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are so plainly set forth, as that denial must be adjudged depravation of the Prayer Book.

And now a final word. What I wrote a year ago, I continue to maintain. I believe, and I am thankful to believe, that eucharistic truths—long without place in our liturgy—were brought back by our Revisers. Unheard by some, still like Pindar's[1] shafts, which then I made bold to shoot with, they have a voice for understanding ears, though to the general they need interpreters.

T. F. SIMMONS.

ART. III.—LACORDAIRE AND LA MENNAIS.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.[2]

IT is a curious and interesting study to trace the character of the various reactionary movements which, like the ground-swell after a great storm, follow a period of marked and violent political or religious convulsions.

Notably was this the case in France, after the restoration of the Bourbons. At first, Absolutism and Jesuitism were in the ascendant; then came a reaction of strong revolutionary feeling, accompanied generally by a bitter hatred, not only of the Church of Rome, but of all revealed religions. Unbelief was again rife, as it had been at the outbreak of 1789. But in the midst of this second reaction, a few gifted and eminent men stand forth as representatives of two principles, generally regarded as incompatible—namely, ardent liberalism and desire for progress and free institutions in politics, combined with a firm faith, not only in Christianity, but in Ultramontane-Romanism. A more incongruous union at first sight could hardly be imagined; for in all ages and countries it is the *Protestant* element which has gone hand-in-hand with political liberty and progress, and Romanism has generally been found united with absolutism and adherence to old abuses. At the time we speak of, however, several Frenchmen of high character, and rare intellectual powers and attainments, came forward as champions at once of Rome and political liberty; and a glance at the history of one or two of these may not be unprofitable.

[1] "Olymp.," ii. 149-153.

[2] The chief authorities consulted have been the "Lettres de Maurice du Guérin," by G. S. Trebutien, with a notice by M. de St. Beuve; the "Life of Lacordaire," by Dora Greenwell; the "Lettres Inédites" of La Mennais, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the current year, and one or two other reviews in French papers.

The first we shall notice was the celebrated Jean Henri Baptiste Lacordaire, whose fame as a preacher was at one time almost European. He was the son of a country doctor in Burgundy, and was born in 1802. Left early fatherless, he was brought up by an excellent mother, and as a child was under deep religious impressions, which, however, were for a time nearly effaced by the freethinking influences of the College of Dijon, at which he was educated; but at the age of twenty-two, such a change came over him as Protestant Christians would denominate conversion, and from his description it is impossible not to recognise a real work of divine grace in the soul. It took, however, naturally, the type of the only form of Christianity with which he was acquainted experimentally; and he was thus led to enter on the only life which *he* could conceive as affording opportunities of entire consecration to God—namely, the priesthood of his own Church. Believing this to be the leading of God for him, he did not hesitate; he gave up brilliant prospects at the Bar, entered a theological seminary, and was duly ordained a priest. His power as a speaker was soon perceived and appreciated; and his success was such as would have intoxicated a weaker head.

From this danger, however, he was preserved, not only by a remarkable singleness of aim and spirit of self-abnegation, but also by the ardent and intense desire for political and social liberty, which never left him through life. Not long before his death he said, "I die a penitent Catholic, an *impenitent* Liberal."

Feeling himself fettered on every side in his longing for freedom of speech, he had resolved to emigrate to America and carry on spiritual work there; he had actually obtained the consent of his superiors, and was making preparations for the voyage, when he was arrested by a summons from one of his friends to join him in a work which at once enlisted his warmest sympathies.

This was the publication of a journal, entitled the *Avenir*, which was to be the exponent of the views so dear to his heart, and those of his chief friends—Liberal and national in politics, the organ of social freedom and progress, and at the same time devoted to the interests of the Roman Catholic Church.

Several distinguished young men flocked to the standard. The Count de Montalembert, whose early connection with England had given him opportunities of watching the working of free institutions in this country, was one of the chief leaders in the movement. The summons to aid in the *Avenir* found him in Ireland, whence he hastened to France to take his share in the enterprise. Long afterwards he recalled with

melancholy pleasure and affectionate remembrance those happy days of united labour and high enthusiastic hope. "It is difficult," he wrote, "for the present generation even to form an idea of the strong and generous passions which then inflamed all hearts."

