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PRICE HALF A CROWN.

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

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JOHN KNOX.[1]

THE irony which lurks in history never revealed itself more clearly than when it linked inseparably together the fascinating queen, Mary Stuart, one of the fairest flowers of the French Renaissance, and the unbending preacher, trained in the sternest school of the Reformation movement, and placed them confronting each other in the chaotic Scotland of the middle of the sixteenth century. The struggle between them was so picturesque, the two opponents had such strong natural characters and were so full of marked individuality, the accessories were so dramatic, that the spectator insensibly becomes absorbed in the personal side of the struggle, and forgets that it was only an episode in a revolution which was convulsing the whole of middle and western Europe.

It was more than an episode, perhaps; for the turn of the wheel of fortune had brought it about that during the years between 1558 and 1567 the little backward northern

[1] The fourth centenary of the birth of Knox will be commemorated this year in Scotland, and by Scotchmen in many parts of the world outside the country of his birth.—ED.

kingdom became the scene of the centre of the conflict, and the eyes that had the farthest vision, whether in Rome, for centuries the citadel of mediaevalism, or in Geneva, the stronghold of the Reformation, were turned for the first time to Scotland, watching the birth-throes of a new nation, a British nation which was then coming into being. The two peoples, long hereditary foes, were coalescing; the Romanists in England recognized the Scottish Queen as their legitimate sovereign, and the Scottish Protestants looked for aid to their brethren in England. The question was: Would the new nation accept the reformed religion, or would the reaction triumph? If Knox triumphed in Scotland, and if Cecil was able to guide England in the way he meant to lead it (and the two men were necessary to each other), then the Reformation was safe. If Mary brought her own land back to the mediaeval Church and made good her claim to the English throne, the Reformation would be crushed. So thought the politicians, secular and ecclesiastical, in Rome and Geneva, in Paris and in London.[1] Cecil thus expressed the European situation: 'The emperor is aiming at the sovereignty of Europe, which he cannot obtain without the suppression of the reformed religion; and, unless he crushes England, he cannot crush the Reformation.' In this peril a Scotland under the control of the Guises would have been fatal to the existence of the Reformation. The odds seemed in favour of reaction if only its supporters were whole-hearted enough to put aside for the time national rivalries; but Spain was loath to give up its hold on England, and the Cardinal Lorraine and his brothers were determined to enforce to the uttermost the claims of Mary, and, through her, of France. The procrastination of Philip and the impetuous ambition of the Guises helped to reduce the inequality, and made the interest with which the struggle was watched more intense.

If civilization means the art of living together, Scotland was almost four hundred years behind the rest of Western

[1] *The Cambridge Modern History* (Cambridge, 1903), ii. 551–8.

Europe, and had not begun to emerge from the Middle Ages. The history of her kings is a tale of assassinations, long minorities, regencies scrambled and fought for by unscrupulous barons; and the kingly authority, which had been growing in other countries, was on the verge of extinction in Scotland. Her Parliament, or Estates of the Realm, was a mere feudal assembly, with more than the usual uncertainty about who were entitled to be present; while its peculiar management by a Committee of the Estates made it a facile instrument in the hands of the faction who were for the moment in power, and robbed it of any stable influence on the country as a whole. The Church, wealthy so far as acreage was concerned, had become secularized to an extent unknown elsewhere, and its benefices served to provide for the younger sons of the greater feudal families in a manner that recalls the days of Charles the Hammer. Education, strange to say, was always in advance of the general civilization of the country; and this was probably due to the long sway of the Celtic Church, and to the fact that its educational machinery and methods had been taken over and incorporated by its successor. Some of the towns on the east coast were centres of trade with the Continent, and Leith had once been an obscure member of the great Hanseatic League. Lollardy had come into the country early, brought by Scottish students who frequented Oxford, and must have made some progress, for Scotland was included in the countries to which the Hussites sent emissaries in 1431. Lutheran tracts had been smuggled into Scotland by Leith, Dundee, and Montrose from Campvere. Sir David Lindsay had attacked with scathing sarcasm the abuses in clerical life and teaching. Young Scotchmen had listened to the teaching of Luther and other Continental reformers. The Scottish Churchmen strove to quench the movement by the usual burnings, and the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the new faith. As early as 1540 the reformed doctrines had been adopted by many of the townsmen and by not a few among the nobility and gentry.

The rule of Mary of Guise gradually taught the Scots that the policy of the Guises might involve the loss of national independence, and the presence of French troops was resented by the leading nobles.[1] Patriotism helped the growing Protestantism of the country, and gradually a religious reformation and alliance with Protestant England became the policy of the greater part of the nation, and the Protestant leaders, the Lords of the Congregation, were able to defy the Romanist policy of the Regent. When Mary of Guise died, in June 1560, the Estates declared for the reformed religion and adopted the Scots Confession as the national creed. In all the stirring events which led to this Knox had taken a leading part.

John Knox was born, according to general belief, in the year 1505;[2] but on what day or in what month is quite unknown. Next to nothing has come down to us concerning his early life. We can gather that his forebears were retainers of the Hepburn family; that he was 'a man of the people,' bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the commonalty of Scotland, owing nothing to birth or fortune. We know that he was in priest's orders, that he had been a notary to the see of St. Andrews, and that, when he emerged into public life, he was tutor and private chaplain in the house of the family of Longniddry. If the usual statement about the year of his birth be correct, he was forty-two years of age before he gave any evidence of the powers that lay in him—a silent, slow-ripening man, with quite a talent for keeping himself in the background.

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[1] In one of the prayers in the *Book of Common Order* the French occupation is thus alluded to: 'That nation to whom alwayes we have bene faithful, now after their long practised deceit, by manifest tyranny do seek our destruction. Worthely and justly mayest Thou, O Lord, give us to be sclaves unto such tyrants, because for the mainteinance of their friendship we have not feared to breake our solemn oathes made unto others, to the great dishonour of thyne holie Name' (*The Works of John Knox*, vi. 311).

[2] There is a good deal to be said for the opinion which seems to be gaining credence that Knox was not born until 1515, and that he was ten years younger than historians usually make him out to be.

It is most probable that he had chosen his side before we hear much of him. Cockburn of Ormiston and Douglas of Longniddry belonged to the party among the Scottish gentry who had declared in favour of the Reformation; they were among those who had been in close communication with the English Government; and they were the declared enemies of Cardinal Beaton and the faction of the Guises in Scotland. Knox would scarcely have been selected as the tutor to their sons had he not shared their religious and political sympathies.

In 1546 George Wishart, invited by some of the East Lothian gentlemen who sympathized with the Reformation and the English alliance, came to that part of the country to spread the new faith. Wishart was Knox's forerunner. He had been in Switzerland, had made the personal acquaintance of the successors of Zwingli, and was in correspondence with Bullinger, who was not only in Zwingli's place in Zurich, but was the most trusted of all the Continental Protestants by the leaders of the Reformation movement in England. During this preaching-tour Knox was Wishart's constant companion. The Romanist party had tried to assassinate the bold preacher, and Knox carried a two-handed sword ready to cut down any one who attempted to strike at the missionary while he was preaching. All the tenderness which lay beneath the sternness of Knox's character appears in the account he gives of Wishart in his *History*. And, to Wishart, Knox was the beloved disciple. When he foresaw that his end was approaching he refused to allow Knox to share his danger.

The martyrdom of Wishart, combined with secret promptings from Henry VIII, led to the political assassination of Cardinal Beaton.[1] The perpetrators seized on the Castle of St. Andrews, and held it as a place of refuge for political sympathizers with England, and also for men anxious for

[1] Beaton was the ablest opponent of Henry's designs on Scotland, and had been made a cardinal by Pope Paul III, in order to publish the Bull of Excommunication against Henry VIII in a place as near England as it was possible to find.

the advance of the Reformation in Scotland. The Guisan party determined to make new efforts to crush the growing spread of the new doctrines, and Knox became a marked man whose life was in danger. He had thoughts of visiting the German and Swiss Protestants, but the lairds of Ormiston and Longniddry persuaded him to remain in the country with his pupils, and to take refuge with the garrison of the Castle of St. Andrews. He found himself in a very mixed company—some of his companions being men whose 'corrupt life,' Knox thought, 'could not escape punishment by God.'

It was while in the Castle of St. Andrews that Knox was summoned, sorely against his will, to become a preacher. He was tutor to young Cockburn and the two Douglas lads, and as part of the instruction he was accustomed to read with them the Gospel of St. John and to accompany the reading with comments. Others besides his pupils seem to have attended and profited by these lectures. He had also been assisting the preacher of the garrison in a controversy Rough had with the Romanist authorities of the University of St. Andrews. Rough appealed to him privately to become a preacher and take his place publicly by his side in defence of the reformed faith. At first Knox utterly refused; he did not think himself fit to undertake the tremendous responsibilities which he believed lay upon a preacher of the gospel. Then came a public appeal at the close of a sermon. Knox tells us that he was 'abashed, burst into most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber.'

> His countenance and behaviour, from that day till he was compelled to present himself in the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth in him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man for many days to come.

He could not resist the entreaties of his brethren; and, besides, he confesses to a certain naïve satisfaction of being called to conduct his arguments against the papists publicly instead of assisting another privately. His first sermon placed him at once in the foremost rank of Scottish

Reformers, and men began to predict that he would share the fate of Wishart. 'Master George Wishart never spoke so plainly, and yet he was burnt; even so will he be.'

The garrison in the Castle of St. Andrews had beaten off an attack made on them by the troops of the Regent; a French fleet was sent against them; and after a long siege they were forced to capitulate. They secured, as terms of surrender, their lives; that they should be safely transported to France; and that, if they could not accept the terms there offered to them by the French king, they should be allowed to depart to any country save Scotland that they might select for their sojourn. It was not the custom, however, for French kings to keep oaths made to heretics, and Knox and his companions were made galley-slaves. For nineteen months he had to endure this living death, which for long-drawn-out torture can only be compared with what the Christians of the earliest centuries had to suffer when they were condemned to the mines. He had to sit chained with four or six others to the rowing benches, which were set at right angles to the side of the ship, without change of posture by day, and compelled to sleep, still chained, under the benches by night; exposed to the elements day and night alike; enduring the lash of the overseer who paced up and down the gangway which ran between the two lines of benches; wearing the coarse canvas shirt and serge jacket of the rower; feeding on the insufficient meals of coarse biscuit and porridge of oil and beans; chained along with the vilest malefactors. The French papists had invented this method of treating all who differed from them in religious matters. Knox endured it all, and it can scarcely have made him the more tolerant of French policy or of French religion. He seldom refers to this terrible experience. He was a Scotchman, and had the dour, silent pride of his race, which takes troubles as things that 'are sent'—matters to be endured and not talked about. He dismisses it with: 'How long I continued prisoner, what torment I sustained in the galleys, and what were the sobs of my heart, is now no time to recite.' He relates one incident without

mentioning names, but most people assume that he was the hero. We may give it in Carlyle's words:

> In the galleys of the river Loire some officer or priest one day presented them an image of the Virgin Mother, requiring that they, the blasphemous heretics, should do it reverence. 'Mother? Mother of God?' said Knox when the turn came to him. 'This is no Mother of God; this is a *pented bredd*—a piece of wood, I tell you, with paint on it! She is fitter for swimming, I think, than for being worshipped,' added Knox, and flung the thing into the river. It was not very cheap jesting there; but come of it what might, this thing to Knox was and must continue nothing other than the real truth; it was a *pented bredd*; worship it he would not.

Through the agency of the English Government, Knox was liberated from the galleys in the early months of 1549, and was in England by the seventh of April in that year. It was there that he began his real work as a preacher of the Reformation. He spent at least five years a minister at Berwick, at Newcastle, and in London. He was twice offered preferment—the vacant bishopric of Rochester in 1552, and the vicarage of Allhallows in Bread Street, London, in the beginning of 1553. He refused both, and was actually summoned before the Privy Council to explain why he would not accept preferment.

The accession of Mary Tudor closed his career in England; but he stuck to his work long after his companion preachers had abandoned it. He was in London, and had the courage to rebuke the rejoicings of the crowd at her entry into the capital—a fearless, outspoken man, who could always be depended on for doing what no one else dared to do.

He reached Dieppe almost penniless, thinking little for himself, but sorely cast down 'at the triumph of Satan' in England and in France. He did not find a single declared Protestant in the French seaport. Henry II had avowed his purpose of stamping out the Reformation in France, and the *Chambre ardente* (1551) had been established for the purpose. Switzerland was his only haven of refuge. He left Dieppe early in March, and crossed France safely in ways unknown. 'The little Queen' Mary, a young maid

of twelve, was then at the French Court, spending some of her time in watching how Catherine de Medici sat and looked and moved and spoke, learning how to act the queen. It was on the tenth of that March that she received Lord Montague and the Bishop of Ely, and, even then mindful of her claims on the English throne, precociously welcomed them as her 'countrymen.'

Knox reached Geneva in safety, spent some time with Calvin, and then went on to hold conference with Bullinger at Zurich. He appears to have been meditating deeply over the political condition of England and Scotland, and propounded a set of questions to these divines, which shows that he was trying to formulate for himself the principles he afterwards asserted so strongly on the rights which subjects had to restrain tyrannical sovereigns.

The years 1554–8 were spent on the Continent, with the exception of a brief visit to Scotland in the end of 1555, when he married his first wife, Miss Marjorie Bowes. They witnessed the troubles in the Frankfurt congregation of English exiles, where Knox's broad-minded toleration and straightforward action stands out in noble contrast to the narrow-minded, crooked policy of his opponents. They were the time of his happy and peaceful ministrations among the refugees at Geneva; of much-enjoyed intercourse with Calvin, whom he learned to trust and revere, and whom he was accustomed to consult in all future emergencies. They made him familiar with the leading Protestants of France and of Switzerland, and taught him the inner political condition of the nations of Europe. They explain Knox's constant and accurate information in later years, when he seemed to learn sooner and know more about the doings of Continental statesmen than even Cecil with all the resources of the English Foreign Office to aid him. He was served for love. His shrewd political insight enabled him to seize what was really important and to guess what action would follow. The large correspondence he carried on with Continental friends has almost entirely perished, but it must have been great, from the constant reference of the English

ambassador in Scotland in his letters to Elizabeth's great minister.

In 1557 Knox received an invitation from some of the Scottish Lords who were partisans of the Reformation movement, asking him to return to his native land. He went, somewhat unwillingly, to Dieppe, and there received a letter informing him that matters were not yet ripe. It was there and then that he composed the violent treatise entitled *The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women*—a book which did more to mar his future work than any other action of his. The state of things was exasperating to a man who longed to be at work in Scotland or in England. 'Bloody Mary' in England was hounding on her officials to burn Knox's co-religionists, and the Reformation, which had made so much progress under Edward VI, seemed to be entirely overthrown; while Mary of Guise, Queen Dowager and Regent in Scotland, was bestirring herself actively there (she burnt Walter Milne in August 1558), and her activity hindered Knox's return to his native land. It is probable that had Knox been content to state somewhat calmly the evils which the rule of these two ladies were causing in the sister kingdoms, the pamphlet would have done nothing but good. But Knox was a Scotchman, and had to place particular facts under general principles, and that made the mischief. Then, as chance would have it, Mary Tudor was dead before the pamphlet was widely known, and the Queen, whom of all rulers he desired to conciliate, could scarcely avoid believing that the *Blast* was meant for her. It appeared also at a time when Elizabeth's title to the throne was hotly contested and was insecure. It can scarcely be wondered at that the English Queen never forgave the vehement pamphleteer, and that the *Blast* was a continual obstacle to a complete understanding between the Scottish Reformer and his English allies.

When the Reformer returned to Dieppe in 1559, Scotland being at last ripe to receive him, he had to wait in vain for a safe-conduct from Cecil; and the reason was this pamphlet.

'Of all others Knox's name is most odious here,' wrote Cecil to Sadler in October 1559.[1] When he was doing yeoman service in Scotland for the common cause, Elizabeth would not forgive, and visited his offence on his innocent wife, who was detained in France for lack of a safe-conduct. It was in vain that Throckmorton wrote from Paris to Cecil: 'Though Knox did heretofore unadvisedly and fondly put his hand to a book, yet, since he is now in Scotland in as great a credit as ever man was there with such as may be able to serve the Queen's turn, it were well not to use him otherwise than for the advantage of her service.'[2] And: 'The wife of Knokes the preacher and her mother are at Paris and shortly depart into England. . . . The Queen should consider what Knokes is able to do in Scotland, which is very much (all the turmoil there being by him stirred up as it is); former faults should be forgotten, and no means used to annoy him for the same; but that his wife should perceive before she departs into Scotland that there is no stomach borne to her husband therefore, but that he may have good hope rather to look for favour and friendship at her hands than otherwise which may work somewhat to good purpose.'[3] The English Queen was obdurate. It was the worse for Knox and for Scotland, for the reign of women had begun. Charles V, Francis I, and Henry VIII had passed away, and the destinies of Europe were to be in the hands of Elizabeth, Catherine de Medici, Mary Stuart, and Philip of Spain, the most womanish of the four.

Events marched fast in Scotland after Knox returned in the early summer of 1559. The Queen Regent and the Lords of the Congregation were facing each other, determined on a trial of strength. The Regent threw down the gauntlet by summoning the reformed preachers to appear before her, and the Lords of the Congregation took it up by resolving that they would answer the summons and appear

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers: Elizabeth.* 1559–60.
[2] Ibid., 1558–9. Throckmorton to Cecil, June 7, 1559.
[3] Ibid., 1558–9. Throckmorton to Cecil, June 13, 1559.

along with their ministers. Then began a series of trials of strength in which the Regent had generally the better, because she was supplied with disciplined troops from France, which were more than a match for the feudal levies of the Lords of the Congregation. From the beginning Knox had seen that the Reformers had small hope of ultimate success unless they were aided from England. To get such aid was difficult. It meant that the sovereign of one country aided men of another country who were rebels against their own sovereign. It seemed to be bad policy, especially in the case of a queen like Elizabeth, who was not yet freed from the danger arising from rebellious subjects. There was France, with which England had just made peace. There was Knox and his *Blast*, to say nothing of his appealing to the commonalty of his country. 'God keep us from such visitations as Knockes hath attempted in Scotland; the people to be orderers of things!' wrote Dr. Parker to Cecil on the sixth of November.[1] Yet Cecil knew that if the Lords of the Congregation failed in Scotland there was little hope for a Protestant England; he watched the progress of the new faith keenly, and as early as July 9, 1559, could write confidentially to Throckmorton that in Scotland 'they deliver the parish churches of altars and receive the service of the Church of England according to King Edward's book.'[2] He knew that for England's sake support must be given to the Congregation and to Knox, its leading spirit and its secretary—'first with promises, next with money, and last with arms,' was his programme as early as July 8, 1559. The second stage of the programme was reached as early as November 1559; and about the same time that Dr. Parker was piously invoking God's help to keep Knox's influence out of England, Cecil was recognizing that the Reformer was the one man in Scotland who could be absolutely trusted with the distribution of the subsidies, not only from his utter sincerity and unselfishness, but also because he was also the

[1] *Calendar of State Papers: Elizabeth.* Foreign. 1559-60, p. 84.
[2] Ibid., 1558-9, p. 367.

one man in whom the greedy Lords of the Congregation had implicit confidence. The memorandum runs: 'Knox to be a counsel with the payments to see that they be employed to the common action.'[1]

The third stage—assistance with arms—came sooner than was expected. Knox, who never ceased to advocate the English alliance, and who had vainly tried to appease Elizabeth by declaring that there were exceptions to every rule, and that as Deborah was one in Israel so Elizabeth might be in England,[2] recognized that he was a *persona ingrata* at the English Court, and retired into the background. Maitland of Lethington took his place as the secretary for the Congregation, and went up to London to cement the alliance. The condition of France became favourable. Henry II had died in July 1559, and the Guises ruled France through their niece Mary and her sickly, devoted husband. But the Bourbon princes and many of the higher nobles did not take kindly to the sudden rise of the energetic and ambitious family who did not belong to the old *noblesse*, and the easiest way to annoy them was to favour publicly or secretly 'those of the religion.' There was unrest in France. 'Strike now; they only seek time,' Throckmorton wrote from Paris. Cecil struck. An arrangement was come to between England and the Scottish Lords, who professed that they were acting on behalf of 'the second person of the realm of Scotland.' An English fleet entered the Firth of Forth; an English army beleaguered the French troops in Leith; and the end of it was that France was obliged to let go its hold on Scotland, and never thoroughly recovered it. It had been another Scots war. The English Government had fought the Scots Government, established *de jure* and *de facto*, and had beaten it; but the greater part of the Scottish people saw in it only their deliverance from French tyranny, and, for the first time,

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[1] *Calendar of State Papers: Elizabeth.* Foreign. 1559–60. Nov. 4.

[2] *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing (Edinburgh, 1864), vi. 47 ff.

a victorious English army left Scottish soil, followed by the blessings and not the curses of the greater part of the Scottish people. The grateful Lords of the Congregation accompanied the English troops to the Border. The Scottish Liturgy, which had contained *Prayers used in the Churches of Scotland in the time of their persecution by the Frenchmen*,[1] was enriched by a *Thanksgiving unto God after our deliverance from the tyranny of the Frenchmen; with prayers made for the continuance of the peace betwixt the realms of England and Scotland*, which contained the following petition:—

> And seeing that when we by our owne power were altogether unable to have freed ourselves from the tyranny of strangers, and from the bondage and thralldom pretended against us, Thou of Thyne especiall goodness didst move the hearts of our neighbours (of whom we had deserved no such favour) to take upon them the common burden with us, and for our deliverance not only to spend the lives of many, but also to hazarde the estate and tranquillity of their Realme and commonwealth: Grant unto us, O Lord, that with such reverence we may remember Thy benefits received, that after this in our defaute we never enter into hostilitie against the Realme and nation of England.[2]

The Regent had died during the course of the hostilities, and Cecil, following and improving upon the wise policy of Protector Somerset, left it entirely to the Scots to settle their own affairs. Now or never was the opportunity for Knox and for the Lords of the Congregation. The Estates were summoned to meet in Edinburgh, and Knox excelled himself in the pulpit of St. Giles', lecturing daily on the Book of the Prophet Haggai—'doctrine proper for the time.'[3] 'Sermons are daily,' Randolph wrote to Cecil (Aug. 16, 1560), 'and great audience. Though divers of the nobles present are not resolved in religion, yet they daily repair to the preaching, which gives good hope that God will bow their hearts.'[4] At the request of the Estates, Knox and other divines

[1] *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing (Edinburgh, 1864), vi. 309.

[2] Ibid., vi. 313–4.

[3] Ibid. (1848), ii. 88.

[4] *Calendar of State Papers: Elizabeth.* Foreign. 1560–1, August 15.

prepared the *Scots Confession*, which was adopted and issued as 'the sum of that doctrine quhilk we professe and for the quhilk we have susteined infamie and danger';[1] the reformed religion was declared to be the religion of the country; Romanism was renounced, and the saying of Mass within Scotland was declared to be illegal.

Knox's work had been rapidly done. Barely a year had elapsed between his return to Scotland and the establishment of the reformed religion by the Estates. 'As we wonder at success so incredible in so short a time, so we give great thanks to God,' wrote Calvin.[2] 'We do nothing,' said Knox himself, 'but go about Jericho, blowing with trumpets, as God giveth strength, hoping victory by His power alone.'[3] But the dangers had been imminent, and the activity had sorely taxed his powers.

'In twenty-four hours,' he wrote, 'I have not four free to natural rest and ease of this wicked carcase. . . . I have need of a good and assured horse, for great watch is laid for my apprehension, and large money is promised to any that shall kill me.'[4]

The battle was not won, however. The sovereigns, Mary and Francis, refused to ratify the Acts of their Estates; and it was not until Mary was deposed in 1567 that the Acts of the Estates of 1560 were legally placed on the Statute Book of Scotland. Francis II died in December 1560, and Mary,

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[1] *The Works of John Knox*, ii. 95. The preface to this first Scots Confession contains a sentence worth while remembering in the present ecclesiastical crisis in Scotland, asserting as it does the right of the Church to amend and explain its creed: 'Protestand that gif onie man will note in this our Confession onie article or sentence repugnand to God's Halie Word, that it would pleis him of his gentleness and for Christian charitie's sake to admonish us of the same in writing; and we upon our honours and fidelitie, be God's grace do promise unto him satisfactioun fra the mouth of God, that is, fra His Haly Scriptures, *or else reformation of that quhilk he sall prove to be amisse.*' See also Dunlop's *Collection of Confessions of Faith*, &c. (Edinburgh, 1722), ii. 17, 18.

[2] Ibid., vi. 95. Calvin to Knox, November 8, 1559.

[3] Ibid., vi. 78. Knox to Mrs. Anna Locke, September 2, 1559.

[4] Ibid., vi. 88. Knox to Gregory Railton, October 23, 1559.

the young and widowed Queen, returned to her native land in the August following. Her arrival was looked forward to with apprehension by Knox and the party of the Reformation.

There was abundant reason for dread. Mary was the Stuart Queen; she represented France, the old hereditary ally; she had been trained from childhood by two consummate politicians, her uncles the Cardinal of Lorraine and his greater brother the Duke of Guise, to be an instrument in their hands to win back England and Scotland for the bitterest type of Romanism. She was a lovely creature, and was besides gifted with a power of personal fascination greater than her physical charms, and such as no other woman of her time possessed; she had a sweet caressing voice, beautiful hands, which she was fond of displaying wandering over the strings of the lute; and, what was not least, she had the gift of tears at command. She had been brought up at a court where women were taught to use all such personal charms to win men, and that for political ends—a 'court compared to which the Court of King Charles II is as the Court of Queen Victoria to the society described by Grammont.' The *Escadron volant de la reine* had not come into existence when Mary left France, but its recruits were ready, and some of them had been her companions. Her unscrupulous character was already known to Knox and the other Protestant leaders. Nine days before her marriage she had signed deeds guaranteeing the ancient liberties and independence of Scotland, and six days after her marriage she and her husband had appended their signatures to the same deeds; but twenty days before her marriage she had secretly signed away these very liberties and made Scotland a mere appanage of France. They knew that the party in France, whose figurehead she was, would stick at no crime to carry out their designs, and had shown what they were ready to do by poisoning four of the Scotch commissioners sent to Paris for their young Queen's wedding, because they refused to allow Francis to be immediately crowned King of Scotland. It was scarcely wonderful that Lord James Stuart, Lethington, and Morton were of

opinion 'that were it not for obedience' sake, they did not care though they never saw her face.' As for Knox we are told: 'Mr. Knox is determined to abide the uttermost, and others will not leave him till God have taken his life and theirs.' What use might she not make of these fascinations of hers on the vain, turbulent nobles of Scotland? Is it too much to say that but for the passionate womanly impulse which made her fling herself first into the arms of Darnley and then into those of Bothwell, *and but for Knox*, she might have succeeded in re-establishing popery in Scotland and in reducing Protestant England? Cecil himself was not without his fears, and urged the Protestants in Scotland to stand firm. Randolph's answer shows how much he counted on Knox's tenacity, however much he might sometimes deprecate his violence: 'I assure you the voice of one man (Knox) is able in one hour to put more life into us than five hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears.'[1] He was careful to write, after Mary's arrival: 'Four days she was without Mass; next Sunday she had it said in her chapel by a French priest; no one was there but her uncles and her household, save the Earl of Montrose and Lord Graham. The rest were at Knox's sermon, as great a crowd as ever was any day.'[2]

A good deal has been written about the rudeness with which Knox assailed Mary in public, and especially in private, and his conversations with her are continually referred to, but seldom quoted *in full*. It is forgotten that it was Mary who wished to try her gifts of fascination on the preacher, and that she probably derived a good deal of amusement from the first interview. Knox never sought an audience; he never approached the court unless he was summoned by the sovereign to her presence; he was deferential, as a subject should be; and it was only when he was compelled by Mary herself to speak on themes for which he was ready to lay

[1] *Calendar of State Papers: Elizabeth.* Foreign. 1561–2. Randolph to Cecil, September 7, 1561.

[2] Ibid., August 26, 1561.

down his life that he displayed a sternness which monarchs seldom experience in those to whom they give audience. It may almost be said that we have in these interviews the first clash of autocratic kingship and the power of the people, hitherto unknown. It was an age in which sovereigns were everywhere gaining despotic power, when the might of feudal barons was being broken, when the commonalty was dumb. A young Queen, whose training from childhood had stamped indelibly on her character that kingship meant the possession of unlimited autocratic privileges before which everything must give way, who had seen that none in France dared dispute the will of her sickly, dull boy-husband, simply because he was king, was suddenly confronted with something above and beyond her comprehension. 'What have you to do,' she asked, 'with my marriage? Or what are *ye* within this commonwealth?' '*A subject born within the same*,' was the answer. 'And albeit I be neither earl, lord, or baron within it, yet has God made me (however abject I be in your eyes) a profitable member within the same.'[1] Modern democracy came into life in that answer.

It is curious to see how this note of autocratic power and the rights of the people runs through all the interviews between Mary and Knox, and was in truth the question of questions between them.

Mary's advisers, her uncles, knew how dangerous the state of Scotland was for their designs, and counselled her earnestly to temporize and win the leading Reformers gradually to her side. The young Queen entered on her task with some zest. She insisted on having Mass for her own household, but she would maintain, she promised, the laws which had made Mass illegal in Scotland; and it says a great deal for her powers of fascination and dissimulation that there was not one of the reforming nobles whom she did not win over at one time or other, and that even the English ambassador was for a brief space convinced of her sincerity. Knox alone

[1] *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing (Edinburgh, 1848), ii. 388.

read her character, and paid unwilling tribute to her abilities from his first interview with her.[1]

He saw that she had been thoroughly trained by her uncles, and especially by the Cardinal of Lorraine, and that it was hopeless to expect anything like fair dealing from her. 'In very deed her whole proceedings do declare,' he wrote to Cecil after his first interview with her, 'that the Cardinal's lessons are so deeply printed in her heart, that the substance and the quality are like to perish together. I would glad to be deceived, but I fear I shall not. In communication with her I espied such craft as I have not found in such age.'[2] Indeed it may be said that these interviews, in which the Queen tried to cajole, browbeat, and finally crush the Reformer, sum up the history of the stormy months which preceded her marriage with Darnley. In the first, which took place seven days after her landing at Leith, Mary discovered a man on whom her feminine fascinations and her assumption of autocratic dignity did not make the slightest impression. She skilfully introduced the famous *Blast*, and her bright intelligence and wit was rather more than a match for Knox, though he would have been the last to confess it; but the central question was soon reached. 'Ye have taught the people to receive another religion than their princes allow; and how can that doctrine be of God, seeing that God commands subjects to obey their princes?' Knox answered: 'Madam, as right religion took neither original strength nor authority from worldly princes but from the Eternal God alone, so subjects are not bound to frame their religion according to the appetites of their princes.'[3] The *people* have a conscience as well as kings, and it is often better informed —autocracy and democracy face to face.

In the second interview Mary was much less autocratic.

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[1] 'If there be not in her a proud mind, a crafty wit, and an indurate heart against God and His truth, my judgement faileth me' (*Works*, ii. 286).

[2] *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing (Edinburgh, 1864), vi. 132.

[3] Ibid. (1848), ii. 281.

One feels, in reading the account, that Mary saw that she had showed her hand too soon. The Guises had been triumphing in France; there had been more martyrdoms of Protestants; and Mary had showed her delight at the news by revellings at Holyrood—dances of the unseemly kind, then too prevalent at the Court of France—and Knox had denounced the affair from the pulpit. The Queen sent for him and 'made a harangue,' accusing him of speaking irreverently of her, of exciting the people to hate her, and of *exceeding the bounds of his text*. But Knox had been as cautious as he was courageous. He told her that he had only denounced dancing, such as that of the Philistines, who had danced in their delight at the discomfiture of the Lord's people. Of course every one had seen the moral meant to be drawn: the Queen pretends that she will uphold the *status quo* in Scotland, but she has incautiously revealed her real intention by publicly rejoicing at the renewal of martyrdoms in France. Mary saw that she had been caught; but she again raised the question of rights of sovereign and rights of people. Why could not Knox come and tell her privately when he was compelled to criticize her actions? and Knox again proclaimed the right of public criticism of the affairs of State.[1]

The third interview was more curious still. The Romanists in Scotland, relying on the Queen's sympathy, had been openly breaking the law against the saying of Mass. Complaints were made, but were practically disregarded, and Protestants in various districts had openly declared, to the wrath of the Queen, that they meant to punish the law-breakers. Mary was at Loch Leven, and she summoned Knox from Edinburgh. She asked him to induce his co-religionists to let the law-breakers alone, and insisted on her queenly prerogative; Knox asked her to exercise it and punish the law-breakers. But Mary's idea was that a Queen could disregard the laws as she pleased; and she had

[1] *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing (Edinburgh, 1848), ii. 331 ff.

to be again reminded that laws were for the prince as well as for the people; and that the Act of Parliament gave powers to all judges within their own jurisdiction to search for, try, and punish massmongers. Knox was not allowed to return to Edinburgh that night; there was to be a second audience in the morning. There the Queen made her most determined attempt to capture the great preacher, who stood for the commons of Scotland. She talked about the new organization of the Scottish Protestant Church—superintendents were to be chosen—and showed sound judgement, as Knox confesses, in misliking one of the men proposed; then she asked him to assist her in purifying the morals of her court! It was an ingenious and subtle temptation; but it failed, as all others did.[1]

The occasion of the fourth interview was Knox's public comments on Mary's ambitious scheme for marrying herself to Don Carlos, the son of the King of Spain. Such a match would, she thought, enable her to make Scotland Romanist, and enable her to oust Elizabeth from the throne of England. Of course no deadlier blow could be given to the Reformation, not only in Scotland but all over Europe; and Knox sounded the alarm at once. It was during this interview that she asked Knox contemptuously what he was within the commonwealth of Scotland, and got the answer above quoted.[2]

The last time the two were face to face was when Mary thought she had actually caught Knox in a distinctly treasonable act. He was called before her Council. He had summoned his brother ministers to confer in Edinburgh, and Mary insisted that for a subject to summon the Queen's lieges was a treasonable offence. Maitland of Lethington, her Secretary of State, was of the same opinion. It was an old dispute between Knox and him. Knox had insisted that the Church must have a right of meeting in Assembly as a part of its inherent powers: Take from us the freedom of Assemblies, he had said, and you take from

[1] *The Works of John Knox*, ii. 371 ff. [2] Ibid., ii. 387 ff.

us the gospel. The demand was to be the familiar fighting-ground of the Scottish Church down to the days of William III; and Knox's summons before the Council was the first battle. Mary could not conceal her triumph. She entered the room with a smile, which became a laugh. 'This is a good beginning,' she said, 'but know ye whereat I laugh? That man gart me greit (made me cry); and grat never tear himself; I will see if I can gar him greit.' The accusation broke down. The members of the Council had themselves done what Knox was accused of, and might have to do it again.

After this Knox was no more summoned to the Queen's presence. He continued his ministry in St. Giles', standing very much alone, so far as the nobles were concerned, but stoutly supported by the commons of Scotland. He had lost his wife in the end of 1560—*uxor suavissima*, as Calvin called her—and his quiet home was deprived of the presence of her who had made it a haven of rest for the storm-tossed man. On Palm Sunday 1564 he married a second wife, Margaret Stewart, daughter of Lord Stewart of Ochiltree. The marriage was to all appearance incongruous; for Knox was in his fifty-ninth year, according to the usual statement (forty-ninth, I think), and the bride was only sixteen. But the second marriage was as happy as the first; for Knox was a good husband and father, and was perhaps more dependent than most men on his home life. The family of Ochiltree was distantly connected with the royal house. Queen Mary seems to have been greatly exasperated at the marriage. 'She storms wonderfully,' writes Randolph to Cecil, 'for that she (the bride) is of the blood and name. If she keeps promise, he shall not abide in Scotland. There will be much ado before he leaves it.'

The year 1565 was a hard one for Knox; we find entries in the correspondence of Randolph and Bedford with Cecil, saying: 'Knox has been forbidden to preach for fifteen days,' and 'Knox is the second time forbidden to preach.' We hear of Lord James Stuart taking Lord Darnley to hear the great preacher; and of Darnley being present in

St. Giles' on another occasion and not liking the sermon—which one can well believe. We find his brethren sending Knox through the country on a preaching tour in order to get him away from the dangerous proximity of Mary and the court.

Nor did the deposition of Mary and the accession of the baby James give him rest, if it brought him safety. He had to battle for the Church, for schools, for the liberties of Assemblies with the rulers of Scotland.

In his last years, even when he was so weak that he could scarcely walk to the church, he retained his marvellous power of fusing passion and intellect in his sermons. His last public appearance was at the induction of his successor, James Lawson, to the ministry in St. Giles'. Knox was so feeble that he could scarcely be heard. When he left the church and walked homewards, leaning on his staff, the whole congregation respectfully accompanied him to his house at the Netherbow Port. He lingered on for thirteen days longer—a sick man, knowing that the end was near. He liked the prayers for the sick to be read to him, and the Gospel of John, especially the seventeenth chapter. His care for the general good seemed to keep his mind alert to the last. He insisted on seeing the kirk-session of St. Giles', and mingled with his few last words of spiritual advice some direction about the political state of the country. The principal Scottish statesmen came to see him, and on one occasion had a long private talk about the policy to be pursued. He died on November 24, and was buried on the 26th. The Regent of Scotland, the Earl of Morton, as he stood by the grave, said, 'Here lies one who neither feared nor flattered any flesh.'

The Scottish people are celebrating Knox's quater-centenary this year—and well they may. More than any other man he was the maker of modern Scotland and the typical Scotsman. The strenuous times in which he lived intensified individual and national characteristics and made men stand forth as types. Knox stands for Scotland as Luther does for Germany and Ignatius Loyola for Spain.

His perfervid genius, his fondness for abstract reasoning which often led him astray, his metaphysical theology, are all Scotch, and cannot be appreciated by outsiders. So is the mystic streak in his character, usually kept well hidden and revealing itself only now and then—in his love for St. John's Gospel, for example. So also is his dogmatism, his carelessness for other men's opinions, and his affectionate reverence for the two men whom he loved and admired above all others—Wishart and Calvin.

He had not the full-blooded humanity of Luther, nor his overflowing sympathies for men, women, children, birds and beasts; he would have scorned the great German's lute-playing, gift of song, and readiness to tell the secrets of his soul to all and sundry. He was a man of the people, not a reserved French aristocrat like the Reformer of Geneva; his invective sounds coarse beside the calm, polished sarcasm of Calvin—the bludgeon to the rapier. But he was unique among the great Reformation leaders in these three things: he had a gift of genuine humour which none of them possessed; he had a genuine democratic instinct which trusted the people to the fullest extent; no man matched him in personal courage. 'He neither feared nor flattered any flesh.'

T. M. LINDSAY.

ENGLISH POLITY AND ENGLISH LETTERS.

Chambers's Cyclopaedia of English Literature. In Three Volumes. Edited by DAVID PATRICK, LL.D.

Social England: A History of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Literature, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Edited by H. D. TRAILL and J. S. MANN. (Cassell & Co.)

THE ground covered by the two works whose titles stand at the head of this page is practically the same. Both are equally full of valuable information freshly conveyed. Both reflect with the same consistency the widely different idiosyncrasies or points of view of their respective editors or compilers. Mr. H. D. Traill's death must have occurred before he had before him the absolute completion of the volumes which Messrs. Cassell had judiciously entrusted to his control. A Fellow of the college of Archbishop Laud, nurtured in the most undiluted atmosphere of Oxford Toryism, by natural instinct, as well as by social and intellectual intercourse, Mr. Traill was the champion of the extremist form of orthodoxy in Church and State. His two heroes were Laud and Strafford. His highest idea of excellence in polity was a reactionary cabinet and an absolute monarchy. Under such a régime, letters and every form of culture seemed, as he thought, most likely to enjoy the prosperity which was their lot in the age of Maecenas at imperial Rome, at Florence under the Medici, or in the Augustan age of the English Queen Anne. Mr. Traill's practical good sense was indeed a safeguard against any portion of his *Social England* being aggressively coloured by his pronounced and conscientious views on the conditions most favourable, as he conceived,

for progress and excellence, moral, material, or intellectual. Certainly the greatest of our early kings deserves the title, 'founder of our prose literature,' given him in Dr. Patrick's work. King Alfred's books were for the most part translations, not only from Boethius, but from Orosius, from Bede, and indeed from all writers who he thought had a definite message to deliver to mankind. Alfred was a didactic as well as a royal writer. Ideas of kingship by right divine were undreamt of in England before Tudor sycophants or Stuart apologists. He has indeed much to say about the monarchy, but solely or chiefly in connexion with its responsibility to the divine government. All the higher possibilities of our human being come from the Maker and Ruler of all. His earthly ministers can do no more than promote conditions favourable for the best that is in the creature. The historic Anglo-Saxon polity was a free, not necessarily hereditary and strictly limited, kingship. Loyal no doubt, but frankly independent in their utterances on the subject were the early writers who touched on these themes. The greatness of princes and leaders in war lies in their doing all things for the good of their subjects and the honour of their religion. Such is the keynote of the primitive specimens of pre-Alfredian song, given in Messrs. Chambers's *Cyclopaedia*. The Saga of Beowulf, whoever may have been its different writers, or by whatever hands this epic cycle may have been reduced to something like poetic unity, from 600 to 800 A.D. forms the most authentic and imposing link between the innate patriotism and the primitive poetry of the race. It also furnishes another proof that the Anglo-Saxon laureates differed from some of their later descendants in accounting their citizenship of a free commonwealth their pride as well as their safety. Of that system the king, as first magistrate, might be the head, he was also their fellow man. By the time the Beowulf lays received their present shape, the crowning conquest of British Christianity, that of the Isle of Wight (686), was still to be completed. The fore-gleams indeed of the national religion, as well as of the national loyalty, have been discovered to shine through the misty

imagery of this largely heathen epic. But the national polity, secular and religious, inspired no genuinely national singer till at least a century after Beowulf's date. Then there arose, on a lonely rock in the northern sea, a poet equally representative of his country and his age. This was Cædmon. For years he attached himself, as her secular attendant, to the royally descended abbess, Hilda, who served her king and worshipped her Redeemer on the lofty cliff which was then all that existed of Whitby. The politics of Cædmon are an anticipation of Alfred and a prophecy of Tennyson. Rulers also, it is to be hoped, may ensure peace that poets may sing in safety. Cædmon deservedly ranks as the greatest, not more than the first, of genuinely English singers, the nation's mouthpiece rather than the monarch's laureate.

In its tone of measured loyalty to the institutions of the realm English literature of all epochs shows a continuity of sentiment. Mr. Traill would ingeniously argue and convince many that this feeling was essentially one of devotion to the Crown as the arbiter of national destinies, and to the altar as the palladium of its faith. The extracts given by Dr. Patrick and his staff rather show the dominant conviction to be the need of maintaining whatever helps honesty of word or action and righteousness of life. High Tory commentators like Mr. Traill discover party politics in prehistoric times. On one side they see influences that make for culture and civilization radiating from monarchical institutions, long before the monarchy was organized. On the other side are the preachers of political discontent, ever ready to destroy letters and arts.

