

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

PayPal

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

THE
LONDON REVIEW.

APRIL, 1859.

- ART. I.—1. *History of Civilization in England*. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. Vol. I. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.
2. *Lectures on Positive Philosophy (Cours de Philosophie Positive)*. By AUGUSTE COMTE, late Pupil of the Polytechnic School. Paris: Bachelier. Six Vols. 8vo. 1830–42.
3. *System of Positive Politics: or, Treatise on Sociology, instituting the Religion of Mankind (Système de Politique Positive: ou Traité de Sociologie, instituant la Religion de l'Humanité)*. By AUGUSTE COMTE. Paris: Matthias. Four Vols. 8vo. 1851–4.
4. *Positive Catechism (Catéchisme Positif)*. By AUGUSTE COMTE. Printed for the Author, 10, Rue Monsieur le Prince, Paris. 1852.
5. *The Positive Catechism*. Translated by R. CONGREVE. London: Chapman. 1858.

It is high time for us to notice the first volume of Mr. Buckle's *History of Civilization in England*, which has already reached a second edition, and attracted the attention of many of our contemporaries. Upon the scale adopted, it is, indeed, an ambitious undertaking; the bulky volume before us not even bringing the general introduction to a close. It was, at first, Mr. Buckle's intention to write a history of civilization in general; but, finding that the subject was too vast, he determined to confine himself to tracing the development of a single people. He selects that of his own country,—not from any motives of patriotism, which he seems to consider a weakness, but because

when the Spirit, whose work it was their vocation pre-eminently to recognise, ceased to actuate their forms with His life-giving presence. Any Church that preaches by symbols and dogmas retains, even in a state of partial decay, memorials of better times and of a true faith; and is ready to give some response to an awakening spirit of inquiry. But Mary Anne Galton had had no water of baptism sprinkled on her brow, nor had her young lips been taught to repeat the Apostles' Creed. *Æneas* and *Ulysses* were familiar names to her, before she had learned any thing of Christ's coming into the world,—before, indeed, she knew who was the Maker of the world. Her first lesson in religious truth, when about five years old, she thus records:—

'Among the deepest remembrances of that time is, that of my mother's first telling me of God. She was very fond of instructing me, and leading me to inquire into the causes of things; as, for example, of light as coming from the sun, or water from the sea or clouds; so that I was led to inquire of her, "But where did the sun and the sea come from?" She told me to think for a day, and endeavour to find out; but that if I could not at the end of that time, she would tell me. The day seemed interminable; and, failing in my endeavour, the next morning I renewed my inquiry. She answered very solemnly, that she would take me into a room where we should be alone, and there she would tell me. She took me up-stairs, through her bedroom, into a little dressing-room, into which I was not habitually allowed to enter, but which, from that time, I as distinctly remember as though I now saw everything in it. She shut the door, and said she was now going to answer my question:—that that answer would be the most important thing I should ever hear in my life, for that it would involve everything I should hereafter feel, or think, or do; that if I made a good use of it, I should have such happiness, that nothing whatever could make me completely miserable; but if, on the contrary, I made a bad use of this knowledge, nothing could make me happy. She then spoke to me of God; of His omnipotence; of His omnipresence; of His great wisdom shown in all He made; of His great love to all His creatures, whether human beings or animals. She told me that God had given to every person a voice in the interior of their hearts, and that this voice was called conscience; that it had spoken to me the other day, when I had been obstinate in spelling my lesson, and had made me feel that I had done wrong. She then said, that God had invited all His creatures to speak to Him, and to tell Him their wants, and that this was called prayer; and to thank Him for all His goodness, and that this was called thanksgiving; and that we should never begin nor end the day without both the one and the other... From that time, on Sundays, she always taught me one of the Commandments, a clause of the Lord's Prayer, or one of the texts from the Sermon on the Mount, and explained it to me; as also a question or two in Dr. Priestley's Scripture Catechism. She made me read to

her one of Mrs. Barbauld's Prose Hymns for Children ; and, sometimes, she would make me sit still with her after the manner of Friends. I was going to say, this instruction struck deeply into my heart ; but it would be more correct were I to say, that though at times it returned with power, there were long seasons when it was not the least influential.'—Vol. i., p. 4.

We have quoted this passage at length, because it comprises the whole of Mrs. Galton's religious teaching. Her daughter distinctly assures us that, ' excellent and highminded as she was, she had not lived with those who had the slightest tincture of what we now call the doctrines of the Gospel. She believed that the field of inquiry was open to all, and that so long as people were sincere, they were acceptable to God.' She impressed her child with a sense of accountability and duty, and taught her to aim at perfection ; but she left her utterly ignorant of her own natural sinfulness, of the need of an atoning sacrifice, and of faith in that atonement as the means of securing pardon and holiness. One can hardly imagine an intelligent, educated English child, of eleven years old, so much at a loss as was this poor little girl, to understand the meaning of the commonest Christian symbols. Visiting Miss Berrington, sister of the well-known Roman Catholic historian, at Oscott, and seeing on the table of her boudoir books bearing on their bindings a cross, and emblematic devices of faith, hope, and charity, her interest and curiosity were greatly excited. She was sure that some sacred meaning attached to them, but what that meaning was she could not discover. On one occasion, in this same room, a visitor, looking at a picture of Joan of Arc, remarked, '*Voilà la femme forte ;*' and Miss Berrington, pointing to the cross in a picture above, said, ' And there was the source from which she drew.' A reverent change passed over the face of the first speaker, and Mary Anne earnestly wished that she could understand why ; but she was of a shrinkingly timid nature, and she dared not inquire. About that time, an old copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was put into her hands by her mother. She enjoyed the allegory, but the cross and the burden were a mystery that she could not solve. On the whole, her education fostered pride and self-sufficiency on the one hand, and on the other left her, should her conscience once be aroused, a prey to guilty terror and miserable depression.

It is a popular fallacy, and one deserving of exposure, that the season of childhood is, all but universally, the happiest season of life. Allowing this to be the common experience, yet the exceptions are so many as to form a large and distinct class. Take a child of delicate health, of a nervous and sensitive organ-

ization, of an active and somewhat precocious intellect; having the tenderest love for his mother, coupled with the deepest filial awe; with an acute consciousness of wrong-doing, and a painful sense of his own impotency to do right; harassed by doubts on the highest of all subjects, which he cannot solve and dare not divulge; and pursued by fears which, if he cannot conquer, he will not own;—and say whether such a child can be happy. He may have moments of enjoyable forgetfulness; but the tenor of his life is sorrowful and anxious.

Mary Anne Galton's childhood and early youth were marked by such disquiet, restlessness, and doubt. Little helps, slight hints, were given to her in her search after truth, especially when she visited her grandfather Galton at Dudson. She felt that the atmosphere around him differed greatly from that of her home. All the members of his household seemed to breathe the spirit of kindness and love, and to aim at constant usefulness. Such simplicity and peace formed a sweet rest after the brilliance and mental stimulus of Barr. But what was the cause of so great a difference she did not know, till in after years she found the clue to the meaning of facts and sayings that her memory recalled. A kind aunt Polly, who had often told her Scripture stories, was taken ill. 'I am going,' she said, 'never to come back.' The child replied, 'O, let me go with you!' to which her aunt answered, solemnly looking up, 'If thou would be where I hope to be, thou must trust where I desire to trust.' These Dudson friends took Mary Anne with them to their place of religious meeting; and there she often felt, as she sat in silence watching the peace-illuminated countenances of the worshippers, how gladly she would welcome any ray of light that might lead her to the knowledge of God. How many a heart-ache might this dear child have been spared if the really good people with whom she now mingled had been a little more expansive in their views,—if, in owning the Holy Spirit's prerogative, they had not wholly overlooked man's instrumentality!

When Mary Anne was about nine years old, she was seized with a violent spasmodic asthma. The complaint left her weak in health, timid, and nervous. Her mother, to cure her foolish fears, often sent her in the dark to fetch something she might want, and she tells how she would rush through the passages and lobbies of the old house, half expecting to see 'some ghastly face peep out from behind one of the many doors.'

On Christmas Day, 1788, as Mary Anne was dressing, it was announced to her that her mother, who had long been indisposed, was so much worse, that her father had taken her to consult a doctor a long way off; and that the carriage had just driven from

the door. A letter neatly sealed and beautifully written was then put into her hand, in which her mother took leave, as if expecting to see her no more. Mrs. Galton urged her to be an obedient and dutiful child, and to do all that she had been taught by herself. This sudden departure of her much-loved mother, and the dreadful calamity that it seemed to foreshadow, filled the child's tender spirit with the keenest anguish. She leaned her hot forehead against the frosted window pane, and watched the fast-falling snow as it covered the traces left by the departing carriage-wheels, till she was bid to come to her lessons,—a summons that seemed to her excited heart to be dictated by the extremest cruelty. The story of her school-room trials under a young governess of sixteen, and a certain Miss P., wholly devoid of educational tact, as also of her journey to Bath, when permitted to rejoin her still delicate mother, are full of interest and pathos; but we must pass on. At Bath, she was introduced to many persons of note, and of very varied religious opinions. One anecdote of this period we transcribe.

'Another acquaintance my mother formed at Bath was that of Dr. Hastings, Archdeacon of Dublin. His conversation was exceedingly agreeable and instructive. He presented my mother with *Gregorius Leti's Life of Pope Sixtus V.*, which opened a new vista of entertainment and information to us. Dr. Hastings was zealously attached to the English Church, and gave my dear mother many books on the subject. I remember towards the close of Mrs. Priestley's visit, Miss Berrington came to see us. I have heard that my mother was once walking in the Pump Room between these ladies, (one being a Unitarian, and the other a Roman Catholic,) when Dr. Hastings came up, and spoke to her of a book explanatory of the Liturgy of the English Church, which he had given her. My mother thanked him for the book, but said she feared he would think very badly of her, when she declared how entirely she differed from his view of the Liturgy. He bowed, and politely answered, "Well, my dear Madam, I do indeed wish that you belonged to the Church of England; however, I will not make myself uneasy, as I should were you a Unitarian,"—my mother, interrupting him, said, "Dr. Hastings, I have omitted introducing to you my friend, Mrs. Priestley;"—"or," Dr. Hastings then resumed, "what is so much worse, a Roman Catholic." My mother replied, "This lady is Miss Berrington. I am afraid you will think very badly of my condition." Dr. Hastings courteously answered, "Nay, Madam, you are in just the position which the Church of England occupies,—the true medium between those who hold too much, and those who hold too little."—Vol. i., p. 92.

Mrs. Galton's illness increasing, her husband again took her to consult Dr. Darwin, leaving the children at Bath, under the *surveillance* of their relations, Sir William and Lady Watson.

Destitute of the slight religious comfort that her mother's Sunday lessons, now suspended for more than a year, used to give, Mary Anne was 'without a word of heavenly hope or duty,' and she fell into deep melancholy. She says, 'In vain I watched day after day for tidings of my mother. Sometimes a horrible fear came over me that she was no longer living, and it was with little less than anguish that I listened to the Bath Abbey clock, as it struck the well-known hour at which I used to go and sit with her, or heard its chimes which day by day pealed forth the Easter Hymn, the *carillon* which she had explained to me. Sometimes I heard the bell toll, and then a sudden fear seized me lest it should be for her funeral; and I could not bear to quit the house, fearing I might meet it. What intense suffering do some children go through, unsuspected by others!' All that a gay, energetic, and kind-hearted woman of the world could do to amuse a child under her care, was done by Lady Watson; including a pleasant visit to Dawlish, not then a watering-place, but a rural village, which Mrs. Schimmelpenninck thus prettily describes:—

'It consisted of a straggling line of small houses, mostly thatched, and many whitewashed cottages, interspersed with little gardens, extending irregularly from the sides of a shallow brook, that wound through a plashy green full of rushes and the yellow-horned poppy, till, creeping through sands, it reached the sea. This little stream was crossed by a crazy wooden foot-bridge, where the children of the village often delighted to angle, while we were occupied, in the marshy sward beneath, in gathering the water cresses growing in the brook in great abundance, and daily laying up for ourselves rebukes for wet shoes and dirtied frocks.'—Vol. i., p. 111.

But natural scenery and the kind offices of friendship failed to bring peace to Mary Anne's mind. Indeed, from this period may be dated the commencement of a conflict between principle and feeling which continued through many wretched years. She was not under the strict rule of her home. Her aunt allowed her to find her own occupations and amusements. Sir William Watson's library was open to her; and though not more exceptionable than other gentlemen's libraries of that day, yet it contained, among books of a higher class, large collections of French plays and novels, and the works of Fielding, Smollett, and kindred writers. To the effect of such reading upon her susceptible mind, she ever reverted with sorrow. At this time too, she formed an ardent and romantic attachment to her cousin, Christiana Gurney, the daughter of Lady Watson by a former husband,—a fascinating young woman of six-and-twenty; and the desire to please involved her in new difficulties. She could

not but perceive the difference between the standard of right, and the motive for action, here, and at her own home. Her mother's praise had ever been, 'It is noble;' 'It does not seem, but is;' her father, and her friends at Dudson, were wont to say, 'It is useful;' 'It is suitable;' 'It is wise.' But her aunt Watson's word of praise was, 'It is brilliant;' her cousin's, 'It is captivating, engaging, refined.' She found herself in a new world, and, by degrees, her shrinking nature that could not contend, and her strong affections that must be satisfied, led her to sacrifice her sense of right, and to conform herself to the views of those around her. For love's sake, she let truth go; and the result was self-reproach and unhappiness.

Her return to Barr, towards the close of the year 1788, was followed by renewed mental activity. She gives us a curious picture of her training and her progress at ten years of age. Latin was her favourite lesson; for she had left the weary grammar behind, and was eagerly reading Virgil and Tacitus. Hume's *History of England* was a daily study; and, borrowing Anglo-Saxon histories from the libraries of Lichfield Cathedral, she set herself to decipher them by means of Lye and Manning's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary*. Then, for her amusements, Rollin's *Arts and Sciences of the Ancients* attracted her to architecture, and, with Dr. Priestley's son William for a companion, she helped to form models of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, of the Parthenon and the monument of Thrasyllus. She saved her money to buy Mezerai's *Tactics*, and according to the plans of the book, with hazel-nuts and holly-berries, fought again the battles of Thymbra, Issus, and Arbela. Pleasant hours were spent by her mother's side in reading the Bible, and Madame La Fitte's *Translation of Lavater's Physiognomy*. But her health, delicate from infancy, caused anxiety to her parents. Believing that the evil originated in the spine, and hearing of an instrument contrived by a certain Dr. Jones, an infallible support and remedy, one was procured, which she wore from the age of eleven to eighteen. This caused much suffering. It was only taken off at night, and during an hour and a half, when she was allowed to lie down, in the day. She frequently remonstrated; but her mother had good hope of a cure, and did not see how hurtful to a growing girl was this preclusion from the use of active bodily exercise, and consequent increased occupation with purely intellectual pursuits. Her father, with the kindest intentions, undertook to teach her arithmetic and algebra; but for these studies she had no natural bent, and the result was disappointing to him, and very mortifying to herself. All this time the old struggle was going on. She says,—

‘I wondered why, if pleasing others were a duty of benevolence, dissatisfaction should always follow, even when my attempts had succeeded. I wondered also how it was, if I had really acted from benevolence, that failure always put me out of sorts, and I found nothing in my mind corresponding with that ancient philosopher who, having lost his election, declared that he could only rejoice that Athens possessed fifty men more worthy than himself. Another difficulty was, that I was constantly taught to bring every thing to the test of reason, and to do nothing of which my reason was not convinced, while at the same time I was instructed that it was my bounden duty to obey my teachers. But when their commands and my own reason disagreed, how was the point to be settled, and where was to be the appeal? I often thought these things over, but there were none whom I could question, or ask to unravel my perplexities. I often said, “O that I were like Theseus, and could find some Ariadne to give me a clue, whereby I might extricate myself from this labyrinth!” but, alas! no Ariadne came.”—Vol. i., p. 205.

So far from it, those who should have helped her, led her into new mazes. Her father would amuse himself, unthinking of the danger of his already bewildered daughter, by proposing intricate questions, or cases of casuistry on various moral truths, weaving a web around her from the meshes of which she struggled vainly to emerge. The father took this to be a wholesome exercise of mental strength; the child proved it to be deadening to faith and perplexing to conscience.

We have said how many men of genius and of letters were in habits of friendly intercourse with the circle at Barr. Among this brilliant galaxy, there were three conspicuous stars to whom Mary Anne’s dazzled eyes were ever turning in wonder or inquiry. Very diversely does she describe the impressions produced by Mr. Berrington, Dr. Darwin, and Dr. Priestley.

‘It was at the house of Dr. Priestley that my father first met the Rev. Joseph Berrington, the Catholic priest of Oscott, a small hamlet about a mile and a half from Barr. My father invited him to visit us. Never shall I forget the impression that the sight of Mr. Berrington made upon me when I was not eight years old. It was tea-time on a summer afternoon. The drawing-room at Barr was very large, and especially it was a very wide room. The door opened, and Mr. Berrington appeared; a tall and most majestic figure. I had never seen anything like that lofty bearing with which he crossed the room to speak to my mother; his courtly bow, down, as it seemed to me, almost to the ground, and then his raising himself up again to his full height, as if all the higher for his depression. Mr. Berrington was in person very remarkable; he was then about fifty; his complexion and hair partook of the sanguine, his prominent temperament; and this gave a lightness and relief to his angular and well-cut features. His

countenance exhibited, if one may so say, sternness and mirthfulness in different proportions; his nostrils were slightly fastidious; his mouth closed like fate. His conversation abounded in intellectual pleasantry; he was a finished gentleman of the old school, and a model of the ecclesiastical decorum of the Church of ancient monuments and memories; his cold, stern eye instantly silenced any unbecoming levity, either on religion or morality; his bearing was that of a prince among his people, not from worldly position, but from his sacerdotal office, while his ancient and high family seemed but a slight appendage to the dignity of his character. His voice was deep and majestic, like the baying of a blood-hound; and when he intoned mass, every action seemed to thrill through the soul.....He was our most intimate neighbour at Barr. Three or four days seldom passed without his joining our dinner or tea-table; and as his house at Oscott was the rendezvous of much Catholic society, from that time Catholics became our social visitors, and many of them were yet more intimately connected with us. We regularly had fish on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, as it was more than likely some of them would drop in; and they were ever welcome.'.....'How I delighted in his anecdotes of Cowper the poet, of Mrs. Unwin, Lady Austen, and Lady Hesketh! all of whom he met continually at Sir John Throckmorton's. He read the whole of *The Task* aloud to us.'—Vol. i., pp. 43, 147.

To Dr. Darwin, the well known author of the *Botanic Garden*, Mary Anne felt no pleasant attraction. His open infidelity, his sensual philosophy, and his personal appearance and manners, were alike repellent to her feelings; yet his wit and anecdotes won her to listen; and, listening, many a word lightly spoken gave her cause for lasting sorrow. She thus describes him, on his first visit to Barr to see her sick mother:—

'The front of the carriage within was occupied by a receptacle for writing paper and pencils, likewise for a knife, fork, and spoon: on one side was a pile of books reaching from the floor to nearly the front window of the carriage; on the other, a hamper containing fruit and sweetmeats, cream and sugar, great part of which, however, was demolished during the time the carriage traversed the forty miles which separated Derby from Barr. What was my astonishment at beholding him as he slowly got out of the carriage! His figure was vast and massive, his head was almost buried on his shoulders, and he wore a scratch-wig, as it was then called, tied up in a little bob-tail behind. A habit of stammering made the closest attention necessary, in order to understand what he said. Meanwhile, the doctor's eye was deeply sagacious, the most so I think of any eye I ever remember to have seen; and I can conceive that no patient consulted Dr. Darwin who, so far as intelligence was concerned, was not inspired with confidence in beholding him: his observation was most keen; he constantly detected disease from his sagacious observation of symptoms apparently so slight as to be unobserved by other doctors. His horror of fermented

liquors, and his belief in the advantages both of eating largely, and eating an almost immeasurable abundance of sweet things, was well known to all his friends; and we had on this occasion, as indeed was the custom whenever he came, a luncheon-table set out with hot-house fruit, and West India sweetmeats, clotted cream, Stilton cheese, &c. When the whole party were settled at table, and I had lost the fear that the doctor would speak to me, and when, by dint of attention, I could manage to understand what he said, I was astonished at his wit, his anecdotes, and most entertaining conversation. Thus did he beguile the time whilst the dishes in his vicinity were rapidly emptied; but what was my amazement when, at the end of the three hours during which the meal had lasted, he expressed his joy at bearing the dressing-bell, and hoped dinner would soon be announced....It was in the beginning of 1789, that my mother was again far from well, and my father sent for Dr. Darwin. Baneful and ominous these visits appeared to me, and I felt an instinctive dread of them, child as I was, for which I could assign no reason. His whole conversation on that occasion was characterized by the merriest and so-called wit which aimed its perpetual shafts against those holy truths which, imperfectly though I yet knew them, afforded me the only comfort in distress which I had ever experienced, and seemed to me the only wells of living water in the desert where we then found ourselves..... Never shall I forget the contrast between his figure and the fragile form of my cousin, (Priscilla Gurney,) who, as his patient, sat next him: fragile, indeed, she appeared, as though a breath might annihilate her; and yet there was that about her which seemed as a panoply of Divine strength, and before which the shafts of Dr. Darwin's wit against Divine truth, aimed cautiously at first, but afterwards more openly, recoiled innocuous. "My dear Madam," said he, "you have but one complaint: it is one ladies are very subject to, and it is the worst of all complaints; and that is, having a conscience. Do get rid of it with all speed. Few people have health or strength enough to keep such a luxury, for utility I cannot call it." One of the party having expressed the hope that one day he would receive Christianity, he replied, "Before I do that, you Christians must all be agreed. The other morning I received two parcels; one containing a work of Dr. Priestley's, proving there is no spirit; the other, a work by Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, proving there is no matter. What am I to believe amongst you all?" I never shall forget the look with which this was said.....Dr. Darwin often used to say, "Man is an eating animal, a drinking animal, and a sleeping animal, and one placed in a material world, which alone furnishes all the human mind can desire. He is gifted besides with knowing faculties, practically to explore and to apply the resources of this world to his use. These are realities. All else is nothing; conscience and sentiment are mere figments of the imagination. Man has but five gates of knowledge, the five senses; he can know nothing but through them; all else is a vain fancy; and as for the being of a God, the existence of a soul, or a world to come, who can know anything about them? Depend upon it, my dear

Madam, these are only the bugbears by which men of sense govern fools. Nothing is real that is not an object of sense."—Vol. i., pp. 151, 177, 238, 241.

Alas! what must have been the state of society when words like these were tolerated in Christian homes, and in the hearing of young children? Well was it for England that prior to this era of the French Revolution, when, under the specious names of right reason, equality, and liberty, atheism and materialism abounded, and threatened to sap the foundations of all social morality, there had been a wide-spread revival of true religion. Through God's providence, such philosophy was not likely to become the belief of the common people.

When compared with Dr. Darwin, Dr. Priestley stands on vantage ground. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck thus recalls him to mind:—

'Amongst Sir William Watson's visitors at Dawlish, was also Dr. Priestley. I shall never forget the innocent and childlike delight which Dr. Priestley seemed to feel in the natural objects which here surrounded us; the waves of the ocean, the lights and shadows on the rocks, the sea-weeds, and shells, and marine plants, all seemed to furnish him with inexhaustible subjects for recreation. He delighted in explaining them; and spoke of everything around as if his abiding feeling were not merely, "Supreme wisdom created this, or that," but, "My heavenly Father's love has given it to us richly to enjoy." Dr. Priestley was eminent for his social talents. He sometimes, I believe, has been thought sharp in his expressions in controversy; but those who knew him well fully understood him in this respect. A sharp and acute intellectual perception, often a pointed, perhaps a playful, expression, was combined in him with a most loving heart.....Dr. Priestley always spent part of the day in devotional exercise and contemplation; and, unless the railroad has spoilt it, there yet remains at Dawlish a deep and beautiful cavern, since known by the name of "Dr. Priestley's cavern," where he was wont to pass an hour every day in solitary retirement. When I consider how much of religious light and how many branches of religious truth Dr. Priestley wanted, I am more and more struck with his great fidelity in carrying out that which he had received, and impressed with the deep vitality of that Tree of Life, any portion of which is so distinguished in its immortal fruits from the products of the earthly nature.'—Vol. i., pp. 138-140.

On the favourite theory of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, hinted at in these last few words, and reproduced in varied phraseology many times throughout her Autobiography, we feel called upon to make a remark. Her meaning is not very plain. If she intends to say that a sincere belief in any revealed truth raises him who holds it above the heathen and the sceptic, and that in proportion to the firmness of his grasp of such truth is its

practical influence, each new discovery and attainment lifting him higher in the scale of intellectual and moral being, we agree with her: but it seems unlikely that she would dwell with so much frequency and earnestness upon a matter so obvious. If she means that any truth of revelation, separately held, acts like leaven, changing the nature and properties of the soul that receives it, we must demur. All Divine truth is vital, in the sense of being itself abiding and eternal: but it does not follow that it is assimilating and life-giving. It is not the belief of any truth in the abstract, even though that truth be Divine, that can originate a new spiritual and eternal life. This life is essentially a life in Christ. 'The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' There is still only one way of access to the guarded Tree of Life.

It is not our present design to look more closely into the theories of any of the speculatists among whom Mary Anne's early life was spent; but simply to observe the practical influence of those theories upon the mind of one young seeker after truth. To us it is clear that the only spiritual help she ever found was among her Roman Catholic friends at Oscott, in a Church which, however fallen and corrupt, still holds up Christ, and Him crucified, before the eyes of its worshippers. That help was not at all proportionate to her soul's needs, neither was it permanent; but she did enjoy short and sweet glimpses of Divine truth when, escaped from the society of literary unbelievers, she took a quiet Sunday walk through pleasant lanes to the little Roman Catholic chapel; or joined in worship with those who seemed to her to be sincere and earnest in their faith and devotion. It was not that she gained definite instruction; but her devotional nature was stirred, and, as she took her solitary way home, she would muse on the possibility of finding the secret of true happiness, and resolve at least to seek to know it. Her excessive fondness for symbolism in later years may be traced, perhaps, to impressions made at Oscott in her youth; and certainly her love for the members and services of this Church prepared the way for the snare that was craftily laid for her feet when the weakness and infirmities of old age rendered the struggle to escape difficult, and its issue long doubtful.

But the influences of Oscott were not so strong as those of home. The respect with which Dr. Darwin's *dicta* were listened to, and the high opinion of his talents that was constantly expressed, helped to shake Mary Anne's faith in the little that she had hitherto held as true. The conduct of some who professed Christianity tended to the same end. It seemed to be

their wish to agree as far as possible with its enemies; and while speaking of it as generally true, they refused to be bound by its practical teaching, and ridiculed its true disciples. The Scriptures were often spoken of, in her hearing, as worthy of study and high consideration; but it was said that the Apocalypse was a spurious invention, and St. Paul a bad reasoner. Her own reading of this period included Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, and the works of Molière, Voltaire, Bolingbroke, and Swift.

Filled with doubt, and consequent restlessness, she at last determined that she would satisfy her mind as to the truth or falsehood of Christianity, never doubting her own competency, child though she was, to examine and decide on this highest of all questions. The only person in the circle at Barr who was esteemed a man of high talent, and yet religious, was Dr. Priestley; and to his works she resolved to appeal. She was familiar with his *Institutes*, his *History of the Early Corruptions of Christianity*, and some other works, on Materialism, and on Philosophical Necessity. We shall give the result in her own words:—

‘I recollect with perfect distinctness both the room and the hour in which I made this, to me, most important research. Well do I remember, too, the earnest spirit with which I entered the solitary study.....My thoughts were conflicting, compounded partly of prayer to God—if, indeed, there were such a being—that He would guide me; partly of an indomitable reliance upon self, and the power of my own spirit to weigh the evidence brought before me. I determined not to let anything pass which did not bear the strictest scrutiny of my reason.....Let it be remembered that it was Dr. Priestley's standard of Christianity to which I was about to appeal. If he succeeded in proving it to be true, I was fully resolved to receive it; if false, to cast it off: yet, in deep agony of heart, and under a strong desire to find it true, I read with riveted attention; and the books seemed to prove indeed that Jesus of Nazareth had lived, and that He was a good man; but as I went on, they declared Him to be no more than man, and that the Gospel histories were written long after the events recorded had occurred, and that though there was sufficient truth in them to entitle them to be called a Divine revelation, yet there were so many interpolations, so much expressed after the manner of the time, that in truth every person must make the best use he could of his own reason, and exercise free inquiry respecting them..... I entered the room, believing Christianity, if true, to be the most glorious and blessed of all things. I quitted it, not indeed believing Christianity to be false, but convinced that I had wholly mistaken its object, its hopes, and its sanctions. Dr. Priestley's writings produced on me an evil effect which total infidelity had never fully achieved; for infidelity I could not altogether accept. His teaching of Christianity I supposed must be true, and I found it wholly unsuitable to

my wants, and powerless to assist and sustain. I was isolated and separated from God and man. I felt my heart full of conflicting evil passions, and my soul was prostrate in the midst of enemies stronger than myself. I needed a Saviour, who to human sympathy added Divine strength, to bestow life as well as consolation.....O. what a vivifying cordial would it have been, had I then known assuredly that the Good Shepherd had given His life for His sheep!—Vol. i., pp. 300-304.

From that day Christianity ceased to be attractive to her; she lost sight of the fatherly relation of God to the spirit of man; prayer seemed a vain mockery; and her 'blood curdled' as she thought of the many martyrs who had exchanged a joyful hope of glory for an eternal sleep. She rebelled against the providence of God in permitting her to suffer from ill health, and from the unkindness of some around her; and, as she says,—

'Thus was I left a stricken, desolate waif upon the stream of circumstances: and hoping for no love from God or man, my heart became changed within me, and the dark and bitter waters, of which it was full, soon overflowed on all around. I became careless and heedless of all my duties. I was turbulent, contradictory, and disputatious against the authority of all placed about me, constantly supposing that I knew better than they. I well remember telling Mademoiselle that it was a mere popular prejudice that years confer sense, and that she had taught me to despise popular prejudices!'

We will not dwell longer on this dark and dreary season, which lasted about two years. When fifteen years of age, she was sent to Margate for the benefit of her health, and was there thrown among 'cold and argumentative unbelievers,' and 'profane and immoral persons of genius.' But it pleased God, who, through all the years of her imperilled youth, had wonderfully suggested, by His Spirit, thoughts of heavenly birth, to lay her low with typhus fever. On her recovery, a voice from above seemed to speak to her soul, and to promise that if she would seek the Lord with her whole heart, He would be found of her. Now, she knew and answered to the voice that hitherto she had failed to recognise; and though, for some years, the light towards which she was ever pressing shone afar off, yet she had a hope within that it would be one day reached. When she was about twenty years of age, she was again staying at Bath with her family. She had no heart to enter into the gaieties around her; for her soul was hungering for the bread of life. One morning she excused herself from going into the Pump-room with her mother, and agreed to wait for her in the bookseller's shop close by. Looking at the books that lined the well-filled

shelves, she wondered whether any of them contained a word to satisfy her soul's great need. A sense of unhappiness overwhelmed her, and she wept bitterly. By and by she saw that she was not alone. A pleasing young woman, sitting opposite, looked at her earnestly, and said in a kind, sweet voice, 'I am afraid you are much afflicted: is there anything I can do to assuage your grief?' Mary Anne's proud spirit had been thoroughly humbled, and her distress was too true and too deep to admit of her casting away the remotest chance of comfort; so she said, 'O, can you do anything for a wounded spirit, who knows not where or how to obtain peace?' The stranger paused for a moment, and then said, 'There are many kinds of misery which try the hearts of men, but for them all there is one only remedy, the Lord Jesus Christ;' and then she invited her, weary and heavy-laden, to come to the Saviour. This interview was the turning-point in Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's life. Her unknown friend proved to be Miss Tucker, a 'Labouress' of the Moravian Church. An unexpected providence directed her to the very house where this lady resided, when her parents decided on leaving her at Bath for a time; and there, among simple-hearted Christians, she found that rest for her soul which she had so long sought in vain.

It would be interesting to trace the development of her new life, and to mark how she adapted herself, on her return to Barr, to the peculiar circumstances of her home and its associations; but for this materials are scanty. We must refer our readers to the second volume of the *Life*. Her Autobiography does not extend beyond the years of early youth; but such papers and remembrances as Miss Hankin could collect, are arranged by a faithful and loving hand.

At the age of twenty-eight, Mary Anne became the wife of Mr. Schimmelpenninck, a member of a good family of Dutch extraction, engaged in business, and living in Bristol. Some speak of her marriage as 'respectable and insipid.' It does not seem to us to deserve this covert sneer. We confess to a prejudice in favour of Mr. Schimmelpenninck from the simple fact that he had

'Sensibility to love,
Ambition to attempt, and skill to win'

so gifted a woman as Mary Anne Galton. Then we are told that he had good sense, a large fund of information, a taste for literature and the arts, and much kindness and amiability of disposition. It is certain that from the date of her marriage, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck was free to follow her own religious

convictions. Thenceforward her life was happier than it had been in her more brilliant early home; perhaps, happier than it would have been had her husband possessed distinguishing talents; for, little as ladies are disposed to believe it, those who gain the world's homage and set its many tongues astir, are not always the best domestic associates. When they prove so, it is because their genius and acquirements are held in combination with simplicity, kindness, and lowliness of heart.