It was while engaged in this work that Montalembert and Lacordaire formed a friendship which lasted with unabated warmth, tenderness, and constancy through their joint lives.

To the minds of these ardent champions, the Church of Rome appeared as a suffering and oppressed body, undergoing a kind of martyrdom in the cause of humanity and religion from the tyranny of an infidel Government. To Protestant minds this idea appears almost ludicrously incongruous; but it is fair to keep in mind that the tide was at that time, as has been observed, in the direction of utter unbelief, and the prejudice against all religion as such had led to much oppression and interference on the part of the Government. Still, we must remember that even here the Church was reaping what she had sown, and paying the price of centuries of tyranny and injustice. She had cast out from the country the vast body of intelligent and industrious Protestants, who, even from her point of view, would have served as a breakwater against infidel and Jacobin reaction. She had then thrust out the Jansenists, saintly Christian men, who (strange as it seems to us) desired to remain within her pale; she had persecuted individuals in her own communion for no crime but wishing to promote the spiritual good of their fellows. After thus deliberately stripping herself of all that was noblest and purest, it was no wonder if the public had learned to connect the idea of religion with all they most despised and disliked, and to see in the Church the representative of past tyranny. In this, the unbelieving French public was clearer-sighted than the gifted editors of the *Avenir*, who persisted in regarding that Church as the fountain of all mercy and purity. Yet hopeless as their task seems to our eyes, and exaggerated and intemperate as was often the manner in which they endeavoured to carry out their objects, it can hardly be doubted that real good was effected. It was something that the voice raised to defend freedom, and humanity, and justice, should also uphold the fear of God, and vindicate Christianity from the accusation of being the parent of servility.

The most powerful and widely renowned of the leaders of this movement was one whose name will long be remembered with melancholy interest—the Abbé de La Mennais, author of "Paroles d'un Croyant."

Félicité Robert de La Mennais was a Breton by birth, and (to quote the words of one who appreciated him fully) "along

with the faith, the sincerity, the impetuous integrity of his people, shared in that which makes the Breton character strong, yet narrow and unprogressive, even though full of poetic devotion to the past, and inclined to throw a veil over its errors, while those of the present day are brought out into full, unpitying relief."

From his earliest years young La Mennais was remarkable for his intelligence and habits of observing nature in its minutest details. At the age of seven, these habits were already apparent; at twelve, he had read the Bible, Rousseau, Plutarch, and Bossuet: his was a mind to be deeply imbued with the books he had studied, and even at that age a struggle had already commenced in his mind between the influence of the rationalist and the heathen writer on the one hand, and those of Christianity on the other.

In the early stages of youth, the unbelieving influence was in the ascendant. He is described by a reviewer as being at that time "an *esprit fort*, with occasional phases of mystical tendencies;" but the affectionate persuasions of a pious elder brother, already in orders, overcame this state of mind. He embraced the Roman Catholic faith in all its entirety, entered the College of St. Sulpice, and finally was consecrated as a priest.

Unlike Lacordaire, La Mennais had been led to this step by the urgent entreaties of his friends, but he took it reluctantly. His director, the Abbé Peyssière, wrote to him at the time: "You are going to ordination like a victim to the sacrifice." He himself acknowledged to his brother that it had cost him a tremendous effort. He had no vocation, and did not even fancy he had one, for the priesthood; but his confessor, who was in full possession of his sentiments, advised him to *conceal* them! and the poor young man thought it his duty to obey. What his mental struggles were, after his ordination, none but himself and the Searcher of Hearts can have known; that he must have at first suffered cruelly, can hardly be doubted; but the result of the conflict was a curiously vehement reaction of almost fanatical Romanist convictions. At thirty-three, he was a priest whose great powers were employed as a determined adversary of what is termed Gallicanism—*i.e.*, the freedom of the French branch of the Roman Catholic Church from dependence on the See of Rome. The former freethinker was now not only a Romanist, but a vehement partizan and defender of the Papacy.

But his fate was like that of many men endowed with exceptional force of character and impetuosity. His zeal was too much for the Church he was defending. He desired to separate her entirely from the State in order to promote her freedom of

action. He had in his mind a brilliant ideal of the Church of Rome as the "nursing mother of humanity," sacrificing herself for her erring and suffering children.

