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THE

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ART. I.—CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM.

IT is no longer necessary, thanks to the ample discussion of the subject at Church Congresses and Church Conferences of late years (and an exposition of it at the Carlisle Church Conference quite recently by one of the veterans engaged in the discussion), to begin by defining the two terms which stand at the head of this paper, and to show their connection. The interest taken in the widely-spread movement called "Socialism" has been steadily growing from year to year. It holds intellectual Germany enthralled by its theories, and has never lost its grasp on France, the country of ideas. It celebrates its triumphs not only among the warm-blooded peoples of the South of Europe, but also among the sober and stolid peoples of the Netherlands and Scandinavia. In the British Isles, where a score of years ago Socialism was almost unknown, it is now represented by two or three bodies professing its doctrines and their variations; and even the Anarchists, like the rest, manage to have their organ in the press. From the report of the ninth annual conference of the Social Democratic Federation, held last August, we learn that the Socialist vote, which in the elections for the London School Boards was 8,532 in four constituencies in 1885, had risen to 49,830 in seven constituencies last year; also of the progress of Socialist ideas among trades unionists, apart from the fact that "during the past twelve months the Social Democratic Federation has done more international work than at any other period of its existence."[1] It would seem, therefore, that the sturdy common-sense of the labouring classes of this country does not prove such a powerful barrier against the advances of the movement as was once supposed. Even America does not enjoy immunity from Socialistic organization

[1] *Justice* (official organ of the Federation), August 17th, 1889.

and agitation, notwithstanding its widely diffused wealth and industrial progress and prosperity. It is natural, therefore, that the Christian aspect of such a vastly important movement should force itself upon the attention of Churchmen on both sides of the Atlantic. And what is Christian Socialism but an attempt to solve the social problem in accordance with the principles of Christianity?

To give, then, shape and form to this idea which is "in the air"—to present in a tangible manner its leading features, so as to enable those who have the will and the power to grapple with the social question—is the object of this paper. Its tendencies are practical, and to help our readers to seize on its main points and to give them their attentive consideration, we will dwell, in the first place, on the attempt of "Christianizing Socialism," which was one of the aims of the Christian Socialists in this country, headed by Maurice, in 1848; and next, after pointing out the Christian duty of studying the social problem, will indicate some of the methods of solving it on the part of the ministers of religion, men of business, Members of Parliament, and Ministers of the Crown, all of whom have their share in the work of social amelioration, either in the way of voluntary effort or legislation. The aim of all ought to be to reduce social abuses to a minimum, to introduce social reforms, to improve and increase the number of social institutions, so as to remove as far as possible the just causes of discontent with the existing social arrangements.

It is with this aim before them that both in Roman Catholic and Protestant countries bodies of Christian Socialists have formed themselves into a sacred phalanx to oppose anti-Christian tendencies in Socialistic agitation as carried on in the present day, whilst encouraging various forms of combination and co-operation for social ends on Christian principles with a view to conduct the Socialist movement into safe channels.

I. *What is it to Christianize Socialism?*—The task, to begin with, might appear hopeless, since Socialism professes to be a new gospel to supersede the old faith, and its leaders and many of its adherents tend to atheism, agnosticism, and other forms of unbelief. To say to such, as has been done often of late—as, notably, the Bishop of Derry did at a Church Congress one or two years ago—that "the spirit and aspiration of Socialism has a Christian aspect," would seem to be little to the point. But what is meant here and in such-like phrases is this: That Socialism, as an ideal of society, as a protest against the selfish tendencies of individualism carried to excess, as an appeal to the social instincts of humanity, as an accentuation of its corporate life with corresponding duties of Christian men to each other, as an adumbration of a harmonized social order, in which

there would be room for the full and free exercise of social functions, as a combined effort to insure the common welfare—that Socialism, as a conception of a more perfect social state, where the maximum of social happiness and the minimum of social misery could be reached—in short, that Socialism, as a collective term, embracing every form of philanthropy and every scheme of social improvement, is not inconsistent with Christianity; that, on the contrary, any attempt to realize its ideals must fail unless it has Christian principles for its basis and Christian love for its moving force. In reference to the latter, the father of Modern Socialism, and, in a sense, of Christian Socialism too, the Duke of St. Simon, said to his disciples on his death-bed: "Remember, to do great things you must have enthusiasm." It may be interesting to inquire what is the opinion of those most concerned on this matter. We will quote two utterances from *Justice*, which express upon the whole the prevalent sentiment on this subject among Socialists at home and abroad:

> The English Christian Socialist is but the embryo Federation Socialist. Nay, more than this, he is the Socialist actually emerged from the chrysalis of bourgeois habits of thought and aspiration, but whose wings are limp and heavy from his long imprisonment, and unable for the time to endure that sustained flight which shall carry him once and for ever away from the shell he has quitted.
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> The Christian Socialist insists upon the necessity for a Christian basis to one's Socialism. He demands that as Socialism is more in accord with Christian ethics than is capitalism, all men should first be good Christians. Social Democrats reason the other way about. They say that man as an animal is a creature of circumstances, that his whole being is moulded by his surroundings, but that, alone among animals, he has the power to modify his surroundings, and that in a social state, where the conventional morality is bad, and all the nobler religious teachings are degraded, effort should be directed, not to moralizing or Christianizing the individual, but to changing his surroundings.

But, in allusion to the last quotation, we may say, How are the social surroundings to be changed? All such changes of any importance have resulted from the previous spread of ideas. As far as Europe is concerned, it was the spread of the Christian ideas, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, which freed society from slavery and serfdom and secured civic liberties; which led to the formation of those trade co-operations, guilds, and fraternities for mutual succour and defence, of which the emblems still survive in the insignia of the more ancient of our friendly societies in the present day, with their Christian mottoes, indicating the strong yearning for equality and the claims of Christian brotherhood. Wickliffe and his poor priests in this country and Luther in Germany were in full sympathy with the movement for agrarian reform and the reformation of trade guilds from becoming oppressors of the poor handicraftsmen, though

the Reformers soon felt that caution and correction were needed in the expression of their sympathies, as when Melancthon pointed out that to deduct the principles of Communism as of universal application from the communism of the early Christians would be as rational as to infer the duty of killing all the sons of wealthy men because Abraham was commanded to sacrifice his only son Isaac. In the same way, those least in sympathy with the Evangelical revival in its distinctly religious aspects have pointed out its close connection with the humanitarian efforts to improve the condition of the masses of that period. Lord Shaftesbury, in this sense, was a Christian Socialist.

So, too, the recent revival of spiritual activity in the Christian world, and not least so in this country, is accompanied by earnest discussions of social problems in every representative meeting, not only of the Church of England, but the Nonconformist bodies. Witness the recent utterances at the conference of Congregationalists and Baptists. The former devoted themselves to the land question, as the synod of the "Free Church" in Scotland a few years ago pronounced in favour of the Crofters. The president of the Baptist Union, taking for his subject "Christian Citizenship," addressed himself to the consideration of "the conflict between capital and labour," reminding his hearers "that the hard toiler with horny hand is a member of the commonwealth, as is the wealthy merchant or the millionaire," etc. In America a circular has been recently issued by a clergyman of Boston, proposing to start a society of Christian Socialists, "basing our Socialism on the Fatherhood of God, and the resultant brotherhood of man, and trying to carry it out in the spirit of Him Who was the First-born among many brethren." All these signs of an awakening of Christians to a higher sense of social duty show at least that Christianity is now, as in former ages, working through its ideas as a leaven in society, and in this manner Christianizing the Socialistic ideas of the age we live in. The encyclical letter from the Lambeth Conference last year refers to this subject, and in this sense of approaching it:

> No more important problems can well occupy the attention—whether of clergy or laity—than such as are connected with what is popularly called Socialism. To study schemes proposed for redressing the social balance, to welcome the good which may be found in the aims or operations of any, and to devise methods, whether by legislation or by social combinations, or in any other way, for a peaceful solution of the problems without violence or injustice, is one of the noblest pursuits which can engage the thoughts of those who strive to follow in the footsteps of Christ.

At the same time, it must be confessed that so far official utterances have not gone much beyond the expression of safe

generalities, which, true enough in themselves, do not help much in grappling with the subject energetically and effectually, or convincing gainsayers in the ranks of Socialism. What, then, remains to be done by way of Christianizing Socialism?

To put it briefly, we should say something, if not much, may be done by way of judicious advice and gentle admonition to restrain the "social passion," and this by showing the importance of patient waiting for the final triumph of social ideas culminating in social improvement, remembering that all great changes are brought about gradually, and not by slap-dash revolutions, accompanied by force and violence, and, like the French Revolution, leaving in the end many social disappointments behind them. Much might be done by way of pointing out the importance of moral improvement in the individual as the antecedent to social amelioration; the cultivation of social virtues, such as self-devotion and self-denial, for the common good, without which mere mechanical alterations in the recasting of society would be useless, as they have proved to be worthless even under the most favourable conditions in the attempts of Socialistic colonization made on American soil about fifty years ago, and this under the guidance of able and earnest leaders, eminently fitted, mentally and morally, for their task. Again, something might be done by well-considered discussion, conducted dispassionately, with toleration on both sides. The Bishop of Rochester made the attempt a few years ago; the Guild of St. Matthew, before which he preaches annually, and of which he says that "its aims, if not its methods, are among those which the Lambeth encyclical emphasizes with significant commendation," and others have tried this plan; and we have been informed by a lady friend acting independently, and holding discussions among the wilder sort of Continental Socialists who meet at their Soho Square Club, that even here she received a patient and respectful hearing. And if it is permissible, without incurring the charge of egotism, in such a paper as this to refer to the writer's own experiences, we may add that in our correspondence with leading Socialists in various countries of Europe and America, most of them, like the late Karl Marx, utterly unknown to the writer, and all occupying a standpoint opposed to his, he has invariably received most valuable information, given with the utmost courtesy, whilst not a few, attracted by his writings on Socialism, have put themselves of their own accord into communication with him, and have corresponded freely with him since; which at least shows that when the controversy is carried on with intelligent sympathy and fairness, and where the points of contact between Socialism and Christianity are honestly recognised and the contention between Christians

and Socialists is courteously put, arguments receive their due weight; though immediate conviction and conversion to opposite opinions from those held for years with all the ardour of strong natures, honest, however misguided, and suffering cheerfully like martyrs for their opinion—we speak of some, not all—must not be too sanguinely expected.

But in order to direct others and discuss problems of this nature, those who make the attempt should be well equipped by previous study of the subject before they enter upon their task. We would therefore, in the next place, and before we point out the social duty of Christian men towards the so-called masses, dwell for a few moments on the obligation of studying the social problem, and this especially as far as Christian ministers are concerned. Taking refuge in pious commonplaces, and trying to persuade others without full conviction arrived at after conscientious study, cannot do any lasting good, and may do immediate harm. Any attempt to deal with the subject presumes a fairly competent knowledge of its schemes. To correct its errors, to encourage its lawful efforts for the amelioration of the people's condition "without violence and injustice," the subject must be approached *sine ira*, though not *sine studio*. And such a study implies a previous knowledge of the outlines, at least, of political economy. Here, as the German Christian Socialist Todt remarks, we have a system of social anatomy, Socialism itself is a system of social pathology, and the Gospel, he adds, is the system of social therapeutics to heal the sores of humanity. The same writer, in a separate pamphlet, suggests the importance of making the study of political economy part of the curriculum of every theological student. The ignorance of the clergy on this head is certainly remarkable. To mention one or two instances in point: Some years ago we received the visit of a young fellow-curate, who, seeing some books in German on political economy lying on our writing-table, inquired with engaging simplicity whether it was the political economy of *that* country we were studying, evidently misled by the word "political," and imagining that, as each country has its political constitution, so, too, it has a science of economy all to itself. On another occasion an incumbent, coming in just at the moment when we were completing a biographical sketch of a well-known Socialist of the past, and seeing a number of books and pamphlets lying open on the table for reference, was astonished to find that the history and theory of Socialism could not be written, like a fairy story, "right out of one's own head." These are only glaring instances of clerical ignorance on the subject. Yet how important in the present day is some slight knowledge of the outlines of economics! Even if it were for no other reason but an intelligent understanding of such hotly-discussed questions in connection with it as whether

self-interest is the prime or sole motor of economic production, consumption, and exchange, or whether it is more in keeping with our Christian view of it that there is an ethical aspect as well—that egoism must be augmented by altruism, and selfishness modified by sympathy, unless the competition struggle is to end in class conflicts. A mere acquaintance with the commonplaces of the science will show how far-reaching the tendencies are of that economic theory which makes material wealth, instead of the moral development of man, the chief aim of the science. And in special relation to the subject before us, how important is it to decide whether competition and individual enterprise, as a purely natural process, as some economists affirm, end in the survival of the fittest, or whether Socialists are not to some extent justified in saying that in this struggle the weakest go to the wall, and all do not start fair at the beginning —*i.e.*, on equal terms as to natural and inherited advantages: Are not Christian pity and benevolence to come in here, so as to soothe and soften the severity of the struggle, and to supply the spiritual cement without which society could not cohere?

It may be said that divines have no business with studies of this nature, and no time for them. We fear those who use the argument as an excuse for neglecting a duty requiring a certain amount of intellectual effort are very far from learned in the "science of sciences," indolence and want of interest being the more likely reason for the omission.

II. But the duty of ministers does not stop here. We proceed, then, to indicate what may be done by way of personal work and influencing others in the performance of social duties and the settlement of social questions.

1. It is plain that the general attitude of the *Christian ministry* ought to be that of benevolent neutrality where differences between employers and employed are concerned. If there be any leaning, it should be towards the weaker side—"Christ's poor." To give what might seem to be a tacit support to any acts of even apparent injustice, to withhold sympathy from the aspirations of the people, even when they may be slightly unreasonable, would be fatal to clerical influence. On the other hand, officiously aiding or abetting popular dissatisfaction where it is for the purpose of gaining popularity, to back up ecclesiastical pretension by meddlesome interferences as a laudable device of "priestcraft," cannot be recommended. But as mediators between employer and employed in town and country the attitude of the clergy, naturally sympathizing with all classes, is clearly marked out. Their actual activities in this respect must be guided by prevailing circumstances. As dispensers of parochial and private charities in alleviating distress, as organizers and promoters of associations, clubs, and other institutions for

the purpose of encouraging thrift, independence, self-respect, and effecting security against accidents, occasional loss of employment, and unforeseen calamities or sudden death, they are in their right place as the virtual, if not official, guardians of the poor. We are not among the number of those who counsel making friends with democracy as a wise measure of ecclesiastical politics, but everything should be done to clear the Church from such charges as those quoted from *Justice* in the note below,[1] of siding with the classes against the masses. When so many would-be saviours of society look for new forms of faith to supersede Christianity, as incapable of application to the social needs of the present day, those who believe Christ to be the Saviour of the world, as His ministers, ought not to despair of saving the social world by the power of Christianity.