The truth on this subject has been already stated. Moral earnestness, not devotion to Throne, to Church, or to any particular form of polity, is the national characteristic that has traversed the whole course of English history. These ideas find their literary expression from the first page to the last of Messrs. Chambers's three imposing volumes. In Anglo-Saxon poetry the mystical is soon succeeded, is often accompanied, by the ethical or prudential. Among these

early writers are men who were to Britain what Thales, Solon, and Periander were to Greece, and whose gnomic sentences formed patterns for the proverbial philosophy of after ages. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* Even the loyalty of these aboriginal singers is not without a foreboding note of melancholy. 'Can,' they seem to ask, 'any earthly sovereign approach to the divine original? If not, will men find in kingship or its safeguards real cause for thankfulness?' In Cædmon's reference to king and country, the two opposite tendencies, the sententious and the mystical, meet. Before he wrote, two invasions of the Celtic spirit—those associated with the Brythonic and Gaelic Celts respectively—had infused a spiritually quickening element into Saxon letters. In our own day the Arthurian legend has supplied Tennyson with the groundwork for elaborating his conceptions of duty and patriotism. With Beowulf these sentiments had not reached the definiteness of the Arthurian conception. Coloured by a mystical melancholy, they dissolved themselves imperceptibly into attachment for that invisible country whose capital is the 'city not built by hands,' and that Ruler who Himself is the incomparable idea and exemplar of earthly kings.

Preceding Chaucer by exactly seven centuries, Cædmon has a claim to be called the first father of English song; the nation's laureate, he speaks only to the individual conscience. The interest of his poems lies in the fact that they show us the degree in which Christian ideas, thanks to Columba, had impregnated the English air before or at the time of Augustine's mission. Whether of Celtic and heathen or of Christian birth, this sympathetic and comprehensive poet had been educated in the school of Colman and Columba. His resistance to the Romanizing party which afterwards triumphed at the Council of Whitby was actuated by national more than by theological motives.

English institutions, political or religious, are not perfect. What human institutions are? Still it is the duty of good citizens and subjects to make the best of them. When kings like Richard II or the Stuarts are misled by evil

influences, religious or political, the Church and the Crown must be saved from themselves. Such, with the necessary changes of name, from Cædmon onward is the message of English letters to those who administer the nation's affairs. So far as English writers are politicians at all, they are not partisans. Cædmon's counsel is that given, not more by Anglican than by Nonconformist.

> . . . The first warbler, whose sweet breath
> Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
> The spacious times of great Elizabeth
> With sounds that echo still,

owed his prosperous start in life to princely favour. The attitude, however, of Chaucer towards all the institutions of his country was one of genial but independent optimism. His latest biographers find their most authentic materials for the story of his life in palace documents. Such are the Royal Wardrobe Book, the Issue Rolls of the Exchequer, and the Customs Rolls. But, as the section devoted to him in the *Cyclopaedia* shows, and as Mr. Traill admits, king and princes were no more to Chaucer than was Hecuba to the player in *Hamlet*.

Chaucer is not merely the first and greatest of the essentially national poets who saw, or tried to see, in the sovereign the sceptred incarnation of the best qualities of the subject; he is also the earliest of the British immortals, whose figure and features are as familiar for all time to his countrymen as those of William Wordsworth, Alfred Tennyson, or Algernon Swinburne. Respecting John of Gaunt, his character is to most persons a more or less vague reminiscence. Of his physiognomy, only an idea can be formed by those who have visited the library of All Souls', Oxford. There, and, so far as the present writer knows, nowhere else, he stands forth on the painted glass of the oriel window the image of the high-born, imperious, sensual patrician, proud of his kingly blood, pressing, without pity or ruth, the authority and opportunities given him by that accident of birth. As regards arrogance of demeanour,

haughty and contemptuous scorn of public opinion as a restraining force, English history contains but one or two parallels for Shakespeare's 'time-honoured Lancaster.' The Plantagenet noble, the earliest precursor of the titled borough-mongers who swayed St. Stephen's till the Grey Act of 1832, remains in the same degree the type for all time of intellectual power, set off or handicapped, according to the view taken, by magnificence of lineage. Chaucer at least saw in Gaunt the British Alcibiades of his day.

Used to courts, at home and abroad, Chaucer was above all things a middle-class Londoner. His verse abounds in touches revealing the pleased and proud consciousness of citizenship of no mean city; he regards with equal complacency his attachment to the court; for is not his native place the metropolis where are the palaces of the great king? Under Edward III, London had been subject to striking improvement. It was indeed every day becoming the modern capital in embryo. The stateliness of the new houses, their height, and the area they covered, were the monuments of growing prosperity on which Chaucer's eyes exultantly dwelt as, with a downcast glance, which however nothing escaped, he strolled through the streets between Thames Street and Westminster. These triumphs of industry and wealth upon the shores of the imperial stream had been accompanied by great developments of medical skill and knowledge. Why had not the doctors done more to arrest the desolations of the Black Death, or were the physicians restricted to diagnosis and impotent for 'treatment'? Such were the questions which may naturally have suggested themselves to this observer of life and character. That they actually did so may indeed be inferred from the portrait of the physician—a grave graduate in purple surcoat and blue white-furred hood. None like him, exclaims the poet, to speak of physic and of surgery, to tell the cause of any malady and to prescribe drugs from the apothecary, which the poet seems to imply may or may not heal. Here, by-the-by, will be found in the social department of Mr. Traill's *England* some interesting and circumstantially illustrative

details. Astrology and natural science had formed the chief parts of this doctor's professional education; he had begun with Aesculapius; he had ended with learning from the *Rosa Anglica* that inflammation admits of homoeopathic treatment and may be cured by the use of red draperies. Express reference to the plague is very rare with Chaucer. Here is one great difference between the patriotism of the bard of the *Canterbury Tales* and that of his friend and contemporary, Gower. The epidemic of 1349 carried off an archbishop. Among those who died in 1361 was Henry, Duke of Lancaster, the father of the Chaucerian heroine, the Duchess Blanche. Chaucer's contemporary, Gower, had, unlike Chaucer, some of the evangelical fire of Wyclif or Savonarola. On several occasions under Richard II, both in Latin and English, he appealed to the national love of ruler and fatherland for some collective act of national humiliation for sins that had manifestly provoked such dread penalties. In 1391 came the further chastisement of the peasant insurrection: with redoubled vehemence Gower raised the cry of repentance. Chaucer, however, notwithstanding his personal knowledge of parliamentary and palace life, avoids in his verses political references almost entirely. About the Crown he has little complimentary to say. The Lenvoy to the balade, 'Lak of Stedfastnesse,' contains a sharp warning to Richard II to avoid the precipice for which he seems heading, and to live for his people as well as for himself.

But Chaucer, like Gower and Langland, realized too deeply the moral evils of the time, for which he held them responsible, to say pleasant things about the aristocracy and the court. They existed, they must therefore be tolerated: that is his tone. And this, though the court had placed his genius on the pedestal from which its notes were to echo through the corridors of all time.

> God bless the squire and all his rich relations,
> And keep us poor people in our proper stations.

Such were the lines that, during the present writer's infancy,

used to be sung by children at school treats immediately after the Doxology. Chaucer was an Erastian before Erastus, and, as one of the Kentish county members, would have supported the squirearchy. But the sentiment of the refrain just quoted is undesignedly but implicitly censured in more than one passage of the *Canterbury Tales.* At the same time, in the 'Nun's Priest's Tale' (Globe edition, p. 139, col. 6) is a contemptuous allusion to Jack Straw and his company. Again (Globe edition, p. 200), there is an addition to the 'Clerk's Tale' specially attributed, in the margin, to the author, visiting much scorn on the rabble and on all who resent the station in which Providence has placed them. Though, as we have seen, a shire knight for Kent, the poet seems only to have sat in the House for a single session, and that one of not more than a month long. Into those few weeks, however, was condensed the expression of the accumulated discontent of years with the king and his doings. The truth seems to be that Chaucer's naturally conservative temper had been wounded by national experiences, which tempted him to regard English institutions as materials rather for the crucible than as objects to be defended at all cost. The chief spokesman of the national dissatisfaction in Chaucer's day was the active and ambitious Duke of Gloucester, the poet's great enemy. The poet, therefore, if he ever broke silence in the Lower House on the subject in a spirit of mere contradiction, would have spoken in the royal interest. One of the results of the agitation was the appointment of commissioners to regulate the kingdom and the king's household. Those officials promptly dismissed Chaucer from his posts at the Custom House or elsewhere, December 4 and 14, 1386. Another proof that during his parliamentary innings he had been one of the 'king's friends' is, when the sovereign had recovered position and power, his reinstatement in court employ. He at least received promotion equal in value to the position that his reputed sympathies had caused him to forfeit. At last indeed, irritated and scandalized, as is shown by the already mentioned lines on 'Lak of Stedfastnesse' (Globe

Chaucer, p. 630), he adjured Richard to be honourable, to cherish his folk, to hate extortion, &c. He ended by openly attaching himself to Bolingbroke (Henry IV), in whom throughout he recognized the 'very king' (Globe edition, p. 634, 'Envoy to his Complaint to his Purse'). But, in whosesoever person the monarchical principle might for the moment be incorporated among the poets who, less visionary than Beowulf or Cædmon, regarded monarchy as a political fact, not a spiritual allegory, Chaucer showed himself the most honest of loyal poets by reminding the ruler that he must ever have a more august and powerful rival in king Public Opinion, the one maker and unmaker of earthly sovereigns. Chaucer's literary life, ending, as it did, in 1400, barely spans the interval between mediaeval and modern history. But the temper in which he approaches all contemporary topics, especially those concerned with the national order, is distinctively modern. The note of pessimism, audible as a sort of minor throughout the whole gamut of English letters, is at times perceptible.

Filmer of the *Patriarcha* and Hobbes of the *Leviathan* are supposed to have seen in Chaucer a believer in the divine right of kings. They might as well have discovered in him a red republican or a Russian socialist. The Kentish shire-knight, whose years of retirement produced the poem which has immortalized him whenever he touches on questions akin to the executive, shows himself a critic, not a courtier. There is with him no melting by invisible stages of the actual into the imaginary, of the real into the allegorical. His early predecessors in literary art had, as we have noticed, seen in the earthly king the reflected image of the celestial, or at least the ideal. They never ceased to hear in the 'flutes, dulcimers, or all kinds of music,' which announced the royal progress at Whitehall and Westminster, the distant echoes, attuned in their impact to the coarse perceptions of mortal sense, of such notes as might have come from harps that might have been run over by angelic fingers. To minds of that caste the whole of English polity and life itself were but chapters in an allegory awaiting the divine interpretation.

Of that there was nothing in Chaucer. To him, unlike Beowulf or Cædmon, the monarchy was simply a human expedient to aid in securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number. By its practical working the institution must stand or fall. If the results were satisfactory, as under the earlier Plantagenets they had often been, then so far, and no farther, the institution itself might be considered august, even divine. When, on the contrary, the throne was filled by a pompous and purblind egotist, such as the second Richard, the anointing oil must have lost its celestial virtue even before it had been laid on.

The Civil Service supplied English literature with its first great light in Chaucer. The same service gave it a contemporary of Chaucer, whose personality, when minutely examined, becomes almost as distinct as Chaucer's. Thomas Hoccleve entered the Privy Seal Office as junior clerk in 1387. He was certainly quite the earliest of State under-strappers to combine the thriftlessness once regarded as vulgarly imputed to the professional litterateur, with a very unequal gift of verse and an inordinate hankering after court notice and fine society. A well-known facsimile from the Arundel manuscripts, produced on p. 77, vol. i., of this *Cyclopaedia*, presents Hoccleve in the act of emulating the remunerative courtiership of Chaucer. Youthful extravagance had reduced him to poverty. He had lately to some extent repaired his broken fortunes by marrying a well-to-do widow ('taking more tow on his distaff' is his own way of speaking of it); he had also penetrated to the palace; he hoped he had secured a real patron in Henry V. To that monarch, on his bended knees, the poetaster presents his verse; they have little of originality, being for the most part a metrical survey of the progress of monarchy from the earliest times. The material is taken from Aegidius Romanus, a writer apparently better known in ancient than in modern England. The book itself is dedicated to the king when Prince of Wales. Its title is the *Regement of Princes*. Any interest discovered by the patron in it lay in the prologue, and seems to have been of the contemptuous

sort, with which the very great sometimes graciously regard the efforts of parasites who, to make a prince smile, write themselves down fools. To such a depth had fallen literary homage since the earliest germ of the sentiment had shown itself in the Beowulfian Saga or the couplets of Cædmon. One point in the early relations between crown and pen is brought out strongly by the personal records of Chaucer's contemporaries. Already it was taken as proved that the first condition of literary success was court patronage. The authentic incidents of Chaucer's career had shown that, for prosperity, the poet must enjoy not only the smile of the muses but the favour of the prince. So deeply had this truth impressed itself on Hoccleve that he proves, upon examination, to be not only the most loyal of poets but the most orthodox of subjects. Chaucer may or may not have been a Church and State man, as the claim is put forth that Beowulf and Cædmon were, or as the early singers of the nineteenth century, from Wordsworth to Keble, following George Herbert, were eager to assert themselves. But about Hoccleve there can be no doubt. He was as good a Churchman as Robert Southey himself, and as sound a Tory, down to the minutest details of the creed, as Mr. Alfred Austin. Consequently he regarded Nonconformists of every degree with a disgust worthy of Squire Western himself. He could not of course tolerate the Lollards, remonstrated with Sir John Oldcastle about his heresies in a poem about half as long as one of the books of *Paradise Lost*, and of course highly approved the burning of John Badby in 1410.

As Hoccleve trod in the footsteps of Chaucer, so did Lydgate, *haud passibus aequis*, follow the stride of Hoccleve. Lydgate, indeed, may be so far regarded as one of Shakespeare's predecessors that, during the early decades of the fifteenth century, he came up to London to try his literary fortune. 'But,' he exclaims, 'for lack of mony I myght not spede.' More successful in the quest after royal and fashionable favour was a Leicestershire knight, Sir Richard Ros, who in 1460 presented Alain Chartier's *La Belle Dame sans Merci* as an English poem, so musically flowing as at

once to become the vogue with the court ladies, and thus to deepen the impression, already existing among the minor poets of the period, that the one safe road to the temple of the muses lay through the palace.

The view of English letters is that the monarchy contributed as little to the national happiness or to literary production as it had done in the days of King John. Mr. Traill is of opinion that the beginnings of political self-government, which were the net outcome of the Barons' War, constituted a national calamity. The monarchy was reduced to impotence before the baronage was strong enough to take its place. Certainly, during these convulsions, every earlier centre of intellectual life sank into the chaos. The disappearance of the court coincided with the depression of literary energies. Before this, English arts as well as letters were promoted by the palace. The age of ornament had already set in; enjoying the immediate favour of royalty, caligraphy and illumination on paper and parchment had been brought perhaps to higher perfection in England than in any other country. A subordinate intellectual result of the mediaeval civil wars was the long eclipse of these decorative arts. Upon the pen a mortal stillness had long fallen south of the Tweed, poetry of all kinds had ceased. In Scotland, indeed, Chaucer's genius periodically animated a school of national versifiers. In England, Chaucer, though the most illustrious, was far from being a unique illustration of royally nurtured genius. From 1300 to 1400, in fact, literature may be said to have subsisted on the favour of rulers. The ladies of Gaunt's family were all of a distinctly literary turn; his granddaughter, Jane Beaufort, inspired the *Kingis Quhair*, the best known specimen of second-rate verse, in a period prolific in the metrical products of Scotch mediocrity.

The bard, who from the first luxuriated in the sunshine of the palace, was not the only writer who repaid State patronage by giving to loyalty the sanction of intellect. Poetry, long before as well as after Byron, has proved the best school for the essayist and historian. The *Areopagitica*,

enshrining the most eloquent of all pleas for the liberty of unlicensed printing, the tractate on Education, which still includes the last word to be said on the subject, the tenure of kings, the defence of the English people against Salmasius, came from the pen which produced *Paradise Lost.* These and other controversial masterpieces are still the handbooks of students of style. They were habitually read and re-read by the two most recent survivors of last century's literary artists, J. A. Froude and A. W. Kinglake. Appropriately enough, therefore, may we incidentally notice here that the first pure-born English layman who, if nurtured by the throne, touched the multitude, was only less excellent in prose than in numbers. 'The Parson's Sermon' and the 'Tale of Melibee' in the *Canterbury Tales* have the directness, the simplicity, and the force which are the essential merits of prose style, and which, about the same period, make Wyclif a model for all time. Nor did the writers of narrative who had gone before either of those two men in a less degree than any of the poets contribute to the impression of loyally patriotic sentiment on the popular mind. Between 1132 and 1147 another Geoffrey, he of Monmouth, by his national chronicles and by his ordered versions of Malory's chosen subject of Arthurian legend, secured an almost immediate success with the 'classes and masses' that may almost be said to have prefigured the popularity of the variations on the same theme by Tennyson in 'Idylls of the King.'

What Chaucer had been at the Lancastrian court, the most adroit, fertile, and not the least learned of sixteenth-century historians had a staunch patron in the Scotch king, James V. Just enough is known about John Bellenden to reveal the lineaments of an intellectual fortune-seeker who might have expressed himself in metre had he cared, but who selected prose for his translations from the Latin and for his Scotch annals, because he considered that medium more likely to arrest the attention of fashionable readers. He had good reason for knowing. When fresh from the University of Paris and a D.D. of the Sorbonne, he had

become private tutor to the young prince, the heir-apparent; in that capacity he did not a little towards forming the intellectual tastes, both of his own king and of that king's son and successor, the first Stuart who, in virtue of a Tudor descent through the daughter of Henry VII, came to the English crown as James I.

In a society paper libel case, which attracted much attention in the last century, the presiding judge, Lord Chief-Justice Coleridge, was pathetically contemptuous over the 'utterly attenuated personalities' which formed the staple of such prints. In reply it was pointed out that to familiarize the million, by 'interviews' and minute descriptions of costume or manners, with the doings of their superiors, was to apply a pleasant cement to the personal relations between classes that would otherwise know nothing of each other; in this way, it was added, the sectarian quarrels, mainly the results of mutual ignorance, must be minimized. Such, too, between 1496 and 1586, was the idea of Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington, the most minutely personal writer of his period. Scholar, according to the modish vogue, courtier above all things, politician and poet, he had, like other youths of wealth and fashion at that time, been educated at St. Andrews and Paris. Thereafter he had successively become palace secretary, judge, privy councillor, and keeper of the Great Seal under the Queen Regent Mary and James VI, as well as the father of the more famous 'Secretary Lethington.' His verses are marked by shrewd observation of life and character, and a microscopic mastery of the toilets and the manners of the ladies about the court. Something of the real reformer mingles in his composition with a great deal of the social satirist. His readers, who outside the court were many, scarcely knew whether more to admire the sly cuts at the foibles and follies of the great folk, written about by Lethington in much the same vein as Disraeli wrote about the aristocracy in *Lothair*, or the unaffected admiration with which the courtier bard records certain more or less exalting traits in the career and demeanour of the sceptred parents of their

people. Of this little company of courtly makers, as Hallam calls them, Alexander Scott is another member. Son of a prebendary of the Chapel Royal at Stirling, he began with desiring nothing more than to please his palace patrons with his verses. The innate candour of his race could not, however, but transpire through his lays. Of his thirty-six short poems, the 'New Year Gift to Queen Mary' and 'Justing at the Drum' read to-day less as panegyrics on princes than as satires on their puerilities. That, too, is the vein traversing a host of other versifiers between 1545 and 1610. Such are Alexander Montgomerie, a cadet of the most patrician and devoted among Royalist houses. It was indeed less the poet than the phrase-mongering parasite whom the social circumstances of the time attracted to the court of James or Elizabeth. Of this class, no more typical specimen has come down to us than Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Educated at Cambridge, he succeeded his father as seventh earl in 1562. A son-in-law of Burghley, he presumed alike on his own ancestry, his marriage connexion, and his literary facility to comport himself as the most impertinent coxcomb of his day. He had run through all his property, and, with his family, lived on the bounty of his famous father-in-law. His arrogance seems to have increased with his reverses. Among other things, he so grossly insulted Sir Philip Sidney as to compel that brave man to send a challenge: as a reason for refusing this, Oxford rightly or wrongly pleaded the prohibition of Elizabeth. Loyalty, however, with the minor poets of the Tudor time, displayed a fatal tendency to degenerate into servile flattery of the royal person. Even theology itself sometimes yielded to the base temptation, and the court pulpits of Westminster or Whitehall sometimes, though but for a moment, rang with references to the sovereign scarcely less adulatory than the stanzas in which the lesser versifiers sought to conciliate the capricious vanity of a high-spirited but not always a great-minded queen. Henry Smith, still distinguished by the contemporary epithet of 'silver-tongued,' passed for the 'prime preacher' of the sixteenth century. Neither his manly sympathies

with Puritanism nor his superiority to the literary quaintnesses and affectations of the day seems always to have safeguarded him against allusions to the monarch, worthy rather of Francis Bacon or John Lyly than of the most earnest, fearless, and devoted teacher of his time. For the most part, however, the specimens of Smith's sermons, given in this *Cyclopaedia*, are enough to vindicate his claim to a place among the most powerful, the most courageous, and, in nineteenth-century slang, the most sensational of pulpit orators. Smith's most famous discourse was that on the betraying of Christ. Its description of the 'two consciences' is as luridly graphic as anything in the self-torturing confessions of John Bunyan. Take the following:—

'Sin doth not end as it begins. When the terrors of Judas come upon the soul, the tongue cannot hide his sins. Despair and horror will not be smothered; but he which hath Saul's spirit haunting him will rage as Saul did. The warning conscience cometh before sin; the gnawing conscience after sin. The warning conscience is often lulled to sleep; the gnawing conscience wakeneth her again. They which feel the worm of conscience gnaw upon their hearts may truly say they have felt the torments of hell. All the furies of hell leap upon his heart like a stage. Thought calleth to fear. Fear whistleth to horror. Horror beckoneth to despair, and saith, Come and help me to torment this sinner. Irons are laid upon his body like a prisoner. All his lights are put out at once. He hath no soul fit to be comforted. So let him lie, saith God, without ease, until he confess and repent and call for mercy.'

Other of the sixteenth-century prose writers provide an intellectual basis for the loyalty which the poets are apt to evaporate into mere sentimentalism. Hakluyt's *Voyages*, Sidney's *Arcadia*, and Harrington's *Oceana* provided the serious fare on which throve England's early and genuine Imperialism. Nor did the reasoned affection to monarchy, as the established form of English government, find utterance in any single school or sect. Its voice seemed audible in Puritan as well as Royalist writers. 'Greatheart,' in the

Pilgrim's Progress, was popularly regarded as a tribute to the memory of Oliver Cromwell. The loyalty of Shakespeare is a theme, not for a few paragraphs in a single article but for illustration in entire volumes. King Henry V, in his mature development, and in his blaze of military triumph, is the full-orbed ideal of the patriot and warrior monarch, who summed up, in his own person, the greatness of his people. This ideal had been foreshadowed in the rather earlier play of *King John*. Of Richard Cœur de Lion's natural son little was known beyond his existence. In Shakespeare's hands, Philip Faulconbridge, while discharging in the drama a function like that of the Greek chorus, stands forth as the embodiment of the national fidelity to the throne. The foreign foe storms the gates; the nobles fly; Faulconbridge alone requites, with a constancy not to be shaken, the honours received from a sovereign to whom no other subject remains true. Here was the very perfection of the loyal chivalry, the principle of whose working was described by Burke when he said, 'Without confounding rank, it produced a noble equality, handed it down through all gradations of social life, mitigated kings into companions, raised private men to be fellows with kings.'

There may have been no cessation of the steady flow of the loyal current through English letters. But, from Tudor times till some while after the Hanoverian epoch had opened, literature as an institution, and its individual workers, owed little gratitude to the Crown. Under George III, in the last years of the eighteenth century, the *Percy Ballads* co-operated with some phases of Byron's writings and genius, but still more with the lyrical reaction led by Coleridge and Wordsworth, to open the romantic epoch in literature.

Thomas Percy, born a grocer's son at Bridgnorth, educated at Christchurch, a Northamptonshire vicar, owed to George III the chaplaincy first, and the episcopate afterwards, which led to the publication of the *Reliques*. These were the compositions in which Samuel Johnson, visiting their editor in 1764, saw a literary security for loyal patriotism;

they certainly provided Southey and Wordsworth with the metre and some of the thoughts of their most loyal lays. Samuel Johnson indeed, one among the chief founders of nineteenth-century prose, admired George III, not less than the despised Lord Chesterfield, as a true king, and at one time seems seriously to have thought of trying for the House of Commons simply to swell Lord North's following. George IV was a better judge of Latin verses than of English poetry; he did, however, give Johnson some personal encouragement, and, more characteristically, it may be thought, subscribed to Tom Moore's *Anacreon* and made the translating poet free of his court. Before this epoch, in the seventeenth century, Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*, though not fully known to the general public till the eighteenth century, in part, stimulated or more generally confirmed the spirit of royalist reaction, which had culminated in the Restoration of 1660. South's grotesque picture in a sermon of Oliver Cromwell caused Charles II to whisper in Rochester's ear, 'Oddsfish! Lorry, we must have that man in the House of Lords.' Neither Rochester's verses, however, nor the compositions of any other court singer rendered any service to the Crown. The period indeed was essentially unfavourable for real devotion, either to country or to king. Patriotism is but love of home, writ large. The home life of the nation had been destroyed by the Civil War. Social existence found its centre, not at the hearth-side but in the tavern. Richard Baxter's flowing periods and scrupulously respectful references to kingship, as a more than human institution, made the great evangelical leader of his day a truer friend of monarchy than the most widely quoted or sung of the roistering lyrists who fished for pensions with artificial panegyrics on monarchy at the court of the second Charles.

The earliest expressions of affection or reverence for the sovereign were, we have seen, deeply tinged with mysticism, in Beowulf, Cædmon, and others. The literary conservatism, into which Southey first, and Wordsworth afterwards, ended by drifting, is coloured by something of the same meta-

physical element as the loyalty which breathes in the very earliest lays of the land. The dedicatory verses to the Prince Consort, prefixed by the greatest of Victorian poets to his 'Idylls of the King,' might almost be mentioned as the latest illustration of the tendency to fuse literary allegory and practical homage.

One of the earliest official acts performed by King Edward VII was conspicuously in keeping with the literary precedents set by his early predecessors from the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries. A State order, such as the Prince Consort had wished to see, for merit, was instituted, with the result that Mr. John Morley and its other recipients are entitled to put the letters O.M. before their other honorific affixes. George IV, who found in classical scholarship the same sort of hobby with which shorthorn breeding and automobile driving supply the present sovereign, had one or two conversations, not only with Fox and Sheridan but with Samuel Johnson himself, upon the expediency of instituting a royal academy of literature. That vision, too, has now been realized. Its fulfilment probably does not portend any revolution for the worse or better in the relations between the polity and the literature of England. These relations, as has now been made sufficiently clear, are scarcely what the courtly, port-wine drinking, Hanoverian Tory, Tom Warton, saw through the haze of his after-dinner meditations. Still less are they what the favourite pupil in politics and letters of a former Dean of St. Paul's, H. L. Mansel, adroitly insinuates in his last work, rather than categorically states them to have been. The most famous of the seventeenth-century heads of Mr. Traill's college, St. John's, Oxford, was Archbishop Laud. That picturesque foundation, with its two quaint little quadrangles and its lovely gardens beyond, is associated by intimate tradition with loyalty to the Stuart line and a religious devotion, especially to Charles I. Mr. Traill might therefore have thought himself unfaithful to the formative influences of his academic youth, if he had not conceived and, to some extent, executed this posthumous work in a reactionary spirit. His favourite king, it must be

admitted, did more than any royal personage of his time to encourage English and European art generally. In literature unconnected with the writings of High Church divines Charles took little interest. He was, however, the cause of the most weighty and brilliant history produced in his epoch. That was the *Great Rebellion* of Clarendon, which justly won for its author the name of the English Thucydides, and which, more than any other single agency, ripened the popular mind for welcoming the restoration of the second Charles. During the stormy years that preceded or coincided with the beginning of modern history, the palace provided not only the patronage but the tranquillity essential then for literary production. But the real inspiration of English writers has been supplied, not by institutions but by events. In England, earlier than in other countries, a reading public grew up soon after the introduction of printing. That public has always, in some form or other, supplied writers with patrons more enduring and remunerative than those they have occasionally found in the palace or in its satellites. The work of Messrs. Traill and Mann does not entirely ignore this fact. Its historical value would have been much increased by investing the circumstance with the same prominence as is circumstantially and illustratively given to it in the far more valuable *Cyclopaedia* of Messrs. Chambers.

T. H. S. ESCOTT.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF BISHOP CREIGHTON.

The Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton, D.D. By his Wife. Two Vols. (Longmans, Green, & Co. 1904.)

A History of the Papacy from the Great Schism to the Sack of Rome. By BISHOP CREIGHTON. Six Vols. (Longmans, Green, & Co. 1897.)

Queen Elizabeth. By BISHOP CREIGHTON. (Goupil. 1896.)

The Story of some English Shires. By BISHOP CREIGHTON. (1901.)

WE confess that it was with some fear that we saw the announcement that a *Life* of the great bishop was in hand, written by his wife. Lives of public men by near relatives are not usually successful. The writers are too close to their object; they fail in the estimation of proportion. With the best desire to be impartial, they are somewhat blind to faults evident to outsiders. If they criticize their heroes, their criticism is often over unimportant details. They are careful to paint the warts, but the greater blemishes pass unnoticed. They may not agree with the views or actions of their subjects, but self-consciousness and the fear lest criticism should be taken for a lack of affection or reverence leads them to suppress their convictions. The result is rather a panegyric than a biography. Exceptions, of course, may be named. *The Life of Kingsley*, by his wife, will occur to most of our readers; while few, we think, will be inclined to withhold their praise from the fascinating work before us, already, we notice, in a second edition.

The test of any biography—we do not refer to biographies which are contributions to history—is the answer we give to the question: Is the man himself as he lived

and moved among us to be discovered in its pages? A biography which has not produced a definite, sharp impression, which has not located its subject, made us feel that we should know the man if we saw him in a crowd, made us regret that we never met him—in other words, which has not painted the real man, warts, clothes, and all—must always be classed as a failure. There is no room in biography for Turner's atmospheric effects. This fundamental condition of success seems to us fulfilled in the ample work which Mrs. Creighton has edited with such loving care. The picture of the man is there, for the most part painted by the subject himself. We know the bishop when we have done with the biography. We should make no mistake in singling him out in a crowd of lawn sleeves. We know him also not merely from the outside, as an historian, a professor, a man of the world, a prince of the Church. We see the veil drawn aside, and, in spite of a reserve as regards spiritual matters, which with Creighton was almost second nature,[1] we look into the real heart of the man, and, lo! it is as the heart of a little child.

To many in the outer world the portrait that Mrs. Creighton here gives of her husband will probably come as a surprise. The outer world knew Creighton from without, knew him well, and thought that it knew the whole man. They were proud of the great historian, though they distrusted somewhat the cold impartiality which refused to treat Alexander VI as a monster, and which did not exalt Martin Luther into an impeccable saint. But the Creighton of the *History* is very opposite to the Creighton that we see in the vicarage of Embleton, whom 'the work of Sunday left with an irresistible desire to talk nonsense and eat jam.' And the world knew, or thought it knew, one of its most successful bishops. They followed with interest his restless activities. They were amazed at powers of work that

[1] He considered Rousseau's *Confessions* 'the most loathsome book I ever read, simply for the reason that it insists upon the analysis of self for no sufficient reason' (i. 102).

Dominie Sampson might well have called 'prodigious,' a versatility that enabled him to shine equally in a professor's chair and in the pulpit of a great cathedral, among Leicester bootmakers or in the court of Moscow, at an Academy banquet or in St. James's, Piccadilly, preaching midnight sermons to an abandoned crowd, and to do all things without showing either hurry or weariness. But the world did not know the Creighton who was never so happy as when engaged in a frolic in the nursery; who, when Sunday duties were over, loved to roll on the floor with the bairns—lying on the floor was always his favourite position—and who, when, as Bishop of London, engaging a domestic chaplain, made his inspection while engaged in playing a game of hockey with his children. And the world knew, or thought it knew, the brilliant talker whose ready tongue was oftentimes his worst enemy; whose sarcasms and incisive wisdom caused bewilderment and searchings of spirit in his hearers. But the world did not know the simple Christian whose religion had in it very little either of theological or ecclesiastical dogmatism, who was more in sympathy with the mystics than the student of his writings would gather. Bishop Creighton, as this *Life* clearly shows us, was no ordinary man. His was one of those complex characters which men find so hard to understand. As Wendell Holmes would have put it, his character was an omnibus with many passengers jostling each other inside. Little wonder that the bystander was sometimes perplexed in identifying the real owner.

The outer incidents in Bishop Creighton's life, apart from the man himself, are not of great importance—a narrative of diligent toil rewarded by ecclesiastical preferment, parallels for which abound in the annals of the Church. Of Scotch and Cumbrian descent, Mandell Creighton was born at Carlisle in July 1843. His parents had been married at Gretna Green—the only way, it appears, of overcoming the jealous affection of a brother, who never forgave his sister for deserting him. His childhood was passed over the family shop in Castle Street; he grew up in a simple, hard-working

atmosphere where Liberal principles prevailed. To these principles he was fairly consistent throughout life, though in later years, under the disturbing influences of Home Rule and Education Bills, his politics became somewhat mixed. Educated at Durham, he rose to be head of the school, where his influence, judging from a long and interesting 'pastoral' that he wrote on leaving to the boy who succeeded him,[1] must have been altogether for good. His career at Oxford is a record of steady though not exceptional work, rewarded by a Fellowship at Merton, at that time regarded as the 'maddest and most advanced' of all the colleges. We note that it was a chance attendance at one of Shirley's[2] lectures which first aroused Creighton's interest in ecclesiastical history. Creighton professed that among his teachers he owed most to the influence of Dr. Edward Caird, well known to a later generation by his expositions of Kant and Hegel. If so, it was the attraction of opposites, for Creighton's writings show but little interest in philosophical studies. Probably it was from the teaching, or fancied teaching, of Dr. Caird, however, that he imbibed his theory of the 'unity of contradictories,' to which he clung throughout life, and which explains to some extent the apparent indifference to great spiritual struggles so manifest in his *History*. But no real student of Dr. Caird could ever have written 'that the essence of philosophy is that it deals with the reason, the head only.'[3] For Creighton, philosophy had no 'movings about in worlds not realized.' Curious to say, in his final schools in Modern History, Creighton only obtained a second class, the result of attempting the examination with but six months' preparation. Part of his success in later life as an historian was due to the ease with which he picked up a new language. He did not trouble about grammar, and was not particular as to

[1] Vol. i. pp. 10–5.

[2] Shirley, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford (1863–6), will be known to most readers of the *London Quarterly Review* by his pioneer work in Wyclif. He edited the important *Fasciculi Zizaniorum* for the Rolls Series.

[3] Vol. i. p. 28.

accent, contending that it was 'absurd to wish to speak like a native when one was an Englishman,' and that as all English accents were bad it was needless to trouble if one's own were a little worse than other people's.

After ten years of good work at Merton as a clerical Fellow and Tutor, Creighton, in 1875, accepted the college living of Embleton in Northumberland. A Northerner himself, he knew that Northern character was not easy to deal with. 'We must do our best,' he said to his wife, 'and look for no results.' But the results came in the strong affection of the rough labourers and fishermen of the parish for their hard-working vicar.

> These poor dear folk—they are ignorant, they are often brutal, they seem cold enough—but oh, it is dreadful leaving them. I have often felt, I am now quite sure—and it is worth while knowing—if ever you get hold of a Northumbrian, you get him for life; if ever you teach him anything he will never forget it. A paralysed woman dragged herself two miles yesterday to come to the Holy Communion. Another said to me, 'A look at your photograph will keep me from doing wrong.' A good farmer burst into tears and blubbered like a child in trying to say good-bye (i. 252).

This affection was not won by speaking smooth things and crying peace. From the first Creighton set himself against the drinking habits of the people. In both farmhouse and cottage he was offered wine and spirits, and told that it would hurt the feelings of his parishioners if he refused. He found it hard work to see the farmer's wife get up and leave the room, then hear the corks drawn next door, and see the wine coming in on a tray, yet it was impossible to refuse beforehand what had not been offered. He never gave spirits or beer, as his predecessors had done, to those who came to the vicarage on business.

> Soon after his arrival a party of fishermen came over from Craster to arrange about the wedding of one of their number. They had fortified themselves on the way to face the ordeal, and were very cheerful and friendly. The business over, they sat on and talked, evidently expecting something. At last in despair they rose,

and one said, 'A dry visit this.' 'Yes, very dry,' answered the vicar quietly, and they trooped sadly out (i. 171).

The vicar found that one of the chief needs in a good visitor is not so much the ability to talk as the power to listen sympathetically, especially to long yarns about ailments. 'Mr. Creighton, he says that it is my digester is out of order, but I says to him, it is my whole cistern,' is the remark of an old woman preserved for us in these pages which will bring back similar reminiscences to many of our readers. His relations at Embleton to Nonconformists were of the friendliest. High Churchmen, in fact, were shocked to discover that the future author of the *Hulsean Lectures on Persecution and Toleration* put his principles into practice by his presence at the inauguration of the Presbyterian minister of his parish.[1] With Methodism, neither at Embleton nor in later life, had Creighton much contact, but we note with interest that he discovered that in Craster, the one village of his parish that was full of Methodists, though the majority of its inhabitants lived in one-roomed houses, illegitimate births were unknown. Among the agricultural labourers with their improved cottages they were very frequent, and little sense of shame attached to them (i. 157 *n.*).

Embleton did one good thing for Creighton. Its quiet and seclusion gave him leisure to begin his great work on the *History of the Papacy*. Not that his life was without labours more abundant. T. H. Green had taught the new generation of Oxford men to take an interest in civic affairs, and Creighton flung himself with ardour into local duties. When it was decided to run a Liberal candidate for North Northumberland, Creighton was asked to nominate him—a confidence in country vicars not generally shown by Liberal caucuses. This, however, Creighton, though a frequent speaker on political platforms, declined to do. His politics

[1] 'The moment one looks at differences in the light of God, it seems to me they become despicable and a source of true pain. To me it always seems the best attitude towards all men to say, "Surely this man, too, comes from God our Father, and may bring me some message from Him"' (i. 219).

were rather intense antagonism to Beaconsfield than any delight in the policy of Gladstone. 'What a mess,' he wrote in 1880, 'Gladstone is making of things. We shall soon have a Conservative reaction that will last our lifetime, and will be richly merited.'[1] Theoretically he was in favour of the Affirmation Bill, but at the same time, with characteristic inconsistency, was glad that the Bill was thrown out. 'I know all the arguments,' he wrote, 'in favour of respecting everybody's conscience; they do not convince me. Society cannot be altogether abolished to suit people's consciences.' With the growth of years and increase of duties his interest in politics grew less and less; in fact he was always rather a spectator than a partisan. Reading the newspapers for more than two minutes a day he considered waste of time. Even as Bishop of London, five minutes to the *Westminster Gazette* and five minutes to the *Times* was all he gave. As an instance that his keen political insight did not suffer from thus avoiding the daily diet upon which so many gloat, the reader will note with interest his anticipation of the rise of Chamberlainism, written, be it noticed, twenty-four years ago.

> Things in general are not good: England is not healthy; she is going through a process of economical readjustment of which no one can see the end; it may result in the development of new forces, or it may be the beginning of a quiet decay—not decay exactly, but subsidence. All this sorely exercises the mind of the spectator and fills him with wonder. Trade and agriculture cannot any longer go on the old lines; will they find new lines or will they collapse? Already I see the doctrine of protection taking a strong hold of the mind of separate classes. I believe that separate interests will coalesce against the public good and against the voice of wisdom. This, by bringing in a fallacious solution, will suspend the real settlement of the question and make a mess (i. 223).

Early in 1884 Dr. Stubbs was appointed to the bishopric of Chester, and the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford was left vacant. Creighton had felt for some time that the parting of the ways must come some day, and that

[1] Vol. i. p. 216.

he would have to choose between the life of a student and the life of ecclesiastical activity as a parish clergyman into which he was being drawn almost against his will. Moreover, he considered 'that ten years was as long as any clergyman should stay in the same place; that was long enough for him to give his message.' So, when he heard that there was a wish in many quarters in Oxford that he should be the next Regius Professor, he wrote to one or two influential friends to express his desire for the post. It was, as he said afterwards, the only time in his life when he ever asked for anything. Mr. Freeman, however, was appointed at Oxford, but at the same time Creighton was asked from Cambridge whether he would be a candidate for the new Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical History. Creighton gladly accepted.

For the last ten years (wrote Mrs. Humphry Ward) you have had a humanizing, educating life at Embleton, in the broadest sense, that any one might envy. How few of us can ever come as close to the soil from which we all sprang as you have done in the North! You have seen the elemental human things nearer far than most men of letters have a chance of seeing them, and now you will carry with you all this fruitful experience to enrich the scholar's life that is to be (i. 247).

As a matter of fact, this was precisely the one thing that Creighton did not carry with him into his *History*. But to this we shall return later. The appointment to Cambridge and a canonry at Worcester, presented to him in 1885 by Gladstone, were but stepping-stones to higher things. In 'February 1891 he received a letter from Lord Salisbury saying that he had the Queen's permission to nominate him to the bishopric of Peterborough, vacant by Dr. Magee's translation to York. For some years Creighton had been troubled by the constant talk of his friends that he was bound to be a bishop some day. On one occasion, walking by the river at Worcester, he spoke to his wife about the things which people said, and remarked, "I should like to put a special petition in the Litany that I might be saved from becoming a bishop." Then he added characteristically, "And the worst

of it is, that I believe I should make quite a good bishop."' So when the opportunity came, on the insistence of Dr. Hort and other of his friends he gave up that which he loved above all things—the delight of a scholar's life. For him it was a great renunciation.

My life (he wrote) has been that of a man who tries to write a book and is the object of a conspiracy to prevent him from doing so. It is quite true that no one cares to read my book, but that has never interfered with my pleasure in reading for it (i. 399).

In after years, it was pathetic to see the eager pleasure with which he corrected a chance proof, or hunted out the answer to some historical question sent him by a stray correspondent. Nor must the present writer forget to mention the thoughtfulness which, amid the growing burden of Episcopal duties, could yet make time to write to a young untried author a long letter with his own hand, the only fault of which was the excessive kindness of its criticism and judgements. Apart from correspondence, the present writer met him twice. On both occasions the bishop plunged into the subject dear to him, spending the time in discussing, on one occasion the character of St. Dominic, on the other the value of Maitland's epoch-making work, *Canon Law in the Church of England*.[1] Of St. Francis he said: 'One man raises human nature to a level which it has never reached before. Then follow people who wear his clothes, and so you get hypocrisy. Dominic,' he added, 'fades into that state of obscurity into which we are glad to see all statesmen ultimately settle down.'

