work of the Holy Spirit. While it cannot be said that there is anything new in matter or mode of treatment, it is an advantage to have the various aspects of Scripture truth brought together into one view and expounded in a devout spirit. The titles of some of the chapters will indicate the

contents—Creator and Teacher of the Church, Life-giver, Advocate, Inner Witness.

3. Mr. Gurnhill discusses an "uninviting" subject "from the standpoint of a Christian Socialist." If "Socialist" alarms us, "Christian" comes in to reassure us. Of the "Christian Social Union," which he recommends, the Bishop of Durham is the President. Jesus Christ is "the Prince of Socialists," St. Paul "the apostle of Christian Socialism." After all, the Socialism meant is simply "Christian altruism." We are not sure that there is not in all this an unreal and misleading use of language. The social side of Christianity needs to be emphasised; but to identify this with Socialism is not very wise. The author first speaks of the increase of suicide in modern days, enumerates some of the proximate causes, shows how materialism and pessimism sanction suicide, and then argues that the remedy is to be found in putting into practice the social teaching of Christianity. The remedy, if indirect, would undoubtedly be effective. The universal keeping of the golden rule would prevent the conditions out of which the crime of self-murder grows. The aim of the author is praiseworthy and his argument sound in the main, although his language is not always happy.

4. In recent years a fashion has grown up of representing God as capable of sorrow and suffering. This is meant not in a figurative but real sense. As long as the fashion was limited in extent there was no call for criticism. Sentiment and rhetoric always claim some latitude. But when the new mode of speech is seriously defended by responsible writers, it needs to be challenged. The present book is such a challenge. Dr. Randles argues on scriptural, philosophical, and theological grounds that the language is not harmless, but that "unsound Christology" and "anti-Trinitarian heresy" are not far off. The point is exhaustively treated. The arguments are supported by ample references to ancient opinion and approved theologians. Theological readers will be thankful for so lucid an exposition and protest in brief compass.

5. The third number of the new *Journal* fully sustains the character of the periodical as an expression of Anglican scholarship. As the Committee of Direction and the Editors are Anglican, we need not wonder at the limitation of scope. The articles are all learned, and some excessively recondite;

the section under "Documents" prints two chapters of St. John in Greek and *Middle Egyptian*. The other contents appeal to ordinary students. A long essay by Bishop Dowden discusses a point much controverted in Anglican circles, the meaning of "oblations" in "alms and oblations" in the Communion Service, and concludes that it refers to money-gifts for other pious uses than charity. Dr. Strong discusses sympathetically Dr. Hort's Life and Works; but he is offended at Dr. Hort's minimising in ecclesiastical matters. The second article on the religious tendencies of natural philosophy is helpful. The writer marks a strong different drift in a "spiritualistic" direction, and speaks of Dr. Ward's Gifford Lecture as a "remarkable" contribution on that side. The new Berlin edition of Origen's works is criticised in a much more favourable sense than is the case in Germany. Dr. Inge's Bampton Lecture on "Christian Mysticism" is favourably reviewed.

6. Urdu is one of the modern composite languages of northern India, being mainly an amalgam of Persian and Hindi. It is spoken by about eight millions of people; but in addition is a sort of common language like the Hellenistic Greek of early days. Dr. Weitbrecht gives an interesting account of the formation of the language, of previous Urdu versions of the New Testament, and the new version in the present decade. The pamphlet is well written, and is full of interest both from a philological and religious point of view. We could wish that the author had not adopted new modes of spelling native words, —Mughal, Qandahar, Qadir, Shaikh, Quran, Muslim, Musalman. Specimens are printed of four Urdu versions, which will be useful to those who know the vernacular. J. S. Banks.

The Central Teaching of Jesus Christ. By Thomas Dehany Bernard, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of Wells. (London: Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This exposition of Our Lord's teaching in the Upper Room is so rich, so spiritual, so suggestive that it ought to be in the hands of every student of St. John's Gospel. The volume was first published in 1892, and this new edition should have a warm welcome. Canon Bernard's own heart and mind have been steeped in his subject, and he has a grace and tenderness of style as well as a depth of thought which make the book a real feast for his readers.

Ephesian Studies. By Rev. H. C. G. Moule, D.D. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.*)

Those who found Dr. Moule's *Expository Readings in the Philippians and Colossians* such rich food for the mind and heart will not be disappointed in this volume. It throws a flood of new light on the epistle, and brings out its meanings and applications to Christian living in a way that will commend it to every devout reader. The illumination of the eyes of the heart on which St. Paul dwells in his opening verses is illustrated by some beautiful incidents, and the whole book is instinct with spiritual life and power.

The Illimitable Domain, and other Sermons for the Christian Year. By Rev. Thomas Sanderson. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1900. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a volume of fifteen sermons and three mission addresses, and the majority of the former are related in subject to the principal commemorative days of the Christian year. The sermons are thoughtful, vigorous, and effective, without any extreme quality of brilliance or profundity, but such as no congregation could listen to without profit in both mind and heart. Evangelical in theology, they are a delightful blend of common sense, spirituality, and confidence in Christian truth and hope.

Ten Short Talks on Soul-Winning (Charles H. Kelly, 1*s.* 6*d.*), by J. George Stuart, will inspire and guide many a young minister. The book is full of good sense and deep feeling, with incidents that illustrate and enforce the writer's counsels. *The Bramble King*, by Mark Guy Pearse (Charles H. Kelly, 1*s.* 6*d.*), brings out the beauties and the moral teaching of the Old Testament Parables in the author's own vivid and pictorial style. It is a little book that should help lay preachers, and be a treasure to all who wish for some bright devotional reading. *A Manual of Sermon Construction*, by Rev. R. J. Wardell (Charles H. Kelly, 1*s.*), is an attempt to suggest practical methods for the construction of sermons, with examples. It is suggestive and helpful, though rather bald. *The Jew and the World's Blessing* (2*s.*) is a powerful appeal for help in Christian work among the Jews by their tried friend, the Rev. John Wilkinson.

II. FOR BIBLE STUDENTS.

The Hexateuch. Arranged in its Constituent Documents. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, References, and Synoptical Tables, by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A., and G. Harford Battersby, M.A. In Two Volumes. (Longmans & Co. 1900. 36*s.* net.)

AIDS to the full understanding of the results attained by current Old Testament criticism are now abundant. Polychrome Bibles, with attendant kindred literature, are freely issued, and constructive works based on the new lines are beginning to appear in considerable numbers. But so far as the Pentateuch is concerned—and, it need hardly be added, the key of the whole position lies in the discussion concerning "Mosaic" legislation—it has not hitherto been possible to point the English student to a single work which would give him a full account of the whole complicated argument, together with a clear, accurate, and comprehensive view of all the detailed results.

This is now done in the volumes before us, and anything more complete and satisfactory of its kind it would not be easy to devise. The work has been executed by a Committee of the Oxford Historical Society, and has taken about nine years to carry out. The names of the scholars who have been engaged upon it are Messrs. Fripp, Montefiore, Selbie, Gray, and Bennett, with Messrs. Estlin Carpenter and Harford Battersby as Editors and Professor Cheyne as occasional referee. The scheme is most complete. The first volume contains a full history of Old Testament criticism and a rationale of the Documentary Theory which now holds the field. The arguments which have led scholars to accept the partition of the first six books of the Bible into documents now generally known as J E, D and P are detailed with clearness and force, and a full account is given of the origins, growth, and characteristics of each. Tabular appendices of elaborate detail follow. These present in convenient form the words and

phrases peculiar to the several documents, a most useful analysis of laws and institutions—representing an enormous amount of work—together with a conspectus of the several codes and a synopsis of the contents of the whole Hexateuch. The second volume contains the text of the Revised Version in English, arranged according to documents in parallel columns, with very full marginal references and critical notes into which a great deal of careful work has been condensed. The whole is clearly printed, with judiciously varied type; and whilst ample space is allowed, the volumes are not cumbrous but suitable for the working purposes of a student.