Mary Anne's training had not prepared her for every-day married life. Mrs. Galton, one of the most ideal and least practical of educators, to avoid vulgar contact, and to give time for higher pursuits, had left cooking and needlework out of the list of her daughter's accomplishments. Perhaps she did not contemplate the probability of her marriage without a train of dependents such as did the work at Barr; we may thus find some excuse for the omission of kitchen lessons. But for any lady, married or single, needlework seems to us an essential branch of knowledge. Its mechanical progress, stitch steadily following stitch, helps to calm woman's often restless or ruffled heart; its small exigencies bring home vagrant thought, and demand contriving skill; and, pleasantly as well as usefully, does it fill up interstices of time. Men choose to laugh at needlework, except as a means of livelihood; and they often ignorantly urge those for whom their own hands love to toil, to lay it down; but women know its moral worth.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck grieved over her own deficiency in purely feminine accomplishments, and set herself to learn what she now felt she ought to know. Superiority shows itself not so much in the choice of things to be done, as in the way of doing them. Circumstances guide to action, but, duty once seen, a woman of cultivated mind and refined taste will make a pudding or hem a dish-cloth better than another; and, in spite of her mother's somewhat unfair insinuation, we will not believe that Mrs. Schimmelpenninck treated her friends to roasted turbot and boiled hare.

Shortly after her marriage, painfully feeling her own 'incomplete views,' and the lack of Church communion, and being permitted, through her husband's kindness, to make her own choice of the society she should join, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck took some steps towards uniting herself with the Moravians, they having been God's first messengers of good to her soul. But 'the lot,' about which she stood in doubt, proved, at that time, an insuperable bar to her entrance into their Church. Her thoughts then turned to the Wesleyan Methodists, and she sought and found a place among their members. She

was baptized by a Methodist minister on the 5th of December, 1805, and a fortnight afterwards she partook of the Lord's Supper. Although her union with the Wesleyan Methodists was not of many years' continuance, yet it was effectual in giving a new direction to her mental energies. Thenceforth she had clearer views of Christian privilege, and trod with more joyful feet the path of Christian duty. Mingling in free and friendly intercourse with Christian disciples, she found that there was a work for each to do; and she set about her own work zealously. For a course of years she took an active part in many charitable institutions in Bristol. She was ever willing to impart knowledge to young people, gathering them around her in classes for this purpose; and she met frequently with Christian friends for reading the Scriptures, and other strictly religious exercises. And well was it for her that she had the supports of a true faith, and the employments of an active charity. Soon after her marriage she was called to go through the great trial of her life. A difference of opinion between her parents and herself as to the disposal of certain property occurred. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck acted as mediators, and their claims were conceded in 1811; but Mrs. Galton's high spirit took offence, and from that day to the day of her death she neither saw nor took any notice of her daughter. With one exception, her whole family pursued the same line of conduct. Miss Hankin says, that this difference 'was made the ground of a withdrawal of all intercourse.' We may surmise that Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's parents were previously dissatisfied with the change in her religious opinions, and especially with her strangely vulgar choice of a Church. As far as it appears from the narrative, Mr. and Mrs. Schimmelpenninck had right on their side; and it is but just to say, that deeply as Mrs. Schimmelpenninck grieved over this alienation from her own family, she never doubted the propriety of the steps that she had taken, demanded, as she believed them to have been, by justice to her husband. As long as a reconciliation could be looked for, she prayed for it, and sought it both directly and indirectly; and when at last it seemed certain that nothing could change the feelings of her relatives, she continued to receive any tidings of them, through the public prints, and other indifferent channels, with the keenest interest. In her case, love long outlived hope. Her mother's death, in 1817, filled her with grief; and those who watched her as she passed through the deep waters, scarcely thought it possible that she should be brought through safely. Ever after she put on a mourning dress when the month of November came round; only exchanging it for bright colours

on Christmas Day, 'in sympathy with the glad tidings that day commemorated to the vast family of God's children.'

Not many years after her marriage, her husband's business affairs became embarrassed. It is strengthening to note with what Christian cheerfulness, with what quick adaptation, she met this change of outward fortune. Pressing sorrow is often best alleviated by entering diligently on some new and interesting branch of study. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck sought relief and found it in acquiring a knowledge of the Hebrew language, and in making acquaintance with the writings of the Port Royalists. Mrs. Hannah More was the first to introduce these to her notice. In the year 1814, she visited her husband's friends in Holland. There she became acquainted with a Jansenist bishop, Count Grégoire. With him she visited the tomb of Jansenius, and, through his help, she obtained many valuable Port Royal works little known in England. Literature had always been her delight; now it became an occupation, and, possibly, a temporal aid. By her *Select Memoirs of Port Royal*, which passed through many editions, her name was soon extensively known. Other works succeeded this; among them her *Theory of Beauty and Deformity: an Essay on the comparative Value of Grecian and Gothic Architecture; Biblical Fragments; Voices of the Cross to the Hearts of young Disciples*; and many small tracts. The theories that she advocates are open to objection and discussion; but these writings manifest the genius, attainments, and extensive research of their author. In the year 1838, she and her husband removed to Harley Place, Clifton, where he died in June, 1840. Her own health had long been in a precarious state; and from this time she led a life of comparative seclusion. But her retirement was cheered by the visits of her most intimate friend, Mrs. Richard Smith, and by the frequent society of other favoured companions. She was in the habit of reading most of the publications of the day, and always had two or three books of different kinds on hand. She was skilled in music and drawing, and had a particular aptitude for making charts, plans, and maps. Her mornings were spent in some branch of study, and her evenings in happy discourses, with illustrations by her ever-ready pencil. A description of Mrs. Schimmelpenninck's appearance and conversation in old age is thus given by her biographer:—

'Her deportment was alike dignified and simple; her countenance betokened strength, delicacy, and high mental culture; and there was an ethereality in its expression which told of more converse with heaven than earth. Her eyes, of dark hazel, were beautiful, full of sensibility and softened brightness; her finely-chiselled features, her

grey hair waving across her noble forehead, her clear, yet pale complexion, all were in harmony. No eye could look upon her countenance without being attracted by so remarkable a blending of majesty and beauty, of intelligence and sweetness. No ears could listen to her voice without being riveted by its clear, melodious, and flexible tones, until the sense of eloquence was lost in the great and noble thoughts of which it was the utterance. With some few, though very rarely among women, might be found her almost universal knowledge; fewer still possess the fulness and variety of thought which characterized the flow of her mind in social intercourse; and rarest of all would be the entire simplicity and humility which were her crowning ornaments. I will venture to say, not only that her conversation was unlike that of others, but that, as a whole, it was unrivalled. Sometimes heavenly wisdom flowed from her lips; sometimes the sparkling of her wit, her fund of anecdote, her vivid imagination, were the life of all; her speaking countenance, and her musical voice, ever varying with her subject. Sometimes it was deepest pathos, sometimes it was merriment itself; while her ringing, silvery laugh seemed the very echo of joyousness and glee.'—Vol. ii., p. 177.

Having overcome her scruple about the lot, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck joined the Church of her early preference, in 1818; and she remained in its communion to the day of her death, blessed in its ordinances and succoured by its members. On Good Friday, 1850, she joined the services of the Moravian Church in Bristol for the last time. Just before setting out, she heard that an old friend was in dying circumstances. She took a scrap of paper, and wrote as follows:—

'MY VERY DEAR AND HONOURED FRIEND,—May all the blessings of Him who, at this hour, hung upon the cross for us, be with you on this day. May He give you the full, deep, double blessing of the rich atoning blood, and the purifying stream of water. O! may He make your bed in your sickness; and as the heavens open to you, may you, like Stephen, see Him in glory at His Father's and your Father's right hand. Remember me still before Him..... Thank you, thank you, for the many blessed hours of sweet communion we have taken together before Him, in the land of our pilgrimage. O! may we once rest together in His holy presence, and rejoice before Him together!..... My dear and very honoured friend, to Him whom your soul best loves, I commend you. I know His angel encamps around your bed, encamps with a double purpose,—to watch over you under the eye of Him whose love neither slumbers nor sleeps, and because even the holy angels, by seeing His works in His living temple, the hearts of His children, learn more of the manifold wisdom and love of God in Christ. And thus both the angel in glory and the disciple in dust are privileged to minister to each other out of the rich abundance that alike replenishes both. Farewell! Pray for me in

finishing my pilgrimage, as I give thanks for you on the threshold of His glory.'

Throughout her own prolonged illness, in hours of extreme pain, and in months of depressing languor, she proved the sustaining power of Divine grace, and was often filled with holy joy. After one sleepless night, her first words were, 'I am so comfortable, so happy.' 'What makes thee so?' asked Miss Hankin. 'The presence of God,' she replied: 'I awake, and feel He is waiting to be gracious. His mercies are new every morning,—numberless. And then I speak to my dear Lord, and He speaks to me. Can more be desired?' She departed this life on the evening of the 29th of August, 1856.

We feel that we have scarcely done justice to this interesting book. It is full of charming episodes. We would gladly have given, had our space permitted, Squire Hoo's hunting; Sampson Lloyd's courtship; and the life-like word-pictures that make us see and love Christiana Gurney in her young fascinations and her mature excellence; and Priscilla Gurney, so beautiful, so exquisite, so heavenly-minded.

As for Mrs. Schimmelpenninck herself, she wins our admiration by her native talents and her abundantly amassed treasures of intellectual wealth, and our love by her rare qualities of heart. But she is too impulsive and too imaginative to be a safe teacher. If any would explore with her some region of truth, we would bid him look well at the ground on which he treads, and not follow with incautious haste in the steps of his swift-footed guide.

ART. V.—*Poems and Ballads of Goethe*. Translated by W. EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN and THEODORE MARTIN. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons.

It is not easy for ordinary English readers to place themselves in the point of view from whence to judge fairly of the minor poems of Goethe. To do anything like justice to the genius of the great German, we must accept, for the time at least, his own fundamental theory of art. This is precisely what English readers will not very readily do. In this country we are for the most part essentially practical even in our poetic criticism; and we cannot, without much difficulty, be induced to turn a favouring eye upon anything which does not show a definite object and purpose written upon it. We are apt to begin by demanding that the direct end and practical aim of

anything offered to our judgment shall be explained in the first instance. For this reason, in great measure, the minor poems of Goethe have not been read in this country even in the same proportion as his greater works; although, in an artistic point of view, it may be doubted whether in any phase of his genius it shone more brightly than in some of the ballads and lyrics. Readers in these countries cannot always be brought to see what purpose such writings fulfilled, or why so much labour and care should have been given to the production of such bright, airy trifles. Is a man, people are inclined to ask, who devotes his life to the production of elaborately cut crystals, or curiosities in amber, fulfilling the proper end and object of his being? We can perhaps more readily overlook the graver defects of such of his larger works as war most directly with English tastes, than we can pardon or understand the apparent waste of life and genius in scattering abroad scraps of song fashioned with the most exquisite symmetry and polish, but apparently without cause or purpose; stray fragments of crystal, clouds of diamond dust, which can by no possibility be united again to serve any useful end, or even to range in any harmonious system of ornament. There seems a want of earnestness in such work which Englishmen do not readily forgive. The more obtrusive errors of a Burns, possibly even the extravagant wantonness of a Byron, find more extenuation and allowance, because of the frequent earnestness and energy poets like these evinced in any cause which stirred their feelings. But the cool, placid self-devotion with which Goethe gave himself up to the art-business of his life; the calm manner in which, to the anger even of so many among his own countrymen, he kept on studying among dry bones, polishing stones, and elaborating verses; while serious, and very serious, business was stirring all around him: all this tries the toleration of English readers too far to allow them an entire critical impartiality when entering upon a consideration of the works of such a man.

In this temper, however, it is not possible to appreciate or to do the barest justice to the writings, and more especially to the minor works, of Goethe. We must be content to lay aside, for the time at least, all English idiosyncrasies upon the subject of a poet's calling, and to take calmly up with the views of the German poet himself, or we lose our labour in opening his volumes at all. These ballads and lyrics must be considered strictly and merely as works of art; and we must be content to admit, for the while, that the sole business and the highest aim of every art is to pursue its own special development within its own limits. In-

deed, in other branches of art, no one cares to question this proposition. We do not ask that the marble Apollo shall fulfil any end but that of mere beauty ; we do not demand that it shall even support an arch or hold a taper. We believe that the man has not unworthily spent his business part of life who has only engaged himself in the production of such images, though they serve no definitely useful purpose. All we ask of the lapidary is to bring out every beam of the diamond, every flashing tint of the opal. The painter who has done nothing but produce fine landscapes or beautiful faces, we admit to have, on the whole, led no useless or ignoble existence ; and no one feels disposed to arraign the public decree which sets him in a higher rank among the labourers of earth than his practical brother who combines painting with glazing. It is in this spirit we must consider the lyrics and ballads of Goethe, if we desire to consider them at all upon their own merits. Has the artist in this instance worked out his art to its highest development, so far as his strength allowed ? Has he given to his statue its fullest symmetry, roundness, and beauty ? Has he polished his gem until it irradiated from all sides its full lustre ? Has he covered his canvas, not with conventionalities to hit the passing fashion and to tempt the corrupted taste of purchasers, but with images conceived in a pure imagination, and realized upon the true principles of his art ? Try the minor poems, nay, the whole works of Goethe, by any other test than this, and his life must be pronounced a failure. Test him in this manner, and he becomes, on the whole, one of the most remarkable, self-devoted, and consummate artists the world has known. We do not mean to say that all his writings will bear to be measured even by this standard. It would be idle to deny that a great proportion of them must be pronounced false to his own artistic principles, as well as to all teaching of religion and the universal rules of morality. But enough remain to form a collection well deserving of literary and even of psychological study ; and it is worth while to leave aside for the present all consideration of the efforts in which the artist has failed, in order that we may, with unprejudiced eyes, survey those in which, at least, upon his own conditions, he must be admitted to have succeeded. Such a survey will be suggested to many minds at the present moment, by the publication of a little volume, entitled, *The Poems and Ballads of Goethe* ; and bearing the names of two literary men so well known as Mr. Theodore Martin and Professor Aytoun.

In one respect, at least, the minor poems are, considered as a whole, the most important relic which Goethe has left behind.

No other section of his works affords us so comprehensive an idea of the genius of the man. *Faust* may reveal the stretch of that genius in one direction, but it gives no perception of its reach in another, or of its general scope. *Götz* bears no kindred resemblance to *Iphigenia*, and the *Wahlverwandtschaften* does not hint of the hand which produced the sunny brightness and refreshing cheerfulness of *Hermann and Dorothea*. But the ballads, taken as a whole, give us a picture in little of the phases which that wonderfully comprehensive intellect enclosed. They give it as, in Richter's simile, a dewdrop, a mirror, or a sea, all give back alike a perfect image of the sun, not in its greatness, but in its shape, proportions, and radiancy. Every change through which the intellect and the character of Goethe passed chronicled itself, and left an enduring record behind it, in various of his ballads and lyrics. It would be a curious, and by no means uninteresting, psychological study, to arrange and group these little clusters of poetry so as to present a metrical *tableau* or diagram of the growth, the changes, and the developments of that intellect, and of the vagaries, the passions, the gradually strengthening composure and artistic self-containment of that character. We are told by Goethe himself, that he composed one of his ballads, *The Wanderer's Storm Song*, by roaring it out, half sense, half nonsense, as he justly calls it, to meet the roaring of a storm, in one of his wilder, youthful moods. Poetry was in youth his anodyne, his 'balm of hurt minds,' his draught of nepenthe, his consolation: later in life it became his intellectual practice, his exercise, his stimulant, his cold bath, his artistic relaxation. Goethe sought healthy stimulus, as well as luxurious pleasure, in vigorous and hard-working hours of poetic composition. Everything which affected him he changed into a poem. Everything which touched his intellect or his feelings appeared to pass through a transmuting process, and came out in verse. Not that he was ever, after the *Werther* era had passed away, a poet who approached in the least to what we must call, for want of any plain English word which expresses the idea, the 'subjective' class. He was intensely 'objective,'—not, indeed, by natural bias, or with the spontaneous ease of Shakespeare, but by determination and by art. When he embodied his own life, it was in a statuesque and formal manner. Yet he was not by temperament a man of strong nerves, or even great self-composure. Constitutional tendency, maternal example, and, later in life, deliberate purpose, made him, if not actually shrink from, yet as much as possible decline, participation in any emotion of a painful kind, where no benefit could arise to him.

self or to others. He had recourse therefore to the strength of his intellect, to counterbalance the weakness of his character, and the sensitiveness of his nerves. He dramatized his emotions; made them stand out objectively from him; and thus removed them away from himself. When grief became painful, he worked it off into a poem; and, contemplating it artistically, no longer felt it as belonging to his own being. He bore up against Schiller's loss by absorbing his mind in the determination to complete Schiller's unfinished work. When passion grew too strong, he found a safety-valve in poetry; when aspiration drew his heart upwards—as it sometimes did—with a painful tension, he occupied it with the realities of verse, until the strain relaxed. Every emotion is crystallized into a stanza; every passing change is registered in some symbolic lines, meaningless to all appearance, until you have found the key which gives the hieroglyph a solution and a purpose. To no poet more truly than to himself may that comparison be applied in which Goethe likens poetry to the painted windows of a church, which, seen from the outside, look confused and meaningless, but, gazed at from within, display beauty, harmony, and design, in every hue and outline.

Viewed, therefore, even apart from their great literary merit, Goethe's ballads and lyrics form perhaps the most curious portion of his works,—using this expression by no means alightingly. The character of the poet may be read behind them better than in any of his published *Conversations*, or in Mr. Lewes's elaborate biography. When in his matured and famous years Goethe entered into conversation with one of his admirers, he must have frequently known that he was talking for the world at large, and could no more allow his real nature and feelings unaffectedly to put themselves forward, than a man who sits for a portrait which he knows is to be hung in the Art Union Exhibition, can avoid a certain degree of constraint and pomposity of expression. Like many other men of genius who know that people are hanging on their words, Goethe liked now and then to play with and bewilder his hearers. When at a dinner-table he obstinately refused to say a word about the progress of the French armies through Germany, and perseveringly turned the conversation to one of Boccaccio's tales, or some curious cameo specimen, we cannot help believing that genuine indifference to the fate of his country, or politic resolution to commit himself to nothing, had far less share in his perversely frivolous conversation than a desire to torment his wonder-wounded hearers, and drop into their opened mouths anything rather than just

what they would fain have had. But his songs came from his very self. He had no living confidant, and could only express his soul through his genius fully to himself. These written words, therefore, not only remain, but they remain the only faithful record we have left,—the portrait which the rays of the sun itself have wrought, and which may be deficient from the imperfections of the material, but cannot be false; and whose outlines suggest to the gazer how to fill up the fainter portions for himself.

This important and peculiar element in the value of the minor poems of Goethe, we must not hope to see reproduced fully in any English version. The reader must neither lay the whole blame upon Messrs. Martin and Aytoun, nor believe that we have over-rated the importance of the poems, if, after the most careful perusal of the present translation, he fails to perceive in it the full meaning of which we speak. The translators could not, in deference to English tastes, include various of Goethe's ballads in their collection, some because of their over-warmth of imagination, and over-coolness of description; not a few because they intrude a deliberately rationalistic criticism into subjects which English convictions and English feelings require us to speak, and to hear spoken of, with reverence and with faith. English readers are not fond of seeing certain emotions anatomised as it were by a cool hand upon a poetic dissecting-table; or of hearing the most mysterious and solemn questions of religion passed through a process of rhythmical criticism, somewhat in the manner of a chemical analysis. Nevertheless, without these very ballads, lyrics, and epigrams, we can have no correct idea as to the genius and ways of thought which belonged to Goethe. We are likely upon the faith of such a translation as that now before us to believe the poet a man much more of the English stamp than he really was: or we may have heard vague talk of his infidelity and immorality, and thus do Goethe the great injustice of ranking him as a self-exposing Rousseau or a wilfully irreverent Voltaire. Another cause, too, renders an English translation almost necessarily imperfect. There must inevitably be found, as the authors of the volume before us observe in their Preface, a considerable amount of 'chaff' in the works of one of the most laborious and long-lived of authors. But many of the poems and epigrams which, when considered separately, may well deserve that name, and which may therefore be reasonably omitted by a translator, whose limits compel him to selection and rejection, become of no small value when viewed in the light in which we would now regard them. They fit into the portrait which the whole collection furnishes, and leave when removed a

decided blank behind. They show us a mood of the poet which was not the least important in its issues to his own character. They show us Goethe as he was when the reckless fit was on him, —wayward, unbelieving, fantastic, often even frivolous. The perfection of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* does not by any means consist in the intrinsic value of all the conversations, sayings, and dogmas he has collected, but in the fact that all these taken together form so complete a portrait, that the omission even of the most trifling would leave the picture imperfect in some detail. What the *Life* by Boswell would become, if condensed and pruned down to one octavo volume, even by the most intelligent and reasonable editor, a selection from the poems of Goethe is even under the hands of the most appreciative and liberal-minded translator. Therefore it cannot be expected that general readers can attain any full and precise comprehension of the intellectual character of Goethe from a translated collection of his poems. The peculiarities of an English public will hardly allow of a complete translation; and that thorough and accurate appreciation, which, even with the best and fullest rendering, it would be extremely difficult to attain, must with any mere selection, however carefully and intelligently made, be pronounced wholly impossible.

If the translation of Messrs. Aytoun and Martin fail to help English readers to a thorough appreciation of the genius of Goethe, it must be added that the translators appear to have had no such aim in coming before the public. Their object seems to have been to render certain of his ballads and lyrics popular among Englishmen. To make the songs of a great poet popular in any other language than his own, is, whatever the poet's range, not an easy task, and is one which, successfully achieved, would deserve very high commendation. But it must fatally mar the value of a translation if the effect be pushed too far, and removed into a totally different sphere from that of its original. The translators could in this instance scarcely have hoped that any felicity of adaptation could render the songs of Goethe popular in that sense in which the word applies to the songs of Burns. No magic of transfiguration could work out this effect. The ballads of Burns are intelligible in their whole meaning to every mind. No feeling or sentiment which any one of them embodies is above the appreciation of the humblest order of intellect. The most refined thought, the most philosophic scrap of moral teaching in Burns is not more difficult to appreciate than the most home-spun maxim of Franklin's *Poor Richard*. Subtlety of thought is not one of the elements which made Burns the most popular song-writer of the world. The

sentiment of *Auld Lang Syne* appeals neither to the culture nor to the ignorance of its hearer; so he have but a heart, he can feel it as warmly as the most refined artist, or the most profound scholar. *A Man's a Man for a'* that thrills through the roughest coat into the homeliest bosom. *To Mary in Heaven*, *The Lament of Glencairn*, and others, require an intellectual development higher only by a very little than that of the most uncultured cottager. But that simplicity which is a main characteristic of Goethe's style by no means belongs to his turn of thought. Scarcely a single ballad in all his voluminous collection is thoroughly to be appreciated without some degree of intellectual culture. Goethe is not a poet of universal humanity. It is hopeless to attempt to render his ballads and lyrics popular, in the common meaning of the phrase, in this country. There is, beyond all doubt, a large body of English readers perfectly capable of appreciating any refinement of thought, or subtlety of meaning, and who, nevertheless, being unfamiliar with German, may be said, however frequently they quote the name of Goethe, to be all but unacquainted with his minor works at least. For that class of readers Messrs. Martin and Aytoun have apparently laboured to make the ballads and lyrics of their poet acceptable. That they have not succeeded better, and rendered a valuable service to literature in general, arises in a great measure from their having altogether mistaken the limits to which translators may go in seeking after popularity, and ventured to alter and disguise their author in respect of objectionable or uncongenial points.

The first question which must be asked in such a case surely is, how far it is possible to make the poems popular, while presenting them just as they are, or at least with the utmost fidelity of likeness which can be retained. Where the essential characteristic of a poem is that it is unsuited for popularity, it is scarcely a merit on the part of a translator, that he has laboured at converting it into a popular shape. The question is not which shall be the most readable translation, but which shall be at the same time the most readable and the most faithful. There are, as Goethe himself somewhere observes, two ways of translating an author. One is to make him as much as possible an adopted child of the country into whose language his works are rendered,—to make Goethe, let us say, in the present instance, an English poet. The other, and far more difficult mode, is to endeavour successfully to bring the reader to the author, to lead the former to comprehend and appreciate the nature of the latter, to master the foreign peculiarities of thought and structure,—to make him understand

Goethe the German, instead of converting Goethe for the time into a popular Briton. To take a very familiar instance ; Pope succeeded in producing, as a translation of the *Iliad*, a poem essentially popular. For adaptability to its readers no translation we have in English can possibly compare with it. But, when a reader has got his mind and memory thoroughly filled with it, can he be said to have mastered and appreciated Homer? Except that he has learned the story and known the personages of the epic, he is quite as far from being able to judge of the character of the poet as he was before he had read a line of the translation. Pope did not make his readers for the moment Greek, but he made his poet English. Such a translation Messrs. Martin and Aytoun seem to have laboured to produce. It is bad enough that Goethe has been converted into an English poet, but this is not by any means the worst part of the transformation. Now he appears a poet of the days of Chaucer and Gower ; now of the Shakspearean and Spenserian age. Anon, he is a Scottish minstrel of the school of the Ettrick Shepherd ; a little farther, and he is a downright cockney in his gait and phrase.

Even in the least objectionable renderings we are sometimes amazed to find a monotonous and empty inflation made the leading characteristic of ballads we had always believed to be eminent for their noble simplicity of style and language. The translators appear to us to have scarcely ever for a moment sunk their own identity into that of the poet. The hand of an Englishman or Scotchman of the present day, labouring for an English or Scotch public of the present day, is perceptible in every page. Messrs. Martin and Aytoun seem to have forgotten that a translator is not an editor, who may alter and amend the contributions sent to him, in order that he may fulfil a definite and consistent purpose. The duty of a translator is the plain one of producing a version as like as can possibly be wrought, in spirit, structure, and words, to the original which lies before him. If a poet is designedly subtle in thought, you are not to present him as the utterer of mere commonplaces and platitudes, in order that every reader may understand him without difficulty. If he chooses to adopt a style which is simple to bareness, you are not to hang him over with flowers, and pieces of tinsel, and purple rage, to make a popular audience admire him. If it pleases him to wanton in over-sensuous and irreverent images and words, you are not to substitute spiritualized sentiment and the language of pious worship, in order that pure minds may not turn away with repugnance. When a translator believes that he cannot allow the sentiment or the words of a poem to go with the

sanction of his name before English readers, his obvious duty is to leave the poem untranslated. He cannot feel himself justified in conscience, when he presents to us something altogether different, the very opposite in meaning to that which the original contained; and then appeals to the public on such evidence to lend their sanction and their approval to that which conscientiously rendered must be met with avoidance and condemnation. If it be heinously culpable to falsify the language of a foreign author in order that home readers may think evil where none existed, it is, although in a lesser degree, still culpable to falsify it in order that readers may suspect no evil where evil actually does exist. What a touching piece of pious sentiment, for instance, is that which we find under the name of *Holy Family* in that collection of peculiarly modern rhymes and sonnets which Messrs. Aytoun and Martin offer to the public as specimens after the manner of the antique!

‘O child of beauty rare!
O mother chaste and fair!
How happy seem they both, so far beyond compare,
She in her infant blest,
And he in conscious rest
Nestling within the soft, warm cradle of her breast!
What joy that sight might bear
To him who sees them there,
If with a pure and guilt-untroubled eye
He looked upon the twain, like Joseph standing by!’

The translator who ventures upon such a rendering surely trusts too much to the ignorance of his readers—or at least to their benevolence, to excuse him because of his good intentions. We grant that the original lines cannot, or at least ought not to, be translated into English so as to preserve any sufficient hint of their real meaning. But although this would indeed be a very excellent reason for leaving them untranslated altogether, it affords no excuse for metamorphosing implied scepticism and plainly expressed sensuousness into a moral and devotional hymn.

The original runs thus:—

‘*Oh des süßen Kindes, und oh der glücklichen Mutter!
Wie sie einzig in ihm, wie es in ihr sich ergetzt!
Welche Wonne gewährte der Blick auf dies herrliche Bild mir,
Stünd’ ich Armer nicht so heilig wie Joseph dabei!*’

All that we can say of the meaning of the last line to readers not acquainted with German is, that the one thing needful to the poet to complete his enjoyment of the beautiful vision he gazes upon, is as nearly as possible diametrically the opposite to that with which the translators’ pious fraud adorns his words.

Artistically, the translation is as false to the style as to the meaning of the original. For bare and simple gracefulness of language it substitutes ten lines of pompous, empty inflation.

In the *Wreaths*, a somewhat similar instance will be found. Why not give, if the poem is to be given at all, the true meaning of the line?—

‘Hin auf Golgotha’s Gipfel ausländische Götter zu ehren.’

There is not much in the subject or the lines to render the poem indispensable to English readers; but if we are to have a translation at all, it should be such as will allow us to judge of what the poet really wrote, and the poet himself to bear the full responsibility of it in the minds of all to whom his verses make their way. Why the translators who ventured upon the *Bride of Corinth* should have feared to give the true meaning of this line, or to leave the poem untranslated, it is not very easy to explain. The latter course would have surely best avoided any chance of objection.

It does not need the evidence of the *Bride of Corinth* to convince us of what the translators refer to as the pagan tendencies of the mind of Goethe. Indeed, we believe, that poem would be very insufficient evidence of the fact, if it stood alone; and should at least be qualified and counterbalanced by the emphatically anti-pagan sentiments of the *Prometheus* fragment. But Goethe’s mind was in fact a singular combination of the Greek and the German. A phase of the French seemed to pass across it for a time, but was soon shaken off. It had little either of the Roman or the Anglo-Saxon cast. From the Greek source came the clearness, the crystalline brightness, the intense polish, the sparkling coldness. From the German came the analytic Rationalism, the introverted inquiry, the anatomized emotion, the laborious culture, the immense concentration upon single points, and abstraction from everything around. In almost the slightest of the ballads can be traced the mingling of these qualities. Some of them appear as airy, light, and brilliant poetic trifles as the songs of Anacreon. But they are not so. Looked into more closely, they have not the careless enjoyment, the spontaneity of sensuousness, which produced the Greek minstrel’s honey-laden hummings. They are not the joyous, irrepressible outbursts of sensuous genius abandoning itself to its own unchastened expression. They are poetic exercises, carefully elaborated products of an intellect which is conscious of its own power of varied development, and which labours in this path only for a new species of practice. Clear as Goethe’s maturity was from the early Wertherian morbidness, it is almost impos-

sible to peruse any of his poems without a feeling of melancholy. The man who wrote thus, was all his life through a lonely man. His destiny he must have believed to be to cultivate his intellect upon all sides; and this he fulfilled thoroughly, untiringly, with lonely labour. It is preposterous to convict him of pagan tendencies upon the evidence of the *Roman Elegies* and the *Bride of Corinth*. He worked at his little pagan gems because he thought it good practice. He saw that there was artistically what we may perhaps call an 'opening' for a poem which should present the early introduction of Christianity in a point of view wholly different from that which any other modern writer had adopted, and accordingly he seized upon the ghastly legend which he has so fearfully and powerfully poetized in the *Bride of Corinth*. It was a labour in which Goethe took an especial delight, and for which his peculiar mind eminently fitted him, to endeavour to realize objects in a dramatic sense; to throw himself into another's position of sight; to feel as others felt. In this peculiarity he was precisely opposite to Byron. Our English poet never contrived to lose sight of his own personality. He saw everything only in relation to himself. The sea was glorious while he sailed over it or swam in it: the woods, because they afforded retiring places when he chose to be lonely: the lake abroad, because it reminded him of his own dear lake at home; and the dear lake at home, no doubt, because it reminded him of the lake abroad. Through the green and yellow spectacle-glasses of his own moods he looked at everything. Goethe, on the contrary, endeavoured continually to vary the point of sight from which he looked upon nature and life. He spoke with just contempt of the weakness of Kotzebue, who, wherever he travelled, saw nothing in the seas or mountains which surrounded him, but looked only inward upon his own moody personality in all his wanderings. Goethe threw his whole being for the time into the mediæval freebooter heart of *Götz*, into the generous carelessness of *Egmont*, into the restless, gasping intellect of *Faust*, and the pagan yearnings of the *Bride of Corinth*. A critic may therefore draw any theory he pleases as to the mental tendencies of the poet, if he only looks at one poem, or set of poems. The author of the *Bride of Corinth* is a heathen: the author of *Faust* an infidel in the first part, and a Roman Catholic at the close. *Iphigenia* suggests a Greek, and the *West-Eastern Divan* an Oriental. But take them together, and it becomes evident that the author tried his strength in all these several directions, because he would have intellectual and varied exercise. The freakishness of Goethe's youth was not wholly shaken off in his maturer

years, and he loved to exhibit his genius in fantastic and varying postures. As Rousseau's strength lay in rejection, so Goethe's was exhibited in selection and appropriation. Rousseau's genius was rendered fruitless, and his works powerless for any permanent result, even in evil, by his eternal craving to seek back to the very essences of society, and to begin the whole scheme of the world over again. Goethe's main power lay in the fact, that he was able to take everything precisely as it stood, and, wasting no time in vain projects or regrets, incorporate it and transform it by the force of his own genius into something at least artistically valuable and real. Indeed, this was not only his strength, but his weakness as well. Delighted to find that in everything, good or bad, there was something which his own genius could take hold of and turn to account, he had none whatever of that earnest, 'holy hatred,' which a mind less dramatic and more simply pious would have felt for evil in all its phases. A poet, indeed, is not to be supposed a sympathizer with wrong, because he makes it a theme for his constructive genius to work upon; but the tone and spirit of his production will evince the soundness of his moral judgment, or betray the contrary; and it must be owned that a hearty distaste for evil is not the animating soul of Goethe's compositions. The luxurious atmosphere of his genius is too calm and stagnant to be wholly pure.

