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Tor-Bay a year afterwards he found friends in half the counties in England. By the over-ruling providence of God and his own judicial blindness, James paved the way to his own ruin. The thanes fell from him. The nobility, one after another forsook him, and he was left friendless and alone.

J. C. RYLE.

(*To be continued.*)

ART. V.—TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

A WORK has been slowly passing through the press which should be in the hands of every student of the Chinese language, but which will probably never meet the eye of many of the readers of this Magazine; and for this reason I think it may be interesting if I cull from its pages a few points which have struck me in the perusal.

The book to which I allude is a beautifully printed and admirably executed edition of the Chinese Classics, or Canonical Books, as they may more properly be called, consisting of the writings of Confucius and Mencius, China's greatest sages. The text is translated with full commentary and notes by the learned veteran missionary, Dr. Legge, formerly of Hong Kong, and now Professor of Chinese at Oxford. His first volume, with the omission of the Chinese Text, has appeared in England under the title "The Life and Writings of Confucius." But it is to the volumes more recently issued from the press that I shall confine my attention. They contain the Ch'un-tseu (literally, "Spring and Autumn"), an historical compilation, the last work of Confucius. A translation is also given of a very full and elaborate Chinese Commentary on the text of the sage. This Historical Classic covers the ground between the years B.C. 721 and 460, or, roughly speaking, from the early days of legendary Rome till the shouts and the clash of Thermopylæ and Salamis had died away. Confucius undertook this literary labour, so says Mencius (writing 100 years later), because of his dismay and grief at the disorganized state of society—ministers slaying princes, and sons their fathers. "The Ch'un-tseu was produced, and all the wicked were awed into morality." Dr. Legge would be inclined to entertain grave doubts as to the genuineness of the work; but if this genuineness be maintained (and the proofs are strong that it is in truth the work of Confucius), he would transfer his doubts and misgivings to the character of the sage himself—so much tampering is there with historical facts. The text is dry as dust, amazingly dull reading, even to the eye and mind of the prejudiced Chinese literati; and one wonders how so heavy a work

could awe bad men and bad sons. If I mistake not, we have here an anticipation two thousand years and more old of the restraining power of the press. Confucius dragged into light, and put down in black and white the names and deeds of the actors on China's political stage for two hundred years back, and it seems to have been the dread of having their names handed down on history's page blackened by crime, which awed these turbulent persons, if awed they really were. Perhaps one cannot estimate aright the rein which is drawn so tightly upon lawlessness, oppression, and vice in England by the dread of public opinion which the press will draw forth, even if it fail to raise the power of law. The dryness of the text of the Ch'un-tseu is, however, entirely made up for by the vivacity and fulness of the Chinese Commentary—a work produced not many years after Confucius' death by a philosopher named Tso. This Commentary is so minute, and bears on it such unmistakable marks of genuineness and authenticity, that Dr. Legge does not hesitate to pronounce it "the most precious literary treasure which has come down to posterity from the Tsin dynasty, that long-lived line which lasted nine hundred years." The events and characters of the time pass as in reality and life before us. In no ancient history have we such a vivid picture of its annals as we have of the two hundred and seventy years embraced in this work. It is from this work chiefly that I propose to draw a few incidents of life in China two thousand years ago. From the narratives of Tso there may be gathered as full and interesting an account of the history of China from B.C. 721 to 460 as we have of any of the nations of Europe during the Middle Ages.

Let us imagine and live again for a few moments the days and nights of the year B.C. 717. Romulus has disappeared from the Field of Mars in the darkness of the storm. Numa's peaceful reign is beginning. And passing from the mist of legend to the clear light of history, we see the ten tribes in captivity, and Assyrian colonists coming to fill the vacant homes in the Holy Land. What was going on in China at this early period? It is a curious picture which the Commentary of Tso presents to us. Duke Yin who reigned from B.C. 721 to 711, was governor of Loo, one of the large feudal states under the Tsin dynasty; his dominion comprising the western divisions of the modern province of Shantung, in which Confucius was born. Its southern face was washed by the erratic Yellow River; and the old state of Loo is now cut through by the Grand Canal. "In his fifth year," says Confucius in the Ch'un-tseu, "in spring, the Duke went to see the fishermen at T'ang." This entry is made without note or comment by the sage; but in the Commentary of Tso, the Duke is represented as an idle pleasure-seeking fellow, and is roundly lectured for his sporting propen-

sities. T'ang it must be remembered was a long distance from his dominions; (the incident is retained in the present name of the district, Yu-t'æ "Fisherman's Tower,") and the Duke's first fault was, waste of time and neglect of duties. What would Mr. Bright (who is surely a "*superior man*" to quote the favourite Confucian phrase) say to the following definitions of lawful sport, and to the denunciation of the contrary? Mr. Bright is not satisfied with "seeing" the fishermen; he will fling the fly himself, and play the wiry salmon. And other statesmen wearied with hot debates, may be found sometimes watching on the seashores of England the fishermen hauling their nets to land. Duke Yin must not do so. Tsang He-pih reproves him to his face:—