It is not possible for us in a brief notice to travel over the hotly contested ground covered by this volume—a battlefield from which the sounds of war are gradually passing away. We must content ourselves with first of all thanking the scholars who have together contributed to this work for so valuable a synopsis of the results of Pentateuchal criticism. Next, we should like to point out some reasons why all English students of a complex subject should avail themselves of this particular edition of the Hexateuch. It is far away the clearest and most complete presentation of the subject known to us. It is moderate and candid in tone; so that whilst dealing with what has been and to some extent still is highly contentious matter, and in any case with complicated literary hypotheses the basis of which may appear to many to be doubtful, there is little trace of that unscientific "cock-sureness" which has marred the productions of so many writers of this school and done harm to their own cause. Nowhere else, so far as we are aware, is there so full an account of the analogies presented in other literatures to the compilation which critics claim to have traced in the first six books of the Bible. These writers argue, they do not dogmatise. Then the arrangement of the text is more convenient than in any other edition we have seen. Too often the results have to be picked out by the intelligent reader who is not himself a scholar, and who therefore desires to be saved the labour of arranging details in an unfamiliar field. And, in cases where the text or some portion of it has been arranged by an editor, it is not self-explanatory or accompanied by notes, as in the volumes before us.

Having said so much in free and hearty commendation of a piece of thorough scholarly work of the highest value to English students, we think it desirable to add something as to the use

to be made of it in the present stage of biblical study. In the first place it is a book for students, and those who cannot give a fair amount of time and care to the *study* of the subject had perhaps better let it alone. But a knowledge of Hebrew is not necessary for the intelligent mastery of these volumes, though of course it is a great advantage and in places becomes essential. But any real student of the English Bible will find here little that he cannot intelligently follow and all that he needs to make him acquainted with the prevailing view of the composition of the Hexateuch as accepted by modern scholarship, the grounds on which the analysis of documents is based, and a conspectus of the whole history and legislation as it must be regarded if the analysis is sound.

Does it therefore follow that this analysis is henceforth to be taken for granted (say) by ministers generally? That certainly does not follow. The conclusions of criticism as here presented have now received such a large measure of acceptance amongst scholars that their views cannot of course be ignored. Nay, further, it is almost certain that some such processes as here described may be traced in the Pentateuch, and there is a high measure of probability that some of the chief working hypotheses here adopted are true. Both the new dictionaries of the Bible proceed on this basis; and whilst some eminent scholars and archæologists withhold their assent, they have not succeeded in making good any alternative theories. We are ourselves fully persuaded that the traditional view of the authorship of the Pentateuch is untenable and that the process of substituting one which will stand all modern critical tests is going steadily forward, whilst we are not satisfied with many of the critical methods adopted in relation to the Old Testament, nor persuaded of the soundness of the conclusions reached. The analysis described in these volumes is at best a working hypothesis. At present it holds the field, but the evidence on which it rests falls far short of proof, and, if it removes some difficulties attaching to the traditional view, it is encumbered with serious difficulties of its own. There is no room here for criticism of the critics; but it may be said, in a word, that the lines of distinction between moderate and advanced criticism depend upon the extent to which it is granted that early materials have been preserved in documents in parts of which the work of later hands may be traced, and on that subject the last word has not by any means been said.

Meanwhile, those who believe that in the Old Testament we have an inspired record of a divine revelation preparing the way for the gospel of Christ have no need to fear. Literary criticism must do its work, and documents which cannot bear that kind of examination will carry no weight of authority in these days. The volumes we have been describing will help forward a process which—whether the views of the writers be ultimately confirmed or not—cannot but end in the establishment of the truth and the vindication of the word of God.

W. T. DAVISON.

The Book of Judges. Critical Edition of the Hebrew Text. By G. F. Moore, D.D. (David Nutt. 1900. 6*s*.)

The plan of this "polychrome" edition of the Hebrew text of the Old Testament is by this time quite familiar to our readers. In our opinion it is much better suited to a critical edition of the Hebrew text than to an English translation which addresses itself to many un-critical readers. The results recorded in the "rainbow" colouring of the text are at best tentative, and in many cases, of very dubious value. Trained students of Hebrew can discriminate and form a judgment of their own upon the questions raised; but too many general readers, when they see the results of critical analysis in colours before their eyes, are too apt to take the conclusions of an individual critic for much more than they are worth.

In the case of Professor Moore's *Judges*, we have already in the International Commentary a full account of the author's views, which usefully supplements the technical critical notes of this edition. Professor Moore analyses the "sources" thus: The colour dark purple represents JE, light purple the redactor of that composite document R^{JE}, while dark blue is used for the older strata of E, *i.e.* E^1, light blue for later additions, E^2, and parts from J are represented on a white background without any special colouring. Light green indicates Deuteronomistic Expansions, R^D, and yellow is used for post-exilic additions; so that amongst the *seven* the rays of the spectrum are fairly complete.

We cannot here enter into a discussion of the value of Professor Moore's work. Suffice it to say that his conclusions are such as commend themselves in the main to the more advanced section of the critical school to which he belongs, whilst he is

less rash and arbitrary than some of his collaborateurs. His learning is ample, and his industry must have been great. We are not ourselves by any means persuaded that the methods pursued in this and kindred works are as sound as the most eminent scholars of our time judge them to be. A reaction against this excessive analysis is not unlikely to set in. But all professed Hebrew scholars must reckon with the arguments here presented, and we know of no more satisfactory aid in the critical investigation of the text than is presented in the admirably printed "Paul Haupt" series, of which the present is the latest issue. W. T. D.

Palestinian Syriac Texts from Palimpsest Fragments in the Taylor-Schechter Collection. Edited by Agnes S. Lewis and Margaret D. Gibson. (London: C. J. Clay & Sons. 1900. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These palimpsest fragments are part of the great treasure that was found in the lumber-room of the synagogue at Old Cairo. They are thirty-four in number, and the under script is in every case but one Palestinian Syriac. The upper script is Hebrew, and preserves generally the text of a small portion of a midrash or of a tractate of the Jerusalem Talmud. The Syriac alone is reproduced in this volume side by side with the Greek original, and consists mainly of specimens of an early version of the Bible, in which the passages from the Old Testament are translated from the Septuagint. The books of Jeremiah, Joel, Hosea, and the Epistles to the Corinthians, Thessalonians, Timothy, and Titus are the most largely represented. Eight plates of facsimiles are added; and in every case all the necessary particulars concerning the fragments are supplied. The volume is another monument of the careful work of two ladies who have of late years conferred the greatest benefits upon students of Syriac; and for scholars it has this supreme value, that it adduces irrefutable evidence of an earlier date than has generally been allowed to the Palestinian Syriac version of the Scriptures. R. W. Moss.

Messrs. Williams & Norgate, who have taken over *The Critical Review* from Messrs. Clark, intend to issue it as a bi-monthly. It is as well edited and as scholarly as ever under Dr. Salmond's care.

III. HISTORY.

How England Saved Europe. Vol. IV., "Waterloo and St. Helena." By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6*s*.)

THE great military drama which Mr. Fitchett has set himself to unfold forms well nigh the proudest page in English history, and it has never been set forth with such masterly skill as in this volume. We have read it with something like the feelings of the Englishman of eighty-five years ago who exulted that Wellington had hurled to the earth the Lucifer of his generation. The Peninsular War and the Retreat from Moscow broke Napoleon's power, and in May, 1814, he found himself banished to Elba. There for ten months he played the despot and soldier to perfection, and then gave the slip to his guards and managed to reach Paris. The Allies paid dearly for their leniency to a man who had no sense of truth or honour. In June Wellington and Blücher made their great stand at Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo. Napoleon was no longer a master of armies such as he had been at Austerlitz. Torpor seemed to have seized him, and he could not even keep awake whilst the guns were thundering at Waterloo. He made fatal mistakes that day; and though Wellington's army was largely composed of Nassauers and Dutch-Belgians, some of whom were only kept to their posts by the threats of the English troops, the stubborn bravery of the British squares against which Ney made twelve desperate cavalry charges saved Wellington from defeat. It was the greatest battle he ever fought; but when the day closed the French army was utterly crushed and broken, and Napoleon was in full retreat to Paris. The fortunes of the fight are sketched with masterly skill, and a multitude of details are given which bring the whole scene under our eyes. The pitiful bearing of Napoleon in disaster and exile forms a moral study which is not less interesting than the great battle-scenes which culminated at Waterloo. Thiers explains

Napoleon's overthrow by the fact that "during a reign of fifteen years he had made an ill use of everything, of France, of his own genius, of all that God had placed under his control." Madame de Remusat tells us, "No man was ever less lofty of soul. I have never known him to admire, I have never known him to comprehend, a fine action." Mr. Fitchett's work is evidently destined to become an English classic, and it will feed the patriotism and heroism of our race, and strengthen its courage and its high sense of duty. It is a book that thrills every nerve and fibre of one's being.