2. *Christian men of business* have clearly defined duties in their direct relation with the men under their employ. As lovers of men, they have ample opportunities of raising the level of material comfort and moral tone among those under their employ. By means of profit-sharing and provident schemes in connection with the firm they have ample opportunities of raising their income and rendering it more secure. By means of technical instruction of the younger operatives and opportunities afforded for mutual improvement during the hours of leisure and in a multiplicity of ways, they have opportunities of showing a personal interest in the comfort, competency, and culture of the labourers and their families who depend on them for their daily bread, whereby the relationship might be rendered much more friendly and parental than it is in nine cases out of

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[1] Did you ever read the so-called Church Catechism? No! Then don't, unless you want to see how, as Gibbon Wakefield said, it teaches slavishness as the first duty of man. That is the main object of the Church of England — to keep the multitudes down "in that state of life" in which it has "pleased" [it reads "*shall* please"] "God to call them." In the Catholic Church, with all its many and great defects, there is at least the tradition of equality. In the Church of England the idea of equality never has existed, and never will. It is essentially the Christianity of the confiscating classes, the religion of the money-bag, the creed of the man of great estate. A few, a very few, there are in its midst who, recognising the signs of the times and actuated by really high motives, are trying to turn this great subsidised organization of mammonites and their hangers-on to some better use than acting as the mere chloroform agent of the upper classes.—Oct. 8th.

Nor is this to be wondered at; drawn from the classes who live and thrive upon the misery of the workers, many of them too stupid for any other calling—while inflated by their extensive system of training with an exaggerated notion of their own importance and superiority—the ministers of the Established Church are permeated with ideas based on all the errors of the old Toryism allied to the brutal theories of the Manchester School of Liberalism, and without any of the redeeming features of either.—Oct. 15th, 1887.

ten. And it is the absence of such patriarchal relations which renders trade disputes and strikes so virulent in the animosities they breed. What we recommend is actually done by Harmel Bros., in their lace factory, near Reims, and to some extent by Price and Son, in their candle manufactory, in this country; but the number of such cases ought to be much larger than it is, whilst numerous instances of hard grinding down of the poor tell a sad and serious tale as to the unsatisfactory relation of capital and labour, which, after all, is the principal cause of discontent, and sends those who smart under it into the social camp of Adullam, which is Socialism. Such cases as that of the match-box makers (males) working 16 hours a day, and of poor women of the same trade receiving 2¼d. a gross, whilst the company pays a dividend of 20 per cent.; of married women with young families, left to themselves in their absence, wielding heavy hammers for 12 or 14 hours a day; of chain-makers working 12 hours a day, at the rate of 10s. to 11s. per week; of pallid, horny-skinned young women working from 6 to 9 o'clock at night, and remaining clean, civil, honest, and respectable at 5s. 4d. per week; of men working from 6 in the morning to 8.30 at night for 4s. a week—cases like these, vouched for by Mr. Burnett in his report as labour correspondent of the Board of Trade, and others brought out in connection with the inquiry instituted into the "sweating system" in London and Paris, where "competition, pitiless and incessant, determines the lowest rates of wages"—they are termed "starvation wages"—are crying instances of inequality and injustice, which cannot fail to move Christian hearts to yearning pity and resentment almost, as dark spots on our much-boasted civilization, pointing out the sad lesson how much has yet to be done by way of "moralizing capital," and infusing the spirit of Christianity into the daily transaction of business.

3. Next to men of business, *statesmen, Ministers of the Crown, and Members of Parliament* are in a position of being able to further the cause of social reform, and therefore incur a solemn duty; whilst nothing is more difficult than to steer a safe middle-course between State Socialism, or too much Governmental interference with matters of social import, and complete non-interference, leaving things to settle themselves as best they may, according to the leave-alone theory, which is fast becoming discredited, after a century's trial. From the Christian point of view the State is responsible for the social well-being of all classes, and is the natural protector of the weak. A Christian Government is in duty bound, not only to safeguard and maintain the sacredness of property, but also the sanctity of the household. But excessive hours of labour on the part of delicate women and children, which destroy the health of body and soul alike, the

dull drudgery of agricultural labour as now carried on through all the long and weary hours of week-days, and even on the day of rest as far as many of the young are concerned, interfering sadly with the work of education and spiritual training, week-days and Sundays, all these destroy the sacredness of family life, and become the source of moral degeneration and degradation in the individual. Here the duty of the Christian State of watching over the spiritual as well as the temporal interests of all classes becomes evident. The very existence of a National Church implies the acceptance of this theory. For this reason the officers of such a Church, her appointed ministers in their character as citizens, as well as in the discharge of their special duties in the commonwealth, are bound, by way of instruction, correction, and exhortation, to form public opinion and bring its pressure to bear on public authority. This may be done by means of resolutions passed in Convocation and conferences, or memorials presented to the Queen or to Parliament by the Church in her corporate character, or Churchmen associated in given localities for that purpose. In Germany, where the progress of Socialism has been so rapid and extensive in recent years, this has been done to a considerable extent, and the effect of such action, in addition to other causes no doubt operating in the same direction, has been that both the Emperor William I. and his grandson have expressed themselves in the most unequivocal manner in favour of social reform on strictly Christian principles.[1] In this country similar ends are compassed by different means. In the absence of paternal government, Parliamentary inquiries do the work of promoting and preparing measures of social legislation; and a special association, consisting entirely of members of Parliament, has been formed of late for the purpose of facilitating and stimulating this kind of Parliamentary action. Much help might be afforded to such a body of legislators by clergymen individually or collectively in furnishing the requisite information on the

[1] Take, *e.g.*, the following quotation from the present Emperor's speech from the throne on succeeding his father: "Especially I appropriate to myself to its full extent his message of November 17th, 1881, and in the sense of that declaration shall continue striving to make Imperial legislation continue in the future to afford to the working population the protection which it can extend, in conformity with the principles of Christian morality, to the weak and distressed in the struggle for existence. I hope that it will be possible in this way to come nearer to the equalization of unhealthy social contrasts, and I entertain the confident hope that in solicitude for our domestic welfare I shall meet with the unanimous support of all true friends of the Empire, and of the Federal Governments, without division or party differences. In the same way, however, I consider it necessary to support our national and social development within the paths of legality, and to oppose firmly all efforts having the aim and tendency to undermine public order."

social condition of the poor among whom they labour, and the suggestion of remedies for their just grievances. More trustworthy information would be obtained, and ideas for social improvement elicited, from the clergy and the church-workers employed by them in their respective parishes than is done in the ordinary course of hearing evidence by Parliamentary Commissions officially conducted, often not without party bias, both in the selection of the Commission and the witnesses heard before it. But this only by the way.

Christian Socialism, however, is not so much a social theory for immediate application in the parish, in the workshop, in the factory, in the field, at Government boards and departments of State, as it is the expression of the general truth that Christianity is the salt of the earth which is to save society from corruption; that the Christian ministry are a body of peacemakers, promoting concord, by virtue of their office, in the conflict of selfish interests, thus preventing dangerous collision, and a body of public instructors, teaching mutual forbearance and gentleness by means of Christian education, and forming character and shaping indirectly the conduct of the social units, fitting them for the performance of their social functions in the aggregate; that the power of Christianity works from within rather than from without, and, like the heart, sending blood, and with it life-vigour, throughout the whole body, strengthening head and hands and all the organic parts, infusing the renovating power of Christian faith, hope, and love, which, permeating the whole body of society, from the centre to the extremities, is capable of producing healthy and harmonious action in the exercise of all the social functions. Thus, *e.g.*, a firm faith in social providence would naturally help in stimulating cheerful activity and diligent care, whilst indolence, indifference, aimless lethargy and despairing discontent would as naturally result from a relapse into social fatalism.

Two dangers are to be avoided—over-much fussiness to do everything for the people at the present juncture, when interest has been roused on their behalf. Good-natured people, in their indiscriminate acts of charity as well as in their ill-considered plans of social tinkering, may have cause at times to say with Benvolio in Marlowe's "Faust":

> "My heart's more ponderous than my head."

But there is the opposite danger, and especially after the first effervescence of feeling has passed away, as it will sooner or later, after the public mind has been moved in any cause profoundly, to be followed by a national reaction—namely, the feeling, so pleasant to the comfortable, to be satisfied with things as they are, as if they were divinely appointed as social anomalies to

exercise our faith, rather than facts to be faced in a manly fashion. 'Let everything, say such, be done by the people and self-help; there is no need meddling with social arrangements which are apt to rectify themselves if sufficient time is permitted to elapse. It is of no use quarrelling with Providence and the nature of things. To this we reply that it is the intention of Providence that by means of human effort and energizing enthusiasm improvements should be effected. Given conditions cannot be altered, but other elements may be introduced, modifying and sometimes entirely transforming them. Spiritual destitution is thus provided for by extraordinary special spiritual agencies and machinery. Social defects must be capable of similar treatment. The example of our Lord, combining the humane and spiritual acts of healing, feeding, and comforting those suffering in the body with acts of teaching, preaching, revealing, in His appeals to the higher spiritual nature of man, should teach all such to do likewise. It is in this way of fulfilling her social as well as her spiritual mission that Christianity triumphed in the past; in the same way more splendid triumphs still are reserved for her in the future. "If Christianity," says Cabet somewhere—and Cabet himself was an earnest, single-minded Socialist of the old type—"had been interpreted and applied in the spirit of Jesus Christ; if it had been well known and faithfully practised by a vast majority of Christians, imbued with sincere piety, who only need to know the truth to follow it—a Christianity such as this, with its morals, its philosophy, its precepts, would have been sufficient, and will still prove sufficient, for the establishment of a perfect social and political organization to deliver humanity from the ills which afflict it, and to assure the happiness of the human race on the globe. In that case no one could refuse to call himself Christian."

M. KAUFMANN.

ART. II.—AMONG THE VAUDOIS AT THE BICENTENARY.

IN the summer of this year I had the privilege of receiving an invitation to be present at the bicentenary celebration of the most remarkable event in a very remarkable history—the "Glorieuse Rentrée" of the Vaudois.

Now, who were these Vaudois? They have been a good deal heard of in this country at different times. They were the peasant inhabitants of a few parishes in the Italian Alps; but they have a history which for interest surpasses every other, except that

of the Jews. The story of their heroism and their sufferings has more than once excited the admiration or stirred the indignation of Europe, and in particular of this country. For them Cromwell spoke in his wrath, and saved them from an extermination which even the heroic Janavel could hardly have staved off. They were Vaudois of whom Milton wrote his sonnet:

> "Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

It was our William III. who gave the pastor-peasant, the great Arnaud, his colonelcy.

Some sixty years ago two Englishmen, whose monuments now stand facing one another in the college at La Tour, renewed the bonds between the English and the Vaudois. By the aid of these two men much was done to relieve this interesting people from the effects of the various cruel disabilities under which they laboured—disabilities which lasted till, in the year 1848, these poor people obtained the privilege, if it may be so called, of being treated on an equality with their neighbours.

It might be supposed that the treatment which for so long a period they received from their princes had made them regard the House of Savoy with feelings not exactly of affection. So far from any such effect being produced, one of the most remarkable phenomena in their history is the steady, unwavering loyalty with which they have served their dukes. They have always recognised the fact that whatever cruelties were inflicted on them were always due to evil counsellors. Thus, at one time they served in the army of their duke without pay; at another time Duke Amadeo, driven out of all the rest of his dominions, took refuge in Val Luserne, and was so sore bested that he had nothing wherewith to reward his brave protectors except his drinking cup. Over and over again, by some gallant feat of arms, they have won the commendation of their prince, and some temporary relaxation of the penal laws against them, to be retracted, however, with a fatal regularity, as soon as the crisis was past.

What was it, then, that was the cause of all this trouble? Religion. Nothing else.

What religion? Well, this is the remarkable point. These Vaudois, or Waldenses, were, in fact, Protestants before the word "Protestant" was invented. They existed in these valleys, as Protestants, from, at all events, as early as the end of the twelfth century; that is, at least four centuries before Luther, and nearly two before Wiclif. Whether they existed previously is a question still agitated. They themselves generally believe that they date from at least the time of Claudius, Bishop of Turin in the ninth century. It is true that this

cannot be proved; but neither can it be disproved. The principal argument against it is the absence of positive evidence one way or the other; but the weight of this argument is not very great if the extreme insignificance of these people and the inaccessibility of their mountain retreat be borne in mind.

They inhabit three small valleys on the Italian side of the Alps which separate France from Italy, north of Monte Viso and south of Mont Genevre. Of these valleys the principal was formerly known as Val Luserne, but now takes its name from the Pelice. Another—that of S. Martino—is drained by the Germanasca; the third—the Angrogna Valley—is called after the torrent of that name, and lies between the other two. A good walker could walk from one end to the other of the whole territory in a day. There have been times when the Waldenses have extended beyond these limits, particularly on the French slopes. They had also colonies in Calabria and Apulia in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, the history of which is most curious; but from all these places they have now disappeared,[1] extinguished in the blood and flames of the Inquisition or the Propaganda. How can it be expected that a people so insignificant, and harassed so long with continual persecution, should possess and preserve written records of their previous existence? In fact, we know very little about them, except from the records of their enemies, until we come down to the time of the general Reformation in Europe. That their annals would be interesting enough if we had them, we may well believe. In a thirteenth-century account of the capture of Mauriliacum we read: "Ibi invenimus septem hereticos, de secta illa quæ Valdensium dicebatur, qui ad legatum adducti suam incredulitatem plenius sunt confessi quos nostri arripientes peregrini cum ingenti gaudio combusserunt."[2]

Who were these seven constant martyrs? We know not. "Omnes illacrymabiles urgentur ignotique longa nocte carent quia vate sacro."

It must be borne in mind that, though the persecutions undergone by the Vaudois during so many centuries were of religious origin, the fault was not that of their Roman Catholic neighbours—with whom, indeed, they lived on remarkably friendly terms—but solely that of the Roman ecclesiastics. Thus in the persecution of 1560-61, when the valleys were attacked by

[1] The history of these colonies, and of the Vaudois generally, will be found in Muston's "L'Israel des Alpes," which, however, was written before the discovery by Bradshaw of the long-missing Morland MSS.

[2] Pierre de Val Cernay, ed. 1615, p. 274: "There we found seven heretics of the sect called Vaudois. They were brought before the Legate, and there stood fully to their heresy. Our foreigners took them, and with great delight burned them."

troops under Philippe de Savoie and the Comte de la Trinita, their Roman Catholic neighbours actually entrusted their women to the Vaudois for preservation. They were placed in the natural fortress called Pra del Tor, at the head of the Angrogna Valley, and there successfully defended by the poor heretics. Similarly, at the time of the great massacre of 1655, under the legate Guastaldo, it was a Catholic who gave warning to the Vaudois of S. Martino, and thereby enabled them to escape.

Such, then, is the general character of the Waldensian story. At all events, for six centuries they have justified their motto, "Lux lucet in tenebris,"[1] upholding the private rights of conscience and the authority of the Bible, and rejecting the worship of the Virgin and the Saints.

It will now be proper to give a short account of the events which they have been commemorating this summer, and of what led up to them.