We cannot help saying that this little volume is a disappointment to us; nor do we think it will meet with the popular reception for which it was unquestionably designed. If the competent German scholar must at once declare that the poems it contains are none of Goethe's, so an ordinary English reader of taste must think Goethe, if these be fair specimens of his poems, a marvellously over-rated man. Every page is disfigured by vulgarisms. In almost every poem the translators have endeavoured to improve upon their original; where he is simple, they will have him eloquent and ornate; where he is laconic, they prefer diffuseness; where he is purposely plain and unadorned, they insist that he shall speak in the language of metaphor and hyperbole worthy of the *précieuses ridicules*. It is a curious study to observe how often in the translation of that celebrated poem which Goethe appropriately terms the 'Dedication,' but which Messrs. Martin and Aytoun very inappropriately term the 'Introduction,' the simplicity of the poet is abandoned in favour of some inflated commonplace, some exhausted metaphor. 'Fresh flowers, which hung full of drops,' become

'The sweet young flowers! How fresh they were, and tender,
Brimful of dew upon the sparkling lea!'

Ein Nebel—‘a cloud’—is ‘a white and filmy essence!’ ‘All appeared to burn and to glow,’ says Goethe. ‘All was burning like a molten ocean,’ declare his more eloquent translators. ‘Passion’ in the original, blazes up into ‘Passion’s lava-tide’ in the translation. Goethe says,—

‘And as I spake, on me the lofty being
Looked with a glance of sympathetic grace.’

The translators amend this, ‘marry, how? Tropically:’—

‘And as I spake, upon her radiant face
Passed a sweet smile, like a breath across a mirror!’

Does a smile of sympathy remind any one but these translators of breath passing across a looking-glass? It certainly did not present any such association of ideas to Goethe; for we have no hint of anything looking like a mirror in the whole of the poem. ‘I could now,’ says the poet a little further on, ‘approach her nearly, and look upon her closely.’ ‘Then,’ say the translators,—

‘Then durst I pass *within her zone of brightness*,
And gaze upon her with unquailing eye!’

In the last verse but one, the poet describes his imaginary instructress as declaring, that ‘the grave shall change into a cloud-bed.’ The translators thus render the line, somewhat in the Bulwerian style:—

‘Where gloomed the grave, a starry couch be seen!’

Only in the famous circle which assembled in the Hôtel Rambouillet could some of the expressions with which the translation of the poem is enriched find a favouring and appreciative audience.

The *Poems in the Manner of the Antique* follow the *Dedication* in this translation. In the original German, these are composed in the ancient hexameter and pentameter verse, which, the translators somewhat naïvely remark, ‘no doubt enhances the resemblance.’ Of these poems only a selection has been given: and we need scarcely add, that on extracting from the *Roman Elegies* the translators have not ventured at all. No admirer of Goethe, however enthusiastic, could wish to see these latter poems rendered into English. They are valuable as curiosities to those who read the original; but all that is calculated to redeem them, of language or of verse, they must infallibly lose in the process of translation.

It is not easy to pronounce a decided opinion upon the question, whether the translators have exercised a judicious resolution in presenting such poems as those which Goethe

calls, *Approaching to the Antique Form*, in a popular English metre. At first sight there appears something almost ludicrously incongruous in transforming poems which bear such a name into peculiarly modern English verse. Without, however, raising that technical point against the translators, and allowing that rather amusing objection to be considered as put aside in their favour, we still think the objections must be great indeed which justify such a metamorphosis of such poems. It cannot be doubted that English readers do not warm to the hexameters and pentameters, and that our language is not of itself adapted to such a measure. It is obvious that we cannot produce hexameter verse endurable to British ears under the same laws of prosody which govern the rhythm of the classic poets. English lines, modelled under such conditions, might indeed look like hexameters in print; but, when recited, the effect would be something like that of those amusing verses, arranged to ridicule the discrepancies of our pronunciation, in which 'plough' is printed as a rhyme for 'cough,' 'through' for 'enough,' and so on; having all the appearance of the smoothest rhyme to the eye, but producing the most ludicrous jangle when tested by the ear. The rules which govern the quantities of English words are so unlike those of Latin prosody, that no possibility exists of the adoption of classic metre under the classic conditions. But that we cannot produce flowing and musical hexameter verse upon our own conditions is by no means equally certain. Many of Southey's efforts have freedom, force, and sonorous harmony; and this difficult and foreign metre may almost be said to have become fully naturalized since the appearance of that popular and charming production, Mr. Longfellow's *Evangeline*. We feel satisfied that it may be made acceptable even to the least practised ears, and that no cause can possibly render the attempt so justifiable as the translation of such poems as these very *Antiques* of Goethe. The translator has but to make a choice of disadvantages. He must encounter the risk of offering to his readers an unpopular measure, or he must present the poem in such a form as to deprive it of all the outward characteristics of its original. The very distinction of poetry from the highest form of prose, suggests of itself that a poet's rhyme involves so much of his minstrel character that any departure from it must render a translation only a compromise. What possible conception could a Frenchman form of the lyric greatness of Dryden who had read *Alexander's Feast* rendered with no matter what verbal accuracy into French verse after the fashion of Crébillon? Could a German appreciate Gray's *Elegy*, or one of Burns's songs, done into the measure of *Hermann and Dorothea*? If a trans-

lation is worth reading at all, it is surely worth the encountering of a little additional difficulty in order to arrive at the closest possible approximation to the author's style and structure. The object is not merely to produce pieces of easy reading, in order that languid *dilettanti* may be induced to swallow down a few hundred lines of a great foreign poet, and then believe they know all about him. We are easily apt to forget what a hold the mere verse of a poet takes upon the mind; how we identify it with him; how its sound at once recalls him to our memory; how we grow to love it for his sake as well as for its own melody. The metre, for example, of *Hermann and Dorothea* is so completely harmonized with and made part of the poem; every sentence, and every glimpse of description, or touch of feeling, are so wrought to fall in and flow with the melody of the lines, that we do not believe any just idea could possibly be given to an English reader of such a poem by a translation cast in a different rhythmic mould.

We would, then, almost at all risks, keep to a poet's own rhythm. There need be no risk whatever of his meaning or spirit suffering in the process; and any other consideration merely suggests a balance of imperfections, a choice between doubtful substitutes. If we cannot possibly have the original measure, then let us have plain prose, which will leave the translator unfettered as to the thoughts and language of the original; and which, if it allow us no association connected with his rhythm, will save us from getting jarring and false associations into our ears and our memory.

Difficult, however, as it is to recognise the '*Poems after the antique Form*' in the specimens of modern versification before us, the translators have added other difficulties in some instances, which belong not merely to the metre. For instance, we find in the original two simple and graceful lines entitled *Esculapion*, and which literally rendered are thus:—

**'Thou accusest the woman of changing from one to another:
O do not blame her,—she seeks an unwavering man.'**

These lines present no astonishing subtlety of meaning, no impenetrable obscurity arising from their brevity. Mr. Aytoun, however, seems to have thought the sentiment required to be spread out, that it might become the more transparent.

‘ Wilt thou dare to blame the woman for her seeming sudden changes,
Swaying east and awaying westward, as the breezes shake the tree ?
Fool, thy selfish thought misguides thee : find the man that never
ranges ;
Woman wavers but to seek him : is not then the fault in thee ? ’

The translators are sometimes anxious to add metaphors and comparisons of their own where the poet found no place for any. In recompense, they at other times omit, for no very apparent reason, some comparison which the poet has thought fit to introduce. In the poem called *The Swiss Alp*, the two opening lines may be thus almost literally rendered :—

' Only last evening thy head was as brown as the locks of the loved one,
Whose bright image seems silently bending to me from afar.'

Is there any impropriety in this reference to some absent fair creature? The translator will not allow of such a personality. He says :—

' Yesterday thy head was brown as are the flowing locks of love ;
In the bright blue sky I watched thee towering giant-like above.'

We must own a decided preference for the original, and think the addition of the line about the mountain, and the bright blue sky, an ornament of a very common-place and cheap character, which by no means improves the poem.

We have already referred to the manner in which the sentiments of the poet have been forced through a process of Christian conversion in *The Holy Family*, and *The Wreaths*. Except for the altered meaning of the words we referred to in the latter poem, and for one line of pompous funeral oration magniloquence, *The Wreaths* is well translated. The line we refer to is,—

' Dying as greatly as he greatly lived ;'

which, it is almost needless to say, has no parallel in the original. Through the whole volume it strikes the reader incessantly that the translators were convinced Goethe's style was capable of much improvement, and that they were the men qualified to supply its defects and adorn its barren places. Nothing short of a conjecture of this kind can explain the determination which seems evident upon every page, to leave no verse of the original appear unaltered in its own simplicity.

The value of a majority of the smaller poems of Goethe consists more in the execution than in subject or sentiment. Many of them embody some simple thought of no great importance in itself, but which is crystallized into a perfect gem by the workmanship bestowed upon it. Perhaps no poet ever drew so much harmony and variety of expression from a language not naturally musical, as Goethe did from the German. He had a magician's power over words; they would do anything and everything at his bidding. In many of his songs every image, every expression, has an echoing and corresponding tone in the words which contain it, as if

they formed a piece of accompanying music. Some of the songs in the second part of *Faust* are master-pieces, marvels of this peculiar skill. Not in the mellifluous and sonorous accents of that glorious old Greek tongue, whose sounds Goethe so loved, can more exquisite and thrilling specimens of the perfect harmony of thought and of tone be found. We cannot expect translators to reproduce this beautiful feature in any other language. The present translators seem, indeed, to have made no attempt in such a direction. In some instances, where a peculiar metre was selected by the poet as corresponding exactly to the character of a song, they have introduced an altered measure for no perceptible reason, hexameters and pentameters having no concern in it. The rippling, bubbling measure of *The Youth and the Millstream*, for instance, gives half the beauty to the poem, and is loved by all readers of Goethe.

*'Wo willet du, klares Bächlein, hin
So munter?
Du eilet mit frohem lichten Sinn
Hinunter?
Was suchet du eilig in dem Thal?
So höre doch und sprich einmal.'*

Is it an improvement to alter the measure in this fashion?

*'Pretty brooklet, gaily glancing
In the morning sun;
Why so joyous in thy dancing?
Whither dost thou run?
What is 't lures thee to the vale?
Tell me, if thou hast a tale.'*

All we need to say of the manner in which the translation is executed, is, that it displays quite as decided a departure from the language of Goethe, as the measure does from his rhythm.

The Erl-King is a ballad familiar to thousands who have scarcely ever heard the name of Goethe. It has been rendered into English by all manner of translators. Sir Walter Scott's verse is at least good enough for all purposes, and might have spared us a translation beginning thus:—

*'Who rides so late through the grisly night?
Tis a father and child, and he grasps him tight.'*

Who grasps whom tight? Again, we have—

*'O father, dear father, and dost thou not mark,
Erlie King's daughters move by in the dark?
"I see it, my child, but it is not they;
"Tis the old willow nodding its head so gray!"'*

Surely such peculiarities are easily avoided, inartistic, and

vulgar. The translators seem to believe that an additional touch of simplicity is thus given to the poems; but the simplicity which consists in the use of vulgar colloquial phrases is not precisely that which forms a principal charm in the ballads of Goethe. We have already spoken of the constant introduction of old English phrases, and of modern Scotticisms. In almost every page we have such words as 'rede,' 'feres,' 'Dan Cupid,' 'An' if he might,' 'mickle,' 'bonny,' &c., &c. In some instances we have such Cockney expletives as 'seedy.' Throughout the whole volume the translators seem to have gone off upon a wrong notion of the meaning of rendering a foreign author popular in this country. Popularity they confound with vulgarity; simplicity they translate into imbecility. The first verse of the celebrated *Shepherd's Lament*, (*Da droben auf jenem Berge*,) a ballad full of the most exquisite simplicity, of the most touching sense of solitude and sadness, comes thus out of the transmuting process, which, reversing the wonders of the philosopher's stone, turns pure gold into dull lumps of clay:—

'Up yonder on the mountain,
I dwelt for days together;
Looked down into the valley,
This pleasant summer weather.'

Leaving the question of harmonious sound altogether aside, can these lines be called a translation of—

'*Da droben auf jenem Berge,
Da steh' ich tausendmal
Auf meinem Stabe gebogen,
Und schaue hinab in das Thal?*'

Any objection, however, to this verse of the translation is thrown completely into shadow by the inanity and vulgarity of the following:—

'The meadow it is pretty,
With flowers so fair to see:
I gather them, but no one
Will take the flowers from me!'

Would not this verse seem meant to parody the original, as the authors of *Rejected Addresses* burlesqued some of Wordsworth's lines? Here is Goethe's verse:—

'*Da stehet von schönen Blumen
Die ganze Wiese so voll—
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen,
Wem ich sie geben soll.*'

The richness of the German tongue in dissyllabic rhymes unquestionably renders any effort at the production of a corresponding metre in English extremely difficult. Still we think some better attempt might have been made than the following inharmonious jangles in *The Minstrel*:—

'The golden chain give not to me,
For noble's breast its glance is;
Who meets and beats thy enemy,
Amid the shock of lances.'

'I sing as sings the bird whose note
Thou leafy bough is heard on:
The song that falters from my throat
For me is ample guerdon.'

The Fisher is, upon the whole, a much better rendering of a very difficult poem,—difficult at least in its simplicity, sweetness, and melody. Considering their affection for colloquial expressions, we think the translators must have resisted a great temptation, since they have not Anglicised

'*Da war's um ihn geschehn*'

by

'It was all up with him!'

Goethe, like Burns or Béranger, is frequently peculiarly happy in a certain picturesqueness of phrase, which at once flashes the whole image or idea he desired to convey upon the mind of his reader. In the famous *King in Thule*, we have examples of this peculiarity:—

'*Es ging ihm nichts darüber,
Er leert' ihn jeden Schmaus;
Die Augen gingen ihm über,
So oft er trank heraus.*'

Those who remember Ary Scheffer's painting, will perceive how well the painter appreciated the touching and simple force of these lines. How thoroughly the translators entered into their picturesque value will be seen from the following lines, which evince an elaborate care to remove everything which had colour or expression:—

'And ever set before him
At banquet was the cup;
And saddening thoughts came o'er him,
When'er he took it up.'

In similar spirit, for the words '*Die Augen thaten ihm sinken*,' in the closing verse, is substituted the line, 'Heard Death unto

him calling,'—an inelegant and uncouth introversion, no word of which is to be found in the original. '*Dort stand der alte Zecher*' is rendered, 'Then rose the grand old Rover.' We cannot imagine why the dying king, who does not appear to have been given to wandering, is called a 'rover,' except it be as Mr. Pecksniff used to address his youngest daughter as 'playful warbler.'

The exquisite phrase '*schauerticht*,' in the lines 'to Belinda,' is impoverished down to 'silver radiance streaming.' We cannot understand why, in the same poem, which has somewhat of a personal and biographical character, the translators should have substituted 'treading the dances of this bright hall' for '*spieltisch*,' which is simply the 'card-table;' and 'whispering tongues and jealous glances' for '*unerträglichen Gesichtern*,' which merely means 'insupportable faces;' insupportable, we presume, because the young poet did not like them, or thought them dull or inane, or was not in love with them as he was with Belinda, whom he would fain have had all to himself. Goethe does not insinuate that the people around him whispered, or glanced, or winked, or were guilty of any rudeness whatsoever. They were there, and he wanted them away, and that alone made them quite insupportable to him, without any effort of their own to that end.

A very pretty sentimental little ballad, which has found hundreds of imitators both in German and English, is that which Goethe calls, '*Nähe des Geliebten*,' but which the translators prefer to designate 'Separation.' It contains, among other graceful verses, the following:—

'*Ich sehe dich, wenn auf dem fernen Wege
Der Staub sich hebt :
In tiefer Nacht, wenn auf dem schmalen Stege
Der wanderer bebt.*

'*Ich höre dich, wenn dort mit dumpfer Rauschen
Die Welle steigt :
Im stillen Haine geh' ich oft zu lauschen
Wenn alles schweigt.'*

The picturesque phrases, the melodious sound of the verses, redeem the poem from any weakness or insipidity. Not so, however, in the translation:—

'I see thee, when the wanton wind is busy,
And dust clouds rise;
In the deep night, when o'er the bridge so dizzy
The wanderer lies.

' I hear thee, when the waves with hollow roaring
 Gush forth *their fill* ;
 Often along the heath *I go exploring*,
 When all is still.'

Welcome and Departure, one of the finest of Goethe's love-ballads, is also one of the best specimens of translation this volume contains. But for one astonishing instance of purposeless exaggeration, we should say this little poem could scarcely be more fairly and elegantly done into English. 'I saw thee,' says Goethe, 'and the mild delight floated from thy sweet glance to me.' 'We met,' says Martin,

'and from thy glance *a tide*
Of stifling joy flowed into me !'

'Out, hyperbolical fiend ! how vexest thou this man !'

Perhaps all the faults of the translation cannot be better exemplified than in the beautiful, genial, simple poem called *The Happy Pair*. Scarce a verse of it which has not in Mr. Aytoun's version some awkward phrase, some vulgar colloquialism, some imbecile common-place, some tawdry ornamentation. If space would permit us to quote the original and the translation side by side, no word need be said to indicate the character of the latter. It has even blunders of verbal rendering, such as,—

' Yes, Love for us hath carried
 His torch across the sea ;'

thus presenting the happy German country pair as emigrants or explorers, because Mr. Aytoun thought *am See* meant 'across the sea !' We need not tell anybody who has learned the elements of the language, that *See* masculine (indicated in this line by the abbreviation of *am dem*) means 'lake ;' *See* in the feminine does, indeed, mean 'sea ;' and in this instance the carelessness or ignorance of the translator converted the rambling of the wedded pair by the reedy shore of the lake, into wide wanderings across the ocean ! This is not, indeed, the only instance in which the belief has involuntarily come upon us, that, along with many other requisites to qualify him to translate Goethe, one, at least, of the authors of this volume needed, in the first instance, a slight knowledge of German.

Some better specimens the book does, however, contain. *The Bride of Corinth* is, upon the whole, a spirited as well as faithful translation. It has defects, beyond doubt, and some careless inaccuracies. *Angekleidet sich auf's Bette legt*, does not mean,

'On the couch he laid him still *undressed*,' but exactly the contrary.

' *Morgen bist du grau,
Und nur braun erscheinest du wieder dort,*

is very inaccurately rendered by,—

' Soon must thou decay,
Soon wilt thou be grey,
Dark although to-night thy tresses be.

Nevertheless, on the whole, it is an effective and forcible version, and, in the closing passages especially, glows up into something like the vividness and fire of the original. *The God and the Bayadere* is also a correct and an impressive translation without exaggeration, although not without one or two awkward and inelegant phrases. *The Visit* is freely and gracefully transformed into English. Throughout the volume the translators have approached success only in those poems whose sentiments or story involved in themselves so much of their character and value, that any reasonable degree of correctness and eloquence must secure the interest, at least, if not the admiration, of the reader.

We cannot, then, upon the whole, pronounce this a satisfactory essay at the introduction of Goethe's minor poems to English homes. The defects we have pointed out are not singular or rare. They were taken but at random, and it is not exaggeration to say, that almost every page would offer similar examples. Even those we have glanced at are, however, quite sufficient to mar the value of a volume so very limited in its contents. No one can lay the book down with anything but a feeling of disappointment and of surprise. It does not sustain the reputation which its authors previously enjoyed as scholars and versifiers; and it cannot be suffered to go to the public as an adequate, or even a tolerable, effort to present English readers with an idea of Goethe's minstrel genius. The translators have foolishly attempted to gild the refined gold of the poet's language, and to paint the exquisite lily of his thoughts.

As to the selections made by any translators who only profess to give random specimens, there must, of course, be wide differences of opinion. In this volume there seem to us to be at least two or three poems which might with great propriety have been omitted. Probably, however, the number which the translators have included comprehends about as many of Goethe's minor poems as can ever be made welcome to English readers. A few which they have introduced appear intended to afford a glimpse or two of Goethe's humour, which was certainly not the brightest phase

of the great poet's genius. It is cold humour at the best; there is nothing spontaneous, genial, or warming in it. Freakishness was the most mirthful characteristic of Goethe's younger days, and not the hearty ebullience of genuine boyish spirits. His very freaks were most often fantastic intellectual flights: wild extravaganzas of verse-making; absurd improvisation; frantic metrical jumbles of nonsense and satirical sense; keen-cutting caricatures of the ways and weaknesses of those around him. A few humorous specimens, which this volume contains, are feebly translated, and are in themselves quite unexhilarating. Humour of the true kind has never been a characteristic of German genius. Even in the flighty conceits and fantastic digressions of the warm-hearted and genial Richter, there is little mirth for the reader; and Schiller is coldest and least winning when he attempts to make us laugh. Such a vein of humour as that of Shakspeare, or that of Molière, no German we know of can discover; to that of Sterne or Swift alone is any approach made. That Goethe, in his maturer years, essayed such a kind of poem at all, was but a part of his intellectual system, which strove to stretch itself out upon every side, and become equal upon all; to be mentally the *teres atque rotundus*, — 'the smooth and round,' — which it was the philosophy of the Latin poet morally to strive for. They who would appreciate Goethe in his strength must know him in his dramatic power, in his interpretation of the manifold strivings of the intellect, and in his pathos. The highest examples of these capabilities, even so far as the minor poems display them, will not be found in this volume; and it would, indeed, scarcely have suited the purpose of the translators to include them. The finest specimens of depth, clearness, and at the same time condensation of thought, will be found in his epigrams and scattered scraps of poetic wisdom, none of which can reasonably be held to come within the compass of such an undertaking. The poems in which Goethe delights to lift his intellect beyond the atmosphere of ordinary intelligence, and to amuse himself with easy poetizing in regions which others cannot reach without difficulty, or breathe in without pain, would be as much out of place in a volume destined for popularity, as a selection from the *Critique of Pure Reason*, or the letters of Reinhold. Almost as a matter of necessity, all translators are limited to that range of songs containing least of the peculiar elements by which Goethe is distinguished from other poets. Even the pieces in this little volume which most adequately represent his genius, and are best rendered, are just those which will be least widely appreciated. What chance is there of making, by

any skill of translation, the *Bride of Corinth* an English favourite? The point of view to which it compels us is one whose temporary assumption even is repugnant, and seems to many minds to involve almost an outrage upon Christianity; the subject is horrifying and ghastly; the details suggestive of flesh-creeping associations. The translation of this poem is, as we have said, one of the best in the volume; but we feel confident that other poems, not comparable in the power of genius, and translated with far greater defects of execution, might find a dozen admirers for every one who can tolerate the spectral pagan *Bride*. Even where no objections of so decided a character stand between the great German and an English popularity, others arise which, if they involve no moral considerations, are for intellectual reasons not less difficult to surmount. Simplicity of thought is a key to popularity, but not simplicity of style combined with subtlety of thought; and this combination is the characteristic of all, save the most trivial, of Goethe's poems. With all his universality of genius, and his many high qualities of heart, he was, as we have already said, no poet of humanity. He is the aristocrat or the *savant* of poetry. You must come within a certain sphere before you can know what of good there is in him; you must have mastered a certain degree of knowledge before you can understand him. He set before himself a task, and he fulfilled that alone; he believed that he had discovered the right scope of his influence, and he did not seek to deepen or widen it. He fills, indeed, a high place in literature, and breathes in an elevated and rarefied atmosphere of intellect; but to those who cannot reach towards him, he will not descend with helpful, uplifting hand. No peasant's cottage will ring with the refrain of his songs; no popular gathering will be stirred to enthusiasm by the inspiration of his sentiments; no untutored eye will be opened to a sense of art by his images of beauty; no poor and lowly heart will find riches of consolation or object of noble faith in the maxims of his cold and sceptical philosophy.

ART. VI.—*The Sinlessness of Jesus: an Evidence for Christianity.*

By DR. C. ULLMANN. Edinburgh: Clark. 1858.

It is the hard necessity of modern German theology to be in every department apologetic. Whether unfolding the faith, explaining the Scripture, contending for individual points of doctrine, or discussing ecclesiastical ordinances and ceremonies, it must never forget, and can never lay aside, a certain tone of

pleading for Christianity itself, which the Rationalism of a century has compelled it to assume. Calm, uncontested Christian doctrine there is none, save in quiet corners; the German Protestant faith is not tranquil and fixed enough for that. Honest polemics, fierce in assault and defence of this or that doctrine, but holding fast by common consent the sure foundation of all doctrine,—and which on that account has given birth to a very large portion of the most precious divinity of all ages and all Churches,—may be said to be only beginning to find its place. Not yet are these good men enabled to stand in confident possession of their central vantage-ground, and establish their lines from that secure position. Those who argue for particular points of the faith once delivered to the saints, constantly betray their anxiety about the question whether that faith was *ever delivered at all*. They teach, expound, and argue like men who are always in the presence of the infidel; as if under the necessity of preparing every moment for the possibility of the enemy's explosion of the whole matter by a ruthless questioning of the very first principles of Christianity. With one trembling hand they strive to build up the Church of God, but a dread of interruption and assault obliges them to hold a defensive weapon in the other.

This is indeed a dreary obligation, the distress and perplexity of the orthodox divines of modern Germany. It pleads loudly for the tolerance and sympathy of those upon whom such a stern probation is not laid; a tolerance, however, which is perhaps not so generally felt, or so frankly accorded, as it ought to be. For, this everlasting strife for fundamentals is not their fault, but their vocation and duty,—the burden imposed upon them by their fidelity to Christ. Whatever errors may be in their tactics, and whatever failures in individual skirmishes, the war on the whole is a holy war. The Holy Spirit, the Captain of the Lord's host, is conducting it; and conducting it in such a glorious manner as to give augury of a successful issue, sure, if not speedy. To those who look at German theology with eyes of wise charity, it is evident that it is gradually assuming a more steady and assured consistency of tone. There is less of the doubtful Apology; more of the vigorous Polemics; and much more of the tranquil Doctrine, with its attendant practical and experimental divinity.

Meanwhile, those who sympathize most cordially with the severity of its late probation, and who most heartily wish it success in its militant development of the truth, cannot but be conscious of the unhappy influence which this tone of unintermitting apology has exerted upon German theology, even of the soundest kind. Many exemplifications might readily be found, were it our purpose to exhibit them; but we would now refer briefly to

one, viz., the exaggerated estimate of the province and ability of reason in conducting the warfare with Rationalists. This is precisely the error which might be expected naturally to mislead the defender of the Christian cause against such adversaries; indeed, so naturally to be expected as to be almost venial. It could scarcely be otherwise than that reasoning should be relied upon to undo the work of reasoning; and that, in their zealous determination to foil the gainsayers at their own weapons, the champions of revelation should be tempted to conduct the warfare too exclusively within the bounds of the pure understanding. The logical process seems to those who construct it irrefragably sound, and they draw their conclusions with most unsuspecting confidence. But they forget that a higher light in themselves has been unconsciously conducting the argument; and that their adversaries, not having *that light in them*, cannot thus be made to share their convictions. Too much, in short, has been expected from the pure apology of human reason; it has been pressed beyond its legitimate domain; and, in most instances, whatever triumphs it has won have been won from those whose latent convictions were already on its side. It has done service; but not in the way which it over-ambitiously prescribed to itself.

These observations will fairly introduce the few remarks we have to make upon the present volume,—*The Sinlessness of Jesus: an Evidence for Christianity*. Thirty years ago, when every writer in Germany who would do God service, was obliged to fight the battle of the Foundation, Ullmann published the germ of this work as an essay. It excited great attention, as a bold, yet reverent, attempt to argue from the historical postulates of the character of Jesus, and the influence of that character upon the world, to the Divinity of the Founder of Christianity, and the supreme claims of His Revelation. The treatise has slowly expanded under the author's hands; but although the doctrinal bearings of the question have been more fully developed, it has adhered closely to its original scope,—the purely apologetic. The work is well worthy of an attentive reading. Apart from its value as an argument, of which more anon, it is rich in evangelical truth, exceedingly beautiful in its literary form, devout and earnest in its tone, and altogether a fair example of the reviving orthodoxy of the Fatherland of Rationalism. Moreover, it is to a grateful extent free from those characteristics which are wont to repel Englishmen from German theology; and it is singularly fortunate in having found a translator who has done his part to make it acceptable to the English public.

The author's undertaking in this work is a very bold one. It is to make the sinless character of the Founder of Christianity

the basis of an argument with the unbeliever: the doctrine, therefore, of Scripture and the Church, on this transcendent subject, is necessarily left out of view; the phenomena of Christ and Christianity are assumed; reason conducts reason from these premises through a subtle chain of deduction, which issues at length in the demonstration of the sublimest mysteries of Christianity, or, at least, in the removal of every objection to them which human speculation can oppose. The dogmatic view, therefore, of the sinlessness of Jesus, though it is utterly excluded at the outset, comes out in full at the close; but still 'within the limits of the pure reason.'

Now, in all this we perceive the two faults which might have been expected to infect such an undertaking: first, the apologetic force of the argument is greatly over-estimated; and, secondly, the doctrinal result to which it leads savours too much of the spirit of concession. In other words, the apology is too high in its strain, the doctrine too low. In fact, the *doctrine* of the sinlessness of Jesus is anticipated in the argument which should lead to it. It is throughout an unconscious pre-supposition, inevitably necessary to so ambitious a process of reasoning. The true, real, doctrinal sinlessness of the Redeemer is a conception which cannot be apprehended, realized, and understood without a cordial acceptance of the entire Christian scheme. But the pleader here has this inexpressible advantage over the mind which he would convince. His argumentation is sublimely conclusive to one who already holds the faith; it would be so even to one who should be supposed thoroughly open to the demonstration of the Spirit, the sole Interpreter of the mystery of God and of Christ; but its latent, unexpressed, unconscious assumptions must ever be fatal obstacles to its entire success with the mind bent only on reasoning its way to conviction.

Hence, it has been found that the course of reasoning here pursued with loyal and reverent zeal has achieved its triumphs, not among the Rationalists themselves, who have readily found, as this book bears witness, their defensive armour; but among those who have been partially prepared for its effect by a certain amount of faith in the historical New Testament, by a certain acceptance of Christian doctrine, and by a certain simplicity of disposition which at least does not repel the Divine guidance of the Spirit. Its failure in its higher and, as we think, impracticable object, is no bar to its success in this lower sphere. It cannot do much with those who are totally blind; but among those who see men as trees walking, it may be exceedingly useful. Doubtless, the Holy Ghost has blessed this, and many other such honest *à priori* defences of Christianity, with success

among the large class of waverers, in compensation for their lack of success among those with whom they are not competent to deal. They help to remove a thousand objections. They give unity and consistency to views previously undefined and vague. They prepare the way for a higher pleader and better arguments; with a certain class of minds they are the very best forerunners of that higher conviction. This kind of service may not satisfy their ambition; but it is good service, nevertheless. We believe that this present work has been of the greatest use to a very large class of thinkers in Germany; and that there are not a few unsettled minds in England to whom it will be of equal use. But we question if ever one of the class for whom it was ambitiously designed, has owed his faith to its instrumentality.

No one can read this treatise without being deeply convinced of the central importance of the Sinlessness of Jesus in Christian theology,—apologetical, doctrinal, and practical. There is no word in the Christian vocabulary more absolutely fundamental than this. But, on that very account, it requires and demands to be studied in all its universality. As it expresses the greatest and most sacred mystery which the mind of man can contemplate, it conveys not its full meaning save to those who understand the speech of the Holy Ghost, and who are by Him led into the inner sanctuary where God in Christ tabernacles with men. It has its earthly and its heavenly sense. The former belongs to the apologist; the latter to the teacher of Christianity: the former may be explained, enforced, and argued from by man; the latter is in the keeping of the Divine Spirit. This distinction, the omission of which, though doubtless an intentional omission, is the fault of the present treatise, we shall occupy a few pages with establishing.

'The sinlessness of Jesus' is a phrase which, in all its full meaning, can only be understood doctrinally. All that the apologist for Christianity can mean by it, all that he can expect his enemy to concede to him in its use, is the perfect faultlessness of Jesus of Nazareth, as judged by every standard which man's idea of excellence can apply to it. He may so skilfully deal with the historical representation of Christ's character as to lead the adversary step by step to the very confines of the great mystery beyond. But at that point apology ceases, and doctrine begins. Nor can any man form any apprehension of the *absolute sinlessness* of the Redeemer until he deduces it from the great fact upon which it rests.

Undoubtedly, the character of Jesus may be employed in defence of His revelation. Nay, in its own domain the argument from that character is the strongest and best external evidence

for the Gospel; external, viz., to the mind of the believer; though, as it regards the Gospel revelation itself, it may be regarded as internal evidence. It is in fact the fundamental ground of all other evidence; of itself most mighty, and giving strength and validity to all the rest. Its power in the argument with the world without is, 1. Negative. That is, the glory of the character of Jesus may be represented in such a manner as to silence all objections to this revelation which might derive their strength from anything incompatible with His claims in Himself; and this is the strictly defensive and apologetic use of the Redeemer's sanctity. It is, 2. Positive. That is, its exhibition may enforce attention, exert an attractive power, and most mightily recommend the claims of Him who professes to reveal the Father's will; and this is the offensive and apologetic use of the Redeemer's sanctity. The sinlessness of Jesus—whatever the word may mean—is such as, on the one hand, to silence every preliminary objection to the Gospel; and, on the other, to demand, with authority irresistible, a hearing for His claims. There apology ends; and when there is superadded a third element of argumentative power, and it is assumed that the honest reason of man must admit, after the thoughtful contemplation of the Redeemer's character, merely as such, and without any further teaching, the conviction of His supreme and essential sinlessness, and therefore the whole fulness of the Christian faith, we are constrained to demur. The author would have done well to pause where we pause; and, having brought the inquirer to the threshold, with all opposition removed and deep interest excited, to recommend to him the Person of Christ as revealed by the Divine Spirit within the sanctuary.