The Church of the West in the Middle Ages. By Herbert B. Workman, M.A. Volume II. (London: Charles H. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Workman's second volume brings the history of the Latin Church down from the death of St. Bernard to the popish exile at Avignon. The papal power was built up by a succession of second-rate popes who consolidated the work of Hildebrand. In the thirteenth century Rome began to reap her harvest. "The popes for the first and last time ruled the world, a world of marvellous enthusiasms, and boundless visions springing from a soil saturated with lust and blood." The victory of the Papacy is sketched with dramatic skill in these opening sections; then we watch Europe convulsed by the struggle with the Muslim. The history of the Crusades is passed in review. Europe was saved; but the East remained in the hands of the Prophet, and his influence made the West resort to sword and stake to spread Christianity. An inquisitor was regarded as an essential member of every missionary party, and Spain was torn asunder by persecution. The story of Innocent III. is followed by two valuable chapters, headed "The Chains of the Law" and "Darkness and Dawn"; then we are introduced to St. Francis, whose gentleness and overflowing love have made him the saint of the nineteenth century as well as of the thirteenth. Mr. Workman's parallel between him and Wesley is suggestive and well drawn out. The book is one that every reader with a taste for Church history will be reluctant to put down. Mr. Workman is a word-painter; but his pictures do not make him forget his philosophy or lose the threads of historic development. We owe him our best thanks for a really fine piece of work.

Burnet's History of my Own Time. Part I., "The Reign of Charles the Second." Volume II. Edited by Osmund Airy, M.A., LL.D. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

We have waited three years for the second volume of this edition of Burnet, but it was worth waiting for. So much new material has appeared since the first volume was published, that Mr. Airy has found it hard to keep pace with it; but he has enriched his notes with references that are of unusual interest and of great value for a real understanding of the text. Burnet's *Characters* with other material will be printed in a supplementary volume. The historian's comparative freedom from grave error and from wilful misrepresentation is remarkable, and he always manages to keep alive the interest of his readers. The Clarendon Press has given us a beautiful edition so far as paper and type go, and it is an edition which ought to find its way into every gentleman's library.

The History of the Melanesian Mission. By E. S. Armstrong. (London: Isbister & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This history was undertaken at the request of the families of the first three bishops of Melanesia—the Selwyns and Coleridge Patteson; and it has been planned and carried out with great skill. Personal character and influence have certainly been the corner-stone of the mission, and those who already esteemed and loved the three noble men who gave their lives to these islands of the South Seas will find their regard increase as they turn these pages. The life and work of each is passed in review, and we see Christian truth winning its way to the hearts of the islanders. The three "hero-saints" did not labour and suffer in vain. Some delightful instances are given of the eagerness of the people to receive the gospel. The present bishop made a tour in the New Hebrides in 1897, where he found that the people had placed themselves under the training of Christian youths of sixteen and seventeen, and stood round the font renouncing their old way of life and its superstitions. The greatest chief had his war-club chopped into pieces and handed round as a declaration of goodwill to all. In one of the villages the bishop found seventy of the wildest-looking people he had ever seen singing a simple hymn. The book is a glorious tribute to divine grace, and makes our hearts warm towards the noble men who founded the mission.

Charterhouse. By A. H. Tod, M.A. With Fifty-eight Illustrations. (London : George Bell & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is the first volume of a set of guide-books to the public schools. Mr. Tod had at first intended to confine the work entirely to New Charterhouse ; but we are glad that he abandoned this plan, and wrote one chapter on the history of the school and its foundation. It is a skilful epitome, and no Carthusian ought to be ignorant of it. The body of the volume is taken up by a sketch of the removal of the school to Godalming, and a description of its present life and work. Games and athletics receive due notice ; we have descriptions of school life, of exhibitions, prizes, of monitors and fags, of meals and expenses, a list of masters, an account of the Charterhouse mission, and everything that will help parents and guardians to understand what the school really is to which their boys are sent. Baden-Powell, the defender of Mafeking, was a member of the first rifle team and goalkeeper in the football team for 1875–76. "His voice enabled him to direct the forwards at the other end of the ground, and his agility enabled him to cheer the spectators with impromptu dances when he had nothing to do." Boys will read Mr. Tod's bright little volume as eagerly as their parents, and all will feel new pride in their association with John Wesley's school.

The Ship—her Story. By W. Clark Russell. With Fifty Illustrations by H. C. Seppings Wright. (London : Chatto & Windus. 6*s.*)

Mr. Clark Russell is always delightful when he is among ships, and here he roves through the length and breadth of his favourite subject from the time of Noah's ark to the giant of sixteen thousand tons displacement, which he regards not as a ship, but as a machine, growing more complex every year. He introduces us to Roman triremes, Viking ships, Elizabethan vessels, American clippers, and great steam liners ; and he has a merry joke and a good story wherever he goes. Mr. Wright's drawings deserve all the praise Mr. Russell gives them, and the book is one that young and old will prize greatly, and from which they will learn much.

IV. BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs and Impressions. 1831–1900. By the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, Warden of Merton College. (London: Nisbet & Co. 16*s.*)

About thirty years ago the writer asked a distinguished literary man if he could say who was supposed to be at that time the chief leader-writer for the *Times*. The reply was that, of course, no one knew, but the opinion in the circles most likely to have a good guess pointed to Mr. G. C. Brodrick, and that he was supposed, in particular, to be making a study of the Irish Land Question in view of Mr. Gladstone's projects of reform. Neither at that time, however, nor at any period since, has Mr. Brodrick's name as a leader of political thought been known to the public generally. But my friend's intimation, though he did not speak at all positively, is shown by the present volume to have been well founded. We learn that between 1860 and 1873 Mr. Brodrick was chiefly employed as a journalist, and that, though he was not at any time a member of the permanent staff of the *Times*, he wrote during that period no fewer than 1,600 articles for the leading journal.

In 1877 Mr. Brodrick was co-opted to a seat on the London School Board, which he occupied for two years, and during that period he called on the writer more than once. In one of his conversations he said that, though from feebleness of health he had never been able either at the university or as a journalist to "work" more than six hours a day, he had often seen two of his own articles in the same sheet of the *Times*, and had even occasionally seen three. From which it is not to be inferred that he at any time wrote three during one day or night. How frail his health was and how feeble his constitution is evident in the face of this volume. Nevertheless this short-hours worker obtained at Balliol College, in 1852, a first class in the first "Moderations" ever held, and in 1853 a first class in the Final Classical Schools, followed half a year later by first class honours in Law and Modern History, for which last examination he never

worked more than five hours a day. In 1855 he was elected Fellow of Merton, of which college in 1881, under the reformed constitution of the university, he was, though a layman, elected warden, a position which he still holds.