The year 1685 was remarkable for the revocation by Louis XIV. of the Edict of Nantes—a step by which the "Grand Monarque" expected to compound with the Almighty for the number of his mistresses. His zeal for religion was so ardent that he could not be content without compelling the Duke of Savoy, over whom he had at the time considerable powers of persuasion of a material kind, to join him in extirpating the Vaudois. In April, 1686, the combined armies succeeded by stratagem in inducing the Vaudois to lay down their arms in detail. The Vaudois had been in vain warned by Janavel, the hero of 1655, to make no terms with their religious persecutors. How rightly he judged, the poor Vaudois found out when it was too late. According to the letter of a French officer, "Toutes les vallées sont exterminées." Fourteen thousand prisoners were distributed among the prisons of Piedmont, out of whom only three thousand survived when, in the middle of the following winter, the prison-doors were opened on condition of perpetual banishment. How the miserable survivors were received by the Swiss will never be forgotten by the Vaudois, who justly gave the Swiss delegate the premier place in last summer's celebrations. Settlements were found for the exiles in Wurtemberg, Brandenburg, and other places. But their hearts always turned to their mountain valleys, and after two abortive attempts, about nine hundred men managed to evade the Swiss authorities. They embarked at a place called Prangins, near Nyon, on Friday, August 16, 1689, crossed the Lake of Geneva, and set forth through the mountains of Savoy with the intention of forcing their way back to their old

[1] The Vaudois device is an unprotected light, surrounded by the motto above mentioned, which belonged to the old Counts of Luserne.

home. The crossing of the lake was effected in the night. Some two hundred missed the rendezvous, and were detained. On the south side of the lake the expedition organized itself in companies. A pastor, Henri Arnaud, was the directing and animating spirit, but the command was given to a foreigner named Turrel, who, however, afterwards deserted them, despairing of success. Favoured by the bad weather, they made their way through the most mountainous parts of Savoy, evading or fighting the troops which had been sent to intercept them. They forced the passage of the Dora at Salabertran, carrying the bridge with a rush against the enemy in front, while a small detachment held in check another force which had been pursuing them. After incredible hardships, they arrived on the eleventh day (Tuesday, August 27) at the Balsille, at the head of the valley of S. Martino. Here they were at last in their own land again. On Wednesday, the 28th, they descended to Prali, and found their church there still standing. Here they held a service, and as the building was not large enough to hold them all, Arnaud preached from a plank set in the doorway. On Sunday, September 1, they were at Bobi, in Val Luserne; and at a place called Sibaoud, just above the village of Bobi, the men and officers took a solemn vow under the chestnut-trees to be faithful to their cause and to one another.

It is unnecessary to detail their various exploits during the remainder of that summer. Gradually they were pressed back by the united forces of France and Savoy, making, however, their final stand at the Balsille, where with desperate bravery they maintained themselves until the approach of winter compelled General Catinat to raise the siege. His armies retired, scoffingly bidding the Vaudois wait till Easter, when they should be revisited.

The Vaudois passed the winter in their stronghold suffering extreme privation. The rock was supplied with fresh water from a spring, and they had laid by a stock of chestnuts. From time to time, as the weather allowed, they made foraging excursions. The neighbourhood was bare enough; the few Roman Catholic settlers who had been brought in to occupy the deserted lands during the past three years had fled on the arrival of the Vaudois. When things had come almost to the last extremity, the wind suddenly and unexpectedly went round to the south and melted a portion of the snow, which covered a field of rye, from which the new settlers had fled without stopping to reap it. An early fall of snow had covered up the rye the previous autumn and preserved it, to be discovered in this way by the Vaudois. The millstones of the little mill were recovered from the bed of the torrent, into which the miller had thrown them three years before for concealment.

After Easter Catinat, true to his promise, returned. A grand attack was made on April 30, 1690; it was repulsed with great slaughter. A second attack a fortnight later was more successful. Feuquières, to whom its conduct was entrusted, perhaps in fear of the result, by Catinat, brought up cannon, which rapidly destroyed Arnaud's fortifications. The Vaudois were driven to the summit of the rock, the troops moved up; the Vaudois, now reduced to about four hundred, were entirely surrounded; and when night fell on the 14th May everything was in readiness for the final assault, which was ordered for daybreak the following morning. Ropes were ordered from Pignerol, and a proclamation was made to the inhabitants to come out to see the Vaudois hung. On the morning of the 15th not a Vaudois was to be found at the Balsille. One can imagine the vexation with which Feuquières cried, "Les Barbets se sont sauvés!" as he perceived them far away on a neighbouring mountain. A thick fog had come down during the night, by means of which the Vaudois had managed to creep through the lines of their enemies by a path so precipitous that they themselves could afterwards hardly believe what they had done. At one point a Vaudois had disturbed a stone; the noise was immediately challenged by the nearest sentinel, but the dead silence that followed had reassured him, and the Vaudois had got through.

Truly, however, the aspect of affairs was desperate. It would not take very long to hunt down the famished remnant now that they had been turned out of their stronghold. These gallant men, however, were, at all events, not minded to be hung for the amusement of orthodox Pignerol. On the 17th they made a descent upon Pramol and captured a certain M. Vignaux, from whom they learnt the surprising intelligence that the duke was wavering in his alliance with the French; and on the 18th they heard for certain that he had decided to join the league formed by our William III. against France.

And so the Vaudois were saved. The exiles returned; and though this was by no means the end of their persecutions, yet the flickering light on the Alps has never, either before or since, been so near to extinction.

Now, it may be safely said that if any one of the following things had happened otherwise than as they did—viz., (1) if either of the two earlier attempts made by the Vaudois to cross the Lake of Geneva had succeeded; (2) if that field of rye had either been not covered prematurely by the snow, or not uncovered prematurely by the south wind; (3) if the sentinel had been more suspicious; (4) if the fog had not fallen so thick on the night of May 14, 1690; or (5) if William III. had not succeeded in persuading the Duke of Savoy in the nick of time

to change sides (and, in fact, he went over again to France in 1696)—if any one of these things had happened, there would certainly, as far as one can see, be now no Waldensian Valleys. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that the Vaudois recognised, and still recognise, in all this the direct interposition of a higher power.

Such, then, was the "Glorieuse Rentrée," of which the Vaudois determined to celebrate the bicentenary anniversary; and by a curious coincidence the days of the week this year fell on the same days of the month as in the year 1689.[1] Invitations were sent in the most hospitable profusion to the various Protestant Churches, and were largely responded to. Delegates came from all parts of Europe, and, indeed, of the world. On the 16th August a monument was to be inaugurated at Prangins, at the spot where Arnaud embarked; on the 27th we were to assemble at the Balsille, on the 28th at Prali, and on the 1st September at Sibaoud.

It was, then, to scenes of extraordinary interest, and under circumstances altogether exceptional, that I was travelling on Saturday, the 24th of last August, by the railway from Turin, which now carries one as far as Latour, at the mouth of the Val Pelice.

We found Latour gay with bunting. By the same train as ourselves many other guests arrived, who were duly captured and carried off to their houses by different hospitable entertainers. Our own kind hostess was also providing for an energetic and amusing Scotch professor and his sister, the London secretary for the Waldensian Missions,[2] and an Edinburgh minister.

The following day, being Sunday, we attended service at the church in Latour, which included an extremely eloquent sermon from Dr. Turino. This service was in French; the evening service was in Italian. On our expressing our admiration of Dr. Turino's sermon, we were told that he is supposed to be more at home in Italian. The excellence of the oratory of these Vaudois pastors, whether on religious or secular subjects, is most remarkable. It must, however, be admitted that the occasion was one which could hardly fail to produce eloquence.

On Monday my wife and I transferred ourselves to Pomaret, by the hospitable invitation of Dr. Lantaret, in order to start

[1] The learned professor, E. Comba, whose "History of the Waldenses of Italy" (translated into English, 1889) contains much learning on the various interesting points still in controversy in connection with the Vaudois, and who therein fulfils to a large extent the functions of *advocatus diaboli*, has pointed out that Arnaud's dates are old style.

[2] Major Frobisher, 118, Pall Mall, S.W., who will always readily give all information to those who are interested in this work, which, indeed, is surprisingly successful.

from his house for the Balsille Expedition. He has been pastor at Pomaret for over fifty years, but has now sent in his resignation, and is to be succeeded there by his son, who has hitherto served the still more remote village of Prali. There is a tramway from Pignerol to Perosa, where the Germanasca torrent, coming from the valley of San Martino, joins the Cluson, which comes down from Fenestrelle. Perosa, like all other places in Val Cluson, is Roman Catholic; but Pomaret and the San Martino Valley are Protestant. In the evening the village was illuminated, and bonfires blazed from the hills around, but an early retirement was imperative, in view of the next day's early start.

On Tuesday we were up at two o'clock in the morning, and after a hurried breakfast started before three for our five hours' march up to the Balsille. It was quite dark, but the stars were shining clearly in so much of the sky as the mountains allowed us to see. Two hours brought us to Pereira, where a short halt was made, and the approach of dawn enabled us to recognise one another. We were a fairly large party at starting, and others had joined on the road. Many more had slept at Pereira, and were now starting for the same destination. During the two hours between Pereira and Macel the number of travellers continually increased. The route here was by a mere mountain path, and by the time it was broad daylight we perceived that we had become part of an apparently endless procession, which we could see winding up the path both before and behind us. It seemed as if the whole population had turned out. Even children were trudging along, each carrying the provisions for the day. Where had they all been sleeping? Some had slept at Pereira, others in some of the cottages on the route or in barns or outhouses. Many people had gone up the preceding evening, and we were told that a certain granary at Macel had made two splendid bedrooms for twenty-five men below and twenty-five women above, of those who were thought to require extra comfort. Our lively Scotch professor and his sister had found a hospitable pastor somewhere to take them in. Another short halt at Macel, and then we arrived at the Balsille about eight o'clock, where our party became reunited, ready to discuss the contents of our hampers.

We had hardly finished our second breakfast when a wild shout of welcome announced the appearance over the brow of a hill to the north-west of the party from Prangins. These were a half-dozen or so of young men who had determined to make the eleven days' march from the Lake of Geneva in the very footsteps of Arnaud and his band, making each day's journey as he had made it, and following his exact track. It turned out,

however, that they had not been able to adhere exactly to their programme.

Shortly before ten the proceedings commenced with a service after which we had an eloquent description of the events which took place on that spot two hundred years before. The platform for the speakers was erected on a knoll, which broke the descent of the hill towards the torrent. The audience listened on the mountain side, tier above tier. It was calculated that there were some four thousand persons present, all attentive and appreciative; for people do not march five hours into the mountains for nothing. To our left were the traces of Arnaud's fortifications; in front the stream from which the concealed millstones were recovered, and the mill itself; not far off was the field of rye, so providentially discovered under the snow. By that path came the Cambreçin regiment to the attack; on that hill were those of the Vexin; to our right was the position of the cannon, which finally made the intrenchments indefensible; and far away above us, on the crest of the mountain, was the route by which the four hundred were descried escaping, far out of the reach of their pursuers, when the fog cleared off which had enabled them to escape unperceived.

It is impossible for me to describe the rapt attention with which the audience followed the speaker. It was the exploits of their own ancestors they were listening to, recounted in most felicitous language, and on the very spot where the events happened. By virtue of those exploits we were sitting there, listening to their narration, under the national flag; now no longer the Savoy cross, but the Italian tricolour—a change which aptly symbolized the larger life opened to the Waldensian people under their present enlightened Government.

The afternoon had made considerable progress before we set out on the return journey to Pomaret, which we did not reach till dark, having enjoyed a most interesting, but somewhat fatiguing, expedition. The next day—Wednesday—there was a celebration, much the same in character, but with less exciting associations, at Prali, which, however, I did not attend, as it would not have been possible to do so without delaying for another day my return to Latour.

Latour is overhung by the rock of Casteluzzo, at the top of which is a cave which has served as a retreat for the Vaudois in time of persecution. But the roof has now fallen in to a certain extent, so that the cave itself can only be approached from the face of the cliff. A climb to this spot is, however, splendidly rewarded by the view over the plain to the east, extending over Mount Cavour, the patrimonial property of the statesman of that name, to Turin and the Superga, and occasionally, as we were told, even to the Apennines. Monte Viso,

of course, is the principal object on the south side; while to the north we could see to Mont Cenis and the snow mountains. We extended our climb to the Vandalin Alp, skirting the southern barrier of the Angrogna Valley, and obtaining a capital view of the fastness of Pra del Tor, which has in times past often served as an impregnable refuge. Our guide on this expedition was a fine fellow who had served as sergeant of artillery with the Italian contingent under Garibaldi in 1859, and had been decorated for his bravery. His account of that campaign was most interesting.

The celebration at Sibaoud on Sunday, September 1, was of the same character as that at the Balsille, and was attended by even greater crowds. But the place was much more accessible, and many were present who had been prevented by age or occupations from going to the Balsille. The service was held under the same grove of magnificent chestnut-trees which had been the scene of the "oath of Sibaoud." A somewhat artificial note was struck by one of the speakers, who called on the audience to renew the oath with a view to spiritual edification. Such an attempt might have sounded differently at the Balsille, where the feelings of the assembly were much more highly strung.

The following day a ceremony of a different character took place at Latour. This was the formal opening of the Maison Vaudoise, a building which the people have managed to erect for business purposes connected with their organization, and which includes a small museum and a library. To this ceremony the King of Italy, who had given a munificent contribution of £200 to the work, sent as his representative the Prefect of Turin, Count Lovera de Maria, a most noble Catholic gentleman, who, if he carried away with him impressions as agreeable as those he left behind him, must have had every reason to be satisfied with his visit. On this occasion the Italian aspirations of the Vaudois found expression; at the Balsille the heroic deeds of their ancestors had been more particularly the subject of our thoughts, and at Sibaoud their religious history. The prefect was most enthusiastically received, and the proceedings, of course, were all in Italian. The principal event of the day was a splendid speech by M. William Meille, the pastor of a Vaudois church in Turin. At its conclusion the prefect walked across the platform to the speaker and shook him warmly by the hand. In the evening Latour was illuminated, and there were bonfires on all the hills. We strolled through the little town, into the street of which the whole population had turned out, accompanied by the venerable Professor Rollier, who himself had set light to one of the bonfires which celebrated the emancipation of 1848. This fact brought home to us how short

was the interval of time, so far as these valleys are concerned, which separated them from the Middle Ages. I was told that M. Geymonat, who presided at the Balsille ceremony, had been dragged in handcuffs through the street of Latour. The historian Muston, who is only just dead, was condemned to exile for the publication of part of his work.

We stopped before a small structure, elaborately illuminated. It bore the inscription: "Il Re Carlo Alberto al popolo che l'accoglieva con tanto affetto. MDCCCXLV." It was a fountain erected by the gallant but unfortunate Charles Albert, after a visit he paid to the valleys in 1845. His memory is most affectionately cherished by the Vaudois. Hard by was a large building in total darkness. "Tenebræ in luce," remarked one of our party. This was the Roman Catholic Church, so that there was considerable justification for its obscurity. Not that there is now, any more than in old times, any difficulty with the Roman Catholic inhabitants; there were very few of their dwelling-houses which were not illuminated like the rest.

There was a subsequent meeting at Pra del Tor; but I was unfortunately unable to stay for it. I hear that it was as successful as its predecessors; and, further, that the king has conferred decorations on M. William Meille and on the Syndic of Latour. Every Vaudois will congratulate them, and will almost take their decorations as a personal favour to himself. Certainly the king has no more loyal and attached subjects than the inhabitants of the Waldensian Valleys.

A. Layman.

Art. III.—THE LAW OF THE SABBATH.

ONE of the accidents of time, to which eternity will not be liable, is the necessity of its division into portions to which various conditions of being are proper. Night, alternating with day, supplies opportunities of diurnal rest. Sunday, recurring after each interval of six days' labour, supplies its weekly rest. Such divisions are a concession to the imperfections of our present existence. We cannot work without waste of energy, nor rest completely without ceasing from work. In sleep we repair the strength spent in previous toil. Disregard of Nature's demands in this particular brings upon us sooner or later Nature's inevitable revenge. A general breakdown is the certain sequel to the overtaxing of our powers, mental or physical. Our stock-in-trade is quickly disposed of, and we have little or no capital from which to recoup ourselves for an overdraft upon our current resources. Setting aside thoughts of a future and a higher life for man, these imperfections might well cause us surprise.