All pursuit of creatures in which the great affairs of the State are not illustrated, and when they do not supply materials available for use in its various requirements, the ruler does not engage in. With the creatures in the mountains, forests, streams, and marshes, the ruler has nothing to do.

The Duke did not seem to see it in this light. "I will walk over the country," said he; and off he started, had the fishermen drawn up in order, and looked at their operations. His faithful censor He-pih pretended to be ill, and so avoided the necessity of sharing in his ruler's disgrace. "The Duke *reviewed* a display of fishermen," says the History—a sly sarcasm at his Grace; implying that this was the only military review which he felt competent to superintend. Perhaps the Duke, now two thousand years in his grave, maintained that the operation of fishing *does* illustrate the great affairs of State—baits thrown out to electors, hustings' cries, countings out of the house, and sudden sweeping measures; are not these exact counterparts of the fisherman's art and toil? But we leave the sport-loving Duke of ancient days and pass to another incident.

It is the year B.C. 574, Ezekiel is wrapt in the visions of God. Pythagoras is six years old. And what is going on in China? "In the Duke Ch'ing's sixteenth year in the spring, in the king's first month it rained, and the trees became encrusted with ice." "The Chinese critics," says Dr. Legge, "bring all their power of interpretation into the field to find the moral and political significance of this phenomenon, but very needlessly; we have simply the record of a striking fact." Not a *very* striking fact, if I may venture to say so. I remember well a precisely similar phenomenon in England some twenty years ago, when the tall sycamores were bent like weeping willows; and great boughs along an avenue snapped with the weight of the frozen rain. And though far rarer than snow-storms, yet the phenomenon must often have occurred in the province of Shantung, where the cold in winter is very severe. In fact, such extracts from these ancient records may seem to my readers

paltry and trifling; and yet, little matters as they are, they seem to make the dead live again even more vividly than the records of battles and great political changes. They remind me of what geologists have discovered in the secrets of the rocks; the ripples of waves which broke on the shores of past creations; the dimples in the petrified sands left by rain-drops which fell from skies in long-lost ages.

My third and last extract cannot be despised as paltry.

Much has been urged in favour of the arbitration of calm debate and sober consultation as superseding the arbitration of the sword. General Grant, replying to an address presented to him by the Universal Peace Society, said that "although he had been trained as a soldier, and had participated in many battles, there never was a time when in his opinion some way could not have been found of preventing the drawing of the sword. He looked forward to an epoch when a court, recognized by all nations, would settle international differences." Is this a modern fancy, and, from its results thus far, distasteful to many Englishmen?

We carry back our thoughts once more to the year B.C. 535. Zerubbabel has returned with the exiles to Jerusalem; the rebuilding of the Temple has begun; Tullia at Rome has driven home with her father's blood on her chariot wheels. In China a *Peace Society* has been formed, and a meeting comprising the representatives of fourteen of the feudal states is assembled in the capital of Sung. A Minister of that State, distressed at the miseries caused by the incessant warfare between the great rival powers of Tsoo and Tsin, and ambitious also of a name, if not of more substantial advantage, negotiated with great ability and with temporary success an agreement amongst the warring powers that there should be *war no more*. A noble idea! An ideal to be realized at last under the eternal reign of the King of Peace; an idea, too, the beauty and grandeur of which may make us pardon his Excellency Hêang-Seuh for demanding, when the Peace Congress had closed its sittings with apparent success, a grant of land as his reward. The grant was made, but the deeds of transfer were torn into shreds by the holders of the lands. Hêang-Seuh retired into obscurity empty-handed, and China plunged once again into long war and dreary confusion. Yet let not the name of Hêang-Seuh be forgotten. Let his imagination and his attempt at the realization shine as a sunbeam on a day of cloud and wind across the sorrows and the commotions of ancient days.