In 1855 Mr. Brodrick competed for two University Essay prizes, the Arnold and the Chancellor's English Essay. He wrote his two essays on alternate days and gained the prize for each. The subject of the Chancellor's Essay was "Representative Government in Ancient and Modern Times." When he read it at the "Encænia" in 1855, a distinguished audience, including, besides Lord Derby, the Chancellor, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, Montalambert, and other notable persons, assembled to hear it. The essay was published, a copy of it was placed in the hands of Mr. Walter, of the *Times*, and the direct consequence was an invitation to become a writer for that journal, and an introduction to Mr. Delane the editor. It was arranged that he should postpone his engagement as a leader-writer till he had been called to the Bar, but in the meantime should contribute occasional reviews of first class books. Mr. Brodrick's tribute to the integrity and honour of Mr. Walter and Mr. Delane agrees with the testimony of all competent witnesses who have been brought into distinct personal relations with them. At the same time he does not undertake to vindicate the wisdom or justice of the line which the *Times* took and held for two or three years as to the civil war in America. "But, if it erred," he says, "it erred honestly, in company with Mr. Gladstone and other leading politicians of the highest character." He thinks there was much to say for "regarding the principle of State Right as more sacred than Federal Union," and he refers to "the outrageous language and attitude which in Congress and the Press had been adopted towards Great Britain by the leading supporters of the American Government" as in some degree responsible for the tone of the English Government and the *Times*. This is, no doubt, the British apology. The LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW, on that subject, took a distinct and strong line against the *Times* and the Government. It is one of the evil and mischievous results of the line taken by the *Times*—and doubtless by Mr. Brodrick as a leader-writer—that, with very few exceptions, the American people believed—and probably, for the most part, still believe—that the *Times*, during that conflict, was in the pay of the cotton manufacturers—a monstrous conclusion, indeed, which reveals the corruption of their own

newspaper press, but still one the occasion of which is all the more to be lamented. As to the famous series of articles on "Parnellism and Crime," with which Mr. Brodrick himself can have had nothing whatever to do, he makes some convincing observations, and maintains that "those who review the whole story calmly and impartially must recognise that, wise or unwise, the action of the *Times* was eminently patriotic throughout, and quite as worthy of national gratitude as its bold denunciation of a famous commercial fraud in the last generation."

Since 1881 Mr. Brodrick has been an active and influential "Head" at Oxford, a careful and diligent administrator and organiser in the university. His ambition had been to enter Parliament, and become a statesman. For this, however, he lacked the physical gifts. A considerable part of the volume is taken up with such a description of English life sixty years ago or more, especially country life, in contrast with modern times, as special and extensive opportunities have enabled him to give, and also of voyages in first class liners between England and Calcutta as compared with the experience of P. and O. passengers to-day. Altogether the volume is very instructive and suggestive—equally modest and interesting. Mr. Brodrick was highly favoured in his parentage. His father was not only a true nobleman of old family, but an exemplary and devoted clergyman of the best evangelical type.

Luther and the German Reformation. By Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D.

Cranmer and the Reformation in England. By Arthur D. Innes, M.A.

Wesley and Methodism. By F. J. Snell, M.A.

(Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 3*s.* each.)

These are the first volumes of a promising series entitled "The World's Epoch-Makers," which is to deal with prominent epochs in Theology, Philosophy, and Intellectual Development. The volumes contain about 250 pages, and are printed in good type. Dr. Lindsay's aim has been to set Luther in the social environment of his own time, and he has succeeded admirably. Luther was a peasant's son, a German patriot, a scholar who

had warm sympathy with the humanist movement, a distinguished exponent of the rights of the individual soul as well as a great religious reformer. Professor Lindsay shows how he was thus linked to his own times. The chapters on his childhood and education, on his marriage, and home life are intensely interesting. His conduct towards Zwingle was strangely intolerant; but he held the Protestant forces together in a way that only a man of broad, wise tolerance could have done. His abiding sense of the Eternal made him carry about with him everywhere his Holy of Holies and delight in the God of nature. He is a man of heroic mould and of a loving and gracious spirit.

Cranmer lacks heroic fibre, yet he left his personal impress on the English Reformation more than did any other individual. He was the one man to whom Henry VIII. was unswervingly loyal. The masterful and merciless tyrant had a sincere and almost tender affection for the timid and guileless scholar. Edward's accession compelled Cranmer to assume the functions of a leader, and he filled the part with remarkable success. His recantation in Mary's reign shows an utter collapse of nerve, yet Cranmer won victory over himself in the hour of moral defeat. The whole drama of the English Reformation is spread before us in this volume, and its critiques of men and movements are full of good sense and throw new light on the tangled web of motive.

The series—"The World's Epoch-Makers"—of which *Wesley and Methodism* forms one—contains many serious books on subjects of the highest importance. The present volume, however, is not altogether a serious performance. Such writers as Southey, Coleridge, Isaac Taylor, Miss Wedgwood, and others scarcely, if at all, less distinguished, have treated the character, the history, and the memory of the chief among the fathers of the Evangelical Revival with a gravity and earnestness touched with reverence. It is otherwise with Mr. Snell. Being evidently unprepared by adequate study, whether historical, philosophical, or theological, for the work he has taken in hand, having done no more than read up, with evident haste, for this work, more or less of Wesley's works and portions of some biographies, he fills out his pages by what are intended as illustrations of his subject, taken from his university studies in the Greek dramatists, by references to Renan's character and history, to the German transcendentalists, and other unlikely

regions—and in particular by a long and grotesque quotation from *Humphry Clinker*. He is flippant and self-confident throughout. He was obliged, of course, to make some reference to the mutual relations of Wesley and Law, but it is evident that he is totally ignorant of the real bearings of the subject, and he seems never to have heard of the complete and judicial work of Canon Overton on the great and famous High Church mystic, in which, admirer as he is of Law, the High Church canon vindicates Wesley; indeed, it is evident that this writer on Wesley is altogether unacquainted with the noble standard work of Abbey and Overton, which contains so admirable a history of the Evangelical Revival, in its different bearings, not to speak of Canon Overton's *Life of Wesley*. This unworthy book, however, has already been condignly dealt with by the press, and will soon find its proper level. It is amusing to find this callow Oxford man undertaking to criticise Wesley's style as spoiled by his devotion to the "one book." Such judges as Southey and Lecky have given the highest praise to Wesley as a writer. Edward Fitzgerald, in particular, refers to Wesley's Journal, which Mr. Snell finds dull, as "one of the most interesting books in the language." Mr. Snell is bold enough, and ignorant enough, to record his opinion to the contrary of what such supreme judges have said on this literary question. Meantime he himself has no style whatever, but writes with a blundering crudeness which is a disgrace to his university. Coleridge's suggestion to account for the "Epworth ghost" story, he speaks of as "more feasible than probable, as an anodyne to lull perplexity and save trouble." He describes Wesley as being "savingly convinced of witchcraft." In a note referring to the unhappy incident in Wesley's Life connected with Grace Murray and John Bennet, he shows his taste by speaking of Wesley as the "disappointed swain"; and he concludes his paragraph referring to Mrs. Wesley by saying, "St. Paul tells us that marriage is a great mystery; it is always that, but to Wesley it must have appeared a mystery of iniquity." Such is our Oxford graduate's style when he would be smart—a touch of irreverence in bringing a quotation from St. Paul is to pass for wit. In his preface he announces that his aim is "to record history philosophically." In unconscious satire on himself he has even borrowed Isaac Taylor's title, "Wesley and Methodism." The contrast between the two books could not be more complete.

Mrs. Delany (Mary Granville). A Memoir, 1700–1788. Compiled by George Paston. With Seven Portraits in Photogravure. (London: Grant Richards. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Paston has done his work with great taste and skill. He has taken Lady Llanover's six volumes of Delany Letters and Correspondence, and distilled them into one charming volume, which makes John Wesley's old friend stand out again in all her grace and gentleness. Her fine sense and high character made Edmund Burke describe her to Dr. Johnson as "a truly great woman of fashion, was not only the woman of fashion of the present age, but the highest bred woman in the world, and the woman of fashion of all ages." Her close friendship with the Duchess of Portland and with George III. and Queen Caroline were credentials, not only to her own generation, but to ours. The book is a mirror of the times. Mr. Paston's references to the Wesleys strike us as somewhat condescending, and he scarcely allows the full significance of that friendship to appear by his scanty quotations; but his book is a pleasant picture of a great lady, who despite her modest means was sought after and courted by the best people of her time and showed a disdain for mere worldly station divorced from real merit which was almost worthy of John Wesley himself. The portraits are exquisite and exquisitely reproduced, and the little sketch of Lady Llanover, Mrs. Delany's great-great-niece, has much interested us.