There does not exist a more masterly vindication of the Lord's sinlessness, as it has been impugned by the enemies of Christianity, than this volume contains. Our reverence would almost recoil sometimes from so elaborate a vindication of the Holy One, were it not that He Himself has set us the example of patience in disarming the resentments of His slanderers, and in obviating the misconceptions of ignorant inquirers. Every one whose unhappy lot it is to find himself external to Christianity, has a perfect right to demand that the recorded and traditional character of One who makes such awful pretensions should be above human impeachment, at least, and, as far as man can judge, above Divine.

Let it not be supposed that we refer to those attacks upon the Redeemer's character which call in question or asperse its purity and sincerity. The reader of this book will not find a sentence

which recognises the existence of any such enemies of the Christian faith as would impute to the soul of Jesus conscious deceit and hypocrisy. Such enemies there have been; for the depths of Satan in the spirit of man are unfathomable; but, to the credit of Germany be it spoken, very few of them have been found there. Into this lowest and vilest sink of infidelity the French and the English infidels have sunk, to their eternal infamy; but the unbelief of German Rationalism has almost always respected the ideal image of our Lord as impressed upon the Gospels. The men who could read the New Testament, and find in any page of it the slightest vestige of aught that malice might torture into a charge against the integrity of the moral character of Jesus of Nazareth, are beneath the notice of the Christian apologist. This writer does not allude to their existence, and his tranquil contempt is just. But there are forms of honest objection—so far honest, that is, as any doubt about Christ's word can be honest—which a fair consideration of the Life in the Gospels will obviate. The worse than Jewish aspersions upon the motives and character of our Lord which have been from the Apostate's time—not Judas; that infamy at least lay not upon him, but Julian—more or less current, should be answered only by pointing to the Gospel narrative. His Lord will forgive him if the loyal spirit of His servant declines to defend the integrity of One about whose character his mind is incapable of *thinking* any evil. As to those two or three instances of overt human infirmity which seem to disturb here and there the serene image of Christ with the semblance of passion, and those instances of apparent deception which seem to question His sincerity, they suggest their own reply to all those who are not beyond all perception of what is pure. A few notes are all that is spent upon them in this volume, and even they are more than enough.

In fact, this simply defensive apology scarcely enters into the design of our treatise. It sets out with exhibiting the transcendent perfection of our Lord, as displayed in His life, as attested by His disciples, as never contradicted by His foes, and above all as avowed by Himself. The objections here dealt with are those which infidelity may urge against the possibility of such a sinlessness in human nature as Jesus asserts for Himself. This is what we have termed the offensive apology, that scarcely pauses to ask with Christ, *Which of you convinceth Me of sin?* but proceeds at once to urge the all-commanding claims to hearing and consideration of Christ's own assertion of His character and mission. Now, here there is a distinction, according to the object which the apologist has in view. He may take the lower

ground, and so plead the excellence of the Redeemer's character as to remove every honest objection, and make it morally binding upon every man to hear His words; trusting to the assurance of the Lord Himself, that he who, with unprejudiced mind, and a heart drawn by the attraction of goodness in Christ, cometh to Him, shall be taught from above. The sinless character of Jesus is simply set forth as an attraction, which ought to be irresistible, to hear His words; being the certain introduction to a Divine Interpreter of the mysteries of the Redeeming person and work of Christ. The other plan is at once to assume and establish the perfect sinlessness of Jesus, defending it against all the arguments which philosophy or exposition may urge, and then to deduce all the inferences concerning human salvation which follow. This is the plan adopted in our treatise; and it is one to which we have already demurred, as over-estimating the power of argument, and under-estimating the office of the Holy Spirit.

We will suppose the author to have established that the New Testament claims for Jesus—that He claims Himself, and His disciples claim for Him—an absolute freedom from sin, and a perfect oneness with God in all things. What then should be his course but to urge upon one that is already so far prepared as to receive the testimony of the Gospels concerning Christ, the necessity of seeking the higher revelation which is the prerogative of the Holy Ghost? This is the method of argument and conviction which the Lord Himself has prescribed. He has sanctioned no other. He permits His human advocates to plead the spotlessness of His life, the perfect self-renunciation of His spirit, the sublimity of His moral teaching, the consistency of the great whole of His work upon earth,—to silence all preliminary objections to His claims, and to establish a mighty inducement to consider those claims. But the Divinity upon which those claims are based, the eternal reason of that spotlessness of life, the heavenly mystery of His sacred Being, He has not left to the pleading of any mortal advocate.

Throughout the whole course of His own warfare with the unbelief of His generation, our Saviour never based His condemnation upon the wilful refusal of His enemies to follow the conclusions of their own reason, but upon their conscious resistance of a direct Divine demonstration which accompanied His word and works. That which they refused, He constantly tells the Jews, in St. John's Gospel, was the testimony of the Father, which might have been heard in every word He spake, and seen in every act He performed. Every time He presented Himself before them, there was an immediate and specific Divine influence—a virtue going out of Himself—which imparted a Divine

power of demonstration, irresistible to all who were not in their inmost spirit resisting the will of God. This we may reverently term the demonstration of the Incarnate Person and work of the Redeemer, which was peculiar to Himself and His own earthly ministry, and which passed away with Him when He departed from this world; but only to be reproduced in the still higher demonstration of the Holy Ghost; who not merely reveals the deeper mysteries of the Son of God made flesh, but must be appealed to as the direct Mediator in every transaction between the reason of man and the eternal Word. As no man knew the Son in the days of His flesh but he to whom the Father revealed Him, so no man can know the Son now in the days of His glorification but he to whom the Holy Spirit revealeth Him. The Redeemer would not have left His own generation under such a terrible sentence of condemnation, if He had not enforced the claims of His works and words with a much higher demonstration than mere human reason would have found in them; and if the men of our generation are to be convinced, it will not be by reasoning which is independent of the Holy Ghost.

The reasoning with which we have to deal is essentially independent of the Holy Ghost. His name, His offices, His relation to the person of the Redeemer and the letter of His words, are never once alluded to throughout this volume. But the very entireness of this suppression—for suppression it must be in the case of one so evangelical as the writer—shows that the author intends no dishonour to the Divine Spirit, but that the line of argument adopted requires that special Divine demonstration to be omitted. The omission, however, is as unphilosophical as it is repugnant to the simplicity of faith. The process of this argument *must* include the Divine Spirit as the Interpreter of Christ's person. The Gospels are taken for granted; but those Gospels present to us the Holy Ghost as distinctly as Christ Himself, and precisely in the capacity and function of Revealer of Christ's character. His person is as well defined as that of the Son and that of the Father. If it be said that the enemies believe not as yet on the Holy Ghost, then they cannot be made to believe in the personal, in opposition to the mythical, Christ. If it be said that they believe only in a Divine influence so named, then that influence—to which such a sublime function in the explanation of the Gospel is assigned—should not be excluded; though we should prefer to say that, in such a case, the miserable result of all the argument would only be a Socinian sinlessness of a Socinian Christ,—not worth the pains. If it be said that the revelation of the Holy Ghost must be reserved for

the further and future enlightenment of the inquirer, that we deny. *I and the Spirit are one*: from the mystery of the moment of the incarnation to the final offering up of the sacrifice, all was by the eternal Spirit; and so from the first right perception of Jesus in the mind of man to His final glorification in man's triple nature, all is by the eternal Spirit. If, finally, it be said that the Holy Ghost can be summoned only into the doctrinal statement of Christ's sinlessness, that we readily admit, and argue from it that there can be no apprehension of Christ's sinlessness which is not doctrinal in its grounds, definition, and consequences.

There is a sin against the Holy Ghost which is not the unpardonable sin. One form of that sin is the practical forgetfulness of His supreme function as the Inspirer, Keeper, Defender, and Expositor of the Revelation of God, and everything that it includes. *If I be the Master, where is Mine honour?* is the Divine protest of the Holy Spirit in these later times. Rationalism, in all its dreary processes and phases, is the direct result of that dishonour. It might have been hoped that the reaction from Rationalism in modern Germany would have secured a very marked place in its theology to the Person and Offices of the only true Mediator between man and his Redeemer; but it has been otherwise. There are indeed refreshing signs that He is gradually assuming his proper place in the 'consciousness' of German divinity, especially in the department of exposition; but there are long arrears of neglect to be atoned for, before His smile will brighten the face of German Protestantism. He who once pleaded for His own co-equal honour, in the unity of the Father, now pleads for the co-equal honour of His Spirit, in the unity of the Father and the Son. It is high time that the inexhaustible learning and zeal which have been spent of late upon the *development of the doctrine of the person* of Christ should be, not diverted, but extended, to the person of the Holy Ghost. Till then, Rationalism will be a baffled and humbled, but not a vanquished, foe.

We will now quote the beautiful summary in which the author gives us the conclusion of his argument as such:—

'Let us now glance at the results arrived at. It has been seen that all that is recorded in the Gospels of the relation in which men the most differently constituted stood to Jesus, the hatred of foes, the bearing of the indifferent, the confession of the traitor, the undying love and reverence of His friends, all furnish a testimony to the moral greatness of Jesus. This testimony is corroborated by the general moral impression which Jesus produced upon those with whom He came in contact, an impression which is moreover expressed in a full,

minute, and uniform life-picture, and thus becomes for us a guarantee of a life not only morally sublime, but also perfectly pure and holy. This testimony receives, further, its full force from what Jesus says of Himself, from those clear expressions of His own self-consciousness which intimate a purity and dignity of moral character, and, in closest connexion therewith, an assurance of perfect oneness with God, such as can only be accounted for on the supposition of the actual existence of perfect holiness of character. But this is not the whole. The impression which the life of Jesus called forth, and the expression which He gave to His own consciousness of inward purity, do not stand isolated and alone, but are borne up and attested by the world-embracing effects which He has produced. These effects have influenced the moral and religious life of humanity in the individual and in the mass; and they are of such a character as can be comprehended only by admitting the holy purity of His person; for only by an individual of sinless holiness could they have been caused. For what are these effects? They are the complete renovation of the moral life, the assured consciousness of redemption from sin, and the implantation of the element of holiness in man, which rests upon the conviction that this holiness has in truth appeared among men as perfect love and as close and unbroken fellowship with God.

'In these testimonies and these facts we have every evidence that can reasonably be demanded of the truth of His sinless purity. Neither sensible, nor mathematical, nor logically-incontrovertible certainty can be reached at all in this province: and the effect of the evidence we have adduced concerning Christ, has in all ages depended upon the degree in which the mind is susceptible to it, and the heart capable of being religiously and morally affected, and willing to believe in the reality of what is noble and true. Hence, as in the reception of all super-sensible truths there is an element of faith required, and therefore doubt is not absolutely excluded, so is it in this case too. Consequently, in spite of all evidence, objections it will now be our task to examine.'—Page 138.

This passage does not exaggerate the result of the preceding induction of evidence. We repeat that up to this point the present volume is without a flaw: it exhibits the form and character to which the reverence in human nature turns with perfect adoring love, with a completeness and beauty not surpassed, if equalled, anywhere else. What justice may be done to the lustre of that light which shines in its own sole glory, and darkens all other light, has been done in these pages. Nothing that may be said against the style and conclusiveness of the argument should be perverted into a disparagement of the treatise itself as a whole. The reader must be strangely blinded by prejudice who would not feel his devotion to the Redeemer quickened by these loyal, reverent, and glowing pages.

But we cannot help perceiving the conscious infirmity of the

argument, as confessed in the latter part of this quotation. Before considering the objections which the author anticipates, and his manner of dealing with them, we cannot refrain from suggesting that at this point he should have called in the assistance of a higher advocate, and challenged the attention of reason to what this pure and holy Person says concerning the necessity of being taught from above in order to a right understanding of His kingdom and person. It seems an humbler method of argument, but it is the only sure one, to say, 'This is all that reason can do with reason; the rest must be taught of God.' And it is a course which commends itself to reason; for if the sincere inquirer has been brought so far as to perceive and admit the unexampled majesty and purity of the character of Christ, he will be prepared and willing to ask for enlightenment from above. Nay, he will resent mere human reasoning from that moment as unsatisfying. He will feel constrained to suspend all further objections, and go at once, as Nicodemus did, impelled by the same conviction of the superhuman excellence of Christ, to the Redeemer Himself; by Him to be taught, as Nicodemus was, that though reason may guide the soul by night to One who is felt to be a *Teacher come from God*, it requires a regenerating faith to apprehend *the Son of God who came down from heaven, and is in heaven*.

But the question arises, Does reason indeed find its way in the night to Jesus? In other words, Can any man be brought to the conclusion which the above extract assumes as admitted, without the influence of the Holy Ghost? The author does not say *Yes* in words, but the whole argument seems to pre-suppose it. But we say most absolutely, *No*. No man can take the Gospels in his hands, for the purpose of examining the character of Christ, without a third presence. The Divine Spirit is the Keeper of the record concerning the Redeemer; and He makes the character of Christ, both as exhibited in His own person, and as dimly reflected in His saints, a probation to every man who beholds it. The process of conviction concerning the Holy One, which is conducted with such tranquil eloquence in this volume, is conducted by the Holy Ghost, and not by Dr. Ullmann. That *he* can exhibit it so well proves that he has been himself taught from above; and the imaginary person whom he conducts with so much clearness, and who is led with so much docility, is most certainly under that teaching too. No man can accept this preamble of Christ's charter of Lordship without the influence of the same Spirit who alone can enable him to *call Him Lord*. Then why not say at once?—'Thou art under the influence which He of whom thou readest, predicted. He promised that He

would draw all men; He is drawing thee. The Spirit is now the Forerunner of Christ to thy soul; He will be His Revealer, and finally His Glorifier within thee. Own the attraction from above, and follow on to know the Lord.'

Instead of this, our apology is diverted to a hundred pages of reply to the objections of the speculative reason, which stumbles at the idea of an absolutely sinless being within the limits of mortality. Let us consider these objections well, and we shall be obliged to own that they cannot be fairly met except on the assumption of a faith in the fundamental doctrine of Christianity. Were these objections introduced as reasons for not accepting the doctrine of the Incarnation, the answer made to them in this volume would be sufficient. Regarded as the last efforts of unbelief in its recoil from the great mystery which the Spirit would teach, these scruples are perfectly natural; they require to be met by argument, and may be successfully argued away. But, regarded as the rebellion of reason against a conviction which reason would enforce by argument alone, these objections cannot be satisfactorily met.

The inquirer is supposed to know nothing more than what the New Testament has said concerning the supreme holiness of Jesus, and is left to draw his own conclusions:—

'We do not say, Because Christ was the Son of God, He could not be subject to sin; or, Because He was the Redeemer, He must have been free from sin. What we say is, Because He was free from sin, and showed Himself in all respects perfectly pure and holy, we are warranted in believing that He was the Son of God, the Deliverer from all sin, the Author of true redemption, and the Revealer of redeeming truth. Our way lies, if the expression be rightly understood, not outwards from within, but inwards from without. Our method is simply this: from the impression which Jesus made, from the way in which He expressed His consciousness concerning Himself, and from the effects which have gone forth from Him, we argue to what His moral personality must have been: and only when we have discovered the peculiar nature of that, do we proceed to draw our conclusion as to the Divine origin of such a personality. In a word, His sinlessness is the point to be first proved, not that we may rest there, but that we may thence recognise the true dignity of Christ as the Son of God and Redeemer of the world. Doctrinally to maintain the sinlessness of Christ were to believe an empty form, if that doctrine had no basis of historical reality; and the historical reality would lie on something fragmentary and detached, were it not organically united with the sum total of the Christian system: in the last instance, the two fall into one. But while, on that very account, the two methods mutually presuppose and require one another, still, in their practical treatment, they must be carefully distinguished and kept separate; and we enter

our protest against any one applying to our discussion a measure by which he would be justified in determining upon a dogmatical treatment of the subject. —Page 21.

Is it not certain that the human mind will resort to every possible device before *suggesting to itself* the one only solution of the new phenomenon of the excellence of Jesus?

These devices are exhibited with luminous comprehensiveness and force; they are met with very great acuteness; and, if we regard this whole section of the book only as a defence of the doctrine of the sinlessness, we may speak of it in terms of almost the same unqualified praise which we used with reference to the first part. The pleader asserts that Jesus is absolutely sinless, by the evidence of historical testimony. The opponent first denies the fact, on the same evidence; and then denies the possibility of the fact. In denying the fact of the sinlessness of Jesus, he appeals to three arguments: First, sinlessness is inconsistent with a progressive development of the person, and of the plan, of the Messiah: Secondly, sinlessness and the idea of temptation are incompatible: Thirdly, certain facts are opposed to the idea of the absolute sinlessness of Jesus. Supposing all these arguments overcome, the objector then denies the possibility of sinlessness generally in the sphere of human life: in urging his argument he appeals to universal experience, and then to certain transcendental conditions connected with the idea of sinlessness in the abstract. However subtle may be the defence set up, we maintain that the objector cannot be dislodged from these intrenchments by merely combating his arguments. Until he receives the Atonement, there is a lurking, indestructible conviction in his mind which no reasoning can affect. Christ, till then, can be known only after the flesh. But, if the question be asked, Are any or all of these objections sufficient to justify an obstinate resistance to the Spirit's testimony concerning the Divine sinlessness of Jesus? we answer, No. But the only arguments which are used in this book will scarcely sustain the negative.

The full and satisfactory reply to these arguments must necessarily involve all the questions which have been raised in connexion with the doctrine of the Redeemer's sinlessness. In fact, they are in reality objections to the doctrine. They would never have been urged, they never could have been thought of, but by men thoroughly versed in all the controversies which have vexed the subject. Let us ask what the doctrine is, and then return to these objections as arming the infidel in his refusal to accept it.

The doctrine or dogma of the sinlessness of Jesus has never

been determined of itself, either in Scripture or the Church's interpretation of Scripture. But, by necessary implication, it is in both most expressly declared. The eternal Son of God was made flesh; and He, that one Person who is the Son of God made flesh, dwelt among us. Therefore He is sinless. But, granting that, there are different ways of viewing this sinlessness, all supposed to be reconcilable with orthodoxy. First, He is sinless as to the Divine Nature, of which of course the *non posse peccare* must be predicated. But in His human nature He is not impeccable; without sin, and with the *posse non peccare* like Adam, but, like Adam, with the awful *posse peccare*. Or, secondly, the human nature in Christ being supposed capable of sin, its union with the Divine effected its sanctification; so that of the One Person after the incarnation absolute impeccability may be predicated. The two views are very distinct, and respectively give a distinct colouring to the theology in which they are held.

The apologetical spirit of this treatise, and of German theology generally, prefers the former of these views, and consistently carries it out. 'The predicate which affirms the impossibility of sinning can be applied to God alone; of Him it is true in the absolute necessity of His nature,—a necessity which is identical with the highest liberty. The idea of a God who could sin, or who could be really tempted to sin, were an absurdity: God and sin are two conceptions which absolutely exclude each other. The possibility of not sinning we must ascribe to man in the abstract,—to man, viewed as the creature fresh from the hand of the Creator. This possibility is implied in his liberty, by which he is as yet fully free to abstain from sin. Sinlessness, in the practical sense, can be predicated only of a certain individual. That individual must be one in whose case the impossibility of sinning does not follow at once from a necessity of his nature; who, in other words, is susceptible of being tempted. On the other hand, he must be one whom we may believe endowed with an integrity of moral nature, by means of which the possibility of not sinning is his. In a case where both these conditions are fulfilled, the development of a life altogether pure and holy is conceivable: a life it would be which we should have to regard as at once typically perfect,—raised far above everything which history tells us of, and, at the same time, as truly human; and this is what we hold the moral character and life of Jesus to have been.' It is found expedient, of course, to concede to the opponent that a Person, of whom it is said that He increased in wisdom, and was made perfect by sufferings, must necessarily be subject to the conditions of that

nature which is seen developing itself in Him; and, therefore, that there was in Jesus a possibility of sinning. This the apology freely concedes; but then argues that this does not imply the necessity of sinning, and that the development which issued in such a maturity as that of Jesus, must be conceived of as perfectly holy.

The objector is supposed to be answered. But we confess that he may justly remonstrate against being met by so vague a *dictum* as this, that 'the positive certainty of the development of Jesus being sinless must be sought in another direction, namely, by proving that it is an unavoidable presupposition, if the actual condition and character of Jesus, at a subsequent period, is to be satisfactorily explained, and not to seem utterly out of connexion with His earlier life.' If he were told the grounds on which the Scriptures base the *unavoidable presupposition*, it would be a different matter. He would have a real argument to meet, either admitting or refusing it. Nor is there any possibility of meeting this objection of the *development* of Jesus,—a word which has a very extensive meaning in this question, including His mental and moral nature, the unfolding of His plan, the accomplishment of all His aims,—without introducing the mystery of Christ's person itself. His development was not that of a human nature unfolding its capacities, strengthening its energies, and reaching its consummation, according to the normal idea of its Creator. That, indeed, it certainly was; but not in any such sense as we could refer it to a creature. The humanity of our Redeemer developed its glorious energies as taken into union with Divinity; not merely as watched over, directed, shielded, and saved by that Divinity,—this is only a gentle expression of the Nestorianism which, more or less diluted, has never been absent from Christian theology,—but as taken into ineffable and *indissoluble* union with the Deity. The *plan* of the Redeemer—a term of German invention, the only redeeming feature of which is, that it gives prominence to the *one Person* of Christ—is the evolution of an eternal purpose which was seen in all its perfect grandeur of accomplishment, before the first outline of its projection was visible among men. In the volume of an earlier book than the Psalms it had been *written*. In fact, the only argument which will effectually silence the otherwise inexhaustible protests against being *obliged* to admit a sinless development of Jesus in humanity, is, that it was a development which the hypostatical union made *necessarily* sinless; that, in short, humanity, as belonging to that One Person without a fellow, whatever depth of humiliation and sorrow it might render possible to that Person, could not sin.

This directly introduces the next objection, derived from the temptability of Jesus; and the fact, that resistance to temptations required the whole force of His moral nature to be roused and kept excited to its highest pitch of vigour throughout the whole of His life. This is perfectly true; and whatever doctrine of the sinlessness of our Redeemer we hold must be made consistent with it. But we cannot see how the awful phenomena of the Redeemer's struggle with evil can be accounted for, or even apprehended, without including in the consideration the great reasons which imposed upon the sinless One a continual conflict with evil. Apart from Redemption, the spectacle of the Redeemer's conflicts with the tempter is shrouded in deep and hopeless darkness. Or, if it be simple and intelligible, it is so only to those who regard it as the struggle and victory of a righteous man. In either case, His absolute *sinlessness*—as the hypothesis of an argument—has manifold presumption against it.

The temptation of our Lord receives very careful treatment in this volume; and, on the whole, it is the best statement of the question which we have seen in German literature. But we take exception to the fundamental position,—though guarded here with exquisite skill,—that the temptation of Christ was a trial whether He would continue sinless or not. Thus boldly stated, perhaps the advocates of this position would recoil from it; but it is simply their position, and they must take all its consequences. ‘To be tempted, means *to receive an impression which may move to evil*. Every being is liable to temptation whose nature is, on the one hand, susceptible to good, and, on the other, does not necessarily shut out the possibility of evil. God cannot be tempted, because the holiness of His nature exalts Him above all temptation. Irrational creatures cannot be tempted, because, being incapable of true good, they are also below temptation. Man alone, free to choose, can be tempted, for he may be bent in both directions: he can be tempted, because he is a moral, though not yet in his inward nature a holy, personality. On the one hand, he may be drawn to actual sin by enticement; and, on the other hand, he may be turned aside from good by threatened as well as by inflicted suffering. The former may be termed “positive,” the latter negative, “temptation.”’ This is very sound and good touching human nature; that nature, namely, which the person of Jesus exhibits to the contemplation. But let us see how it may be applied to Him who, in such essential respects, was so utterly different from human nature.

‘We can understand how Jesus might be tempted, and yet remain

free from sin. He was tempted in all points,—that is, He was tempted in the only two ways, specified above. On the one hand, allurements were presented which might have moved Him to actual sin; and, on the other hand, He was beset by sufferings which might have turned Him aside from the Divine path of duty. But, in face of both kinds of temptation, His spiritual energy and His love to God remained pure and unimpaired. Temptations of the first order were concentrated in the attack made on Jesus by Satan; temptations of the second order assailed Him most severely during the struggles of Gethsemane, and when He felt Himself forsaken by God on the cross.

The question to be settled between the pleader for Christ's sinlessness, and the sceptic, is here apparently taken for granted. One who beholds the struggles of Jesus with His invisible foe, and His agony under the pressure of His great fight of affliction, without the conviction of His Divinity, will never be persuaded of the absolute sinlessness by any special pleading whatever. As long as the great Sufferer is invested only with the attributes of humanity,—and the *argument* assumes nothing beyond,—it is impossible to force upon the reason the conviction that *this* Man was unlike all other men as to so essential a condition of our common humanity. Jesus is represented as a perfect realization of humanity, one in whom human nature has retrieved its original dignity, with the most perfect freedom of will, and, therefore, with the possibility of sinning. He is seen undergoing the intensest severity of temptation; His virtue is strained to the utmost; and the argument triumphs in Him as in One who vanquished the common evil of mankind.

But, as we have already said, the sceptic would be much more likely to accept these facts as demonstration that this wonderful type of a pure humanity achieved a victory over something which—though in an infinitesimally slight degree—partook of the nature of sin, than believe that He was tempted, conquered, and made perfect through sufferings, although there was nothing in His nature to be conquered or refined. The Divinity of the Conqueror of sin, the redeeming vicarious suffering of the atonement for it, are omitted from the argument; and the omission leaves it in confusion.

The necessity of the argument, in fact, omits the Divinity of the incarnate Redeemer; and His humanity is introduced into the question in its isolated character. For ourselves, we have the utmost aversion to all argument, and all teaching, which separates the two natures of Jesus Christ for a moment. We know of no *man*, no personal Man Christ Jesus, who is not God. The Divine Word *took flesh, was made flesh, was manifest*

is the flesh: there is no *man* in the Author of our Redemption whom we can contemplate and make real in our conception apart from His Divine personality. The Eternal Son, at the crisis of the incarnation, continued on His Divine personality in the flesh: the lower nature was blessed of the Higher; and, not raised into, but invested for ever with an eternal, necessary immunity from sin. The same mystery of redemption which required that God the Son should suffer *for* sin in human nature, required that the human nature in which He suffered should be the *sinless* nature of God the Son.

The only sure solution of this great difficulty is the doctrine of the Incarnation: a clear apprehension of what that word means will relieve the subject of Christ's sinlessness, not indeed of its mystery, but of all its inconsistencies and contradictions; while all arguments on the subject, based upon assumptions which exclude that doctrine, are, and must be in the nature of things, arguments without issue. Vainly does reason ask help of the understanding, and strive to bring that within the compass of evidence and ratiocination, which reason itself would never have conceived without direct revelation.

But does the clearly defined doctrine of the Incarnation solve all the difficulties surrounding this subject? The reader who knows the history of the controversies which for two hundred years agitated every imaginable phase, concomitant, and consequence of the hypostatical union of the two natures in the incarnate Redeemer, and who has duly estimated the successive results secured and rendered permanent in the third and fourth of the ecumenical Councils, will be prepared for an answer in the affirmative. The history of these controversies cannot be contemplated by the devout mind without a profound conviction that the Holy Spirit overruled and directed them to the accomplishment of His own purposes. It is true that they evolved many and frightful errors, excited furious passions, and won their results at an enormous cost. But those results were of immeasurable importance to the history of the kingdom of Christ upon earth; and it is no part of wisdom to decry them. All their seemingly interminable subtleties of distinction lose all pettiness when we remember that they were subtleties of defence and not of attack. He was subtle that provoked them; and the champions of Christian truth only met subtlety by subtlety. They were *wise as serpents*, according to their Master's injunction, if they were not in all cases *harmless as doves*. The young theologian is likely never to be master of his sacred craft who does not learn to take delight in the study of every one

of those strange and seemingly repulsive words by which the flexible Greek tongue defined the infinite shades of error.

The controversies concerning the two natures of the One Person, which were the glory of early Christian divinity, were, as far as the permanent faith of the Church is concerned, definitively ended with the Council of Chalcedon, in the middle of the fifth century. Then was the Hypostatical Union committed for ever to that glorious quarternion,—*truly* God; *perfectly man*; *indivisibly* one Person in the two natures; *distinctly* two natures in the one Person,—in the keeping of which under the Divine Spirit it has been safe for ever since. But the errors which were combated and suppressed, as connected with the four notorious names of Arius, Apollinaris, Nestorius, and Eutyches, have had a more latent existence even in the orthodox theology of all subsequent ages. Satan has never ceased to infect the Church with his own original temptation, and to make Christ's disciples sharers of his own speculations and doubts in the wilderness. There he was himself baffled by a mystery too deep for his intellect, great though it was; he speculated, tested the Holy One, and learned by temptation what he could never have known by intuition. His creed, and that of all his believing hosts, has ever since been fixed. He and his have never been Docetists, Arians, Apollinarians, Nestorians, or Monothelites. But the *father of the lie* has never failed to generate his brood in the unhallowed speculations of the heretical mind; and, in this sense, all heresies have been *doctrines of devils*.

The question of the sinlessness of the Redeemer entered into every inquiry which the tempter ever raised in the Church concerning His person. That sacred idea lay at the foundation—whether expressed or unexpressed—of all Christian divinity; and therefore was involved—directly or indirectly, consciously or unconsciously—in all the earlier speculations of heresy as to the mysteries of that person. The tempter made it to the Church what it had been to himself,—a temptation. His first snare was artfully constructed for the oriental mind. Matter being the root and abode of all evil, or rather evil being essentially rooted in matter, and Jesus being of necessity sinless and incapable of sin,—for the first of all the heresies took for granted the Divinity of the Son of God, though striving to philosophize it away by endless Gnostic inventions,—it followed that the union of the Being whom God had sent with humanity could not have been real, but apparent only. If real, they argued, if the Word *was made flesh*, then the essential, inseparable,

ineradicable flaw must have adhered to Him, vitiated all His life, and finally marred His atonement. The body must be a *body of sin*, refine it as we may; then let us have the Divinity, and save the Redemption, by giving up the veritable Body. So we shall have a sinless Redeemer, who in the likeness or semblance of our sinful flesh condemned the sin of our flesh, and will deliver us from the bondage of corruption as surely as He shook off the phantastic lineaments of His seemingly marred body. Thus, prompted by the tempter, reasoned the Docetists, the first perverters of the idea of Christ's sinlessness. To preserve the Redeemer, they renounced redemption. To keep Him sinless, they thrust Him out of humanity.

These heretics soon vanished out of the Church: in fact, they arose early enough, and were judged to be sufficiently important, to be put to confusion by inspiration itself. So essential was the perfect humanity of Jesus, so absolutely and for ever had He become flesh and united Himself to the human race, that this error was emphatically denounced as *Antichrist*,—the first of all the Antichrists. But all who are acquainted with the controversies of later times on this subject know that that ancient mischief has re-appeared—though in disguise, and with its worst features softened, and generally without evident traces of its identity—in a thousand mystifications of the word *flesh*. We find in this volume that the last refuge of the doubter is the supposed impossibility of sinlessness in the domain of flesh and blood. There is much refined Gnosticism lurking in the innumerable disquisitions to which the word *σάρξ* has given rise; but the plainest and least subtle views of this subject are the best. The flesh is the triple nature of man,—spirit, soul, and body. *In the likeness* of this sinful flesh the Son of God accomplished our redemption: not, as Dr. Ullmann rather uncritically says, 'in the likeness of man, who is a sinner,' but really in the likeness of *sinful flesh*. To the eye of sense there was no difference between Him and any other man. His will could be acted upon by influences from the soul as the instrument of mind, and from the soul as occupying the body. His nature was susceptible of all those solicitations, which, finding in man something responsive, lead to all sin. In Him there was no original sin, no bias to evil, no possibility of it. He struggled *against* sin, but not *with* sin. The deadly attack derived its horror of strength not from any defect or infirmity of the flesh which the Redeemer had assumed; but from other reasons which involved the unutterable mystery of His suretyship and substitution. If we can imagine such a vain thing as this Holy One passing through the world *without* the burden of

redemption upon His shoulders, we should hear nothing of His resistance to sin.

The solution of the difficulty which makes the Redeemer less than God was an after-device of Satan: its earlier Arian form was comparatively late; and as to its later Socinian form,—which effectually in its way settles the question,—it was not imagined. Even Satan was not bold enough to suggest that solution, until the Christian mind had been long inured to the deceitfulness of speculation, and rendered capable of going all lengths with the wily tempter. But there is nothing more strange and more humiliating than the shifts and inventions to which pure Unitarianism resorts in explaining the scriptural declarations concerning the freedom of Jesus Christ from sin. Of course, we refer to the older, and now almost extinct, class of Unitarians who used to hold fast the Scriptures of the New Testament. Their modern representatives—whether in Germany or England—have a much more consistent method of dealing with the subject. To them the Gospels are the productions of affectionate admirers of the greatest of all human teachers, to whose memory the form of their departed Master was idealized into consummate perfection, and whose character they made the figure around which they threw all those imaginations of excellence which He had rendered their minds capable of conceiving. The reader will find in this volume much that is deeply interesting, and well worthy of thoughtful perusal, concerning the eternal difference between the character of Jesus and that of the loftiest models of excellence which the world had seen before him.