The reality was very different from his imagination, but for a time he was not only able to win public attention by his eloquent pleadings, but was regarded as one of the most revered as well as admired of French priests.

His celebrated "Essay on Indifference" had raised him to the position of restorer and defender of the Romish faith; the then Pope, Leo XII., actually kept his picture as the sole ornament of his private sitting-room, received him warmly at the Vatican, and offered him a cardinal's hat.

But the Breton priest did not aspire to any such promotion. His sturdy independence of character could not bend to accept any dignity which might compromise his liberty of action. The only present he brought back from his visit to Rome was a privilege which he had solicited, and obtained without difficulty, but which greatly scandalized his clerical friends—a dispensation from the obligation of reading the breviary through daily.

"He thought," his nephew tells us, "that he could employ his time more usefully in writing books than in reciting Psalms." Most Protestant readers will agree with him.

He now took up his abode at his family residence of La Chenaie, a retired country house in his native Bretagne. In this quiet retreat he gathered round him a small circle of four or five young men of talent and promise, who pursued their studies under his direction, and regarded him with affectionate veneration both as their tutor and spiritual director.

His eccentricities and unconventionality of manner and habits did not prevent his being still regarded as an ornament of the Romish Church in France, and his character was one to exercise a powerful influence over those near him. The charm of his conversation is described as being great; and while at times liable to bursts of impetuosity and violence which one of his friends describes by quoting Buffon's expression in speaking of animals of prey, as "a soul full of rage" (*une âme de colère*) he was at other times gentle and tender enough to win the heart of a little child, and seems to have inspired his pupils with the most intense love, admiration, and reverence.

The most notable among these pupils, all more or less distinguished, was the gifted Maurice du Guérin, whose literary career, full of the highest promise, was cut short by early death, and whose journals and letters, as well as those of his no less highly gifted sister, Eugénie, are well known to all acquainted with modern French literature.

Maurice du Guérin was the son of an impoverished but

ancient and noble family in Languedoc; he early manifested talents of no common order, and having completed his course of study at the Collège Stanislas in Paris, he came to La Chenaie to enjoy the benefit of the instructions and companionship of La Mennais.

The account he gives in his letters to his sister and friends, of the quiet, studious life under the tuition of "*M. Féli*" (the playful diminutive of La Mennais' first name by which his pupils loved to call him) is exceedingly pleasing and characteristic, and his pictures of La Chenaie itself most graphic.

We seem to see the country villa, with its pointed roof and white front shining through the thick forests which surround it in all directions; the large garden, with its gravel-walks and terrace planted with pollard lime-trees; the little chapel where the pupils met at five o'clock in the morning for early service; the daily strolls taken by the whole party, with their preceptor walking at their head, his small slight figure clad in most unclerical coarse grey cloth, and a well-worn straw hat on his head in place of the priest's "tricorne."

The pupils were made to work in right earnest, and the solitude, in which scarce a sound was heard but the wind whistling through the trees, was conducive to regular and uninterrupted study. "M. Féli" set young Du Guérin on a course of modern languages, beginning with Italian (now, unfortunately, so little generally studied), and adding the history of philosophy — "Catholic philosophy" — and Greek. The hours were early: dinner at noon, supper at eight; and the meals were seasoned with plenty of lively sallies, in which the preceptor took the lead. After supper all gathered into the common sitting-room, and Du Guérin gives a lively picture of "our man," as he enthusiastically calls his tutor, throwing himself on a large, old-fashioned crimson velvet sofa, in whose recesses he is so well concealed that only the head, with its eyes "gleaming like carbuncles," is visible; while from this resting-place he pours forth a full tide of varied conversation: philosophy, politics, travels, anecdotes, playful witticisms, and sometimes poetical parables and illustrations—for he "has eminently the poetic gift," observes his pupil.

An early observer of nature (as before mentioned), he had collected an endless store of information from which he drew the similes which imparted grace and life to his discourse. His moral teaching is described as full of references to Scripture. "He loves us," continues Du Guérin, "as a father, always calling us his sons. . . 'Our little family increases,' he said joyfully, when the last of our party arrived. . . One learns more from his conversation than from books. . . His words elevate and warm the soul . . ." and again: "M. Féli

has forced me to forget his fame by his paternal kindness and gentleness." He goes on to dilate on his confidence that his illustrious tutor would mould him into something great, as a sculptor moulds his clay. Alas! these happy days were too soon to pass away for ever.