The Erskines. By A. R. MacEwen. (London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a fine study of two noble lives. The story of the conversion of Ebenezer Erskine and his wife is simply exquisite, and the description of the two brothers as preachers and founders of the Secession Church is marked by ample knowledge and warm sympathy. Ebenezer Erskine's death-bed was a glorious close to an heroic life. "I have always," he said, "found my times of severe affliction my best times. Many blasts I have endured through life; but I had this comfort under them—a good God, a good conscience, a good cause." The little book is packed with matter, and will be greatly prized by all who wish to understand the religious life of Scotland in the last century.

The Life of Edward Fitz-Gerald. By John Glyde. (London : C. A. Pearson. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

We have read every word of Mr. Glyde's book with great delight. Edward Fitz-Gerald was a strange character, but no one can turn these pages without a warm feeling for the Suffolk recluse who has linked his own name and fame with that of Omar Khayyám, the astronomer-poet of Persia. Fitz-Gerald's father, a wealthy Suffolk squire, married an Irish heiress, a handsome and eccentric woman who astonished her neighbours by driving a coach with four black horses. One of her boys was sometimes allowed to drive this coach, and when at school at Bury St. Edmunds got the driver of the London coach to allow him to handle the reins. The passengers asked Dr. Malkin, the head-master, to interfere, so that the lad's sport was spoiled. But he was not daunted. Dr. Malkin was soon told that Master Peter, "in habiliments of woe," had been seen driving a hearse with handsome plumes, but drily replied: "I don't see that I need interfere unless the passenger complains." The translation of Omar which has given Fitz-Gerald his niche in the temple of fame had to be cleared out by Mr. Quarritch as an unsaleable remnant in his penny box. Some years later the bookseller bought back one of these copies for £21. Mr. Glyde's volume brims over with good things.

The Life of Charlotte Brontë. By Mrs. Gaskell. With an Introduction and Notes by Clement K. Shorter. (London : Smith, Elder, & Co. 6*s.*)

No one was more competent to edit Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë* than Mr. Clement Shorter. He disclaims all intention of rewriting that classic, and has contented himself with adding letters lent him by Mr. George Smith and giving corrections and additional facts in footnotes. He has also furnished some account of Mrs. Gaskell herself, which is the more welcome as she has never found a biographer. Mr. Shorter's work is done in the best taste, and some of Charlotte Brontë's letters now added to the volume are deeply interesting. They manifest a fine reserve and independence, a deep tenderness, and a wealth of good sense and good feeling which will distinctly raise the popular estimate of Charlotte Brontë as daughter, wife, and sister. The illustrations would in themselves secure the book a welcome from all lovers of the Brontës.

V. BELLES LETTRES.

The Age of Johnson (1748–1798). By Thomas Seccombe. (London : George Bell & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

THIS is one of the "Handbooks of English Literature" edited by Professor Hales, and it could not have been put into more competent hands. Mr. Seccombe gives us independent judgments, and contrives to make his volume most attractive reading. He has not read his proofs very carefully, and he uses some very ugly phrases. We are assisted "to evaluate the incandescence of great genius." He even speaks of the *Horæ Paulinæ* as dealing with the gospel narratives. But we have found his book bright, fresh, and full of interest from first to last. Methodist writers will prize the pages devoted to the Wesleys. Mr. Seccombe regards "Jesu, Lover of my soul" as the finest of all devotional hymns, and describes John Wesley as "the greatest captain of men in his century, round whose standard to-day over twenty millions of human beings are rallied." He draws a striking parallel between him and the Duke of Wellington, and pays ungrudging tribute to Wesley's Journal. This handbook is one that will do not a little to save the eighteenth century from the undeserved reproach that has been heaped upon it, and will show that despite its ugly and depressing sides it cannot be described as the century of dulness. Mr. Seccombe's apology for the century in his introduction will certainly make its impression.

John Ruskin. By Mrs. Meynell. (Edinburgh: Blackwood & Sons. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Mrs. Meynell's volume is a handbook to Ruskin. She gives an analysis of each of his works with quotations which will open some eyes to their beauty and refresh all lovers of the great critic of modern art and society. We have found Mrs. Meynell a charming guide through the Ruskin library, and she has a chaste and nervous style; but we cannot forgive her when she says that Ruskin's mother subjected "him and herself to a

hardly credible humiliation by the reading aloud, in alternate verses, of the whole Bible, Levitical Law, and all, beginning again at Genesis when the Apocalypse was finished." Ruskin himself might well rise in judgment against such a comment on the study which as he delighted to acknowledge laid the foundation of his character and of his education.

English Poems. By Richard Crashaw. In Two Volumes. 3*s.* 4*d.* net.

The Delights of the Muses. Secular Poems. By Richard Crashaw. 1*s.* 10*d.* net.

Edited, with Introductions by J. R. Tutin.
(Great Fencote: Tutin.)

The two volumes of *English Poems* form a substantially complete edition of Crashaw, whilst the small volume gives his Secular Poems. The reprint is a beautiful piece of work from the press of Mr. William Andrews in Hull, and Mr. Tutin's editing has been a labour of love. He ought to be supported by all lovers of Crashaw, and they will be as well repaid as they were by the charming edition of Henry Vaughan's *Secular Poems* which Mr. Tutin published some years ago. Crashaw gave up his Protestantism and became Canon of the Lady-Chapel of Loretto; but all his life he was true to his fine motto:

Live, Jesus, live and let it be
My life to die for love of Thee.

Despite his outrageous conceits he has a subtle imagination, "a harmony and delicacy of language, a sensuous enjoyment of all good and lofty nature, whether in man, woman, or the outward universe," and a great felicity of expression. Some of the pieces sound rather heavy to a modern ear; but there are lines that charm by their cadence and linger long in the memory. The lines on the Pharisee and the Publican gather the point of that parable into a few vigorous lines; but Crashaw's masterstroke is that on the Marriage Feast at Cana:

Nympha pudica Deum vidit, et erubuit,
(The conscious water saw her God and blushed.)

Mr. Walter Scott has published a rousing little volume of *War Songs* selected and arranged with excellent judgment by

John Macleay (2s.). National songs form the first section, and "American" songs close the book. The Introductory Note is just what the collection needs, and the binding is tasteful. The little book ought to be very popular. It includes "The Absent-Minded Beggar" and songs new and old with the martial ring about them.

Lays of Ancient Greece, by Endemus (Redway, 1s. net), challenges comparison with Lord Macaulay's *Lays of Ancient Rome*; but these poems have not the verve and movement of those famous ballads. They are full of matter, but the rhyme halts and the endings of the lines are sometimes weak.

Titus and Lysander (Elliot Stock) is a love poem in five acts, which deals lightly with lovers' fancies and tells a pleasant story. The verse is graceful and musical.

The Farringdons (Hutchinson & Co., 6s.) is Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler's best story. It holds us fast to the last sentence, and its quaint and keen sayings keep up a ripple of laughter from page to page. The plot is well concealed, so that the discovery of the missing heir comes on us as a surprise. But its chief merit lies in its description of the writer's native county. The scenery and the people of the Black Country are sketched by one who has learned to love them, and Elisabeth Farringdon with her genius for playing the part of a Mother Bountiful is a fine study. She is strangely blind to her own happiness; but the veil falls from her eyes in time to save her from a fatal marriage, and to snatch her true lover, who is also the missing heir, from the grave. The book sends a plummet into the depths of a woman's heart, and shows the hunger for love and appreciation that lies beneath the surface of such a nature as Elisabeth Farringdon's. Miss Fowler preaches a little sometimes; but her sparkling wit and her shrewd observation make this a really delightful book.