All these inventions were not known in the earliest centuries. The speculations concerning the person of Christ, by which Satan succeeded in bewildering the simple creed of the early Churches, invariably tended to the honour of the higher nature, and the disparagement of the lower nature, of the incarnate Redeemer. The temptation clung to the original admission, *If thou be the Son of God*, and did not dare for many ages to suggest to heretics the awful conceit of making Him only a son of man. If we take a general view of the whole series of controversies which died out in the feeble and obscure wranglings of the petty Monothelite sects in the seventh century, we shall find that they all have one principle in common,—the degradation of the sinless integrity of the Redeemer's humanity. Many of the best and most orthodox of the early Fathers show in their writings a tendency—to be detected rather in the tone than in the direct expression—to save the spotlessness of the human nature by robbing that nature of some of its integral elements.

The errors which had been diffused in the mass of the Church during the second and third centuries, or fermented in the minds of many of its bolder thinkers, came to their full expression in the Arian and Apollinarian heresies of the fourth century. And this they had in common,—as we find in the writings of the great man who was their greatest common enemy,—that they both made the Logos enter a humanity which was without a rational soul, the place of which that Logos supplied. The profound ineradicable conviction of those times was, that a perfect human nature—perfect as including the rational spirit, the seat of man's will—could never be sinless.

Arius and Apollinaris started from the same point, as it respects the humanity of Jesus; but the former turned his attack especially against the honour of the Divinity; the latter gave the Divine nature its full honour, but took away the higher life of reason from the human nature, as unnecessary. In his scheme the Divinity took its place, and therefore cut off the possibility of sinning from the Redeemer. But it scarcely need be said that he at the same time—like the Docetists, his fore-runners—cut off redemption, and every benefit and blessing which was to be derived from the reunion of God with man's nature as such.

Apollinarianism was soon exposed and confounded by Athanasius and the two Gregories. The Council of Constantinople condemned it, in A. D. 381; and it soon died out, to reappear, however, under other forms in the Monothelite controversy. It was itself, though not so named, a Monothelite heresy; and a heresy which, while fatal to redemption, and therefore to be abominated, appealed more than any other to compassion, as seeking solely the honour of Christ. It was supposed impossible that a human mind with liberty of choice could belong to the same Person, the necessity of whose Divine nature was for ever to be inaccessible to sin. Therefore the Divine will of the eternal Logos took the place of the vacillating, limited, and probationary will of man. The Redeemer was *God in the flesh*,—with the strong emphasis upon the latter word, the *flesh* being erroneously limited to the mere body of Christ. All the peril of human frailty was thus carefully guarded against: every sentiment and feeling of the tempted and suffering Redeemer was irresistibly impelled towards good: nay, rather, it was God thinking, willing, and feeling by a human instrument merely. But vain and needless were all these precautions. Athanasius showed with unanswerable strength of argument, that if Christ is a Saviour to man, He must be in all respects man's example; that sinfulness was not a necessary attribute of human nature,

but that man was originally free from sin ; that Christ appeared for that very purpose, to show that God is not the author of sin, to prove that it is possible to lead a sinless life in the flesh, and thus to vindicate the original dignity of human nature as coming from the hand of the Creator.

Nothing is more marvellous than the influence which the ancient rooted idea of the essential infirmity of the human will exerted upon the heretics of these earlier ages. Rather than suppose a perfect superiority to all sin in the sanctified tabernacle of the Eternal God, they resorted to such shifts and subtleties of reasoning, and submitted to such most grotesque and absurd conclusions, as make the history of the controversy one of the strangest chapters in the records of error. So inveterate, too, was the delusion, that, though condemned and almost forgotten for centuries, it burst out again with more fury than ever ; and, long after the opposite error of Nestorianism had been extinguished, troubled the Church, and required the combined theology of the East and West for its final suppression. Finally suppressed, indeed, it has never been : the essential error which lies at the foundation of all those ancient heresies still infests much of the theology, at least, of modern times. But as its influence is mainly speculative, and as it does not so directly act upon practice and experience as some other errors concerning the person of our Lord, it meets with but little regard. But Apollinaris and Cyrus are lurking in many corners of our popular exposition, and in many of our sermons, where the Redeemer's lower human will, and capacity of struggle, and accessibility to real temptation are softened down to a mere negation, or denied altogether.

In our own day, this error is almost entirely limited to our exegetical treatment of certain passages of Scripture ; and its effect must be traced, rather in the general view of the Saviour's work, than in any practical effect of the error. But it is an error which should be pursued with the utmost vigilance through all its shiftings. The Redeemer of mankind was perfect man : it need not be added, *without sin*, for perfect man is a sinless creature :—‘ *Yet without sin* ’ has a needless emphasis in our Epistle to the Hebrews, for there is no *yet* in the text. The ideal of humanity—and that, in some way or other, all Christians unite in terming Christ—must have the human reason, and the human will, and everything which distinguishes humanity. We may be sure that He will never be spoken of or exhibited in the New Testament in any way inconsistent with that fundamental requirement of his Mediatorship, and that we need never shrink from boldly, though reverently, declaring concerning Him what

the Scriptures, honestly interpreted, declare. The Divine Logos and the human reason co-existed in this One and Only and Inexplicable Person : nothing is gained by denying the eternal, unchangeable light of the one, concurrently with the gradual development and necessary limitation of the other. A disposition to avoid the use of dangerous language, and a jealousy for the honour of the Saviour's Divinity, is apt to give rise to a certain style of comment upon His words and works, which robs Him of His ineffable *human* relation to us. For, after all, while it is God who speaketh to us in His Son, it is the voice of a man which we hear ; and the Light of Life comes to us through the processes of a human mind, like our own, but without sin and the possibility of error.

The Eutychian heresies as to the hypostatical union, though very different in their original principle from the Apollinarian, coincided with them in this same prevalent mistake of early times ; viz., in the suppression of our Lord's perfect humanity on account of its unworthiness. It is true that this fundamental error is not generally attributed to Eutychianism ; but the attentive student will detect the same great fallacy,—something in flesh and blood which made it not merely an infinite mystery that God should become man, under the conditions of unchanged human nature, but an absolute and eternal impossibility. Therefore, if the Logos condescended to adopt human nature, it could be only through the absorption and elevation of everything human into the Divine. Every mystery of this junction—of this most inconceivable and abhorred *transubstantiation* in the hypostatic union—they would accept, provided only it were granted that God was all in all in the work of Christ. Human nature was not only assumed, but, in a manner transcending all thought, raised above itself into the Divine. The Eternal Word suffered no change ; He only continued to live under human conditions,—first of humiliation and then of glory. Thus the nature of Christ was but One, His person One ; and this system, like that of Apollinaris, though in a different manner, destroyed utterly the mediation of the Redeemer between God and men. Both strove to retain the Divinity of Jesus, and both by most unnecessary aggressions upon His humanity, and upon ours, as necessarily the dishonoured abode of sin. The one robbed the Man in Christ of His crown,—His free, self-determining reason ; the other elevated the flesh of the Man in Christ to an inconceivable identity with the Divinity. Both, from their determination that Christ Jesus should have no connexion with our poor, sinful nature, would rob man of his Redeemer.

This error was confronted by men equally faithful and acute

with those who had denounced its predecessors. But the obstinate hold which its latent fallacy had upon the minds of men, may be estimated by the difficulty with which it was dislodged from the theological opinions of the East, and by the fact that some of the soundest divines found it hard to resist the fascination of the views which so thoroughly relieved the incarnation of all the humiliation to the Redeemer which it was thought to imply in *itself* and *essentially*. Forgetting that God cannot by any act of His of itself be humbled; and that the Incarnation itself was not, apart from the *sinfulness* of the *flesh* in the likeness of which Christ was made, debasing to the Divinity;—in which sense St. Augustine's words, rightly understood, concur: 'If God willed to be born, as it is certain that He did will it, He could be born; and He did not deem it unworthy of Himself to become man for our sake, since He did not think it unworthy of Himself to create the human being by whom man must be born;'—they sought to reconcile their minds to the humiliation which the assumption of our nature involved, by using language which, logically pressed, would give to the Redeemer a lower nature,—neither that of angels nor that of men. 'The nature which Christ took weak and worthless from us, by being mingled with the Deity, became the same which Deity is; the assumption of our substance into His was like the blending of a drop of vinegar with the huge ocean, wherein, although it continues still, yet not with those properties which severed it hath, because, sithence the instant of their conjunction, all distinction of the one from the other is extinct, and whatsoever we can now conceive of the Son of God is nothing else but mere Deity,'—'which words,' saith Hooker, whose version of Gregory we have been quoting, 'are so plain and direct for Eutyches, that I stand in doubt they are not his whose name they carry. Sure I am they are far from truth, and must of necessity give place to the better-advised sentences of other men.' A few such better-advised sentences we will quote, to rectify the impression of the last; and, moreover, to show how much clearer the Roman mind was than the Greek upon all subjects connected with the *flesh* or human nature of the Redeemer. 'Keeping safe the propriety of each several nature and substance, making only one person, humility was assumed by majesty, infirmity by virtue, mortality by the Eternal. To pay the penalty of our fallen condition, an inviolable nature was united to a nature which might be hurt; the Mediator between God and men, the Man Christ Jesus, could die in one nature, but not die in the other. The true God, therefore, was born in the perfect nature of true Man; complete in His own, complete also in ours. He took the form of a scr-

vant without stain of sin ; raising the human, not lowering the Divine : *humana augens, Divina non minuens*. As the God is not changed through this condescension, so the man is not swallowed up in the dignity.' These words of Leo the Great, which are but a specimen of the manner in which he exhaustively treats the whole subject, and influenced thereby the decisions of the ever-famous Council of Chalcedon, are well worthy of being carefully read by all who would have clear views of the person of Christ.

Eutychianism has its counterpart in the later doctrine of transubstantiation. Had *this* been held, when Cyril, Dioscurus, and Eutyches were pouring out their subtleties, it would have been impossible to save the Church, humanly speaking, from the universal prevalence of Monophysitism. But apart from this mere analogy, the more refined influence of the error in later times—for the father of heresy never throws away entirely any of his inventions—may be traced in various ways, as affecting the subject we are dealing with. It would perhaps be asserting more than could be satisfactorily proved, if we referred to this source the modern exaggerated *communicatio idiomatum*, by which all the actions and sufferings of the incarnate Saviour are referred, with unnecessary distinctness, to God. The many Monophysite sects which were guilty of these extravagancies in the sixth century had some sort of excuse in the errors of Nestorianism, from which they were a reaction. But the modern Moravians, and others, have no such excuse; nor is there any necessity of devotion for the use of such language. The Saviour is not honoured by those who persist in forgetting that He is the Son of man as well as the Son of God. It pleased Him to become like unto His brethren. He took their flesh and blood; and, provided we never forget that *now* His Spirit revealth Him, and that He is spiritually discerned, we cannot too explicitly dwell upon the distinction between His two natures, both as on earth and as in heaven.

In the order of time the Nestorian heresy, concerning the natures and person of Christ, preceded the Eutychian; and, indeed, prepared for it, as one extreme begets another. But we have left it to the last; partly because it is far better understood when the others have been already considered, and partly because it has exerted a more abiding and extensive influence upon the doctrinal development of the sinlessness of Jesus. It may be regarded, indeed, as the most comprehensive, and in some sense as the most important, of all the controversies concerning the person of the Redeemer. It united in itself every question which could arise concerning that person; it stirred again every

disputed point that had ever been agitated, and anticipated many that flourished in the full virulence of polemics several centuries afterwards. To understand this controversy is to understand all the rest; and to be thoroughly versed in all its points of subtle discrimination is to have laid a good foundation for the study of Christian theology generally.

Doubtless the heresy of Nestorius, in which a great many floating individual obliquities in teaching were finally gathered up, was a direct reaction from the opinions which impaired the integrity of Christ's human nature, and thus so frightfully undermined the whole system of redemption, the foundation of all human hope. But we are not paradoxically pressing our point when we say that the same fallacy reigned in both, and that unconsciously both heresiarchs were haunted by the same fear. Apollinaris would make the human nature a worthy shrine of the Divinity, by taking from that nature its immortal mind, that is, its very essence, and combining the Deity and the human animal soul and flesh in a manner from which every instinct of the human mind revolts. Nestorius, on the other hand, retained with fatal precision the absolute perfection of the two natures respectively; but, urged by the same oriental dread of the contact of flesh, made the connexion between the Logos and the man in the composite Christ such as would save the dignity of the Divinity, and shield it from too close affinity with man's sinful human nature. He introduced a *junction* of some kind between two natures and two persons; the Divine *inhabiting* the human,—for scriptural language must not be broken,—but yet so inhabiting it as that the union might by possibility be suspended, or gradually weakened, or gradually abolished, the God and the man being again and eternally sundered.

Thus in Jesus Christ 'there were two persons, the Son of God, and the Son of Man; the one a person begotten of God before all worlds, the other also a person born of the Virgin Mary, and in special favour chosen to be made entire to the Son of God above all men; so that whosoever will honour God must together honour Christ, with whose person God hath vouchsafed to join Himself in so great a degree of gracious respect and favour.' The doctrine which Nestorius never would admit, but which the voice of the Church established against him, was that 'Christ is a person both Divine and human, howbeit not therefore two persons in one, neither both these in one sense; but a person Divine, because He is *personally* the Son of God; human, because *He hath* really *the nature* of the children of men. In Christ, therefore, God and man, there is (saith Paschasius) a twofold substance, not a twofold person; because one person extin-

guisheth another, whereas one nature cannot in another become extinct. For the personal being which the Son of God already had, suffered not the substance to be personal which he took ; although, together with the nature which He had, the nature also which He took continueth. Whereupon it followeth against Nestorius, that no person was born of the Virgin but the Son of God, no person but the Son of God baptized, the Son of God condemned, the Son of God and no other person crucified ; which one only point of Christian belief, *the infinite worth of the Son of God*, is the very ground of all things believed concerning life and salvation by that which Christ either did or suffered as man on our behalf.*

The Nestorian heresy denied the fundamental principle that the Son of God in His eternal personality assumed, not a man's person, but man's nature,—‘the very first original element of our nature, before it was come to have any personal subsistence.’ That theory, therefore, made Christ two persons ; and a thousand consequences flowed from the doctrine, with none of which, however, have we any concern here but such as are connected with the Redeemer's sinlessness. The mysterious copula or kind of junction between God and man was such as could be abolished ; and then the eternal Son remaining in His integrity, a perfect man, another Adam, would be left without God among men, with the rest of mankind. But such a contingency need not now be introduced into the question, since the human person, supported by the Divine, passed sinless through all temptations, atoned for the sins of the world in the passion of the human nature, upon which the presence and co-operation of the Divine stamped a redeeming value, and then, as the reward of fidelity, was glorified into a union with the Divine, which should be for ever indissoluble. According to this representation the obedience and sinless sacrifice of Jesus was at the outset a fearful problem ; an experiment upon which the hopes of the human race were suspended, and which did not fail ; though, on this theory, it matters little whether it failed or not, since the Redeemer is in reality no better than ourselves, of no higher value than perfect humanity, and His redemption would not be the act of God Himself. Nestorianism gave back to Christ the entire human nature which Apollinaris pared away : but then the bond between the Divine and the human is so loose, so little different from the bond of union between God and His human sinful servant, that the irrepressible fear must arise, Is not this human person too much like ourselves to be our Redeemer ?

It would be a most interesting thing to trace the influence

* Hooker.

of Nestorianism through the theology, devotional writings, and exposition of later times. A very brief glance at Thomas Aquinas, Petavius, or Suicer, will show what untold difficulty the great anti-Nestorian distinctions cost the later fathers and the schoolmen; and in later times it is undoubted that the place which the words, *redemption, active and passive obedience, imputation*, and so forth, occupy in schemes of Christian divinity, is very much affected by a greater or less influence, unconscious and unsuspected, of Nestorianism.

This subject we must leave, however, satisfied with one or two closing remarks. To us it appears that that kind of theology which treats the temptations of Christ, and the mysterious passages which refer to them, as if they inferred a struggle between obedience and disobedience, between the doing and the not doing the will of God, savours strongly of the ancient delusion which gave a distinct personality to the man in Christ Jesus. There will ever be an unfathomable mystery round the relation of the Redeemer to the sin and sorrow of the world; but that species of theology, notwithstanding its pretensions to lessen that mystery, in reality increases it.

There have been unconscious Nestorians in modern times, who have been led from step to step to the strangest vagaries of error, without thinking themselves in any error at all. Nestorius never imputed to the nature of Jesus Christ the taint of original sin: he provided against that by assuming such measures of grace, poured into the spirit of the humanity of Jesus, as made it a fit temple for the Word. 'The Spirit of God did not create God the Word; a creature did not bear Him who is higher than creation, but man the instrument of the Deity. The Holy Ghost created from the Virgin a temple for the Word, which he should inhabit.' But there has been never wanting a theory of interpretation, forming a catena not very important, but still definitely perceptible, which has ascribed to the Redeemer the full personal consciousness of the inheritance of a sinful nature; with which, in our name, and as our Representative, He struggled until its original defect was glorified into perfection. Such views have been elaborated with something like dogmatical skill upon the Continent; in England they have been known only through the rhapsodies of Irving. Many expositions, however, of the Redeemer's *τελειωσις*, that is, of the whole mystery of His mediatorial probation, border closely upon this semi-Nestorianism without seeming to know it. They represent an inferior person who submits to the ascendancy of a superior person in the One Christ; forgetting that it is not the lower will in Christ which submits to the higher, but the will of the incarnate

Person, as such, which submits in the incomprehensible agony of redemption to the will of the Father.

Those who are capable of understanding a redemption effected by a Redeemer who shares the original depravity of the race, are capable of running to every extreme of imaginable heresy. But we do not regard the current views of most orthodox divines upon this subject as very much more tolerable. We shall quote a few paragraphs from an eminent commentator on the Hebrews, whose evangelical writings are celebrated in England, and whose exposition of this Epistle is in general most deeply instructive:—

‘And, since the father of the race failed in the test, and because in that race, differently from the world of spirits, there is a connexion of persons in the community of origin, *therefore* this fallen race was to be saved only by one who had entered into the same test. It *was necessary* that He should be made *in all things like unto His brethren*. Therefore the Mediator between God and these men must be *the man* Christ Jesus, born of a woman and *made under the law*, under the law of test common to man, the law of choice and decision between obedience and disobedience, in order that as by the disobedience of one many were made sinners, even so through the obedience of one many might be made righteous. Yea, still further: It was fit that a power should be exercised over this Retriever of the Temptation beyond that which had been experienced by any other member of Adam’s race. For, the higher the incarnate Son of God stood through the indwelling Godhead, the more awful must be the proper test of this God-man. Because all that He obtained by His perseverance unto victory was to avail for all, it must be a *merit* which should overwhelm every contradiction and protest of hell. Thus it *behoved* to be, that no Satan might throughout eternity blaspheme and say, “If the Redeemer had experienced and suffered this or that, He would have fallen under my power, and lost His cause!” We rise to a very ambitious height with our poor thoughts, but not without sanction of Scripture. And if the fearful question arise, upon this dizzy height, *Could* Christ, the Son of God in the flesh, have failed and succumbed under temptation? we do not dread to answer boldly, *Yes*. For, temptation without a possibility of falling is no temptation; and the everlasting glory of the victory of Jesus Christ would be dimmed if His victory was of necessity and inevitable. Among all the dark possibilities which the abyss hides, this is the most fearful,—that the second Adam might have fallen as the first did. What then would have become of the human race—what judgment would have fallen upon the man Jesus, whose union with the eternal Son the first actual sin would have rent asunder? are thoughts which we need not entertain; they are lost in the triumphant acclaim,—*He hath overcome!*’

This is Nestorianism; refined, indeed, but still Nestorianism.

It must not be charged, however, on Dr. Ullmann, whose admissions as to the possibility of sin in Jesus are so guarded, and so evidently extorted from him by the necessity of his apologetical argument, that we should hesitate to charge them upon him as unsound. They are not unsound, as he states them. But we confess, on the whole, that we prefer to regard the Eternal Son of God as having undertaken, not to *attempt*, but to *accomplish*, the salvation of the human race; to regard the union of the Eternal Word with humanity as an act of God which nothing could ever subvert, the manner merely of the subsistence of the Word being changed, and no such personal *man* Christ Jesus being conceivable as might be separated from the Divinity; to refer the Redeemer's temptations, agony, and disciplinary perfection to the unfathomable mystery wherein *our sin*, and strife with sinfulness, and conflict with Satan, are made *His*, who knew no sin, who needed no discipline, and in whom Satan had nothing. This is not the place to pursue such a subject; it is enough to protest against error here: the truth will take care of itself. 'Jesus is sinless,' says Dr. Ullmann, showing himself to be sounder than his argument would allow him to appear, 'as a man, for the idea of sinlessness is applicable only to human nature; not, however, in the general sense of the term *man*, not in that as a "mere man," but as *the man* in whom the humanity was on the one hand endowed with extraordinary powers, and on the other hand was pervaded, animated, and energized by a Divine principle. In a word, He was sinless because He was the second Adam, and the God-man. (The second Adam is as such, according to St. Paul's designation, *ὁ Κύριος ἐξ οὐρανοῦ*, 1 Cor. xv. 47.) Only in virtue of the former condition was a development in any sense, and therefore a sinless development, at all possible to Him: only in virtue of the second could He accomplish it in face of a world full of evil, and which on all hands enticed Him to sin. Thus, although His sinless holiness was a quality of the human nature of Jesus, it had its proper roots in His character and essence as God-man. From His sinlessness, therefore, we may equally deduce the pure and perfect humanity and the true Divinity of His person: and inasmuch as we can only conceive of both as in complete union and interpenetration, we deduce, further, that He is *God-man*.'

We must, however, demur to the very end to these 'deductions.' But, viewed as exhibitions of doctrine, rather than as demonstrations urged upon the reason, nothing can be more beautiful than the assemblage of truths in the centre of which the sinless character of Jesus is placed in this volume. If our space allowed, we should be glad to make a few further observa-

tions upon the 'references' as to His redeeming work and sanctifying relations to men. The reader must read these without any comment of ours. He will find a certain vagueness and absence of precision which seems inalienable from German exhibitions of the Atonement. But he will find nothing to revolt him,—everything to strengthen and confirm his faith in the redeeming mission of Christ. Moreover, he will feel, if his heart is at all susceptible to the sacred influence of the theme, that he is reading the pages of one who has caught his Master's spirit, and is even more anxious to extol than to explain His blessed excellence. There is no tincture of the sentimentality which generally mars the German treatment of our Lord's humanity, nor of the semi-scepticism which solves difficult questions by doubting the rigid literality of the record concerning Him. The form of Jesus, and His character, and His words, in the New Testament, are to this writer as distinct and real as they are to ourselves; and this example of a simple return to orthodoxy—unhappily so rare in Germany—we cannot but hail with lively gratitude and hope.

ART. VII.—*The Aquarian Naturalist. A Manual for the Seaside.* By THOMAS RYMER JONES, F.R.S., &c. London: Van Voorst. 1858.

It is not the practice of wise men to inquire too nicely or too scrupulously into the origin of popular and useful movements; and for similar reasons the serious follower of science must see with pleasure the influence of fashion enlisted on behalf of his favourite pursuit. Without the aid of this extraordinary ally how little can his most learned lectures and his most costly museums accomplish in the way of making his systematic observation of nature a general and habitual practice, even among the intelligent classes of society! It is true that the tendency of fashion is not steadily forward in any given direction; and the love of science which is due to no higher impulse will fluctuate with its impelling motive, like a bark before the wind, and, 'when it sinks, subside;' but something in the mean time will have been gained, if not to the stores of natural history, yet to the amateur himself, who will never again look upon nature with the same vacant and regardless eyes, but know that every spot on which his foot may fall is enchanted ground, teeming with richer wonders than those of Aladdin's garden. We are thankful therefore that certain branches of natural history are

the prevailing rage; that young men and maidens of every degree have their fernery or aquarium, and take more delight in the habits of an insect or the structure of a flower, than in yielding to the many vanities which beset their own exalted nature. It is not well, we say, to disparage this movement as merely temporary and capricious, as arising from a pitiful motive and ending in a paltry result. That it is progress in respect to the many, and progress in the right direction, is sufficient to induce all thoughtful persons to hail its advent with pleasure, and to do their best to forward and sustain the impulse. We can scarcely be too sanguine of the results which the present zeal for the aquarium is destined to have upon the popularization of different departments of Natural History. To one of these departments, that of Marine Zoology, we now propose to direct the attention of our readers. At the same time we invite particular attention to the elegant performance of Professor Rymer Jones. That such a work should have proceeded from the pen of one of the acknowledged masters of the science, is itself one of the signs of the times upon which we dwell with hope and pleasure; for we may easily recall the period when such a condescension to popular demands would have been followed by a loss of caste among the professed followers of science. In this brief paper we propose, under the guidance of our author, and with the help of other authorities and our own experience, to put down such jottings, as to the less known, because more recently observed, phenomena of the lower forms of marine existence, as may lead to an increased interest in this delightful study.

To the many thousands who annually visit the sea-side as a relaxation from business, and are willing to avail themselves of the opportunities of entering upon the new and delightful fields of intellectual excitement thus afforded, a great variety of attractions present themselves. If they incline to geology, the most aristocratic and comprehensive of the sciences, they will find, in the sections of strata which the headlands of the coast often admirably exhibit, or in watching the thousand evidences of forces in operation which are gradually changing the relative level of our seas and coast lines, the amplest explanation of the greater operations of a former era. They will perceive, also, that changes of not inferior importance are in process of slow accumulation even now, destined to lead in future to results alike both in kind and in degree. The changes produced by drifted sand on the coasts of Suffolk, on the west coast of Lancashire, and notably in the north of Cornwall, are indeed truly remarkable. Few instances can be more interesting than one from the latter locality. At the end of the fourth century

the patron saint of the Cornish miners, St. Piramus, passed a laborious life in instructing the rude natives of that wild coast in the doctrines of Christianity and in the useful arts, particularly the working of metals. His church lay buried for ages beneath accumulations of sand, such as we have referred to above, and has within a recent period been exhumed, though surrounded by hills formed of minute fragments of sea shells, several hundred feet high, to the edification alike of the geologist and of the admirer of simple primitive Christian worship. We are told that on the coast of Suffolk the sands have accumulated, within a century, to such an extent as to submerge one thousand acres of land; while, on the coast of Sligo, the same process is still going on to a considerable extent.

If botany be the taste of the sea-side visitor, he will find such a locality well adapted for its gratification. Certain wild plants are never seen except in close proximity to the sea, and others thrive best within reach of a marine atmosphere; in addition to the fact that in such neighbourhoods he may expect to find a larger proportion of those barren, undrained, and uncultivated morasses which are the favourite habitats of many of our scarcer and not least beautiful wild flowers.

Many will place their affections upon shells, and reasonably rejoice in their beauty, their portability, and the facility of their preservation. Such will find scope for their industry on most of our coasts, but will succeed best on those of Dorsetshire and Devonshire. Should any of our sea-side friends, smitten by the charms of Dr. Johnston's classical volumes on Zoophytes, direct their eager attentions to these charming objects, or be seduced by the graceful union of form and colour in the varieties of green and red algæ, or sea-weed, in either and any case we congratulate them on their choice, and would willingly aid in carrying out their views. Our present purpose, however, is with other and lower forms of existence, and we shall thus rarely have occasion to speak of anything above the rank of a jelly-fish.

We will suppose that the enterprising naturalist who designs to study the remarkable objects about to be described has made all needful preparations for their reception. He will probably have followed the experienced Mr. Warrington in the form and details of his vivaria: if so, he will have provided a four-sided vessel, having the back gradually sloping upwards from the bottom, at an angle of from forty-five to fifty degrees, the extended top sloping slightly downward, and resting on the upper part of the back. The bottom, therefore, becomes necessarily narrow. The front, for the purposes of observation, and the top, for the admission of light, are of glass; the back, ends, and bottom being con-

structed of alate, the whole is fixed in a stout framework. By this arrangement several advantages are secured; it allows of the most extended views of the whole interior of the aquarium; it enables the occupants to resort to any depth they may desire, or even to ascend the sloping back and emerge from the water; it admits of a much larger surface being exposed to the action of light; and, finally, it allows the water which condenses on the glass to trickle off and return to the aquarium. It need hardly be suggested, that the sloping back is to be covered with light rock-work, extending to a short distance above the water-line.

A receptacle thus elaborately prepared is, of course, not absolutely required; many a careful hard-working naturalist will reach greater results with far simpler means. The common propagating glasses of the gardener, the shallow glass pans used for milk, and the finger glasses placed upon the table after dinner,—these and other vessels may be used as excellent substitutes.

Of much more importance than the shape of the receptacle, is careful attention to all the conditions required to support a healthy animal existence. Thus it is not only requisite to provide good fresh natural or artificial sea water, with a supply of healthy vigorous sea-plants sufficient to aerate the water properly: the minor details must not be overlooked, and in providing a mimic imitation of the usual conditions under which the animals are found in nature, ample scope is afforded for ingenuity on the part of the inquirer. Professor Rymer Jones has several practical remarks as to the mode of procuring the needful shelter, shade, &c., some of which we will quote. Speaking of the arrangement of the bottom of the tank, he says:—

‘The best materials for this purpose will be found to be pieces of granite or limestone of various shapes and sizes; but all of such weight and regularity of form, that, when placed one upon the other, in accordance with the taste or intention of the designer, they may rest firmly and securely in their respective places. No cement should be employed in the construction of these mimic edifices; their weight alone and steady supra-position upon each other should insure the firmness and stability of the entire fabric.

‘Rude bridges of Cyclopiian masonry—edifices somewhat after the pattern of Stonehenge and other Celtic piles—caverns of wave-worn rock and craggy terraces—should rise above each other, till the top, reaching above the level of the water, forms a little island of dry land. The next step, of course, is to lay down the bottom of our miniature sea, so as to adapt it to the comfort and well-being of its intended inhabitants. Here (and the arrangement is of considerable importance) we must study nature. The floor should be composed of smooth washed shingle, the stones resembling in size a pea, a bean, up to a

hazel-nut, as a substratum; but with, here and there, a larger piece, whose bulk, like Skiddaw or Helvellyn, so to compare great things with small, may protrude through the alluvial plain to be deposited above. Upon the top of this, a stratum of fine sand (sea-sand) should be spread to the depth of at least three quarters of an inch or more.'

It is unnecessary to describe further the details of procedure in regard to the aquarium. From this and many other works such of our readers as may desire to pursue the subject will have acquired all the requisite information. We shall therefore proceed to dip into the popular work which Professor Rymer Jones has placed before us, and, following his own example, dispense with all the forms of systematic arrangement.

Everything being complete relating to the future habitation of the marine wonders which may come into our possession,—the plants healthy and vigorous,—the spongy zoophytes clothing our mimic rocks with a living carpet, if we carefully examine the sides of the aquarium, we shall find, probably, a number of little shells, extremely minute, well calculated from the elegance of their form to arrest attention. They might, indeed, almost be mistaken for the shells of little nautili, both from their shape and from the circumstance of their being divided into chambers: in size they are little larger than small pins' heads, and hence might easily escape the notice of the unobservant. These creatures, simple in their structure and perforated all over with minute holes, are called *Foraminifera*. Their transparent camberated shell is filled with a soft and jelly-like substance, issuing 'through all the apertures that crowd the superficies, like subtle threads of molten glass spreading upon the surface of the tank,' and evidently all endowed with life and motion. A sight more wonderful than these transparent beings, creeping with their root-like legs, can scarcely be imagined.

These *Foraminifera* have an importance in the aggregate which their individual insignificance would not lead us to expect. Elegant in shape and extremely varied in form, moreover accessible almost everywhere and in illimitable quantities, they compel attention by their vast numbers and the gigantic results which they achieve. The sand of most sea-coasts is, indeed, so filled with these microscopic *Foraminifera*, that it is often composed of them to the extent of one half. Plancus counted 6,000 in an ounce of sand from the Adriatic Sea; and D'Aubigny, the great historiographer of these minute organisms, reckoned 3,840,000 in an ounce of sand from the Antilles. If we calculate the contents of larger quantities, as, for example, a cubic yard, the amount surpasses all human conception, and we have difficulty in expressing the resulting number in figures;

and yet how insignificant the sum, when we regard, in the same point of view, the enormous mass constituting the sea-coasts of the earth! Indeed, the almost invisible shells which we are contemplating, not only form banks that impede the progress of the navigator, fill up harbours, and, together with various corals, produce islands in the Pacific Ocean; but also aid largely in the construction of the surface of the earth, and constitute an important portion of large geological formations. Take, for example, as a striking case, the environs of Paris. We are told by Professor Jones that the *calcaire grossier* of that extensive basin is in certain places so filled with *Foraminifera*, that a cubic inch from the quarries of Gentilly contains something like 58,000 of their shells, and is strewn in beds of great thickness and of vast extent. This gives an average of 8,000,000,000 for the cubic yard,—a number so great as to put a stop to all further calculation. 'Now, as all Paris, and the towns and villages of the neighbouring departments, are built of stone quarried from this deposit, it is evident that, without exaggeration, the capital of France, and all the neighbouring towns, are constructed principally of the shells of *Foraminifera*.'

Interesting as these minute creatures are, their forms and varieties have not yet been accurately and systematically described; it is a pleasure, therefore, to announce that an elaborate monograph by Dr. Carpenter and Professor Williamson, under the sanction of the Ray Society, is on the eve of publication.