Peterborough, which Magee had left in excellent order, was not an exceptionally difficult charge. But Creighton began by trying to do everything. He laid himself out to

[1] Readers of that most important book—in our opinion the severest blow to the claims of the High Church party from the later historical side yet written—may be interested to know that Creighton definitely told the present writer that, historically, he considered it was unanswerable. The work has never yet received in Nonconformist circles the attention it deserves.

be at the beck and call of all who asked, except indeed—for here he drew the line firmly—he would have nothing to do with bazaars. He took a house at Leicester, that he might spend some weeks of each year among its busy people. He managed his diocese admirably. As Dr. Caird once said of him, 'Creighton possesses common sense to a degree which amounts to genius'; and certainly, as Bishop of Peterborough, Caird's criticism was justified. One of the most important things that he did, though the outside public knew nothing of it, was the part he took in settling the great strike in the boot and shoe trade which disturbed the two chief seats of that industry—Leicester and Northampton—in 1895. He did not think it opportune openly to offer himself as a mediator. Bishop Westcott, it is true, had done so at Durham three years before in the great coal strike, but the new bishop realized that he had scarcely the status of Dr. Westcott, and that the atmosphere of Leicester was not congenial to Episcopal interference, however well intentioned. But in a secret yet tactful way, by the assistance he gave to Sir Courtenay Boyle, the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, he helped to bring about an agreement.

The most interesting event in his life at Peterborough was his mission to the Coronation of the present Czar at Moscow. Creighton always had a great sympathy for the Greek Church—a sympathy due rather to the emphasis it laid upon Nationalism than to any dogmatic affinity. He was on friendly terms with one of whom we confess that we think but little good, Pobiedonostzeff, the Procurator of the Holy Synod—the well-known intolerant persecutor of the Stundists.

> He is a most interesting man, of powerful mind, clear vision, and large knowledge. He has read everything. I find him one of the ablest men I have ever met (ii. 155).

His sympathies fitted him to be the official Anglican representative. So Creighton set off, furnished with a gorgeous cope and with other paraphernalia of his office. He made a most excellent appearance, and the moujiks crowded round

him to kiss his hand as enthusiastically as if he had been one of their own metropolitans. At the Coronation Banquet he was placed next to the remarkable Father John of Cronstadt.

> Unfortunately, he spoke nothing but Russian, but we chummed as far as we could, and he kissed me and drank with me, and was most friendly (ii. 157).

On his return he found that Leo XIII had issued his Bull of September 13, 1896, denying the validity of English Orders.

> The Pope of Rome has been at his old games; and doubtless Vaughan and Co. are chuckling. I think their victory will not profit them even in this world. It will entail on them a very long purgatory in the next. I wonder if they have provided themselves adequately with indulgences. But for the present, and for the long future, this will end the leanings of the foolish towards the Western Church, and will bring the Eastern Church into greater prominence (ii. 179).

Together with Bishop Stubbs and Bishop Wordsworth of Salisbury, he drew up the official answer of the bishops. Before this was published Creighton had been translated from Peterborough to London.

> My dear friend (wrote Canon Scott Holland), all our arms are open to receive you, as you know well. The old dome is alive with delight. It knows you so well already. . . . This big place cries out not only for noble drudgery, but also for a *Chief*, who is at least far enough out of the smoke to see how the battle goes (ii. 198).

The removal to London plunged him into serious difficulties.

> My dear Acton, life closes round me in ways which I do not wish, and I doubt if I shall ever have time to read or write again (ii. 204).

His chief troubles were with the Ritualists. In this matter he found the diocese in chaos. Dr. Temple 'worked like a horse himself, and let every one else work in the way they liked.' With his usual insight, the new bishop put his finger on the difficulty. 'Do not suppose,' he wrote to a

correspondent, 'that I have any grievance against the clergy, I only recognize their foible of excessive individualism.'[1] Individualism, in fact, is characteristic of the Anglican Church in London, where the parish system is practically Congregationalism, oftentimes without the wholesome restraint of the congregation. The bishop did his best to cure some of the evils which this 'indiscriminate eclecticism,' as he called it, had introduced. His action was always patient and kindly, though he could sometimes speak plainly. 'I can forgive a layman,' he wrote, 'who quarrels with his vicar, but I cannot forgive a vicar who is foolish enough to quarrel with his people.' To Creighton himself the whole subject seemed inexpressibly small. He had long since emancipated himself from the High Churchism of his undergraduate days. He looked upon Roman theology as 'the terminology of a belated philosophy,' and had little patience with those who 'thus plunged into rubbish.' His study of history had taught him that

> the Church of Rome is the Church of decadent peoples; it lives on its past, and has no future. Borrowing from it may be silly, but it is not dangerous, and will pass (ii. 302).

We see this contempt in his reply to the parson who said that he could not give up the use of incense because his was the responsibility of the 'cure of souls.' 'And you think,' replied Creighton, 'that they, like herrings, cannot be cured without smoke.' Unfortunately, his energies in London were largely taken up with settling the details of a deplorable controversy, though it is characteristic of the man that when John Kensit, who gave him more trouble than any one else, asked to bring some 'Protestants' down to Fulham, Creighton went out of his way to entertain him.

In London, apart from his controversy with Ritualists, Creighton was a great success. 'He proved,' said Canon Scott Holland in his funeral sermon, 'that even this huge, unwieldy, sluggish mass of a diocese could actually feel the

[1] Vol. ii. p. 292.

impact from end to end of a vivid, personal inspiration.' He went everywhere, crowding his day with all sorts of engagements, and yet finding time to write no less than 20,000 letters with his own hand.

> It is a very inhuman life (he wrote), my time is spent in meetings of every sort. It requires all my efforts to remain human in this inhuman spot with all the business I have to do.

He considered that in London 'the activities of this life with God left out' invaded everything; 'in everything, also, there is a loss of the personal touch.'

> Louise and I are given up to meetings and committees. I sometimes wonder why we do not each of us improve ourselves instead of holding perpetual meetings to improve one another (ii. 235).

Later on, he found that his chief work must be, 'how to increase the class of things I will not do.' He devoted Monday mornings to interviews at London House with his clergy, though their trivial questions were often a severe trial of his patience. 'How are you?' asked a friend who met him at the door, showing out a deputation. 'As well as can be expected,' was the reply, 'when every ass in the diocese thinks that he has a right to come and bray in my study.'

Creighton's sarcasms and paradoxes were a sore trouble to more than discontented deputations. He was a brilliant talker, and was not always sufficiently careful of the effect he produced upon the weaker brethren. He used to confess that no man was so indiscreet with his tongue, or so discreet with his pen, as himself; and both claims are correct. Throughout life he loved nothing better than a good conversation. He would sit and talk, dazzling and bewildering his hearers with his sarcasms, paradoxes, and epigrams. Some of his sayings would have sufficed to make the reputation of a lesser man. Here are a few culled almost at random:

> No people do so much harm as those who go about doing good.
>
> You can do anything so long as you don't apologize.

All true knowledge contradicts common sense.

I can't endure a man who speaks of the Church as 'she.'

A man's character is more revealed by what he tries to do than by what he does.

It is rather hard for a young clergyman who is filled with the zeal for saving souls that he should be required to have, in addition, the qualifications of a commercial traveller.

Penance was the plank on which a shipwrecked man escaped.

Pottering little unbeliefs are a disease of youth, like the measles. I like to see a young man take them well; they'll perhaps do him no harm ultimately.

'I fancy,' said Canon Scott Holland in his Memorial Sermon at St. Paul's,

that to the last he treated conversation as a glorious game, an intellectual frolic, into the fictions and conventions of which he would fling himself without any after-thoughts as to consequences, playing the game with gusto, for the joy of liberating his faculties in the keen amusement of a gymnastic exercise. As a game it was delightful. It allowed him to throw off the burden of responsibility. But it was only a game he was playing, like a conjurer tossing magic balls (i. 54).

His predecessor at Peterborough, Dr. Magee, used to say that a certain picture in his possession filled him with such kindly feelings, that 'I assure you, gentlemen, a curate could play with me.' 'I,' said Creighton, 'should have felt more inclined to play with the curate.' Unfortunately, curates and others could not recognize the play. 'He's too clever,' said Dr. Temple with a chuckle, as he once sat listening to him; and this 'cleverness' was joined with an amazing frankness, or rather appearance of frankness, that was often but the veil to his real self. The result was as often as not bewilderment and doubt. Dull and solemn people thought him flippant; shallow people thought him insincere. He not only did not wear his spiritual heart upon his sleeve, he often seemed anxious to prove that he had none to wear. As one who knew him well owns:

He blurted out the most outrageous paradoxes, and supported them with fantastic arguments, and defied all conventional views in a way no serious man would have approved.

Thus he talked nonsense for the very fun of the thing, with perfect indifference to the impression he was making; while for shyness he professed contempt. Shyness, he declared, was only a form of pride. In reality no man was more reserved. The real Creighton was the Creighton that the brilliant epigrams and startling paradoxes served to conceal; the Creighton who as a young man had taken his stand for God at a time when 'at Oxford it seemed almost incredible that a young man of any reputation for modernity should be on the Christian side'; the Creighton who in middle life could write:

> To me the one supreme object of human life is and always has been to grow nearer to God, and I regard my own individual life as simply an opportunity of offering myself to Him. All knowledge has been to me a further revelation of Him, and my relations to my fellow workers are dependent on His call (i. 404).

and who towards the end could claim—

> I can truly say that I am happy, not through my public activities or my social powers, but through growing sympathy in little matters with children, with the young, the sorrowful, the tempted, the perplexed (ii. 214).

Creighton's labours in London were never-ending. Lord Salisbury claimed that he was the hardest worked man in the country; and the mere list of his engagements for a month is proof that Lord Salisbury was right. But the work killed him, in spite of holidays and a determination 'once a week to have a good sleep.' He died in the prime of life, at the age of fifty-seven, and was buried at his own desire in the cathedral that he loved so well, but where no Bishop of London had been buried since the Reformation. In four short years he had won a hold on London that led men of all parties and Churches to mourn his decease as a national loss.

Among the bishops of many generations there are very few that could be put by his side. And he possessed that crowning proof of superiority that he was still growing in both intellectual and

practical power, and year after year was greater than he had been before.[1]

To this testimony of Archbishop Temple we may add the verdict of Lord Rosebery:

> I think the late Bishop of London was perhaps the most alert and universal intelligence that existed in this island at the time of his death.[2]

But best of all is the testimony of his devoted medical attendant, Sir Thomas Barlow:

> There are four men who watched him in the time of trial who will always believe in him, and to whom his memory will always be green.

The reader may expect, in conclusion, some estimate of the value and place of Creighton's historical works. With much diffidence we attempt the task. Not the least interesting portion of these volumes is the light they shed upon Creighton's view of history, and his characteristics as an historian. Creighton, we note, unlike Lord Acton, wrote and read together; a plan he adopted owing to his disappointment at discovering that a certain Prebendary Wilkinson, who had spent a lifetime in investigating the history of European universities, had left behind him masses of notes and material, but nothing fit for publication. The amazing thing about his *History*, especially when we remember that for the most part it was written at a country vicarage, is the width of its research and the accuracy of its knowledge—this last the more remarkable, inasmuch as for mere detail Creighton cared little. Curious to say, the master of quips and epigrams has taken pains to make the style of his book bare and cold. No one had a clearer idea of the value, to the historian, of local knowledge; his *Story of some English Shires* is as vivid as any writing of Green's, and shows that the complete suppression in his great work of all the impressions received during his many journeys in Italy was due to deliberate choice. For our part, we regret

[1] Vol. ii. p. 465. [2] Ibid.

that Creighton did not more frequently 'let himself go.' As it is, he has written a work that will always be prized by the student and serious reader, but will, we fear, be caviare to the general. He could have written a work as brilliant in style as Macaulay, but far more accurate and profound.

More important than any question of style, or even mere accuracy of detail, is the estimate we form of its contents and aim. The weakness of Creighton, in our judgement, is the excessive stress that he lays upon the political factors in Church history. The result is a certain coldness to all the higher aspects of life. Far be it from us to hint that the study of the political sides of life is not of value; and certainly ecclesiastical historians are somewhat given to simplifying events unduly by treating the spiritual as if it could be isolated from environment. Creighton, on the other hand, is so intent upon showing us the action and reaction of the environment upon men's motives and actions that we almost forget that, after all, the most powerful factor in all life is a spiritual force that cares little for environment, and nothing at all for politics. Thus to Creighton Thomas Becket is 'a short-sighted politician who won the point he aimed at, which was not worth fighting for'; Laud, 'an interesting character, a sort of ecclesiastical policeman at best'; he 'takes the halo off' Savonarola, and treats him merely as a disturber of Italian politics; while with Luther the bishop is altogether out of sympathy and touch. Creighton, in fact, owns this: 'I have investigated the question [of the Reformation] as I would investigate any political secession.' The consequence is that his view of Luther is restricted and somewhat abstract. He considered 'Luther's personality the hardest to understand as a whole in all my period.' As a matter of fact, Creighton seems to us, after reading his *Life*, the man who should have understood Luther easiest of all. If Creighton had looked into himself, he would have found the very contradictions so puzzling to outsiders which should have supplied him with the key to the equally complex character of Luther.

Another result of Creighton's excessive attention to

political factors is a certain tendency in the work to 'whitewash.' If we leave out the spiritual, Alexander VI after all was not so bad, while Savonarola may be written down as a blind fool. It was this absence of the spiritual touchstone that led Lord Acton to write a criticism, condemning the bishop for his excessive leniency, especially as regards the later mediaeval papacy.

> We differ widely with regard to the principle by which you undertake to judge men. You say that people in authority are not to be snubbed or sneered at from our pinnacle of conscious rectitude. I really don't know whether you exempt them because of their rank, or of their success, or of their date. . . . We agree thoroughly about the impropriety of Carlyle's denunciations and Pharisaism in history, but I cannot accept your canon that we are to judge Pope and King unlike other men, with an assumption that they did no wrong. . . . The inflexible integrity of the moral code is to me the secret of the dignity, the authority, the utility of history. If we may debase the currency for the sake of genius or success or reputation, we may debase it for the sake of a man's influence, of his religion, of his party, of the good cause which prospers by his credit and suffers by his disgrace (ii. 322).

Golden words which, like all that Lord Acton ever wrote—alas that they should have been so few—go right down to the inner heart of things!

It is no slight testimony to the impartiality with which Mrs. Creighton has written the *Life* of her husband that she should have printed at length a criticism which seems to us unanswerable. To Creighton, chiefly because he looks at history too largely from the standpoint of politics, history too often 'becomes a dreary record of wickedness, which supplies me with few heroes, and records few good actions' (i. 375). He confesses: 'I can never ask myself first: What mighty ideas swelled in the hearts of men? but: What made men see a chance of saving sixpence, or escaping from being robbed of sixpence?' (i. 267). Once again we have an illustration of Creighton's curious contradictions. As a matter of fact, for politics he cared but little, for money nothing; while his judgements on his contemporaries were

characterized by unvarying kindliness and toleration. His 'bane,' as he owns himself in another connexion, was that he 'hankered after a universal system.' In his disgust at not finding one he was somewhat inclined to write down partial enthusiasms as valueless.

But, in spite of all defects, Creighton's *History of the Papacy* is one of the great works of English historians, indispensable to all students, both for the width of its outlook, the breadth of its reading, and the cold impartiality with which the writer treats his theme. Though but a fragment of his original project, it is yet complete in itself; while its defects, such as they are, are characteristic of one of the most complex yet lovable characters in the long roll of English bishops, whose premature death in the noontide of his powers—we speak after the manner of men—was a great mystery and a national loss.

H. B. WORKMAN.

THE NEW THEORY OF MATTER.

The Recent Development of Science. By W. C. D. WHETHAM, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. (John Murray. 1904.)

New Conceptions in Science. By CARL SNYDER. (Harper & Brothers. 1903.)

The Science of Mechanics: A Critical and Historical Exposition of its Principles. By Dr. ERNST MACH, Professor of Physics in the University of Prague. Translated by T. T. M'Cormack. Second Revised Edition. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Trübner. 1902.)

Reflections Suggested by the New Theory of Matter. By the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P. (Longmans, Green, & Co. 1904.)

THE steady onward progress of physical science is marked by critical epochs and signal victories gained at irregular intervals. Its strong and patient army is always plodding onwards—sappers and miners and field artillery, as well as the brilliant officers and multitudinous rank and file of the regular forces. It forges ahead unintermittently, but from time to time comes a crucial moment, when a great river is crossed, a mountain chain passed, or the key of a hostile position is carried in an hour. This constantly encroaching sea has its flood-tides, which, however, cannot be calculated; its *fluctus decumani*, which cannot be reckoned on as 'tenth' waves; and in its steady advance the ground gained at high-water mark is never afterwards lost. The silent moments glide on, the hands on the dial-plate move, and for long only a regular ticking is faintly heard; but at last the clock *strikes*, and the world may know the hour.

It is not altogether easy to account for the occurrence of

these epochs in the history of scientific knowledge, for, as we have said, they proceed by no clearly traceable law. Different departments of science are favoured in turn; now geology makes a great stride forwards, now astronomy, now biology, now chemistry is revolutionized at a stroke. Or electricity may concentrate attention upon itself, through a rapid succession of striking discoveries. These epochs may sometimes depend upon the advent of a brilliant genius, a Newton or a Harvey, a Dalton or a Darwin, a Faraday or a Clerk-Maxwell. Or it may be that a great invention, the fashioning of some new instrument, indefinitely enlarges man's powers of observation, or of accurate discrimination, or of registering results—such as the telescope, the barometer, the spectroscope, the use of photography in astronomy—and this so facilitates investigation as to break down what had appeared impenetrable barriers in the way of research. Sometimes one happy, almost accidental discovery proves the fruitful parent of a hundred more. Sometimes the blending of methods employed in two different sciences, or the opportunity given to one science to utilize the methods and experience of another, opens up entirely new fields. Sometimes, again, the importance of the epoch is more apparent than real; the actual work has been done in silence, the true progress has been made without public observation, but some striking application of scientific knowledge to practical uses arrests the imagination of the multitude, and a thousand pens are occupied upon one incident of the long campaign, to the neglect of the obscure and toilsome preparations carried on in the background which alone have made one brilliant feat of arms possible.

There can be little question, however, that the end of the nineteenth and the opening of the twentieth century marks one of the most notable of these epochs. This time it is the turn of physics to achieve a great conquest. All the intelligent world has been watching during the last half-dozen years, astonished and excited by the unfolding of Nature's secrets in her inmost workshop, and what seems to be a revelation of the essential nature and intimate

constitution of matter. The discovery of radium brought previous speculations and hypotheses to a focus. The attention of the man in the street was caught by a new word, the name of a new metal with strange and unprecedented powers, one which might prove to possess beneficent uses in medicine, and — last, but not least! — an element so rare and costly that it is worth more than £25 per grain, over 3,000 times the price of gold. But those who have watched with more than superficial attention have seen that this remarkable discovery is only the sequel of a series of processes, each with its own most suggestive features. The purely scientific student has his own account to give of the significance of this interesting chain of developments. The philosopher also finds interest in them of another kind, lying as they do on the borderland between philosophy and science—a region in which workers on both sides may greatly help each other, though, as a matter of fact, they seldom do. Our object in this article is not to set forth the discoveries in detail, still less the process by which they have been reached—which only a few experts fully understand, and fewer still could make plain to the average intelligence —but rather briefly to describe some recent scientific developments, and inquire into their bearing upon philosophical and theological thought.

If we were to sum up the whole in the phrase 'The evolution of matter,' it would form no mere sensational headline. The phrase has been used in the calmest and coldest fashion by Sir Norman Lockyer and Sir Oliver Lodge to describe a mystery of which scientists believe they have now discovered an explanation, a secret which for the first time they have been enabled to watch. It is also employed by Mr. Whetham, himself a distinguished scientific student at Cambridge, the author of a notable article on the subject in the *Quarterly Review* which has attracted a good deal of attention, and of the first book on our list—one of the best accounts we have seen of the interesting scientific developments of the last few years. Mr. Whetham possesses to an unusual degree the faculty of writing clearly upon

abstruse subjects; he knows what to leave out. In this volume he describes successively the liquefaction of gases, the problems of solution, the conduction of electricity through gases and radio-activity, thus leading up to the relation between atoms and aether and the theories which, if they be established, constitute the explanation of the facts and give to them their philosophical and general significance. Mr. Whetham gives results and describes as much of the processes by which they have been reached as an ordinarily intelligent reader can follow. In the latter difficult task he is particularly successful, and it would not be easy to find a more competent and interesting guide. It requires the hand of a master to do what in his pages appears so easy, and of his book it may be said, with far more truth than of the current well-puffed novel, 'there is not a single dull page in it from cover to cover.'

On the other hand, if any one would learn how *not* to do the work that needs to be done, let him turn to the volume of Mr. Snyder. In the first place, his scientific accuracy is questionable, for on p. 15 he announces that 'Archimedes' discovery was that a body in water displaces a quantity of water of equal weight'—a blunder which can hardly be a slip, for it is repeated on p. 95. His point of view also is mistaken. He says that all the progress of science is due to the invention and use of mechanical aids and appliances—'the pillars of modern science and of modern civilization.' This might pass as hyperbole, since no one would deny the great value of such appliances. But Mr. Snyder means much more than this. 'To-day mechanics is the foundation upon which the whole superstructure of science rests. . . . The whole domain of physics is coming under the bondage of one or two mechanical conceptions. . . . Either way, mechanics reigns. Mechanical conceptions are everywhere.' And then he adds, somewhat profanely, 'The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner.' How utterly unscientific the position is which is summed up in the silly phrase, 'mechanical conceptions are everywhere,' it is hardly necessary to point out.

The relation of the mechanical aspect of the phenomena of Nature to other aspects is a deep problem over which the wisest men of science are still exercised. We shall see shortly what Mach, one of the first European authorities, has to say about it.

Meanwhile we may quote as a further specimen of the spirit in which Mr. Snyder writes concerning the progress of science: 'The influence of the Christian Church was evil, incomparably evil. We are not out from under its baleful effects yet.' And, in indicating the effect of science upon the morals and legislation of the future, and promising us 'a new criminology,' he proclaims: 'The Hebraic scheme will be banished; we shall not *punish*, but we shall not spare. The deformed, the defective, and diseased must be incessantly weeded out.' The rogue may be let off, but the infirm must be crushed out! This fine superiority to the benighted 'Hebraic scheme' is worthy of the philosopher who writes of the 'fuddle-duddle' of Aristotle and the Bible student, who tells us that 'there is not now an intelligent man who believes that the sun stood still in *Gideon*'! In another place he cannot resist a gibe at 'the old-time theologians and their quaint ideas of "dead" matter.' As if the ideas in question were not a very commonplace of physicists for centuries, a consequence of the doctrine of inertia as usually taught down to a very recent period.[1]

But without laying any undue stress on Mr. Snyder's anti-theological bias, which he probably cannot help and which will only do harm to ignorant people, it is necessary to protest at the outset against the assumptions he makes concerning a mechanical explanation of all the facts of Nature. This is one of those mischievous prejudices which have done infinite harm both inside and outside the domains of physical science. 'Prejudice' is not our word; it is used

[1] It is illustrated in a treatise by Professor P. Spiller, a prolific writer on scientific subjects, who said in 1873, 'Every such atom is absolutely dead and without any inherent power to act at a distance.' See Stallo, *Concepts and Theories of Modern Physics*, p. 164.

by Professor Mach, whose work on the history and development of the science of mechanics is one of great importance. With the greater part of his learned treatise we are not here concerned, and much of it the mere lay reader 'would not presume' to understand. But in discussing the relation between mechanics and other branches of knowledge he says:

'Purely mechanical phenomena do not exist; with the dynamical results are always associated thermal, magnetic, electric, and chemical changes. . . . Every event belongs in a strict sense to *all* the departments of physics, the latter being separated only by an artificial classification.' Again, 'the view that makes mechanics the basis of the remaining branches of physics is in our view a prejudice. . . . The mechanical theory of Nature is, in an historical view, intelligible and pardonable, and may for a time have been of much value. But *on the whole it is an artificial conception.* . . . The simple connexion of motions of masses, changes of temperature, chemical changes, &c., are to be ascertained, *nothing is to be imagined along with them.*' Again, 'Real economy of scientific thought cannot be attained by the mechanical hypothesis. We err when we expect more enlightenment from a hypothesis than from the facts themselves.'[1]

These remarks indicate the spirit in which, as it seems to us, the whole subject should be approached, without bias either in favour of a mechanical or a theological explanation of the facts. Hypotheses may be suggested after the facts have been seen in dry light, and no harm will be done by them if they are given for what they are worth, and not as part of the original testimony.

In this sense Mr. Balfour's contribution to the discussion is to be understood. His inaugural address at the meeting of the British Association in Cambridge last autumn attracted attention, not merely because it was delivered by a Prime Minister, who is himself more or less a philosopher, but because he touched in his own able and graceful way a *live* subject, one which at the moment is quick with fascinating and various suggestion. But Mr. Balfour did not

[1] *Science of Mechanics*, pp. 495, 496, 498. The italics are ours.

attempt to dogmatize. In his last sentence he referred to 'what is surely the most far-reaching speculation about the physical universe which has ever claimed experimental support'; and added, 'If in so doing I have been tempted to hint my own personal opinion that as natural science grows it leans more, not less, upon an idealistic interpretation of the universe, even those who least agree may perhaps be prepared to pardon.' So the passage was printed as first spoken, the statement corresponds with the drift of the address, and it has been so quoted and criticized by writers of high repute. But in the pamphlet which now forms the authoritative text of the address we read 'a *teleological* interpretation of the universe' instead of 'idealistic.' The change is significant, as we hope to show. But there is no question that the selection of this subject by Mr. Balfour for his address as the President of the British Association has helped greatly to draw public attention to it, and to show the wide importance of a question which at first sight might appear of narrow and technical interest.

A hundred years ago John Dalton, one of the greatest chemists of modern times, made an epoch in science and established his own fame by his development of the atomic theory. The name was not new, nor the general conception for which it stood, but Dalton, by his discovery of the law of combining proportions and kindred investigations, appeared to have established for all time the atom as the ultimate, indivisible chemical unit, of which all matter was understood to be composed. Until a very short time ago this view held the field, accompanied by the conception of the molecule as the ultimate physical unit, 'the smallest quantity of any given substance in which its characteristic qualities can inhere.' An atom of a compound is impossible. A molecule, viewed chemically, is the ultimate unit of a compound substance, and physically it is defined as 'the smallest particle of matter which can act as a whole in the incessant movements which the particles of matter are incessantly undergoing.'

To-day a great change has been effected. The atom is no longer regarded as ultimate and indivisible, but as in itself a system, in which infinitesimal corpuscles are moving incessantly with inconceivable rapidity, like an innumerable host of planets, satellites, and asteroids in a solar system. What has brought about this revolution in our conceptions, and what is its import and bearing on the metaphysic of science and the philosophy of Nature generally?

As long ago as 1873 Sir W. Crookes claimed to have discovered the existence of matter in a fourth state, not solid nor fluid nor gaseous, but 'radiant,' as he termed it, from the power of emitting 'rays' which he proved it to possess. Through a tube from which air had been as far as possible exhausted he passed an electric charge by means of platinum wires acting as electrodes, and he investigated carefully the effects of such a process. Vacuum tubes were toys a generation ago, but now, says Mr. Whetham, they have been raised to the rank of 'pieces of apparatus whereby have been made some of the greatest discoveries in physical knowledge that the present generation has seen.' Crookes found that near the cathode end there was always visible a bright glow succeeded by a dark space, then another dark space followed by a luminous column reaching to the anode. As the air is gradually removed, the dark space fills the tube and phosphorescence begins; this is shown to be due to the cathode rays, which possess energy enough to cause the sails of a light windmill to rotate—as in the little toy called a radiometer which most young people have seen. Reasons were alleged for holding that these cathode rays represented a flight of negatively electrified material particles.

From that time forward the investigation of 'rays' and radio-activity has proceeded by steps which we must not stay to trace in detail. Elster and Geitel advanced our knowledge of these radiations in 1889, and researches were carried on by Clerk-Maxwell and Hertz, who not only detected the existence but measured the speed of electro-magnetic waves, thus laying the foundation for the wireless

telegraphy of our own time. The discovery of M. Henri Becquerel of rays almost identical with cathode rays, travelling at the enormous speed of 80,000 to 90,000 miles per second—also of non-luminous rays that had the power of traversing several opaque bodies and subsequently pressing an image on a sensitive photographic plate—also of the power of uranium salts to emit these rays in the dark—may be noted, without attempting to show the exact significance of each.

In 1895 came the well-known discovery by Röntgen of what he called X-rays. He found that, when in a highly exhausted tube the cathode rays impinged on any metallic plate within the tube, a type of radiation was produced which would penetrate many substances opaque to ordinary light. Hence he was able to photograph the coins in his purse and the bones in his hand. Some of the chief properties of these Röntgen rays were (1) their power of producing phosphorescence under certain conditions; (2) their power of converting the air and other gases through which they pass into conductors of electricity; (3) the fact that they are not refracted like ordinary light, and that very little trace of regular reflection has been detected; and (4) the fact that they suffer no deviation when acted on by a magnetic or an electric field of force.

The results of these experiments and others connected with uranium, at which we have only hinted, prepared the way for the discovery of radium, the story of which is by this time generally familiar. M. and Madame Curie in 1901–2 discovered at least three new elements—radium, polonium, and actinium—all highly endowed with radio-active properties. Radium in the pure state has not yet been isolated, but is at present known in combination, as radium chloride, bromide, or nitrate. Pure radium chloride is in appearance 'not unlike common salt, glowing feebly in the dark, somewhat like stale fish,' and in this form its crystals possess 1,500,000 times more radio-activity than uranium. The quantity of it present in pitchblende, from which Madame Curie obtained her first supply, is extremely

small, 'many tons of the mineral yielding only a small fraction of a gramme of an impure salt of radium'—a gramme being about 15 grains troy.

Radium, like uranium, but with immensely higher energy, is found to have the power of emitting without apparent diminution three kinds of rays, which may be thus described. The first, or α rays, are the least penetrating, but they produce the most marked electric effects, and consist of 'projected and positively charged atoms of matter flying away at an immense speed,' as Professor Rutherford of Montreal describes them. The second, or β rays, are moderately penetrating; they correspond with the cathode rays in the Crookes's tube, and consist of 'extraordinarily minute flying corpuscles or electrons negatively charged'; they can easily be deflected by a magnet. The third class, or γ rays, are the most powerful of all; they 'can traverse plates of lead a centimetre thick and still produce photographs and discharge electroscopes,' and it is suggested by experiments made only a few months ago that they are 'identical in origin and character with very "hard" Röntgen rays.' Sir Oliver Lodge, in a most interesting paper published in the *Nineteenth Century* for July 1903, states that the α rays are by far the most important of the three, all the rest being subordinate to these, and indeed simply caused by them.

Why are α rays so important? The answer may be given substantially in Sir Oliver's words—If the particles emitted be of the substance itself, there is nothing remarkable about them but their speed. But if they should prove to be particles of another substance, if one element has under certain special conditions the power of throwing off another element, is not a revolution in our ideas of matter impending? That is, in effect, the view now taken by science of the process in question. When these particles have been emitted, the residue consists of a heavy gas, radio-active, the chemical nature of which is unknown; but its activity soon ceases, and the whole disappears in a few days. The strikingly intense radio-activity of radium may prove to

be of great practical utility, though it is as yet too early to pronounce upon that point. But the higher interest awakened by its discovery concerns the intimate constitution of matter. To explain this statement, it is necessary to go back for a moment to the views of the atom held throughout the nineteenth century.

Concerning the nature of the atom, Mr. Whetham says: 'The hard particle of Democritus, which, as late as the age of Newton, still served as a working hypothesis, gradually failed to respond to the demands made on its constitution by both philosophers and physicists, in their search for a conceptual model of the chemical atom. Pictures of mere lumps of stuff, similar in kind to the perception of matter-in-bulk given by our senses, were no help to the theories of the metaphysician, while the complexity of structure demanded by the facts of radiation as disclosed by the spectroscope showed that an atom must be capable of many and various modes of vibration.' After the 'hard lump' theory came Boscovitch's idealistic conception of atoms as centres of force, but this proved insufficient as a working hypothesis, though Faraday held a view closely akin to it. Next came Lord Kelvin's theory of vortex rings formed in an almost perfect medium in which is no viscosity. By assuming a structure of interlacing systems of vortex rings he contrived to represent some of the most important properties of chemical atoms, radiation included. It will be observed that here we come for the first time upon the idea of an all-pervading medium, known as the aether, already forming the basis of the undulatory theory of light, which plays such an important part in the recent development of science. The detailed steps by which advance has been made beyond Lord Kelvin's position we must not attempt to trace. The names of J. J. Thomson of Cambridge, Rutherford of Montreal, Stoney, Larmor, and Lorentz, will not be forgotten when the history of the investigations into the constitution of matter which marked the passage from the nineteenth to the twentieth century comes to be written.

All we can do here is briefly to summarize the view now held of the relation between atoms and aether. Atoms are not indivisible units, but are composed of aggregates of smaller bodies coerced into orbits by electric forces. These smaller bodies, named corpuscles, or sub-atoms, or electrons, 'isolated atoms of negative electricity,' revolve incessantly at almost incredible speed; and, while a molecule or atom is so infinitesimal that it would need three hundred to stretch across the thinnest line visible in a good microscope (which measures about one-hundred-thousandth of a centimetre in breadth), one of these corpuscles in relation to an atom is but, as Sir Oliver Lodge says, like a dust-shot in the Birmingham Town Hall, or, as Mr. Whetham puts it, like a fly in a cathedral! The atom thus constituted of a system of corpuscles or electrons is not infinitely, but only comparatively, stable. 'Now and then, one in a billion proves itself unstable, when its internal motions show a speed approaching that of light'—say, 180,000 miles a second—and then a fragment of the atom darts off at the rate of some 20,000 miles a second, and we behold the phenomenon known as the emission of α rays. Under certain conditions these produce light, under others heat, but in any case we view the disintegration of an atom.

The β rays are caused by the throwing off of electrons, which in their excessive minuteness can make a clear passage for themselves through an inch of solid lead. The recoil of the residue is said to constitute the γ rays.

But what are 'electrons'? The question can best be answered in Professor Larmor's words, accompanied by Mr. Whetham's commentary. 'The sub-atom with its attendant electric charge, called an electron, must therefore be in whole or in part a nucleus of intrinsic strain in the aether,' says the former; while the latter adds—

> According to this view, an electron or unit-charge of electricity is a centre of intrinsic strain, probably of a gyrostatic type, in an aether, which is also the medium in which are propagated the waves of light and wireless telegraphy. Moreover, the electron is identical with the sub-atom, which is common to all the different elements

and forms the universal basis of matter. Matter, at any rate in its relation to other matter at a distance, is an electrical manifestation; and electricity is a state of intrinsic strain in a universal medium. That medium is prior to matter, and therefore not necessarily expressible in terms of matter; it is subnatural, if not supernatural.'[1]

Now in the case of radium, when the emission spoken of is over and the fragment gone, the residue, says Sir Oliver Lodge, is no longer radium but something else—what, we do not know at present. But the process implies what a short time ago would have seemed an absurdity—a transmutation of the elements in embryo. And one of the conclusions arrived at is, that whilst the eighty or more 'elements' now known to the chemist are comparatively stable and persistent, they are not infinitely so, not absolutely permanent. And, in Sir Oliver's own words, scientific men are now persuaded that 'matter is an evanescent and transient phenomenon, subject to gradual decay and decomposition by the action of its own internal forces and motions.'

This is sufficiently startling. But if we follow our guides into the region of astro-physics, there are greater wonders in store. The doctrine of the dissipation of energy as propounded by Lord Kelvin left us with the dreary prospect of the solar system passing into darkness and cold. But the tendency to equilibrium and loss of kinetic energy on which this theory depends is quite upset by the recent revelations concerning the possible development of new forces through atomic disintegration—for the force thus disengaged is, we are told, from 20,000 to 1,000,000 times as powerful as molecular energy. 'The energy available for radiation in one ounce of radium—presumably through atomic disintegration—is sufficient to raise a weight of something like ten thousand tons a mile high.' In 30,000 years this energy diminishes only by 1 per cent.! 'If but two or three parts in a million of the sun's mass consist of radium,

[1] *Recent Development*, pp. 280–2.

Mr. W. E. Wilson has shown that the present rate of heat emission would be maintained.'

And, lastly, the spectroscopic study of the stars has led to their classification into four main groups, concerning which it is said, 'It is impossible to resist the conclusion that in this classification we have traced the main outlines of the normal course of stellar evolution.' The first group consists of suns in their youth, surrounded by atmospheres of helium and hydrogen. The second group glow more richly 'in their magnificent and turbulent prime'; in the third stage they decline in vigour, and their light grows redder; whilst in the last they pass into defunct star-worlds, dark and cold and dead. Yet evidence appears in more than one direction which indicates the possibility of a stellar resurrection!

In this very imperfect sketch—superficial at best and not inclusive of the most recent developments—we have attempted to give some idea of the view of the universe now being formed by means of physical science. We have passed from the corpuscle, compared with which the infinitesimal and hitherto indivisible atom is a vast world, to the birth, growth, death, and resurrection of astral systems, compared with which our resplendent sun is a mere speck. The 'hard particle' out of which, according to the older view, globes were fashioned, has resolved itself into an aggregation of electrons, each of which is only an 'intrinsic strain' in an all-pervading aether. The 'primal stuff' of which all matter is composed turns out to be not matter at all. We have passed from the microcosm to the macrocosm, 'boundless inward in the atom, boundless outward in the whole,' and the mind of man seems to have mastered the secret of the universe. Is this indeed so? Or are we as far off as ever from penetrating the inmost sacred shrine and lifting the mystic veil of Isis? Or rather, does not the truth lie somewhere between the two extremes—the fact being that we have not attained the 'explanation' of the inexplicable, but that a new and very striking light has been cast upon the constitution both of the stellar worlds

and of the dust on which we tread? And if so, what is the significance of the new revelation?

Mr. Balfour rightly says that the outlines of the world-picture thus presented to us excite 'feelings of the most acute intellectual gratification.' Whether they do or do not permanently survive in their present form, they hold out to us a prospect which dazzles the vision with an immediate surprise, and which appears more and more wonderful the longer it is contemplated. Mr. Balfour said also — or is reported to have said in the first instance—that these discoveries tend to a more 'idealistic' interpretation of the universe than that which previously obtained. We are not sure that this would be granted. Mr. Balfour is an idealist in philosophy—if he has yet passed beyond that stage of philosophic doubt which seems to present unusual attractions to his carefully poised mind—and he knows well how to utilize the latest conclusions of physical science in the interests of that philosophy which holds not only that all Matter is Force, but that all Force is Mind. But we doubt whether Sir Oliver Lodge and those who hold with him would agree that in the new theory 'matter is not merely explained, but is explained away.' True, the atom has become a 'theatre in which minute monads perform their orderly evolutions,' and the monads themselves are regarded 'not as units of matter but as units of electricity.' But the student of physical science would not allow that matter has vanished. It has changed its character, a new definition of it is necessary, but the stubborn realism of common sense will not so readily yield to the paradoxes of an intellectual idealism. The existence of aether is still the basis of all scientific hypotheses, and, though a change has taken place in our view of realities in the world exterior to us, those realities still exist as the causes of our personal and subjective experiences.

But Mr. Balfour has apparently not held to the word 'idealistic'; at all events, in the copy of his address before us we read that natural science leans more 'upon a *teleological* interpretation of the universe.' Let us see how far

this is justified. We agree with Mr. Balfour in the opinion expressed, but cannot accept some of the grounds upon which he bases it. A part of his argument is, as is usual with him, sceptical in its tendency. He argues that experience says one thing, and 'scientific instinct' persists in saying another; that the conclusions which profess to be entirely founded on experience are fundamentally opposed to it; that 'our knowledge of reality is based upon illusion'; that 'down to, say, five years ago, our race has without exception lived and died in a world of illusions'; and that these utter deceptions concern not things remote and abstract, but those plain matters of fact among which 'common sense daily moves with its most confident step and most self-satisfied smile.' To all which it would seem natural to reply that our obvious sense-impressions are true as far as they go. They do not 'deceive' us, but guide us sufficiently for all practical purposes. The naked eye sees truly, though it has not the powers of a telescope or a microscope. Our senses were not given to enable us to discern the ultimate constitution of matter; and, as one discovery after another has been made by the aid of the telescope, the microscope, the spectroscope, or the electroscope, there is no necessary contradiction between these and the sensations of 'self-satisfied common sense' or of the man who 'vanquished Berkeley with a grin.' It may very well be that we are still as far from an ultimate explanation of matter as those who accepted the atom one and indivisible were from a conception of a system of electrons; and yet the discoveries which have lately astonished and delighted the world would not be on that account 'illusions' nor 'deceptive.' They represent for us the truth, though we are quite ready to believe that we have not, any more than our fathers, attained the whole truth.

But it may be confidently maintained on quite other grounds that the new theory of the ultimate contribution of matter does greatly help to support that 'higher teleology' of the universe which for us is supplanting the old Paleyan and Bridgewater Treatise arguments so zealously inculcated

a generation or two ago. Not that we would decry or disparage all such arguments; they were sound according to the knowledge of the time, and they have not yet lost all significance. But an argument from design must necessarily change its shape, when the design itself is differently viewed. And if we are learning to depend more upon the traces of order in the whole of Nature and less upon the marks of adaptation in its several parts, it is only because we have learned to understand the whole better, and are content to see in the mutual adaptations of parts the result of the working of secondary laws and dependent forces.

1. In the first place, the new theory of matter cuts at the root of that mechanical theory of the universe which has been the stronghold of materialism in all ages. Materialists and monists from Lucretius down to Haeckel have made the atomic theory and the doctrine of the ultimate 'hard particle' the keystone of their various systems. They can do so no longer. They cannot utilize the electron or subatom in the same way. If it be regarded as 'an intrinsic strain in the aether,' doubtless the medium called aether is implied as the basis of the structure of the whole universe; but it is to the *whole* that we are compelled to look, the ultimate elements are not 'manufactured articles,' as Herschel called them; and the evidences which the universe as now expounded affords of directing Mind are more arresting, more cogent, more unanswerable than under the older form of the atomic theory.