The Haworth Edition of the Brontës. Vol. VI., "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." By Anne Brontë. (London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 6s.)

Anne Brontë escapes oblivion through the fame of her more gifted sisters. It is a beautiful face that looks out on us from the frontispiece of this volume, and the *Preface* to her story, now first printed, shows that she had noble aims and a high sense of duty in her work, though it lacks the magic touch of genius

which we find in the writing of Charlotte and Emily. The illustrations are excellent. Mrs. Ward's Introduction is rather slight.

The Old Dominion and *By Order of the Company*, by Miss Mary Johnston (Constable & Co., 6*s*. each), are historic novels of unusual freshness and interest. Virginian planter life in the days of Charles II. has never been more powerfully sketched than in *The Old Dominion*, with its convict labourers, its slave insurrection, and its Indian savages. Godfrey Landless is the hero of the story, and the pathos of his fate is terrible. We can scarcely pardon Miss Johnston for such a tragic close to her tale. *By Order of the Company* is as exciting and well written as the earlier volume; but it has a brighter ending. The court lady, who takes her maid's place in the cargo of English girls sent out as wives for the colonists in Virginia, has the good fortune to be chosen as his bride by Captain Ralph Percy, and the sense to discover that her escapade has been a real stroke of good fortune. There is both humour and dramatic power in this romance, and the two books ought to be in the hands of every holiday-maker.

Felix Gras' *White Terror* (Heinemann, 6*s*.) will be warmly appreciated by those who feel the spell of the French Revolution. The scene revolves around Avignon, where the peasant lad wins the love of the young Comtessine Adeline. The horrors of the time are painted with great skill. We see passion and lust masquerading as loyalty, till at last the young countess, who thinks that her lover is dead, is driven to take refuge in a nunnery. It is a story worthy of the hand that gave us *The Reds of the Midi*.

Joan of the Sword Hand (Ward, Lock, & Co., 6*s*.) is, to our mind, one of the best stories Mr. Crockett has written. There is much fighting, plotting, and love-making, many glimpses of the humour of tiring-room and barracks, with exciting adventures and hair-breadth rescues; but we are not racked with horrors, as in *The Red Axe* and *The Black Douglas*. The descriptive power of the book and its merry humour make it pleasant reading from first to last, and Joan is a heroine to be proud of.

A Kentucky Cardinal and its sequel *Aftermath* (Macmillan & Co., 3*s*. 6*d*. each) are two of James Lane Allen's dainty stories full of tender love to nature and bright with love and humour. The courting of the coy Georgiana and her death soon after the birth

of her little boy are told in a way that charms and melts one's heart. The stories are in their own reposeful style nothing short of exquisite.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box, by Henry Harland (John Lane, 6*s.*), is a love story so fresh and full of complications, so pleasant and pure, so brightly told, and relieved with so much clever exchange of wit and sentiment, that it is really a delight to read it.

A Young Dragon, by Sarah Tytler (Chatto & Windus, 3*s.* 6*d.*), is the story of a happy marriage to which a rugged Scotch laird is spurred by a wager. His own character and that of his wife's niece, the young dragon, are vigorously sketched, and the tale is full of feeling and good sense.

By Way of the Wilderness (Charles H. Kelly, 2*s.* 6*d.*) is one of Pansy's bright stories, with some good lessons well put. Mrs. Livingston has shared the toils of authorship, and the book will be very popular with young readers.

The Literary Year-Book and Bookman's Directory, 1900. Edited by Herbert Morrah. (London: George Allen. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

The Literary Year-Book for 1900 is better than ever. It contains the lists of authors, publishers, literary societies, and libraries, which are indispensable for the bookman, with brief articles on the year's work, and its book sales, obituary and other matter of great interest. The notices of a few books of the year fill up considerable space, and though they are interesting and well done we think that they are out of place. Mr. Crawford's *Via Crucis* is called *Via Lucis*, Mr. Watkinson is editor of this Review, Dr. Robertson Nicoll of *The Expositor*. There are a few slips and gaps, but the book is a treasure for the literary man.

Dean Plumptre's *Life of Dante* has just been revised by Mr. A. J. Butler (Isbister & Co., 2*s.* 6*d.* net) in the light of recent research. The editor has not felt at liberty to prune away all exuberant conjecture; but he has not allowed anything to stand which is really incorrect. The Life has had a great reputation, and this charming edition with its beautiful frontispiece and attractive get-up will be eagerly welcomed. Mr. Butler has done his work well, and his name commands the confidence of all students of Dante.

VI. ART AND TRAVEL.

1. *Correggio.* By Selwyn Brinton.
2. *Donatello.* By Hope Rea.

(London : Bell & Son. 5*s.* net each.)

1. Correggio remains unsurpassed as a master of colour. Flesh as he paints it is entirely luminous with light ; his shadows are cool, clear, opalescent. Beauty, like that of his Magdalen in the "Madonna with St. Jerome" smiles like summer light, and he combines "this magic of colouring, of chiaroscuro, of wanton loveliness of tone, into one harmony which is unique within Italian art." In his own realm he is unique and supreme. The great master has found a skilful interpreter in this little volume. He died at the age of forty, and we have only a bare outline of his personal history ; but his place among the Italian immortals is established for all generations.

2. Donatello was the Florentine sculptor who lived in days when Cosimo de' Medici was transforming the old Florentine city from a mere mercantile centre into a shrine and patron of the arts. His work is always alive. With him beauty of form is not essential ; he passes behind that and brings out the spirit of the group or figure. Mr. Rea gives us the setting for Donatello's work in a vivid sketch of Florence at the end of the fourteenth century ; then he takes us from stage to stage of the sculptor's development, expounding and illustrating by a profusion of pictures. The open-handed master who kept his earnings in a basket slung up to the rafters of his *bottega* so that friends and workmen had free access to it found special delight in his wonderful representation of St. Antony of Padua's miracle —the Finding the Miser's heart. It was not in his body, but in his money-chest. This is a first-rate study.

Impressions of South Africa. By James Bryce. Third edition, revised throughout, with a New Prefatory Chapter. (London : Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*)

Professor Bryce has carefully revised this edition, and brought it up to date by incorporating the latest events. The historical chapters and those which deal with recent politics have been left unchanged to show what the writer's views were before the present controversies arose. In a prefatory chapter he passes

in review a few salient events of the last four years. He thinks that the Transvaal authorities lost a golden opportunity of using the credit and power given them by the failure of the Raid. They ought either to have extended their franchise or reformed their administration. Ignorance and exclusiveness, however, made them unwilling to yield more than they were forced to do to the demand for reform. The writer's own political views come out in his review of the Government negotiations with the Transvaal. "By making the concession of the franchise the aim of their efforts, and supporting it by demonstrations which drove their antagonists to arms, the British Government placed themselves before the world in the position of having caused a war without ever formulating a *casus belli*, and thereby exposed their country to unfavourable comments from other nations." On such subjects Professor Bryce's readers will form their own judgment, and it will often be antagonistic to his; but the work has taken rank as a classic, and this edition ought to be in the hands of all who wish to understand the South African problem which will soon press for solution.

The popular edition of Mr. Fitzpatrick's *The Transvaal from Within* (Heinemann, 2*s.* 6*d.* net) is a real public boon. The book has been accepted by Mr. Chamberlain as a defence of the Government policy, and shows beyond doubt that an organised conspiracy to destroy English influence in South Africa existed before Dr. Jameson's defeat in January, 1896. In 1894 half a million sterling was secretly transferred by the Transvaal to an agent in Europe for purposes unknown, and at the end of the same year all the burghers were supplied with new rifles, though they already owned one rifle. No book gives such a view of the whole situation as this—so well informed and so free from bitterness. The Introduction to the popular edition deals with the question when the Transvaal began to arm and with its political aspirations in a way that cannot fail to appeal to reasonable men.