Many of the lower creatures are capable of far greater exertions than he, intermitted with far scantier seasons of repose. A Samson might envy the physique of a swallow; Hercules could not have moved a load proportionable to that a garden-beetle can lift.

Not only are divisions between activity and rest a concession to our present imperfect conditions of physical being; they are a concession also to our imperfect moral condition. Distinctions between the sacred and the secular will be unknown above. We shall never have any secular occupations; and this not so much because no occupations corresponding to those we now call secular will then have place, as because every department of saintly activity will be capable of consecration. All acts there will be supremely sacred. "There remaineth a Sabbath-keeping[1] to the people of God." There remain no week-days. Every deed done will be a religious service. Praise will hang on every breath, be vocal in every uttered word. "I saw no temple therein." There will be no "going up to the house of the Lord." This implies distinctions, degrees of sanctity, the possibility of profanation, a place for the secular. In whatever occupation engaged, the Sabbath-keeping of each soul will be unbroken. The songs of the adoring heart will never cease; the music of the consecrated life will never intermit its melody. Every vessel will be wanted in heaven for the Master's use. Every detail of life will be yielded to the Temple service; "Yea, every pot shall be holiness to the Lord of Hosts, and all they that sacrifice shall come and take of them and seethe therein."[2]

Now, it were, of course, an idle task to seek for a full explanation of the fact that these divisions of time, offering as they do facilities for these earthly distinctions, are to be referred for their origin to the Creator's original appointment, and cannot, therefore, be considered as consequent upon the Fall. There need be no more difficulty in the conception of the solar system, or the universe, if we will, adapting itself to the altered circumstances of a fallen humanity, than in the conception of the human frame adapting itself to the altered climatic conditions of the earth. We need discredit Omnipotence with no such meagre resources as compelled recourse to the clumsy Miltonian disadjustment:

> Some say He bid His angels turn askance
> The poles of earth; twice ten degrees and more
> From the sun's axle they with labour pushed
> Oblique the centric globe.[3]

Adaptation, even in man's mean handiwork, does not always involve alteration. Her infinite fertility of resource is one of the

[1] Heb. iv. 9, marg. '*σαββατισμός*.'
[2] Zech. xiv. 21.
[3] "Paradise Lost," x. 668-671.

first lessons Nature's students learn from her primer. It is open to us to imagine a world passing from its Maker's hand in a condition of absolute perfection, and yet so unelastic in its constituent parts as to be incapable of adapting itself to the altered physical condition of its inhabitants. Or we may imagine the like lack of elasticity in those inhabitants, rendering them incapable of adapting themselves to an altered material environment. In either case the result would be destruction of physical life. Instead, however, of the world being incapable of adaptation to the needs of a fallen humanity, we find the Creator's forethoughtful love has stored it with compensations. There, under the heated tropics, where exertion is a pain, the earth brings forth abundantly with husbandry's lightest touches. Here, where the fitful temperate zones call for more anxious and laborious tillage, labour itself is oftener than not a physical delight.

Apply this line of thought to the Sabbath, and we shall have little difficulty in conceiving of the propriety of its existence in a sinless Eden, though we are compelled to allow that as a *compensation* it would be entirely out of place.

We pass to the consideration of the institution of the Sabbath. Its origin is thus recorded: "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it He had rested from all His work, which God created and made."[1]

Before entering upon the main subject of this passage a parenthesis is called for, to meet a somewhat frivolous objection which has been put forward by opponents of the Sabbath: that in the words, "on the seventh day God *ended* His work," we have the statement that God worked on that day. To say nothing of the immediately succeeding *pluperfect*, a justifiable rendering of the original,[2] "which He *had* made," it is simply the most ridiculous stretch of literary purism to insist that the day on which a work is said to "end," or "be ended," must itself share some portion of that work. The nearer we bring the English into touch with the original, the less colour is left for the cavil. "On the seventh day God *let go* His work" would be a strictly faithful rendering; and with this rendering the objection founded on the clause would never have been heard of.[3]

The passage demands a somewhat careful examination. First,

[1] Gen. ii. 1-3.

[2] Kal. עָשָׂה.

[3] The verb is in the future apocopated Piel, יְכַל, "let go" therefore catches the slight *jussive* force of the form.

for the word "rested." This is "shabath," the word from which the naturalized "Sabbath" is derived.[1] This verb is found in the sense of *rest* only ten times in the Old Testament. In nine passages it is intransitive, and in all these it is used in direct association with the Sabbath. Exod. v. 5, where the form is the causal (Hiphil),[2] is the only exception. This narrow usage of the verb is significant. It is impossible to regard it as accidental. It marks the word off as sacred. The ordinary word is "nuach,"[3] which is found about fifty times, as often in a causal as in an intransitive sense. There is, then, this fact before us, that with the stupendous work of original creation a single ordinance has been connected in the most solemn way by the Creator, ratified by His own example. As to the nature of this Divine repose, we are able to deny more than we can affirm. Weariness it could not have implied. "The Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary."[4] Waste of energy He cannot be liable to. Whatever, therefore, we understand by the word "rested," when predicated of the Creator, we must exclude all necessities attaching to finiteness and impotency of being. It is mere trifling with a clear historic statement to argue that we have here an instance of anthropomorphic language. It is more than this. It is an ignorant misapplication of an exegetical phrase. Anthropomorphism is the application of the human to the description of otherwise indescribable acts or attributes of Deity. It is not the transference of acts or attributes or conditions from man to God which are not in any sense proper to God.[5] Thus in speaking of the "hand," the "eye," the "ear," the "mouth" of God, we are taking legitimate refuge in anthropomorphic language. These terms are made to describe senses which in their exercise are all-pervading and simultaneous, and are therefore but imperfect, even as symbols of those senses in God. But in thus using terms applicable to man, we do not attribute to God attributes and actions which do not belong to Him; by them we inadequately describe that which is resident in Him. To argue, then, that because a human agent needs repose after labour, it is written that God after labour rested, is trifling. If God did not in some sense actually rest, no anthropomorphic expression is needed to relate that which never took place.

The patristic fancy, noticed by Lactantius, that "sabbath" is derived from שבע, "seven," is quite worthless, as is that of Apion (Josephus, against Ap. ii. 2) who maliciously traces it to "Sabbo," the malady of buboes in the groin, with which the Hebrews were attacked after marching six days.

[2] השבתם. [3] נוח. [4] Isa. xl. 28.

[5] It is not, of course, forgotten that the old heretical anthropomorphism *was* this. The term is used above in its modern *expository* sense.

In what sense did God rest? Three ideas lie within the allowable range of the word: (1) A cessation of some particular activity; (2) satisfaction in the completion of the work; (3) sanctity. Binding these three ideas in one, we have a Sabbath which could be kept by a Being who can know no fatigue. For the first element, we have to observe that the Creator's rest did not include a cessation from all work; He still upheld by His omnipotent arm that which He had before made. It implied, then, a ceasing only from that special work which had occupied Him during the six previous days. The third element—sanctity—will be dealt with at a later stage in our inquiry. The second calls for a brief pause. At the close of each day's activity, it is recorded that the Creator surveyed His handiwork and pronounced it worthy of Himself. This verdict of approval appears intensified at the close of the whole work: "Behold it was very good" (ver. 31). The fresh young world was a true cosmos, in which no flaw was detected. Ineffable pleasure filled the bosom of the Eternal when He looked forth upon creation and saw nothing amiss; not the faintest unhallowed wish or thought in an archangel's heart, not an ill-formed insect's wing. Divine love and Divine power were attested in all. Perfect work done supplied its own proper bliss to that hallowed seventh day. In the beautiful expression of Exod. xxxi. 17, "He rested, and *was refreshed.*"[1]

We now pass to the second historic statement of Gen. ii. 3: "God blessed the seventh day." This is the third act of blessing we encounter in the course of creation. Jehovah is the source of all blessing, and every act of human blessing involves a direct reference to Him, and is meaningless without this reference.[2] The verb in the passage before us is in the intensive conjugation (Piel) and both the occurrences of the verb in the first chapter show the same form. With these passages in view, it is strange indeed that Kennicott and others following him should force an entrance for a causative sense into a conjugation which may very exceptionally bear such a sense. If we read thus, "God caused man to bless and worship *on* the seventh day," we shall scarcely be disposed to give the same significance to the Piel in ver. 22 of the first chapter, "God caused them"

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[1] שבת ויּנפשׁ. The verb נפשׁ (unused in Kal) is only found in the niphal three times, and *twice* it is connected with the Sabbath. Exod. xxiii. 12; xxxi. 17; 2 Sam. xvi. 14.

[2] The Divine Name "Shaddai" (שׁדי) is etymologically "the bountiful One." In it is indicated the fulness of God's grace. Under Jerome's doubtful guidance the Versions have adopted "Almighty" as its equivalent (Jerome, "Omnipotens"). The title is found five times in Genesis, *always* in association with a blessing—xvii. 1; xxviii. 3; xxxv. 11; xliii. 14; xlix. 25.

(the fishes and fowls) "to bless," etc. Besides this, the particle "aith" is in this singular rendering mistaken for the preposition, which is *never* used in a temporal sense.[1]

The statement, then, implies that the Almighty bestowed in a special manner His own benediction upon the day. Now, the Divine blessing must always be a *fruitful* one. A barren blessing is a mockery. To bless a day—that is, a portion of fleeting time—is, after all, a metaphorical expression. The truth that underlies the metaphor is the potential bestowal of blessing, in connection with the day, upon some being or beings capable of receiving a blessing. Superstition alone finds solace in the contemplation of inanimate recipients of a blessing. So the only conclusion we can draw from this record is that the day henceforth was intended to be a means and occasion of peculiar blessing to man.

The sanctification of the seventh day is the third statement. Few more important words are to be met in the Scriptures than this word "sanctify." The Hebrew word "kadash"[2] corresponds generally to the Greek ἁγιάζω. In the Piel conjugation, which occurs in the text, the verb is found in *three* connections: *First*, "to hold sacred or hallowed"—*e.g.*, Deut. xxxii. 51, "Ye sanctified me not in the midst of the children of Israel" (so Lev. xxi. 8). *Secondly*, "to consecrate"—*e.g.*, priests, as in Exod. xxviii. 41, xxix. 1; or an altar, as Exod. xxix. 36; or the Temple, as 1 Kings viii. 64; or the people of Israel, as Josh. vii. 13; or a mountain, as Exod. xix. 23. *Thirdly*, "to declare holy." It is this third meaning that we must attach to the verb in Gen. ii. To this passage may be added Deut. v. 12; 2 Kings x. 20. The root idea is not, as some hold, *separation*, though this is a secondary element, but *purity, clearness*.[3] The word is applied to *times* in several places of the Old Testament (see Joel i. 14; Lev. xxv. 10). And what is much to our present purpose, we find from Lev. xxiii. 27, 28, and xxv. 11, 12, a close association between the sanctification of seasons and the intermission of human toil. This in itself is a sufficient answer to those[4] who contend that this primeval institution of the Sabbath contains no *command* to rest on it. If this command is not distinctly implied in the verb "kadash," what is the practical force of the verb? And it is surely a singular accident that at each place where the sanctifying of *times* by the Almighty is mentioned, abeyance of secular work is one of the direct results of that sanctification.

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[1] את־יום השביעי, "*on* the seventh day," is not Hebrew at all.

[2] קדש.

[3] "Sunt qui *separandi*, vim primariam putent, quia sancta separata sint a profanis; sed mihi hoc secundarium videtur."—Gesenius, Thes., p. 1195.

[4] *E.g.*, Paley.

We have next to observe how the Divine Son is associated with the Father in the work of creation. Space will not permit more than a reference to the following passages from the New Testament: St. John i. 3; 1 Cor. viii. 6; Col. i. 16;[1] Heb. i. 2. Concerning the nature of this association of the First and Second Persons in the Holy Trinity we can only with reverence, and possibly with some hesitation, accept Olshausen's striking suggestion, quoted by Canon Liddon,[2] that "the χωρὶς αὐτοῦ of St. John (i. 3), while expressing the dependence of created life upon Christ as its cause, hints at the reason of this dependence —namely, that our Lord is the *causa exemplaris* of creation, the κόσμος νοητὸς, the architype of all created things."

Bearing in mind, then, the association of the Second Person with the First in the creation, we learn to attach a deep meaning to the solemn appropriation of the seventh day by our Blessed Lord: "The Son of man is Lord (even) of the Sabbath day."[3] This Divine lordship over the Sabbath, we have further to observe, includes government, direction, the power to bind and loose in connection with it. In abolishing it this power would not surely be worthily exercised; for it has been appointed "for man." In the admirable words of another, He is Lord of the Sabbath, "to own it, to interpret it, to preside over it, to ennoble it, by merging it in 'the Lord's Day,' breathing into it an air of liberty and love, necessarily unknown before, and thus making it the nearest resemblance of the eternal sabbatism."[4]

Our way is now fairly opened to the consideration of the fourth commandment. This brings us into contact with the most voluble opponents of Sabbath observance. We are met

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[1] Of Eph. iii. 9 the New Testament Revisers have deprived us, omitting the words "by Jesus Christ," recognising the overwhelming MS. authority against them.

[2] Bampton Lectures. Edit. vii., p. 319, note.

[3] It is impossible to accept Alford's exposition of this verse as it appears in St. Mark ii. 28 (comp. St. Matt. xii. 8). He lays stress upon the circumstance that our Lord styles Himself "Son of man" in this place, and refers to the words immediately preceding, "The Sabbath was made *for man*." He argues that because it was made for man's benefit, the Lord was its Lord in virtue of His manhood. In the first place it may be remarked that the phrase "Son of man" is so frequently upon the lips of Christ that nothing reliable can be drawn from its occurrence in this connection; and in the next place we fail to see in what sense the Lord is Lord of the Sabbath which is not equally applicable to all who share His humanity, His lordship accruing to Himself *in virtue of His manhood*. Bengel's guidance is sounder: "Finis sabbati facti est salus hominis secundum animam et corpus; hanc salutem præstare debet Filius hominis; et ad hunc finem obtinendum habet idem potestatem omnium rerum, et nominatim sabbati, quippe propter hominem facti; et pro hoc fine obtinendo recte moderatur omnem sabbati usum."

[4] Dr. Brown, Commentary, in loc.

with the assertion that this command is distinctively Jewish; that it is part of the Jewish ceremonial law, which was done away in Christ, and is therefore in no way binding upon Christians.[1] If it be distinctly Jewish, it is somewhat singular that it should have been incorporated into the Decalogue, which is *not* distinctly Jewish. Granting that it belongs to the class of enactments called ceremonial, we may ask, How is it that it alone of all the ceremonial laws is removed from its own proper class and placed among those laws which are known as moral? The moral law, it is allowed on all hands, was not transitory; instead of being cancelled by Christ, it owes to His very first ministerial utterances its expansion and the furthest possible reach of practical application. The fourth commandment is found among these perpetually binding moral laws. All moral law is irrepealable, inasmuch as it is based upon the unchangeable verities of the Divine character. To all eternity this will abide the same; and so will the law, which is but a rescript of its changeless lineaments. Moral laws, therefore, are of eternal obligation. And among these moral laws we find this command, to keep holy one day in seven.