2. But it must be said, further, with regard to the mechanical theory of the universe—a theory which is still confidently preached by some, and which is sure to die hard—that the view now taken of the ultimate constitution of matter inflicts upon it a fatal blow from another quarter. Writers like Mr. Snyder fail to perceive what scientific experts like Professor Mach and Mr. Whetham make perfectly clear—'the purely conceptual nature of our scheme of natural science when based only on its own inductions.' Natural laws, says Mr. Whetham, substantially following Mach, are only 'convenient shorthand statements

of the organized information that is at present at our disposal.' The different sciences are not even parts of a whole—

> They are but different *aspects* of a whole which essentially has nothing in it corresponding to the divisions we make. . . . The conviction that a complete mechanical explanation of every phenomenon is possible and fundamental seems merely an unphilosophical fallacy. . . . The arbitrary plane cut through our solid model of the universe by mechanical science is cut in such a place that it traverses a large part of the model—a larger part, perhaps, than any other section which has yet been cut. It does not follow, however, that it cuts through the whole; *still less that a plane section can represent fully a solid model.*

We have italicized the last phrase, because it describes exactly what students of physical science are too apt to forget. Chemical, biological, physiological researches represent each the cutting of a plane section; mechanical and physical researches can do no more. The solid model remains, not 'explained' by any number of ingenious plane sections, however large a part of the model they may respectively traverse. Mass and energy are 'purely conceptual quantities, introduced to bring order and simplicity into our perceptions of phenomena.' This ought never to have been lost sight of, but it becomes clearer than ever in the light of recent discoveries. Increased emphasis is given to the words of Mach written twenty years ago: 'The science of mechanics does not comprise the foundations, no, nor even a part of the world, but only an *aspect* of it.' We regret that we cannot find space for other extracts which we had marked in Mach's treatise. One or two short quotations are given by Mr. Whetham, but the whole of the section on the relation between mechanics and other sciences deserves careful study, since the carrying out of these principles would put an end to the greater part of the conflict between physical science on the one hand, and philosophy and theology on the other. 'Herein lies the danger,' Professor Mach says in one place, 'of overestimating the instruments with which we are employed, or even of

regarding them as the objective point of science. We ascribe to the intellectual elements of physics—the concepts, mass, force, atom, and so forth—whose sole office is to revive economically arranged experiences, *a reality beyond and independent of thought*. . . . We should beware lest the intellectual machines employed in the representation of the world on the stage of thought be regarded as the basis of the real world.'

What added force is given to these words by the new conception of the atom, we need not stay to point out. Probably some such thoughts were in Mr. Balfour's mind when he sought to gain grist from it for his idealistic mill. But though the words 'mass,' 'energy,' 'atom' possess no reality independently of our thought, and must not be made the basis of a professed mechanical 'explanation' of the universe, it does not follow that their only reality lies *in* our thought. Rather are we led with awe to recognize the close correspondence between our finite reason, working slowly and uncertainly and imperfectly, and the realized thought of another Mind, embodied in the universe of which we form a part, and which we can nevertheless make the object of our thought—from the world within the atom to the worlds beyond the stars.

3. For unquestionably our realization of the unity of the universe receives an important accession by the acceptance of the new theory of matter. Not that it was difficult to realize unity on the basis of ultimate 'hard particles' or 'centres of force.' But now we are taught that atoms have no existence apart from that limitless, universal medium which is to all matter 'what the ocean is to shells or conglomerates built out of its dissolved contents.' Nay, this metaphor, used by Sir Oliver Lodge, suggestive as it is, does but imperfectly set forth the truth. Mr. Whetham brings us closer to the facts when, speaking of the electron, he says: 'This strain-centre is not a part of the medium for ever separated from the rest: the strain alone persists, the part of the aether which is affected by it constantly changes as the sub-atom is moved. The aether is stagnant, and the

sturdy ghosts which constitute matter float to and fro through it as waves pass over the surface of the sea.' The idea suggested by these figures may be difficult to realize for mortals dwelling in this 'too solid flesh,' and moving in the world of the audible, the visible, and the tangible. But when we do pass from phenomena and the perceptions of common sense and inquire as to the ultimate constitution of the material world, the notion of a universal medium in which the atom is resolved into electrons and the electron is but a persistent strain, brings home to the mind with new and irresistible force the idea of all-pervading unity.

The picture of the universe thus presented is remarkable. Mr. Balfour says:

> Reduce its infinite variety to the modes of a single space-filling aether; retrace its history to the birth of existing atoms; show how, under the pressure of gravitation they became concentrated into nebulae, into suns, and all the host of heaven; how, at least in one small planet, they combined to form organic compounds; how organic compounds became living things; how living things, developing along many different lines, gave birth at last to one superior race; how from this race arose, after many ages, a learned handful, who looked round on the world which thus blindly brought them into being, and judged it, and knew it for what it was; perform (I say) all this, and, though you may have indeed attained to science, in nowise will you have attained to a self-sufficing system of beliefs.

No, for the great assumption lies in the phrase, 'the world blindly brought them into being.' The human mind absolutely refuses to be satisfied with the thought that such a unity arose blindly out of a 'medium,' any more than out of 'atoms.' And physical science has done its work when it has established the unity and demonstrated the order: for the explanation of its origin and issues we must turn elsewhere.

4. It would be a mistake to suppose that physical science is revolutionized by these new theories, marvellous and suggestive as they are. They do but carry analysis one step further. That single step is one of signal importance,

and we cannot as yet see fully the nature of the ground on which it has landed us. But it is only a step forward along the lines which research has been pursuing. We are told that electricians expected some such development, and with them will probably lie the glory of those further discoveries on the borders of which science undoubtedly hovers at this moment. So be it; but the one step that has been taken in the forward progress undoubtedly suggests to us more forcibly than ever the limitations as well as the achievements of physical science. For a century, at least, the atom has been understood to form a kind of resting-place for the mind, a boundary to the domains of all-victorious analysis. Now it proves to be no boundary at all. The molecule consists of atoms, the atom encloses a system of electrons, the electron is a strain in the aether—and the aether? Mr. Whetham asks: 'Has a new aether more subtle than the first to be invoked to explain their properties, and a third aether to explain the second? The mind refuses to rest content at any step in the process. An ultimate explanation of the simplest fact remains, apparently for ever, unattainable.'

Why? Because ultimate explanation cannot be reached along the lines thus laid down. When a phenomenon is said to be 'explained' by physical science, what is meant is that, as a hitherto unintelligible occurrence, it is brought more or less into harmony with known facts or laws. Now, by the very nature of the case, this must be impossible at that ultimate stage at which we seek for an explanation of all the rest. Here physical science must acknowledge her limitations. It has conducted us to its own boundary, and there must leave us. According to some teachers, beyond that *ultima thule* not only nothing is known, but nothing is knowable. But these apostles of ignorance have not yet persuaded the world to believe them, and will not do so until the constitution of human nature—which in itself is a fact of some little importance—is fundamentally altered. The new theory of matter, if it be verified and established, whilst it opens a fresh and almost infinite vista of thought

and speculation, does but impress upon the human mind more emphatically than ever the conviction that the wonderful world revealed by physical science necessitates the existence of still more wonderful worlds beyond.

5. And this for two reasons, which we must not attempt to develop. First, because it shows that matter is 'alive'; and, secondly, because the need of Direction by Mind is made clearer than ever before. The doctrine of inertia has been responsible for the language employed, both by scientists and theologians, concerning the 'deadness' of matter as hitherto viewed. James Hinton's theory that the sense of deadness or inertness is in ourselves, not in Nature, and is due to our own defective perception, had its measure of truth. But even he imputed inertness or inaction to the physical world, as contrasted with the pure, spontaneous activity of spiritual being, and he said that 'the history of science is the attempt of man to understand the universe on the supposition that the inertness exists in Nature as it appears to him to exist.' But to the modern scientific view that inertia has vanished. A change has been accomplished similar to that which would come over the mind of a man who is taught for the first time that in the nightly sky, which seems so still and silent, all is force and motion; that

> There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
> But in his motion like an angel sings,
> Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

The very dust under our feet is alive; the atom is a little world or system of worlds; inertia and impenetrability have disappeared; the indiscernible speck of the infinitely little is instinct with energy and movement, as well as the cosmos of the infinitely great; and order, of which our finite minds are but just gaining a momentary and bewildering glimpse, dominates and sways the whole. It would be an insult to the human intelligence to enlarge upon the importance of the new testimony thus given to the need of a Supreme Directing Mind in the universe which is opening up anew before us in every century, almost in every decade. The

fresh evidence to the existence and supremacy of One who is the Author, Mover, Sustainer, and who will at last be the Consummator of an order which only the Infinite Mind can adequately conceive, is overwhelming to the reverent and religious spirit. It moves us to that safest eloquence concerning God which lies in silence, or to the awestruck words of Job:

> Lo, these are but the outskirts of His ways:
> And how small a whisper do we hear of Him!
> But the thunder of His power who can understand?

W. T. DAVISON.

THE RELIGIOUS CONDITION OF GERMANY.

BIBLICAL scholarship and Christian theology in Great Britain are so deeply indebted to German knowledge and thought that the religious conditions of the Fatherland cannot but be of very great interest. It is probable that the tendency in the one country is to depreciate unduly rather than to appreciate fully the religious life and work of the other. For this there are two reasons. However invaluable are the services of German scholars and theologians, and however grateful we ought to be for the assistance and stimulus we have received from them, yet it is no injustice to recognize that very much of the literature which comes to us from Germany is so academic in spirit, purpose, and method, that it gives the impression of remoteness from the vital interests and practical concerns of the Christian Church. It must even be added that there is not a little of the critical scholarship and speculative theology of Germany which cannot but appear to us at least unfavourable to, not to say destructive of, the vitality of Christian experience and the vigour of Christian character. A brief visit to Germany may fail to correct, and may even confirm, this impression. We have all by this time become familiar with the globe-trotter, who nowhere can discover any evidences of the good that foreign missions are doing. He fails to see what he has not eyes to see. Even an unprejudiced and sympathetic observer must make a close study of the condition of a people before he can form any judgement of its religious life and work. How many tourists on the Continent give the time and the trouble to confirm or to correct these first impressions? Especially in the matter of Sabbath observance the Continent is so unlike what Great Britain at least till recently was, that the significance of this one difference

has been so exaggerated as to lead to an altogether unfair judgement of the religious condition as a whole. Personal observation needs to be corrected by the careful study of the relevant literature.

A hearty welcome should be given, even in Great Britain, to any book dealing honestly and competently with the religious life and work of Germany. Gustav Ecke, in his volume entitled *Die evangelischen Landeskirchen Deutschlands im neunzehnten Jahrhundert* ('The Evangelical Territorial Churches of Germany in the Nineteenth Century'), deserves this cordial recognition. Some years ago he published a book on the theological school of Albrecht Ritschl, which is now generally admitted to be one of the best on the subject, distinguished not only by adequate knowledge but also by judicious sympathy. Instead of offering the contemptuous caricature of this great thinker, which not only in Great Britain, but even in Germany itself, has passed as exposition and criticism, he offers a sympathetic portrait, which is as competent as it is honest. The present work, which is intended as a continuation of the previous, is distinguished by the same qualities. There is a fearless sincerity in the way Ecke lays bare the errors and failures of the German Churches, but there is also an intense appreciation of the deep Christian experience and the lofty Christian character which in many distinctively and genuinely Christian personalities have been the preserving salt and the renewing life of godliness and goodness in the Fatherland. The arrangement of the book is admirable; and although it necessarily abounds in details, yet the plan is laid out so clearly and carried out so carefully that we do not fail to see the wood for the trees. There are several deep-reaching and widespreading conclusions regarding the life and work of the Christian Church presented as the results of the author's comprehensive and extensive investigations, which have not less significance for the Churches in Great Britain than for those in Germany, and which give to his volume a practical value which may be set very high. Even in these conditions where there is apparent the least resemblance and the greatest contrast, important

lessons for our warning or guidance are suggested. I have been so impressed in reading this book with its meaning and worth for us, that I am venturing in this article to give a more extended account of it than the necessary limits of an ordinary review would allow.

The author connects the present with the previous volume by indicating the practical ecclesiastical starting-points which may be found in the theology of Ritschl and his scholars. He shows the affinity of the more recent writers on dogmatics with Ritschl in respect to their emphasis on the connexion of doctrine with the inner life of the Christian community. Although Ritschl and his scholars endeavoured to maintain the practical application of their theological views in the life and work of the Christian Church, yet vital and active piety was often found in decided antagonism to the school. The explanation the writer offers is that the Ritschlian theology applies a standard of what is the piety justified in the Church different from that which is current. Ritschl's judgement regarding the religious life in the Church in his own time was very unfavourable. Recognizing the lapse of many persons from Christianity altogether, and the estrangement of many others from the Church, he rejected the view of pietism that the attempt forcibly to convert nations to Christianity instead of winning individuals by personal conviction was the source of all the evil, and asserted that it belonged to the universal character of Christianity to take possession of whole nations, and so to control all the social conditions to which the spiritual life of the individual is subject. Nevertheless, he could not but recognize that a national Church made more difficult the practical realization of the evangelical ideal of the Church in its purity. A Christianity of tradition and custom, and not of personal experience and conviction, has proved to be the characteristic of the majority of the members of a national Church. The masses, even he admitted, seemed to have sunk below the line where religion has any significance at all. But, instead of pursuing the inquiry further so as to reach an adequate explanation, he was turned aside by partial views of the

spiritual tendencies dominant in the life of the Church. In the anti-dogmatism of the laity and the dogmatism of the clergy he sought the source of the lamentable condition of the Church. For him indifference to the Church was the shadow cast by ecclesiastical orthodoxy. He directly blamed pietism for the lapse of the masses of the people from the Church. Against it he brought a double charge. On the one hand he blamed it for treating the members of the Church as persons who were standing only on the threshold of the Christian life, and on the other he accused it of a depreciation of the citizen's work in the world as of fundamental value for Christianity. Its insistence on individual conversion and its aloofness from social interests were an offence to him. He regarded it as having estranged many from the Church, and as encouraging the formation of sects. Herrmann and other followers of Ritschl agree in finding the cause of religious indifference and estrangement from the Church in the unintelligible and incredible forms in which the Christian faith is presented in the traditional orthodoxy, and in insisting on the need of a restatement of the gospel. The author of this book is convinced that in the theological development of the Ritschlian school practical motives have been partly consciously, partly unconsciously, effective, and indicates the following four motives: First, the *apologetic*, the desire to recover the estranged masses for the Church by commending to them a shorter statement of the gospel; second, the *ethical*, the determination to resist all forms of Church life in which independent personal conviction is not duly recognized; third, the *religious*, the assertion of a type of piety opposed to pietism; fourth, the *ecclesiastical*, the conviction of the necessity of a religious confession that all members of the national Church could honestly accept. While Schleiermacher desired also that a common spirit should permeate the whole ecclesiastical community, his view of the national Church was as pessimistic as Ritschl's was optimistic. While the former regretted, the latter approved, the union of Church and State. While Wichern, who was as great as an ecclesiastic as Ritschl was

as a theologian, agreed with his practical views, especially his combination of the evangelical reformed view of the Church with the universal task of the Church for the life of the nations, yet he did not share his opinion that orthodoxy was responsible for the perilous condition of the Church, nor, while opposing pietism as lacking a sense of the value of national life, did he, as Ritschl did, deny it all justification, but recognized the legitimacy of many of its views, especially in regard to religious revival.

The task, suggested by these discussions, which the author sets himself, is an historical investigation of the inner development of German Protestantism in the nineteenth century. He begins with a statement of the individual phenomena, showing the indifference of town and country to the Church. The masses of labour have lapsed from the Church. 'On June 16, 1898, more than 2,100,000 men, of whom more than 1,500,000 belonged to the evangelical territorial Churches, gave their votes for a party whose confessed aim is atheistic revolution.' Although it must be admitted that the support given to the Social Democratic party is mainly an indication of economic and political opinion, and is not to be taken without qualification as an evidence of religious and moral views, yet it proves that the working classes are exposed to a great peril, as the purpose, the methods, and the associations of this party are not favourable either to Church or to Christianity. A second danger is to be seen in the secular clubs, the ostensible objects of many of which are excellent, but the actual influence of the most of which is pernicious, encouraging frivolity and indulgence. The modern daily press is for the most part hostile to the Christian Church. Of this hostility there are given as illustrations brief summaries of the leading articles which have appeared on the great Christian festivals, in which their religious significance is ignored or denied, and a rationalistic or naturalistic interpretation is offered. Much evil is done by the hawking from door to door of sensational and immoral novels, which have an enormous circulation. A practical materialism dominates the nation far and wide; but this does not rest, as Herrmann

assumes, save in a very few cases, on a theoretical materialism which transfers the methods of the physical sciences to the consideration of human history, but on a lowering of the whole life to merely earthly interests. In many agricultural districts indifference to Church and religion has accompanied economic prosperity. Among the cultured there is superficiality and self-indulgence. Were the difficulties really intellectual, as they have often been represented as being, free-thought Protestantism and the free-religious congregations would have been very much more successful; but both have proved powerless to stem the swelling tide of indifference and impiety.

In accounting for this state of matters the author next calls attention to the pernicious influence of the *Illumination* (Aufklärung) on the old Protestant congregational life. Ritschl's assertion that orthodoxy and pietism were responsible for the lapse of the masses from the Church is proved by appeal to historical evidence to be a mistake, and it is shown that their estrangement from the Christian religion was due to the spread of rationalism among the people. By this evidence three things are clearly proved. 'First, that the process of disturbance, by which great masses of the people were estranged from the Church, was already in full swing when the newer pietistic orthodoxy in the form condemned by Ritschl was not yet in existence; then, that this process of disturbance is to be traced back to the distinctive influence of the Illumination; lastly, that we are to seek the organs by which the inner dissolution of the life of the Church was prepared in the representatives of the clerical profession.' The clergy was influenced by an extreme rationalism at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and they were responsible for the great religious ignorance and, consequently, the frank worldliness of the laity. The people showed their appreciation of the negative ideas of their teachers by their abandonment of and contempt for religious worship. When about the middle of the nineteenth century the clergy began to turn away from this rationalism, it continued to have its stronghold among the cultured official and commercial classes, and showed itself in

a strong aversion to evangelical teaching. While rationalism rendered some service to intellectual progress, while some of its representatives were earnest and conscientious men whose influence was often for good rather than for evil, while it helped to expel from the life of the people ignorance and superstition, and did something to promote morals, yet its result generally was the alienation of the nation from the Church and even Christianity.

An indirect effect of the Illumination was not less hurtful to the territorial Churches. 'Of pernicious significance for the Evangelical Church was also the abolition of those forms of ecclesiastical independence in organization, which took place under the influence of the Illumination in the time of the decline of the religious life.' The old Protestant ecclesiastical authorities were set aside; the peculiarities of local organization of the Churches were disregarded, and the Churches were directly incorporated in the political system; the guidance of the Churches came into the hands of a bureaucracy, which was dominated by the rationalistic mode of thought, and which was incapable of directing the Church rightly in the economical and social revolution of the nineteenth century. Instead of enjoying even a limited measure of self-government at a time when it most needed to be free to adapt itself to new conditions, the Christian Church in Germany was held in rigid bonds by the State, incapacitated by its official conservatism to promote any such necessary adaptation. For its failure to meet the demands of the new age the Church must not be held to blame, but rather the State which held it in such bondage. For this lamentable condition neither orthodoxy nor pietism is in any way responsible.

That the national Churches were undoubtedly weakened by the rise of sects the author holds must be conceded, but that the existence of these sects may be justified he also maintains. 'The cause of the invasion by English-American Free Churches of the provinces of the German territorial Churches was not pietistic preaching, but the injury to religious life done by the Illumination, and the absence

within these territorial Churches of a healthy pietism.' 'Not the pietistic revival preaching, but, on the contrary, the lamentable lack of vigorous proclamation of the gospel in a rationalistic State churchism, which had altogether lost an understanding for the uniqueness and magnificence of the life of a Christian community, led to the origin and the expansion of Free Churches and sects in Germany.' This statement is amply proved by the testimony in word and deed of the prominent representatives of these Christian communities. Such, then, are the author's analyses of the elements in and the causes of this process of disturbance in the territorial Churches of Germany. While rationalism, both directly in the influence of the Christian clergy, and indirectly in the interference of the bureaucracy with the independence of the Church, contributed to this process, neither orthodoxy nor pietism, as Ritschl held, can be in any way blamed for it; and the sects, although their existence must be recognized as having weakened the territorial Churches by the withdrawal of some of their best elements from them, were a result of and reaction against it, rather than a cause of it. It depended also on many other conditions, political, economical, social, and literary, of which Ritschl and his followers have not taken due account, but which the author here passes in review.

This process of disturbance, however extensive, was not absolutely complete, and there are remnants of the old Protestant national churchism in the life of the religious communities of the present day, to explain and estimate which the author next sets himself. He describes these remnants by the very suggestive epithet, 'the Christianity of custom.' In many districts of Germany an external adhesion to the Church is still to be found, but regarding this the author presses the question whether in these forms of attachment to the Church 'a living personal Christianity, in accordance with the fundamental principles of the Reformation, really asserts itself.' He is compelled by the evidence to give the answer that legalism is the dominant characteristic of this churchliness. It coexists with gross superstition and lax morality, especially as regards sexual

relations. It shows its superficiality by its lack of any power of resistance of adverse influences; districts noted for their observance of the forms of the Church, in a very short time under changed conditions lapse into indifference and impiety. 'The dependence on ecclesiastical custom shows itself at the same time as the other side of a complete lack of independence in religious matters, and we may say that to all Christianity of custom, when it does not experience any deepening, there attaches the threefold serious defect, that it hinders the independent development of the religious personality, that it does not possess the power to bring about a transformation of the moral life, and that it proves defenceless against the assaults of the spirit of the modern world, as soon as the favourable conditions for its advance have been brought about.' It accordingly 'stands in direct contradiction with the fundamental principles of Reformed Christianity, and excludes the personal appreciation of the religious experience that characterizes it, even justification by faith alone.' Consequently, 'this form of religiosity, in so far as it resists development to the conscious life of faith, must sooner or later succumb, not only by the invasion of destructive forces, but indirectly also by the vigorous manifestations of vital piety and its witness to the truth, evoking the contradiction of the natural man.' How self-contradictory a phenomenon it is appears in the congregations where no Church discipline is exercised, and where therefore the Church does nothing to preserve the people from moral corruption. In some districts this customary Christianity does present less objectionable and more encouraging aspects, but even at its best it must be regarded as only a partial realization of the Reformation ideal of the Church, and as demanding a further development of the conscious life of faith.

The estrangement of the masses from the Church on the one hand, and the superficial and ineffective character of the Christianity of custom, which is found where this alienation has not yet taken place, on the other hand, leads Ecke to raise the important issue of the value of member-

ship in a national Church. He insists that 'the loving preservation of traditional forms of Church life, and the pedagogic appreciation of the points of contact these offer for making the religious disposition more inward and deeper, are altogether reconcilable with the deliberate effort to awaken independent, personal, living faith.' Agreeing with Ritschl in his indication of the dangers in the development of Christianity as national religion, and his demand for the assertion of the evangelical conception of faith, the author regrets exceedingly his condemnation of pietist preaching as treating the members of the Christian community, not as by reconciliation the children of God, but as still needing to be awakened to the religious life. For he insists, very properly, that it is simply to ignore facts to assume that the majority of the members of the national Church are in reality children of God, and to deny, therefore, that within the nominally Christian nation there is a field for evangelization. The masses estranged from Christianity need to be called to personal conversion, and even the comparatively few who, adhering to the Church, possess only a Christianity of custom, need to be moved to exchange custom for conviction. It is incomprehensible, therefore, how Ritschl can oppose himself to all preaching which aims at the religious revival of the members and adherents of the Church, and denies that the admission of nations as a whole into the Church needs to be supplemented by the conversion of individuals. Desiring, as he does, a Christianity of personal conviction, he nevertheless condemns and rejects the only means by which the nominal adherence to the Church, which is generally characteristic of national Churches, may be transformed into what he desires. More thoroughly to disprove Ritschl's contention regarding the religious significance of membership in a national Church, the author attempts a wider historical survey to determine exactly how much value is to be assigned to this adhesion to a national Church. He goes back in his examination of the religious condition of Germany, not only to the period of the Reformation, but even to the age prior to that great

movement, and shows how persistent has been the survival of heathen superstitions among the common people, and how superficial has been the influence of Christian doctrine and morals among the masses. His general conclusion is that 'we have no Christian, we have only a christianized world.' He insists that we must recognize the fact that 'within all Christian confessions, at all times and among all nations, only a greater or less minority of the outward professors of Christianity has submitted itself in all earnestness to its judging and saving vitality, and has in this way attained a personal renewal.' When 'the dead members of the Church form the majority, the great wide mass of Christendom,' 'is not evangelical preaching, in view of such conditions, provided that it proceeds with tact and wisdom, not fully justified, if it does not judge all members of the great national Church to be without distinction "children of God" and "new creatures," but knows about those also that "scarcely stand already on the threshold of the religious life," and above all takes full account of the fact of "a continued activity of the old man"?' In view of the history of the Church, the estrangement of the masses from it in the present day seems to the author explicable by the words of the Apostle John: 'They went out from us, but they were not of us' (1 John ii. 19).

On this dark background of the relapse of the masses of the nation from a nominal Christianity to 'the natural man,' the author in the last section of his book presents to us 'glorious manifestations of the evangelical life of faith and love in the second half of the nineteenth century.' As the first evidence of this living Christianity he guides us through a gallery of portraits of men who in a secular vocation developed a distinctly Christian experience and a conspicuously Christian character. Some of his instances may appear to us less convincing and impressive than they seem to him, and yet on the whole it must be admitted he has shown that in many of the most prominent men of the age Christianity has remained as a living force. Next he turns to the evidences of religious vitality offered

by Christian congregations. While maintaining the qualification, proved in the previous sections of his work, that while the Christian Church is making its offer of salvation to all, yet only in a minority is experienced perfectly the process of the inner transformation of the personal life, he gladly makes it his task to show 'that God has given to the Evangelical Church of our day, after the collapse of the old Protestant State churchism in the age of the Illumination, not only the splendid fruits of living and healthy piety in single personalities, but also unfoldings of prosperous congregational life, or at least essays, full of promise, towards such in the most varied districts of our German Fatherland.' He instances many vigorous Protestant congregations scattered throughout the Roman Catholic districts, a development of living Christianity in both industrial and agricultural circles, where the economic conditions are favourable, a successful campaign against sensual vice, a moral transformation of a number of corrupted congregations by the influence of religious personalities, an abundant blessing on preachers of revival.

The great towns offer the most serious problem to the Church, and yet, even in these, prosperous congregational life has its beginnings. 'In the course of the last century within the German territorial Churches, as a result of the richly blessed activity of a not inconsiderable number of representatives of the clerical vocation—in the sphere of preaching, cure of souls, and instruction of the young—there have been accomplished deep-reaching transformations in the condition of their inner life, which we may describe as a spiritual new creation.' Nevertheless, as the great cities especially show, 'during the present development of the world, the most intensive expression of the energy of Christian piety by prophetic personalities everywhere meets with unconquerable obstacles, and the opposition to Christianity grows in power and capacity for organization in the measure in which this piety becomes active on soil richly developed by culture.' As the previous investigation has shown that 'wherever a potent renewal of piety takes place, then the

cultivation of Christian fellowship appears to present itself with unfailing regularity,' the author next devotes his attention to the development of evangelical piety in religious fellowship. In many districts religious revival has been due to societies formed by the pietists for evangelistic work and the Christian communion of the converted. These efforts have brought into prominence a number of Christian laymen, whose labours have been very richly blessed. The author shows no jealousy, but an appreciation of these lay societies, and acknowledges fully the debt the territorial Church owes to them. As faith energizes in love, he appropriately finds further evidence of religious life in the more recent developments of philanthropy. He proves that the work of Christian deaconesses in caring for the sick and relieving the needy is directly a fruit of deep evangelical piety, by showing what were the motives of the first promoters of this movement, and what is the purpose of many who are now advancing it. The 'inner mission,' which concerns itself with the relief and succour of all who are in any distress, is closely connected with yet independent of the work of the deaconesses; and it too draws its inspiration from evangelical piety. The last evidence of this religious revival in Germany, offered by the author, is the transplanting of evangelical Christianity to the heathen world. The German missionary societies are a result of religious revival, as appears from the history both of the missionaries and the societies themselves. In the mission fields the experience of the Church at home is reproduced—its success in individual conversions, its limitations in the lapse of the masses to a lower plane of life even after their christianization. At home and abroad, whatever is truest and best in the religious life of the Churches can be shown to be a fruit of religious revival, of evangelical piety. Why this is so, is a question which appears to the author as worthy of theological investigation as any of the problems which engage the attention of scholars and thinkers.

This volume suggests several important considerations. In the first place, it seems to me that the author does not do

full justice to the Social Democratic movement. It is true that it is avowedly antichristian; but the blame for this attitude falls, not on the adherents of the movement alone, but must be shared by the Lutheran Church as well. As a political movement it seems to me entirely justified in its opposition to the militarism, protectionism, and absolutism of the German State; and, as the author himself admits, in his reference to the loss of ecclesiastical independence, the Lutheran Church is too closely identified with the State to escape the antagonism which its policy evokes. The clergy have been in Germany too much a branch of the civil service, too subservient to the Government and the throne. They are, therefore, in some measure responsible for the antichristian attitude of the social democracy. There is not in Germany a numerous and strong body of Free Churches, as in Britain, to show the people that the Christian religion is not a tool or a weapon of a political system to which they are opposed. But the Free Churches in Britain need to take warning from the state of matters in Germany. There is growing in volume and in vigour a movement towards social reform among the masses in this country; and it depends on the attitude of the Free Churches to this movement whether it will become antichristian, as it has become in Germany. Should the Free Churches identify themselves with the interests of the classes, they will not only suffer themselves by estranging the masses, but, what is very much more serious, they will bring Christianity into contempt and detestation among the people. But principle not less than policy requires that the Churches should be on the side of emancipation against oppression, of justice against inequality, of a healthy and happy life for the many against the luxury and indulgence of the few. The Churches need not, and ought not, to accept any socialist programme, or to advocate any economic reconstitution of society; but they ought to be wise to discover, and fearless to assert, the ethical principles that do undoubtedly justify many of the measures which social reformers advocate; they ought to be keen in sympathy and ready in helpfulness towards the

wronged and the miserable. In regarding the 'inner mission' as an evidence of religious revival in Germany, the author of this book shows that he recognizes the claims of the unfortunate on the Christian Church, but I cannot but wish that in dealing with the social democracy he had more frankly confessed the Church's failure in social duty as in some measure the reason for its antichristian attitude.

In the next place, while the author does not renounce the principle of a State establishment of the Church, yet the facts he adduces seem to me to form a most convincing argument against such 'a national recognition of religion.' As he clearly and fully shows, the consequence of the attempt to convert nations, and not individuals, to Christianity, has in Germany been that even when the whole nation nominally adhered to Christianity, yet only in a small minority was there a genuinely personal faith, and that now, while the majority is openly indifferent, if not hostile, the minority for the most part maintains but a Christianity of custom, while genuine piety has sought refuge in sects outside of the State Church, or within that Church has found means for its expression and exercise which it does not owe to the State, and in the use of which even it may be hindered by the dependence of the Church on the State. Ritschl's censure of pietistic preaching that it did not treat the members of the Church as children of God, but addressed them as though they but stood on the threshold of the Christian life, shows how even a great mind can be deceived by the view that a State Church is in truth and fact a national recognition of religion. If it prevents—as it did in Ritschl when he was dealing with pietism, but not when he was censuring the traditional orthodoxy of the State Church—a frank acknowledgement of the need of personal conviction as completing whatever Christian teaching and training may have done for the individual, then it becomes a positive hindrance to religion. The Christianity of custom may be a preparation for the Christianity of conviction, but it may also pass as a substitute for it; the danger in an Established Church is that nominal adhesion

to, will be accepted instead of personal decision for, Christianity. Can we venture to affirm that this peril is less urgent in Great Britain than it has proved in Germany? I write in Scotland, where I have been making some inquiry in rural districts especially, and I am grieved to find that the Christianity of custom even is in many instances yielding to indifference and estrangement in the nominal adherents of the parish churches. One of the duties of the Free Churches appears to me to be the frank and full exposure of the error that lurks in this theory of a national recognition of religion, as the advocates of State Churches are fond of calling it. A nation as a whole cannot be converted as individuals can; where a profession of Christianity is made by a nation, history has conclusively shown that for the majority it is only nominal, while but for a comparatively few it is real: in the interests of a genuine personal piety it is necessary to insist that Christianity is not advanced, even when it is not hindered, by a State establishment, which is a national recognition of religion far more in appearance than in reality.

In the third place, this volume seems to me to afford most valuable evidence in favour of an evangelical theology, which, recognizing the need of individual conversion and personal conviction, seeks through preaching to bring about religious revival, and welcomes for this end any help that societies for religious fellowship and work within or without the Churches may offer. The author of the volume proves very conclusively in how large a measure rationalism was responsible for the process of disturbance in the national Churches of Germany, and how impotent it has proved, even when it has attempted the task, in arresting the estrangement of even the cultured classes from the Church; he very clearly shows that, wherever the Church has regained its hold upon the people, it has been by the preaching of an evangelical theology. These facts should not be forgotten by us in Britain, as, under cover of German scholarship, we are sometimes asked to accept as a substitute for our evangelical theology a rationalism which, we may be sure, would be as

injurious among us as it has proved in the land of its birth. While the author seems to me not to make sufficiently clear that the evangelical theology, by which alone Churches can live, need not be identical with the traditional orthodoxy, and while he seems to me not to do full justice to the contention of the Ritschlian school that the traditional orthodoxy cannot win back the estranged, especially among the cultured classes, but that for this end there must be a restatement of the gospel, yet I feel profoundly grateful to him for the demonstration which he has offered, that it is only the gospel as an offer of divine grace unto human faith which can prove the power and wisdom of God unto salvation. We owe much to the learning of the German universities; the Fatherland would render us a still greater service if the life of the German Churches as interpreted by this author taught us a more unwavering confidence in and a more hearty loyalty to the Christian gospel. As the author shows very distinctly, his sympathy is not only with the evangelical theology, but even with those forms of evangelistic work which in Lutheran circles have been suspected and condemned as pietistic. The emphasis laid by pietism on religious revival issuing in individual conversion is defended by him against Ritschl's censures, and he shows how much that is best in the life of the Churches is the result of this pietistic passion for souls. Do not our Churches in Great Britain, with their profession of an evangelical theology, sometimes hold aloof, even as many of the Churches of Germany do, from this effort to save souls, to revive the life of their own members, which is only too prone to lose its vital vigour and to lapse into a Christianity of custom? While there are evangelistic methods which Christian wisdom cannot but condemn, while there may be an artificial revivalism which is rather an emotional stimulant than a spiritual stimulus, yet the Christian Churches can fulfil their vocation only as they are never content with tradition and convention, but are ever seeking fresh inspiration for service in winning all mankind for Christ. We are more accustomed in Britain to lay agency than are the Churches of the Father-

land, but the author's record of what laymen have done for religious revival in Germany should encourage an even wider use of their consecrated services. It is gratifying to find that not a few of the personalities which have most beneficially influenced religious life and work in Germany received their impulse towards Christian service through contact with the Christian Churches of Great Britain. May we not hope that the religious revival in Germany, of which this book offers so many varied evidences, may so extend and advance as to transform all the territorial Churches, and make them not only efficient for the recovery of the whole nation to Christ, but also in turn centres of Christian influence for other lands, so that we in Britain too may get from Germany, not only biblical scholarship and Christian theology, but, what is even better, an inspiration to Christian life and work which will enable us to discharge the great task for the kingdom of God which lies to our hands? Eager as I am that our British theological thinkers should learn all that German thought on these greatest of all themes can teach them, I am still more eager that the life of our British Churches should receive all the stimulus which the German Churches can impart; and therefore a volume such as this, in which one is brought into vital contact with what is best and most worthy in German Christianity, may render even a more valuable service than a theological work could. In this article it has been my endeavour to be the channel, however imperfect, through which its beneficent influence might reach those to whom the difficulty of the language makes it inaccessible. To those who can read it for themselves, I trust that these pages may serve as an introduction and a commendation.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

A CAMBRIDGE ORIENTAL SCHOLAR.

Life and Letters of Edward Byles Cowell, Professor of Sanskrit, Cambridge, 1867–1903. By GEORGE COWELL, F.R.C.S. (Macmillan & Co. 1904.)

THERE is no little danger that this fascinating biography may be overlooked by the general public, which proverbially knows nothing of its greatest men. Cowell was not a successful soldier, or a popular scientist, or a tolerable Under-Secretary. He was only a scholar—a man of stupendous learning, better realized in Germany than in his own country, and withal a man of simplest piety and a modesty which struck the most casual observer. Never was Hort's splendid saying better exemplified than in his fellow professor: 'A life devoted to truth is a life of vanities abased and ambitions forsworn.' Intellectually and morally towering as he did above the great majority of men who live in the public eye, he was known to educated Englishmen, if known at all, only as the man who introduced Omar Khayyam to his friend Edward FitzGerald. To his pupils and the small circle of his friends the biography will come with fragrant memories. One of these pupils brings in this short review his tribute of reverent affection to the teacher with whom he worked for fifteen years, in the hope that a wider circle may seek in the book itself acquaintance with a man who even in this distant way must win the love of all that read of him.

Before turning to the subject of the memoir, a few words may be said as to the biographer's work. The unpretending task of selecting letters and connecting them with narrative has devolved upon a cousin of the professor, a distinguished member of the medical profession. We need not complain that the work was not entrusted to an expert in the field of

study in which Cowell won his fame. There would probably have been too much that is technical introduced, and the book would have been forbidding to the general reader, who may enjoy this biography without fear of being pulled up over things he cannot understand. The only danger of that kind, indeed, falls on the Orientalist, or other expert reader in Cowell's own line, who will not often be able to follow the pages in which the indulgent doctor allows his hero to expatiate on his favourite hobby of botany. It would, however, have been well if some Orientalist had revised the proofs. The inconsistent and incorrect spelling with which Sanskrit and other Eastern words are often defaced must prove rather irritating to experts and perplexing to novices. The '*Shárnámah*' (frequently) is rather dreadful, while 'Morganländandische' (p. 349) and 'Wessenchaften' (p. 331) show that Western languages do not come off unscathed. On the whole the classics fare better, though 'the heroic muse of *Ermius*' (p. 81) will not be recognized at once, nor will the student of Herodotus relish the Greek of Hippocleides' 'danced off' marriage[1] (p. 337). Xenophon of Ephesus would have been better off without his date than with the epoch of his famous classical namesake attached to him (p. 73): the poor man figures on p. 327 as *Z*enophon. The appalling mention of 'Professor *T*ebb' on p. 346 must go into the same category, as an outrage on the identity of the greatest living Hellenist. The last, together with 'professional' for 'professorial,' occurs in a letter from Dr. Peile, the Master of Christ's, whose calligraphy, as we can testify, gives scanty excuse for such misrepresentations. In the two short examples of Cowell's own Sanskrit versification greater care has been exercised. That with which he greeted his section of the London Oriental Congress from the presidential chair has only one misprint (p. 326); and his golden wedding day çlokas (p. 352) have only two, and one of these—the merest trifle—was in

[1] 'Απεχρήσατο is, however, so intelligent a misquotation that I do not feel sure whether it may not be a lapse of Cowell's own memory.

Cowell's own printed copy. But mistakes in more serious matters are particularly regrettable as compromising the master's scholarship with tyros who will not think of accusing transcriber or printer. Such is the translation 'thou art thou' (instead of 'that'), which on p. 381 Cowell is made to give for the Vedântist 'great sentence' *tat tvam asi*. Unfortunately, this does not stand alone.

But now we may turn away from our fault-finding, with which no doubt the general reader is already rather impatient. But really we must justify our office by picking some holes somewhere, and Mr. George Cowell will not complain of being found to be less at home with the dictionary than with the lancet. For the present reviewer this book recalls, in the most welcome and effective way, memories that are very sacred. Our dear *Guru*, as we called him to one another, will live in our thoughts more for what he was than for what he knew. Yet how much such a statement means even his pupils could hardly say. We knew that he had a knowledge quite unique in Europe of the most perplexing works of Sanskrit philosophy; that it would be unsafe to say which modern Indian dialects he was not at home in; that he took a weekly class in the Pâli *Jâtakas*, and superintended their publication in English; that he was a past master in Persian literature, and that he had gaily plunged into the Avesta and the Inscriptions of Darius and Xerxes in order to read with two or three philological tripos candidates; that he revelled like a Macaulay in the highroads and by-paths of Greek and Latin literature; that he took his recreation in Spanish and Welsh; and that he had a fearful and wonderful knowledge of wild flowers. His biographer tells us that the virus of flower-hunting was injected by himself, when the professor had been some years at Cambridge, to cure his sedentary habits by providing a motive for long walks. We also learn that his chair in Calcutta University was one of History! That this list approximates to completeness is unlikely enough. I remember noting in his library a Talmud in forty volumes odd, and he is not likely to have left it unstudied. The Old Testament, in any

case, he read as an expert: he tells us (p. 335) how he had long ago taught his wife Hebrew, so that she knew the Psalms and Isaiah well. These statements will serve as samples, and may be supplemented from the present volume with abundant evidence that he was very far from neglecting the greatest of all his literatures—that of his own country. But all this learning was kept so carefully under cover that we could only trace it when it outcropped in some apposite illustration, or modestly revealed itself in answer to a question. We were always mentally fighting the impression that we had really come to give instead of to receive, so constantly was he appealing to our judgement and welcoming our suggestions. That he read with us for his own pleasure, quite as much as for our profit, was obvious antecedently from the fact that more than half of his classes were in subjects outside the limits of his chair, neither included in his professorial duties nor undertaken for fees. But that made no difference in the urgency of his invitation. If, as in my own case during most of the time, there was no one else reading the subject, he worked it up with the same enthusiasm; and he let his friend go, at the peremptory call of the Leys bell hard by, with reluctance which demanded all one's firmness, if duty prevented the prolongation of pleasure. To see such perfervid zeal for learning was an education in itself, and the example of his childlike humility and simplicity was treasure more golden still.