No one who has wandered by the sea can have failed to observe numerous ungainly-looking gelatinous masses floating in its shallow tide, or grounded on its shore. We say ungainly, because, seen melting away in the sun, or lying dirty and dragged on the sands, their appearance is anything but attractive. As in many other instances, however, a further acquaintance, under more favourable circumstances, corrects the first false impression. They are in reality amongst the most beautiful, as they are unquestionably the frailest, of the wonders of the sea. The body, composed of the clearest crystal, is adorned by fringes of brilliant colours, and diversified by appendages of varying forms. These are the *Medusæ*, popularly *Slobs*, *Stingers*, or *Jelly-fishes*. They may be seen slowly floating along on a summer's evening, alternately contracting and expanding as they go. They swim by means of repeated approximations of the margins of the disc, whereby the water contained within and beneath the umbrella-like expansion is forcibly driven away, and the body, of course, impelled in the opposite direction. They feed upon small molluscs, worms, crustaceans, and even fishes, not deterred

by the fact that their victims belong to a higher order than themselves, and are apparently endowed with greater powers, both offensive and defensive, than they possess. Their power of nettling or stinging is universally known, and has not only given rise to the popular names of 'stingers,' or 'stangers,' but is seen in the zoological name of the family under which they are ranged, *Acalephæ*. Professor Jones thinks it probable that only a small minority of the sea-jellies possess this offensive faculty: its nature will be seen by the following extract from Dr. Edward Forbes:—

'Among them, the *Ocyrops capillata* of our seas is a most formidable creature, and the terror of tender-skinned bathers. With its broad, tawny, festooned, and scalloped disc, often a full foot, or even more, across, it flaps its way through the yielding waters, and drags after it a long train of riband-like arms, and seemingly interminable tails, marking its course when the creature is far away from us. Once entangled in its trailing hair, the unfortunate who has recklessly ventured across the monster's path too soon writhes in prickly torture. Every struggle but binds the poisonous threads more firmly round his body, and then there is no escape; for, when the winder of the fatal net finds his course impeded by the terrified human wrestling in its coils, he, seeking no combat with the mightier biped, casts loose his envenomed arms, and swims away. The amputated weapons, severed from their parent body, vent vengeance on the cause of their destruction, and sting as fiercely as if their original proprietor itself gave the word of attack.'*

The *Turris neglecta* is an elegant little species, brilliant as a bead of brightest coral, and is frequently to be procured around the Isle of Wight. It resembles a tiny bell-glass; four transverse rays mark the sides, and a minute red body, with four white arms forming a cross, is suspended in the water. The *Stomobrachium octocostatum* presents in the water the appearance of a hazel-nut of a yellowish-brown colour, which is found, however, on a close examination, by no means to form the true outline of the animal, but only the central portion of a gelatinous disc. This is described as clearer than the finest crystal, translucent as the walls of a soap-bubble, and equally iridescent in the sunshine. Its movements are wonderfully active and vigorous: at every stroke made in swimming its brown-coloured tentacula 'are protruded like forked lightning, or like feathered serpents, darting and flashing forth till they are longer than the entire animal.' Of the very small species, called *Sarsia gemmifera*, the most remarkable circumstance is, that it pro-

* Forbes's *British Naked-eyed Medusæ*.

duces its young from buds, or by a process of gemmation from the walls of its peduncle, which, at certain seasons, presents the curious spectacle of young individuals in various stages of development, sprouting like so many mushrooms from its surface. In the *Sarsia prolifera* a still more remarkable arrangement is observed. At the base of each tentacle a supplementary bulb, or a bunch of little tubercles, is suspended like a bunch of grapes, all of which in time prove themselves to be young *Sarsie*, sprouting by gemmation from the basis of the tentacula. 'Fancy an elephant,' says Professor Forbes, 'with a number of little elephants sprouting from his shoulders and legs; bunches of tusked monsters hanging epaulette-fashion from his flanks in every stage of advancement; here a young pachyderm almost shapeless, there one more advanced, but as yet all ears and eyes. On the right shoulder a youthful Chuny with head, trunk, and toes, but no legs, and a shapeless body; on the left, an infant elephant better grown, and struggling to get away, but his tail not sufficiently organised as yet to permit of liberty and free action.'

Of the various species of medusæ, we would strongly advise the owner of an aquarium to attempt the capture and preservation of the *Beroë* (*Cydyppe*) *pomiformis*. It is a pearl-like little creature, from half an inch to an inch in length, melon-shaped, and quite plentiful on our shores. In common with other cilio-grade jelly-fishes, it moves by means of eight fringes of paddle-like cilia, attached to the same number of longitudinal bands or ribs, acting under the control of the animal's will. By the combined or alternated contraction of these locomotive organs, it can move with a swift and easy motion, in any required direction. These cilia, when at work in the bright sunshine, reflect all the rays of Iris, advancing like a meteor through the water. Not less beautiful and interesting than the cilia are the graceful tentacles or fishing apparatus of the *Beroë*: they are frequently five or six times the length of the body; to the main filament are attached laterally smaller and more slender fibres, all capable of being wholly withdrawn within the body. When seen in vigorous action, the combination of charming colour with ever-varying graceful form is an object at which one is never tired of gazing. 'Like a planet around its sun, or more exactly,' says Agassiz, 'like the comet with its magic tail, the little *Cydyppe* moves in its element as those larger bodies revolve in space; but, unlike them, and to our admiration, it moves freely in all directions; and nothing can be more attractive than to watch such a little living comet, as it darts with its tail in undetermined ways and revolves upon itself,—unfolding and

bending its appendages with equal ease and elegance; at times allowing them to float for their whole length, at times shortening them in quick contractions, and causing them to disappear suddenly,—then dropping them, as it were, from its surface, so that they seem to fall entirely away, till, lengthened to the utmost, they again follow the direction of the body to which they are attached, and with which the connexion that regulates their movements seems as mysterious as the changes are sudden and unexpected. At one moment the threads, when contracted, seem nodose; next, the spiral, elongating, assumes the appearance of a straight or waving line. But it is especially in the successive appearances of the lateral fringes arising from the main thread that the most extraordinary diversity is displayed. Not only are they stretched under all possible angles from the main stem, at times seeming perpendicular to it, or bent more or less in the same direction, and again as if combed into one mass; but a moment afterwards every thread seems to be curled or waving, the main thread being straight or undulating; then the shorter threads will be stretched straight for some distance, and then suddenly bent at various angles upon themselves, perhaps repeating such zigzags several times; then they will become coiled up from the tip, and remain hanging like pearls suspended by a delicate thread to the main stem; then, like a broken whip, become bent in an acute angle, with as stiff an appearance as if the whole were made up of wires; and, to complete the wonder, a part of the length of the main thread will assume one appearance, and another part another, and, moreover, pass from one into the other in the quickest possible succession. When expanded, these threads resemble rather a delicate fabric spun with the finest spider's thread; at times brought close together, combed in one direction without entangling; then becoming stretched apart, and preserving in this evolution the most perfect parallelism among themselves, and at no time and under no circumstances confusing the fringes of the two tentacula. They may cross each other, they may be apparently entangled throughout their length; but let the animal suddenly contract, and all these innumerable interwoven fringes unfold, shrink, and disappear, as if made of the most elastic India-rubber.'

Before dipping further into the information contained in this volume, we will give an extract as a fair sample of the writer's style. The following is the introduction to his account of the *Noctiluca miliaris*; and although the phenomena described are sufficiently common, the representation is agreeable, life-like, and correct.

'Few visitors to the seaside have not, at some time or other, more especially during the summer season, had occasion to observe, while walking by night upon the shore, or else, while enjoying the breeze upon some pier-head or overhanging cliff, a phenomenon as beautiful as it is astonishing. The waves, as they come rolling in, seem fringed with fire; and, when they break upon the shore, burst into liquid flame, which glides along, still spreading as it flows, until it leaves the sands with light, and then, slowly retiring, leaves a track of shining sparkles glittering on the strand. If witnessed from a boat, or from a steamer's deck, the scene is still more wonderful: the heaving waves around appear to burn like phosphorus, emitting pale and ghostly splendour; the silent oars are raised dripping with living diamonds; or if a hand should be immersed in the refulgent water and again withdrawn, the glowing sparks, like tiny stars, stick to its surface, or are shaken off in brilliant scintillations. The splashing wheels stir up a sheet of light; the wake of the vessel flames behind, as if it were the tail of some vast rocket, and the labouring ship appears to wallow in a fiery foam. In our own climate, however, this luminous appearance is seldom witnessed in such perfection; more frequently, when the water is slightly agitated by the winds and currents, it only shows itself in scattered sparkles mingled with the spray of the sea, and in the froth created by the way of the ship. These sparkles, or luminous points, vary in magnitude, and often continue to shine for some moments as they pass the sides of the vessel, or follow in its track. The kind of light thus exhibited is sometimes extremely brilliant, almost emulating that of the azure, gold, and silver of the pyrotechnist.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watched the water-snakes:
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship,
 I watched their rich attire;
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
 They coiled and swam, and every track
 Was a flash of golden fire."

'This appearance is not unfrequently accompanied by flashes of a paler light and momentary duration, which often illuminate the water to the extent of several feet: these are more or less vivid according to the distance of the observer, and the depth at which they make their appearance, resembling exceedingly the lightning so often seen in tropical regions, which presents itself in diffused flashes, now issuing from one mass of clouds, now from another, in constant succession over the whole face of the heavens. The explanation of this phenomenon was to our forefathers simple enough, as any one may convince himself by referring to some of the earlier volumes of the *Philosophical Transactions*, where, after elaborate theories relative to "phlegm," and

"phlogiston," and other elements unknown in modern chemistry, the ages of those times ascribe all this luminous splendour to the "saltiness of the sea:" and even in our own days, should the inquisitive passenger on board a vessel seek for information relative to the cause of the wide-spread phosphorescence, he will, in nine cases out of ten, receive a reply equally satisfactory, if not couched in precisely the same terms. A little careful examination will, however, soon convince the student of nature that such is by no means a true solution of the problem. A tumbler-glass filled from the glowing wave, and set aside for accurate inspection, will be found to swarm with little points of most translucent jelly, requiring close examination even to detect their presence, and yet so numerous that 30,000 of them have been calculated to be contained in a cubic foot of highly luminous sea-water.'

When we reflect that the *Medusæ* are little more than animated sea-water, the varied beauty of form, brilliant colours, and lively motions which we find in these humble jelly-fishes, fill us with wonder. Place one on a watch glass, allow it to evaporate in the sun, and a slight tinge of dry colour is all that remains. Take one of the larger size, weighing several pounds, treat it in the same way, and a thin membranous skin will be the sole residue. An amusing circumstance is told, bearing on this point, by the late Professor Edward Forbes. He was once lecturing in a small Scotch seaport town, and took occasion to remark upon the small amount of solid matter contained in these marine products. After the lecture, a farmer who had been present, came forward and asked the Professor if he had correctly understood him with respect to the *Medusæ* consisting of little else than salt-water. On being told that such indeed was the case, he remarked that it would have saved him many a pound if he had known that sooner; for he had been in the habit of using his carts and horses to carry away large quantities of those jelly-fishes to manure his fields, and he now believed that he might as well have employed so much sea-water. Assuming, Dr. Forbes remarks, that so much as a ton weight of *Medusæ*, recently thrown upon the beach, had been carted away in one load, it will be found that the entire quantity of solid material would be only about four pounds avoirdupois weight, which, if compressed, the farmer might very easily have carried home in one of his coat-pockets. To what a size these jelly-fishes sometimes attain, may be judged from the fact that we have a trustworthy account of one cast ashore on the Bombay territory, which, left to melt away in the sun, took nine months to evaporate, leaving no remains behind.

Reluctantly passing by the sponges, the *Alge*, and the other interesting objects about which Professor Jones so pleasantly, though so unsystematically, discourses, we proceed, accompanied by the reader with his pocket-lens, to glance at the zoophytes.

These beautiful objects, included by the unenlightened sea-side wanderer under the general term of 'sea-weeds,' were called 'zoophytes,' because by some physiologists they were thought to partake of the nature both of vegetables and animals; the fact being that, with the outward semblance of sea-plants, they are in reality little animals, house and tenant being organically and indissolubly connected. The history of the observations and reasonings which finally settled the status of the zoophyte is very interesting. About the year 1730, Peyssonnel, a physician of Marseilles, first ventured to maintain that what had previously been described as the 'blossoms' of the coral, were true animals, ('insects,' he called them,) analogous to the *Actinias*, or Sea-Anemones; that the coral, in fact, was secreted by the animal, becoming subsequently hard and stony, or horny, as the case might be. A short period elapsed, during which opinion on this matter remained wavering, uncertain, and chaotic. One of the few English naturalists of the eighteenth century whose names have at present any prestige, then arose in the person of John Ellis. This individual was a London merchant, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and had attained such skill in certain of the natural history sciences, as to enjoy the confidence and correspondence of some of the most celebrated naturalists of his day. His views were unfolded to the Royal Society in the year 1752; and though much has been done since in the way of classification, his general views have in the main been only confirmed by future observation and inquiry. If the reader has a further interest in the subject, let him consult the classical work of Dr. George Johnston, *A History of the British Zoophytes*, to whom Professor Jones is much indebted, as we must now pass on to some details. This author divides them into three orders, easily recognisable by the nature of their skeleton; the 1st, *Hydroidea*, having polyps enclosed in horny, tubular, plant-like sheaths, forming an external covering to their trunk; the 2nd, *Asteroida*, a calcareous or horny axis, or internal skeleton, surrounded by the fleshy parts of the compound body; and the 3rd, *Heli-anthoida*, having a calcareous or coriaceous skeleton, composed of plates radiating, like the gills of a mushroom, towards a common centre.

Of the first order into which the zoophytes are divided, the *Hydroidea*, it may safely be said, that none exist more beautiful in form, or more delicate and graceful in the arrangement of the details of their structure. They vary from a few lines to upwards of a foot in height, and are almost invariably found attached to rocks, shells, sea-weed, other corallines, and to various shell-fishes. Many of them appear to be indiscriminate in

their choice of the object, but others again make a decided preference. Thus *Thuiaria thuja* prefers the valves of old shells, *Thoa helicina* is more partial to the larger univalves, *Antennularia antennina* grows on rocks, *Campanularia geniculata* delights to cover the broad frond of the tangle with a fairy forest peopled with its myriads of busy polyps, while the *Sertularia pumila* rather loves the more common and coarser rocks. The polypidoma, or habitations of these zoophytes, are disposed in a variety of elegant plant-like forms, slender, horny, and jointed, bearing evidences of periodical stages of growth, and having the cup-like cells of the polyps arranged in a determinate order, either sessile or elevated on a stalk. The first family of this order consists exclusively of the *Hydra*; but of the history, changes, and strange antics of these creatures we must decline to speak, since anything like an ample description would require an article to itself. Of an animal of which we are told, and truly told, that when you cut a piece out of the body the wound speedily heals, and, as if excited by the stimulus of the knife, young polyps sprout from the wound more abundantly, and in preference to untouched parts; that when a polyp is introduced by the tail into another's body, the two unite and form one individual; that when a head is lopped off, it may safely be engrafted on the body of any other that may chance to want one; that you may slit it up, and lay it out flat like a membrane, with impunity; nay, finally, that you may turn it inside out, so that the stomachal surface shall become the epidermous, and yet it shall continue to live and enjoy itself,—of such an animal what can we say more than to advise the reader to study those books in which these and other wonders are fully and faithfully described?

The *Tubularia indivisa*, or Oaten-pipe Coralline, belonging to the second family of this order, is dwelt upon by Professor Jones at some length, and, as it is not difficult to procure on our coasts, is a convenient object of study to the young aquarist. A bunch of *Tubularia*, fresh from its native bed, is, as our author remarks, a perfect garden in itself, 'every stem being densely populated with other forms of zoophytes, growing in rich profusion from its surface, and affording a spectacle well calculated to impress us with the idea of the immense profusion of animal life that flourishes in the recesses of the ocean.' Its tubes consist of a yellow horny stem, from six to twelve inches in height, sometimes single, but in general found crowded in groups. From these stems arise heads or polyps, perfectly resembling the structure of the *Hydra*, forming, in the language of Dr. Johnston, 'a globular knob of a scarlet colour,' and

enriched by a double row of similarly coloured tentacula. Amongst the marvels of its history may be mentioned the strange vigour of its regenerative faculty, by which one head succeeds another through a prolonged series,—how long this deponent sayeth not.

If we proceed to the Sertularian Zoophytes, the third and last family of this order, specimens of which are so frequently found in the albums of fair sea-side students, the *Plumularia cristata* may be taken as an example. The feathery forms of these animals are very attractive, tempting to exhibit them in the dried state, by which process, however, much of their beauty is lost. Each plume, says Mr. Lister, in reference to a specimen of one of these zoophytes, might comprise from four to five hundred polyps; while Professor Jones remarks, repeating a statement of Dr. Johnston, that a specimen of no unusual size had twelve plumes, with certainly not fewer cells on each than the larger numbers mentioned, thus giving 6,000 polyps as the tenantry of a single polypidom! Now, many such specimens, all united too by one common fibre, and all the offshoots of one common parent, are often located on one seaweed,—the site then of a population which neither London nor Pekin can rival. But *Plumularia cristata* is a small species, and there are single specimens of *Plumularia falcata* or *Sertularia argentea* to be met with in equal abundance, of which the family may consist of 80,000 or 100,000 individuals. Such are the 'insect millions peopling every wave.'

We cannot afford space to dilate upon the Asteroid division of the zoophytes. The precious coral of commerce is the skeleton of an animal which belongs to it; the *Pennatulide*, or Sea-Pens, of which there are three British species, are here arranged, one of them, the *Pennatula phosphoreu*, taking rank amongst the finest of our zoophytes. Nor can we do more than allude to the Helianthoid branch of the subject. There is, indeed, the less necessity to do so, since the principal group it contains, the *Actinia*, or Sea-Anemones, have lately received at least their fair share of public attention, being most popular objects for the aquarium, and having met with many and most enthusiastic biographers.

No part of Professor Jones's volume is better worth a careful perusal than his description of the *Annelides*, or Sea-Worms. Some members of this class, such as the leech and earth-worm, live on the land, while a considerable variety inhabit the sea. All are voracious, and are remarkable both for the red colour of their own blood, and the strong propensity they have to suck the blood of other animals. The larger portion of

the marine kinds belong to the *Dorsibranchiate* family, whose breathing organs, or gills, are arranged in beautiful feathery pairs, either to every segment of the body, or to a certain number of the middle segments. The *Arenicola piscatorum*, or Dug-Worm, is a well known example, being commonly used as bait by fishermen. Among the tube-inhabiting or sedentary *Annelides*, none are more interesting (and none more easily procurable) than the *Serpula*. This is the name of the little worm which inhabits those calcareous, irregularly twisted tubes which every reader will have observed on stones, or dead shells which have been long under water. The wide extremity, or mouth of the tube, is furnished with a kind of door, through which the creature cautiously protrudes the upper part of its body, spreading out two gorgeous fan-like expansions, of a rich scarlet or purple colour, which float elegantly in the surrounding water, and serve as branchial or breathing organs. The smaller *Spirorbis* is still more common than the preceding, since almost every piece of sea-weed is studded over with specimens. We may just allude, in passing, to the *Sabella*, whose beautifully constructed tubes, formed of fine particles of sand, perfectly smooth without, and lined with a soft silky film within, are found in great numbers on our sandy shores. We can scarcely even allude to the still more beautiful members of this group, such as the *Amphitrites*, *Nereids*, *Cirratuli*, &c., whose descriptions and habits form some of the most pleasant pages of the volume now before us. For information respecting them, as well as the Crustaceans and Molluscs, we refer our readers to the work itself, which abounds in illustrations of those truths which are elicited from every department of natural history; and which, while they agreeably stimulate the intellect, raise the heart in grateful adoration of the Almighty Designer of the universe.

'Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
Of every kind, occult or known,
(Each exquisitely formed to suit
Its humble lot, and that alone,)
Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil
Unconsciously their Maker's will.'

Professor Jones has interspersed sundry personal adventures among the more serious topics upon which he discourses; and we think we cannot do better, before we conclude, than extract one, both amusing in itself, and well described:—

'We happened some years ago to enjoy the pleasure of a visit to the late Sir John Ross, the hero of the North Pole, at that time but recently returned from his celebrated expedition. One evening, just before retiring to rest, we chanced, innocently enough, to express a

wish to procure some Razor-shells,—*muskins*, as they are there called,—and were informed that the nearest point where they were obtainable was on some sand-banks in the vicinity of Glenluce. “However,” said Sir John, “I will consult the almanack as to the state of the tides,” (the muskins being only obtainable at very low water,) “and shall be happy to drive you over.” Of course, after expressing our obligations, we went to our chamber, and were soon soundly asleep, in blissful ignorance of the fate we had so inadvertently brought upon ourselves. Our slumbers did not last long: about half-past two in the morning we were hailed by the stentorian voice of Sir John at our bedside, informing us that he found it would be low water in the bay of Luce at half-past five o’clock,—that he had ordered the pony-chaise to be at the door at three, and that there was only half-an-hour at our disposal to dress and get some breakfast. I cannot say that the morning was particularly inviting for a ride, or that I looked upon the prospect before us with very pleasurable emotions. The month of November is at the best but ill-adapted to a naturalizing excursion; and, on the present occasion, not only was it intensely dark, but a Scotch mist hung around us like a London fog, through which the snow, as it came down in broad flakes, descended in silent profusion. However, as Sir John said *that* was of no consequence, off we drove, my teeth chattering with cold, as if in a fit of the ague; but it was of no use uttering any complaint in presence of such a weather-proof companion, fresh as an iceberg from the polar seas. After a *rather* chilly drive, we arrived at length upon the shores of the bay of Luce, and at once proceeded to knock up the fishermen who were to be our guides: after some difficulty, this was accomplished, and we then set off in search of the sea-side, the scene, as I thought, of our operations. The air was now beginning to grow clearer, and the mist had become less dense, so that objects were faintly distinguishable: at last, the white line of surf proclaimed that we were on the sea-beach, and we were preparing,

“So soon as heaven’s window show’d a light,”

to set to work. “There are no muskins here, my good fellow,” exclaimed the thrice-hardy veteran; “they are over yonder.” “Where?” I inquired. “Why, there,” said Captain Rosa, pointing right out to sea,—“on a sandbank half-a-mile out,—you will see it just now, when it gets a little lighter.” “O! I suppose, then, we are waiting for a boat?” “Boat! my dear fellow; here are no boats—**WE MUST WADE IT!** It won’t reach up to your arm-pits: take that gun upon your shoulder; it will help to steady you.” “But, Sir John, I shall be catching my death of cold,” I expostulated. “Cold!—nonsense; no one ever caught cold in salt water yet. Here, come along! take hold of me—mind you don’t stumble.” It was quite obvious there was no retreating; so, with desperate determination, in we went—Sir John in front, and a fisherman on each side of me—deeper and deeper still—until fairly up to our necks; and, holding the gun at arm’s length above water, we at last crossed the strait, and gained the sandbank on the other-side, where, dripping with wet, and half-frozen, I

mentally resolved never to associate myself in future with men who, like my Arctic friend, seemed to consider a bath at the temperature of 30° Fahrenheit quite warm and comfortable.'

Our opinion of the book will have been gathered from what we have already said. It is interesting, instructive, suggestive. We think it a defect that something like a scientific tabular arrangement was not prefixed to the different departments of the subject, as the author could still have chosen what individuals he thought proper for description and illustration, while the reader would have known with precision to what part of the zoological series such individuals belonged. We must state, in conclusion, that Mr. Tuffin West's illustrations are highly satisfactory, and greatly increase the value of the work.

- ART. VIII.—1. *The Table Talk of John Selden*. With a Biographical Preface and Notes, by S. W. SINGER, F.S.A. London. 1856.
2. *The Table Talk of Martin Luther*. Translated and Edited by JOHN HASLITT, Esq. Bohn. 1857.
3. *Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters of Books and Men, collected from the Conversation of Mr. Pope and other eminent Persons of his Time*. By the REV. JOSEPH SPENCE. With Notes and Life of the Author by S. W. SINGER, F.S.A. London. 1858.
4. *Specimens of the Table Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*. Murray. 1858.
5. *Curiosities of Literature*. By ISAAC DISRAELI. A new Edition. Edited, with Memoirs and Notes, by his Son, the RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI. In Three Volumes. London: Routledge and Co. 1858.
6. *The Calamities and Quarrels of Authors: with some Inquiries respecting their moral and literary Characters, and Memoirs for our Literary History*. By ISAAC DISRAELI. New Edition. London: Routledge and Co. 1859.

THERE are some books which encourage only a taste for desultory reading,—Magazines, with their 'varieties,' 'sketches,' 'collectanea,' 'diamond dust,' and volumes of Anecdotes, moral, social, and political, personal, special, and miscellaneous. It is on literature of this kind that the majority of readers in our day satisfy their casual appetite for learning, fancying, no doubt, that

they pick out the very plums of knowledge. We have no desire to see this branch of letters more extensively cultivated than it is; and if we had, we could leave the desired result to be accomplished through the ordinary working of the law of demand and supply. But there is better or worse, higher or lower, even in the department of light and promiscuous literature; and as the most serious minds will occasionally unbend in this direction, we may profitably ask, What books of gossip are favourites with the literary student, the statesman, and the philosopher?

The anecdotal literature of England may be divided into two great classes. The first of these is of limited extent, comprising only a few memorials of moral wisdom derived from the conversation of eminent and learned men. *The Table Talk of John Selden* is a celebrated example of this class. It has received an eulogium of the very highest kind from so good a judge as Samuel Taylor Coleridge. 'There is more weighty bullion sense in this book,' says he, 'than I ever found in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer.' Though we may hesitate to subscribe to this opinion, it would certainly be difficult to name a work of the same class which affords, bulk for bulk, so many shrewd and admirable judgments,—for the 'Essays' of Lord Bacon are excluded from competition by the fact of their deliberate authorship. Selden was brought up to the law, and became eminent as a jurist, most of his works being of a strictly professional character. Thus it happened that even his familiar talk was generally of a grave and learned cast. As fragmentary sayings they may properly be ranged under the head of light or miscellaneous reading; but it is only a judge or a bishop who would think of 'unbending' over such a volume. Yet every thoughtful reader will find something to his taste,—some happy definition, some discriminating judgment, or some quaint and luminous comparison. If Selden had been a mere prodigy of learning, his name alone would have survived; if he had been a mere lawyer, like Coke or Somers, his reputation would be practically limited to the Inns of Court; but all his erudition passed through a powerful understanding, mingled with shrewd observation of the world, and was digested into forms of general wisdom. Hence we are thankful even for the crumbs which fall from the wise man's table. The remarks of Selden are always pointed and suggestive, even when they do not command our full assent; and when they appear to be wholly unworthy of his genius and repute, it is to be remembered that many errors are incident to reported conversation, that the truth as well as the felicity of an

apophthegm depends frequently on the *ipsissima verba* of the speaker, and especially that eccentric or extreme opinions are more aptly seized than those which are guardedly expressed. Besides, wit has its peculiar temptations, company its undue excitements, and even wise men their weak and vulnerable side; while the momentary temper, the ironical tone, the unreported context, are qualifying features that do not appear upon the page. For these and other reasons we have no right to quote the after-dinner talk of Selden, or Johnson, as the full, deliberate, and ultimate conclusion of the speaker's mind. Instructive, brilliant, and amusing, we may read such details with profit as well as pleasure; and even approve the tenor of the whole as wise and subtle: but the verdicts themselves are not authoritative, not decisive; the judge is out of court, and mingles wit and folly at his own table.

These remarks are particularly applicable to the case of Selden, and to all whose reputation is endangered by the posthumous report of colloquial wit, given in a bold and fragmentary manner. The reader of elaborate memoirs, such as *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, is not so apt to charge every crude or trivial remark to the discredit of the sage; for the circumstances which gave rise to it are fully stated, the conversation is given in its actual and dramatic form, the state of the Doctor's mind is indicated by the bulletin of his bodily condition; and when he turns round with a hardy contradiction of the truth, we know it is only intended to confound a Whig, or disconcert a fool. But it is otherwise where conversation is reported piecemeal, without order, and without connexion. Here there is nothing to account for undue severity or partial estimates,—nothing to distinguish the word of jest from the word of sober judgment. No man can regard more than one aspect of truth at a time; yet an isolated speech has always a deliberate and oracular air, and a clumsy note-maker may aid the transformation by the dropping, or insertion, of a single word. How few wise men have a scribe like Boswell by their side, to record with careful alacrity and zeal what has just been listened to with the most reverent appreciation! On these grounds we claim additional allowance on behalf of Selden: his *Table Talk* is not only subject to the usual drawbacks, but is wanting in due authenticity and credit; and if internal evidence were not strongly in favour of its genuineness as a whole, we should be obliged to adopt the opinion of Dr. Wilkins, who treated it as spurious, and excluded it from his edition of the author's works.

A few specimens of Selden's table talk will indicate its style and flavour. The following is highly characteristic: 'Equity is a roguish thing: for Law we have a measure, know what to trust to; Equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we should call a foot, a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot: 't is the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.' This remark is certainly ingenious, but no wise man will hastily conclude that it settles the comparative merits of Law and Equity. The reader feels that an analogy quite as plausible might be framed or chosen to illustrate the other side. Suppose, for instance, that the Chancellor should be compared to a cordwainer, fitting the shoes to his clients' feet according to a scale of sizes; how obvious then would be the remark, that although a certain stature in the man commonly implies a certain measure in the foot, yet individual cases vary by many shades, and, after all, the actual measure of the foot is more to be regarded, than the relative stature of the man; so too should the judgment of the Chancellor be adapted case by case!

Again, in speaking of the Bible, the judgment of our author is not indisputable. '*Scrutamini Scripturas*. These two words have undone the world. Because Christ spake it to His disciples therefore we must all, men, women, and children, read and interpret the Scriptures.....The text serves only to guess by; we must satisfy ourselves out of the authors that lived about those times.' The following under the same head, is substantially good, although the analogy is liable to misconception. 'When you meet with several readings of the text, take heed you admit nothing against the tenets of your Church; but do as if you were going over a bridge; be sure you hold fast by the rail, and then you may dance here and there as you please; be sure you keep to what is settled, and then you may flourish upon your various Lectons.' To this a hearer may retort, 'But when the bridge gives way, what becomes of the rail and those who hung by it?' Selden, however, would doubtless have rejoined, that he spake only of the yielding of a plank, and not of the entire structure; that his remark was not addressed to the infidel who would shake all, but to the student who conscientiously tried the soundness of a part suspected.

It is sometimes easily perceived that our author is in a pleasant mood, as when we read, 'There never was a merry world since the Fairies left dancing, and the Parson left conjuring;' yet even this is not said without a spice of earnest, for he adds, 'The opinion of the latter kept thieves in awe, and did as much good in a country as a Justice of the Peace.' Sometimes he is more witty than gallant, as in the following passage: 'Tis reason, a man that will have a wife should be at the charge of her trinkets, and pay all the scores she sets on him. He that will keep a monkey, 't is fit that he should pay for the glasses he breaks.' It is time to part company with one who can talk in this shocking manner; but we will hear him once more, and part on better terms. The recent agitation on the subject of 'Confession' gives fresh interest to the following thoughts of Selden: 'The difference between us and the Papists is, we both allow Contrition, but the Papists make Confession a part of Contrition; they say a man is not sufficiently contrite till he confess his sins to a Priest. Why should I think a Priest will not reveal Confession? I am sure he will do any thing that is forbidden him, haply not so often as I. The utmost punishment is deprivation; and how can it be proved that ever any man revealed Confession, when there is no witness? And no man can be witness in his own cause. A mere gullery. There was a time when 't was public in the church, and that is much against their Auricular Confession.' The lawyer's turn of thought is often to be traced in Selden's sayings, and here it peeps out in the sentence, 'No man can be witness in his own cause.'

One of the most remarkable books in any language is the Table Talk of Martin Luther; and, thanks to the vigilance of our translators, it has long been accessible in our own. But the history of the fortunes of this volume, and the circumstances which gave rise to the English version, is hardly less remarkable than the contents of the book itself. The *Colloquia Mensalia* was originally published (in German) at Eisleben, in the year 1566, under the editorial care of Dr. John Aurifaber; and several editions followed in the course of a few years. Its popularity soon aroused the anger and hostility of the Roman see. Denounced by Pope Gregory, and proscribed by the German Emperor, its destruction rapidly proceeded, till 'not so much as one copy of the same could be found out nor heard of in any place.' At length, in the year 1626, a copy, carefully preserved in a strong linen cloth, smeared all over with bees'

wax, was discovered in the foundations of an old house; and the reigning Emperor being as hostile as his predecessor to the Protestant religion, the finder of this book feared to make his discovery known, but sent the precious volume to a friend in England. This friend was Captain Henry Bell, by whom the work was presently translated, and on whose authority we have made the above relation. The good captain adds a more extraordinary statement;—how ‘an ancient man’ appeared to him in the night, and, ‘taking him by the right ear,’ urged the translation of the book sent from Germany, and promised to provide both time and place for that purpose; how the writer was soon afterwards committed to the Gatehouse, Westminster, and kept ten years close prisoner, of which space five years were devoted to the said translation; how the undertaking came to the knowledge of my lord of Canterbury, who sent for the MS., read it with interest, praised it with discretion, and kept it without permission; how with much importunity the captain had the work restored to him, with a present of gold, and a promise that an order for its publication should be procured from his majesty; and how finally, after the death of Dr. Laud, the House of Commons ‘did give order for the printing thereof,’ first taking the precaution that the original and the copy should be duly examined and compared. All this we have assured to us under the hand of Henry Bell, ‘the third day of July, 1650.’