Now, apart from the promulgation, this law would have no ground on which to claim our allegiance. It is one of those laws which are known as *positive*, owing its binding force to the mere fact that Divine authority has imposed it. Further, as Hooker points out: "Although no laws but positive be mutable, yet all are not mutable which be positive. Positive laws are either permanent or else changeable, according as the matter itself is concerning which they were first made, whether God or man be the maker of them, alteration they so far forth

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[1] Robertson, preaching on Col. ii. 16, 17, thus writes: "The history of the Sabbath is this—it was given by Moses to the Israelites, partly as a sign between God and them, marking them off from all other nations [How comes it, then, that this is the only one of the ten which links the Gentile "stranger" with the Jew?], partly as commemorative of their deliverance from Egypt; and the reason why the seventh day was fixed on rather than the sixth or eighth was that on that day God rested. The soul of man was to form itself upon the model of the Spirit of God. It is not said that God at the creation gave the Sabbath to man, but that God rested at the close of the six days of creation; whereupon He had blessed and sanctified the seventh day *to the Israelites*. This is stated in the fourth commandment, and also in Gen. ii., *which was written for the Israelites;* and the history of creation naturally and appropriately introduces the sanction of *their* day of rest." This outspoken avowal that the second chapter of Genesis was written for the people of Israel is made without an attempt at proof. It involves the absurd proleptical theory that God sanctified a day in view of the needs of a nation which should come into existence more than twenty centuries later; that the primeval enactment was no sooner promulged than it was by Divine appointment suspended for 2,000 years.

admit, as the matter doth exact."[1] We may not, therefore, conclude that because this fourth commandment is a positive law it was not intended to be permanent. For not all which are positive are mutable. Is it not, let it be asked, perfectly legitimate to infer from the incorporation of this particular law in the Decalogue that, notwithstanding its peculiar character, it was intended, in its essential requirements, to be immutable? Unless this inference be accepted, what reasonable account can be given of its presence here at all? Supposing, then, that this command is to be regarded as *solely* ceremonial—as not in any way partaking of a moral enactment, we join issue with our opponents, nevertheless, when they demand its elimination from the existing moral code. Its very presence in that code is a plea for its perpetuity, which we leave with them the onus of silencing.

But we have betrayed our reluctance to concede the moral element in the command. That it is not to be classed amongst those which are anticipated by the consciences of men, and based upon the essential attributes of God, has been shown. Yet is it simply ceremonial? Can it be justly reckoned among such laws as were abrogated by Christ "for the weakness and unprofitableness thereof"? And if it be urged that the spirit of the law is binding, but not the letter, are we prepared to say as much of the other parts of the Decalogue? For example, when the Lord teaches that the sixth commandment forbids the harbouring of causeless resentment, does He make actual murder permissible? Spiritualizing these laws, He does not weaken, but rather ratifies, their literal cogency.

Is, then, the law nothing more than a ceremonial one? We think it is much more. It possesses a character distinctly moral *in its applications to human conduct.* The conditions of the body and the mind react upon that of the soul. Physical exhaustion and mental fatigue are more or less provocative of moral laxity; perpetual contact with one range of ideas or pursuits tends to stamp its own impress upon the character; liberty, if enjoyed without restraint, and without due regard to restrictive law, has a direct tendency to degenerate into license. What we believe ourselves free to do at any time (the act not being naturally agreeable to us) is commonly in danger of being left undone altogether. Upon these four points we cannot enlarge. But taken together they appear to us amply sufficient to warrant our attaching a moral character to the fourth commandment, so far as that character is estimated in reference to the applications of the command to human actions.

[1] Eccl. Pol., Book I., chap. xv. 1.

We proceed to examine the Sabbath law. The first word—

i. *Remember*—is striking. It refers us back to some prior enactment. It bears witness to the fact that this is not the first publication of the law. We need scarcely stay to maintain that the word does not mean, "Do not forget this command now that it is published." To say nothing of the feebleness of the sense, the word might with equal propriety have headed any one of the other nine.

In Exod. xvi. we find that the seventh day was respected by the people at large; and it is to be noticed that there the gift of the Sabbath is connected with the gift of manna. "See for that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days; abide ye every man in his place; let no man go out of his place on the seventh day.[1] So the people rested on the seventh day." The day was accordingly given to the Israelites *before* the publication of the fourth commandment. And it is interesting to find its first notice occurring in connection with the gift of the manna. Like the manna, the Sabbath was *a gift*. Like the manna, it had respect to the needs of human nature; but, unlike the manna, its utility reached beyond the demands of the body, to those of the soul. "The Lord hath given you the Sabbath." Its opponents are pleased to regard it as an exaction. The first time it is mentioned in the Word of God it is called a gift. It is not something wrested from man by a harsh and exacting lawgiver, imposing heavy burdens grievous to be borne. It is a gracious boon, bestowed out of the riches of God's fatherly love—a boon linked with that of daily nourishment, as filling up along with this the weekly round of human need.

ii. The next point to claim attention is the including of dumb animals in the command. The discriminating regard of the Creator for the lowest of His creatures is nowhere more strikingly revealed than in the Pentateuch.[2] Have we not here again an additional proof that this commandment was not intended for the Jews only? Are we to suppose that none but animals in the possession of Jews are included? With this pointed allusion to the cattle we may compare that remarkable account of the Babylonian Captivity, that it was not only the penalty for national sins, but that it was the occasion of the very *soil* of the land keeping the Sabbaths of which it had

[1] A foolish sect, variously called Masbothei, Marbonei, Morbonei, which arose about the time of our Lord, interpreted this injunction with ridiculous precision. No man was to *change his position* during the Sabbath. *Vide* Routh's "Reliquiæ Sacræ," vol. i., p. 225, edit. 2, on a fragment of Hegesippus. Origen censures this puerile trifling in his "De Principiis," Book iv., chap. i.

[2] *E.g.*, Exod. xxiii. 19; xxxiv. 26; Deut. xiv. 21; xxii. 6, 7, 10.

been defrauded by the secularising unbelief and worldliness of its inhabitants. This Sabbath-keeping of the soil is three times referred to in the prophetic warnings of Lev. xxvi. (ver. 34, 35, 43). The sequel is related in 2 Chron. xxxvi. 21, where we have the historian's inspired comment upon this overwhelming calamity in the following words: "To fulfil the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her Sabbaths; for as long as she lay desolate, *she* kept Sabbath, to fulfil threescore and ten years."

We encounter here a most singular instance of providential adjustment. First for the coincidence between the repetition of the violation of the law of the Sabbatic year[1] and the duration of the Captivity. The seventy years began in the fourth year of Jehoiakim, or B.C. 605, and would therefore have closed in B.C. 536. Probably the taking of Babylon by Cyrus (usually regarded as the *terminus ad quem* of the Captivity) was two years earlier than this.[2] Now, assuming that the Jews had neglected to observe the law of the Sabbatic year during the whole period of the monarchy, we have just time enough in the period, 508 years, to enclose seventy-two Sabbatic years. But it is hardly likely that the violation would be continuous. It is more probable that it would be distributed also over the lawless period of the Judges.

The conclusion to be drawn from this explanation of the national exile is that the Sabbatic rest had a far wider reference than to the Jewish nation. Through their fault the land had missed her periodic seasons of repose. These seasons the soil *needed*. It is a matter of common notoriety that land which does not lie fallow for one year in a recurring period becomes impoverished.[3] God was but making provision for an impe-

[1] Lev. xxv. 1-7 contains this law.

[2] This account of the Captivity does not, of course, exclude others and weighty ones.

[3] It is well understood amongst agriculturists that when the productive powers of a soil become exhausted by cultivation and the carrying away of its produce it is laid down to pasture, in which state it recoups itself, the decomposition of its vegetation renovating its producing virtue. In this state the land is said *to rest*. Variation of crops goes far also to save the soil from exhaustion. In olden times the same crops were produced year after year on the same soil. This would render the Sabbatic rest more necessary than with the modern farmer.

A friend who has spent many years in the study of agriculture has communicated the following: "When we find that land cannot be sufficiently cleaned and restored to its former fertility by alternate cropping, we make use of the summer fallow, which on strong clay land is usually done every fourth year. Further, land is said *to tire* of the crops, and clover cannot be successfully grown more than once in seven years. So also with the cereal grasses or corn crops. By the continuous wheat-growing in America, the virgin soil is rendered unproductive for that crop *in from seven to ten years*. Fresh virgin soil is then utilized.

rious natural need. Farmers of to-day bear unwitting testimony to the wisdom of the Divine regulation of the Mosaic law in their common practices of husbandry: "This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

iii. Notice has now to be taken of the reference to the "stranger." It is needless to point out that the term means the Gentile. Many singularly tender and thoughtful allusions are to be met with in the Pentateuch. We may instance Exod. xii. 49; xxii. 21; Lev. xix. 10; xxiii. 22; xxv. 6; Numb. xv. 14, 15; xxxv. 15; Deut. x. 18, 19; xxix. 11; xxxi. 12. The lawgiver had a constant reminder of the Gentile in the name of his own son, Gershom, "the stranger." There was, it will carefully be observed, a strict prohibition against a Gentile partaking of the Passover uninitiated into Judaism by the rite of circumcision. No such initiation was needed in order that a Gentile might keep the Sabbath.[1] He was not only permitted, but enjoined, to observe it, if sojourning in the land. The reason, we take it, of this distinction, as Kennicott has well pointed out, was that circumcision was a national, and the Sabbath a universal, institution.[2]

iv. "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth," etc. A different reason is given in Deut. v. 15, for the sanctification of the day; "and remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched-out arm; *therefore* the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." Much has been made of this discrepancy. An attack upon the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch has sought here for a weapon. It is contended that the Exodus, the great national crisis, which has ever since survived in their consciousness, and moulded all the religious thought of this people, was far better calculated to appeal to their susceptibility than the allusion of Exod xx. to the creation; that this latter passage is an interpolation of a later hand. In answer, it may suffice to state that no evidence is furnished either by Hebrew manuscripts or by versions for the theory of an interpolation. The mooting of the theory is the common refuge of despairing exegesis. As to the discrepancy itself, is it of any magnitude? Are the two motives mutually destructive? We Christians commemorate two events on our Sabbath. Are these two commemorations mutually subversive? Could not a devout

This, I think, would perhaps be the strongest evidence of land requiring rest in seven years, as the land is in this case laid aside as useless for corn-growing at the end of this term."

[1] Exod. xii. 48.

[2] We do not forget that the LXX. has προσήλυτος.

Hebrew think of the power of Jehovah as put forth in creation and in Providence at one and the same time?

v. The prohibitory element. This is made much of in the cause of Sabbath secularization. It is urged that, under the Gospel, liberty is granted; that practically it is impossible to abstain from *all* labour. A traditional saying of our Blessed Lord[1] is eagerly cited and set over against the offence mentioned in Numb. xv. 32-36.

It is not quite easy to approach this part of the subject with calmness. There is something bordering on insincerity in the warmth of the opposition to the burden of the letter here. Is the literalism deemed necessary to the interpretation of the command really believed in? When the Almighty enjoins the intermission of work, is He stooping to give the slightest colour to the monstrous and repulsive gnat-straining and puerile restrictive rules of later times?[2] Is not the sense of the prohibition clear enough to frank common-sense? The ordinary avocations, and as far as possible all domestic toil, were to pause.

Two details of this prohibition at first sight appear strangely severe. The first is the case of the man gathering sticks (Numb. xv.). Here, however, we have an unnecessary work. The fuel might easily have been gathered on any other day. It was a presumptuous act, and, had it been overlooked, might, and probably would, have opened the door to general laxity touching the observance of the seventh day.[3]

The second detail is found in Exod. xxxv. 3: "Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitation upon the Sabbath day." On this prohibition let an able living commentator speak. "The Sabbath was not a fast-day. The Israelites cooked their victuals, for which, of course, a fire would be necessary. But in early times, the Israelites, while subsisting in the wilderness on the manna, received a double supply on the sixth day, which

[1] The tradition is this: The Lord saw a man working in the field on the Sabbath. He said to him, "If thou knowest what thou art doing thou art blessed; if thou knowest not thou art cursed." It is found in "Codex Bezæ," inserted after St. Luke vi. 5; cf. Augustine, serm. ix.: "Melius enim faceret Judæus in agro suo aliquid utile, quam in theatro seditiosus exsisteret; et melius feminæ eorum die sabbati lanam facerent, quam in menianis suis impudice saltarent."

[2] Here are a few puerilities. Stilts might not be used to cross a stream. Ribbons, unless sewed to the dress, might not be worn. A false tooth must be removed. A person with toothache might not rinse the mouth with vinegar; it must be swallowed. A cock might not wear a piece of ribbon round its leg—sufficiat!

[3] Dr. Frankl, "Jews in the East" (E. Tr., ii. 6), mentions that many modern Jews regard it as a sin to *use* a stick on the Sabbath. Does the comment honour the text?

they cooked also on that day (Exod. xvi. 23), so that a fire for culinary purposes was unnecessary on the seventh day. As the kindling of a fire, therefore, could only be for secular (*i.e.*, business) purposes, the insertion of the prohibition *in connection with the work of the tabernacle* makes it highly probable that it was intended chiefly *for the mechanics* who were to be employed in that erection."

Nor are we to suppose that mere abstention from toil fulfils the command to "keep holy" the day. Idlers are not keeping, but breaking, the Sabbath. They are much further even from the letter of the law than full-handed people who are engaged in necessary domestic occupations, which they do not allow to push out attendance on the public services of the Church. The day was to be "a sign between the Lord and His people." It was a memorial of His covenant with them. Their ordinary work was to yield place to worship and instruction in the things of God.[1] How utterly the guides of later Jewish religious thought missed the spirit of the command is well known. Burdening their flock with their foolish *ἀπεραντολογίαι*, they deplorably failed to guard the true sanctity of the Sabbath.

vi. One other remark is offered on the subject of the Decalogue. We venture to think that the fourth commandment endows the code with a definitely religious character. "Where through this Code," asks Dr. Hamilton ("Horæ et Vindiciæ Sabbaticæ"), "is the statute of religion if it be not here? Where else is it written, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart'? Not in those which precede it: they are only interdicts upon polytheism, idol-worship, and profanity. Not in those which follow; for they only regard the ethics of man, and of man in the present state. Here it is to be found if found at all." Without this command the Ten Words would have appeared to lack the enforcement both of the active service of religion, and of the active exercise of benevolence.[2] Its injunction to spend the day in holy employments elevates the merely negative warnings of the first three precepts into an active pursuit of holiness as the path to fellowship with the one true God. Its calls to provide for the repose and leisure of all dependent upon us, down to the beasts of the stall, inculcate a spirit of active love, and thus crown the interdictory ethics of the last six. All relationships find recognition in its wide allu-

[1] The custom of repairing for religious instruction to the prophetic schools on the Sabbath is referred to in 2 Kings iv. 23: "Wherefore wilt thou go to him to-day? It is neither new moon nor Sabbath."

[2] It is coupled with the principle of reverence in Lev. xix. 30, with that of submission in the third verse of the same chapter.

sions: man's relationship to his God; the relation of parent, of master, of owner. To eliminate it from the Code is to leave that code without its chief element of cohesion. The Tables drop to fragments; and the divorce of morality from religion may furnish the deist with a song.[1]

ALFRED PEARSON.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. IV.—SIR WALTER SCOTT (CONCLUDED).