Highways and Byways in Normandy. By Percy Dearmer, M.A. With Illustrations by Joseph Pennell. (London: Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*)

The bicycle is opening up to people of modest means a new Normandy, "a country varied, beautiful, and rich, a series of towns and villages that are less spoilt and not less interesting" than the few fashionable watering-places and historic towns that are generally known. Mr. Dearmer acts as guide into

these regions, giving advice as to routes and modes of travel, with particulars as to churches and castles, and glimpses of the daily life of the Normandy peasant which make us eager to start on an expedition to these quiet nooks. In Lisieux the English traveller feels himself at home among the peaceable descendants of fair-haired Scandinavian pirates who are silent folk and use *Monsieur and Madame* much less than their northern neighbours. Churches and houses, crops and cattle seem more English than French, and the white cliffs, and green meadows, the hedgerows and the apple orchards give a home-like feeling to an English visitor. Normandy is crowded with historic and antiquarian interest, and Mr. Dearmer has caught the spirit of the old scenes and infects us with his own enthusiasm. Some of Mr. Pennell's illustrations are very suggestive.

Paris. By Augustus J. C. Hare. In Two Volumes. Second edition revised. (London: George Allen. 6*s*.)

Mr. Hare spent two years of hard work on his *Paris*, and has now carefully revised and corrected it on the spot. The descriptions are his own, and they are fresh and graphic. Extracts have been chosen which are likely to impress what is seen upon the recollection of a visitor. The woodcuts made from Mr. Hare's own dainty sketches add greatly to the charm of the book. The volumes are a convenient pocket size; and though Mr. Hare moves among the history and legend, the art and literary life of Paris as one to whom they have long been familiar, he does not fail to give abundant detail about hotels, fares, omnibuses, and all that a tourist wants to know. No visitor to Paris should be without these volumes.

Those who want a plan of Paris and the Exhibition Grounds with a map of France will find nothing better than Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston's shilling map. It is coloured, and is a beautiful piece of work.

Messrs. Dulau have just issued an eighth edition of *The English Lake District* in their "Thorough Guide Series." It has eighteen of Bartholomew's fine maps, cycling notes, hints for climbers, and all the helps that a tourist needs who wishes to make the most of his holiday. There is a literary flavour about the text, and its descriptions of scenery are the work of one who knows what other lake and mountain scenery are and is able to discriminate in his judgments. Nothing could be more compact and more complete than this guide.

Mr. Dimock's *Cathedral Church of St. Paul's* is one of the richest volumes of Messrs. Bell's "Cathedral Series" (*1s. 6d.*). It covers the history of two great churches as well as that of a great capital, and is full of facts that are of national interest. The study of the fabric is painstaking, and the details as to monuments will be found very helpful to a visitor. There is an excellent description of the mural decorations carried out by Mr. G. F. Watts and Sir William Richmond, and the whole history is brought down to the present day. *Carlisle*, by C. King Eley, is a welcome addition to the same series. The delightful early English choir and its magnificent east window which has not an equal in the world are the chief features of the cathedral, and Mr. Eley is a pleasant, sensible, and well informed guide.

Every Cyclist's Manual, by A. M. White (Knight & Co., *2s.*), is a legal handbook giving a view of the cyclist's rights and liabilities on road and rail and at the inn. It will teach all who read it to pursue their pastime with caution, and with a due regard to the safety of others. It is complete, clear, and brightly written. *The Cyclist's Year-Book*, 1900 (Iliffe, Sons, & Sturmey, *2s. 6d.* net), is indispensable for cycle-dealers and manufacturers. It gives descriptions of all the improvements of the year with wood-cuts, lists of cycle accessories, of clubs, manufacturers, of exhibits at the Stanley and National Shows, of cyclist sections attached to volunteer regiments, and tables of the records made in cycle races, with portraits of the world champions and national champions. An immense amount of skill and care has been devoted to the preparation of the handbook. The third and final volume of the Contour Road Book of England (Gall & Inglis, *2s.* net) covers Wales, the Midlands, and South-West. 9,500 miles of roads have been personally surveyed by Mr. Inglis, and the results are given in the most compact form, with hints as to hotels or inns and places of interest. It is a book that no cyclist ought to be without, for it will save a rider from many a peril of the road and help him to shape his holiday tours in a way that will greatly increase their interest and pleasure. *The Clincher Guide to Cycling Routes in England and Wales* (Walter Scott, *1s.*) puts in compact form a mass of information about roads, distances, surface, and gradients which wheelmen will find of the greatest service, and has a map of routes which they will find a constant comfort in their rides.

VII. MISCELLANEOUS.

Government or Human Evolution: Justice. By Edmund Kelly, M.A. (London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1900. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

THIS is the first and theoretical portion of a study, of which the second is to deal with practical issues in a discussion of the relative merits of individualism and collectivism. The necessity of such an investigation was forced upon the writer by his experience in the working of certain clubs that were established with a view to break the influence of Tammany Hall in the government of New York city. He found that these clubs no sooner won a partial success than they split up into factions, differences arising both as to principles and as to details, and anything like a consistent political programme becoming impossible through the absence of any common agreement as to the fundamental aims and methods of government. This book was consequently designed as a kind of introduction to political theory; it undertakes to furnish vague terms with exact definition, and thus to provide tools of precision for the solution of problems of practical politics.

The difficulties of such a task are obvious, and are not likely to be all overcome in the present stage of the evolution either of the science of politics or of the character of man. Mr. Kelly deserves to be congratulated on the degree of success he has reached. After subjecting to careful scrutiny such phrases as those that refer to natural law and natural rights, he shows that the kingdom of nature is ruled by the law of evolution and that of man by the law of effort, defining his terms as he proceeds, and eventually discovering justice to be "the effort to eliminate from our social conditions the effects of the inequalities of nature upon the happiness and advancement of man, and particularly to create an artificial environment which shall serve the individual as well as the race, and tend to perpetuate noble types rather than those which are base." From the analytical work in the earlier paragraphs to the synthetical at the close runs a long road, which is made interesting by enlargement and occasional

digressions, whilst frequent recapitulations enable the reader easily to retain the thread of the argument. On the whole the book must be pronounced an exceedingly able, full, suggestive contribution to the settlement in reasonable ways of perplexities that are common in every advanced civilisation.

R. W. Moss.

Christian Missions and Social Progress: A Sociological Study of Foreign Missions. By Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D. (New York: Fleming H. Revell; London: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. Three Volumes. 10*s.* 6*d.* each.)

These splendid volumes are a further sign of the attention now being bestowed on foreign missions. If there were no text, the illustrations would themselves form a unique appeal to the Christian world and to all lovers of social reform and philanthropy. They are a profoundly interesting and suggestive set of pictures, showing the mission buildings, workers, native converts, translators, medical missionaries, and martyrs, the scholars in schools and colleges as well as children rescued from famine, the Indian devotees, and a host of other subjects. Dr. Dennis is an enthusiast, but his sound judgment and well balanced sense appear in all that he writes. It is gratifying to find that the first volume has reached a fourth edition; the third will not be ready for some months. The work is one of the classics of the mission-field.

Better World Philosophy. A Sociological Synthesis. By J. Howard Moore. (Chicago: Ward Waugh Co.)

Mr. Moore's ideas of race culture are admirable, though theory is easier than practice. As to individual culture Mr. Moore has extreme views. "It is an injury for a child ever under any circumstances to participate in any game or contest." There is much food for thought, and there are some truly American sentences in this down-right little book.

Fare and Physic of a Past Century. Compiled by Alice M. Stewart and Ella R. Christie. (Edinburgh: David Douglas. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

These ladies have brought to light a treasured manuscript of the last century full of recipes for soups, second course dishes,

hot puddings, cold sweets, bread, scone and cake baking, preserving, pickling and curing, beverages, household and miscellaneous recipes. One specimen of the male intellect, marked by a lofty disregard of detail, is inserted; but the recipes as a rule are full and exact, so that the housewife of to-day will have no difficulty in reducing them to practice, and will win many a bygone novelty for her table. The medical section is thin; but we the less regret it when we find the cobweb of cellars, barns, and stables prescribed as a valuable remedy for ague.