The life of a scholar is usually told in few words, and Cowell's has no incidents to make it exciting. The eldest son of an Ipswich merchant, he was born in 1826, and educated at the Grammar School. When only sixteen he lost his father, and had to go into the business, sorely against all his tastes; but he stuck to it with characteristic resolution, and consoled himself with long evenings over his books. Soon he was stepping outside the classical field into Persian, and cherishing eager desires to take up Sanskrit. He was beginning Sanskrit grammar, visiting Thomas Carlyle, and making the first steps in his long friendship with FitzGerald, before he was twenty-one. But he was still

in his teens when he came under the influence which had more to do with shaping his career than anything else whatsoever. The chance meeting with Elizabeth Charlesworth at Bramford, near Ipswich, was the beginning of a love-story that never outgrew its earliest charm. We who gathered in the drawing-room at Scroope Terrace, Cambridge, to give our congratulations to Darby and Joan on their golden wedding, can never think of the one without the other, or forget the beauty of a fellowship so simple and so perfect. Mrs. Cowell was fourteen years his senior, and when she married the shy student of twenty-one she very soon led him on in directions which he would never have dared alone. She came of a literary family, and had herself already published poems which merited popularity, to judge from some quotations in this book. Her younger sister, Maria Charlesworth, wrote that charming and healthy book, *Ministering Children*, which is, I suppose, forgotten now, but not in favour of books better deserving their vogue. Mrs. Cowell soon set herself to supply certain obvious gaps in her husband's composition. She entered with enthusiasm into his studies, and became his willing fellow learner. The non-survival of their correspondence must, I fancy, be explained by the theory that the letters were wanted as 'copy' when he began to publish Oriental grammars. In later life she joined him in many of his linguistic excursions, as well as in the botanical rambles; and if the motive of helping him by her companionship did predominate over that of sheer scholarly zeal, there was quite enough of the latter to enable her to dissemble excellently if ever she was less interested than he. Her first task was to offer herself as a substitute for the ambition with which Nature had forgotten to endow him. She determined that he should give up the uncongenial counting-house and enter the life for which he was clearly designed. At last she got her way, and in 1850 Cowell matriculated at Oxford. There he pursued his Oriental studies, wrote an epoch-making Prâkrit Grammar, taught FitzGerald Persian, and as a kind of by-play took a First in *Lit. Hum.* The next move

was for some time an anxious matter, but ultimately, in 1856, the Cowells left England for him to take up a professorship in the University of Calcutta. They stayed there till 1864, he soon adding to his history teaching the more congenial work of presiding over the Sanskrit College. We have some glimpses of the Mutiny, which stirred even Cowell's gentle soul to language startlingly unlike his usual style. After accomplishing in seven years work that would have more than decently filled thirty, he came home on grounds of health, and did not return. A chair of Sanskrit was founded at Cambridge, and he became a candidate, his rival being Professor Aufrecht, the well-known editor of the *Rigveda*. Cowell's canvass largely consisted in impressing on the electors how fine a scholar Aufrecht was, but the University made the right choice, and thirty-six years of superbly productive labour opened in 1867. They were, however, years without events, till the golden wedding in 1896, followed so soon by Mrs. Cowell's failure of health and her death, in 1899, at the age of eighty-seven. Cowell bore up bravely, but none of us expected that he would be long in rejoining her. He died on February 9, 1903, a few days after his seventy-seventh birthday. The little Bramford churchyard witnessed the closing scene, as far as this world could see, of the long and beautiful companionship which began there just sixty years before.

A few words must be given to the scholar before we go back to the man. My own estimate of his powers is necessarily coloured to some extent by the fact that I could not long find time for his Veda classes, and never read with him in Indian philosophy—the field in which by general consent his greatest strength lay. He took up the study of the Avesta years after he came to Cambridge, and he never wrote on the subject, though again and again in his letters published here he shows the peculiar enthusiasm with which he pursued it. His amazing acquisitive faculty perhaps impressed me most. He seldom ventured original proposals of his own for the interpretation of difficult texts, but he grasped with unerring clearness the various views of scholars

who had attacked them, and decided between them with unvarying saneness of judgement. His memory was, till near the end, extraordinarily retentive, and enabled him to produce illustrations from a field of literature the width of which can hardly have been paralleled. The power of collecting, retaining, and interpreting the thoughts of others, whether the writers themselves or the scholars who have translated or edited their works, he possessed in the highest degree, and it was by virtue of this that he rendered his unique service to the cause of Oriental study. He was not an Orientalist of the stamp well represented by James Darmesteter, whose early death France and the world of scholarship mourned ten years ago. A daring original thinker, who goes his own way and strikes out his own paths, is needed once or twice in the history of any linguistic study; but it is possible that his very brilliance may divert him into paradox, as was the case with Darmesteter himself. Except at certain rare epochs in the development of a study, the man who is most needed is the sober, plodding student of boundless industry and memory which lets nothing go. Such was Cowell. He was not a man to fascinate the learned world with brilliant discoveries, or to re-create the East, in his friend FitzGerald's way, with poetry that bestowed upon its professed original more than it received therefrom. He did translate indeed, as the copious specimens in this book show. They exhibit a correct ear and an easy flow, but we cannot imagine that if Cowell had himself done Omar Khayyam into English verse the result would have fluttered any publisher's heart. The professor was meant for other work—work such as the English scholar is less content than the German to do—'spade-work,' without which no worthy building can have an adequate foundation. And, while contentedly giving his life to this unseen labour, the worth of which the outside world would never know, he was by his learning, his enthusiasm, and his personal charm creating an Oriental school in the great University which he served so well. His one ambition was perfectly expressed in the Sanskrit stanza with which he returned his

pupils' greeting on the occasion already described; and his own version of it may fitly sum up this sketch of a career assured of solid results that will last for generations:

> High on his rock the lonely scholar stands—
> A mountain pine that spreads no sheltering shade;
> Rather grow old amid fresh student bands—
> A banyan with its native colonnade.

This short tribute is meant to be only a signpost to point readers to the book, from which extracts could not be given in any adequate degree without unduly stretching our limits. We must however, before closing, mention a few traits of his character which have given this book great charm, even to readers entirely innocent of Indian lore. First among these must come his religion. In early manhood, when his wife's enterprise carried him off from business to university, there was some thought of his taking orders. His call to other work was, however, unmistakable; and, as it ultimately appeared, he was destined to do more effective Christian work in Calcutta as professor than he could have done as missionary. His pupils there were very soon bound to him by a tie of admiration on account of his unrivalled knowledge of their own literature, and a tie of affection such as throughout life he could not help inspiring in all who sat at his feet. When therefore he set himself to teach the truths of Christianity to those who cared to come to his house on Sunday afternoons, we can well believe that the effect was profound. I have been told that that class is remembered still after more than forty years. It is a vivid illustration of the influence which can be exerted by an English civil servant in India, in the all too rare cases where the representative of the imperial race holds with fervour the faith in the light of which England's greatness has grown up. Cowell writes from India of his reading the story of the Madagascar martyrs, and passing it on to his students, to whom he expounded his conviction that 'as the attacks seem to thicken against the external evidences of Christianity, the internal evidences are only more and more strengthened.' Truly a timely sentence for to-day. We read how he would

take voluntary classes in the New Testament, in his house or in a room near the College, attended by earnest and intelligent men, with whom he would often spend long hours in private, talking over their difficulties of belief and leading them persuasively to Christ. The testimonies which followed him on his return to England showed eloquently how many were brought to know the Saviour by his teaching and example. Thirty years afterwards we find him writing at length on a Sunday afternoon to one of these old pupils, and expressing in beautiful words the serenity of an old man's faith. His catholic spirit is well shown in a letter to his mother from India, for which I must break my rule and quote:

'You would have been a little startled at a letter I wrote to a Babu lately, whom I have helped by a recent correspondence in settling some Unitarian difficulties. He wanted to know the differences between Church and Dissent. I told him they belonged to the region of *feeling*, not *conscience*. Those who by temperament admired antiquity and system, and held by the aristocratic part of our constitution, would always prefer the Church; while the lovers of change and reform and the democratic principle would, as a rule, prefer Dissent. To my mind, any hymn-book or missionary history is a convincing proof that the Spirit's influence is diffused on *each*. The catholic hymns of the whole body are contributed by members of every denomination.' It is a truth the realization of which on both sides would greatly soften the bitterness of religious strife. I am tempted to quote more, to illustrate the modesty, the sanity, the pleasant and gentle humour of a man who portrays himself with singular completeness in the unstudied letters which fill this fascinating volume. But I will close with one short extract, which combines an admirable estimate of his own powers and limitations, with a beautiful allusion to that home life which all his friends looked upon with a peculiar feeling of reverence as in the presence of the truly divine.

'Your letter interested me very much, but I shall write no "great book" now. Our life is shaped for us, and one

must trust in the guiding hand. I have not the originality which makes a man produce "great books": my work is influencing others and setting them to work. Besides, there is another point which I must not forget. A happy married life does not help one in literary success. You will remember Bacon's phrase (from Cicero) about Ulysses: "Qui vetulam suam praetulit immortalitati." I am quite content that that line should be the verdict of my life, so long as one can honestly feel that "he has served his generation by the will of God" before he "falls on sleep." It seems to me, as I survey the past, that only men of great original genius, and especially *poets*, have any chance of achieving immortality. All other writers only become "*peat*," as Carlyle says—sooner or later.'

As we read these words they call up again the familiar figures that, till the latest years, we so often met walking side by side up the Trumpington Road into the country, on the quest of some favourite flower. The little, bent old lady in the quaint poke bonnet, out of which peered the kindly eyes that had flashed with keen intelligence a generation before to the conversation of Tennyson, FitzGerald, and many another famous man; and by her side her 'young husband,' with the massive head and the long white beard—a pair whom God truly joined together, and left to travel together far past the normal term of life, to be a picture of His fairest creation, human love made sacred by His smile. After all, like the old Greek hero, Cowell had 'his little old woman' and 'immortality' as well. 'To thy soul is given long blessedness, sure as I tell thee,' are, I find, the prophetic words with which close my notes of the last Avesta lecture I had from him. If he did not write the 'great book,' he lived the great life; and if, like most other writers of books, he was only to 'become peat,' it was a soil in which fairest flowers should grow. His learning has kindled a torch that many runners will carry on towards the distant goal; and his spirit will live again in lives made nobler for a presence which reflected with even radiance a gentleness and wisdom given from above.

JAMES HOPE MOULTON.

CHURCH SONG.

The Methodist Hymn-Book, with Tunes. (Wesleyan Conference Office. 1904.)

ALL branches of British Christendom have felt the influence of the aesthetic revival of the last century. But in no sphere has it been more pervasive and remarkable than in the realm of church song. It is difficult to believe that a hundred years ago congregational singing was rarely heard save among the Methodists. In general it was considered hardly 'genteel,' and was relegated to the charity children. In the Established Churches of England and Scotland, and in many Nonconformist congregations also, song was confined to the canticles and metrical psalms and paraphrases. 'Human hymns,' as uninspired compositions were called, were used only in the Methodist and some of the Independent Churches. Slowly in some cases, too rapidly in others, the prejudice against these uninspired lyrics broke down. The Hymnal took the place of the Psalm-book. But within the last fifteen years—a very significant fact—the hymnal of every section of the Protestant Church in Great Britain—Anglican, Baptist, Congregationalist, Presbyterian, Methodist of every name—has undergone revision.

Change of sentiment with reference to the use of music in the service has been no less marked. Instead of being barely tolerated, and then only under severe restrictions, music is now invited to a chief place in our services. Congregational chant has given way to elaborate service, and plain and simple vocal harmony to long, subtle, and ornate anthem for voices and organ. Choral services grow in number and in popularity. The choir-stall challenges the supremacy of the pulpit.

Many causes have contributed to this result. The

general advance in musical knowledge and rise in the standard of taste has inevitably demanded corresponding advance in the style and rendering of church music. Choristers and organists are better equipped and able to undertake more intricate and difficult work. Organs are larger and more capable of orchestral effect. Church composers are thus tempted to greater elaboration. They make their vocal parts more difficult; and following the artistic trend of to-day, which treats the orchestra as a separate entity of equal importance with the voice, they assign to the organ, not as formerly the mere accompaniment of the choir, but an independent and often highly complex part. So completely has the pendulum now swung to the other extreme, that already authorities begin to express wonder whereunto this thing will grow. In pastoral and encyclical the note of apprehension is sounded. Matters musical are earnestly discussed in Synod, Council, Congress, and Conference, and in the religious and daily press.

The controversy revolves around the two points: What is the place of music in the Church, and what the style of music to be adopted?

That music has a place in worship it is surely needless to argue. From its very nature it is the inseparable handmaid of religion. Song, if the parody of a famous definition be permitted, is but 'speech touched with an emotion.' When, as in the religious life, the deepest affections are stirred, speech almost insensibly tends to become rhythmical and musical.

It is sometimes stated that the worship of the Synagogue, as contrasted with that of the Temple, was songless. It must, however, be borne in mind that in Hebrew worship the intonation in reading the Scriptures is itself a species of song. But, whatever be true of the Jews, the Christians, as we know, spake to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and, while modelling their order of service upon that of the Synagogue, speedily included the singing of a hymn. Their custom, as the younger Pliny observes, was to 'meet at daybreak to sing an hymn to one Christ as God.' And through all the centuries every awakening of deep

religious fervour has been accompanied by an outburst of spiritual song. In no other way can man so naturally, suitably, and fully express the affections of his heart towards his Creator and Redeemer. 'It is good to sing praises unto the Lord: for it is pleasant, and praise is comely.' In the words of Hooker: 'Although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds, being framed in due sort and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is of a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled, apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager, sovereign against melancholy and despair, available to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as to yield them, able both to move and moderate the affections.'

Such an instrument, furthermore, is peculiarly serviceable and effective in the Church's missionary activity. Many a man, both before and since the time of Augustine, has felt the subduing and constraining influence of church song. Orthodox and heterodox alike have perceived the persuasiveness of music in gaining acceptance for the teaching they desire to impart. The popularity of the followers of St. Francis of Assisi was largely due to the fact that they were God's *jongleurs*, His strolling singers, who everywhere joyfully sang of 'one Christ as God.' The widespread effect of the Protestant Reformation in both France and Germany is attributable at least as much to the songs that were sung as to the sermons preached or the polemics printed. 'He has conquered us,' said Cardinal Cajetan of Luther, 'by his songs.' In the Evangelical Revival the brothers Wesley found their way to the hearts of the people through the hymns and spiritual songs which at field-preaching and in smaller meetings they taught the people to sing. Among the lapsed masses in England to-day the song finds who the sermon flies; and in the foreign field the heathen are moved by the songs of the West, and still more by the native Ghazal and Bhajan which are now being adapted for Christian use.

Lastly, in song the Church realizes its undivided unity. 'All come together with us to sing,' says Chrysostom, 'and in it they all unitedly join. Young and old, rich and poor, women and men, slaves and free, all send forth one melody. The prophet speaks, and we all respond and sing together. Secular inequalities are here expelled; one chorus is formed of the whole congregation; there is a grand harmony of voices, and the earth imitates heaven.'

While the suitability and effectiveness of vocal music has been generally conceded, the thought of the Church has not been so unanimous with regard to the use of musical instruments. In the Temple service, of course, a large orchestra was employed; but such custom did not extend to the Synagogue. Early Christian song, in like manner, was unaccompanied. 'We no longer employ,' says Clement of Alexandria, 'the ancient psaltery and timbrel and flute which those expert in war, and contemners of the fear of God, were wont to use in chorus and festive assemblies.' Musical instruments were considered part of the ritual which was done away in Christ. So late as the thirteenth century that opinion still prevailed, and Thomas Aquinas writes: 'Our Church does not use musical instruments, as harps and psalteries, to praise God, withal that she may not seem to Judaize.' Even to-day the song of the Eastern Church is unaccompanied. It would then beseem champions of Church tradition to be careful how they denounce the reforming zeal of the Puritans in destroying the 'boxes of whistles,' which by the time of the Commonwealth had been introduced into many of the Churches. Later, however, the Puritans somewhat modified their views, and, for the purpose of pitch, tolerated the introduction of a single instrument. But the one did not long abide alone. The fable of the camel and the miller received fresh exemplification, until, before many years had passed, the singing-gallery was occupied by a veritable Nebuchadnezzar's band. The organ, however, was taboo. As late as the year 1832 many hundreds of members seceded from the Methodist society in Leeds as a protest against the introduction of an organ into the Brunswick Chapel. Such

a position, however, is surely untenable. Once concede the propriety of the use of any musical instrument in divine worship, and it follows that the instrument to be preferred, whether sanctioned by tradition or not, is that one which most fully answers to the requirements of the occasion. For such purpose the organ has obviously commanding advantage. It gives both the pitch and the time, is of most dignified tone, satisfies the ear with the complete harmonies, affords to congregational singing support and body, requires but one player instead of many, and is always there in its full complement of compass and variety.

The object of church music being chiefly to give expression to the thoughts and aspirations of the worshippers, its method of rendering should certainly be congregational. Indifference of worshippers to their privilege, which relegates the singing to the choir, or eagerness on the part of the choristers to assume all the functions of church song, or pretence of the aesthetic that church music demands such artistic rendering as can only be accomplished by a trained and well-balanced body of singers, are all alike to be deprecated. Church song is for all the people, and should be undertaken immediately and not vicariously. It is not, however, contended that only congregational song should be permitted. Music, whilst bearing to God on its 'outspread wings' the praises of the Church, seeks also the edification of the worshipper—'speaking to one another,' as St. Paul expresses it.

In this regard, church music is no more necessarily congregational than is the sermon. There seems no good reason why such edification should not be given by a single voice, or by a section of the congregation possessed of good voices and musical culture who co-operate to render suitable concerted music. The higher forms of musical art may be as edifying as the lower, which alone are within the powers of the general congregation. Their effective presentation, however, demands the limitation of the song to the few trained and well-balanced voices of the choir.

The results thus arrived at go far toward answering the

second question which it is proposed to discuss. Such a place being accorded to music, what is the style of music in which the service should be rendered? Is there an ecclesiastical style which alone should be used in worship? If so, what are its outstanding features, and how far are they capable of modification?

That a traditional ecclesiastical style exists is matter of common knowledge. The only authoritative form of worship music in the Latin, and, as now contended, in the Anglican Church, is plain-song. Discarded for centuries by Protestants, it is now, chiefly as the result of the Oxford movement, rising rapidly in favour with both clergy and laity of the Anglican Church; it finds many powerful supporters among Church musicians, and not a few sympathizers within the borders of the Free Churches.

Its advocates point to its great antiquity, and endeavour to show that 'these virgin melodies date in great part from the first ages of Christianity, and some from the synagogue.' They urge that even the more recent melodies are still many centuries old, were composed by men as conspicuous for piety as for learning, and at a time when the principles of simple melody were more clearly understood and appreciated than in these days of unbridled polyphony. Much stress is laid upon their great strength and dignity, as well as upon their possession of what Baini quaintly describes as 'an ineffable delicacy of expression, a touching pathos, a ravishing sweetness, always fresh, always pure, always lovely; while modern melodies are dull, insignificant, inharmonious, cold, sickly.' Finally, out of the eater is brought forth meat; and from their strange tonality, which invests the music with a sense of aloofness, is drawn the plea that they are thus peculiarly fitted to impress the thought of a kingdom not of this world.

While much that is thus advanced in favour of their aesthetic merit may be at once conceded, it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the advocates of the Gregorian system are not a little influenced by prepossessions concerning the method of setting forth the unity of the Church and

its relation to the world. If the Church be an exclusive, visible, highly centralized imperial organization not of this world, found in every nation, but entirely separate from any, it may be well to emphasize the fact by outward forms—the architecture of its buildings, the dress of its ministers, the attitude of its people, the language, and, lastly, the one song of its worship. In such a case the advantage of Gregorian psalmody is obvious. But the argument for its use is robbed of its force when a different and precisely opposite theory is held. If the true Church is invisible, if the House of God is for all His children—not merely for the elder brothers who have never left, but for the younger also who have long been estranged from Him, for those 'He will gather, beside His own that are gathered'—then it might appear discreet, even obligatory, that the services of the House should be so arranged as to suggest homeliness and welcome rather than distance and aloofness. The distinction between the Church and the world should be manifest not in aught so purely material as the architecture, dress, manner, and song, but rather in the presence of the spirit of truth and love which animates the assembly. The one Spirit uttering the one confession at sundry times and amid divers people will assuredly assume differing tones. Gregorian music, therefore, must be judged upon its musical merits, apart from any prescriptive right attaching to usage or ecclesiastical authority.

A distinction between sacred and secular music there undoubtedly is, and must be. The line of division, however, cannot be drawn in any arbitrary fashion. A song is not necessarily sacred because composed strictly within the limits of the most devotional of the ecclesiastical tones—and, by the way, it must not be forgotten that the Gregorian system is itself largely of pagan origin; nor, on the other hand, is an unshackled folk-song necessarily secular. Its sacredness or secularity consists rather in the thoughts and emotions which it characteristically expresses and provokes.

In an excellent rescript on the subject issued some years ago, a former Archbishop of Malines laid down the canon

that all church song must comply with the following four essential conditions: gravis, decorus, suavis, pius. The first attribute secures its intrinsic dignity, the second its suitability to the occasion, the third looks towards its persuasiveness with man, and the fourth its acceptability before God. These propositions would gain substantially unanimous acceptance. Tried by this canon, the Gregorian melodies stand approved; but others also, which avoid their disadvantages, well survive the ordeal.

Church psalmody is enriched by the occasional use of a select few of the plain-songs; but, among the Free Churches at any rate, the Gregorian system is never likely to come into general favour. The melodies are too constrained in expression, too monotonous and sombre, and of too strange tonality. Nor, indeed, is there any need for their extensive use. Happily, the Reformation of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries called forth an abundance of staid, sound, persuasive melodies in the more familiar, modern diatonic scale, 'full of the breath of the Lord,' which are more acceptable to modern ears.

Composed when the Reformation zeal was at its height, they are full charged with its spirit. For dignity, simplicity, and restrained fervour they are unsurpassed. Not yet has the salt lost its savour. Their frequent use in the Church to-day does much to preserve the true evangelical spirit. Some of the earlier show the influence of the plain-song, and are indeed adaptations of old church melodies. A few, as in every time of religious revival, are of secular origin. Their former association, however, is long since forgotten. The greater number, especially in the case of the German chorales, are formed on the model of the folk-songs. From these, and from the psalters of Goudimel on the Continent, and of Tallis and Byrd, Este, Ravenscroft, Playford, in England, come tunes which belong not to any one age or school of thought, but to all time. In the Evangelical Revival they played a most important part. John Wesley's tune-books of 1742 and 1761 are to a large extent composed of these German and British melodies. A glance at any modern

hymnal, as for instance the recently issued *Methodist Tune-Book*, will show that they are still considered the foundation of the Church's psalmody.

It may be the less superfluous to call attention to this fact, because there is a widespread notion that early Methodist psalmody was of a very different character. Unhappily, the rise of Methodism was contemporaneous with a decline in the art of church music. Mainly through the influence of Handel's oratorios, which, because they treated of Scripture subjects, were considered of sacred character, though in many instances but little removed from opera, the florid Italian style which he affected not only became popular, but was also imagined suitable for church song. The hymn tune either developed into a species of arietta, in which the lines were repeated over and over, or took the form of a miniature fugal chorus. Fiorturi abounded, and church song became an exhibition of vocal calisthenics.

Tunes of this description proved especially attractive among the Methodists, who found them more agreeable to their exuberant and joyful spirits than the restrained and simple tunes of the earlier days of the Revival. At the end of the eighteenth and in the early decades of the nineteenth century their popularity was at its height, and they have become known as 'Old Methodist Tunes.' But, as we have already seen, they are not the original Methodist psalmody, nor are they in accordance with John Wesley's mind. His own taste was very much more severe: his *Journal* records his impatience with the 'long, quavering hallelujah, annexed to the Morning Song Tune,' which he defies any man to sing devoutly; and relates how he summarily stopped the members of a provincial choir who desired to render 'a tune fit for an opera.'

In late years these productions have received renewed attention. As antiquarian curiosities they are doubtless entertaining. Many are endeared by associations with a former generation. Some are robust and rousing. A selection of them is added as an Appendix to the *Methodist Tune-Book*. It is to be hoped, however, that the prominence thus

given to them will not lead to their revived use. Speaking of them as a class, they are unsuitable for the worship of to-day. Even when divested of the quirks and graces with which they were formerly embellished, they are still altogether too florid. The long runs on one syllable, formerly enjoyed, to-day sound ludicrous and irreverent. The repetition of words which they demand is often unmeaning—sometimes, in the case of the repetition of half lines, grotesque, and nearly always wearisome. They represent a debased condition of musical art, and are lacking in proper restraint, dignity, and conviction. True, in their own day they were heartily sung; but it is open to question whether, in the altered conditions of musical taste, their revival would achieve equal success; and, even if it did, whether such result would be to the advantage of the Church.

This aggressive and flamboyant style was followed by a natural reaction to the opposite extreme of lusciousness. But the best modern writers of sacred music have returned to the dignity and simplicity of earlier times. There is, however, occasionally observable a tendency to part-song writing, which militates against congregational singing. Too many modern tunes lack melody. There is little for the congregation to take hold of. The tune depends for its effect upon its harmony. The usual parts should of course be added, and, as in the case of the old counterpart, be made as agreeable and melodious as possible; but the tune, whilst enriched by harmony, should be independent of it, a melody in itself. Herein lies a chief source of the strength of the Gregorian music. The whole soul of the composer is concentrated on the melody, which all are to sing. It would be well if modern composers would in this respect emulate the ancients. And those responsible for the choice of our tunes might with advantage bear in mind La Trobe's admirable rules of a 'sound ecclesiastical tune'—that it accord with the sanctity of the place or occasion, that it be such as to allow the meanest or most untutored persons in the congregation readily to unite, that it be free from monotony and dullness, and that it be suitable to the occasion.

Hitherto reference has been made chiefly to metrical hymns, and only indirectly to the Psalter. The strange and unreasoning prejudice existing in some quarters against the liturgical use of psalms is passing away. It is felt and expressed that to exclude such matchless aids to devotion is to rob the service of an important means of edification. Chanting, however, from its less metrical character, is not so easy for the general congregation as hymn-singing. To keep together in the recitation, and to accommodate the rest of the words to the chant, require skill and practice. Possibly the Gregorian chant, with its free rhythm, has certain advantages of simplicity over the Anglican, but, on the other hand, English ears are more used to the latter. As the lessons are left to the reader, would it be feasible to allocate the chanting of the psalms to the choir, with distinct instructions that the congregation had no interest in an elocutionary race, but was sincerely desirous of edification?

In the anthem greater freedom of musical expression must be allowed. It is futile for the congregation to seek to take part herein. The anthem should be rendered by the choir only. The notion that it is merely a concession to the vanity of the choir, affording the opportunity of choral display, is entirely unworthy and erroneous. Were such the only function of the anthem, the Church that permitted its performance would be guilty of treason against her Lord. The anthem is an integral part of the service. It is a musical exposition of a portion of Scripture or other suitable passage designed and rendered for the edification of the congregation. It is not to be understood as vicarious praise, necessitating the standing of the congregation while it is performed. It allies itself rather to the didactic portion of the service; and as during the hearing of the instruction of Scripture lesson and sermon the congregation sits and reverently heeds, so surely might it also sit during the rendering of the anthem. The conditions would thus be more favourable to the general edification. Great care should be taken that the words rendered are suitable and appropriate. As far as possible, they should be drawn from Holy Scripture, though

the use of a suitable hymn is not to be forbidden, and the words should be before the congregation. The music, also, must be well within the capacity of the choir. The tendency to over-elaboration, manifested in many modern anthems, needs guarding against. They err also in excessive length. On ordinary occasions the time of delivery should not exceed seven or eight minutes. It is surely unnecessary to add that to offer in the service an imperfectly rehearsed anthem is little short of sacrilege. The taste of congregations and the capacities of choirs are so various that the collections of anthems issued by some churches are of but little service. They unnecessarily limit the area of choice, and tend to exclude new anthems, however excellent. On the whole, it is probably best that each choir should make its own selection.

Some modern hymnals are issued with marks of musical expression. Mr. Robert Bridges characterizes this practice as one of 'inconceivable degradation.' Such condemnation is too unmeasured; nevertheless, the custom is not to be commended. It tends to make music mechanical. It would be difficult to obtain general agreement as to what words should be sung softly and what more loudly. One and the same sentiment appeals to different men in different ways, and altered conditions will demand from one man various expression. Notwithstanding the great advance of musical taste, the congregation can never become, even were it desirable, a vast madrigal society. In the singing of large assemblies, broad effects of light and shade are all that can be obtained. But is there aught finer than the roll of the voices of the whole congregation as it joins in one to bless the sacred name? 'Oh, the power of church music!' cries Dr. Donne; 'that harmony added to that hymn hath raised the affection of my heart and quickened my graces of zeal and gratitude; and I observe that I always return from paying that public duty of prayer and praise with an inexpressible tranquillity of mind and a willingness to leave the world.'

FRED. LUKE WISEMAN.

IN MEMORIAM: HUGH PRICE HUGHES.

The Life of Hugh Price Hughes. By his Daughter. With Photogravure Portrait. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1904.)

WHEN the history of Methodism in the nineteenth century comes to be written, there will be no lack in its records of men of light and leading—preachers and scholars, evangelists and missionaries, heroes and saints. But in the framing of the polity of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and in the determination of questions of high policy in practical affairs, three names stand out as prominently influential—those of Dr. Bunting; Dr. Rigg, whose work is happily not yet finished, and who is still in the enjoyment of a vigorous old age; and H. P. Hughes, whose comparatively early death is still fresh in the memory. To institute a comparison between men so different in themselves, to whom were allotted tasks so widely separated from one another, would be almost ludicrously out of place. But it may be said without impropriety that Dr. Bunting's sober, conservative, constructive mind was eminently fitted for the work of upbuilding which belonged to the former part of the last century; that Dr. Rigg's Liberal-Conservative temperament fitted him for eminent service in the period of gradual growth and progress which marked the mid-Victorian era; whilst to Mr. Hughes, in the closing years of the century, it was given to bring about a reinforcement of the primitive Methodist spirit and a reinvigoration of evangelistic methods, which a man of less energetic and impetuous type could never have accomplished. If he had lived—we do not know. Signs were not wanting, after he had passed the presidential chair, that it lay in him to render yet another kind of service to the Church that he

loved so well; but it was otherwise ordered. His 'fiery spirit, working out its way,' had indeed 'o'er-informed the tenement of clay'; and to him, as to his friend and guide, Dr. Moulton, was granted that mercy of a swift translation which cannot be better expressed than in the ancient words: God took him.

The publication of a full and fascinating biography of Mr. Hughes awakens a fresh and keen sense of loss, and seems to challenge some kind of judgement upon his distinguished and influential career. We have no inclination —even if it were possible for one writing within a week of the issue of the volume—to attempt a critical estimate of his character and the service he rendered to his own community and the Church of Christ generally. But it is fitting that, as soon as possible after the publication of such a *Life*, there should appear in the pages of this REVIEW an appreciation, however imperfect, of one of the ablest and most devoted sons of Methodism in his own or in any generation.

No light task lay before a daughter who undertook to write a biography of such a father. Miss Hughes has surmounted the difficulties and avoided the pitfalls which lay before her, on the whole, with wonderful success. Her book is a noble monument to her father's memory, and a standing proof of her own ability and powers. Above everything, it was necessary that Mr. Hughes's life should be written with an intimate and intuitive sympathy—not merely with that kind of general concurrence in views and aims which some comrade of his in public activities might possess, but with the delicate insight which only the tenderest affection could give. The book is not flawless—we had almost said, if it were, it would have been a failure. Mr. Hughes was the last man to deserve a biography 'icily regular, faultily faultless, splendidly null.' Better that the account of him should be marred by some mistakes—and the mistakes of the book are few and comparatively slight, whilst its excellences are great and numerous—than that the portraiture should have failed to present the living, eager, headlong,

generous-spirited, and warm-hearted *man*. Miss Hughes has written with a fullness of knowledge which none but a member of his inmost family circle could possess; but she has also proved herself to be endowed with some of her father's fine characteristic qualities, which have enabled her to write with admirable appropriateness concerning him; and she has displayed great literary gifts and a skill which would have done credit to a practised writer. She shows that measure of partiality which is almost essential to a good biography, but her language is not that of blind panegyric, and the warm partisanship of the daughter is as delightful as it is natural. What was most needed she has given us—a book full of life and fire, glowing with her father's own enthusiasm, for outside such an atmosphere a figure like his could neither be truly seen nor rightly judged. Dr. John Brown, of *Horae Subsecivae* fame, when shown a portrait of himself, said, 'It is like me, but better-looking—the truth spoken in love.' The truth is spoken in this book; that it is spoken in love is all the better—both from the point of view of art and of literature, both for the due characterization of the subject of the biography and for the enjoyment of the reader.

The first thing necessary in order to understand Mr. Hughes as a man is to recognize and bear in mind his temperament. His daughter frequently reminds us that he came of a combined Celtic and Jewish stock. The grandson of one of the best beloved of Welsh ministers, he was the son of a highly esteemed doctor in Carmarthen of great force of character, and a lady of Jewish origin possessing brilliant personal gifts. The pages in the early part of the volume, which describe the 'lithe, graceful Jewish mother, and the part that her Semitic blood and tense vitality was to play in the life of her son,' are very interesting. 'She was a creature of whims and moods, and of a great brilliance, energy, and vitality. . . . When you told her a piece of news she saw in a flash exactly how it would affect the whole of Carmarthen, and what you yourself thought about it before you knew that you had formed an opinion. . . . Her brain was like

lightning, and her conclusions were arrived at by a series of scintillations. . . . She gave him that Jewish strain which more than anything else made his personality so potent.' Such qualities as these were combined with that fierce Celtic vehemence which Miss Hughes well describes in the words of a genuine sympathizer: 'Why, of course, if he does not like what anybody's doing, he just writes as if he hates them —so should I.' No one who does not bear in mind these hereditary characteristics can fairly judge the speech and action of the man whose whole course was to be marked by the combined advantages and drawbacks which such a temperament necessarily entails.

The characteristic exaggerations of youth and Celtic blood were somewhat modified in later life. Miss Hughes describes her father's 'acclimatization to an environment in which he had always been something of a foreigner,' his coming to understand that vehement and passionate speech might repel as well as attract, and the growing power which he manifested of entering into 'not only the fine shades and sensibilities of Methodism, but those of the English character as a whole.' She admits that he 'learned to put a break upon his faculties, and the faculties greatly benefited,' that 'a Celt who perpetually flings himself against sections of the British mind immensely gains by the process'; adding, somewhat quaintly and characteristically, that thus he might 'make the nearest approach to omniscience that is possible in a mortal.' But the process began late in Mr. Hughes's life, too late for it to have much effect upon his character, which retained to the close its main features quite unaltered.

Upon such natural qualities, including a keen, rapid, and brilliant intellect, the influence of grace was early felt. Mr. Hughes was first an ardent Christian, then an ardent Methodist. We use the word Christian in no superficial or conventional sense, but in its proper meaning of one whose personal relation to the Lord Jesus Christ is the dominating and pervading principle of thought and feeling and life. The biography makes this clear from end to end. When converted at the age of thirteen, the meaning of the change

to him was condensed into the unusual but characteristic phrase, 'I submit myself to Christ.' Throughout his life he saw God in the face of Christ. 'He refused to admit any conception of God that could not be applied to Christ.' And at the very last: 'No river hurrying to the ocean was more bound and yoked to irresistible law than the desire of his spirit to Christ. If some passion of the mind seemed likely to intervene between him and Christ, he did not crush what was God's, but submitted it to God in Christ.' The last lines in the biography are these: 'He was wiser than any biographer, and in a single sentence revealed the secret of a life which had found sustainment neither in the praise of good men, nor in the understanding of the wise: "Thou, O Christ, art all I want."' The words are carved upon his tomb, but they were also engraven upon the whole of his strenuous life. To colder temperaments his religious phraseology seemed sometimes almost profane. Many complained that he introduced the sacred name too often and too easily into ordinary discussion, and that he was too prone to identify the cause which for the moment engrossed his attention with the cause of the Master. But for the time the two were identified in his own thought, and the passion with which he argued and pleaded was begotten of his inability for the time being to realize any other view than that the sacred interests of Christ's kingdom were at stake in what some would have considered a trifling issue.

In a wholly subordinate but very real sense he was ardently attached to Methodism. He was loyal to his Church, with no lip-service. His daughter tells us that, even in the times of greatest stress, when the strain upon such loyalty was severe, 'listeners were always given to understand that Methodism and her ministry was something quite flawless and exceptional'; and she considers it doubtful whether any other religious system could have laid equal hold of her father, and he of it. He had it in view to write a book in order to show how the Methodist ecclesiastical system, 'properly interpreted,' presented the one alternative to Roman Catholicism, 'possessed as she is

of the same compactness, the same interpretation of the ordinary life, the same recognition of the needs of humanity, but suited to the self-respect and good sense of the English people.' When, at one moment of great tension, it seemed possible that his connexion with Wesleyan Methodism might be broken, it was not to the Anglican or any other Church that he turned in thought, but he said to his friend, 'If we have to go out, we must join one of the minor Methodist bodies, unite all of them, and then make overtures to the Wesleyans.'

It was as an evangelist that Hugh Price Hughes first made his mark; and an evangelist, in the best sense of the word, he remained to the last. It has often been told how at college he was a strong Conservative, a keen intellectualist (if such a word may be permitted), and an almost violent anti-teetotaller. The turning-point seems to have come on one memorable evening at Dover. The Methodism of the place was 'dead,' and there seemed little prospect of a resurrection. At the end of Mr. Hughes's first sermon, eighteen penitents came forward. 'The pale, spectacled young minister—a mere boy in years, as they knew him to be—was to recall Methodism to its early fervour, with nothing of the tumultuous or emotional; but miraculous, lofty, sustained as it was that evening with something still and solemn in its nature, as they had pictured that evening long ago when God came down to Eden and talked face to face with man. Persons who had been present dropped their voice when they spoke of it. God had spoken to them. How—whence—they knew not. The scene, especially in the minds of the younger people, became burnt into them like a picture, along with the last words of their dying mother.' It was along the lines indicated by this description that the development of Mr. Hughes's earlier ministry took place, and the stamp was never lost.

There are many types of evangelists. The 'hell-fire preacher' has passed into a proverb. The melting persuasiveness which seems to breathe through the very voices of others represents quite a different type. The keen analyst

of conscience wields a penetrating power of his own. Some preachers strive to reason men into religion, and others to frighten them out of the terrible clutches of sin. So far as Mr. Hughes's work as an evangelist may be distinguished from others—for, after all, the work is one, and distinctions must not be closely pressed—he presented the claims of Christ as Lord, and attempted to sway not so much the intellect, or the emotions, as the *will*. The text of the early sermon referred to was, 'What think ye of Christ?' and the pressure exerted upon his hearers was, to use his own phrase, to submit themselves to Christ. 'My father did not believe in the necessity for the Methodist "travailing,"—the quicker a man could see that God had "blotted out his transgressions for His own sake," the better it was, surely, for him and everybody concerned.' He regarded himself first and chiefly as the ambassador of Christ; his message to men was that they were to 'submit to the process—submit to God in Christ,' and he continually insisted upon some sign of that submission—the standing up, or walking into another room. In his impassioned sermons there were found arguments addressed to the mind, and appeals addressed to the heart, but the main effort made in them was to influence the will and draw forth some token of immediate yielding. He judged of success largely by these visible fruits, and was always much discouraged when they did not appear.

Such fruit, however, he did abundantly find. This was the case, not only in Dover and Brighton, in Dulwich and Brixton Hill—in both of which latter places the evangelistic element in his preaching was marked by a larger admixture of other features—but more especially in Oxford, where the revival, both in town and country, was phenomenal. It was in the West London Mission, however, that his power of thus ministering to the needs of sinful men and women was most signally shown. His ministry in St. James's Hall was naturally richer and more varied than in earlier stages, but its essential character was the same. And one distinctive feature about it, when the fascination of the great metropolis had fairly inflamed his imaginative soul, was his

'passion for the people.' Not in that narrow sense of the phrase which limits 'the people' to one stratum of society. His tenderest interest as a shepherd was, no doubt, aroused for the lost sheep—the drunkard and the harlot, the waif and the drudge, the down-trodden and the outcast. But with characteristic ardour he would denounce the idea that gospel preaching is peculiarly needed by the poor and ignorant. It was with man as man that he pleaded in Christ's name; man as man could only be saved in Christ's way. The rich, the educated, the prosperous needed the gospel as much as the rest; his message was for all. And, through the sixteen years of his work in West London, tens of thousands belonging to very various classes of society were swayed by the mighty spiritual influence which attended his preaching—with results which can only be manifested at the Great Day.

As a speaker he was pre-eminently *effective*. He was not eloquent, if eloquence consists in ornate phrases elaborately woven into sounding sentences. But if it means the power of speaking directly and forcibly from one living mind and heart to others, Mr. Hughes assuredly possessed true eloquence. Mr. E. E. Kellett, speaking as an Oxford man of his reminiscences as an undergraduate, says: 'This quality of not only arresting but keeping attention was his most extraordinary mark as a speaker, and the effect was attained by the simplest means. . . . I do not believe that any speaker ever lived who had more thoroughly learned the secret of establishing a *rapport* with his hearers in his first sentence and maintaining it unimpaired to the end.' The wonderful vitality of the man had much to do with this success. He was the sworn foe of dullness. '"Ain't he lovely, my dear; ain't he lovely?" one of the hard-worked mothers was heard to say to another à propos of my father, when he was making a particularly lively and characteristic speech. Amid the joylessness of their lives, religion meant mirth, sobriety, and kindliness. They looked forward to it, some of these poor souls, as some other people look forward to the play. "It's so lively and cheerful; there's so much

going on," one poor woman was heard to say.' And it was not only the poor women who were attracted by the vivacity of one of the most versatile public speakers of the day. In ecclesiastical debate, on the hall platform, in conversation, as in the most solemn utterances of the pulpit, he was always *alive*; and poor humanity, half dead with weariness, monotony, conventionalism, and routine, felt itself quickened by his presence. 'He's such a jolly vivid man,' said Tennyson of J. R. Green, the historian; and others besides poets love the companion, or the speaker, or the preacher who can transfigure the dull drabs and greys of life with his own 'jolly vivid' colouring.

The nature of the work which Mr. Hughes did for Methodism cannot be summed up in a sentence. But we think that his daughter is perfectly justified in laying stress upon his anxiety to renew and reinvigorate the primitive Methodist spirit. The revolution he desired was a revival. He wished 'spiritually to rejuvenate his own Church.' He was a thorough believer in the organization of Wesleyan Methodism, but 'he considered it needed modification and greater elasticity in order to cope with the present and the future. . . . "Be true to the spirit that animated your past," was his watchword, "and you will meet the future."' This was the true meaning of the 'Forward Movement'—a title given at first as a kind of nickname, but one which was soon adopted inside and outside Methodism. Mr. Hughes did not create this 'elemental disturbance,' as his biographer calls it; but he gave voice to inarticulate needs, and led with a fine audacity those who neither would, nor could, have stirred from the slumbers of conventional ecclesiasticism had there not been a voice to rouse them with an exaggerated vehemence, and a captain of more than usual impetuosity to lead the way. That the leader was judicious, as well as impetuous, no one would seriously maintain. If he had had the 'well-balanced mind' which his daughter in one place claims for him, he would never have done the work he did. If he had stopped to weigh and criticize, he might never have gone forward himself, and

he certainly would not have lifted the dead weight of inertia in his path. 'All his geese were swans.' Only such men can change a goose into a swan. But whether the subject which immediately interested him was a change in the itinerancy, or the admission of women to Conference, or Methodist Union, or the federation of the Free Churches, or the preparation of a Catechism, or Home Rule for Ireland, or the deposition of Mr. Parnell, or the C. D. Acts, or Vaccination, or the wrongs of the Stundists, or the cause of Peace and national arbitration—and we have enumerated only a few of the subjects in which his interest was passionately engaged, succeeding one another as they did with bewildering rapidity—in every case a 'crisis' was imminent such as had never before been known in history, and the whole welfare of man depended upon its being brought to a right issue immediately. It was amusing to watch the self-confidence with which he constantly urged on *others* Cromwell's well-known words: 'I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, to remember that it is possible you may be mistaken.' His sanguine self-assurance often helped, while it sometimes hindered, the progress of the objects he had at heart; but without such irrepressible eagerness and indomitable confidence as his, some of the claims he advocated would never have obtained a hearing.