WHEN George IV. came to Edinburgh, in 1822, it was mainly owing to Scott's personal influence, authority, and zeal that the visit was so successful, and the King's reception so enthusiastic. "The local magistates, bewildered and perplexed with the rush of novelty, threw themselves on him for advice and direction about the merest trifles; and he had to arrange everything, from the ordering of a procession to the cut of a button and the embroidering of a cross." The day on which the King arrived, Tuesday, the 14th of August, was also the day on which William Erskine, then Lord Kinnedder, Scott's most intimate friend, died; but this did not prevent Scott from rowing off in the midst of the rain to the royal yacht, where he was received by his Majesty on the quarter-deck. When his arrival was announced: "What," exclaimed his Majesty, "Sir Walter Scott!—the man in Scotland I most wish to see. Let him come up!" After being presented to the King, and after an appropriate speech in the name of the ladies of Edinburgh, he placed in his Majesty's hands a St. Andrew's cross, in silver, which his fair subjects had provided for him; and the King, with evident marks of satisfaction, made a gracious reply, receiving the gift in the most kind and condescending manner, and promising to wear it in public, in token of acknowledgment to the fair donors. The King then called for a bottle of Highland whisky, and having drunk his health, bestowed on Scott, at his request, the glass which he had just used, and the precious vessel was immediately wrapped up and carefully deposited in what he conceived to be the safest part of his dress. When Scott returned to his house in Castle Street, he found there the poet Crabbe, and in the delight of seeing the venerable man, the

[1] Josephus (against Apion, book ii., ch. 17) well remarks that whereas other legislators had made religion to be a part of virtue, Moses had made virtue to be a part of religion.

royal gift was forgotten, and, in sitting down beside his friend, the glass was crushed to atoms. His scream and gesture made his wife conclude that he had sat down on a pair of scissors, or the like; but very little harm had been done, except the breaking of the glass, of which alone he had been thinking.

It is difficult to understand how Scott's personal devotion to George IV., for whom he retained to the last a warm regard, and whose death, he persuaded himself, would be a great political calamity to the nation, was consistent with his own moral tone and with the aversion which one of his character must have felt for the vices of the selfish and dissolute King. But probably the glamour which royalty carries with it made him indulgent to the offences against morality committed by his sovereign.

Between 1814 and the end of 1825, Scott's literary labour was interrupted only by one serious illness, and hardly by that; by a few journeyings, one to Paris after the battle of Waterloo, and several to London. He had been for many years in the enjoyment of an income of £10,000 a year from his works alone, besides the emoluments of his office. He had a beautiful home at Abbotsford, which was to him as an idol, and which it was his delight to embellish with picturesque surroundings outside, and to fill with objects of taste and antiquarian interest within. With the exception of his wife's drawing-room, the decorations of which were left with chivalrous abnegation to its mistress, every room was a museum. He was universally admired and respected. He had "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends." Visitors, many of them from distant lands, and not a few from across the Atlantic, were drawn to Abbotsford, not so much desiring to see its beauty and its antiquarian treasures as the owner himself, whose great gifts of genius made his acquaintance an honour. Here came princes: the widowed husband of Princess Charlotte and Prince Gustavus of Sweden, who, since his father's dethronement, had been studying—or what princes call studying—at Edinburgh. Here came many a noble—"baron, or squire, or knight of the shire;" and here came Mrs. Coutts, formerly Miss Mellon, the popular actress, and with her the little duke, who was soon to make her a duchess, and one of her physicians. More congenial visitors also came to do him honour. Wordsworth, Sir Humphry Davy, Thomas Moore, Miss Edgeworth, Captain Basil Hall, and Henry Mackenzie, author of "The Man of Feeling," were among his distinguished guests. He reckoned as his friends most of the illustrious men of his time, and with many of them he kept up a frank and friendly correspondence. In his "Life," by Lockhart, we find amongst his correspondents not only the famous authors just mentioned, but others—Goethe, Lord Sid-

mouth, Lord Montagu, James Hogg, Joanna Baillie, Southey, Coleridge, Lord Byron, and many whose names are familiar as household words.

Lockhart gives us a brilliant picture of his life at Abbotsford when he was in the height of his fame, and his children were grown up:

It was a clear bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked out other sport for himself was the stanchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he, too, was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net, and attended by his humorous squire Hinves and Charles Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sybil, was marshalling the order of procession with a hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troupe, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patriarch of Scottish *belles lettres*, Henry Mackenzie. "The Man of Feeling," however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a long-tailed, wiry Highlander, yclept Hoddin Grey, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this; but he had not prepared for coursing fields, and had left Charles Purdie's troupe for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought; and his fisherman's costume—a brown hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line, and innumerable fly-hooks; jack-boots, worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout, dappled with the blood of salmon—made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black, and with his noble, serene dignity of countenance might have passed for a sporting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the seventy-sixth year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leather gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had all over the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours, with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sybil Grey, barking for mere joy, like a spaniel puppy.

The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when the Lady Anne broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, "Papa, papa! I knew you could never think of going without your pet." Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheer. Poor piggy soon found a strap round his neck, and was dragged

into the background. Scott, watching the retreat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song:

"What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie!
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And wow! but I was vogie!"

The cheers were redoubled, and the squadron moved on. This pig had taken—nobody knew how—a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his tail, along with the greyhounds and terriers; but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers; but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen, but a year or two after this time my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture to lay their noses over the paling, and as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, "to have a pleasant crack wi' the laird."

Scott, as we learn from the above passage, had a strong attraction for dumb animals, and no wonder, for he loved them heartily, and had an especial fondness for dogs. He could enter with all his soul into the words of Coleridge in "The Ancient Mariner":

He prayeth best who loveth best,
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

But Scott had also a sort of fascination for all who were in any way dependent on him, especially his own servants and labourers. "Sir Walter speaks to every man as if they were blood-relations," was a common remark when anyone would describe his demeanour towards them. In Lockhart's Life we read the following touching illustration of this: There was a little hunchbacked tailor named William Goodfellow, living near Abbotsford, and there called "*Robin* Goodfellow," who was employed to make the curtains of the new library, and who was very proud of his work. He fell ill soon afterwards, and Sir Walter paid him the most unremitting attention.

"I can never forget," says Lockhart, "the evening on which the poor tailor died. When Scott entered the hovel he found everything silent, and inferred from the looks of the good woman in attendance that the patient had fallen asleep, and that they feared his sleep was the final one. He murmured some syllables of kind regret. At the sound of his voice the dying tailor unclosed his eyes, and eagerly and wistfully sat up, clasping his hands with an expression of rapturous gratefulness and devotion that, in the midst of deformity, disease, pain and wretchedness, was at once beautiful and sublime. He cried with a loud voice, 'The Lord bless and reward you!' and expired with the effort."

After Scott's failure, Lockhart writes:

Before I leave this period I must note how greatly I admired the manner in which all his dependents appeared to have met the reverse of his fortunes, a reverse which infused very considerable alterations in the circumstances of every one of them. The butler, instead of being the easy chief of a large establishment, was now doing half the work of the house at probably half his former wages. Old Peter, who had been for five and twenty years a dignified coachman, was now ploughman in ordinary, only putting his horses to the carriage upon high and rare occasions; and so on with all the rest that remained of the ancient train. And all, to my view, seemed happier than they had ever done before.

I give these anecdotes, as they show us what manner of man Scott was, and how loved he was by those brought close to him in daily life.

Captain Basil Hall, from what he saw at Abbotsford, on Sunday, shows how in Scott reverence was united to genius:

As his guests rose from breakfast, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read prayers at eleven, when I expect you all to attend." He did not, continues the narrator, treat the subject as if ashamed of it, which some do. He did not say, "Those who please may come, and anyone who likes may stay away," as I have often heard. He read the Church of England service, and did it with singular beauty and impressiveness, varying his voice according to the subject; and as the first lesson was from a very poetical part of Isaiah, he kindled up, and read it with a great deal of animation, without, however, interfering with the solemnity of the occasion.

And now we must look at Scott when dark clouds overshadowed his prosperous career.

From the date of his baronetcy he had launched out into a considerable increase of expenditure. He had always forestalled his income—spending the purchase-money of his poems and novels before they were written; but the obligations that he incurred on his own account, and the expenses that he incurred for other people—among whom was Terry, the actor, for whom, when he became joint-lessee and manager of the Adelphi Theatre, London, Scott became surety for £1,250—would have been nothing when compared with his income had all his bills on Constable been duly honoured. The printing firm of Ballantyne and Co. was so deeply involved with Constable's house that it necessarily became insolvent when he stopped. Scott had a share in the printing-house, which fell with Constable, and the obligations of which amounted to £117,000. Such a failure as this, at the age of fifty-five, when the freshness of youth was gone—when he saw his eldest son's prospects blighted as well as his own—would have paralyzed a man of less iron nerve, or unsupported by equal courage and pride. Domestic sorrows were closing fast around him; he was unwell when the crash came, and was taking sedatives which discomposed his brain. The final failure was announced to him

on the 17th of January, 1826; and twelve days before this he enters in his diary:

> Much alarmed. I had walked till 12 o'clock with Skene and Russell, and then sat down to my work. To my horror and surprise I could neither write nor spell, but put one word down for another, and wrote nonsense. I was much overpowered at the same time, and could not conceive the reason. I fell asleep, however, in my chair, and slept for two hours. On my waking my head was clearer, and I began to recollect that last night I had taken the anodyne left for the purpose by Clarkson, and being disturbed in the middle of the night I had not slept it off.

Such was his state of health—suffering from a slight attack of what is now called "aphasia," a brain disease, the most striking symptom of which is that one word is mistaken for another, when Scott resolved to work for his creditors as he had worked for himself, and to pay off, if possible, the whole £117,000 by his own literary exertions.

Calamities seldom come single spies, but rather in battalions. His wife's health was failing, he had been anxiously watching over her for two years, and now her disease took a more serious turn. Yet, with unparalleled courage, this brave man, without a reproach and without a complaint, toiled to retrieve his fortunes and pay off his liabilities. His house in Edinburgh was sold, and he went into lodgings; the bright life at Abbotsford, of which we have seen a glimpse, came to an end; and his estate was conveyed to trustees for the benefit of his creditors till such time as he should pay off Ballantyne and Co.'s debt, which in his lifetime he was not able to do. Nothing can be more touching than to read some of the entries in his diary after the blow had fallen. On January 17th he writes:

> James Ballantyne came this morning, good honest fellow, with a visage as black as the crook. He hopes no salvation—has, indeed, taken measures to stop. It is hard, after having fought such a battle. I have apologized for not attending the Royal Society Club, who have a "*gaudeamus*" on this day, and seemed to count much on my being the præses. My old acquaintance, Miss Elizabeth Clark, sister of Willie, died suddenly. I cannot choose, but wish it had been Sir W. S., and yet the feeling is unmanly. I have Anne, my wife, and Charles to look after. I felt rather sneaking as I came home from the Parliament House—felt as if I were liable *monstrari digito* in no very pleasant way. But this must be borne *cum cæteris*; and, thank God, however uncomfortable, I do not feel despondent.

On the next day, the day after the blow, he records a bad night—a wish that the next two days were past, but that "the worst *is* over." And on the same day he set about making notes for the *magnum opus*, as he called it—the complete edition of all his novels, with a new introduction and notes. On the 21st January, after a number of business details, he quotes from Job: "Naked we entered the world, and naked we

leave it; blessed be the name of the Lord." On the day following, he says:

I feel neither dishonoured nor broken down by the bad—now truly bad—news I have received. I have walked my last in the domains I have planted; sat the last time in the halls I have built. But death would have taken them from me if misfortune had spared them. My poor people, whom I loved so well! There is just another die to turn up against me in this run of ill-luck—*i.e.*, if I should break my magic wand in the fall from this elephant, and lose my popularity with my fortune. Then Woodstock and Boney [his life of Napoleon] may go to the paper-maker, and I may take to smoking cigars and drinking grog, or turn devotee and intoxicate the brain another way.

And then he adds that when he sets to work doggedly he is exactly the same man he ever was—"neither low-spirited nor distrait"—nay, that adversity is to him "a tonic and bracer." Within four months of the cruel calamity his wife died. His home was now empty. His children were no longer near him; the eldest son, Walter, had married, in 1825, Miss Jobson, of Lochore, and was at this time with his regiment; the second, Charles, had just gone to Oxford; one of his daughters was married to Lockhart, and settled in London with children of her own; only Anne, the second girl, was left to comfort him. There was a general sympathy with his troubles. He had many friends, known and unknown, and all sorrowed in his sorrows. Offers of assistance came from all quarters, the highest and the lowest; and one anonymous friend would have placed £30,000 in his hands; but he refused them all. "Unless I die," he wrote to Lockhart, "I shall bear up against this foul weather. A penny I will not borrow from anyone." In this same letter he begs his son-in-law not to think he is writing "in the heat of excited resistance to bad fortune." "My dear Lockhart, I am as calm and temperate as ever you saw me, and working at 'Woodstock' like a very tiger." And this, although his own health, long breaking, gave him constant suffering, for even in earlier days he had often written, struggling manfully against illness. That most tragic and touching of his romances, "The Bride of Lammermoor," was in great part dictated, owing to ill-health; and his amanuenses, William Laidlaw and John Ballantyne, declared that they could hardly keep pace with the rapidity of his thoughts. Laidlaw would often beseech him to stop dictating when his audible suffering filled every pause. "Nay, Willie," he answered, "only see that the doors are fast. I would fain keep all the cry as well as all the wool to ourselves; but as to giving over work, that can only be done when I am woollen." John Ballantyne told Lockhart that he always took care to have a dozen of pens made before he seated himself opposite to the sofa on which Scott lay; and that, though he often turned himself on his pillow with a groan of torment,

he usually continued the sentence in the same breath. And now, some years later, spirit once again triumphed over matter, for, in the midst of failing health, he wrote on, wrote so constantly that, between January, 1826, and January, 1828, he earned for his creditors nearly £40,000. "Woodstock" sold for £8,228, "a matchless sale," as Sir Walter remarked, "for less than three months' work." The first two editions of the "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," on which Scott spent two years of unremitting labour, sold for £18,000. And there can be no doubt that, had his health lasted, he would have redeemed his obligation on behalf of Ballantyne and Co. within some eight or nine years at most of their lamentable failure. At his death there remained only £30,000 unpaid, and within fifteen years this sum also was paid off by the sale of his copyright. Can we wonder that work done under failing health, and a half-paralyzed brain, did not equal the work of his prime, and that "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" are not as vigorous as "Waverley" or "Ivanhoe;" though even his latter years included such novels as "Woodstock" and "The Fair Maid of Perth," and also the "Tales of a Grandfather"? It was impossible that such a tremendous strain should last. On the 15th of February, 1830, he had his first true paralytic seizure. It was but slight. He struggled against it with his usual iron power of will, and actually managed to stagger out of the room where his friend, Miss Young, was sitting with him, into the drawing-room where his daughter was, but there he fell his full length on the floor. He was cupped, and fully recovered his speech during the course of the day, but Lockhart thinks that after this his style never had the lucidity and terseness of his former days. In the course of the year he retired from his duties of Clerk of Session, and his publishers hoped that, by engaging him on a new and complete edition of his works, they might wean him from further attempts at imaginative creation, for which he was now so much less fit. But he would not listen to their counsels, and, striving to kindle a failing imagination with something of the old fire, he tried to recast "Count Robert of Paris," and began "Castle Dangerous" in July, 1831.