In the midst of this peaceful life of tuition and study "M. Féli" was carrying on at the same time a life-work totally different, in his capacity of editor of *L'Avenir*, and regenerator of France through the medium of the Roman Catholic Church, as he conceived her.

It is hardly possible to imagine a contrast more sharply defined than that between the loving and beloved tutor in the midst of his little circle in the Breton country house, and the vehement, determined disputant carrying on a double war with the "retrograde" political party in the Church on one side, and the irreligious friends of liberty on the other.

The *Avenir* was a work which could not hold its course without encountering storms. In 1831 the struggle was brought to a climax by Louis Philippe availing himself of the prerogative granted by the Roman Concordat, to nominate three Bishops by his own independent act and deed. This nomination was considered by the editors of the *Avenir* as an attempt on the part of the State to usurp the functions of the Church, and their expressions of disapproval were so strong and so unguarded as to bring them into collision with the Government. They were summoned before the Court of Assizes for contempt of law. La Mennais employed a legal friend to plead for him, but Lacordaire undertook his own cause, and his lofty eloquence gained a complete acquittal.

The next act of the editors was to endeavour to secure liberty of public instruction. Hearing that a free school at Lyons had been broken up by the agent of the university, they proceeded to open a similar one, under Lacordaire's direction, in Paris. The next day the commissary came to the school and desired the children to disperse. Lacordaire, on his part, ordered them to remain, in the name of their parents, who had confided them to his care. They all declared for their teacher, but the school was at once cleared by the police. Montalembert and Lacordaire were tried and condemned to pay a small fine. This, in fact, did their cause more good than harm; but the *Avenir* had more formidable enemies to encounter.

The great bulk of the clergy were against it, on account of its Liberalism; the Government, on account of its Ultramontanism. Grave suspicions were awakened as to its orthodoxy; and at last, seeing opposition rife on every side, the three chief leaders, Lacordaire, Montalembert, and La Mennais, resolved on

undertaking a joint pilgrimage to Rome, to refer the whole matter to the Holy See, and in 1832 they accordingly repaired there together.

Four hundred years before, a Carmelite had gone to Rome to endeavour to reform the Bishops and Cardinals, and been there burnt as a heretic. The days of burning were over, but Rome was not a whit more favourable to reform, even by the hands of her devoted supporters, than she had been in those earlier days. She did not need such zealous champions; they were too uncompromising for her policy, and they were treated accordingly. No open opposition was offered; they were received with civility, but with icy coldness and utter want of sympathy. The Pope met them with outward courtesy, but avoided making the slightest allusion to the object of their journey; and Cardinal Pacca put them off with vague promises from week to week and month to month.

At last they were given plainly, though not in words, to understand that the Holy See would have nothing to say to their undertaking, and that, if they would continue in obedience to the Church, the scheme must be renounced then and there. The disappointment must have been most deeply felt by all three. Open hostility would have been easier to encounter than this cold and contemptuous silence. But the trial was met by each of the friends in a very different manner. For Lacordaire, great as it was, there was not a moment's hesitation. The voice of the Church of Rome was to him the voice of God. He was a Christian from conviction, and to his mind Christianity and Romanism were one. He never abandoned his Liberal views, but he renounced their expression in the publication of the *Avenir*, and yielded an entire, unconditional submission to the implied decrees of the Roman See. In his mind all light, truth, and perfection were centred in the Church, and if this Church slew him, he must trust and submit. He at once returned to Paris, and quietly taking up his abode in a small house in an obscure part of the city, led for three years a life of prayer, work, and solitude.

Montalembert, accustomed to more independence of action, had a much harder struggle; but, after long wavering, he yielded to Lacordaire's pressing instances, and gave up his beloved project.