'His life was a continuous strife,' says his daughter in her preface. For this the man and his methods were largely responsible. He was a good fighter, and he loved fighting. It is not a question of Celt *versus* Saxon, but of human nature. If the genial disarm, the aggressive provoke. Attack must be followed either by yielding or resistance, and strong men prefer the latter. Mr. Hughes set himself to disturb what he thought was a too complacent and slumberous condition of Church life; his aim was to '*provoke* unto love and good works.' His mission, as he conceived it, was described in one of his early articles, 'Methodists, wake up!' and when he was accused of lack of moderation he replied, 'Moderate men, my dear sir, have been the curse of manhood.' One of his Oxford helpers, when asked what he

thought of his leader's work there, replied, 'Think?—he did not give us any time to think. We had not the breath, I tell you.' Men who undertake such work in such ways cannot expect to enjoy 'piping times of peace'; and Mr. Hughes would not have enjoyed them had they come to him. But he was amongst the most generous of opponents, and when the battle was over he cherished no animosities. The *Life* contains more than one tribute to Dr. Rigg, against whom he was so often arrayed in debate. 'Dr. Rigg's erudition and long experience have always illuminated every subject he has discussed; and those who, like myself, have differed from him are none the less under great obligations to him for reliable information and wise counsel. Above all, I am deeply grateful to Dr. Rigg for the courage and energy with which he has invariably supported every proposal and every movement which has tended to deepen the spirituality and to promote the aggressive and missionary work of Wesleyan Methodism.' The unworthy personal animus which has too often lowered the tone of ecclesiastical controversy was entirely absent from Mr. Hughes's generous spirit. His arrows were never barbed; his rapier was sharp and most deftly wielded, but the steel was always clean.

In one most painful conflict, as is well known, personal considerations were involved, though to the end he vehemently contended that this was not his fault. We do not intend to reopen, even in a paragraph, the 'missionary controversy,' as it was called. Miss Hughes handles the subject with tact and delicacy. She admits that her father made 'a strategic blunder.' Perhaps it was more than a mistake in strategy; perhaps, if at the time there had been one word in acknowledgement of error, the whole subsequent history would have been different. But those who most regretted the deep and serious mischief which was unintentionally wrought to the cause of Foreign Missions—a cause which Mr. Hughes intensely loved, and which he had in many ways mightily helped—saw most clearly that a mistaken sense of chivalry in the defence of others was largely responsible for his attitude throughout. His daughter not obscurely hints that,

had the critical question arisen later in his course, he would have dealt with it very differently; and we can well believe it. Wounds were given and received during that distressing conflict, some of the scars of which are hardly healed yet.

A large part of Mr. Hughes's work lay outside Wesleyan Methodism. This was so varied and influential that it would furnish matter for an article in itself. His fiery yet not intemperate advocacy of temperance; his interest in the reunion of all Methodist bodies in this country; the large share which he contributed towards the establishment of the Free Church Federation; his maintenance of the principles of righteousness, as he understood them, in political life; his whole-souled denunciation of oppression in all its forms; his promotion of all kinds of social improvement—these and other kindred topics demand an attention which we cannot now give them. It should be borne in mind, in relation to all of them, that one of Mr. Hughes's most important bits of pioneer work was the vindication in Wesleyan Methodism of the right freely to discuss all such questions; the breaking down of barriers which had been erected with the best of motives, but which had the effect of seriously limiting the influence of Methodism upon the public life of the country. Many were strongly opposed to Mr. Hughes's political views, and in his later years he had begun to modify some of them; but the high ethical note which he infused into political discussion was potent for good at the time, and its wholesome influence was felt outside the pale of the Churches.

The closing months of his life were full of pathos. Though sorely stricken in health, and only the shadow of his former self, he had strong hopes of rallying, and his friends welcomed eagerly every trace of the return of the old life and fire. 'As he walked down the Valley of the Shadow,' says his daughter, 'the inner import of what the Church teaches might be described as becoming more and more transparent to him, as the sun at evening will gild and illumine objects, revealing what is in them.' A beautiful illustration of this is found in his last sermon. The text was

Matt. xi. 27, and the written notes containing an outline of what was said are given in facsimile. But the power of the sermon cannot be appreciated without the six pages of sympathetic and illuminating commentary which his daughter furnishes. The doctrine of the Fatherhood of God as seen in the Son is here unfolded in a way which illustrates most impressively the mystical element which was a marked feature of the preacher's many-sided mind. The sermon seems to have been a swan-song, soaring into those highest themes of all which were never long absent from Mr. Hughes's thoughts, though they were often crowded out of his speech by the exigencies of more immediate practical needs.

The end came with startling yet merciful suddenness. A cry, as of keen personal bereavement, went up from tens of thousands of mourners, and showed how wide and deep his influence had been. He is gone; but, as was said of a fighter in another field,

> Nothing can bereave him
> Of the force he made his own
> Being here, and we believe him
> Something far advanced in State,
> And that he wears a truer crown
> Than any wreath that man can weave him.

Such a man, being dead, yet speaketh.

THE ETHICS OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

MANY people are engaged just now in trying to answer the simple but puzzling question, What is Christianity? The modern method of determining what an organism *is* consists in investigating its life-history, and inferring from what it has been the principles which have governed its growth and development. Those who expect that method to be all-sufficient in their study of Christianity will find themselves disappointed; but there is no reason why it should not be employed, and all the help used which it can furnish towards answering the question where the essence of Christianity is really to be found. Professor von Dobschütz[1] offers a contribution towards this study; and since we have found his book illuminating and serviceable, we propose to give our readers some account of it. It furnishes 'a picture of early Christian life on its moral side.' But the author has not fallen into the common mistake of supposing that Christianity is nothing more than the moral renovation of the individual and society. It implies this wherever it is genuine and successful; but, in examining a *religion*, the most important point is to determine whence it obtains the moral dynamic which enables it in any measure to purify and regenerate the world. The moral transformation which Christianity has effected, says Dr. von Dobschütz, is 'only a proof, a demonstration of Christianity, and not its essence.' The essence he considers to lie in 'salvation by faith, faith in God through Jesus Christ, His only-begotten Son.' Faith is begotten only through the divine revelation of God in Christ and the forgiveness of

[1] *Christian Life in the Primitive Church.* By Ernst von Dobschütz, D.D., Professor of New Testament Theology in the University of Strassburg. Translated by Rev. G. Bremner, B.D.; Edited by Rev. W. D. Morrison, LL.D. (Williams & Norgate. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

sins which is granted through Christ as the world's Saviour. From this root spring peace and happiness within and the fruits of righteousness in the outward life; and these fruits cannot flourish, cannot properly exist, unless the character is rooted and formed by faith in Christ as a Saviour.

This point of view of the writer so far accords with the position of evangelical believers in this country, that, Ritschlian and disciple of Harnack as he is, they will be prepared from the outset to sympathize with him. On closer examination they will find much which they are not prepared to accept. In New Testament criticism Dobschütz claims more freedom than orthodoxy in this country is prepared to concede. He admits with some reluctance the genuineness of a portion of our Lord's sayings as recorded in the Synoptists, but rejects very many as reflecting only the views of a later generation of His disciples. He ascribes the Fourth Gospel and the Epistles to 'John of Asia Minor,' a disciple who did not belong to the twelve original companions of Christ, and whose writings may only be quoted to show what were the Christian beliefs of the churches in Asia in the early part of the second century. St. Luke 'freely idealizes' in the Acts. The Epistle to the Ephesians is not Pauline, but 'the effusion of a profound Christian thinker' of the next generation who had been influenced by Paul. The First Epistle of Peter is pseudonymous, and shows 'a very important advance on Paul' which was made towards the end of the first century. The Pastoral Epistles and James are documents belonging to a still later period. These questions of date and authorship are not argued out by the author; he states his own opinion upon them, for the most part very briefly and incidentally. Readers of his book will, however, note and allow for his critical point of view, which corresponds in the main to that of Harnack and his school.

This feature, however, interferes but little with the main scope of the book, which is not critical, nor doctrinal, but historical and ethical. The documents from which the facts of early Christian history are drawn must be dated and

placed, and on this point opinions may vary. But it is with the actual life of the primitive Church that this inquiry is concerned, on its religious and moral side. And it is clear that any writer who will draw from trustworthy documents an accurate picture of the earliest Christian churches, their heathen environment, their own modes of feeling and action, the ethical standards which they set up, the grounds on which these were based, the measure in which they were or were not realized, and the effect of these communities upon the surrounding population, will have at least prepared the way for a very effective demonstration of the truth of the Christian religion. And this is the kind of proof to which the present generation is peculiarly susceptible. It is an argument from experience, but experience based on actual and demonstrable history. Of course nothing must be assumed at the outset. The inquiry must be conducted entirely without prejudice; and here we find the advantage of the fact that our author treats the documents with complete critical freedom, and allows no traditional or dogmatic assumptions to interfere with his purely historical investigation. Consequently he furnishes a picture which even readers who are very familiar with the New Testament will find fresh and interesting, and he lays the foundation for a superstructure of Christian evidences of a most stable and satisfactory kind. Previous writers, such as Lechler, Weizsäcker, Hansrath, Uhlhorn, and others, have made important contributions towards such a study; but von Dobschütz occupies fairly untrodden ground of his own choosing, and he has covered it so well that his treatise will, for a time at least, be a standard one on the subject of which it treats.

He opens with an ideal picture of Christian life as described in the *Apology* of Aristides, and places side by side with it a somewhat gloomy picture drawn from the *Shepherd of Hermas*. Asking, then, which of the two is right, the author does not answer his own question; but his contrast teaches the lesson that every picture of primitive Christianity must be treated critically, if we are to draw

from it trustworthy conclusions as to the actual condition of things. Are the apostles or other early writers holding up an ideal standard, or describing the measure in which it has been realized? When blame is administered for existing faults, how far were those faults typical of the state of the Church at large? Were they at all condoned by the Church, or does their exceptional character prove that a high standard of conduct was generally maintained? Was the actual moral condition of the churches decidedly higher than that of the cities or countries in which they were planted; and if so, in what respects, and how had the moral transformation been effected?

These are some of the questions which the Strassburg professor sets himself to answer by a critical examination of such sources as are extant. One of the earliest and chief of these is St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, to which three most interesting chapters are devoted. The churches of Macedonia, of Asia Minor, and of Rome are then described as they existed in the time of St. Paul. A sketch of Jewish Christendom follows, whilst the latter half of the volume is occupied with a delineation of a later stage in the history, including the 'Johannean Circle,' the beginnings of Gnosticism, and that 'transition of the churches to Catholicism' which forms such a marked feature in Harnack's *History of Dogma* and the writings of the Ritschlian school generally.

Every part of this story is full of interest. Dr. von Dobschütz shows great skill as an artist. Not that he possesses the highest artistic gift—that constructive imagination without which even history cannot be adequately written. But he knows his authorities, keeps close to them, interprets them candidly, and draws his conclusions for the most part fairly and well. Those who know how almost every inch of the ground covered bristles with controversial and doubtful questions, will know that this is high praise. The modern critic is too frequently a man who has formed a new theory of his own, and who puts his authorities to the rack till he extracts from them something like a confession that he is right. It is therefore a relief to come upon

a writer who allows the documents to speak for themselves, and for the most part acts fairly enough as their interpreter.

We cannot follow the author into details, but may here point out that some of the chief questions upon which he sheds light are these: What was the difference on the side of character and conduct between the churches of Gentile and those of Jewish origin? how far was the 'charismatic' element in the Church the determinative one, and what change in ethics, if any, was implied in the transition to a more regular organization? what was the attitude of the primitive Church to slavery? how did Gnosticism in its earliest stages influence the Church, so far as its moral character and standard were concerned?—together with others of similar interest and importance. On many points his judgement is open to question. For instance, he adheres to the view that the Galatian Epistle is addressed to churches in North Galatia as if it were a matter of course; he uses the Epistle to the Hebrews as evidence concerning the Roman churches; he gives doubtful interpretations of *μιᾶς γυναικὸς ἀνδρα* in 1 Tim. iii. 2, and of *διὰ τῆς τεκνογονίας* in 1 Tim. ii. 15; whilst many will question the accuracy of some of his conclusions concerning the churches in Asia Minor.

But our readers will be most interested in the general conclusion to which these multiplied investigations lead. The author justly says that in estimating the condition of early Christian communities we must not judge them by the standard of our own times, nor by an ideal standard, but in comparison with the condition of the surrounding world in the first and second centuries. He then points out (1) how new and independent was the Christian judgement on all moral questions; (2) how deeply religious, and yet (3) how pre-eminently humanitarian, it was; (4) how, in a purely voluntary fashion, a great organization was developed which accomplished charitable and philanthropic work such as hitherto had never been dreamed of; and (5) the stress that was laid by the Christians upon truth, honesty in business, chastity and honourable family life, and the high standard

in these matters which was not only preached, but actually maintained amidst the most unfavourable and hostile conditions. Von Dobschütz claims that this is no imaginary picture, and that, though the Christian ideal was not always realized, 'offences against it were exceptions, and have less significance, as they awoke at once the moral consciousness of the spiritual leaders and of the congregations. If even one-half of the Christians lived as we have described, something great was already achieved. Certainly more of them did. The discipline exerted by this majority was, apart from other considerations, an invaluable moral achievement.'

The conclusion reached as to the development of Christianity between the time of St. Paul and the middle of the second century cannot be briefly summarized; but von Dobschütz holds that moral progress is distinctly to be traced, that 'the widely spread idea that a period of deep decline follows a brilliant beginning' is not correct of Christian character and conduct, however it may be true of the transition from the apostolic to the sub-apostolic writings—'if the concise spiritual power of St. Paul's Epistles be compared with the rambling spiritual poverty of the apostolic Fathers.' Towards the end of the second century, however, he holds that an actual retrogression in many respects may be traced.

We cannot close our notice of this most instructive volume without mentioning the value of certain detached notes given in the Appendix, especially that on the Terminology of Morality. The analysis of the terms used in the New Testament to describe virtues and vices, the norm of Christian practice, the intention or mental attitude and the nature of moral instruction, is masterly as it stands in its bare outline, and it is capable of being expanded into a valuable treatise. Altogether, this is one of the best among many important volumes published in Messrs. Williams & Norgate's 'Theological Translation Library.' From every one of them much may be learnt, whilst in almost every one the standpoint of the writer needs to be understood and allowed for.

Recent Literature.

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL.

The Student's Old Testament. Logically and Chronologically Arranged and Translated by Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D., Professor in Yale University. Vol. i. 'Beginnings of Hebrew History.' (Hodder & Stoughton. Each Volume, 12*s.* net. Subscription price for the Six Volumes, £2 10*s.*)

'SYSTEMATIC classification is the first step in the practical use of any library.' This sentence tersely sets forth the method and the aim of Dr. Kent's work. It is an elaborate and largely successful attempt to prove that Old Testament criticism has entered upon the constructive stage, and has produced results which are of practical value. It is more than an endeavour to furnish analyses of the various books, and more than a mere chronological rearrangement of the literature. Dr. Kent begins by a *logical* classification into groups of 'kindred narratives, laws, prophetic addresses, and proverbs'; these groups he subdivides *chronologically*, placing older and later versions of the same story side by side.

Vol. i. deals with the 'Prophetic and Priestly Stories regarding the Beginnings of Hebrew History,' as far as the conquest and settlement of Canaan. As an illustration of Dr. Kent's methods, reference may be made to his treatment of the patriarchal narratives. When higher critics declare that Abraham was a 'lunar hero,' the plain man shrugs his shoulders, with good reason; but with less reason he is apt to reject with contempt the suggestion that some narratives, which he has always regarded as lives of good men, may relate the experiences of tribes. But the two theories should be treated on their respective merits, in which case they will be treated differently. On the one hand, we may leave to students of comparative mythology, like Mr. Andrew Lang, the not uncongenial task of pointing out that Abraham was not necessarily a lunar hero 'because his father came from Ur (where the moon was worshipped)

and halted at Harran (where the moon was worshipped).' On the other hand, the fact must be taken into account that, amongst Semitic races, national and tribal traditions often took the form of individual biographies. Let those who doubt this statement read Gen. x. 13 f., where the Egyptians and the Canaanites are spoken of as individuals; or Judges i. 3, which narrates a conference between tribes as though it were a conversation between two brothers, Judah and Simeon. Are we, therefore, to conclude that Abraham was not an individual hero? By no means. We must, however, bear in mind 'this characteristic Semitic method of presenting tribal experiences'; Dr. Kent bears it in mind, and concludes that, whilst the character of Abraham was idealized, it is reasonable to believe that it is historical, that there was 'a man of strong personality, probably a leader of one of the earliest Aramean migrations, who made a deep impression upon his own and later generations.'

This is a book which the bona fide student will read with great profit to himself, and with much admiration of the method and spirit of its learned and devout-minded author. Not that every conclusion to which Dr. Kent comes is to be accepted as the last word on the subject. Theories which are firmly based upon historical data must be distinguished from mere conjectures, however reverent. Dr. Kent has accumulated much valuable material, which he has sifted with care and presented in a most convenient form. He has shown that, when 'the canons of scientific literary classification' are applied to the books of the Old Testament, they still constitute a library of unique value for which we are indebted to 'Israel's inspired teachers.'

Christian Character: Being some Lectures on the Elements of Christian Ethics. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A., D.D. (Macmillan & Co. *7s. 6d.*)

Dr. Illingworth's teaching maintains a character and continuity of its own. His early sermons foreshadowed the doctrine of his Bampton Lectures on Personality and the Divine Immanence; his essays on Reason and Revelation took up the same line of enlightened exposition of the Christian faith; and in the volume before us we find the same principles applied in the same clear, convincing fashion to Christian ethics. He is of the kindred of Dean Church and Bishop Paget, and the spiritual teaching of such men is amongst the purest and best of our time.

In the present series of lectures Dr. Illingworth discourses of

life and character, of faith and hope and love as distinctive Christian virtues, of prayer and the sacraments, of mysticism and other kindred topics. He does not aim at giving more than elementary teaching, and some readers may be disappointed by his simplicity. But elementary Christian teaching, when given by a master, is greatly needed to-day. The fundamentals of Christian truth are being debated and denied. And, while Mr. Illingworth is clear, he is not shallow. Those who run hastily through this volume will possibly find little in it; those who read it carefully will find how much thinking lies behind and beneath its pellucid sentences. In one place he says—we select almost at random to illustrate our point—'The various Christian graces, with the cardinal virtues at their head, are modes of holiness, springing from the desire for union with God, who is all-holy. They are quick with the life of a personal relationship. We may, indeed, describe them, as we often do, in the common language of all ethics; we may speak of practising virtue and doing good, phrases which come to us originally from Greek philosophy; or we may speak of doing right, or doing our duty, or fulfilling our obligations, terms that we have inherited from Roman law; but all these expressions mean, for the Christian, doing God's will, out of one degree or another of love for God.' The relation between morality and religion could hardly be better described than in the chapters of which the above sentences are a kind of condensed expression.

Dr. Illingworth, who was one of the contributors to *Lux Mundi*, has not, like several of his coadjutors, received preferment in the Church. The reading public can hardly regret this, so long as he continues to use his comparative leisure in Christian philosophizing after the fashion of this delightful volume.

The Bible Handbook: An Introduction to the Study of Sacred Scripture. By the late Joseph Angus, D.D. A New Edition. By Samuel Green, D.D. (Religious Tract Society. 6*s*.)

Angus's *Bible Handbook* has been a household word for half a century. It 'flourished' in the sixties and seventies, and for the last twenty years has been somewhat out of date. But the plan of the book was so good, and its usefulness had been so amply proved, that it was well worth the effort necessary thoroughly to revise it in the light of existing biblical knowledge. This work has been done, and excellently done, by Dr. Green. The outline of the work has been preserved; but throughout it has been edited and corrected,

whilst many chapters have been entirely rewritten. The labour bestowed must have been considerable; but the editor's reward will be found in the fact that he has produced a most useful biblical manual, embodying the information needed by the ordinary intelligent student of the Bible, from the conservative point of view. The former half of the book is general in its character. It deals with the text of the Old and New Testaments, the inspiration and interpretation of Scripture, the chief versions of the Bible, and kindred matter. The second half deals with the books separately, giving an introduction to each and a general description of its contents.

It is a question whether sufficient weight has been given by Dr. Green to the conclusions of the more moderate biblical critics. Dr. Angus was strongly conservative, and the *tone* of his work has been carefully preserved. A modern reader who uses only this handbook cannot be said to have fully presented before him the case, for example, of the authorship of the Pentateuch, or the conditions of composition of many of the prophetical books. But he will find the traditional view on these questions ably presented, and some objections to it fairly met. Very many ministers and leaders of Bible classes will prefer a volume of this kind. They cannot do better than procure this excellently printed and carefully arranged handbook to the Bible.

On Holy Scripture and Criticism. Addresses and Sermons by H. E. Ryle, D.D., Bishop of Winchester. (4*s.* 6*d.*)

On the Church of England. Sermons and Addresses by H. E. Ryle, D.D., Bishop of Winchester. (6*s.*)

(Macmillan & Co.)

In these two volumes the Bishop of Winchester brings together a number of utterances extending over the past fifteen years. They consist, as the titles show, partly of addresses and partly of sermons. Of these we think the addresses to be decidedly the abler and the more interesting. Perhaps the bishop's theory of preaching has somewhat limited his scope and power; in any case, his sermons, whilst thoughtful and profitable, as they could not fail to be, are distinctly conventional, and cannot be compared with those of a Westcott, a Church, or a Paget.

But Dr. Ryle has a message of his own to give, and in one fashion or another he delivers it in these twin volumes. He belongs to no school or party; he might be described as a Broad Evangelical, if it be distinctly understood that he is not 'Low,' and in some respects holds affinity with the High Churchman. If the

Church of England is comprehensive, so is Bishop Ryle. The first sermon in one volume is on 'The Spirit of Faction,' which we can easily believe is his *bête noire*. Nor can we much wonder at the fact. Inside the Church of England and outside it more harm is being done to-day than can be easily described by party-spirit and the narrow views of Christ and Christianity taken by men who can only run in grooves themselves, and who denounce all who cannot see eye to eye with them. Dr. Ryle's treatment of the 'Protestantism' of the Church of England is a case in point. Any clergyman may be judged by the way in which he regards that word. The Bishop of Winchester vindicates to the utmost the spirit of Protestantism and the work of the Reformation, as becomes his father's son. But he protests, in his turn, against the narrowness of many who flaunt the word on their banner of bigotry, and he quotes with approval the antithesis of Canon Dixon: 'The opposite of Catholic is not Protestant, but heretic; the opposite of Protestant is not Catholic, but Papist.'

Dr. Ryle's best work, however, as shown by these volumes, lies in the guidance he affords and the attitude he takes in relation to Biblical Criticism. More than half of one volume is entirely occupied with this subject, and great good must be done by the combined thoughtfulness and outspokenness, the reverence and boldness, of these addresses. Dr. Ryle is true—it is surely needless to say—to the great evangelical doctrines and to the inspiration of Holy Scripture. But he also vindicates the rights, and points out the immense value, of sober and moderate criticism. Those who find it difficult to understand how these two features can be combined, or who are afraid lest the methods of modern criticism should impair the sacredness of God's Word written, should read carefully Dr. Ryle's volume on the subject. He takes his place side by side with Sanday and Driver, with A. B. Davidson and G. Adam Smith, and the frankness with which he accepts the results of the best modern criticism is equalled by the reverence with which he regards Scripture as the Word of God. We hope the Bishop of Winchester may be long spared to influence the Church of which he is an ornament.

The Magnetism of Christ: A Study of our Lord's Missionary Methods. By John Smith, M.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

This volume consists of the Duff Lectures on Evangelistic Theology, delivered to the students of the United Free Church in

the session of 1903–4. The object of the lectureship, as set forth by the veteran whose name it bears, is to prepare young men for 'that aggressive activity which is specially directed to the undecided in the various congregations in which ministers may be placed.' The series under review is well calculated to fulfil that important end. Some of these searching deliverances are such as should make a man pause thoughtfully on the threshold of ministerial life, and either make him realize his fatal unfitness or enable him to press more hopefully and more wisely on. The book is a close and careful study of the methods of our Lord, in all those things in which He may be regarded as the perfect example of those who endeavour to carry on His work, and the author devotes suggestive chapters to inquirers and to opponents. In the fourth lecture, which bears the title of the book, the author shows how He 'entered in a sympathetic and discerning way into the minds and hearts of men, that He might win them for God.' 'His own perfection awoke the latent, thwarted spiritual consciousness in man. And then, from out the centre of His fellowship with the Father, Jesus drew by His personal magnetism, revealed in words or works of power, all open souls into the heavenly presence.' That is the kernel of the book. The lecture on 'The Distinctive Method of Jesus' is perhaps the most weighty and powerful in the volume. It is a noble plea for the most spiritual type of preaching; a divine message, of vital and converting power, delivered by men of wholly consecrated hearts. The third lecture, with its stirring vindication of the supernatural in religion, will remind some of its readers of the glowing pages of the *Tongue of Fire*.

Present-Day Rationalism Critically Examined. By Professor G. Henslow, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

Professor Henslow's attitude towards Darwinism is well known. He holds that no evidence is forthcoming from nature to support Darwin's theory of the *origin* of species by natural selection. Darwin's principle explains *distribution* of organisms—quite another matter. Henslow accepts Darwin's alternative theory that the organism responds directly to the environment—substantially the position of the Neo-Lamarckians. In this volume he shows how modern rationalistic assailants of religion make use of Darwin's theory, and his blows are very shrewdly aimed at the very centre and key of the position. He seeks to establish—and, in our opinion, does beyond question establish—the need of directive action at every stage in the history of the evolution of the universe.

Lord Kelvin and a large proportion of scientific teachers and leaders entirely support Professor Henslow in this. Haeckel's materialistic monism is vigorously assailed in several chapters of this book, and its weakness shown, from the point of view of science as well as that of philosophy. The volume deserves careful study at the hands of all who are engaged in controversy with modern unbelief.

The Book of Isaiah according to the Septuagint (*Codex Alexandrinus*). Translated and Edited by R. R. Ottley, M.A. I. Introduction and Translation, with a Parallel Version from the Hebrew. (Cambridge University Press. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. Ottley has done a difficult piece of work in a masterly style. His object has been to interest those who read Greek, but know little Hebrew, in the great Greek Bible so largely used by New Testament writers, and to set forth the relation of the LXX to the original Hebrew. Mr. Ottley has reached the conclusion that 'the translator's mistakes in reading (however ample their excuse) are so numerous, ranging in their effect from minute points to the wreck of whole sentences, that their view cannot carry weight as to the real Hebrew text of their day.' A second volume will provide fuller notes, especially on the Greek text and language; here the notes are very brief. The Introduction deals with the early history of the Septuagint; the text of the LXX in Isaiah; methods of rendering; differences between the LXX and the Hebrew. A list of MSS. containing Isaiah in Greek is added. The lists of readings show with what scholarly care the work has been done. It is a book that will be of the greatest service to students, and some of its suggestions and conjectural emendations will have to be weighed by all commentators on the Septuagint.

My Struggle for Light. Confessions of a Preacher. By R. Wimmer. (Williams & Norgate. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This volume of the 'Crown Theological Library,' which we are rather late in noticing, describes the religious difficulties of the writer, and the way in which he was enabled to meet and overcome them. They were of the most fundamental kind. They concern such questions as: Is not morality possible without religion? How are the inexorable laws of nature consistent with the personal government of God? Can the Infinite be personal? Is God Love indeed? Is not immortality a dream? These and similar inquiries which concern the very elements of religion are certainly rife to-day.

No one can say that the writer's 'struggle for light' is a solitary experience, or that he deals with questions which might be considered as settled for ever. They have often been discussed, but our own generation has to find its own answer.

And, we are happy to say, Mr. Wimmer will furnish much help to all who are struggling like himself. He faces objections fairly and frankly. He deals with them simply and practically. He does not lose himself, or involve his readers, in any metaphysical labyrinth. He brings those who follow him into the light of practical religion as it is understood by the Theist or the Unitarian of to-day.

Our difference with Mr. Wimmer is that we cannot accept his views of Christianity. Hence we think that he brings his readers, not into light but into twilight. 'I love and reverence Jesus ever so deeply, but I can never regard Him as God Himself. . . . I am compelled to reject the doctrine of the Church concerning the Godhead and the merits of Christ, and in doing so I know that I am in the fullest agreement with Christ Himself.' These sentences show where the author stands, and why his attempt to solve life's riddles is partial and inadequate. Those who have reached 'the acknowledgement of God in Christ' have not solved them all, but they have a key which Mr. Wimmer has not learned how to use. His spirit, however, is so excellent that we cannot help thinking that the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Atonement which he rejects have been presented to him in some of the incredible and impossible forms in which they have too often been held and promulgated by good people. Is it too much to hope that through a further struggle fuller light still may be gained by so candid and reverent and earnest a seeker?

Haeckel's Lösung der Welträtsel. Autorisierte Uebersetzung aus dem Englischen des Professor J. G. Tasker, Birmingham. Von Carl Herrmann. (Gross Lichterfelde. 1904.)

It is a notable testimony to the value of Professor Tasker's Manchester lecture on 'Does Haeckel solve the Riddles?' that it has been translated into German. The translator has done his work well, and publishes the pamphlet in useful popular form, giving special emphasis to the points of the lecture by printing them in good type. In a short preface he justifies this addition to the already voluminous 'Haeckel literature.' Paulsen and others have published able replies to the Jena professor, but these are too largely 'caviare to the general,' and one of the many excellences of Professor Tasker's work is that he puts his points clearly and well,

so as to be understood by the multitude. He has indicated, moreover, we believe, some of the unworthy devices by which errors that have been removed by the English translator of Haeckel are still allowed to remain in German editions. We heartily welcome this fresh proof of the value of one of the ablest of the Manchester Central Hall Lectures, and hope that Mr. Tasker's work may have a wide circulation in Germany.

Peterborough Sermons. By the late Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott). (Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.)

All lovers of the most human mystic whose name this volume bears will be glad to add it to the Westcott corner of their shelves, notwithstanding that some part of it has been reproduced in another form in the author's contribution to the *Speaker's Commentary*. The sermons and addresses contained in this book belong to the days of the writer's canonry, a quarter of a century ago, but are by no means out of date, full as they are of sympathy with the living needs of the human soul. They are saturated with the culture, the reverence, the profound thought, the fervent piety, the catholicity of spirit we are accustomed to associate with the name of Westcott. No work from his pen needs much commendation to those who have once learnt to love and reverence this saintly and scholarly teacher.

The Gospel and Human Life. Sermons by Alfred Ainger, M.A., late Master of the Temple. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.)

Canon Beeching has done well to issue this memorial volume of his friend Canon Ainger, and to lay stress in so doing upon the *humanness* which distinguished the latter as a preacher. The late Master of the Temple was a delicate and fastidious critic of literature, but he was also a shrewd and tender observer of human character. The combination of the two gave him special influence with the unique congregation to which he ministered. The sermons selected by Mr. Beeching for publication refer chiefly to religion as it affects human character and interests, and the subjects range over a wide field. Amongst the best are those on 'Judas,' on 'Gallio,' and 'Christian Courtesy in the Epistle to Philemon'; whilst those entitled 'Character and Intellect' and 'Theology and Life' are most impressive. Much of the charm of Canon Ainger's preaching lay in his presence and personality; and, whilst all may find good things in this volume, those readers will enjoy it most who remember the man himself.

The Past a Prophecy of the Future. By the Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

A volume of sermons, the first of which, as is usual, gives its title to the book. They reveal Dr. Kellogg as a fine Christian apologist, though they are not directly controversial; as an acute reasoner, a devout scholar, a practical and profitable preacher. Though at the first glance the sermons look 'dry'—they owe nothing to form of presentation—they at once captivate the reader, and are clear, interesting, and thoroughly evangelical. Dr. Kellogg deals with the conscience faithfully, even as he smites scepticism vigorously. The volume abounds in evidence of strong, original thinking, and of an intense purpose to do good.

A sermon on 'Jehoiakim's Penknife' is singularly able and suggestive.

The Golden Book of John Owen. By James Moffatt, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

Few persons have set themselves to read the works of John Owen the Puritan, not because they are lacking in quality, but twenty-four thick volumes in Dr. Goold's standard edition make almost impossible demands on time and patience. Hence, as the author of this work says in his preface, 'Apart from one or two treatises still read by a too scanty retinue, John Owen's collected works have been dropped into the cells of oblivion.' This fact gives special value to the book before us. Owen must not be forgotten, and Dr. Moffatt has shown how such a man may be saved to posterity. Nearly one-half the book describes the man and his work, and throws a clear sidelight on the struggles of those times. The latter part consists of extracts from Owen's writings, all of which minister to spiritual profit, and some of which are gems of rare beauty. Dr. Moffatt has done excellent service in revivifying one who was a scholar and a philosopher, but at the same time one of Christ's most loving and loyal followers.

Text Studies for a Year. By A. R. Buckland, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

Though Mr. Buckland's name alone stands on the back of this book, on the title page it is associated with two others—Rev. F. Baylis, M.A., and W. R. Blackett, M.A. We suppose the explanation to be that as these Studies are reprints from the *Record*, chosen from its columns for the last fifteen years, Mr. Buckland has been compiler and editor, though all three had a share in authorship.

The book provides two outlines of sermons for each Sunday of the ecclesiastical year, the texts being mainly taken from some part of the office for the day—lesson, psalm, collect, or gospel. The outlines are fairly full, the exegesis correct, the analysis careful and suggestive, the tone evangelical.

We suppose there is a use for Text Studies of this sort, and for sermon outlines generally; else, would they not cease to appear? But to use them must be like having to wear somebody else's clothes. They may be of better and costlier material, but they do not fit half so well as your own.

A Critical Commentary on Genesis ii. 4–iii. 25. By H. H. B. Ayles, D.D., M.R.A.S. (C. J. Clay & Sons. 5*s.*)

Dr. Ayles has prepared a little manual which will be of great service to scholars. He begins by pointing out the difference in style, language, and ideas when we pass from ver. 4*a* to ver. 4*b* of the second chapter of Genesis. One author is precise, methodical, chronological. The other gives a picturesque description in a free, flowing, poetical style. The passage from ii. 4–iii. 24 seems to be the connected work of a single author. Dr. Ayles studies each distinctive word, and examines the Babylonian legend which closely resembles this section of Genesis. He thinks that the resemblances are too close to be accidental. A study of dates leads him without hesitation to place the Jehovist in the latter part of the reign of Solomon. He thinks that there are indications connecting him with Northern Israel. 'But though this is the date of the Jehovist himself, the narratives he has preserved are much earlier, and some of them very early indeed.' A valuable set of discussions deals with the theology and monotheism of the Jehovist; the ethical conception of God. In an appendix, 'Was Jehovah ever the name of a heathen God?' Dr. Ayles concludes that the name of Jehovah is of purely Israelitish origin, and that its connexion with Israel dates from the time of the Exodus. The little volume is a real contribution to the true understanding of this important passage.

The Apostles of our Lord. By J. G. Greenhough, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.*)

A book that will be at once useful to the Bible student and delightfully suggestive to the devout soul. It is not a volume of sermons, but a series of cameos of the immortal Twelve, preceded by a thoughtful introduction, and followed by a discerning treatise on the 'Making of an Apostle,' with a concluding section entitled

'After Studies,' which to us has been the most fascinating part of the book. The style is terse, vigorous, vivid; and every chapter bears the stamp of a fine mind. The whole is a beautiful illustration of the treasures which repay the close sifting and searching gaze of the reverent student of the Word.

Questions of Faith. Seven Lectures on the Apostles' Creed. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.*)

This volume consists of a series of lectures by some of the ablest theologians of Scotland. Their names, which follow, assure the value of the book — Drs. James Denney, Marcus Dods, John Laidlaw, T. M. Lindsay, H. R. Mackintosh, James Orr, and the Rev. P. C. Simpson.

Our space does not allow a review of each of these lectures, but as a whole and without an exception, they form an able and lucid exposition of the principal articles of our faith. Regarding them as the belief of an important section of the Catholic Church, we rejoice in its fidelity to Christian doctrine and to Christ, and that it speaks the verities of the gospel with no uncertain voice. We heartily recommend the book to our readers.

Women of the Bible: 'Rebekah to Priscilla.'

Men of the Bible: 'Some Lesser-known Characters.'

Men of the Old Testament: 'Cain to David,' 'Solomon to Jonah.'

(James Robinson. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These volumes are part of a series of sermons which Mr. Robinson publishes from time to time, and which are contributed to by ministers of different Churches. The principal contributors to these volumes are Revs. Dr. Rowland, J. G. Greenhough, Dr. Townsend, H. Elvet Lewis, Principal Rowlands; and, as is to be expected, there is great variety of thought, treatment, and expression. If none of the sermons have great distinction, all of them are on a good level, and the volumes will make most profitable reading in many a Christian home.

The Christian Opportunity. By Randall T. Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury. (Macmillan & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a fitting memento of an entirely happy and quite unique occasion. Dr. Davidson is the first Archbishop of Canterbury who has crossed the Atlantic and seen his fellow Churchmen, face to face, in their own land. His reception was cordial in the extreme,

and the speeches in this volume are some of the responses which he made to the more formal welcomes which he received; while the sermons are those which he delivered in the American churches. The volume is full of that sagacity, simplicity, sound sense, and good feeling which are so characteristic of the Archbishop.

The Word and Sacraments. By Thomas Dehany Bernard, M.A., Prebendary and Chancellor of Wells. (Bemrose & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*) This volume contains occasional papers which have appeared in *The Churchman* and elsewhere. In the essay which gives a title to his book the author's position is made plain. He is no sacerdotalist; the Word is not to be regarded mainly as 'the preparation for and interpretation of' the Sacraments. On the other hand, the Sacraments are not merely 'acted exhibitions or expressions' of the Word. Prebendary Bernard prefers the careful expositions of Waterland to 'the loosely reasoned books which are now in vogue.' With dignified composure and uncondescending tolerance he discusses such themes as 'The Church and its Unity' and 'Apostolical Succession.' On the latter subject he plainly says: 'From the evidence of the Scriptures we can only conclude that the nature of the ministry exercised by the apostles was not sacerdotal, and therefore that there can be no apostolical succession of priesthood in the sacerdotal sense.'

Heavenly Springs. By Andrew A. Bonar, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) A beautiful little manual of devotion of the evangelical type. The materials, which have been gathered by his daughter from the diary, letters, and sermons of the late Dr. Bonar, and arranged in portions for the Sabbaths of a year, are suitable for use in guilds and Bible classes, as well as in private life. Class leaders also would gain from them much inspiration and suggestion. The range of thought and feeling is not wide, but the maxims and reflections are pervaded by a deep and simple piety; while in form they often equal the sayings of the raciest and pithiest of the Puritans. A goblet brimful of the wine of the kingdom.

Some Difficulties in the Life of our Lord. By George S. Cockin, M.A. (Elliot Stock. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.) This book is too modestly described by its author as 'containing nothing new, nothing original.' It is of much greater value than many far more pretentious volumes whose condemnation is their originality. Mr. Cockin is not a harmonist of the old style; he has felt the fascination of the comparative method of studying the Gospels, and he is aware of the

difficulties which confront thoughtful readers. With complete candour he states these difficulties, and with sound judgement estimates the value of suggested solutions of many problems.

The School of Faith. Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey. By Bishop Welldon. (Bemrose & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.*) These sermons are worthy of the Abbey in which they were preached. They are beautifully simple, yet in thought profound; sound in doctrine, broad in spirit, strong in argument, luminous in illustration, sweetly tender and winning in their appeals, helpful and elevating in their effect upon the reader. We confidently place them among the choicest pulpit productions of our day.

St. John and his Work, by Canon Benham, D.D.; *Connection between Old and New Testaments*, by G. Milne Rae, D.D. (J. M. Dent & Co. 9*d.* net each.) Two more volumes of the admirable 'Temple Handbooks.' They are concise, and yet comprehensive. The writers have concentrated here the results of long and careful study, and the books will prove for many readers a sufficient introduction to most important subjects.

Letters of an Old Methodist to his Son in the Ministry. By Robert Allen. (Revell & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) The father is a layman, and in a measure sees both sides of the preacher's life. He deals with appointments, visiting, higher criticism, the preacher's wife and children, elocution, and gymnastics. He is always sensible, though somewhat out of his depth when he touches on the Hexateuch. He knows how to express his views, and there is a racy strength about his sayings which makes them lively reading. Every young minister can learn something from this book.

The Man in the Pew. By Joseph Dawson. (C. H. Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*) Both preachers and congregations have cause to thank Mr. Dawson for his hints on *How to Hear the Sermon.* He writes with real force and discernment. Listening is shown to be an art, and the points to be noted in a sermon are suggestively set forth. Those who follow the advice given in this volume will gain strength and blessing from the sermons they hear, and their quickened sympathy and interest will act powerfully upon the preacher.

The Apostle Peter: Outline Studies in his Life, Character, and Writings. By W. H. Griffith Thomas, B.D. (R.T.S. 3*s.* 6*d.*) A carefully prepared and clearly written handbook. There is much here that is very suggestive, and the volume will prove most useful to those who wish to make a detailed study of the subject. The book is the result of a series of Bible readings, and is deeply

devout and evangelical in tone. Great attention has been given to the arrangement of the subject-matter in the clearest and most helpful manner, and we can cordially recommend the book to busy workers who have not much time for volumes of reference and who are glad to avail themselves of good work already done.

Selected Sermons of Hugh Latimer; Selected Sermons of George Whitefield: each with Introduction and Notes by A. R. Buckland, M.A. (R.T.S. 1*s.* each.) Two volumes of a very neat and useful series—'The World's Great Sermons.' Several of Latimer's discourses, as given here, are very well known. Whitefield's are of much interest, but they tell us little of the secret of his wonderful power. It is late in the day to be saying anything about these sermons of a bygone day, but there will be many who will be glad to read the exhortations which once so stirred the hearts of men.

Grace Triumphant, by Charles Haddon Spurgeon (R.T.S., 3*s.* 6*d.*), contains fifteen sermons which have never before appeared in print. They show how the great preacher appealed to the heart and conscience and brought God's truth to bear on daily life. The volume will be very precious to many.

Elixir of Life (R.T.S., 3*s.* 6*d.*) is a volume from the Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., of Bournemouth, rich in thought, freshly phrased, full of point and power. Altogether a stimulating volume.