In the September of this year, the disease of the brain increased considerably, and the fancy took him that he had paid all his debts, and that he was again a free man. The illusion was a happy one in some respects, for he yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and consented to try the effect of travel on his health, not so much with the hope on their part of arresting such a disease as his, as of diverting him from fresh efforts in a field in which now, alas! no honours could be won.

Wordsworth came on September 21st to say "farewell" to his old friend, and on the next day—the last at home—they

spent the morning together in a visit to Newark. "Hence," as Lockhart says, "the last of the three poems by which Wordsworth has connected his name to all time with the most romantic of Scottish streams." He refers to the beautiful poem, "Yarrow Revisited." And at Abbotsford, the same evening Wordsworth composed the following sonnet, "On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford for Naples":

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height:
Spirits of power, assembled there, complain
For kindred power departing from their sight;
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows
Follow this wondrous Potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenope!

We need not follow the minstrel abroad. He visited Malta, Naples, and Rome, where he only stayed long enough to let his daughter see something of the place, hurrying on to Venice, where he was still strong enough to insist on scrambling down into the dungeon adjoining the Bridge of Sighs. At Frankfort he entered a bookseller's shop, where the man brought out a lithograph of Abbotsford, and Scott, remarking, "I know that already, sir," left the shop unrecognised, more than ever longing to be at home. At Nimeguen, on the 9th of June, while in a steamboat on the Rhine, he had his most serious attack of apoplexy, but would still continue his journey, and being lifted into an English steamboat at Rotterdam on the 11th of June, he arrived in London on the 13th. There he met and recognised his children, and as if expecting immediate death, gave them repeatedly his solemn blessing. He was carried to St. James's Hotel, in Jermyn Street, where he lay without any power to converse; and there it was that Allan Cunningham, on walking home one night, found a group of working-men at the corner of the street, who stopped him and asked—"as if there was but one death-bed in London: 'Do you know, sir, if this is the street where he is lying?'"

His great yearning to return to Abbotsford induced his physicians to consent to his removal, and on a calm, clear afternoon, the 7th of July, 1832, he was lifted into a carriage, and, followed by his trembling and weeping daughters, was taken to the steamboat, where the captain gave up for his use his own private cabin on deck. On arriving at Newhaven, late on the 9th, careful preparations were made for his landing, and in

apparent unconsciousness he was conveyed to Douglas Hotel in St. Andrew Square.

On the 11th of July he was again placed in his carriage, and remained unconscious during the first two stages of the journey to Tweedside; but as the carriage entered the valley of the Gala, he began to look about him. Presently he murmured a name or two: "Gala water, surely; Buckholm; Torwood-Lee." As the outline of the Eildon Hills burst on him, he became greatly excited, and when turning himself on the couch his eye caught at length his own towers, at the distance of a mile, he sprang up with a cry of delight. So long as his woods and house were in sight, it required occasionally the strength of both the physician and his son-in-law to keep him in the carriage. Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch, and assisted the others in lifting him into the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared, where he sat bewildered for a few moments, and then, resting his eyes on Laidlaw, said: "Ah, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of you!" His dogs coming round his chair, began to fawn upon him and lick his hands, and he alternately smiled and wept over them until he fell asleep.

The next morning, expressing an ardent wish to be carried out into his garden, he was wheeled in a bath-chair before his door, and up and down for some time on the turf and among the rose-beds, then in full bloom. For a time he sat in silence, smiling placidly on his grand-children and his dogs, now and then admiring the house, the screen of the garden, the flowers and the trees; and by-and-by conversing a little, saying "he was happy to be at home—that he felt better than he had ever done since he left it, and would, perhaps, disappoint the doctors after all." On being wheeled through his rooms, and up and down the hall and the great library, he kept saying: "I've seen much, but nothing like my own house; give me one turn more!" He was gentle as an infant, and allowed himself to be put to bed again the moment he was told he had had enough for one day. Next morning he was better, and, after being for a couple of hours out of doors, he desired to be drawn into the library and placed by the central window, that he might look down upon the Tweed. He expressed a wish that his son-in-law should read to him, and when he was asked from what book, he said: "Need you ask? There is but one." "I chose," says Lockhart, "the 14th chapter of St. John's Gospel. He listened with mild devotion, and said, when I had done: 'Well, this is a great comfort. I have followed you distinctly, and I feel as if I were yet to be myself again.'" So for a day or two. To amuse him, and at his desire, Lockhart would read to him a bit of his favourite, Crabbe; but, strange to say, when he listened to any passage from that poet, he seemed to think it was taken

from some new volume published while he was in Italy; while if the Bible were the book read, his recollection of it appeared to be lively, and he remembered perfectly some of Dr. Watts' hymns when repeated by his grandson, a child of six years old. He once imagined that he could write again, but when he was seated at his desk, and his daughter Sophia put the pen into his hand, his fingers refused to close upon it, and it dropped on the paper. He sank back among his pillows, the tears rolling down his cheek. Later, when he awoke from a slumber into which he had fallen, Laidlaw said, in his hearing, "Sir Walter has had a little repose," he replied, "No, Willie; no repose for Sir Walter but in the grave." The tears again rushed from his eyes. "Friends," said he, with the old pride—"friends, don't let me expose myself; get me to bed, that's the only place."

After this he never left his room. He seemed to suffer no bodily pain; and his mind, though hopelessly clouded, appeared to be dwelling, with rare exceptions, on serious and solemn things; but occasionally his thoughts wandered, and his fancy was at Jedburgh (where he had been once hissed because of his opposition to the Reform Bill), and the cry, "Burk Sir Walter!" escaped in a melancholy tone from his lips. But generally, when his indistinct words could be made out, they were fragments of the Bible, some passage from Isaiah or Job, the verse of a Psalm, a petition in the Litany, or a stanza of some of the magnificent Latin hymns—especially the "Dies Iræ"; "and," says Lockhart, "I think the very last *stanza* that we could make out was the first of a still greater favourite":

Stabat Mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lachrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

He lingered till the 21st of September, more than two months from the day of his reaching home, and a year from the day of Wordsworth's arrival at Abbotsford before his departure for the Continent, with only one clear interval of consciousness—on Monday, the 17th of September. On that day Lockhart was called to his bedside, and found him composed and conscious, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm; every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man, be virtuous, be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here." He paused, and Lockhart said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he; "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night. God bless you all!" With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness except ns tant on the arrival of his sons. And so, four days

afterwards, on the 21st of September, 1832, at half-past one in the afternoon, Sir Walter breathed his last in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm that every window was wide open, and so perfectly still that the sound of all others most delicious to his ears—the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles—was distinctly audible as they knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. He died a month after completing his sixty-first year.

Easy would it be to moralise here on the vanity of human wishes. His great desire through life, the object of all his labours, was to found and enrich a new branch of the famous clan of Scott. For this he wrote; for this he struggled; for this he aimed at success. And yet the dearest hopes of his heart were never realised, and his last years were clouded by illness and sorrow. And yet he never showed himself so truly great as in adversity, and never in his most prosperous days was he so truly honoured and admired as when he girt himself up to retrieve his ruined fortunes. In prosperity and adversity alike, Sir Walter—generous, large-hearted, honourable—left behind him an unstained name. He is, indeed, "one of the few great authors of modern Europe," as Lockhart says, "who stand acquitted of having written a line that ought to have embittered the bed of death." In the days of fame, and wealth, and honour, his was but the life of the natural prosperous man, and the real nobility of his character, and its moral grandeur, was only fully seen when made to pass through the furnace of adversity. As the night brings out the stars, so the dark shadow of his sorrow brought out many fine points in his character which otherwise would have remained unknown. His religion—for he believed himself a true Christian—may have been wanting in the finer spiritual element which would have given it elevation, and transfigured righteousness into holiness; but he seemed afraid of enthusiasm, and thought that "it interfered with the submissive and tranquil mood which is the only true religious mood." Nevertheless, however much afraid he might have been of what he calls "indulging his imagination on religious subjects," we cannot but regret this lack of enthusiasm in spiritual things, for it would have raised his life into a higher ideal than that which it attained, and thrown around it that light from the other world which would have added so much to its grandeur and touched it into holiness. But still we must acknowledge that, in a sense of duty, in courage, and in patience, he merits a high place among those who, to use Tennyson's words, have been able to display

> One equal temper of heroic hearts
> Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will,
> To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

CHARLES D. BELL.

ART. V.—THE LANGUAGES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

PART IV.

TO complete the survey of the Languages of the New Testament there remains for consideration the writings of St. John, the Apostle and Evangelist, and cousin of our Lord.

The case of John is, in some respects, more difficult, and in some respects easier than that of Peter. He was quite a young man when our Lord left the earth. He appears to have lived a long period at Ephesus, in Ionia, amidst a Greek population, in ease and dignity. All the disciples who knew the Lord sixty years before had passed away, and many also of the second generation, who had had intercourse with the Apostles and disciples. St. John's statements are quite free from the possibility of contemporaneous criticisms. Everything had changed. The Temple had disappeared, the Christian Church was separated from the Jewish; we feel in St. John's Gospel that we are entering another world as regards language and style.

Written documents of the kind described above[1] may have been handed down and been current in the Church. The aged Apostle may, over and over again, in his discourses at Ephesus, have repeated the conversations of his Lord, but the time had come when it was felt necessary to close the record of the inspired writings absolutely, for spurious gospels were coming into existence, and diverse heresies were springing up. Explanations are given by St. John of Jewish customs and Aramaic words, which shows that a different class of readers was addressed in a different state of culture, and with a different environment of prejudices and preconceptions. Sometimes the manner in which the Apostle expressed himself, or rather in which his amanuensis took down his words, causes ambiguity; *ex gratiâ*, εὑρήκαμεν τὸν Μεσσίαν, ὅ ἐστι μεθερμηνευόμενον χριστός, John i. 41. In this passage, and John iv. 24, the word "Messiah" appears, and nowhere else. The meaning of the Hebrew word had been forgotten, when St. John wrote, but when the Synoptists wrote, there was no necessity for explanation. Again, in John i. 42, our Lord remarks: "Thou shalt be called Kephas;" the amanuensis adds, "which is by interpretation a stone." It can scarcely be believed that these two passages are pressed into the service of the argument that our Lord spoke Greek to His Apostles, and that the woman of Samaria spoke Greek to Him, and that the two fishermen of the Sea of Galilee, Andrew and Peter, communicated to each other in ordinary conversation in Greek.

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[1] The CHURCHMAN, vol. iii. (N. S.), p. 652.

The word χριστιάνος is never used by St. John, and in fact only occurs twice in the Acts and once in the Epistle of St. Peter; in all three times. It is a hybrid word: a Greek root with a Latin suffix. It was probably a term of reproach, or used in a hostile sense. Events repeat themselves, for in British India it was, in my time, a term of reproach. In visiting a native Christian village, I happened to ask in Hindustani an aged convert when he became a "Christian." The missionary checked me, and asked me not to use that term, but "Masíhí," and, I remark, that in the Hindustani Bible, in Acts xxvii. 28, Agrippa says to Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Masíhí," but St. Peter iv. 16, accepting the term as one of abuse, is represented in the Hindustani Bible as stating, "if any suffer as a *Kristian*, let him not be ashamed." Perhaps the Church at Ephesus had the same feelings, and we can understand them. To call a man "a Turk" in London is an insult; it is an honour to be so called in Constantinople.

In considering the language used by St. John in his writings, I must assume, and ask my readers to accept for sake of argument, the theory propounded by judicious scholars, that the Apocalypse was written at least a quarter of a century before the Epistles and Gospel. No one can fail to be struck by the serious grammatical errors in the Apocalypse. In ch. i. ver. 5, we read ἀπὸ Ἰησοῦ χριστοῦ—ὁ μάρτυς ὁ πιστὸς; there are many more errors of grammar of a kind, which cannot be attributed to inaccuracy of the text. The English translation in a language free from the trammels of number, case and gender, does not exhibit these defects. Dr. Wordsworth, Bishop of Lincoln, remarks: "This book studiously disregards the law of 'Gentile' syntax; it Christianizes Hebrew words and clothes them in Evangelical dress, and consecrates them to Christ." And again: "In the Apocalypse the reader is to be prepared for combinations independent of the ordinary rules of grammar, and having a grammar of their own, *the grammar of inspiration*." I cannot agree with this style of commentary; it seems a degradation of the Scriptures, a total misconception of the meaning of grammar, which is the method, unconsciously adopted by past generations, of expressing their sentiments by articulated sounds and sentence-moulds. To say that inspiration has anything to do with the structure of sentences, or observance of grammatical rules, is as absurd as the remark of a certain king, "Ego sum rex Poloniæ, et super Grammaticam."

I have taken the trouble of comparing all the verses, in which these errors occur, with the version into Latin by Jerome, into German by Luther, and into Sanscrit by Carey, these three being languages which are analogous in their rules of structure and

concord, and I do not find that these translators have in any single instance paid attention to the grammar of inspiration.

The explanation must be sought for elsewhere. The Apocalypse was written in Patmos, a small and sparsely inhabited island; the Apostle himself was then a tyro in the knowledge of Greek-written composition, and in that out-of-the-way spot he had not the assistance of a skilled amanuensis which could be supplied to him at Ephesus, when he commenced his later labours, which, as Greek compositions, are above criticism; the errors are just such as a Semite would make in first dealing with an Aryan language, of which, with the exception of English and Persian, gender, case, and number are a chief feature. We all know what blunders Englishmen make who attempt to write French and German. The official in British India, when out upon some expedition of political or police importance, finds himself compelled to make use of the best amanuensis whom he can lay hold of in an out-of-the-way village, to communicate with his subordinates at a distance, who know not a word of English; and the production, when it finds its way into the head-office, raises a pitying smile in the countenance of the skilled draftsman.

It is a fatal mistake to claim infallibility for subjective considerations in matters of pure science, and to improvise miracles to account for the inaccuracy of a Greek sentence or the unexplained knowledge of a foreign language by an unlettered man. The servants of the Lord are quite as well equipped, and *vice versâ*, to maintain His honour now, as they were in the first century. If from purely linguistic, and, therefore, scientific grounds, we are drawn to a particular conclusion, it would be cowardly to say, that theology is above grammar. We in this way add an additional poison to the shafts of an adversary. Our cause is a good one, and *non eget tali auxilio*.

St. John clearly thought in Aramaic, and we recognise a Semitic mind in an Aryan dress. Two strong points used to be urged in favour of the argument, that the Lord conveyed His message in the Apocalpyse to St. John in the Greek language.

1. That He calls Himself Alpha and Omega, which clearly apply solely to the Greek alphabet.

2. That in Rev. xiv. 18 the Apostle indicates the number of the beast by a Greek cryptogram—666.

To both these there is a reply. "Aleph and Thau" is an old Hebrew proverb for the beginning and the end: the Syriac translation has returned to this rendering; the Greek amanuensis substituted the last and first letters of the Greek alphabet, and some of the translators of the Bible at the present day into savage languages, which use the Roman alphabet, have proposed to substitute "I am A and Z." The Apostle, when he dictated the cryptogram 666, was thinking as a Hebrew:

he had no such familiarity with the Greek alphabet as to base his sayings upon it. The Aramaic language had a well known written character, and each letter had a numerical value, and 666 resolves itself without difficulty into "Neron Kesar," and no doubt the Emperor Nero, who slew St. Peter and St. Paul, was intended. However, the only interest attached to this solution is, that no argument in favour of Greek being the language of the Apostle can be based for it, but the contrary.