With La Mennais it was different. To him to yield was impossible. He remained silent for a time; but he ultimately declared his intention of resuming the publication of the *Avenir*, which in his position amounted to an act of absolute defiance to the Church. But he did not immediately take up the position of antagonism to Rome; he returned to La Chenaie, and resumed his labours among his young friends, who

gave him their fullest sympathy in the trial of feeling himself misunderstood and thwarted in his lofty aspirations. He had of course much opposition and even persecution to encounter from those who regarded any attempt to oppose the Papacy as an unpardonable crime in a "good Catholic."

For a time La Mennais bore these attacks in dignified silence. There were moments, however, when pain got the upper hand, and the "fire" being "kindled," he "spake with his tongue." One day, early in 1833, while seated under the tall pine-trees which sheltered his little chapel, he traced with his walking-stick the boundary of a grave on the turf beside him, observing to one of his pupils who was near: "It is there I should wish to be laid; but no memorial stone—only a mound of turf over me. Oh, how well I shall be there!"

The time was now approaching when the peaceful days he had spent with that little band of loving disciples were to close. His position became daily more painful, and in September, 1833, he himself announced to them that he now felt that the persecutions which were raised against him must constrain him to separate himself from all associations with others, for the sake of not compromising, or perhaps entailing injury on them; and that for their own sake he must request them to leave La Chenaie.

Maurice du Guérin dwells sadly on the last parting. On the 7th of September, he says, he went to "M. Féli's" room to take leave of him, and the "gates of the little paradise of La Chenaie closed on him." And so the whole of that happy band was dispersed, and their leader remained alone to brave the storm. He was doubly alone, for Lacordaire felt it his duty to declare publicly that he had separated from his old friend on this point. To those who spoke to him in private he declared that the only point of division between them was that M. La Mennais wished to carry his line of action into politics, while M. Lacordaire limited his own sphere entirely to religious matters. In the main they seem at this time to have agreed, except on this point of entire submission to the Roman See.

But the current was to carry the friends farther apart. At this moment they were, in the language of Jean Ingelow's graceful little poem, separated only by a narrow rivulet across which they could yet hold intercourse; but gradually it was to swell into a broad river, on each side of which their paths would soon pass far out of each other's ken.

And the separation was not from Lacordaire alone. Du Guérin removed to Paris, where he devoted himself to literary work; in a year or two the influence of La Mennais was so far weakened that he could declare he was "not the disciple of

any man." He seems for a time to have been in some degree carried away by the freethinking spirit of the times; but the influence of his excellent sister and other friends was doubtless instrumental in leading him back to Christianity, though in the form of ardent Romanism; and in that faith he died in the summer of 1839, at the age of twenty-nine, in the midst of his family, leaving a young wife to mourn his loss.

Lacordaire, as had been observed, spent the first three years after leaving Rome in retirement at Paris. It was here that his mother joined him, and passed the short remainder of her life near her beloved son. During this time he became acquainted with Madame de Swetchine, a distinguished Russian lady, who had been led, by a process which does not seem very clear to Protestant readers, to leave the Greek Church for that of Rome, but who preserved a wonderful largeness of heart and delicate and profound religious insight and feeling, which even the influence of her Church could not destroy. Her friendship was most beneficial to Lacordaire.

His life, however, was destined again to become a public one. Towards the close of 1833 he was requested to give a series of lectures at the Collège Stanislas. At first the Liberal political views he manifested offended the Government; his lectures were for the time suspended: but eventually he was not only invited to resume them, but called on to do so on a wider and more conspicuous stage. The celebrated Frederic Ozanam, another of those eminent men who had contributed to the revival of religious feeling in France after the Restoration, a man of distinguished attainments and powers, and of most exemplary private character, had begun a series of lectures at Notre Dame for the instruction of the young.

Lacordaire was asked to continue these; his reputation as a preacher had preceded him, and his success was brilliant. He soon became known as the most eminent preacher in France; but in the midst of these intoxicating triumphs he suddenly broke away from all, returned to Rome, and joined the Order of Dominican Friars. The step was one which to Protestant readers appears not only strange, but deeply to be regretted. Even apart from the evils we see in monastic life, the connection of the Order of St. Dominic with the Inquisition and the cruel persecutions in the South of France, naturally makes us shrink from the thought of a benevolent and noble-minded man giving such an Order his support and even his obedience. But it seems clear that he was able to put away from his mind all such considerations, and that the idea of improving and developing the religious Orders in his Church was one which had taken a very strong hold of his mind.