The authenticity of Luther’s *Table Talk* is confirmed, if it be not mainly rested, on internal evidence. All the characteristics of the great Reformer are stamped upon its pages;—his faults, his errors, and his peculiarities, are mingled with the substantial proofs of his noble and hallowed nature. There is something more than intellectual vigour in this book, and something far better. It is full of manly courage and human tenderness, of shrewd and practical and pointed sayings, of honest wholesome truths in downright homely language. The spiritual genius of Luther, if we may so express it, is something wonderful. There is nothing critical, in the strict and highest sense of the word, in all his expository thoughts. His theology is not the cool scholastic and impersonal system of the mere logician: it is made up of the daily breathings of a life of active piety, ever replenished by recourse to the lively oracles of truth. This is seen in every page of his *Table Talk*. His life is nothing but a holy warfare; he is continually engaged with Satan and his legions; and the language he employs betrays the conscious

strife to which he is committed. How vivid is his sense of Satan's personality and power! He does not combat a mere evil tendency, a vague principle of depravity and error, but a subtle, sworn, gigantic adversary; and him he tracks through every wile and stratagem, exposing his infernal devices, and showering upon him huge ridicule and scorn from behind the buckler of a triumphant faith. He never makes the sad mistake—so common in our day—of underrating the great enemy of mankind, much less that of doubting his existence. 'It is almost incredible,' he exclaims, 'how God enables us, with flesh and blood, to enter combat with the devil, and to beat and overcome so powerful a spirit as he, and with no other weapon but only His word, which by faith we take hold on;' and again: 'The devil cannot but be our enemy, since we are against him with God's word, wherewith we destroy his kingdom. He is a prince and god of the world, and has a greater power than all the kings, potentates, and princes upon earth; wherefore he would be revenged of us, and assaults us without ceasing, as we both see and feel.' In this manner does Luther frequently express himself concerning 'the devil and his works;' and many other sections of the Table Talk show how ready he was, at all times, to appreciate the malignant source of trouble and temptation, and to frustrate their design. On the other hand he sees the beneficence of God yet more widely and abundantly diffused,—sees it established in the order of nature, active in the measures of providence, and crowned by the triumphs of grace. A pleasant quaintness and simplicity is found in many of his trivial sayings. For example: 'No man can estimate the great charge God is at only in maintaining birds and such creatures, comparatively nothing worth. I am persuaded that it costs Him, yearly, more to maintain only the sparrows than the revenue of the French King amounts to. What then shall we say of all the rest of His creatures?' How alight an observation this, to survive the change and waste of more than three hundred years! Yet it seems to come fresh from the lips of the great Reformer, and we love him all the better for it.

Many of the opinions of Luther are more curious than important. He supposed that the original Paradise included all the world, that Adam before the Fall could see objects a hundred miles off better than we can see them at half a mile, and that if he had remained in a state of innocence, both he and his posterity would have been translated into the everlasting glory of heaven. Luther was certainly not of a superstitious temperament; yet he believed in witchcraft, in common with

all the people of that age, and in ghostly apparitions, in common with the great men of almost every age. 'The science of alchemy,' says he, 'I like very well, and indeed 't is the philosophy of the ancients ;' but then he holds this general belief at the service of a truth more certain and profound, and proceeds to illustrate the latter by the former. 'I like it not only for the profit it brings in melting metals, in decocting, preparing, extracting, and distilling herbs, roots ; I like it also for the sake of the allegory and secret signification, which is exceedingly fine, touching the resurrection of the dead at the last day. For, as in a furnace the fire extracts and separates from a substance the other portions, and carries upward the spirit, the life, the sap, the strength, while the unclean matter, the dregs, remain at the bottom, like a dead and worthless carcass ; even so God, at the day of judgment, will separate all things through fire, the righteous from the ungodly. The Christians and righteous shall ascend upwards into heaven, and there live everlastingly ; but the wicked and the ungodly, as the dross and filth, shall remain in hell, and there be damned.' The following is a still more curious example of Luther's superstition. 'One's thirty-eighth year is an evil and dangerous year, bringing many heavy and great sicknesses ; naturally, by reason perhaps of the comets and conjunctions of Saturn and Mars, but spiritually by reason of the innumerable sins of the people.' On this we are tempted to remark, not so much the ignorance which could ascribe the evils of a certain year to astral influences,—for that is no cause for wonder,—but the oddity which could refer *them in particular* to 'the sins of the people,' always numerous enough, but surely not more so at that period of individual life. It is only fair to suppose that the reporter is here at fault.

By these examples the reader may safely judge of Martin Luther's conversation. Yet its quality and strength considerably vary ; and it is not to be concealed that his violent disposition sometimes breaks out in quite unwarrantable language. Thus on one occasion he exclaims : 'Erasmus, of Rotterdam, is the vilest miscreant that ever disgraced the earth. He is a very Caiaphas.' And again : 'Whenever I pray, I pray for a curse upon Erasmus.' We should be happy to think that here also the reporter was at fault ; but the style of our Reformer's letters too frequently confirms this testimony. No doubt the indignation of Luther was roused by the cold sarcastic spirit of Erasmus, and especially by his unmanly refusal to exert or

sacrifice himself in the cause of sacred truth. But while this consideration may serve to excuse the Reformer's anger, it cannot justify his language. The curse of Meroz is not to be pronounced by Christian lips.

After all, it is not men of Luther's temperament and genius who show to most advantage in the journal of familiar table-talk. All that is finest in their friendly and domestic intercourse is perishable as the bloom of table flowers. To talk well is both a science and an art; it demands a cultivated power of expression, as well as an ample basis of understanding and knowledge. We are told by Dr. Johnson that his skill in social dialectics was the result of deliberate and careful practice,—that he early set himself to weigh the value of colloquial terms, and to attain a ready and judicious use of them; and all know the nature and the amount of his success in this particular sphere. But Johnson had some personal qualifications that are hardly less important. The power of saying wise or witty things is not sufficient to make a great table-talker. He must have authority as well as wisdom who would claim the attention of a company not always capable of independent judgment; and even the sharpshooting play of wit is most successfully directed from some place of eminence, some slight advantage of position, whether social or intellectual, inherited or achieved. Of course, the reputation of great conversational powers commands attention; but how is this reputation gained? Certainly not by purely intellectual means; for the most felicitous remarks are often the most refined and delicate, marked by just discrimination rather than dogmatic boldness, and not likely to arrest the mind, even if they reach the ear, of an ordinary listener. It is *intellectual prowess* which distinguishes the great *talker*; and this gladiatorial faculty is generally associated with a strong *physique*. Even a loud voice and a brusque manner are no contemptible *additions* (of course they are nothing more) to the usual weapons of polemic warfare.

We may verify the truth of these remarks by pointing to the circle which was wont to gather around the table of Mrs. Thrale. There were kings before Agamemnon, and no doubt speakers of note even in the days of Dr. Johnson; but when the author of *Rasselas* swayed into the room, in his ponderous and ungainly fashion, it was not easy to resist the influence of his very presence. He was literally a triton among the minnows. He awed before he convinced, and you could only escape conversion by submitting to immediate martyrdom. Even the best of the

argument could not save you from being worsted in the dispute; you paid as dearly for your adversary's failures as your own; for, as Goldsmith wittily remarked, 'If his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt end of it.' Of course, a few ebullitions of this kind would be sufficient to establish an almost unmolested reign; for the sensitive and proud would naturally observe a prudent silence. Yet, with all this, some of the best sayings in Boswell proceed from the lips of Goldsmith; and we reasonably infer that many others were repressed by the lowering genius of Johnson, or lost to the pre-occupied attention of his scribe. The best of table-talk often passes *sotto voce* betwixt two genial neighbours.

Many excellent sayings of the wise and good are found scattered in the page of modern literature; but there is only one publication of the century which deserves to range with the aforementioned manuals of Selden and Luther. We allude, of course, to the *Specimens of the Table Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, so ably compiled and edited by the poet's nephew. This is perhaps the most curious and valuable thesaurus of the three. It is the epitome of a magnificent but broken life of culture,—the ruin of a grand disordered intellect, in which, as in a lake ruffled by temporary breezes, a thousand images of beauty chase each other, and only in some rare moment of quiescence do we notice how large a portion, both of the upper and the nether sphere, is reflected and comprised. Coleridge has left no work behind him that is worthy of his great powers; but perhaps this little posthumous book of *Table Talk* gives a better indication of the nature, variety, and imperfection of those powers than any composition deliberately published by himself. It is Coleridge in little; it allows us to measure both his weakness and his strength. The most serious defects of his mental constitution are least apparent in a volume of colloquial and desultory sayings, while the opulence of his mind and the subtlety of his understanding are nowhere displayed to such remarkable advantage. He was, as Madame de Staël observed, a master of monologue. The ordinary restraints of conversation were not laid upon this brilliant talker. The few who gathered round him, whether drawn by curiosity or friendship, had sufficient sympathy to wonder and admire, if not to understand, while the old man eloquent folded his hands and unfolded his discourse; every interruption was made to illustrate, enforce, or otherwise subserve his argument; all that floated or glanced

upon the stream of conversation came soon within the absorbing eddy of his genius, receiving new light on every point and at every swirl, and not unfrequently disappearing in a vortex of profound philosophy. Yet, in spite of his abandonment, perhaps not so frequently indulged as some have thought, there is unusual clearness and succinctness in the reported table talk of Coleridge. He had always a peculiar skill in definition, and some of his best essays in that useful art are here set down. Many of his sayings are admirable specimens of wit and truth combined. Thus he compares Frenchmen to grains of gunpowder,—‘each by itself smutty and contemptible, but mix them together, and they are terrible indeed.’ His love of nice distinctions may be illustrated by his verdict on another nation. ‘The genius of the Spanish people is exquisitely subtle, without being at all acute; hence there is so much humour and so little wit in their literature. The genius of the Italians on the contrary is acute, profound, and sensual, but not subtle; hence, what they think to be humorous is merely witty.’ We hardly know if it will aid or hinder the reader in attempting to realize this distinction, if we add the author’s definition of keenness and subtlety; but here it is: ‘Few men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keenness and subtlety, I answer, that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences,—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.’ If acuteness is the same as keenness, in the estimation of our author, then the latter quotation will throw some light upon the former; and we might expect the Italians to excel in logical dexterity: but is it not otherwise in point of fact? Yet subtlety is no doubt the distinctive mark of genius. It is eminently so in the case of Coleridge himself. His powers of analysis are truly wonderful; and as the infirmity of his will prevented him from exercising them on a larger scale, he has allowed them an excursive range over the field of universal criticism. No subject is too high to daunt him, and none so low as to escape his notice. From the mysteries of the Trinity and the Hypostatic Union, down to the grammatical value of particle or adverb, he is always ready to speak, if not equally prepared. What he has remarked of Seneca is strikingly descriptive of himself: ‘You may get a motto for every sect in religion, a line of thought in morals or philosophy; but nothing

is ever thought *out* by him.' Hence he is the most quotable of modern authors; and his authority is likely to be adduced in turn by men of every party. It is due to his moral weakness that we have only fragments of his intellectual wealth. The curse of Reuben was upon him: unstable as water, he could not excel, and the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power was a birthright thrown away.

Such being his character, no wonder that Coleridge was the best of talkers; and since he was destined to do so little, it is well that he was disposed to say so much. It was the only service left within his power. Like a gallant great East India-man that, with broken helm, has drifted upon the rocks, and loosened plank by plank, his noble mind suffered disastrous shipwreck; but all its treasures were dissipated rather than lost: some at least were richer from the ruin, and gathered on the spot more than they could well bear away with them; and so great and unexhausted was the spoil that still, ever and again, some wave of time comes towards us burthened with another fragment, and leaves it at our feet. Perhaps none of us may live to see thrown up the last piece of that gallant vessel or of its costly freight.

There is one reflection that is left upon the mind by all the volumes now passed under our review. It is a thought most humbling to the pride of genius, but not without encouragement to the lover of mankind at large. Luther, Selden, Coleridge,—these were all great men; yet which of them has the entire confidence of his reader? and who among us all would be justified in taking even the wisest for his guide? It would seem that human infirmity and error have been allowed to make conspicuous detraction from the example of the wise and good, that so the authority of wisdom might appear with salutary limit and abatement, and the power of goodness itself repressed within its own immediate sphere. It is only a superficial knowledge of historic worthies which leads to hero-worship and the like; a more familiar acquaintance brings them nearer to our own level, and though it is possible we may thenceforth love them more, it is almost certain we shall trust them less. Mr. Carlyle would probably tell us that only despair could result from this reflection; but we venture to think otherwise. There is hope for society in the fact that the man of simplest understanding is not required to follow in all things the example of the wisest and the best; he has a reconciling judgment of his own, and if this

be duly informed with the utmost light of conscience, he will stand in need of no mere human guidance.

The flavour of much good table-talk is that of wit. We looked for this quality in the volume published in the name of Samuel Rogers; for the 'venerable' poet had the reputation of saying smart and bitter things. But the book is very disappointing. While the reader is led to expect *bon mot* and epigram, he is treated only to a few stale anecdotes, which cannot fairly represent the conversation of that pungent wit, whose famous breakfasts were seasoned with the liveliest Attic salt.

Some of the best of our social wits are only casually represented in the world of letters. Such is the case with George Selwyn, so famous in the time of Horace Walpole, and Mr. Luttrell, a well-known diner-out in that of Samuel Rogers. Richard Sharp belonged essentially to this class; but the volume of 'Letters and Essays,' which he was induced to publish, entitles him to a superior and independent place. The verses of Mr. Sharp have an Horatian ease and elegance, and his familiar letters are distinguished by taste and judgment in a very high degree; but the volume which contains them, and which was published anonymously, is not likely to attract the notice of ordinary readers.

Almost all that we know of Selwyn is derived from the correspondence of his friend. You may hunt his sparkling epigrams through the pages of Walpole, and find them by their own light. And here a passing reference is due to the epistolary works of that prince of gossips. They form nine large volumes in the new and complete edition lately published, and extend over a period of more than sixty years. Very wonderful in its way is this huge repertory of antiquated politics and scandal—this magic mirror of society and fashion over which flit three generations of reigning beauties and fluttering, foolish beaux. The manners of the Georgian era, as prevailing in the higher classes, are here elaborately and faithfully presented; and this is the merit of a work which owes more to the vanity and weakness of its author than to his undoubted talents. It is only right, however, to say, that our estimate of the abilities of Walpole have risen with a contemplation of his collected works—for works they are, in spite of their trivial character and temporary form. Nothing less than genius could have wrought such marvellous transformations. The idlest man of fashion is also the most diligent man of letters. He mingles in the most transitory

scences only to give them an enduring life; and preserves, for all time, the airiness of wit and *persiflage* that seemed to perish in the utterance. We may learn to laugh at the immortality of marble; to slight the boasted fame of historic heroes: this sickly bean shall do more for yon momentary beauty, as they meet and part in the changing ranks of fashion, than Phidias accomplished for the form of Pericles, or Clarendon for the memory of Falkland. No doubt the statesmen of his day despised our Horace; yet how many administrations survive only in his party-coloured pages—dismissed to their retirement with jibe and jest, or put upon his shelf of curiosities and trifles!

The great wits of our age have both a social and literary fame: we need only refer to the peculiar talent of that misguided genius, Theodore Hook; and to the quaint antitheses of word and thought which fell spark-like from the lips of Sydney Smith, and exploded on those of his companions. The last genius of this order, though moving in a different sphere, was the late Douglas Jerrold; and his memoir, which has only recently appeared, contains some of his best *bons mots*. The form of Jerrold's wit was purely verbal; but there was weight as well as point in his keen weapon. We will quote an instance to show how much experience and sound advice may be condensed into a pun. Jerrold had been a midshipman in his youth; and, though he always retained the best part of a sailor's character—breathing the salt air with peculiar relish, and delighting to launch in boat, and able even to trim a mismanaged cutter in a moment of need—yet his experience led him to speak unfavourably of a sailor's life, and he always discouraged restless youth from embarking in it. One of this class was introduced to him who had tired of his position in a silkman's establishment. 'So you are going to sea,' said Jerrold. 'To what department of industry, may I inquire, do you now give your exertions?' 'Silk,' was the brief response. 'Well, go to sea, and it will be *worsted*.' Jerrold appears to have been brilliant in social *repartee*; and many instances of his lancinating power are given in the memorial published by his son; but the effect on the whole, like that of the author's general career, is rather melancholy than otherwise. There is nothing more tiresome after all than these intellectual fireworks, mere isolated jets of mirth and wit. The plain, honest, stammering language of strong purpose, or deep conviction, is much more grateful in the end.

So much for the few brief manuals of familiar wisdom, and

the scattered traces of colloquial wit. They form only a small portion of the miscellaneous shreds of literature. Personal detail is the staple commodity of desultory readers, and this quite independently of the graces of style. Sometimes it would appear that dulness is a positive recommendation. The true lover of literary anecdotes is not particular to a shade of literary merit; and if he has something of an antiquarian bias, he will be proof against any amount of biographical irrelevance or prolixity. You may shut such a man up for a week together, if you will only indulge him with a copy of *Nichols's Literary Anecdotes*; but then he will demand both series of the work, the product of three generations of that laborious family, and now extending to seventeen large octavo volumes. It is not unlikely that he may require the *Life of Bowyer* to be thrown into the bargain: it will serve as a cheering episode to the ponderous *épopée*, and regale his fancy with the fortunes of poor scholars, printers, and divines, long buried and forgotten.

But this, we admit, is an exceptional character. The lovers of literary anecdote are mostly attracted by collections of traditional stories affecting the persons and opinions of celebrated wits and poets; such as that, the title of which stands third on the list we have given. Spence's *Anecdotes* is a very miscellaneous book indeed. It is a posthumous publication formed out of the memoranda of conversations jotted down by the Rev. Joseph Spence,—a country clergyman of considerable taste and culture, who enjoyed for some years the friendship and society of Pope. Besides the poet of Twickenham, Mr. Spence mixed with many famous contemporaries, and has not hesitated to preserve the remarks of inferior men, when they have any bearing upon the history or character of their betters, or contain notable allusion to foreign works of art. The great defect of the volume is its want of authenticity: it is full of indifferent rumour and report, gathered at second hand, and not always consistent in its parts. Here we have stories resting on the authority of old Jacob Tonson and crabbed Mr. Dennis; Dean Lockier (of Peterborough) is made responsible for many others; and a crowd of obscure worthies, foreign as well as English, contribute to the loose collection. We are told that the polished and mitred Atterbury 'did not value swearing,' but used it very freely in urging the proclamation of the Pretender immediately on the death of Queen Anne; and that Dryden's life was probably shortened by drinking much in the company of Addison, the moralist and sage. Every speaker has a kindly word for Gay,

only 'he was a great eater;' and Prior is mentioned *à propos* of Chloë. Yet scandal does not form a large proportion of the whole. Some of the most interesting pages seem to be the fruit of foreign travel, gathered from the conversation of intelligent citizens of Rome and Florence.

But the central figure in the 'Anecdotes' of Spence, is Pope. All the sayings of so fine a genius are worth preserving; yet it appears to us that the generous instincts of his friendship are sounder than his opinions. He speaks well of men, but indifferently well of books. The style of Shakspeare he pronounces coarse and stiff, and that of Milton formal and exotic; but then Congreve was '*ultimus Romanorum*,' and Cowley 'a fine poet, in spite of all his faults.' Among the worthies of English literature he includes even such small fry as Sprat, though at another time he admits that 'middling poets are no poets at all.' Yet Pope had many noble qualities, some of which biassed his literary judgments. His Life by Mr. Carruthers exhibits very strikingly both the littleness and the greatness of his character; his petty animosities and intrigues are balanced by the warmth of his friendship, if not excused by the brilliance of his satire; and we are disposed to apply to him his own description of another genius, and speak of him as the 'greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind.'

With the elder Disraeli commenced a new era of literary history. For the first time in our language the fortunes of authors, artists, and scholars obtained an ample and systematic record, dictated by the congenial taste and sympathy of one who was proud to be enrolled among their number. Disraeli makes no pretension to criticism of the higher order. He had neither the learning nor the sagacity of Bayle, of whom there is yet no counterpart in British literature. His province is more limited, and his aim more popular; and he may be said to have cultivated the most interesting branch of letters with equal assiduity and success.

The works of this favourite writer are numerous and important, and we must reserve their consideration to another opportunity, when the Literary Character itself will claim a special examination and report.

- ART. IX.—1. *Hulderici Zwinglii Opera Omnia*. Completa Editio Prima, curantibus M. SCHULERO et Jo. SCHULTHESSIO. 8 vols. 8vo. Turici. 1828—42.
2. *Ulrich Zwingli et son Epoque*. Par J. F. HOTTINGER. Traduit de l'Allemand. Lausanne. 1844.
3. *Zwingli: or, the Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland, &c.* By R. CHRISTOFFEL. Translated from the German by JOHN COCHRAN. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1858.
4. *Zwinglii Vita*. A MYCONIO. (*Vita quatuor Reformatorum*.) Berolini. 1841.
5. *Vita Germanorum Theologorum*. A MELCHIORE ADAMO. Haidelbergæ. 1620.
6. *Histoire de la Réformation de la Suisse, &c., &c.* Par ABRAHAM RUCHAT. 6 vols. 8vo. Genève. 1727.
7. *Précis Historique de l'Abbaye et du Pèlerinage de Notre Dame des Ermites, &c.* Einsiedeln et New York. 1856.
8. *Le Pèlerin de Notre Dame des Ermites, ou Instruction sur le Pèlerinage*. Einsiedeln.

THE first of the above series of works is an act of somewhat tardy justice to the great national Reformer of Switzerland. It was hardly to have been anticipated that three centuries should pass before the appearance of a really complete edition of Zwingli's works. However, the task has now been competently performed; and although we could have wished for a Latin translation of the two volumes of German writings, so that the entire portion might be intelligible to those who could read three quarters of the whole, we are bound to speak in favourable terms of the manner in which Messrs. Schuler and Schulthess have performed their office. The introductory notices are at once terse and full of information; and the collection, especially under the head of *Epistolæ*, has been enriched with many additions. It was in this latter most unpretending portion of the volumes that the greatest amount of research was involved; and M. Schulthess did not live to see the issue of the last volume from the press. It is a favourable sign that there should exist so great a demand for the writings of the Protestant champion as to authorize such an undertaking.

It is of no small moment to the knowledge of any important epoch, that we should be thoroughly acquainted with the lives of the principal actors on the scene. Great and energetic men give an impulse to the events of their times; and this was especially true in the case of Zwingli. Yet although he commenced preaching the Gospel at so early a period as to make it doubtful

whether he or Luther sounded the first note of war against Rome,—although his views on the sacraments, and other most important subjects, are identical with those held by a vast body amongst ourselves,—and although the town of Zurich, of which he was pastor, became united to the English Reformers by closer ties than any other city on the continent of Europe, we believe that the facts of Zwingli's life are very little known in this country, as compared with the fame of Martin Luther. It will be from no lack of interest in the mode of treatment, or in the subject-matter itself, if this reproach be not largely remedied by Messrs. Clarks' edition of Christoffel's memoir. But other lives of Zwingli are not wanting: there is one by M. Schulthess, the same (unless we are mistaken) who was joint editor of the works; another, by Hess, had been given in an English dress; Hottinger's admirable volume, perhaps even now the most popular of all in Switzerland, is a third; whilst the short sketches of Myconius, Zwingli's intimate friend, and that of Melchior Adam in the *Vite Germanorum Theologorum* are now lying before us.

Zwingli was born at Wildhaus, in the valley of Toggenburg, on the 1st of January, 1484. His father was Ammann or magistrate of the village; his mother, Margaritha Meili, came of an honourable family. Eight sons and two daughters sprang from this worthy pair, of whom Ulrich was the third in order of birth. The house of Zwingli was in good repute amongst its neighbours, and to their free election the Ammann owed his magisterial rank; whilst two uncles, whose kindness greatly influenced Zwingli's future career, were respectively dean of Wesen and abbot of Fischingen, in the Canton Thurgau.

The little village of Wildhaus lies high beneath the summit of the snow-clad Alps. In the summer season its inhabitants drive their cattle to the loftiest regions, and, leaving them under the charge of a few attendants, hasten to gather in their scanty harvest. In the winter, round the blazing log-fire, they recount the perils borne in defence of their freedom, or while away the long dark hours with the strains of rustic music. Such was the mode nearly three hundred years ago, such is their habit at the present day. The effects of such an early training may be traced in Zwingli's career. We are told that when he heard how their liberty had been won against the hosts of Charles the Bold, the young child eagerly seized a weapon, and vowed to fight for home and freedom: we know that he never showed any lack of boldness; that his heaviest cares in future life were soothed by his great musical skill; and we may readily believe that, as he owed these traits to his early associations, so also, (as Oswald

Myconius writes,) from those sublime mountain heights, which stretch upwards towards heaven, he took something heavenly and divine. Certain it is, that at an early age the boy showed a great aptitude for learning. He soon surpassed his fellows at the village school at Wesen, and was thence sent to Basle, where he was placed under the care of George Binali, a man remarkable for the sweetness of his disposition, and one who soon became attached to his young pupil. After a three years' residence at Basle, Zwingli was removed to Berne, to attend the lectures of Henry Lupulus.

The scholastic establishments of that period were not of a very satisfactory character. The masters roamed about as vagabonds, settling at any place where they could obtain permission from the authorities; and, for the most, were themselves grossly ignorant of the topics they professed to teach. In an inscription on a painting of such a school still preserved at Basle, the master gives the following advertisement of his powers: 'Is there any one here who wants to learn to read and write German in the most expeditious method imaginable? You need not know a single letter of the alphabet, but in less than no time you shall be able to keep your accounts: and if any one is unable to learn this, I agree to give him my lessons for nothing, and to make him a present besides of whatever he may demand. Any shopkeeper or apprentice, married woman or maiden, who needs instruction, let him knock and enter; he shall be faithfully cared for, and at a fair price. But boys and young girls must write down their names to begin their lessons at the Ember Fast-days, since it is the custom. 1516.' It was in classes formed under such instructors as these, where children and grown-up persons were intermingled, that the great mass of the people were instructed.

Above these, were the Latin colleges, such as that to which Zwingli resorted at Basle. The masters were for the most part priests, whose remuneration was provided for by some religious foundation, or from the scanty payments of the scholars. The educational curriculum embraced Latin grammar, music, and dialectics; the latter being especially valued as accustoming to a distinctive mode of expression, but which constantly degenerated into the most pompous verbiage. The most explicit instructions were laid down by the local governments for the guidance of the master, and the behaviour of his pupils. He was to use his utmost diligence to get each one forward; was to examine them at convenient intervals; was to commence work at five in summer, six in winter; to have from ten to eleven for dinner, and to continue teaching from thence to four o'clock,

except on saints' days, when there might be a half holiday; was to teach psalms, chants, canticles, intonations, hymns, and requiems; and was to see that his pupils went quietly home, and did not become quarrelers, bravadoes, or turbulent. The pupils were to speak Latin only, save in case of necessity, in and out of school; they were to behave with decency and reverence in the church, belfry, cemetery, &c., and were not to touch or climb upon any of these ecclesiastical appurtenances. To fight with their book-bags, or to tear their clothes, or to throw stones, was strictly forbidden. For disobedience they might be birched; but the master was forbidden to hit them on the head, because, since they were young, *it might injure their memory.*

In those days the rod was the essential instrument of discipline. There was no sparing it and spoiling the child. There was an annual *fête* observed even some time after the period of the Reformation, called 'the procession of the rods.' On a fine summer's day, the school children went in a body to the woods, and, having there cut plants of birch rods, they returned with their spoils, singing a song, the burden of which was, that the birch was the appointed means of directing children in the right path, and that they accordingly presented a voluntary offering of this necessary and useful implement.

But, despite this seeming severity, a frightful laxity prevailed in the management of most schools. The scholars wandered from place to place under the pretext of seeking for instruction, but really in order that they might lead a dissolute and vagabond life. In these wandering troops the eldest and strongest ruled; and often, after having induced some younger children to join them under a promise of aid in their studies, no sooner had they crossed the frontiers of their canton than the latter were compelled to become the servants of their teachers, and beg or steal provisions for them. Hottinger mentions the diary of a young Valaisan, who in his ninth year so attached himself to an older student, and was compelled to follow him through Germany and Poland, without learning even how to read; and who did not find any opportunity to teach himself for nine years. This person describes the miseries he endured, sleeping in winter on the bare boards of a school-house, and in summer in the long grass of the church-yards. When a band of scholars passed by, woe to the fowls, and eggs, and fruit trees in the neighbourhood. Sometimes the peasants let loose their dogs upon their heels; sometimes they entertained them, listened to the story of their adventures, and joined in their debaucheries; sometimes a pedagogue appeared, strongly supported by a body guard of

attendants, who drove them into the school-room: in this latter case, the rebels would load their pockets with stones, and commence such an attack upon the enemy, that the police had to interfere.

Such were many of the schools of Switzerland in the days of Zwingli's childhood; but, by his uncle's care in the selection of a master, he was preserved from such evil influences. His mind was soon so imbued with a passion for study, that when he passed from Berne to Vienna, and at the latter place gained his first knowledge of Greek literature, (though at present only through the medium of a translation,) his enthusiasm knew no bounds. At Vienna he first met with Vadian and Florian, who were so long his intimate friends, and with Faber and John von Eck, the future bitter enemies of the Reformation: for the present, however, the young men were all cordial enough to one another. We are told, that from the excesses and immoralities of Vienna Zwingli and some of his friends were kept by their passion for music, in the study and practice of which they passed their evenings together. From Vienna, and the fruitless study of the scholastic philosophy, Zwingli returned once more to Basle, where new life and energy were beginning to spring up under the teaching of Wittenbach. From him probably Zwingli first learned to turn from the barren deserts of the scholastic wisdom to the living fountain of God's word. 'The time is not far distant,' the master used to cry, 'when the scholastic philosophy will be swept away, and the old doctrine of the Church established in its room on the foundation of holy writ. Absolution is a Romish cheat, the death of Christ is the only payment for our sins.' Such words sank deep into the heart of more than one hearer; at any rate they had their effect on Zwingli, and on Leo Juda. True it is, that Zwingli was as yet ignorant of saving truth; but there were not wanting fine features in his character at this period. He took the degree of Master of Arts out of deference to common prejudice, but he would never employ the title. 'One,' he was wont to say, 'is our Master, even Christ.'

In the year 1506, being then twenty-two, Zwingli quitted Basle a second time. The Independent community of Glarus claimed the right of electing their own minister, and, although Zwingli was not yet in priest's orders, they chose him to this important post; his election being in all probability due to the influence of his uncle, the dean of Wesen, and to that of his friends at Glarus. He was accordingly ordained by the bishop of Constance; and, after preaching his first sermon at Rapperschwy, whose name is rendered familiar to tourists by its long

bridge across the Lake of Zurich, he entered upon the duties of his office.

It may be remarked of almost all great men in the world's history, that they have owed their renown more to their energy and untiring application to the duties of the position which they have from time to time been called upon to fill, than to any fortunate concurrence of events which has afforded an opportunity for the display of their abilities. Great men, it has been well said, do not wait for opportunities,—they make them. We are not, of course, denying that God fits His instruments for the purposes which He intends to carry out through their agency, and that He can effect this fitness in a brief season ; but this is not God's general mode of dealing with mankind. At the feet of Gamaliel, instructed in all the learning of the Rabbis, after the strictest sect of the Pharisees, as well as thoroughly imbued with heathen literature, such was the preparatory training that fitted the Apostle of the Gentiles for his future career. Brought up from his childhood until forty years old in the court of Pharaoh, learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, and then with abundant opportunity to meditate and digest his knowledge in the land of Midian,—thus it was that a legislator was provided to lead the children of Israel into the promised land. So too, the year before Zwingli's call to Glarus, Luther had entered the cell of the Augustine monastery at Erfurt, and in his long internal struggle with the sin of his own heart, in the constant study of God's revealed truth, and in the duties of pastor and vicar-general of his order, went through a noviciate of fourteen years' duration, before he came forth to defy Romish authority by burning the Pope's bull. And we may trace a like course of previous drilling for his future warfare in Zwingli's career. Although he had little taste for its barren subtleties, Zwingli had painfully and accurately mastered point by point all the *minutiae* of the schools, whilst at Vienna, so as to be a fit match for the acutest dialectician ; and now he entered on his new sphere with a like energy, determined not to be contented with a mere perfunctory performance of the duties of his office, but in all things, as far as man could, to prove himself a pastor that needed not to be ashamed. He now, therefore, applied himself intently to study, with a view to improvement in preaching,—especially to the study of Holy Writ, which as yet he only read in the Latin version : he laboured diligently to develop his powers as a public speaker, and to have an adequate knowledge of sacred things, on which those powers when developed might be exercised ; ' for he was well aware,' writes his friend Myconius, ' how much he must know to whom the flock of Christ is intrusted.' One

noble resolve filled his soul as he journeyed on: 'I will be upright and true before God in every situation of life in which the hand of the Lord may place me. Hypocrisy and lying are worse than stealing. Man is in nothing brought so much to resemble God as by truth. Lying is the beginning of all evil. Glorious is the truth; full of majesty; commanding even the respect of the wicked.' And his conduct accorded with this profession. It is a fine picture, this, of his young manly heart in all the bright glow of its early vigour. Full of a deep sense of responsibility, of steady application and high resolve, and yet without one tinge of affectation, without any taint of the asceticism so common in his day,—bright-hearted, high-spirited, with a flow of good humour almost to gaiety; at one time charmed with a new book or new branch of study, at another (as, indeed, his whole life long) indulging his passionate love for music,—it would be hard to find a character with more amiable natural traits than was that of the young parson of Glarus.