In his old age the Apostle drew upon a store of sanctified recollections, and wrote his Gospel; there is no evidence that he had seen the Synoptic Gospels, but his Gospel has a supplementary character. We all know how in old age the nearer Past, as it were, vanishes away, and the far-off Past comes before the recollection. Aged people recount in great detail, and accurately, conversations which took place half a century before: there is a peculiar illumination round the setting sun.

One point of language suggests itself. Our Lord raised three persons from the dead; I have visited each of the spots where these great miracles were performed with profound reverence. It might have been expected, that as our Lord had used the words "Talitha Kumi" when He raised the daughter of Jairus, the Evangelist would have recorded analogous terms when He raised the widow's son. But St. Luke records the words *Νεανίσκε, σοὶ λέγω, ἐγερθήτι*. St. Mark had learnt his lesson from an eye-witness, St. Peter, who was an Aramean, and remembered the words uttered. St. Luke had learnt his lesson chiefly from St. Paul, and others not eye-witnesses; he wrote as a chronicler rather than a reporter. So when Lazarus was raised, St. John, who is the only chronicler of this event, did not record the *ipsissima verba* of his Lord, but supplied a translation, *Λάζαρε δεῦρο ἔξω*. We see the process: St. Peter remembered the words of his Lord, and St. Mark, in the freshness of his life-like sketch, took them down. St. Luke was an historian, who reduced all his information, whether of facts or utterances, to Greek. When St. John's time came, Aramaic had ceased to be understood; he may possibly have been one of the few who knew it out of Palestine.

I shall be sorry if any words of mine, in these Papers on the Languages of the New Testament, may have distressed any tender conscience. After all, if portions of the New Testament are but translations, we must reflect what a blessing translations have been to the world, and how fortunate we are that our Faith has chosen the best of the two alternatives. All false religions have shrunk into a dead language, which language was in very deed the language spoken by the Founder, but which has ceased to be intelligible, and is jealous of trans-

lation into the vernacular. The precious truths of the Gospel have not come down to us in the very words of the Lord and His disciples, but through the channels of translations made from the earliest periods, and, multiplied to a prodigious extent during this century, they are blown over the world. In former years subtle arguments were based on the words of the English translation, which was deemed the one unquestioned form for the English-speaking people, as, indeed, in the early century of the Christian Era the Septuagint-translation of the Old Testament was deemed an inspired book. We have got beyond that stage of critical obliquity. It may be truly said, that of all the books of, or antecedent to, the Augustan age, no book has come down to us with such satisfying evidence as to its genuineness and authenticity as the New Testament.

ROBERT CUST.

Short Notices.

It Might Have Been. The Story of Gunpowder Plot. By EMILY S. HOLT. John F. Shaw and Co.

THIS story is, of course, highly informing as well as interesting. It is the work of an able and gifted romance writer, who is a diligent student of historical records, and who has, moreover, a singularly good judgment. The volume is illustrated, and has a tasteful cover.

Self-Discipline. A Memoir of Percy Clabon Glover, M.A., Worcester College, Oxford. By his father, Rev. RICHARD GLOVER, M.A., Author of "The Golden Decade of a Favoured Town," etc. Nisbet and Co.

An edifying memoir, in some respects unique.

Counsels of Hope for Invalids.—Selected by the Rev. H. M. NEVILLE, Rector of Ford, Northumberland. With Illustrations by Louisa Marchioness of Waterford. Pp. 170. Rivingtons.

This volume, tastefully got up, and printed in large type, is an excellent present for the "afflicted or distressed." Passages in prose and verse have been chosen from many authors: they are neither too long nor too short. A piece by Mr. Elliot Stock, entitled "The Lord is thy Sun," is new to us, and we quote it as follows:

O Lord, Thou art not fickle,
As man is wont to be;
Who halts, and doubts, and changes,
And sometimes trusteth Thee.

But Thou art ever constant,
Like th' eternal sun on high,
That floods the earth with blessing,
Though clouds may hide the sky.

These clouds that rise and gather
Between ourselves and Thee,
Are but the shifting vapours
Of our inconstancie.

Though from us Thou art hidden,
With darkness—to our shame—
'Tis we ourselves have covered ;
Thy face is there the same.

As pours the sun for ever
Its gracious influence round,
Cleansing the dome of heaven,
Drying the humid ground,

So, Lord, shine Thou upon us,
Put Thou our mists to rout,
Beam on our stagnant vapours,
Burn up our sloughs of doubt.

In the *Newbery House Magazine* appears an article by Dr. Littledale. Mr. Chancellor Dibdin's comments upon it have just been published, and we quote them as follows :

"Viewed as an intended outpouring of oil on troubled waters the "article is a remarkable one. Dr. Littledale's fingers are unused to "holding out the olive branch, and after a few half-hearted attempts "to be conciliatory he gives it up and flings about in his accustomed "manner. Evangelical clergy are roundly told that if they oppose "the permissive use of vestments on account of the doctrine they "symbolize, 'it becomes our duty to avoid being compromised in any such "heterodox fashion, and to make the use of these vestments and practices "not legal only, but compulsory. And as we are the great majority we "can do it.' Not much eirenicon about that sentence, I think. They are "told that the Privy Council judgments are dishonest, and that to make use "of them is 'to avail themselves of a fraud,' and is just like 'paying a "forged cheque into their bank to increase their balance.' Again, the "Evangelical clergy are pleasautly informed that the Church is 'like a "hospital for the treatment of religious error,' and that, therefore, it is "proposed to keep Evangelicals inside 'with the prospect of converting "them.' They are assured that 'they are the smallest, and beyond all "comparison quite the least literary, of the schools within the Church of "England,' and that their only chance of retaining the respect of "educated laity is to promptly join the Doctor in cursing the Privy "Council and shouting for 'the Plan.' It seems that this effusion, thus "remarkably adapted to promote a spirit of concession, having been put "into type, was despatched by the editor to 'several prominent members "of both the High Church and Evangelical schools.' The result is signi-"ficant. Most of the prominent members take no notice, and of the "remainder, the High Churchmen all think the Plan charming, and the "Low Churchmen all think it quite the reverse.

"Apart from the, I should have thought, obvious impolicy of beginning "negotiations with supercilious dictation and supporting them with "threats and vituperation, I do not think that the patrons of the Plan "have sufficiently considered the nature of the position which Evangelicals "occupy in their struggle with Ritualism and which they are asked, if so "mild a term can be used, to abandon. And first, if I may call it so, "their *tactical* position. . . . The Evangelical party are a garrison fight-"ing against superior numbers, but with certain great advantages of "position and behind strong entrenchments. The proposal is that they "should evacuate the position and step outside their entrenchments. Is

"it wonderful that they hesitate? We know, they say, that like good "David in his young days, we are 'neither noble nor grand,' and we hear "with submission from Dr. Littledale that we are a dwindling and des- "picable minority without intelligence or learning or capacity, but we "should be more even than this, we should be lunatics if we abandoned "such advantages as we possess without great and overwhelmingly good "reason.

"Does overwhelmingly good reason exist for the proposed compromise or "surrender, call it which you please? That is the last and the gravest "point on which I shall trouble you. I admit this, and I believe nine out "of every ten Low Churchmen will agree with me, that nothing but "matters of substantial and profound importance can justify the continu- "ation of a struggle which is a standing danger to the Church, paralyzing "its energies, marring its usefulness, disgusting the world outside, and "imperilling the union of Church and State. I suppose we are all, on "both sides, sick to death of the conflict. For my part, I have repeatedly "resolved that I would never again open my lips in public on the subject, "and I only do so when, as to-night, some malign fate forces me to "break my resolution. As it is with me, so it is with thousands of "others.

"That the issue is one of vast importance will not, I suppose, be "seriously denied by the majority on either side. I know there are "persons whose happy faculty it is never to see the relation of one thing "to another, and who are able to think of the affair as a mere fight about "the colours of robes and the position of kneeling hassocks. The same "type of mind would have deeply questioned the necessity at Waterloo "of spending tens of thousands of lives in attacking and defending a "dilapidated farmhouse like Hougoumont. Yet the fate of the battle "depended on it. A man cannot be blamed if he refuses to look at the "great Ritual struggle of the last thirty or forty years as merely a "question of construing an Act of Parliament or a rubric. Everybody "knows and feels that it is a great deal more. . . . You may call it fate, "or you may call it Providence, but there come every now and then "crises in which it is clear to all that whether the parties desire it or not "there must be conflict, which must last till one side or the other is "utterly beaten. The revolt of the Netherlands from Philip II. of "Spain is an instance. Statesmen fear that Germany and Russia may "furnish another in the near future. I believe when the Church history "of this century comes to be written it will be seen that the Ritual "struggle is of the same nature. I know it is said that the Bennett case "decided that the teaching of which Ritualism is the outward expression "is permissible in the Church because Mr. Bennett was acquitted. The "Dean of Peterborough thinks so, though at the same time he is con- "vinced that the teaching thus legalized 'is not only at variance with "Scripture, but differs altogether from that of the great divines of our "Church.' The nonchalance with which the Dean accepts the situation, "as he conceives it, is perhaps a little startling, but I confess his view is "unintelligible to me. I am not going to persecute you with extracts "from the Judgment. But what it comes to is this—the Eucharist is not "a sacrifice in a propitiatory sense, and there is no corporal or other than "spiritual presence in the Sacrament. Mr. Bennett's words were held to "be not so clearly repugnant to the law thus laid down as to warrant his "condemnation."

From Messrs. Griffith, Farran and Co., St. Paul's Churchyard, we have received *The Orations of S. Athanasius*, a volume of their handy and well-printed series, "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature;" also, a good cheap edition of Bishop Wilson's *The Lord's Supper*.

A little book with a special interest at the present moment is *Foreign Missions of the Protestant Churches*, by Dr. Murray Mitchell (Nisbet).

The very attractive Christmas number of the *Art Journal* (Virtue and Co.) tells us all about Rosa Bonheur.

The Annuals of the Religious Tract Society's Magazines are this year, we think, even richer and more attractive than usual. We refer particularly to the *Boy's Own Annual* and the *Girl's Own Annual*. But the four volumes are truly excellent. We have, on several occasions during the year, mentioned with praise the contents of the *Sunday at Home* and *Leisure Hour*.

The first volume of *Adventure*, published by Cassell and Co., must take a very good place among tempting gift books.

We must give our usual commendation to the Annuals of the magazines edited by that devoted worker, the Rev. C. Bullock, B.D.—*Home Words*, *Hand and Heart*, and the *Day of Days*.

The *Sermon Bible*, vol. iv. (Hodder and Stoughton), is quite equal to the preceding volumes.

The second part of Mr. Paton's Autobiography (Hodder and Stoughton) will prove as popular as the first. We heartily recommend it.

The *Book-Post Calendar* (Griffith, Farran and Co.) deserves to be well known.

In *Murray's Magazine* appears an admirable article on the universally known "Murray's Handbooks," by Mr. John Murray himself. Lord Grimthorpe's "Church Restoration Principles" is, of course, rich and racy.

We have pleasure in commending a good and cheap little volume, *John Bright* ("Home Words" Publishing Office, 7, Paternoster Square).

Blackwood's Magazine has some capital articles, and gives more information about the Lepers at the Cape.

A good number of the *Church Sunday School Magazine* contains Part XIII. of "Voices of the Psalms," by the Bishop of Ossory. The Bishop says:—"We pass to His priestly office. The same Psalm (cx.) "which speaks of the glory of His kingdom and His exaltation to the "right hand of God, passes on to tell us of His priesthood, and how these "two glorious offices were to be united in Him for ever—

> The Lord hath sworn, and will not repent—
> 'Thou art a Priest for ever,
> After the order of Melchizedek.'

"This is in all respects a most remarkable prediction. The story "of Melchizedek, as contained in Genesis, gives us no intimation that it "had any typical meaning. The ancient King of Salem, who was also "priest of the Most High God, looms through the distance from these "ancient days with an air of grandeur and of mystery; but century after "century passed away after the story was recorded, and there was "no further allusion to that old-world scene, or to its Messianic im-"portance. But here, after nearly a thousand years have gone by, it is "suddenly referred to by the Psalmist, and made the subject of a divine "oracle—an oracle, moreover, sealed by the oath of Jehovah, and an-"nouncing that Messiah, the King, was to be an everlasting Priest after "the order of Melchizedek."

THE MONTH.

A REPLY from the Archbishop of Canterbury to a letter from Captain Cobham, the Chairman of the Church Association, has been published. The Primate's letter thus concludes:

Since you deplore what you describe as the destruction of "all hopes of reunion at home," I take leave to say that it is hard to realize what sort of hopes of reunion are dear to Associations, on whichever side engaged, to whom their own uncompromising opinion is the only endurable law. Men who seek the "peace of Jerusalem" will detach themselves from factions within.

In an article on the Bishop of Lincoln's Charge, the *Guardian* well says:

To refuse to hear would be to refuse justice. As regards the mode of hearing, it looks very much as if the Bishop of Lincoln's contention holds good of primitive times, and the Archbishop's decision to hear the case in person were fortified by more modern precedents. We cannot feel surprise that, having to deal with it, he has dealt with it as he has.

At the Liverpool Diocesan Conference the Bishop criticised the proposal to introduce into our large parishes Brotherhoods under vows, as open to "very grave objections." On the continued want of unity, or rather the increase of "unhappy divisions" of Churchmen, his Lordship said:

So long as the Ornaments Rubric remains in its present disputed condition; so long as the Ecclesiastical Courts are disapproved and disobeyed, and those who disapprove them will not make any effort to obtain better tribunals; so long as imprisonment of clergymen for contumacy disgraces the law of England; so long as that huge anomaly, the episcopal veto, is allowed to continue, so long I have ceased to expect unity, order, or discipline within our pale. For anything I can see, we are likely to go from worse to worse, until we break up altogether.

In the *Record* of the 8th appeared the paper read by Mr. Dibdin, at a well-known place of conference in London, on the Dean of Peterborough's Plan. A quotation is given on another page.

At the Chester Diocesan Conference Chancellor Espin advocated the abolition of marriage fees:

Dr. Espin hoped that the Conference would fix its eyes upon the weighty fact that since the passage of the Civil Registration Act of 1856 the number of marriages solemnized at the registrars' offices had steadily and continuously risen. He had had the figures before him for every year since 1836, and they showed that the proportion of merely civil marriages had continued steadily to increase. The number of Dissenting marriages kept pretty steadily where it had been for many years past; but the proportion of marriages in the Church was steadily going down, and they had got to consider the reason why. He believed the matter of fees was one reason, and he believed that the true policy of the Church was the abolition of these fees.

The Protestant Churchmen's Alliance, we are glad to hear, is steadily making way.

A valuable statement on the New Code has been issued, not too soon, by the National Society.

The third anniversary of the Church Missionary Gleaners' Union was in every way a success.

We record with regret the death of the Rev. Dr. Hatch, the Rev. G. W. Weldon, and Lady Plunket, the devoted wife of the Archbishop of Dublin.