My readers may possibly question the genuineness and authenticity of these records, but an interesting evidence of their age and accuracy, to a certain extent at least, is supplied by the record of eclipses, which occur frequently in the pages of the Ch'un-tseu. Dr. Legge supplies a table of thirty-eight solar

eclipses recorded in this Classic, thirty-four of which have been verified by modern astronomical calculations, as synchronizing with the dates assigned to them by the compilers of these records. Lunar eclipses are scarcely noticed, indeed the classic of poetry asserts that "the sun was eclipsed, a thing of very evil omen. For the moon to be eclipsed, is but an ordinary matter." And, for this reason, I suppose the lunar eclipse which occurred as I wrote the above lines (February 13th, 1875), was unnoticed in our almanacs. The phenomena which accompanied it were remarkable. An hour before the first contact with the shadow of the earth, two mock moons were distinctly visible. When the eclipse began, the sky, from a serene and cloudless face, put on a mantle of dim fleecy clouds. The following day there was a bright display of mock suns, yet without any atmospheric disturbance following. These phenomena would possibly have found a place in the Ch'un-tseu; but Chinese statesmen and historiographers are constrained now, against their wills, to observe not so much the face of the sky as the signs of the times. The tide of western revolution, for I cannot honour it indiscriminately with the high title of civilization, is coming in on the shores of China. Japan, at her side, has been caught and twirled inside out by the eddies of the flood, and China cannot long resist the influence. Foreign-built steamers, both for war and merchandise, are plying on the coast under the Chinese flag; rifled cannon and small arms are manufactured in Chinese arsenals; daily newspapers and weekly and monthly magazines under Chinese inspiration are appearing; and telegraph messages (though too often checked by the fury of the cyclone or the theft of the wreckers), flash up and down the coast and join China with the outer world. We may almost now write of China, as Froude, in his eloquent periods writes of old England: "A change is coming on the land, the meaning and direction of which is still hidden from us, the paths trodden by the footsteps of ages are broken up, old things are passing away, and the faith and the life of thirty centuries are dissolving like a dream."

"A new continent has risen up before the eyes of the Chinese beyond the sea;" for, forty years ago, the very existence of America was disbelieved, "since," as they said, "she had no king." "The floor of heaven inlaid with stars has sunk back to the astonished eyes of Chinese readers" as they peruse the scientific articles in magazine literature now within their reach. "In the fabric of habit which they have so laboriously built for themselves, the Chinese are to remain no longer. And when it has all gone, faded like an unsubstantial pageant," perhaps we shall have to listen to the records of these old historical documents in order to realize what China was, as to the sound of

church-bells falling on the ear, like echoes of a vanished world. Yet there is good hope for the Christian philosopher as to the eventual result of these great changes in the old East—a hope, which the perusal of the Ch'un-tseu of Confucius may suggest and illustrate. The China of that period (2,300 years ago) was but a little spot compared with the present huge empire and its dependencies. It comprised, roughly speaking, scarcely more than the modern province of Shantung, a part of Pechile, Shansi, and part of Kiangsu—not a sixth part in area of the present eighteen provinces. Yet this small nucleus, though convulsed and distracted by petty wars, from its superior civilization, gradually absorbed the encircling barbarous tribes, and pushed the light into the darkness. And in this small territory lived and worked a man, whose name and fame still exert a magic and mighty influence over all Chinamen, though 2,200 years have rolled away since his death.

Our missions to China are but as lighthouse gleams amidst the darkness of the night of superstition and idolatry. Christians, alas, like the feudal states of the Tsin dynasty, are rent by divisions. But if we could but act as the Chinese Book of Poetry has it:—

> Brothers may squabble inside the walls,
> But they will resist insult from without.

If, still better, Christians could agree to have war no more, and not to squabble at all; but, holding the Head in exalted and triumphant faith, not merely resist insult, but advance as one against the army of the aliens—shall not the conquering power of Christianity be more rapid and more widespread than that of civilization? And with us there is not a western Confucius, but the wisdom of God—not a man, but Immanuel—not a sage whose fame is waning, but the Lord of Glory, the might of Whose love and power shall be felt for evermore.

ARTHUR E. MOULE.

ART. VI.—CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

IV.

IN the midst of the carnage at Vassy, in 1562, the Bible of the Calvinists was brought to the Duke of Guise. He handed it over to his brother, the Cardinal Louis de Guise, who was present. Here, said he, look at the title of these books of the Huguenots. There is no harm in this, replied the Cardinal, it is Holy Scripture. "Comment, sang Dieu, La Sainte Ecriture? Il y'a quinze cent ans et plus qu'elle est faite, et il n'y a qu'un an que ces livres sont imprimés; tout n'en vaut rien." The Cardinal