Thoughts on St. John xvii.: The Lord's Prayer for Believers throughout all Time. By the late Marcus Rainsford, B.A. Fifth Edition. (Thynne. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) A beautiful unfolding of the seventeenth of St. John. Mr. Rainsford never strays far from Scripture either in illustration or quotation, but he knows how to grasp the spiritual significance of the greatest prayer of the ages and to bring it out in a way that is eminently helpful to a devout reader. The book is full of Christ.

Messrs. Seeley are issuing 'The Miniature Library of Devotion,' a dainty set of books consisting of *Brief Passages from the Writings of the Christian Fathers* (1*s.* net). *St. John Chrysostom; St. Augustine; Bishop Jeremy Taylor* have been published. The extracts are well selected, and the translation is pleasant reading. The books will appeal strongly to all who wish to know something of these great writers. They would make a delightful present in the more expensive edition. Our only regret is that a few dates and facts are not given to guide readers who do not know much about these Christian Fathers.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

Life and Letters of Henry Parry Liddon, D.D. By John Octavius Johnston, M.A. (Longmans. 15*s.* net.)

'IT is a perilous thing to publish any man's letters fourteen years after his death; and most perilous, if much of his life was spent in controversy.' So writes the Bishop of Oxford in the concluding chapter of this volume; and admirers of Liddon will agree that in his case the danger of doing an injustice to a high reputation was a serious one. For Liddon was a great preacher, not a great ecclesiastical leader. He is best remembered by his sermons, and the Bampton Lectures, which are sermons made longer and more elaborate than usual. He was much engaged in controversy, and was able and effective as a fighter. But his judgement and temper were not equal to his ability. He was an idealist. He could lay down high ecclesiastical principles and argue from them in the abstract with relentless logic, denouncing all who offered the slightest opposition as if they were unfaithful to Christ Himself. But, as the Bishop of Oxford points out, Liddon had never been subjected to the wholesome discipline of having to conduct practical administration and conquer difficulties caused by the exigencies of practical government. Hence he never properly appreciated the necessary limitations imposed by the infirmities of men and the imperfections of existing institutions. It seemed as if it was impossible for him to realize the changes which are always gradually but surely passing over successive generations, which render modifications of opinion and action constantly necessary. These changes took place with unusual rapidity during the period comprised in the latter half of Dr. Liddon's life, and a breach was caused between himself and the younger generation of High Churchmen represented by the writers of *Lux Mundi* in a way that was exquisitely painful to both parties. Even Pusey, unbending Tory as he was, understood when an old man the needs of the coming generation and the pressing claims of practical life, better than Liddon did as a young one.

Hence the interest of a large part of these letters has disappeared, and on many of the questions raised in them Liddon is

seen to have been on the wrong side. His relation to Stanley and Archbishop Tait in one direction, and to Dr. Gore, now Bishop of Worcester, in another; his attitude with regard to the Athanasian Creed, the Jerusalem Bishopric, and to Biblical Criticism; his prophecies of the terrible evils that would follow if the slightest departure from the old Tractarian position were allowed — all proved his own unswerving adhesion to what he felt to be truth and duty, and his utter incapacity to realize that he might be mistaken, or that change of opinion might often be permitted without the infraction of sacred principle. And, unfortunately, Liddon's letters are too seldom concerned with those high themes of perennial importance which transcend the changes of generations. He was ever fighting the battle of Christianity on the frontiers; anxious to maintain ancient boundary lines of demarcation, and failing to see that the safety of great citadels and of crucial positions was being endangered by a *non possumus* attitude concerning lesser matters.

But it is not to be understood for a moment that the publication of this volume was a mistake, or that it lacks deep and abiding interest. The study of so fine a character as Liddon's is in itself an education. Mr. Johnston, a lifelong friend—the Principal of Cuddesdon College, where Liddon's career characteristically began—has done his work with loving care and discerning skill. He threads his friend's letters together by means of a sympathetic and sufficient narrative. It is in no disparagement of the biographer's work that we say that the most interesting pages of the book are those which contain the fine sketches contributed by the Bishop of Oxford, Canon Scott Holland, and Mr. Sampson—each most excellent in its own way. The personal character of Dr. Liddon was full of charm; he was an accomplished theologian, a thoughtful and able writer, but it was as a preacher that he shone supreme, and as such he will be chiefly remembered. Whether it would have been better for him and for others if he had been weighted by the responsibility of the bishopric which was often talked about, but of which no actual offer was made to him till the very end, is a question we need not try to answer. The four portraits which adorn the volume depict a noble face, the index of an intensely earnest and loyal Christian character. This memorial volume, describing as it does the life of one of the foremost preachers and representative High Churchmen of the nineteenth century, will be read with great interest by all students of ecclesiastical affairs. But the best part of the book in every sense is the portion which describes the personal character of a saintly Christian man, and this will be found

full of profit as well as interest, even by those who are far indeed from sharing his somewhat narrow ecclesiastical opinions.

The English Church in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James I. By W. H. Frere. (Macmillan & Co. *7s. 6d.*)

Five volumes of this series have already appeared. Four of these bring the history of the Church of England down to the death of Mary; whilst another, the sixth in order, tells its story from the accession of Charles I to the death of Anne. Mr. Frere's volume now before us fills the existing gap, forming the fifth out of the series of eight originally proposed. The remaining two will bring down the narrative to the end of the nineteenth century. It goes without saying that the period undertaken by Mr. Frere is in some respects the most important of the whole. It is the period of reconstruction after the disturbance of the ancient order effected in the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI, and Mary. Materials abound: Mr. Frere's difficulties in this respect would arise chiefly from the embarrassment of riches. He has used Strype, the collections of the Parker and the Camden Societies, and the papers of Lord Burghley in the Record Office and at Hatfield, but his conclusions also rest on authorities 'some of which are obscure and some not previously used.' He differs in several important respects from Dr. Gardiner, and himself admits that some of his judgements are likely to appear 'novel or disputable.' But for the most part he cites his authorities carefully; and his sections on the *Via Media*, the 'Advertisements' and the 'Ornaments,' his sketches of the encounter with Puritanism, of Parker, Grindal, Whitgift, and other protagonists in this momentous period of English ecclesiastical history, are full of interest and suggestion.

The controversial questions raised by Mr. Frere are too acute and complicated to be dealt with in this brief notice. We hope to return to them and to give a more careful examination of his position and arguments ere long. Meanwhile there can be no question as to the care and ability with which he has carried out his difficult task, or as to the importance of the historical series to which this volume belongs.

Western Europe in the Fifth Century. By the late E. A. Freeman, M.A., D.C.L. (Macmillan & Co. *10s.* net.)

This 'aftermath' of a well-known historian's work was decidedly worth the gathering. The volume consists of some eight or ten lectures describing the events which were happening in

Gaul and Spain during the earlier years of the fifth century—a period none too closely studied or clearly understood. Freeman, on his last visit to Spain, was chiefly intent on gathering materials for his *History of Sicily*. But he never forgot Britain; and the study of the general development of Western Europe during the critical years when the Roman Empire under Honorius was rapidly dissolving, appeared to him to shed important light upon the condition of Britain during that and the next subsequent period. He gave two or three courses of lectures on the subject at Oxford, but had not fully prepared them for the press at the time of his death. Professor York Powell generously undertook the pious task, but he too died before the work was completed. Canon Scott Holmes now presents what is indeed a fragment, but, as he says, one too valuable to be allowed to perish, and one which will furnish useful hints to other students in the same field.

Freeman's general aims are well known, and they are illustrated in this posthumous fragment, as in all his work. He was ever seeking to illustrate the unity and continuity of history, and, as he put it, to 'show that Englishmen are Englishmen.' He urges that to understand the place which the Burgundian, the Goth, and the Frank held in Gaul will enable us to understand that which the Jute, the Angle, and the Saxon held in England. Accordingly he sketches the history of the earliest incursions of Saxons into Gaul in the fifth century, and in a very interesting chapter shows the points of similarity and of difference between the work they did in Gaul and in Britain. In Gaul 'the Saxon is a real element in the mixed population; but he is a very subordinate element. His work was local and temporary. He kept a field ready for the coming of the Norman.' He wholly changed the face of Britain, but the face of Gaul was never so thoroughly altered from its Roman complexion, and, so far as change was effected, it was not the Saxon but the Frank who accomplished it. The Teutonic conquerors displaced the Celtic and Roman inhabitants in this country in a way they never did in Gaul, and the reasons for this, as suggested by Freeman, are both interesting and instructive.

The authorities for the period are comparatively poor and the records scanty. The historian has to make the best of what there is; but readers of Freeman will be quite prepared to find that he can weave out of slender materials an interesting sketch of Marcus and Constantine and Maximus, of Theodoric, Aetius, and Boniface. The transition period between the disappearance of Roman rule and the establishment of new nationalities was marked by the rapid

rise and fall of 'tyrants,' of whom Mr. Freeman gives the definition: 'A tyrant is one who takes to himself power without any lawful claim to take it.' He may use his power wisely and gently, though he is under strong temptation to do otherwise; he may, or may not, succeed in legitimizing his position; but 'there is no contradiction in terms in speaking of a just and merciful tyrant.' And the Roman Empire during the period under discussion was torn in pieces from within by the conflicting personal interests of a succession of these adventurers, even more than it was shattered from without by the impact of barbarian invaders.

But we must not follow the outline of this sketch, which even in its partially finished form bears the marks of the master-hand. Every part of the history of the slow disintegration of that wonderful fabric the Roman Empire is instructive, and Freeman has shed light on some problems which both Gibbon and Hodgkin from their several points of view left obscure. Every student of history will welcome these 'remains' of Freeman's work, imperfect as they are. His aftermath is better worth garnering than the main harvest of smaller men.

John Knox: His Ideas and Ideals. By James Stalker, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

John Knox. By A. Taylor Innes. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

John Knox and John Knox's House. By C. J. Guthrie, K.C. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 2*s.*)

It is nearly four hundred years since John Knox was born, and, as the quater-centenary of his birth is shortly to be celebrated, many will be glad to turn to these useful little volumes during the next few months.

1. The most important of the three is Dr. Stalker's survey of the great Scotch Reformer's life and aims. His special object has been to make Knox's own sentiments and opinions better known; and he claims, if not to have given a complete collection of Knox's memorable sayings, still to have 'creamed them'—an expressive Scotticism, as we suppose, which is worth adopting. Dr. Stalker has freely used Laing's six volumes of Knox's works, and readers who are never likely to have recourse to that storehouse may be thankful to the Aberdeen professor for the skilful way in which he has extracted the best of Knox's memorable utterances and interwoven them into his own study of the Scottish Reformation.

A full account is given of Knox's life, so far as that is known; for, in spite of the labours of Dr. Hume Brown and others, much obscurity still hangs over some important parts of it. The Book of Common Order and the Book of Discipline are fully described; and indeed we know no better account in small compass than Dr. Stalker has given of the 'ideas and ideals' of the leader of the Reformation in Scotland.

2. Mr. Taylor Innes deals chiefly with Knox's public life. Till he was forty we know little or nothing of his inner life; when he appears on the scene his character is fixed, and to the end he remains intensely and unchangeably the same. Knox's greatest defect is 'his inability to sympathize with those still found entangled' in that Romanist position which was so long his own. He absolutely refuses to put himself in their place, or to give them credit for honesty in their convictions. Mr. Innes's chapter on Knox's 'women friends' shows the tender side of the Scotch thunderer, and his description of the memorable struggle with Mary Queen of Scots is really illuminating.

3. The little book on *Knox's House* is quite a gallery of pictures, and its description of the building and the treasures gathered within its walls is excellently done. The chief events in Knox's life are given, with useful notes and some interesting facsimiles.

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Sir Rennell Rodd. (Macmillan & Co. *2s. 6d.*)

The latest issue in the 'English Men of Action Series' deals with a hero a large part of whose career is still encompassed with uncertainty, and on whose fair fame there rest some ugly blots. Sir Rennell Rodd does not profess to remove all obscurities from the history, nor does he undertake the undesirable task of 'whitewashing' Raleigh. But his monograph, clearly and vigorously and interestingly written as it is, clears up some doubtful points, and vindicates his hero's character from some of the severer strictures that have been passed upon it — such as that of Mr. Gardiner, who describes him as 'a liar convicted on his own confession.' Sir R. Rodd's reasoning is fair, and on the whole convincing. He rightly says that Raleigh's death practically transfigured his life. 'It needed the scaffold at Westminster to complete his triumphant vindication, to open to his spirit that sphere of attainment which it was not his fortune to take by storm in life. There were many spots on the sun of his reputation, but the tragedy of his end revealed his greatness and blotted out his faults.' The fascinating

story is well told by the author, and considerable light is cast by it on the true character of 'the spacious times' of Queen Elizabeth.

The Epistles of Erasmus: From his Earliest Letters to his Fifty-first Year. By Francis Morgan Nichols. In Two Vols. Vol. ii. (Longmans, Green, & Co. 18*s.* net.)

This volume completes the task which Mr. Nichols set himself —to pick out those letters of Erasmus which refer to the period of his life which was spent so largely in this country. The present volume opens with the return of Erasmus to England on the accession of Henry the Eighth. The great scholar was as enthusiastic about the new prince as any of the English courtiers. He writes in 1511: 'There is scarcely any news here worth knowing, except about the king, who shows himself more divine every day.' Erasmus was hoping that some provision would be made for him by the king, but he fared ill. His best friend was Archbishop Warham, who presented him to the rectory of Aldington in Kent, and, when he resigned it, gave him a pension of £20 a year out of its revenues. He enjoyed much of More's company, 'than which I protest I have never met with anything more delightful in my life.' More was always doing little kindnesses to the great scholar. With Colet he was on terms of almost equal familiarity. Colet writes to him 'from the country at Stepney, where I am with my mother, who is still alive, and grows old without losing her good looks, and who often mentions you in a cheerful and playful way.' At a later stage we find Colet learning Greek and become familiar with Bishop Fisher of Rochester, for whom Erasmus had a warm regard. Richard Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, in a meeting of 'persons of importance, asserted, with universal approval, that Erasmus's translation of the New Testament was as good to him as ten commentaries.' Erasmus did a great work among the scholars of the day. One of them writes that, besides innumerable other benefits, 'the chief is this, that you have taught me to know Christ, and not to know Him only, but to imitate, to reverence, and to love Him.' Oecolampadius says: 'Your maxims are still in my ears, especially that golden rule, that in our sacred studies Christ alone is to be sought.' The volume is full of good things, of sayings that linger in one's memory and do credit alike to the head and heart of Erasmus, and, above all, of glimpses into the literary life of Europe on the eve of the Reformation. Mr. Nichols has done his task in a way that will lay all scholars under lasting obligation. It is a monumental work.

Adam Smith. By Francis W. Hirst. 'English Men of Letters' Series. (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* net.)

The life-story of the great philosopher and economist is here set forth with conciseness and interest, and the criticism and estimate of his works is discerning and just. Mr. Hirst is a painstaking biographer, and here and there corrects some errors that have crept into Mr. John Rae's more exhaustive work.

Naturally, the special interest of this book is its discussion of Adam Smith's *Lectures on Justice, Police, Revenue, and Arms*, for these had not been published when the larger work by Mr. Rae was written, though the *Lectures* themselves were delivered more than a hundred years before. They were the forerunners, and indeed the foundation, of the monumental work with which Smith's name will ever be associated, *The Wealth of Nations*.

The excellent series to which this book belongs is distinctly enriched by this volume, which will commend itself to any one who is interested in the progress of thought and the advancement of learning, and who can appreciate the encyclopaedic faculties of a truly extraordinary man.

Hobbes. By Sir Leslie Stephen. 'English Men of Letters' Series. (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* net.)

The last literary work from the pen of Sir Leslie Stephen shows no tokens of failure or decay. The same clear, if not deeply penetrating, insight; the same masterly power of delineation without exaggeration or undue emphasis; the same self-repression and stern omission of the irrelevant which have characterized the author's work in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and elsewhere, are manifest here. Hobbes forms a good subject. He may well be dissected, for he is not 'alive' to-day. His unblushing egoism, his theories of the 'state of nature,' of civil law, of royal prerogative, and of the origin of morals, are as dead in philosophy as his *Leviathan* is in literature. His theory of laughter remains, to be quoted, with or without amusement, by the humorist. But the student of history is still concerned with Hobbes, and nowhere can he find so good an account of him in brief as in Sir Leslie Stephen's monograph.

Life of James Hood Wilson, D.D., of the Barclay Church, Edinburgh. By James Wells, D.D. (Hodder. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Wells may be congratulated in having such a character to sketch, and such a life-work to record, as that of the late Dr. Wilson.

In a ministry of more than forty years he had almost unbroken success in his work, the secret of which is revealed in this book. Men who aspire to be soul-winners, and at the same time to do solid and abiding work in the Church, will find here inspiration and direction, and will thank the writer for a biography of sterling value.

John Constable, R.A. By Lord Windsor. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Lord Windsor's main source of information has been Leslie's *Memoirs of Constable*; but he has had access to the original letters used by Leslie, and has collected all the facts about the painter which he could gather from other sources. The result is a volume of unusual interest, which tells the story of Constable's life, and shows the principles that guided his work. Ruskin depreciated Constable, whom he constantly produces as a foil to Turner; but he admits that his works 'are to be deeply respected as thoroughly original, thoroughly honest, free from affectation, manly in manner, and frequently successful in cool colour.' No one who studies the excellent illustrations to this volume can fail to feel the charm of Constable's landscapes. Lord Windsor says justly: 'He was original, he was true to nature at a time when originality and truth were rare indeed; and if he was not, in addition, always sublime, if he was at times somewhat coarse in expression, he was never vulgar nor cheap; and, let it be admitted, his influence on modern landscape art has been greater than that of any painter of the nineteenth century.' That is a verdict which will commend itself to every reader of this masterly study. Constable's work grows on the student, and Lord Windsor's monograph shows that the secret of his success was his deep and unfailing love for nature in all her moods. The Appendices will be of great service to those who wish to trace the painter's works or to study them more closely.

My Memory of Gladstone. By Goldwin Smith. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Professor Goldwin Smith saw a good deal of Gladstone, and bears merited tribute to his enormous powers of work. 'This man was a wonderful being, physically and mentally, the mental part being well sustained by the physical.' It takes us a long way back to find Archbishop Tait saying, 'What I fear in Gladstone is his levity.' Professor Smith's critique on Gladstone's speeches is very just. They are not literature. 'He spoke without notes, and no man can speak literature *ex tempore*. The voice, the manner, the

bearing of the orator were supreme, and filled even the most adverse listener with delight.' His friend's estimate is that 'he was hardly one of those sure-footed statesmen to whom can be safely entrusted the supreme destinies of a nation.' He actually wrote Goldwin Smith a letter during the American Civil War, in which he suggested that 'if the North thought fit to let the South go, it might in time be indemnified by the union of Canada with the Northern States.' As to Gladstone's theology, his Homeric speculations, and his Home Rule policy, Professor Smith's estimate will be read with great interest. He thinks that the statesman's achievements and merits, very great as they were, were not so great as they appear in Mr. Morley's admirably executed picture.

Tamate: The Life and Adventures of a Christian Hero. By Richard Lovett, M.A. (Religious Tract Society. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The story of the brave life and martyr-death of James Chalmers, 'the Greatheart of New Guinea,' told in such an attractive style that it cannot fail to catch the interest and arouse the admiration of boys. Mr. Lovett is the author of the standard biography; but this volume contains extracts from diaries and letters never before printed. It is No. 1 of 'The Christian Heroes' Series, which makes a splendid beginning with this thrilling narrative of the remarkable career of 'as brave a man as ever fought in the British army or navy.'

Peter Mackenzie as I knew him. By Dinsdale T. Young. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Young knew Peter Mackenzie intimately, and pays well-merited tribute to his deep spirituality, his prayerfulness, his overflowing goodness of heart. His book is too much in the nature of a panegyric, and one feels inclined to qualify some of the judgements; but, after all deductions are made, Peter Mackenzie was a man of genius with a keen sense of humour and a droll realism which made his lectures wonderfully vivid and appealed to the multitude as more sedate statements would never have done. 'Joseph went into Egypt without a coat but not without a character,' was one of his happiest sayings; and that was a grim comment on the stone which David drove into Goliath's forehead: 'Such a thing had never entered his head before.' Mr. Young gives a delightful account of the way that the cabmen and railway porters

vied with each other for the preacher's generous fees and gratuities. What pleases us best is the reference to Peter's zest for knowledge, though we wish that Mr. Young had been more explicit in his statements as to the books his old friend loved and studied. It was as a preacher that Mr. Mackenzie won his early popularity; and in his lectures, despite the things that jarred on many of us and seemed irreverent, he was still a preacher, eager to drive home some truth that might rouse the conscience and hallow the life of those who heard him. Those who came closest to Peter Mackenzie loved him best, and Mr. Young's tribute and Mr. Dawson's *Life* will be eagerly read by multitudes who rejoiced to see and to hear one of the most unconventional preachers that ever lived.

Peter Mackenzie: His Life and Labours. By Joseph Dawson. Popular Edition. (Charles H. Kelly. 2*s.*)

This popular edition of a book which has already reached its thirty-seventh thousand will be cordially welcomed. It is not a mere reproduction of the original work, nor is it a simple abridgement. Much has been omitted in order to reduce the cost, but some very interesting matter has also been added, especially as to Peter Mackenzie's earlier years. The memory of this good man is one that Methodists will not willingly let die. The already wide circulation of this *Life* testifies to the manner in which he was esteemed and beloved. None who read this book will suppose that Peter owed all to his quaint and comical wit. He was a good man, of original powers, evangelistic force, and lovable character. He was made very useful in his day; and, although the method of his effectiveness changed, he was useful to the end. His large-hearted generosity is as well known as his wit, and his preaching appealed to very various classes of the community. At p. 73 of this edition we read of the way in which, in his early days at Manchester, men and women of good positions in society, *with their menservants and maidservants*, wept for their sins at the communion-rail. Quakers and Roman Catholics were found, together with the Methodists, seeking the mercy of God. We shall not cease to be grateful to the intolerant vicar, whose indignation, at a critical hour, hindered young Mackenzie from emigration and so did Methodism an unintended service. To those who would speedily gain a true acquaintance with this remarkable man and learn the secret of his life, we commend the fine address given by Dr. Banks at the funeral service and reproduced in the pages of this volume.

English Church History, 1575–1649. Four Lectures by Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 3*s.* net.)

The lectures which compose this volume were delivered at several centres, and finally to the Summer School of Theology at Durham in July 1904. They cover that momentous period in English Church history when reformation was in the air; and Dr. Plummer points out the leading features of those great religious and political struggles which characterized the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. The treatment is succinct, dispassionate, and fair; the style is clear and strong; and this little volume will form a useful introduction to the study of the period, and a guide to the larger works upon the theme.

A Short History of the Westminster Assembly. By W. Beveridge, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The recent astonishing decision of the House of Lords in the Scottish Churches case has given fresh interest and importance to the subject of this book. That the work is up to date will be seen by the fact that this judgement is recorded, and is criticized in its close relation to the Confession of Faith. The book professes to be merely a careful record of facts; but it is as interesting a description as one could hope to find of an Assembly concerning which one of its own members confessed that its 'longsomenesse' was 'woful.' There was reason in the complaint, for its sessions lasted for four years.

Celtic Britain. By J. Rhys, M.A. Third Edition, Revised. (S.P.C.K. 3*s.*)

Professor Rhys published his first edition twenty years ago. Since then much has been written bearing on his subject, and he has been able to make numerous changes and to revise many of his theories. The result is a little book of unusual interest and value. The study of coins throws much light on the state of the British tribes, and Professor Rhys knows how to avail himself of every help to a real understanding of the period. We have found it a fascinating study.

The De La More Press publish a charming edition of John Evelyn's *Life of Margaret Godolphin* (2*s.* 6*d.* net), with a new Preface, as well as Bishop Samuel Wilberforce's Introduction to the book. The work is a delightful tribute to one of Britain's sweetest and purest minds and hearts.

GENERAL.

Ianto the Fisherman, and Other Sketches of Country Life. By Alfred W. Rees. (John Murray. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

It is no wonder that this volume has been greeted with a chorus of praise. The work which it sets out to do appears so simple, and yet the power of doing it is so rare. To see with a clear and single eye, to note with a patient and faithful pen, to meditate with a pure and honest heart, and record in a delicately accurate and effective style—these are not gifts granted to every one. We do not say that Mr. Rees is of the school of Richard Jefferies, because he is of no school, and Jefferies was not the man to found one. But it is impossible to help comparing *Ianto the Fisherman* with *The Gamekeeper at Home*, and we imagine that most who do so will agree that the literary career of the two authors begins with a success gained in much the same way and on the same lines. The promise of the present book is at least as great as that of its well-known predecessor.

It is divided into several parts, the first of which deals in three chapters with 'The Old Fisherman,' the second devotes seven chapters or sketches to 'The Poacher,' while others deal with 'The Keeper's Dogs' and 'The Ruined Garden.' The papers have appeared in *The Standard* and in sundry magazines, but they are distinctly of the class that read best in a book, when the reader is in a frame of mind which belongs to a book, not to a newspaper. The sketches of nature are excellent, because they are limned with loving care, yet are not marred by the vice of fine writing—a trick which is specially irritating in descriptions of nature's inimitable simplicity. The writer understands and apparently enjoys sport well enough to give vigour to his narratives of fishing and poaching. The human figures introduced are not, as sometimes happens in landscape-painting, mere outlines to relieve the picture, but 'Ianto' and 'Philip' are drawn so admirably and in such lifelike fashion, that they cannot be mere creatures of the imagination. The descriptions of the death both of the old fisherman and the poacher show that Mr. Rees can infuse pathos without sinking into melodrama. The illustrations are fit, though

few. They distinctly help the general impression made by the book. The 'Pool of the Harper,' the 'Keeper's Cottage,' and the 'Brown Trout' are quiet, dainty, and suggestive sketches, harmonizing admirably with Mr. Rees's style in prose.

The author is, we understand, a brother of the Rev. R. Wilkins Rees, now of Warrington, whose 'invaluable help' in the preparation of the book is acknowledged in the Preface. We heartily congratulate the two gifted brothers on the success of a book which deserves to live.

Heralds of Revolt: Studies in Modern Literature and Dogma. By W. Barry, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. *7s. 6d.* net.)

Few republications of essays that have appeared in periodical literature succeed in doing more than preserve them a little longer from oblivion. Dr. Barry's *Studies* deserve at least this. His style is brilliant, his knowledge of literature is wide, and his critical judgement is in the main sound and good. At least he does excellent service in helping to maintain a moral distaste for the unwholesome. At best he vindicates the essential truth of the Christian religion as the only permanently purifying and vivifying influence in literature or in life. At most he shows a *praejudicium* in favour of Roman Catholic dogma, though few writers of his creed are so broad and tolerant as he. In this volume Dr. Barry discusses George Eliot, John Inglesant, Carlyle, Amiel, Heine, Loti, Nietzsche, and other 'heralds of revolt.' The suitability of the title, and the classification which joins together Mr. Shorthouse and Baudelaire, Carlyle and Zola, may be questioned. There can be no doubt, we think, concerning the literary value, the moral force, and the religious earnestness of these essays, originally published in the *Dublin* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and now forming as interesting a volume as we have read for some time.

By Nile and Euphrates. By H. Valentine Geere. (T. & T. Clark. *8s. 6d.* net.)

This handsome and copiously illustrated volume is a book of travel rather than 'a record of discovery and adventure.' Adventures there are in abundance of a thrilling and diverting character, and the book is full of information respecting the peoples and the lands described; but of discoveries there are none. For these the reader is referred to the works of Professor Petrie and Dr.

Hilprecht, under whom the author served in Egypt and Assyria. Methods and processes of excavation are fully described, the work at Nippur on the site of 'the House of Bel' being specially interesting. When the excavations are completed, and the Baghdad railway opened, the tourist will be able to wander among the ruins of buildings that were falling into decay 'before Abraham was.' Mr. Geere, who is the only Englishman who served on the latest American expedition, is naturally jealous for the honour of his country. 'France, Germany, America, and even Turkey, have all been doing good work lately in this region; while we have been sitting idly by.' Treasure chambers full of the most ancient records in the world await the expert excavator, and are in danger of destruction from untrained and mercenary hands. As in the days of Layard and of Rawlinson, England should come forward and take full part in this urgent and most useful work. 'Egypt can wait a little now: the mounds of Babylonia and Assyria call for immediate attention.'

Actual India. An Outline for the General Reader. By Arthur Sawtell. (Elliot Stock. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

An excellent popular handbook of Indian affairs by one who has first-hand acquaintance with them. No mere compendium of facts, but a skilfully condensed and well-written account of the government of India, its industries, its foreign politics, &c. Of mission colleges Mr. Sawtell says: 'They succeed to a large extent in producing men as well as graduates. . . . And the reason is to be found in the fact that missionaries are not only enthusiastic in their work of teaching, but that they endeavour to secure a personal influence over their pupils.'

A Yankee on the Yangtse. By W. E. Geil. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

Mr. W. E. Geil furnishes a characteristically lively account of a journey from Shanghai through the Central Kingdom to Burma. He traversed a region comparatively little known, with his eyes open and his pen and camera busy. His story is full of incident, and the hundred full-page illustrations which further brighten his book are excellent. The volume furnishes abundant proof of the need of Christianity in the great Celestial Empire, and not a few encouraging examples of the hold which is being gained by faithful missionaries here and there amongst its teeming millions.

The Tragedies of Sophocles Translated into English Prose. By Sir Richard C. Jebb, Litt.D. (Cambridge University Press. 5*s.* net.)

Many who do not read the classics in the original will be thankful to the Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Cambridge for this translation. It formed part of his monumental *Commentary on Sophocles*, and is now published separately for the convenience of certain readers. A brief introduction is prefixed to each play, summing up the events which are supposed to have occurred before the moment at which the drama begins. Any one who wishes to understand Greek tragedy in its noblest form should secure this volume. They should also secure Professor Jebb's little masterpiece on *Greek Literature* in Macmillan's *Literature Primers*. 'Sophocles is pre-eminently the dramatist of human character. He excels in delineating the great primary emotions of our nature.' Seven plays survive out of upwards of a hundred which he wrote, and these are wonderful studies of the human soul in its most profound emotions. The plays interpret the age of Pericles on its highest moral and mental side. The publication of this volume from one of the greatest masters of the subject, and at such a modest price, is a real service to all who wish to know what thoughts were stirring in the hearts of men four centuries and a half before the birth of Christ.

The Poet's Diary. Edited by Lamia. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Lamia's Preface is dated from 'The Garden that I Love,' and her book is dedicated to Veronica. The selections from the poet laureate's diary describe a recent visit to Rome, their interest being greatly enhanced by the contrasting of the Rome of to-day with the city as first seen forty years ago. The extracts include some of Lamia's tender sayings, as, e.g., 'All your life, my dear Poet, you have been in love with beautiful things'; there are also occasions on which only his own verses can give fitting expression to his thoughts. But in many passages he conveys to his reader's mind the fascination of the Eternal City. Some of his wanderings in 'a labyrinth of reminiscences' are recorded, as when he recalls a conversation with Tennyson. 'I cited two of his finest lines—

> Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion drawing nigher
> Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire.

"Do you know where I got that idea?" he asked. "I got it from a Methodist magazine, where I had read of explorers in desert lands lighting watch-fires to keep off prowling beasts of prey."'

After a Hundred Years. (The Bible House. 1904.)

This is a popular illustrated report of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the centenary year, and forms a beautiful souvenir, full of gladdening and inspiring facts in connexion with the oecumenical gathering in London and the world-wide commemoration observed in March last. It also contains a brief summary of the history of the Society. The only saddening fact in the volume is that the Society, while rich in friends, is poor in funds, and that the results of the recent appeal have not come up to the moderate expectations of its supporters. Up to the end of July only £176,000 had been given and promised towards the quarter of a million guineas asked and hoped for. Still the response in help and sympathy has been marvellous, and the fruits of the centenary celebration will be manifold and increasingly reproductive. No one can read this eloquent memorial without being filled with 'a deep sense of what Herder has called "the insight, foresight, and oversight of God."' And it is well to remember, as we are here reminded, that when we deal with statistics connected not merely with the Bible but with all the other instruments and agencies of the kingdom, 'we are come unto an innumerable company of angels. The numbers we handle are symbols of spiritual energies and invisible conflicts and triumphs among all the nations and kindreds and peoples of mankind.'

For Christ in Fuh-Kien. (Church Missionary Society. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a fourth edition, largely rewritten, by the Rev. T. M'Clelland, who worked in the mission from 1890 to 1896. Eleven years passed without a single convert, there was bitter and repeated persecution; now there are more than ten thousand native Christians, besides sixteen hundred catechumens. The work has been the result of native agency. Voluntary effort has had a large share in the ingathering. 'Sons have brought their fathers to Christ, husbands have brought their wives; the good news of a Saviour's love has been passed on from mouth to mouth, and from village to village.' Dwellers in the great towns have mostly shown careless indifference or bitter enmity. The chief opposition has come from the literati and gentry; the bulk of the converts are

villagers, often very ignorant; but 'the work is a real work,' and it is only in its infancy. This little book tells a wonderful story of divine grace, and it will be read with keen interest by all who long to see China won for Christ.

Traffics and Discoveries. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.)

Many are watching Mr. Rudyard Kipling's development to see which aspect of his many-sided genius will gain the upper hand. His latest volume of stories will least gratify those who are most anxious that the highest and best part of him shall prevail. His sketches are almost preternaturally clever, whether the monologue comes from Laughton O. Zigler, the American inventor, or Umr Singh, a Sikh of Sikhs, both of whom are represented as taking their part in the South African War; or whether, as in 'They' and 'Wireless,' the borderland between the latest science and the spirit world is traversed. Mr. Kipling can project himself into any personality, conceivable or inconceivable, and his wonderful imagination lights up the most obscure corners of life, such as those which Browning used to delight to illumine. His knowledge of every one's brand of peculiar slang is unrivalled, and his ingenuity is inexhaustible. None the less we begrudge the employment of his genius upon such themes as those of his latest volume. Many of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's admirers are still hoping that the consummate ability with which he has here sketched his 'Parleyings with Certain People' will be devoted to work which will touch and purify the common heart of humanity, and last long after *Traffics and Discoveries* is forgotten.

Whosoever Shall Offend. . . . By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s*.)

Mr. Marion Crawford's hand has not lost its cunning. His latest story is as well written in style, and as interesting in plot and development of character, as its predecessors in the Italian series which for several years has been so popular. We should not rank it with the best he has written, but it preserves the high average Mr. Crawford has taught us to expect in his work. The story is a sad one. The title, which contains a reference to Christ's well-known words, would suggest this. Sin abounds in it—and sorrow. But the sin is not condoned or palliated, and the judgement which awaits and finally overtakes it is terrible indeed. Before the actual punishment comes which Corbario, robber, murderer, traitor, and

corrupter of youth, has deserved, his conscience speaks, and most impressive is the paragraph in which the author describes how 'in that immeasurable time which is nothing and yet is infinite' he remembers all, and 'from very far away, out of the memories of his youth, there came a voice that once had been gentle and kind, but that rang in his ears now like the blast of the trumpet of the last judgement: "Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."' How much better, readers of this ably written story will discover.

Sea Puritans. By Frank T. Bullen. (Hodder. 6*s.*)

In this well-illustrated story Mr. Bullen, who is exceptionally qualified by experience and by temperament to write both of the sea and of Puritans, sets himself to do justice to the character and services of Blake and the Commonwealth navy. The story is neither a novel nor a narrative, but a little of both, the fortunes of the hero being interwoven with those of the subordinate characters, the brothers Penfold—a pair of Miles Standishes—and an English 'Priscilla' in the person of Grace Pentreath. The exploits of Blake on land and sea are made prominent, and his several sea-fights vividly described. The book is full of patriotic and religious sentiment, and, but for numerous trite reflections and occasional lapses into current politics, might rank among the more artistic and successful products of this gifted author's pen.

The Food of the Gods, and How it Came to Earth. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*)

A humorous extravaganza, abounding in fantastic ideas and exciting incidents, but spoiled as a work of art by the serious purpose half apologetically hinted at before the close. As a satire on 'scientists' the story is diverting if severe. 'No race of men have such obvious littlenesses. They live in a narrow world, so far as their human intercourse goes; their researches involve infinite attention and an almost monastic seclusion; and what is left over is not very much.' One of these terrible creatures invents a chemical food which renders growth in plants and animals continuous and portentous, little dreaming of the havoc it may make. Hens like emus, earwigs large as lobsters, giant wasps and monster rats appear upon the scene, while baby Anaks spring up here and there to make confusion worse confounded, and spreading consternation wide and far. Herakleophorbia, as the food is called,

becomes the wonder and the terror of the time, until the whole community is up in arms to stamp it out and counteract its dire effects. The situations created by this strange invention are extremely tragi-comical, and the story is worked out with quite abnormal cleverness and skill; but, long before the end, one's interest flags; at last it flickers out amid the débris left by social anarchy and civil war. We hope for something less fantastic next time from the author's genius, and more worthy of his powerful pen.

The Truants. By A. E. W. Mason. (Smith, Elder. 6*s.*)

This is as fine a story as *The Four Feathers*, and the underlying idea is somewhat similar. The growing estrangement between Tony Stretton and his wife leads the husband to join the Foreign Legion of the French army in Algeria, where he proves himself a man of heroic courage and steadfastness. Meanwhile his wife is left to the baits of Lionel Calton, and Tony only just returns in time to avert disaster. Pamela Mardale is the good angel who gets Tony home, and her own happiness is strangely bound up with that of Milly Stretton. The desert scenes of this book are as finely realistic as in the earlier story, and there is a quiet intensity about the tale which makes it grip attention and hold it fast to the end.

The Commander of the 'Hirondelle.' By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D. (Smith, Elder, & Co. 6*s.*)

Dr. Fitchett moves on to new ground in this sea story, but his knowledge of naval history and of the handling of a warship gives a sense of quiet mastery to his work, and the glimpses of Admiral Jervis and Nelson add a touch of reality to the romance. The commander of the *Hirondelle* is as fine a seaman as even the English navy could show, and his 'middy,' Litton, will win the heart of every lad who reads this story. The young captain's love for Litton's sister supplies the tender element to the tale, and every one who reads it will pronounce it worthy to set beside Dr. Fitchett's stirring chronicles of Nelson and Wellington's exploits.

At the Moorings. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*)

A domestic story of self-sacrificing love; a pure and sweet and wholesome story in Miss Carey's happiest manner, and written with her now familiar grace and skill. No one well could read it without enrichment of both mind and heart. Old and young alike would

relish it. Pascal's pregnant saying, that 'the heart has reasons that reason does not understand' (p. 377), should not have been attributed to Bossuet.

Atoms of Empire. By Cutcliffe Hyne. (Macmillan. 6*s.*)

A collection of somewhat 'Kiplingesque' stories and sketches. They are of that vivid and occasionally blood-curdling type which the average traveller finds it easy to read. One or two of them, such as that dealing with the resurrection of a prehistoric saurian in a Yorkshire cave, are not quite convincing, but there are much more clever and realistic sketches in the book. There is no lack of variety in the local colouring, for we get glimpses of life in many parts of the earth. But we must protest against the caricature of the African missionary with which the book begins. We are sure that it would be hard to find a man like 'Padgett.'

A Backward Glance: The Story of John Ridley, a Pioneer. By Annie E. Ridley. (James Clarke & Co. 5*s.*)

John Ridley was a Durham Methodist who went out to South Australia in 1839, and invented a reaping machine called the 'Stripper,' which did much to promote corn-growing in the colony. He did not seek to make personal profit from his invention. The story of his life in Australia and England is well worth reading. He was keenly interested in mesmerism and spiritualism. Miss Ridley is convinced that Mr. D. D. Home was sincere and honest, and that nothing could be said against his private character. The book is a happy picture of a truly devoted life.

An Up-to-Date Parson, and Other Stories. By Harry Lindsay. (Charles H. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The new preacher rides a bicycle, to the great horror of Seth Chess; but he is a fine fellow, and Seth's daughter knows it. How she marries Mr. Gregory, Mr. Lindsay must tell. The second story is as good as the first, and that is saying a great deal.

In Methodist Byways. By W. Hargreaves Cooper. (Charles H. Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

Mr. Cooper describes these as simple stories, but they have a charm which soon lays hold of the reader, and which increases as each page is turned. The fight in chapel is a singular tale, and there are some quaint features in the book, but the characters are truly drawn and full of interest.

In the King's County. By E. Kay Robinson. (Isbister & Co. 6*s.*)

This is a series of nature studies, for which Norfolk yields ample material. We watch the King shooting the covers; we find our way into sanctuaries of wild life; we see the panics in bird-land; we follow the hawk as he reaps his harvest in early autumn. Everywhere some new light is thrown on Nature's doings, and we are taught to use our own eyes and ears to trace the wonders around us. The papers are short and crisp. Some of the passages, such as the description of the Small Tortoise-shell butterfly, are gems. Every lover of nature will love this book.

The Best Ways Out of London. Edited by the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P. (The Car. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This little volume, with its thirty route maps, is intended to help those who wish to get out of London without too much of those routes that are infested by tram-cars, like Croydon; and to guide tourists who want to pass from one side of England to the other without going through London. Ten of the worst hills in England are also described, to warn the unwary, and suggest fields of battle to those who are anxious to test the powers of their splendid cars. Porlock Hill takes the gold medal for excessive steepness at the starting-point and the sharpness of its corners. It is '*the* Hill Difficulty in the Pilgrim's Progress of to-day.' Birdlip Hill, on the summit of the Cotswolds, earns the diploma for danger. The book will be a treasure to motorists, and cyclists will find in it many a hint as to routes for which they will be thankful. We wish the gradients could have been shown, as in the contour maps. That would have made the book perfect.

Surrey (south of Epsom) and Sussex (including Tunbridge Wells). By C. S. Ward, M.A. Nineteen Maps and Plans by Bartholomew. (Dulau & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a third edition revised. It is a workman-like piece of work, which will increase the reputation of the 'Thorough Guides' Series. The description of Leith Hill is excellent, and so is the whole book. In the notes on Horsham, the Church Causeway deserves mention, and the population of Reigate, 27,000, includes Redhill. The maps are perfect.

We have also Received—

FROM Mr. Henry Frowde two more of the many beautifully printed and daintily bound editions of the *Bible* which have issued from the Oxford University Press. They are printed in black Clarendon type; and, small as they are, they are pleasant to the eye, as well as delightfully easy to carry and to handle. They are in pearl 32mo ($5\frac{1}{8}$ by $3\frac{1}{4}$ in.), and contain 1,018 pages each; yet they measure only $\frac{7}{8}$ in. in thickness on ordinary paper, and $\frac{1}{2}$ in. on the Oxford India paper. Both contain maps; and the larger of the two provides, in addition, carefully selected references. More beautiful and useful pocket Bibles it would be difficult even for the Oxford Press to produce. We heartily recommend them, either for use or presentation.