Student's Edition of a Standard Dictionary of the English Language. (10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Standard Intermediate-School Dictionary of the English Language. (4*s.*)

(London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.)

These abridgments of the monumental *Standard Dictionary* are exceedingly well done, and will be of special service to those who want a compact dictionary brought well up to date and published at a cheap price. They are got up in first-rate style, and have, respectively, twelve hundred and twenty-five and eight hundred pictorial illustrations. The Student's Edition has some valuable features, especially the appendix of proper names, which is unusually full, and contains much useful information. The list of foreign phrases, hints on faulty diction and disputed pronunciations as well as the tables of weights and measures will be very useful. The arrangement of type is effective, and greatly relieves the eye. The *Intermediate-School Dictionary* is smaller; but it will abundantly meet the needs of those for whom it has been prepared. It deals with thirty-eight thousand words and phrases, and is concise, yet never obscure. It ought to have a great circulation.

The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by Dr. James A. H. Murray. Horizontality—Hywe. I—In. (Oxford. 1899.)

The last section of "*H*" abounds in terms chiefly scientific derived from the Greek, which, of course, afford comparatively little scope for original research. There is, however, a goodly number of words of native origin, among which the familiar *hustings* is peculiarly interesting. If the etymology adopted is accurate, it meant in the first instance the privy council, and

thus illustrates in a singular way the progress of our constitution. Novelty is still less to be looked for in the "*I*" section, in which words of Latin origin, the great family of the compounds with *m*, preponderate; but the grand qualities of thoroughness and lucidity are exemplified in every column in a way which affords the public and all concerned in the production of this noble national undertaking every reason to be satisfied with the unhalting progress which it makes towards its still somewhat distant completion.

Temperance Rays from Æsop's Lamp, by Oliver Pacis (Charles H. Kelly, 1*s.*), are bright and practical little talks with children which ought to bear good fruit. They will be very useful for bands of hope and Sunday schools.

The New and Revised Edition of Sir Robert Ball's *Star Land* (Cassell & Co., 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a charming book for a budding astronomer. It is so clear that a child can understand it, and so full of wonders that a father will enjoy it as much as his boys and girls. The little sketch maps and the hints given will soon enable any one to pick out a host of the heavenly bodies, and add new pleasure to a starlit night.

The Scottish Provident Institution issues in their blotter a set of *Monthly Star Maps for* 1900, by Walter B. Blaikie, that are just the guide a young reader of the heavens needs. The maps and the astronomical notes are excellent. Messrs. Gall & Inglis also publish *An Easy Guide to the Constellations with a Star Atlas* (1*s.*). The introduction contains some capital hints, and the thirty maps give only one or two constellations each, so that the scholar's attention is concentrated on his lesson.

Fifty years ago Mr. McIan prepared two valuable quartos on the *Clans of Scotland*, illustrated by appropriate figures showing their dress, tartans, arms, armorial insignia, and social occupations. Messrs. Bryce, of Glasgow, have just republished this Scotch classic in a single volume at the price of 6*s.* net, with all the original illustrations in colours. We can imagine no book that will be dearer to the heart of Scotland, or that will give outsiders a more vivid picture of the clans and their history. It is a fine specimen of printing in colours.

Messrs. G. W. Bacon & Co.'s *Up-to-date Pocket Atlas and Gazetteer of the World* contains sixty-two maps, including routes to east and west, and plans of the chief cities. It gives a list of countries, with their government, area, population; an etymo-

logical glossary; facts about the population, manufactures, etc., of the principal towns in the world; an index and descriptions of each country. The maps are very clear and full, and the size of the book is convenient. It is a marvel of skill and care. Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston's sixpenny *Pictorial Bird's-eye Map of the Transvaal, Orange Free State, and Natal*, and the larger shilling map of *South Africa*, are very finely executed, and wonderfully clear. We have not seen anything to compare with them, and the notes on the Transvaal and the outbreak of hostilities and the course of the war are excellent. Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston's *War Map of the Orange Free State* (6*d*.) is a specimen of their best workmanship, as clear and full as any one could wish. Philip's *Handy-volume Atlas of London* (5*s*.) has reached a third edition. It has fifty-five sectional maps of the county of London with twelve special maps and plans, a splendid index, a directory of public buildings, a geological map, a railway map, a map showing the parliamentary boroughs, etc. It is so complete, and the maps are so clear and full, that every one who wants a guide to London and its suburbs should secure it.

The Minutes of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England, held last April, are worthy of the careful attention of members of other communions. No Church transacts its business in a more thorough style, and the reports are of deep interest and significance. *The Official Handbook of the First Congress held by the Church of Scotland* (Edinburgh: J. G. Hitt) is a massive record of two days' consultation on Church topics. Some of the matter is rather heavy; but a good deal of information as to Scotch religious life may be gleaned from the volume.

Mr. George Allen has published *The Problem of South African Unity*, by W. Basil Worsfold (6*d*. net), a lecture recently delivered at the Imperial Institute. It is supplied with notes giving the facts on which the writer's conclusions are based, and is a wise and temperate discussion of a pressing problem.

Mr. Alfred Rhodes' *Simplified Method of Teaching the Staff Notation* (London: Ashdown, 1*s*.) is a pamphlet which teachers of music ought not to overlook. It is the work of an expert musician, who is also a thinker and inventor of new methods.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, & Co.'s "Minerva Library" in its new form ought to be warmly welcomed. Stanley's *Life of Arnold* is a wonderful edition for two shillings in attractive red covers. Every one may now secure this masterpiece and delight in it.

VIII. SUMMARY OF FOREIGN REVIEWS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (May 1).—M. Fouillée writes a sensible paper on "Mental Work and Materialistic Collectivism." He says the revolutionaries are admirable critics, but when it comes to replacing what they criticise they come under the common law that absolute and universal justice is impossible to be realised and that progressive justice alone is possible to men. The promised catastrophe or revolution which should change the face of the world and the hearts of men is "a mere apocalypse." The abuses of capital ought to be reformed and other matters put right, but that does not mean confiscation and abolition of all rights of property. Such a sound bit of teaching ought to bear fruit.

(May 15).—M. Lebon deals with "The Annexation of Madagascar," which he regards as the most difficult and most successful colonial enterprise France has undertaken. It shows the relative value of ideas and of men, and helps the public to see what a complexity of tasks rests on the servants of the State. The course of events in the annexation and protectorate is sketched, and a high tribute paid to General Gallieni's work. The new policy of France is, M. Lebon claims, dictated by experience gained on the island and carried out by the most competent colonial administrators in the service of the Republic.

(June 1). —M. Leclercq describes the origin of the South African republics. He begins with the history of the Great Trek. One of the Boer annalists has said that the desire to change their residence is with them a sixth sense. The instinct seems due to their kind of life and the nature of their occupations. Each Boer possesses several farms in different regions at a considerable distance from each other. The sketch of their history is brought down to the year 1843, when Natal was proclaimed British territory.

METHODIST REVIEW, SOUTH (May—June).—The increase in the Methodist Church South for 1899 is 6,459. The membership now stands at 1,476,257, and there are 142 more pastoral charges and 64 more churches than in 1898. The Sunday scholars number 849,101. Dr. B. W. Arnold has been investigating the condition of the American tramp, and comes to the conclusion that the immigration laws should be stricter; hasty and ill-conceived interference with economic and industrial conditions be avoided; arbitration and trade unions encouraged; and old tramps arrested and sent to the workhouse if able-bodied and to the poor-house if not able to maintain themselves. Professor Reynolds, in an article on "Our New Educational Policy," states that Methodism does more for education in the Southern States than any other Church. Its forty-six colleges have endowments amounting to 2,210,895 dols., and an income of 570,663 dols. The colleges are being brought into line, freed from debt, and more thoroughly equipped and endowed.

THE INDIAN REVIEW (March) has a pleasant little paper on G. W. Steevens written by his friend J. J. Cotton, and a valuable article on Indian Industries.