He entered on his novitiate in the convent of La Quercia, near Viterbo; and there he gathered round him a circle of like-minded compatriots. Several of these friends are described as highly gifted as to talents and tastes—they were no less eminent for piety and virtue; and much as we may regret the direction it took, it is impossible not to respect and admire their entire self-devotion and singleness of purpose.[1] The majority of these interesting young companions of Lacordaire were carried off by early death—to the deep sorrow of their friend and guide. Lacordaire's own monastic career did not interfere with his work as a preacher. His conferences at Notre Dame were continued with unabated vigour; and for many years his life was divided between the pulpit and the cloister; but at the age of fifty he retired in a great measure from pulpit ministrations, and devoted himself to the superintendence of the Ancient National College of Sorèze, a place of public instruction in France, where a wider range of study was permitted than in most academical courses at that time.

The influence of Lacordaire over the young was very great, and for the last ten years of his life he was mainly employed among the students of this college. It was there he died in 1861, surrounded by a band of loving friends and disciples—the last words on his lips being: "My God, open to me!"

In the lives of Lacordaire and his fellow-workers and disciples we cannot fail to recognise the beautiful fruits of genuine piety and Christian love and devotedness; but a painful sense of something lacking is left on the mind of the Protestant reader. We miss the free, joyous walk with God which the New Testament sets before us. We hear much of the Cross of Christ; but these good men seem to look on Him as if still and ever hanging on the cross: the crucifix represents their faith; and though they would assuredly never have thought of throwing a doubt on the doctrine of the Resurrection, it is kept habitually a good deal out of sight. They do not see that the real symbol of the Christian's faith should be, not the crucifix with the dying Saviour, but the unoccupied cross and empty sepulchre, declaring that "He is not here, but is risen."

And more is involved in this than meets the eye at first. The Resurrection was the pledge to man that the work of atonement was finished. Wherever, then, it is kept in the background, that work will be virtually, if not directly in words, looked on as incomplete. And the effect of this is to lead earnest men to try and do something to complete that work, by suffering as well as action.

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[1] See Dora Greenwell's "Life of Lacordaire," in which interesting sketches of several of these friends are given.

It is evident that Lacordaire and his friends had no clear view of the difference between the *atoning* sufferings of Christ, in which no man can partake, and the sufferings incident to holy living in an evil world, in which true disciples must be ready to share.[1] The idea of helping in the work of expiation seems to have been firmly rooted in their minds. It is painful to see this good and devoted man trying to atone for sins of carelessness or light-mindedness in his pupils by extra penances; taking a kind of morbid delight in voluntary tortures inflicted on himself, and even insisting on the novices in his convent treating him as a slave or a criminal, ordering him to do menial work, striking and insulting him!

In one letter to an afflicted friend, indeed, his natural good sense for a moment gained the ascendant, when he observed that our most painful mortifications (such as those caused by ill-health) are "those which are not taken up at will, and neither begin nor finish at pleasure;" but he failed to perceive that there could be no real humiliation in submitting to a kind of mimicry of harsh treatment from adoring disciples, who knew well, and knew that *he* knew, they were only playing a part to please him!

Such are the mistakes into which even wise and good men will fall when once they go off the line traced by Christ and His Apostles, and seek to do for themselves what He has done so fully and entirely for them.

Still, we can give the tribute of respect to the humility and love which evidently actuated Lacordaire and his friends, and if we catch in their words too much of the cry "Make me as one of Thy hired servants," we must hope that the trembling prayer has been long since quenched in the grateful song of praise for the pardon whose fulness and freedom they had failed to comprehend while on earth.

The history of La Mennais is a sadder one than that of any of his early associates. The tide which had carried him in the opposite direction from that of most of them continued to bear him on. The feeling of antagonism to the Church at last broke through all restraint. In the spring of 1833 he had celebrated his last Easter Mass in the midst of his disciples and friends; he was never to do so again. The force he had laid on himself in his earlier days in taking orders against his own inclinations was probably exercising a reactionary power in later years; for Nature, as has been truly remarked, though a patient, is an unsparing and unforgetting creditor; and the treatment he had received at Rome had sunk deeply into his soul. "I looked not for perfection," he wrote afterwards,

[1] This last must be what the Apostle meant by "filling up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ."—Col. i. 24.