The Footsteps of the Flock: Scripture Studies for every Sunday of the Year. By G. H. Morrison, M.A. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*) A series of helpful meditations upon the Word. These studies originally appeared in the columns of the Scottish edition of the *British Weekly*, and were intended for the assistance of Sunday-school teachers. They are homiletical in form, and are usefully suggestive. They are well worthy of this more permanent form of publication.

Christian Life: Suggestions for Thought. By Geoffrey Egerton-Warburton. (Elliot Stock. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) A series of devout meditations, practical and profitable, following to some extent the course of the Christian year. There is little that is strikingly original in these 'suggestions,' but much that needs to be constantly remembered and practised in the lives of Christian people.

The Soul's Orbit: or, Man's Journey to God. Compiled, with additions, by M. D. Petrie. (Longmans. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.) Real insight into spiritual things is the note of this book. It is full of rich and helpful thought about the soul's pilgrimage. Faith in God and in man's destiny as revealed by Christ will be strengthened by a study of these chapters.

Bible Work and Warfare. By Frank Swainson. (Longmans. 2*s.* net.) Mr. Swainson's men's Bible class in Sheffield numbered 2,107. He describes his visitation, his letters of invitation, his addresses, and everything connected with his class in a way that will be of great service to other workers. The secret seems to have been God's blessing on good sense and hard work. The story is full of encouragement, and it is brightly and humorously told.

Some Things the Bible has taught an Unlettered Layman. (Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.*) Marked by deep reverence for the Word of God, and much sound sense. The layman is far separated from the Higher Critics, but some will love him all the better for that.

Is Christianity Miraculous? By C. H. Prichard, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 2*s.*) A clear and judicious survey of the evidence for The Virgin Birth, The Resurrection, and Our Lord's Miracles. It is fresh and reassuring. Three penny papers on *Modern Bible Criticism* and kindred subjects ought not to be overlooked by those who have to guide and help doubters.

Ten Sermons. By F. W. Robertson of Brighton. (H. R. Allenson. 6*d.*) The continued popularity and vitality of Robertson's *Sermons* could hardly have a better witness. The sermons represent the preacher at his best.

The Advance of Romanism in England: A Statement and an Appeal. By J. Broadhurst Nichols. (R.T.S. 2*s.* 6*d.*) This very serious statement is addressed to members of the 'non-Episcopal Church'; but it contains food for serious reflection on the part of many who do not fall within that category. It is not a wild alarm, but a sober statement of weighty facts; and the recent establishment in England of so many exiled Romish communities makes the subject a very practical one. The author describes the forward steps that Rome has lately taken in this country, and he sets forth in moderate terms the nature of the dangers involved, together with some excellent suggestions as to the remedy.

The Bright View Booklets. (Kelly. 6*d.* net.) Very attractively got up, the contents being just what one needs to bring hope and sunshine into dull days. *On Keeping Monotony out of Life* and *Going Forth with Joy* are the titles of the first two issues, and any one who invests sixpence will have a rich reward.

Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle, and *Belief in God*, by A. W. Momerie. (H. R. Allenson. 6*d.* each.) The former will probably sell widely, and the latter is an excellent book for republication in a cheap form. Its arguments against materialism and agnosticism are very effectively put.

Madame Guyon's Poems. (3*s.* net.) Messrs. James Clarke & Co. publish in dainty form Cowper's translations of a number of Madame Guyon's *Poems*, with a very interesting prefatory essay by Rev. D. Macfadyen, M.A. These translations have not been reprinted separately since 1811, and the present publishers have done well for them by presenting them in such an attractive form. The delight in God which is so characteristic of the authoress receives in these poems full expression; and, though not all can appreciate her special type of piety, we are sure that many will enjoy and profit by these 'Cantiques,' as rendered by William Cowper.

Emerson's Works. Vol. iii. 'The York Library.' (Geo. Bell & Sons. 2*s.* net.) The volume contains 'Society and Solitude,' 'Letters and Social Aims,' and many of the imperishable addresses of the New England sage. For a portable edition of Emerson that is at the same time pleasant to read, this in four volumes is hardly to be surpassed.

The History of Bread, from Prehistoric to Modern Times. By John Ashton. (R.T.S. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Ashton has a wide knowledge of things by most forgotten. He is full of quaint lore, and he begins his *History of Bread* with the cave-dwellers! He brings us to modern times by way of Egypt, Assyria, and Greece, and gives us an instructive and entertaining book, with some curious illustrations.

At the Sign of the Barber's Pole. By William Andrews. (J. R. Tutin. 2*s.* 9*d.* net.) Mr. Andrews has a gift for such work as this, and most amusing and instructive is the account he gives of barbers and beards, wigs, curls, and all that centres round the famous pole. The book is well illustrated and full of good stories.

Bible and Sword. By P. Hay Hunter. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*) This is a Scottish romance of the days of the Covenanters. The familiar figures of Claverhouse, Peden, Cargill, and Cameron move through its pages. It professes to be the autobiography of a true son of the Covenant, and is really a well-told tale of love and war. In style, and to some extent in matter, it resembles some popular Scottish tales of recent years, and it succeeds in presenting very vivid pictures of the life of a troublous time.

By the Fireside. By Charles Wagner. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*) A set of papers on all sides of family life. The writer was born in Alsace, and some pleasant recollections of his youth are interwoven into these helpful, homely, and sensible pages.

His Little Daughter. By Amy le Feuvre. (R.T.S. 1*s.* 6*d.*) Even Miss le Feuvre has written no child-story so pathetic and so tender as this. The *Pilgrim's Progress* turned the little mischief-maker into a new creature.

The Fairy Tales of George MacDonald: 'The Light Princess,' 'The Giant's Heart and the Golden Key,' 'The Shadows' and 'Little Daylight,' 'Cross Purposes' and 'The Carasoyn,' 'The Day Boy and the Night Girl.' Vols. i.–v. (Arthur C. Fifield. 6*d.* net each.) A new and attractive edition of these well-known little books. The children of to-day will welcome these tales of wonder, as their fathers did before them. Beneath the mirth and the mystery there is a touching tenderness and an unobtrusive urging of the things that are good.

Messrs. J. Clarke & Co. send us three of the later volumes of Miss Worboise's Popular Novels. They are crown 8vo, handsomely bound in red cloth, and are published at 2*s.*; in blue cloth, bevelled boards, 2*s.* 6*d.* The stories have had a phenomenal sale, and are now made accessible to a much wider circle. Wherever these books go they will increase the love of everything that sweetens life. *Nobly Born* is a story that young people will delight in. *Lady Clarissa* and *The Heirs of Errington* are both established favourites.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge send us a set of exciting stories. *England Expects* (3*s.* 6*d.*) is a tale of the days of

Nelson. The two boys who play the chief part in it have some exciting adventures in outwitting a French spy, and share the great fight at Trafalgar. *Harter's Ranch* (2*s*. 6*d*.) is a story of Red Indians and a missing messenger who was bringing the wages for a new railway. He had been murdered at Harter's Ranch, and Ned Branthwaite almost falls into the same trap. His wonderful ride will appeal to every boy who has a taste for adventures. *Constance's Fortune* (2*s*.) should help girls to grow unselfish, and save them from pride and vanity. Gentleness here has its own reward. *The Witches of Westover Combe* (2*s*.) is a tale of a fishing village. The ignorant superstition of the place brings many sorrows to Jenfer Newlyn, but the cloud lifts at last. *Nell Gorton* (2*s*.), the clergyman's daughter who goes out as governess because tithes fall so low, is a sweet and true-hearted girl who works a happy change in a pair of troublesome children, and proves a blessing to the whole family. *Leaves from a Baby's Log-Book* (1*s*.) is a quaint and novel chronicle of life as seen from a cradle. *The House that Jack Built* (6*d*.) has some very pretty pictures.

Messrs. Nelson & Sons' reward books are beautifully got up, and the stories are just such as young people love. *Ringed by Fire*, by E. Everett-Green (5*s*.) describes the siege of Metz. There is much fighting and some bright love-making in the book. It gets hold of us at the first, and the interest grows to the end. The *Little Heiress*, by Margaret Bruce Clarke (3*s*. 6*d*.), is daughter to an American millionaire, and her school life in England makes a lively tale. The girl is full of shrewd sense, and worthy of all her good fortune. *The Phantom Spy* (2*s*. 6*d*.) is an Englishman who makes himself the terror of Frenchmen in the Peninsular War. The way he escapes being shot is exciting, and so is the whole tale. *The Twins and Sally* (2*s*.) is a book that appeals both to boys and girls; full of adventures. *The Water-Finders* (1*s*.) tells of fever in a village, and the way the divining-rod helped to secure a supply of pure water which brought back health to the people. *The Seymour Girls* (9*d*.) keep house at a country parsonage. Their maiden efforts at cooking are not very tempting, but they have a happy holiday, and learn a great deal.

The Religious Tract Society send us *Condemned to the Galleys* (3*s*. 6*d*.), a true story of the sufferings of a French Protestant in the early years of the eighteenth century. It is a book of unusual interest, and its simple dignity and force make a profound impression. *From the Enemy's Hand* (3*s*. 6*d*.) is a powerful story of the French Protestants on the eve of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. *The Faith of Hilary Lovel*, by Evelyn Everett-Green (3*s*. 6*d*.), describes the Jesuit plots in the reign of Elizabeth. It is one of Miss Green's best stories. *Children of Cathay* (1*s*. 6*d*.) describes everyday life and mission work in China in a way to attract boys and girls.

The Dawn of Day. (S.P.C.K. 1*s*.) A good and varied magazine for family reading. Sure to be popular in every home.

Friendly Greetings; The Cottager and Artisan; Light in the Home. (R.T.S. 2*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, 1*s.*) These periodicals are designed for the rural classes, and deserve wide popularity. Profusely illustrated, their interesting stories, useful papers, and devotional articles are calculated to do much good. From the same publishers also come *The Scripture Pocket-Book* (1*s.* 6*d.* net) and *People's Almanack* (1*d.*), for 1905, which are attractively got up, and packed with information of a useful nature. The almanack, consisting of 16 pages, is brightly illustrated, while the pocket-book is neatly bound in leather.

The Child's Companion and *Our Little Dots for 1904.* (R.T.S. 2*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.*, each.) The children will be very hard to please who are not charmed with these entertaining volumes. Instruction and amusement are delightfully combined, and the excellent illustrations make a veritable picture-land.

The Methodist Pocket-Books and Diaries for 1905 (Kelly). From the *Kalendar* (2*d.*, 4*d.*, 6*d.*) to the *Minister's Pocket-Book* (2*s.* 6*d.*) the prices of these annuals are most reasonable. The books are replete with information both from a Methodist and general standpoint. Here is to be found the latest intelligence concerning the Marriage and Burial Laws, Connexional Committees and Institutions, Day Schools, and other matters; besides a mass of statistics relating to the Churches at home and abroad. *The Desk-Diary* (1*s.*), ruled for seven days on a page and interleaved with blotting-paper, is one of the best of the kind we have met with. The books are invaluable to ministers and laymen.

The S.P.C.K. provide for all the wants of Churchmen—lay and clerical—in the matter of pocket-books, &c., with a felicity born of wide experience. The Sheet Almanacks are very effective, especially that with coloured picture. *The Churchman's Almanack* is printed in many forms; the *Churchman's Remembrancer* is as good as it can be made, and the pocket-book with lessons; account forms can be had from 1*s.* 3*d.* It is compact in form, and full of useful matter.

Healing by Various Methods and the Cure. (Stead, Danby, & Co. 6*d.*) No light here! A weak and empty discussion.

The Evidence of Things not Seen. By J. A. Fleming, D.Sc., F.R.S. (S.P.C.K. 6*d.*)

Who's Who for 1905. (A. & C. Black. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)
Who's Who Year-Book for 1905. (A. & C. Black. 1*s.* net.)
The Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory for 1905. (A. & C. Black. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These manuals are as useful as ever, and improve with each successive year of issue. *Who's Who* itself is now double its original size, and is prepared with great skill and accuracy.

Periodical Literature.

IN this section it is not intended to attempt the impossible task of summarizing or reviewing the contents of even a portion of the numerous current reviews and magazines. But, in days when so much excellent work appears in ephemeral form, it is desired to draw the attention of our readers to selected articles which appear from time to time in periodicals sent to us for notice, as well as others which appear to be of general interest and importance.—ED.

BRITISH.

The Edinburgh Review, October 1904.—This number contains three articles which shed valuable light upon the religious condition of France, Germany, and Scotland respectively. The writer of *France and the Vatican* discusses the causes which have led to the present serious situation and the threatened abrogation of the Concordat. He points out that in France anti-clericalism is as great a danger to the public peace as clericalism: 'threatened by two Terrors, a Red and a Black, the State plays off one against the other and so keeps both in hand.' In the general interests of the country, he hopes that a final rupture between the Pope and the Republic may be avoided, and holds that it is the interest of both powers to keep the peace. But whether the Vatican will meet France half-way or not is 'a question of temper rather than measures, of tact than of principle.' A kindred subject is *The Intellectual Condition of Roman Catholicism in Germany.* The writer is well informed, and on the whole pessimistic. He deprecates the repression of the lawful exercise of the intellect with regard to the deepest problems of religious thought and life as 'fraught with dangers which those who terrorize over the minds of the majority of Catholics little suspect. The critical faculty has been too long repressed, and takes its revenge by leading unsuspecting souls, not into heresy but into the indiscriminate approval of statements which imply the very negation of religion itself.' He hopes for an intellectual Renascence by which German Catholics may profit and to which they ought to contribute. 'My name is to-morrow, said a very shrewd Italian.' The aspect from which the Scotch Church case is regarded may be gathered from the title of another article, *Churches and Courts of Law.* It is written in a fair spirit, though with more of an Erastian tone than will please most people north of the Tweed. The writer points out that the question at issue was not what *ought to be* the powers of a majority of the Free Church Assembly, but whether it *had or had not* those powers. He is

apparently not sorry that in such controversies 'Caesar' should come out sole victor. 'Reformers who aim at giving increased powers of Church government to purely ecclesiastical bodies would do well to remember that increased independence of the State, granted to their Church as a whole, may go with a much diminished independence of its individual members, clerical and lay; and that, unless the reforms are very carefully considered, the freedom of spiritual movement which Bishop Gore desires will not be promoted.' Others besides members of the United Free Church will reply that Caesar is the last master they desire to serve, and that they greatly distrust his promised assistance to enable them to serve Christ better.

The Independent Review.—The November issue contains a notable article by Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, *In Peril of Change*. The writer holds that a silent process of revolution threatens three great English institutions—the Landed System, the Established Church, and the Popular Religion. Outward signs of struggle which were manifest years ago have disappeared, but 'hidden and unseen forces have been effecting a more fatal destruction.' To refer only to his last point, the changes in popular religion, it is largely true that 'to-day the older austerity is deliquescing into an increasing, if still half-timid, determination to throw off the ancient restraints.' It may be true that 'there will be Independents and Baptists and Methodists at the close of the century; but the Methodism will not be that of Mr. H. P. Hughes, nor the Independence that of Dr. Binney, nor the Baptist's faith that of Charles Spurgeon.' But Mr. Masterman does not allow room enough for the operation of reconstructive forces. These are at least as noticeable as the forces which make for destruction. Still, perhaps the chief duty of the hour is to draw attention to the strength and seriousness of those silent processes which are assailing what Mr. Masterman calls 'Popular Religion,' meaning generally the Protestantism of modern Nonconformity. Those who may not agree with the writer's forecasts would do well to study his very suggestive paper. The same number contains a curious article by Dr. Frazer on *The Significance of Circumcision*; and an interesting, if not convincing, attempt by Mr. Lowes Dickinson to establish his paradox that 'religion does not give us truth,' that faith is 'an expression of the imagination and the will rather than of the intellect,' and that it is 'closer to poetry and music than to science.' Doubtless some faith is.

The Contemporary Review for December is an excellent number. In addition to several articles of importance on public affairs at home and abroad, it contains three of special interest to ministers—*Religion, Science, and Miracle*, by Sir Oliver Lodge; *The Relation between Ecclesiastical and General History*, by Professor Harnack; and *Personality and Body: A Study in the Resurrection*, by Rev. J. H. Skrine. The first of these contains the substance of an address recently delivered in Birmingham, and again in Liverpool. It follows the lines of a

reconciliation between physical science and religion which Sir Oliver is seeking now to establish, thereby rendering, as it seems to us, an important service to the best interests of both. It is not easy to summarize a summary. But we may draw attention to some instructive sentences, quoted in substance, not verbatim. We are to believe in irrefragable law and in spiritual guidance. These two are often represented as inconsistent with one another, but that is not really the case if their relations be rightly understood. We must realize that 'the Whole is a single, undeviating, law-saturated cosmos'; and we must also realize that the Whole consists 'not of matter and motion alone, nor yet of spirit and will alone, but of both and all; we must even yet further, and enormously, enlarge our conception of what the Whole contains.' Mr. Skrine's paper, curiously enough, proceeds somewhat on the lines thus generally indicated. He seeks to show that the faith of the Church in a living Christ is not really 'built on an empty tomb,' but rather that 'into the structure of our faith that empty tomb itself is built.' In other words, we may believe in the supernatural, bodily resurrection of our Saviour without presupposing any infraction of the laws of nature, if we rightly understand what is meant by body in its relation to personality. If we depend simply on the record of appearances as presented to the senses of those who beheld the risen Christ, many difficulties arise, Mr. Skrine says, which cannot be fully met, with the historical evidence now at our disposal. But faith and love were necessary for that Vision: Christ appeared to believers, not to unbelievers, because the mere evidence of the senses could not suffice to establish the resurrection as a physical fact. The experience of a man's whole personality, his spirit included, are needed for the establishment of that great verity of the Christian faith. The historic details are not needless, nor should they be discredited, but they are part of a larger history, and their significance can only be discerned by faith. We have done injustice to Mr. Skrine's article by this brief sketch of it, but there can be little doubt that he is on the right track for enabling men to-day to understand the relation between the Christ of history and the Christ of experience. Professor Harnack's article, which deserves careful study, points out that Church history can only be rightly understood when it is viewed as part and parcel of universal history and in connexion with it.

The Hibbert Journal for October last well maintains the high standard of ability set in previous numbers. The discussion between Sir Oliver Lodge and the Bishop of Rochester on the *Reinterpretation of Christian Doctrine* is continued by Professor Muirhead, a 'Catholic Priest,' and Sir Oliver himself. The views of the learned Principal of Birmingham University on Sin are at least his own. He thinks that the divine anger against idolatry expressed by the Hebrew prophets is all unworthy of a God. 'If an image or a tree-trunk or other symbol helps a savage to meditate on some divine and intractable conception,' why resent it, any more than rebuke a child for lavishing affection on 'some grotesque black-Betty of a wooden, rag-covered doll'? Similarly,

'if not a wicked absurdity, it is surely a libel to assert that God is angry with ordinary human failings and with the dismal lapses from virtue of poor outcasts of civilization?' Sir Oliver's indignation against Pharisaism and the 'infernal proceedings of the Holy Inquisition' is as just as it is scathing, and no truly Christian teacher would fail to make allowance for the terrible temptations which make wrong-doing so easy and virtue so hard to the outcasts of society. But it is clear that theologian and scientist need to discuss a while longer before they mean the same thing by 'Sin,' and we regret to see that Sir Oliver Lodge still thinks it needful to protest against the doctrine that 'penalties must be exacted somehow, no matter much from whom,' as if this were in any sense a part of Christian teaching. But, in our opinion, nothing but good can come of the fullest and frankest discussion of these fundamental religious questions, and Sir Oliver Lodge is rendering a public service by his endeavours to bridge the gulf, not so much between science and religion as between men who study each too exclusively. An article, the tone of which we much regret, deals with *The Ten Commandments: A Study in Practical Ethics*. The writer, Mr. C. B. Wheeler, entirely misunderstands the 'jealousy' of God spoken of in the Decalogue. He describes it as a quality which could not be entertained by a man of ordinary self-respect. And again, on the third commandment, he makes the sapient criticism that 'it seems curious the Legislator should have thought fit to prohibit expletives only'! But perhaps we cannot be surprised at such shallow nonsense when we find that the writer does not know the difference between the sixth and eighth commandments. He discusses the former at length as if it ran, 'Thou shalt not steal'; and under the heading of the eighth, 'Thou shalt do no murder,' we are treated to a discussion of the merits of capital punishment and war! The writer poses at the close as the 'thoughtful man who would rewrite the Decalogue to-day,' and suggests that the first four commandments might with advantage be replaced by one bidding men obey at all costs the voice of God within them! Professor Percy Gardner writes instructively on *M. Loisy's Type of Catholicism*, and Principal Adeney on *The Gospel according to the Hebrews*, a composition to which he accords at least as high a place as it deserves.

The Critical Review.—In September the first article, by Rev. C. H. Thomson (Constantinople), seeks to replace the current view of the Sadducees by another which represents them as 'neither more nor less than the adherents of Judas Maccabaeus and his brothers. Their achievement was the establishment of the Jewish state and their interests centred in it. The Pharisees opposed them because the very existence of such a state conflicted with their idea of theocracy.' We cannot even summarize Mr. Thomson's arguments in support of this thesis, but he has not convinced us of the truth of his view, which is substantially that of Wellhausen, though reached quite independently. Schürer's statement of the prevailing view as yet holds the field. The reviews of the extra volume of Hastings's *Bible Dictionary*, and of theo-

logical and philosophical books generally, by Dr. Salmond, Dr. Garvie, and others, are, as usual, excellent and discriminating.

The most interesting articles in the November number are one by Professor Caldwell of Montreal on *Recent Tendencies in American Philosophy*, in which he lays deserved emphasis on the work of Royce of Harvard; and a short essay on *The Influence of Roman Law upon Christianity*, by Rev. H. W. Gibson. Mr. Gibson's note has been largely anticipated in an article published by Dr. W. E. Ball in the *Contemporary Review* some years ago, and in a book by Rev. E. Hicks, to which Mr. Gibson makes only a passing reference.

The Journal of Theological Studies contains four chief articles—*The Beliefs of Early Mohammedans on a Future Existence*, *The Inspiration of the Liturgy*, *The Book of the Dead*, together with one on the late Professor Moberly by his son, who seeks to vindicate his father's theological position against recent criticisms. The *Notes and Studies*, which contain abundant matter of interest for scholars, deal with 'Old Latin Texts of the Minor Prophets,' 'The MSS. of St. Isidore's Letters,' 'Origen-Citations in Cramer's Catena,' and other patristic subjects. We observe a curious one on the *ἀσιτία* ('long abstinence,' A.V.) on St. Paul's voyage. The writer understands this word as implying abstinence owing to illness, since there was plenty of food on board the ship. Dr. Moulton, he tells us, has found an instance of the verb *ἀσιτέω* with this meaning in the Egyptian Papyri, in a letter of the first century.

The Expositor for November is a very interesting number. Professor G. B. Gray describes the view from Mount Nebo as not at all bearing out the description given in the Hebrew text of Deut. xxxiv. 1–3. The view westward is much more limited; it is impossible to see *over* the mountain wall, nor can the spectator look *into* it, but only *at* it. The Mediterranean and three-quarters of Palestine are invisible from Nebo, and the description given in Deuteronomy must refer to the extent of the country, not of the prospect. Professor Gray apparently favours a revision of the text, aided by the Samaritan version. Perhaps Driver's view that the description is hyperbolical rather than literal is to be preferred. Dr. Moulton's paper on *The Language of the New Testament as Illustrated from the Papyri* is one of fascinating interest. The whole series of articles, of which the present is only one instalment, is of the first importance to students of New Testament Greek. We cannot follow Dr. Moulton into his discussion of Greek tenses, which is indeed as yet unfinished, but his note on *δικαιωθέντες ἔχωμεν* in Rom. v. 1 is the more interesting because Dr. Beet deals with the same subject in a subsequent article on *The Merits of the Revised Version*. Dr. Moffatt's literary illustrations of Ecclesiastes are very apt and instructive, reminding us somewhat of similar work done by Dr. Samuel Cox many years ago.

The Expository Times for November provides its usual varied and appetizing bill of fare. The most notable article is one by the late

Professor Robertson Smith on *The Translation and Use of the Psalms for Public Worship*. It contains the abstract of a lecture delivered in Aberdeen in 1872, and is reproduced from a student's notebook. It is very suggestive, and the illustrations from Scotch versions are naturally apt. Dr. G. G. Findlay's thoughtful papers on *The Theology of St. John* are continued, the present instalment being on 'Jesus the Son of God.' The editor's notes and comments are, as always, pointed and timely.

In the December number are to be found the continuation of the late Professor Robertson Smith's article on *The Use of the Psalms in Public Worship*, and a short paper by Professor Tasker on *The Mythological Acts of the Apostles*. The survey of books by Dr. Selbie and others is, as usual, most instructive and useful.

The Church Quarterly Review for October opens with an article on *Religion in Cambridge*, which has occasioned some comment and called forth one or two replies. Such religious and theological teaching as exists is apparently deficient in the element of 'Churchmanship' as the writer understands it. It may be none the worse for that. Another article, one of a series on *Christianity as a Society*, traces the history of the Jewish environment out of which were developed in some measure its ideas and organization. We fully agree with the writer on Christina Rossetti when he describes her as one of the chief sacred poets of this country. It is a question whether real service has been done to her reputation by the publication of the additional poems which appear in the latest collection—the mere scattered leaves left unpublished in her desk. Yet there are those who value every line she has written. The *Return of the Catechist* emphasizes the important lesson that the clergy must learn how to teach religion to children if the children are really to learn it from them. And if such instruction were given by the clergy in the church, as Roman Catholic priests are accustomed to give it, the religious controversy concerning the primary schools might come to a natural end. The last article on *The Virgin Birth of our Lord* testifies to the existence of some uneasiness on this important subject. There is a disposition in some quarters of the Church itself to relinquish the defence of the clause in the Creed, 'Born of the Virgin Mary.' The writer of this article rightly contends that we must guard the truth of the narratives of the evangelists, St. Matthew and St. Luke, and 'the intellectual coherence of the doctrine of the Virgin Birth with the central doctrine of Christianity, the Incarnation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'

The Primitive Methodist Quarterly Review for October is an excellent number—no unusual occurrence in the history of our ably edited contemporary. Perhaps the article which will awaken most interest is the first, on Professor Peake's *Problem of Suffering in the Old Testament*, by Dr. G. Buchanan Gray. Professor Gray does not so much comment on the volume as pursue a line of his own upon the great theme in question, which brings him to substantially the same conclu-

sions as those reached by the author. He agrees with Professor Peake in interpreting the servant of Jehovah in Isa. liii. of the historical Israel. Dr. James Lindsay writes on *The Doctrine of the Logos*; a variety of themes are handled by competent writers, such as the *Herod* of Stephen Phillips, the *Rationalistic Attack and the Christian Reply*, and *Dante G. Rossetti*. One of the best, by John Forster, is entitled *The Essence of Christianity*; it deals very ably with the Harnack-Loisy controversy. Assuredly the editor and publishers of this Review may be said to give two shillings' worth for two shillings.

The Liberal Churchman.—In November last appeared the first number of this periodical—a quarterly review, published at 1*s.*, under the auspices of 'The Churchmen's Union.' The president of the Union and the editor of the review is the Rev. Dr. Morrison of Chelsea, and the object of the publication is 'to maintain the right and duty of the Church to restate her belief from time to time as required by the progressive revelation of the Holy Spirit.' It is also desired 'to work for such changes in the formularies and practices of the Church of England as from time to time are made necessary by the needs and knowledge of the day.' The present number contains four articles, the titles and authors' names speaking for themselves—Dr. Morrison on *The Task of Liberal Theology*; Rev. H. Rashdall on *Ritschlianism*; Canon Hensley Henson on *Clerical Subscription*, and another on *Dr. Gore and the Creeds*. What influence the new Broad Churchism will have within the pale of Anglicanism it is not for us to say. But if the same spirit were largely to influence the Evangelical Free Churches they would soon become a rope of sand. The tone of the writers is reverent and scholarly, nor are they extreme in their views as extremes are reckoned to-day. But they know how to root up better than how to plant doctrines and organizations that will abide.

The United Free Church Magazine. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*d.* net.) The first three numbers of this new periodical have reached us. The pages are naturally occupied very largely with a discussion of the all-absorbing Scotch Church question; but the articles are not mere *ex parte* pleas, but candid and able arguments. Three excellent presentation plates of Principal Rainy, Principal Hutton, and Dr. Alexander Whyte adorn the October, November, and December numbers respectively. We heartily wish the new venture all success.

AMERICAN.

The American Journal of Theology opens with an article by a Scotchman, Mr. Taylor Innes, on *The Religious Forecast in England*. It is discursive in style, as the somewhat vague title might lead us to expect. The writer hopes that the 'half-baked, half-fused, imperfectly stratified, and imperfectly crystallized mass of English religious and social life' may be moulded by the 'central laws of religious evolution' into something better and more beautiful. We hope so too, though we

should find it difficult to give a good account of our hope if our trust were only in those said 'central laws.' For our part, we do not know what these are or whither they are tending, nor does Mr. Taylor Innes shed much light on the subject. Another writer, Professor L. B. Paton, in discussing *The Oral Sources of the Patriarchal Narratives*, asks whence the compilers of the documents J E and P derived their materials, and essays an answer to this interesting but difficult question. He shows reason for believing that some traditions were brought in from the Arabian desert, others were developed by Israel in Canaan, others derived from Babylonia; and, though we cannot follow him in detail, Professor Paton's suggestions are well worth consideration. A scholarly article is that by Professor von Dobschütz of Strassburg on *Jews and Anti-Semites in Ancient Alexandria*. The whole number is good, and well represents the characteristics of a journal intended for students, not for the multitude.

The Methodist Review (W. V. Kelley, L.H.D., Editor; published by Eaton & Mains, New York) appears bi-monthly. The number for September–October is one of varied interest. Professor G. B. Stevens, in discussing the *Christian Idea of Sin*, hardly takes sufficient account of recent literature on the subject; but he clearly expounds his own view of sin as selfishness. Dr. Cobern gives an account of Moses, Hammurabi, and their laws, and lays special stress on the question: What bearing has the discovery of the code of Hammurabi upon the doctrine of inspiration? He comes to the conclusion that 'Moses did not ignore the laws which were in force around him at the time he wrote, but rejected, approved, revised, or purified these according to his inspired wisdom.' Subordinate features in this Review, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, are found under the headings 'Notes and Discussions,' 'The Arena' (in which practical questions specially affecting Methodism are handled), 'The Foreign Outlook,' and 'Biblical Research.'

The number for November–December contains many timely articles. Dr. R. J. Cooke, the Book Editor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes on *The Virgin Birth of our Lord*, the point of Christian doctrine against which Rationalist attack is just now specially directed. The address on *Christianity and Current Literature* delivered in Liverpool last June by Professor H. Van Dyke before the Pan-Presbyterian Council is reprinted, as it deserves to be. A trenchant article on *The Spirit of Commercialism in Ministerial Life* appears over the signature of E. S. Tipple. We cannot judge how far the evils of which the writer complains, springing from a spirit of covetousness amongst ministers, are rife in America. Wherever they appear, they deserve to be branded, and Dr. Tipple does not hesitate to use plain speech. 'I tell you, our minister is a hustler!' are words not likely to be used on this side of the Atlantic, but the spirit which introduces 'hustling' into the Church is not confined to one country. The 'Notes and Discussions' and 'Foreign Outlook' paragraphs in this number are

very interesting; the former includes a notice of *The Methodist Earl of Dartmouth.*

The Baptist Review and Expositor also opens with an article written on this side of the Atlantic. We need hardly say that Dr. James Orr writes ably and convincingly on *Christ in the Thought of To-Day.* The steps by which he reaches his conclusion—that 'Naturalism does not hold in its hands the answer to the question, Who is Christ?'—evince a thorough knowledge of the attempts which naturalism is making to 'account for' Christ, and thorough ability to expose the futility of those attempts. A different kind of article is that on *The Power of the Holy Ghost for Witnessing.* Spiritual, searching, faithful, and earnest, it might have seemed appropriate in a Methodist review, and it is delightful to find such plain, uncompromising evangelical teaching in a review of any kind. A similar tone distinguishes the article on *The Old and the New Evangelism*, though the literary structure of the sentences and the writer's use of metaphors would hardly bear critical examination.

FOREIGN.

Theologische Rundschau.—One of the editors of this magazine—Dr. Bousset of Göttingen—has devoted the leading article for three successive months (July to September) to the important subject of *The History of Religion and the New Testament.* The 'Babylon and Bible' controversy has raised questions of vital interest in regard to the Old Testament, as, e.g., to what extent were the beliefs of Israel influenced by the traditions of other Semitic peoples? Inquiries of yet deeper significance are suggested, when the historical method is applied to the Christian religion. The majority of investigators manifest no bias as they trace resemblances between early Christian doctrine and contemporary modes of thought; but a few betray a naturalistic tendency, and confess that they are striving to account for the teaching of our Lord and His apostles by the theory of direct dependence upon Jewish, Greek, and other sources. Dr. Bousset surveys the extensive literature which embodies some results established and many hypotheses advanced by scholars who have been working in different parts of this wide field. One general impression left upon the mind by his article is that many theories are not based upon a sufficiently wide induction. The chief danger arises from limitation of view; not infrequently there has been too hasty acceptance of the conclusions of a specialist who has been diligently at work in one mine, but has failed to estimate at their true value facts brought to the surface by other explorers.

Harnack broke new ground when, in his *History of Dogma*, he strove with characteristic energy to explain the development of Christian doctrine by the influence of Greek culture upon the teachers of the early Church. His book is of permanent value to theologians on account of its luminous expositions of systems of thought which formed part of the mental environment of the first generations of Christians; but he has

not established his main thesis—that the origin of dogma is due to the influence of Greek philosophy upon Christian thought. Bousset admits that Harnack in his great work fails to take into account the literature of the New Testament age, and that his investigations are unduly limited to doctrine—'the world of ideas and conceptions.' Nor is this defect remedied by the skill and learning manifested by Harnack, as he shows that primal Christian needs found expression in the earliest formulated Christian doctrines. This is true, but it is also true that factors essential to the evolution of Christianity are in danger of being forgotten, when excessive attention is given to those phases of religious life and thought which were exemplified by Christians whose piety and philosophy were of the Greek type.

The importance of the Hebrew factor has been increasingly recognized of late. Bousset reminds Ritschlians of the stress their master laid upon the vital connexion between the New Testament and the Old. 'A great truth was over-emphasized. Gradually it dawned upon us that the period between the books was not empty space.' Hence the value of the researches begun by Dr. Schürer into the history and literature of the Jewish people during the centuries of silence. Yet again the peril has been onesidedness. In the interests of the whole truth, Dalman, Schlatter, and other Semitic scholars have found it needful to remind earnest students of the apocryphal writings that neglect of the vast stores of Rabbinic learning would inevitably result in a misleading reconstruction of the life and an incomplete restatement of the thought of our Lord's contemporaries. Once more, however, scholars who utilize both these sources have been warned of the fallacies which underlie the reasoning that rests upon partial views. Gunkel insists upon the need of still greater comprehensiveness; the historic background of the picture of our Lord's life will, he thinks, never be accurately filled in, so long as our sole authorities are the official theologians of the Jewish schools. Either the perspective will be wrong, or light and shade will not be in due proportion, until more attention is given to the religious opinions of the masses of the people.

When the circle of investigation is extended so as to include popular conceptions of morals and religion amongst Jews and Greeks, soon the further question arises: How do these conceptions compare with the ideas prevalent amongst the Babylonians, the Assyrians, and the Persians? The direct bearing of this comparison is upon the Old Testament; it may now be said that the 'religious-historical method' of study has not only set in bold relief the unique elements in the Hebrew narratives, but has also directed attention to the 'inspiration of selection' which accounts for the striking omissions made by the biblical writers from the traditions which were probably the source whence some of their materials were derived. But the storm-centre is now moving towards the New Testament. Wernle endeavours with great ability to trace the Pauline and Johannine elements in Christianity to the philosophy of the West and the wisdom of the East. To his conclusions,

not to say speculations, Bousset attaches too high a value. It is perilously easy to draw false inferences from a dilemma which is so stated as to present alternatives which are not mutually exclusive. If the question is asked—Is this or that Pauline element in Christian theology Hebrew or Greek? we must not forget that it may be neither the one nor the other. The unwisdom of making definite assertions of dependence when there is actual evidence of nothing more than similarity, becomes still more manifest when it is remembered that we have to do, as Bousset admits, 'with very general and vague conceptions.'

It is unscientific to assume that all modern research tends to widen the gulf between the teaching of Christ and apostolic doctrine. The ascription to our Lord, by early Christian writers, of sayings known to us as words of the apostles may preserve a genuine tradition : for this and other reasons it may be that the Epistles express more of the mind of Christ than many critics suppose. But Christian theology recognizes that there is a great difference as well in modes of expression as in atmosphere of thought between the Gospels and the Epistles; moreover, it maintains that in the nature of the case such a difference was inevitable. No theory presents a satisfactory explanation of this difference which overlooks the fact that the preaching of Jesus and the resurrection was the early gospel, as is fully proved by New Testament writings which are older than the Gospels. The early gospel was the gospel about Jesus, the Saviour and the Lord, and not the gospel of Jesus, when that is explained as meaning the message contained in the gracious words of a religious genius and exemplified in his beneficent deeds. Christianity is itself the proof that it was the enlightening of the Divine Spirit—not the enriching of human spirits by the lore of Greek philosophers and Jewish sages—that taught the founders of the Christian Church to see that the fundamental truths of the gospel are saving truths.

Theologische Literaturzeitung.—Professor Troeltsch of Heidelberg contributes to this journal (October 29) an able appreciation of Dr. Max Reischle's *Theology and the History of Religion*—a series of lectures originally delivered at Hanover as a holiday course. Reischle is fully conscious of the vastness of the issues raised when Judaism and Christianity are studied in relation to their respective environments. His own attitude is one of wise caution, but not of timid obscurantism. He thinks that during the last twenty years the demand for the application to theology of the 'religious-historical method' has amounted to almost a clamour. It is well that such a note should be sounded by one who recognizes the legitimacy of subjecting Christianity as an historical phenomenon to a scientific method of criticism.

Troeltsch calls attention to the possibility of making apologetic use of the comparative study of religion and the philosophy of history. The non-Christian religions bear witness to the persistency of humanity's search for that which is realized in Christianity. Isolation does not tend to the more thorough knowledge of any subject. For example, to

acquaint oneself with Eastern civilization is to gain more complete insight into the principles of Western culture. In like manner, the comparison of Christianity with other religions cannot fail to reveal its real essence; the process of distinguishing things that differ leads to the approving of those that excel. There is no doubt that to comparative religion a prominent place must be assigned in Christian apologetics; but there must be no unscientific assumption that the essential elements of Christianity are discoverable within this sphere of research. Reischle rejoices in the new zest that has been infused into the study of historical theology, and in the extension of the range of apologetic research. Troeltsch closes his review with the timely reminder that in the end all these comparative studies leave us, like the theologians of the eighteenth century, face to face with the problem of the miraculous element in Christianity.

From the lofty uplands of speculation, where sometimes Higher Criticism takes its rise, many hypotheses have flowed down to us since that great scholar, Dr. Franz Delitzsch, said: 'For thirty years I have busied myself with the history and literature of the people from among whom Christ sprang, and I am ever more and more convinced that the connexion of His times with the circumstances of His life will never explain that which He was and that which He became to the world.' No modern researches have invalidated the soundness of that judgement. The meal of humanity did not evolve the leaven. Bousset bids us have no fear that evolution will explain away the unique element in Christianity, and, lest we should be faint-hearted, reminds us of 'the fact that out of this vast chaotic movement Christianity emerged as a conquering and all-dominating power; all the valuable elements in that chaos Christianity has attracted to itself, and has crystallized them into a single form — a unity, though complex.' True, 'crystallization' is not all; but Bousset also speaks of 'the creative power of the gospel and of the person of Christ.' The 'religious-historical method,' even when used by antichristian scholars, is of no avail against the truth; it will render service to the cause of truth in proportion as Reischle's significant words are borne in mind: 'Dogmatics can call itself Christian only . . . as it clearly distinguishes the Holy Spirit of God who works in and through Jesus from the universal spiritual life of humanity.'

In **Studien u. Kritiken** for October the only article on which one feels disposed to tarry is that which covers pp. 1–40, a study of *Sacrament and Symbol in Primitive Christianity*, by the Strassburg professor, von Dobschütz. The article discusses the sacraments in the New Testament, in which he finds sacramentarian thought, in connexion with baptism, but no sign of the 'magico-sacramentarian' conceptions of 'Catholicism.' He then deals, rather scornfully, with the lights which comparative religion has sought to throw on the sacraments. Had Gunkel and his school applied the anthropological key to Transubstantiation only, and not to the simple parable related by St. Mark and St. Paul, we should doubtless hail their method as sound;

but as it is, von Dobschütz does well to protest against the latest fashion in subjective science.

Preuschen's **Zeitschrift f. d. N.T. Wissenschaft u. d. Kunde des Urchristentums** closes its fifth volume with a number dedicated to the famous scholar, Herman Usener, on his seventieth birthday. The veteran's work has lain mostly in classical fields, but English theological students know him, in the pages of the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*, as a vigorous exponent of the negative view of the Virgin Birth. The first article, by Corssen, examines the authorship of the *Vita Polycarpi*, with a view to destroy Irenaeus's testimony as to Polycarp's connexion with the Apostle John. No doubt, the experts will have something to say. The most notable feature in this number is a long paper by F. Spitta, the first instalment of a series of synoptic studies. Spitta develops with great acuteness the view that St. Mark is defective at the beginning, as it is generally admitted to be at the end: presumably our text ultimately comes from a single early copy which had its outer leaves torn off. The substance of the lost opening would include material such as is found in Matt. i. and ii., but to restore it is mere guesswork. Spitta then gives strong reasons for accepting in Luke iii. 22 the voice from heaven in the 'Western' form, attested by Justin Martyr and the Bezan text. He agrees with Zahn that the saying from Ps. ii. 7 was less likely to be substituted for the words of Mark and Matthew than altered into conformity with them. Among many ingenious arguments there is one that is very striking, drawn from the Lucan narrative of the Temptation. The devil's 'If Thou art Son of God' is specially pointed after 'Thou art My Son: this day have I begotten Thee'; and his claim that the lordship of the world had been given to him sounds like a direct reference to the very next words of the Psalm. Space forbids summary of the bulk of this article, its deductions in the synoptic question, and its restorations, plausible or fanciful, of more original forms of gospel tradition. Those who are too much enamoured of the primitive character of the *Gospel according to the Hebrews* should read Dr. Adeney's paper in the *Hibbert Review*. On the investigation of the word **Σωτήρ** by the great Hellenistic scholar, P. Wendland, we must postpone comment. Two short papers by W. Wrede conclude the issue, which also contains a late Armenian text translated by F. C. Conybeare.

Revue Biblique for October has an article by Battifol on the new Oxyrhynchus Gospel fragments: it contains little of note. There is a long paper by Lagrange on the *Messianic Prophecies of Daniel*.