"which it would be simplicity, not to say madness, to expect in the existing world; but for a certain analogy between the outward fact and the ideal type, founded upon maxims admitted speculatively."

This analogy he could not find in the Romish Church. He does not seem ever to have entertained the idea of taking up a position like that of the "Old Catholics," or of Père Hyacinthe Loyson; much less of uniting himself in any way with Protestants or those sympathizing with them. The great watchword of Rome as to her dogmas is "All or nothing;" and the peculiar doctrines and practices of that Church, and those common to Christians in general, seem to have been so closely intertwined and welded together in his mind, like the branches of a tree trained over a trellis, that a part could not be broken off without the whole fabric giving way. He never actually renounced Christianity; but it seems that his hold on its central doctrines was considerably slackened. How far he really let go that hold is very difficult to ascertain, because those who have given any record of his latter days have generally been either thoroughgoing votaries of the Romish Church, or else more or less imbued with freethinking and sceptical views. The former regarded him as an outcast and a complete enemy to the faith; the latter were eager to hail any approach to their own unbelief. A firm and decided Bible Christian opposed to the Church of Rome was a phenomenon inconceivable to either of these two classes.

Of the later part of his life but little comparatively has transpired. Some light is thrown on it by his correspondence with the Baron de Vitrolles, a lifelong and most intimate friend, though entirely differing from him in politics and religion, being an old Legitimist and thorough Romanist. But this difference was no hindrance to a close and affectionate correspondence, which only ceased with La Mennais' life, and of which some part has recently been published. It opens in the prison of St. Pelagie, where he was confined during the year 1841, and closes in the winter of 1853. The tone which pervades it is one full of almost feminine tenderness and affection for his friend; all the topics of the day, familiar, literary, and political, are touched on; but religion is altogether avoided, and the impression left on the mind is that of one who is trying to veil the inner life, and pass on as a mere spectator of outward things. An undercurrent of sadness is perceptible through outward cheerfulness.

A dark cloud seems to rest on the concluding years of this remarkable man. Whether he was able finally to turn to Him to whom so many, excommunicated by their own Church, have "looked and been lightened," and who has enabled them

to say with Savonarola, "Separated from the Church Militant, but *not* from the Church Triumphant," we know not. We can only hope earnestly that such was the case, and that the troubled, weary heart found rest at the feet of the great High Priest, whose heart of love can be "touched by the infirmities" of His erring children.

In taking leave of this group of talented and earnest men, we must feel that their history affords no plea for the Church to which they belonged, whose pitiless rule drove one to the verge of unbelief and blighted his life hopes, and led the other to bury rare powers under a monk's cowl. But while we thank God for our clearer light, let us not forget the deeper responsibility it lays on us, of showing that we have been truly "made free" through Christ by "glorifying Him in our bodies and spirits, that are His."

E. J. WHATELY.

ART. IV.—THE KINGDOM OF ALL-ISRAEL.

The Kingdom of All-Israel: its History, Literature, and Worship. By JAMES SIME, M.A., F.R.S.E. Pp. 620. Nisbet and Co., 1883.

THIS is a very opportune and a really valuable book. It is the story of the kingdom of all-Israel as it existed and was known in its most prosperous days. This history the writer has examined and scrutinised on the same principles that have been applied in verifying the history of Greece and Rome; namely, the comparison of the history with the literature and the due attention to the technicalities of words and phrases. In studying the Biblical records the observance of these principles is of paramount and indispensable importance; for if the date of the historical records is uncertain or questionable, that of various portions of the literature is undisputed, as, for instance, Hosea, Micah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and the like; and the evidence which may be drawn from these is conclusive with regard to the facts that they imply. For example: no man in his senses can doubt that Hosea must have had our actual Book of Genesis before him when he alluded as he did to certain incidents in the personal history of Jacob. No critic would be warranted in surmising that the history was suggested by the hints found in the prophecy. There must have been a depository in which the record of the incidents was preserved, and that record must have been familiar alike to the prophet and his readers.

This is a conclusion of no less certainty than one that is mathematically demonstrable; and therefore we may be sure