But the picture has its dark side,—why should we hide it? The sins of such men are beacons to us all, and, by bringing out more plainly the common weakness of humanity, lead us to see more clearly the grace by which alone we can be preserved. In Zwingli's day the relation of the sexes was most disorderly. A gross licentiousness characterized the Swiss population, and from this the clergy were not free. Bound to a life of celibacy, the priest only swore to observe chastity *so far as it was possible to human weakness*, and a very liberal interpretation was put upon this saving clause. In this regard, as in every other, Zwingli had determined, so he himself writes, to live holily; but he fell, not grossly, as the world then judged, but inexcusably in the sight of God. 'By prayer and by diligent study he succeeded in subduing this enemy too, after in faith he had laid hold on Him who is mighty to save even in the weakest.' It is characteristic of his truthfulness that we owe our knowledge of his incontinency to his own confession: he would not appear better than he really was.

Yet danger was approaching in another quarter, and in a more seductive form. The lusts of the flesh are plainly contrary to a life of faith; the pride of life, when joined to a priestly career, is a bait that is far more skilfully disguised. Among the most influential men both in Switzerland and at Rome was Cardinal Schiuner, a man of no mean powers, who had raised himself from being a herd-boy to the condition of a temporal and spiritual prince. He was at this time papal nuncio in Switzerland, and laboured, and not unsuccessfully, to induce the Swiss to enlist under the Pope's banner, and expel the French from Italy. The

rising fame of Zwingli, and his poverty, marked him out as a fitting agent to further the Papal interests, and Schinner told him that, in return for his exertions on their behalf, a pension of fifty florins would be supplied to further his studies. Zwingli at once repudiated the contract. But the temptation was intensely powerful. What a marked act of grace to a poor Swiss priest less than thirty years old! What a career seemed before him exemplified, far more strongly than words could have impressed it, in the actual success of Schinner himself. But the love of truth prevailed! He did not, indeed, at that time, think it unbecoming to receive money from the Pope, but he told his envoys in explicit terms they were not to fancy that he would for their money withhold one iota of the truth, let them give or retain it as they pleased. The truth of his avowal was soon manifested. His voice was raised loudly against the system then becoming prevalent with the Swiss, of hiring themselves out as mercenaries; as a Christian, he felt the wickedness of shedding blood for payment in another's quarrel: as a patriot, he foresaw the evils that would result from the receipt of pensions paid by foreign sovereigns, whose interests might be opposed to that of Switzerland. His opposition was unpopular; but no one can question his boldness or his judgment in adopting the side he took.

In 1518 Zwingli began to study Greek. He acquired it rapidly and unaided by a master; but such was his application, that he wrote out St. Paul's Epistles, and committed them to memory. Presently he followed the same course with the rest of the New Testament.* And now a flood of light was poured in upon his soul. The great means of regeneration was employed, and it began to tell, especially as he abandoned other commentaries to which he had been much devoted, and began to compare Scripture with Scripture. Learning from St. Peter that no Scripture is of any private interpretation, he became earnest in prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit; and, as he asked, it was granted him ever more and more to understand its meaning. Thus he learned how Rome's claim to unchangeableness is unfounded, and that God's word alone is eternal: other indications confirmed this conviction. He found an old Liturgy, which ordered the Eucharist to be delivered in both kinds. He fell in with the Litany of Ambrose, once used at Milan, and differing from the Roman. We have been taught these truths from our childhood, and can hardly realize their influence over one who had been educated in the belief of Rome's infallibility. As the light

* Myconius, *cap. iv.*

dawned, how often he must have hesitated, wondering whether it was indeed the true Sun shining out, or the glare of some destructive fire that would consume all faith in things Divine, or the false glitter of some will-o'-the-wisp emitted from the quagmires of heresy, that bugbear of Romanism! In the *Architeles* Zwingli has himself described the difficulty which at this period pressed on his mind. Persuaded as he was of the truth of Christianity, to which of its exponents should he turn? To those that at its origin were held to be taught in heavenly wisdom? or to those who, claiming to be their descendants, now exhibit folly? 'Every one who is not a fool or altogether brutish will answer to them whom the Spirit of God has enlightened.' Henceforward he applied every doctrine to the touchstone of God's word: if he found it could bear the brightness of that stone, he accepted it; if not, he cast it away. Here is the whole principle of Protestant truth admitted. All subsequent changes were but the result of its application to the different questions that from time to time arose.

It is in strange contrast with the position which he had thus taken, that Zwingli should have been soon after summoned to become preacher at the abbey of Einsiedeln. In no place throughout all Switzerland had tradition more successfully usurped the place of God's truth; in no place were the tenets of Romanism more flagrantly displayed. The Convent of Benedictines of Einsiedeln professed to owe its origin to an anchorite of the eighth century; and its image of the Black Virgin, the great object to adore which pilgrims assembled from every quarter, had been the most precious possession of its founder. Meinrad—such was the pious hermit's name—was a man of noble birth, who had retired from the world to his solitary cell, but whose reputation for sanctity and wisdom deprived him of the solitude for which he longed: driven from the borders of the Lake of Zurich by crowds of intrusive, though admiring, visitors, he had selected Einsiedeln, which was then skirted by the Black Forest, as a more inaccessible abode. Still the fame of the monk increased, until after a residence of six years at his new home, passed in austerities and the contemplation of the mysteries and of the grandeurs of Mary, he fell a victim to two robbers, who murdered him under the expectation of finding vast treasures concealed within his cell. But the death of the holy man did not deprive the spot of its reputation; it was but the commencement of a series of miracles. Unseen the murderers had been by human eye, but St. Meinrad, like the Fathers of the Desert, had friends among the birds of the air. Two ravens pursued the assassins, followed them with cries as far as Zurich, and, having even forced

their way through the windows of the *auberge* in which they had taken refuge, harassed them without cessation, until the strange sight attracted attention, and the terror-stricken men confessed their crime. To this day the monastery has two ravens on its escutcheon.

For forty years the cell remained untenanted, although an object of veneration to the surrounding people; when a canon of Strasburg, the future *Saint Bennon*, established a fraternity of anchorites upon this hallowed spot. Their leader was indeed for a time removed to the bishopric of Metz; but his holy ardour and efforts to reform the manners of his flock so inflamed them against him, that they rose in insurrection, put out his eyes, and expelled him from the city. Then the saint, now doubly venerated for his piety and misfortunes, returned to his former retreat, and was soon surrounded by numerous imitators, whose cells were scattered about the place. Another saint from Strasburg, Eberhard by name, gathered these dispersed hermits into a single body, placed them under the Benedictine rule, and built a house for their reception. To construct the chapel was a far more important work: on the very spot on which Meinrad's oratory once had stood, with the very same image of black wood before which he once had knelt, was the temple raised. The day was fixed for its consecration. On the eve preceding, the bishop of Constance arrived with a goodly body of knights, and accompanied by Ulric, prelate of Augsburg. It was September 11th, A.D. 948; all was prepared for the morrow's solemn service. At midnight the bishop and monks went down to the church, and engaged in prayer. On a sudden they saw the chapel illumined by a heavenly light. Christ Himself and the four evangelists were at the high altar, performing the service of consecration. Angels scattered a thousand perfumes on left and right; St. Peter and St. Gregory, each in his pontifical robes, assisted; and before the altar was the Virgin Mother, resplendent as the dawn; celestial choirs, led by the archangel Michael, made the arches ring to angelic strains, and St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, the proto-martyr deacons, performed the functions befitting their order. The bishop remained in prayer till eleven the next day, astonished at the unusual apparition; but those who had not been present, believed him to be under the influence of a dream, and persuaded him to proceed with the consecration. The prelate yielded most reluctantly, and had commenced the service, when lo! another prodigy,—an unutterable stupor fell on all present, as a superhuman voice filled the air with cries of, 'Brother, cease. The chapel has been divinely consecrated.'

Such is the story of the place to which the Swiss Reformer was now bending his steps. The legend had been recognised by the Papal court, and all doubt as to its authenticity removed by a Bull of Pope Leo VIII., which was confirmed by several of his successors in the apostolic chair. Indulgences, privileges, absolution from crimes and penalties, were abundantly promised to those who should visit the shrine and confess their sins. Not many months since, we were at the spot, and there purchased the two volumes which close the list at the head of this article, and which are sold there in large numbers to the thronging devotees. If the story of the abbey, taken from these authorized volumes, is so plainly promulgated in this day, how much credence must it have obtained in that more benighted time! Thousands, indeed, then, as now, came from every quarter of Europe, their long travels and painful endurance to reach the abbey showing how fully they believed in the pretentious and blasphemous inscription over its gateway: 'Here is complete absolution for the guilt and punishment of sin.'

Most valuable must, however, have been the opportunity thus afforded to the preacher of showing to his hearers a more excellent way; and of this he availed himself fully. To maintain the delusions of the place was admirably calculated to enrich the cloister; and the burden of most sermons had been the efficacy of the pilgrimage, and the miracles performed by the Black Virgin. But now a new doctrine was proclaimed.

'God,' the preacher cried, 'is everywhere present, and wherever we call upon Him in spirit and in truth, He answers us in the words, "Here I am." Those, then, who bind the grace of God to particular localities, are altogether perverse and foolish; nay, it is not only foolish and perverse to do so, but anti-Christian; for they represent the grace of God as more easily to be obtained and cheaper in one place than in another; which is nothing but to limit the grace of God, and take it captive, not letting it be known how free it is. God is in every part of the earth where He is called upon, present and ready to hear our prayers and to help us. Wherefore Paul says, "I will therefore that men pray every where, likewise also the women." That is, we are to know that God is not more gracious in one place than in another. Finally, Christ calls such people as bind God to that place false Christians; that is, Antichrist. "For there shall arise false Christs and false prophets," &c. "Wherefore, if they shall say to you, Behold, He is in the desert, go not forth: behold, He is in the secret chamber, believe it not." O God, who else is a hypocritical Christian but the Pope, who exalts himself in the place of Christ, and says he has His power? So he binds God to Rome and other sanctuaries. Thus they bring money in enormous quantities to enrich holy places; which, in case of need, might well be applied to our temporal advantage. And

just in such places is more wantonness and vice perpetrated than any where else. He who ascribes to man the power to forgive sins blasphemes God; and great evil has sprung from this source, so that some, whose eyes the Popes have blinded, have imagined they had their sins forgiven by sinful men. In this manner God Himself had been hid from them. To ascribe to man the power to forgive sins is idolatry; for what is idolatry but the ascription of the Divine honour to men, or the giving to the creature that which is God's? — *Christoffel*, pp. 25, 26.

Nor was Zwingli satisfied with attacking the special form of error developed in the pilgrimages to Einsiedeln: he laid axe to the root of the evil, and denounced that Virgin-worship which was then, as now, the crying abomination of Romanism. He protested in every way, and with every kind of argument, against such adoration. He urged that no creature was intended to receive it; that Paul and Barnabas had warned the Lycians against such a practice; that the whole tenor of the Gospels, and our Lord's mode of addressing His mother, was discordant with any such conception; that it must be most distasteful to the Virgin herself. She would say, 'I am no goddess, nor any source of blessing;.....ye think ye honour me by worship, ye do greatly dishonour me. Worship is to be paid to none but the one living and true God.'

It is difficult to estimate the effect of this preaching at such a time, and on such a spot. There were gathered there at the *fête* of the angel-consecration, and, indeed, through the whole year, great crowds of hearers from every quarter. Even now, when the principles of the Reformation are so widely spread, nearly 140,000 pilgrims visit annually this ancient shrine. On every one of the many paths intersecting the plain of Einsiedeln may be seen small bands of devotees clothed in every variety of costume, marching often painfully and wearily along to the low chant of some penitential psalm, and telling their beads as they wend on their journey. And when they were gathered at the pulpit's foot, and stood in a picturesque and motley crowd, what strange but heart-stirring doctrines would they hear, and bear away to their distant homes,—to remote villages of Normandy and Picardy, to the far-away towns of Northern Germany! The bold Tyrolean, the swarthy Bohemian, the free-hearted Hungarian, (for all these resorted to the place,) would tell, and did tell, that it was no longer to be believed that men needed by long travel to reach the throne of grace, but in every place, without saintly intervention or costly offering, those that sought should surely find God, and peace with Him, not through Mary, but through her blessed Son. So great was the impression made,

that many were awakened to serious inquiry. Some embraced the truth as it is in Jesus, and returned bearing away the gifts which had been intended for the image; others were arrested on their way, and turned back without completing their pilgrimage. Meanwhile the preacher's fame reached Rome; and even as he was denouncing the Papacy, Zwingli received a most courteous and flattering letter, creating him an acolyte chaplain of the Papal chair; and, with many expressions of approbation, counselling him, by his good offices to the see of Rome, to merit further testimonies of the Pope's favour.

After a residence of about two years at Einsiedeln, the office of *Leut* priest, or parish minister, of Zurich became vacant, and Zwingli was asked by one of the canons if he had any desire to succeed him. He replied in the affirmative. His friend Myconius and others worked day and night to secure his election, and their efforts were crowned with success. Zwingli entered on the duties of his new office towards the close of the year 1518.

It was no secret in the town of Zurich that a fresh mode of instruction would be commenced by the new parish priest. In reply to the address introductory to his installation, Zwingli gave his hearers plainly to understand his intention to preach the history of Jesus Christ, following the order of St. Matthew's Gospel. Nothing can enable us better to realize the state of things in Zurich than the effect produced by this announcement. One party was filled with joyous hope; the other, depressed with serious alarm. To what purpose, argued the latter, to make such innovations? This exposition of Scripture would do more harm than good. To this the other side replied, that it was not an innovation so to preach,—it was but following in the good old paths which the fathers had trod, and which the saints of the Church had commended by their example; and they cited the homilies of Chrysostom on Matthew, and Augustine on St. John. Men's minds, however, were on the alert, and felt that they were on the threshold of great events. These half-uttered expressions of disapprobation were but the mutterings of distant thunder that precede the storm.

The contest was likely to be a severe one in every sense; and the fidelity with which Zwingli attacked all kinds of existing vice was sure to raise a host of enemies. Certain elements of popularity were not wanting to the Reformer. As a preacher, he had an agreeable delivery, a well-modulated, deep-toned voice, easy action. His language was simple, popular, and dignified; clear in exposition, serious and fatherly in reproof, affectionate in warning. He spoke as one in earnest, and his sermons had all the authority derived from an ample acquaintance with the

word of God. And although he spared neither prince nor peasant, neither secret nor open sin, he had withal a tender consideration for the intellectual and spiritual deficiencies of his hearers; and he conjured more advanced Christians not to be over-hasty in proposing any change, 'if for no other reason but this,—that they might prove that they were Christians indeed, by the patience with which they bore, for the sake of the weak, that which, according to the strict law of Christ, they ought not to bear.' This union of courage with moderation and delicacy of feeling was traceable through his whole career, and especially appeared in his preaching. 'Never,' says Myconius, with a little of the exaggeration of a dear friend, 'had there been seen a priest in the pulpit with such imposing appearance and commanding power; so that you were irresistibly led to believe that a man from the apostolic times was standing before you.'

To estimate the need there was of such an union of prudence with fidelity, it may be well to pause for a moment, and consider the position of things at Zurich. The affairs of the town and canton were ruled by a Council elected by the body of the people, and greatly under the influence therefore of popular opinion in all domestic policy; whilst in matters foreign and ecclesiastic they had been wont to bend to the common voice of the Confederation, and to the acknowledged rule of the bishop of Constance. As Zwingli was without material authority, the reforms he desired could only be legally effected by the agency of the Council; and it was essential that some considerable portion of the citizens should support him, before that body could be induced to take any decisive steps. Against such action there were a host of opposing voices. The French and Italians were intriguing for support and for mercenary troops from Switzerland, and Zwingli's patriotic denunciations of their proposals roused the enmity of all who were in the pay of either party, or who expected to heap a harvest of foreign gold. With these were leagued all the idle and dissolute, whose lives he reprov'd; all the priests and monks who had neither piety nor learning, and felt that their livelihood was in danger; and besides, and more than all, the bishop of the diocese, whose authority was imperilled, supported, we may well believe, by some who were conscientiously fearful of the results of the new teachings, and by all the authority of the Church of Rome. It was a most unequal struggle to all outward appearance, waged by a single man against enemies, many of whom were hampered by no scruples in the mode of their opposition. At one time they employed open violence; at another, plotted for his secret assassination. Then, when these attempts failed, and the Pope's sentence of

excommunication had been pronounced against Luther, they tried to resuscitate the old prejudice against heretics, and called him Luther's imitator and scholar.

The reply to this last accusation is interesting, as deciding the question as to what Zwingli owed to Luther, and the conflicting claims of the partisans of either Reformer, as to which commenced the work of Reformation.

'Before a single individual,' said Zwingli, 'in our part of the country even heard of the name of Luther, I began to preach the Gospel; this was in the year 1516. Who called me then a Lutheran? When Luther's Exposition of the Lord's Prayer appeared, it so happened that I had shortly before preached from Matthew on the same prayer. Well, some good folks, who everywhere found my thoughts in Luther's work, would hardly believe that I had not written this book myself; they fancied that, being afraid to put my own name to it, I had set that of Luther instead. Who called me then a follower of Luther? How comes it that the Romish cardinals and legates, who were at that very time in Zurich, never reproached me with being a Lutheran, until they had declared Luther a heretic, which, however, they could never make him? When they branded him a heretic, it was then for the first time they exclaimed I was Lutheran.....Do they say "You must be a Lutheran, for you preach as Luther?" I answer, I preach, too, as Paul writes; why not call me a Paulian? Nay, I preach the word of Christ; why not much rather call me a Christian?.....I shall not bear Luther's name; for I have read but little of his doctrine, and have purposely abstained from a perusal of his books: what, however, of his writings I have seen, in so far as these concern the doctrines and thoughts of Scripture, this, in my opinion, is so well proved and established in them, that it will be no easy task for any man to overthrow it.....For my part I shall bear no other name than that of my Captain, Jesus Christ, whose soldier I am. No man can esteem Luther higher than I do. Yet I testify before God and all men that.....I have purposely abstained from all correspondence with him, not that I feared any man on this account, but because I would have it appear how uniform the Spirit of God is, in so far that we, who are far distant from each other, and have held no communication, are yet of the same mind, and this without the slightest concert.'—*Christoffel*, pp. 73-75.

Still the Romish authorities believed that they should be able to gain him over, if they only offered a bribe of sufficient value. The dictum of Sir R. Walpole was long anticipated at Rome; for, where everything was venal, it was not likely that a high estimate of the honesty of others would prevail. So late as January, 1523, the Pope addressed a brief to Zwingli, in which he expressed his especial confidence in the priest of Zurich, and his desire to advance him to the highest honours. This letter was

brought by the nuncio, who was ordered to confer with Zwingli in private, and to make the most brilliant offers to secure his adhesion to the Roman pontiff. Another emissary who was employed with the same purpose, on being asked by Myconius what the Pope would give to gain over his friend, replied, 'Everything, most assuredly, except the Papal chair itself.' Whilst such influences were brought to bear from high quarters, far baser ones were at work, endeavouring to undermine his reputation. No calumnies were too disgraceful to be vented against him by the priestly party in Zurich. He had, they said, dissuaded from payment of tithes as tyranny. He had, in the pulpit, represented adultery as lawful. He wanted to be tyrant and Pope in one. He was the father to three bastard children. He was to be seen drunk at night in the streets of Zurich. He was at once in the pay of the Pope and the French king. Of course, these stories had effect in some quarters, and alienated those at a distance who could not inquire into their truth. But at home these falsehoods only recoiled upon their authors. Then poison and murder were attempted, but God delivered him from all. Zwingli was to be deterred from his purpose neither by promises nor by assaults.

'Being reviled, we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat,'—these words, we imagine, often recurred to Zwingli; and his private letters at this period show to what source he turned for strength to endure the many trials of his chequered career. 'I know,' he writes to his brother, 'that my own strength is not sufficient, and I know just as well how strong they are who contend against the doctrine of God. I can, however, like Paul, do all things through Christ strengthening me. For what is my speech, how could it avail to bring any sinners back to the way of life, if the power of the Spirit of God did not work with it?' In a letter to one of whose Christian sympathy and intelligence he was more fully assured,—to his friend Myconius, he thus expressed himself:—

'If I were not convinced that the Lord guarded the town, I had long since taken my hand from the helm; but seeing as I do that He makes fast the ropes, hoists the yards, spreads the canvas, and commands the winds, I were indeed a coward, undeserving the name of a man, if I were to leave my post; and, after all, I should still, in the end, die a death of shame. I will, therefore, trust myself entirely to His goodness; He shall lead and guide me; He shall accelerate or procrastinate; He shall advance or delay the voyage; He shall send calm or tempest to overwhelm me in the sea. I will not be impatient; I am verily but a weak vessel; He can employ me to honour or to dishonour. I often, indeed, pray to Him that He would bring my flesh under His government, and

destroy its lazy, wayward contradictoriness, which is ever slow to obedience, and, like a woman, will ever have the last word, and know the reason of everything. I still hold that the Christian Church, originally purchased by the blood of Christ, can be renewed alone by the blood of the witnesses for the truth, and in no other way.'—*Christoffel*, p. 98.

It would be superfluous to dilate upon the complete resignation to God's will, and upon the noble Christian courage, which this letter displays; but it may be well to remark, in passing, that these results were produced in Zwingli from no mere apathetic fatalism, and submission to an inevitable destiny, but from the firm conviction of His love to whom Zwingli had committed his soul, and the unfailing fidelity of His promises to all them that believe.

It was now evident that affairs could not long be maintained at Zurich in their present posture,—one party must yield. The magistracy had been so far gained as to appeal to the confederate Diet of the Swiss Cantons, and to the bishop of Constance, for light upon the subjects in dispute, but had failed to gain a hearing in either quarter. Meanwhile the enemies of the Reformation began to persecute their opponents wherever they could do so with impunity, and the report of their proceedings tended to inflame the young Zurichois that were supporters of the truth. Disputes were constantly arising. Young men challenged the monks in their sermons, and proved the falseness of their teaching. With these disorders the town authorities tried in vain to grapple, and at length, at Zwingli's instigation, they determined to hold a *public conference on matters of religion*.

As the Swiss Reformation took its peculiar course from the direction given to it at this period, it may be well succinctly and plainly to enunciate the principle that guided the Reformers. When the light of Divine truth first broke upon individual men in the Romish communion, they were usually fain to content themselves with preaching the true doctrines, and with condemning the corruptions of their time, though they themselves still remained within the pale of the Papal Church. Such was the case of Savonarola and many others. But as the word of God became more fully known, and gained more numerous adherents, it was felt that the rites and ceremonies of Rome, founded as they were upon her dogmas, were no longer to be borne. But by what authority were the necessary changes to be effected? It was soon manifest that the Papacy would agree to no proposal for a General Council that should not be under its own influence and guidance. Nor could the whole nominally Christian body in each country be at present intrusted with

such a responsibility: party spirit ran too high on either side, and moderation was not to be expected at their hands. At this juncture, then, Zwingli proposed to commit the decision of external things and of rites to the Council of Two Hundred, the supreme authority in Zurich, the condition being that their judgment should be guided in all things by the rule of God's word. Before this body, then, and with this standard to appeal to, Zwingli offered to meet the priestly party, to defend his position against all comers with the sword of truth.

On the 29th of January, 1523, the great Council assembled in their hall at Zurich. Marx Roist, the burgomaster, a hoary-headed warrior, presided. On one side were the bishop's representatives, Von Anwyl, his high steward, Faber, and others; opposed to them were deputies from Berne and Schaffhausen, and the clergy of the town. Zwingli sat alone in the centre of an otherwise vacant circle at a table, with open Bibles in the three ancient tongues: men of learning, burgesses, and country people, to the number of six hundred in all, filled the space, 'in great wonderment what would come out of this affair.' The burgomaster briefly opened the proceedings, and Zwingli followed, defending his own teaching, and declaring that it had been based upon God's word. Then Faber began in reply, and employed the usual arguments to evade acknowledging the authority of the appointed judges. They were not competent to decide upon customs which had been existing for ages, and had been established by the Pope; they had better postpone the business for the present, as the General Council were to meet at Nuremberg within a year; they should not interfere in matters which it was their prelate's business to adjudicate. To this Zwingli answered, 'I have lately had letters on the Nuremberg business, but they contain not a word about a General Council. It is not custom, but truth, for which we are inquiring; this we shall find in God's word, which we are learned enough to read in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.' The disputation then began; but the condition that the decisive authority should be the Bible, rendered the victory secure. Purgatory, invocation of saints, adoration of the Virgin, the celibacy of the clergy, came under review. In vain Faber pleaded long-established custom, in vain he argued that the Church could not have been in error fourteen hundred years, in vain he quoted fathers and councils, in vain he tried to fasten upon Zwingli the odium of heresy. Inexorably Zwingli kept him to the point, 'You must prove it to us from Holy Scripture.' The Council resolved that their parish priest should still retain his office, and that all other preachers should teach nothing

from the pulpit but that which could be proved from Holy Writ. Faber, annoyed at his defeat, declared that he spoke in his private capacity, and not as vicar-general. Then Zwingli, flushed with victory, no longer spared him. So ended the first Conference; the Reformation was established in Zurich, and the body of the people committed to its support.

A number of practical reforms followed. The abuses of the ecclesiastical establishment were rectified. The cathedral foundation maintained sixty canons and chaplains, most of whom led lives of idleness, riot, and licentiousness. These were reduced to a staff that was sufficient to perform the required offices. Exactions for various services were abolished, a wise discretion being observed in permitting those who desired certain ceremonies to have them at their demand. Public worship was placed upon a new footing, with exposition of Scripture and a sermon. The monasteries were remodelled: their inmates had their choice of leaving, or remaining under a new régime; their monastic habit was abolished; the younger monks were made to study or to learn a trade; for the aged a becoming provision was arranged. The funds of suppressed foundations were applied to the sick and poor, and charities thus established still exist in Zurich. Celibacy was no longer to be imperative upon the clergy; and Zwingli set the example of choosing a fitting spouse. By these changes a wholesome reform was effected, and great scandals were removed. But this point once reached, it was impossible to avoid further alterations. A second religious discussion was held, at which it was finally determined that the mass was inconsistent with the teaching of Scripture, that images should not be used, and that prayers for the dead were unavailing. These conclusions put a finishing hand to the work of the Reformation.

Throughout the discussion of the above questions Zwingli had taken a leading part, and his constant attention was necessary to secure a favourable issue: but although the result had been to establish the truth at Zurich, the Reformer's position was now full of peril. Many who had once 'run well' took alarm at the disregard of ecclesiastical authority which the opposition of the Papists rendered necessary, and retreated again into the bosom of Rome. Many more, who were careless about religion, but were affected by Zwingli's denunciations of foreign service, joined the force that was arrayed against him. The band was swelled by all those whose sins were obnoxious to his teaching, by all who preferred expediency to principle, the fear of man to the commands of God. Apprehension, too, for their Canton's security, was now seriously awakened; for the

Popish members of the confederacy ruthlessly punished heretics in their own precincts, and spoke openly of their intentions to march against Zurich. And now, worse than all, dissensions sprang up amidst the Reformers, some of whom ran into the most deplorable excesses, and brought great odium on the cause with which they were identified. We realize once more the full power of faith in seeing how a single man was enabled to make head against such overwhelming opposition. Zwingli's courage seems to rise to every emergency. We may not, in the light of subsequent experience, approve of all his measures for regulating the Church; we may regret that in the heat and bitterness of controversy he should have occasionally forgotten His example who, when He was reviled, reviled not again, and flung back withering scorn and contempt upon his despicable foes; but when we regard all the circumstances of his position,—when we recollect that the axe and the fire were depriving him of some he loved most dearly,—we can only admire his great calmness, his uniform adhesion to principle, and his unshaken faith. With all these troubles at home, he could find leisure to advise foreign Churches, and the care of all the Swiss Reformed body for some period came on him. There were fightings without, fears within; yet the bold heart held on its way, confiding in the security of his position in the sight of God.

We cannot enter into the particulars of the public disputation with the Anabaptists, or the arguments by which Zwingli supported infant baptism, whilst he denied all virtue to the mere outward rite. But the extravagance of his opponents imperatively demanded the intervention of the authorities, and Zwingli was blamed for an intolerant edict which he had most earnestly deprecated. In truth, the behaviour of these fanatics was an outrage upon the public peace. At the moment when negotiations were pending, with every prospect of a quiet and satisfactory arrangement, for the disuse of images and the suppression of the mass, the Anabaptist leaders excited the people to break in pieces the images, the altars, and even the baptismal font. The wildest frenzy seemed to guide their actions. Those who formed their body were re-baptized with 'the baptism of the regenerate,' as they termed it, and joined in the celebration of the communion, which they degraded into a nocturnal revel, at the houses where they 'set up the table of the Lord.' They rejected all regularly-ordained preachers, maintaining that no paid minister could preach the truth. They denied that any Christian man ought to hold any civil office, and consequently refused to recognise the authority of the State. Finally, they established a community of goods, and even

of wives, and sank into the grossest Antinomianism and immorality.

It was a matter of no small difficulty to determine how best to deal with these fanatics. Their leaders were generally designing men, who had been disappointed in their expectations of reaping a harvest from the spoils of suppressed foundations; and they led on their more ignorant followers in avowed opposition to Zwingli's authority. When the council of Zurich sent a new pastor to Zollikon, in the place of one of their number, Blaurock, a leader of their sect, stood up in the centre of the church, and cried,—

"I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall find pasture:as it is written, 'I am the good shepherd, the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep,' so I give my body and my life for my sheep; my body to the dungeon, and my life to the sword, or the fire, or the rack, wherever, like the blood of Christ on the cross, it may be drained from the flesh. I am the beginning of baptism and the bread of the Lord, along with my elect brethren in Christ, Conrad Grebel and Felix Manz. Therefore the Pope with his followers is a thief and a murderer. Zwingli and Leo Juda too, with their followers, are thieves and murderers, until they recognise this." "

Bands of them, carrying lighted torches, promenaded the streets of Zurich, shouting dark prophetic sayings, and holding nocturnal meetings. Whole crowds of deceivers and deceived clothed themselves in sackcloth, bestrewed themselves with ashes, and, girding themselves with ropes, cried in the public places, 'Woe to thee, Zurich! Yet forty days and thou shalt be overthrown.' "

Such disorders were plainly inconsistent not only with the peace of the Church, but with all good government, and would suffice to relieve Zwingli from the charge of intolerance in any endeavours to suppress them. But the Swiss Reformer opposed the severe decree that was passed against them, and soon afterwards he prevailed on the Council to grant a safe-conduct to those who had been banished, that a second public disputation might be held to convince them of their errors. We must refer our readers to M. Christoffel's pages for the arguments used on either side. Each party was only the more obstinately confirmed in their previous opinions, and the Anabaptists became more unmanageable than ever. At length a terrible deed of blood committed at one of their feasts aroused public indignation, and the people vehemently called upon the government to interfere. Some of the ringleaders were executed, others were banished.

Thus ended a contest which Zwingli declared to have cost him more sweat than his fight with the Papacy: nay, he said that the latter, in comparison with this, was but child's play.

A far more painful contest, however, was carried on with Luther regarding the Lord's Supper. The great German Reformer appears nowhere in a more disadvantageous light than in his treatment of Zwingli. At the beginning of the dispute, indeed, there is every reason to believe that Luther was ignorant of Zwingli's real sentiments, and supposed them to be identical with the views promulgated by Carlstadt and the Zwickau prophets; but his violence abated not one whit when informed of the great difference between them. Storm-tossed and weather-beaten as Luther had been, no wonder if he acquired a rough exterior: indeed, he himself admits it, but adds, 'The heart is tender and soft.' Unfortunately, he only exposed to Zwingli the hard rind: and began or ended all his disquisitions on the sacrament with some reference to the devil, who (he declared) had whispered his doctrine to his Swiss opponent. Zwingli replied, with all mildness and love,—

'You write, dear Luther, that the devil has taken possession of us; that we have indeed read that Christ has died for us, but that we have not received it into our hearts. We do not know what better to say to this, than to reply in the words of Paul, "Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?" If we repeat to you the sum of what we are to believe and teach, you either say we have learned it from you;—and is it not strange that if we learned it from you, you do not recognise your own doctrine?—or you say we do not believe our own Confessions. What are we to do? We can do nothing but joyfully bear the reproach, and lay our case before the just Judge.'—*Christoffel*, p. 322.

It is with pain that we revert to these weaknesses in so great a man as Luther, but the life of Zwingli would be incomplete without some mention of them. Fuller evidences of the spirit in which the struggle was maintained, are to be found in M. Christoffel's pages, who enters warmly into a vindication both of the doctrine and the behaviour of his hero. Luther was, we regret to say, by no means softened by the meekness of Zwingli's replies; and he applied to his friends in power throughout Germany, to suppress by authority the writings of the Sacramentalists, as the Swiss Reformers were termed. 'Now,' he wrote to Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, 'it is war to the knife with these men.' Meanwhile, thoughtful men on either side bewailed this schism in the Reformed body, whilst their enemies were plotting to take advantage of its existence to effect the ruin of both parties. It was determined, accordingly, to make an attempt at

union ; and Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, exerted his influence to effect a reconciliation. Ruchat gives a full account of the arguments employed and the reasons urged on either side ; but from the very commencement success was hopeless. The Lutherans desired to impose their own terms, which were to be accepted by their opponents with an interpretation of their own. Then an endeavour was made to devise a formulary sufficiently ambiguous to include both parties. But Zwingli expressed his dissatisfaction at such a course. He suggested that it would be far better to draw up a confession of the fundamental doctrines on which they were all agreed, and to tolerate differences on the sacramental question. This, indeed, was done on the sudden breaking up of the assembly at Marburg. It is gratifying to remember, that on his death-bed Luther charged Melancthon to make further concessions, and regretted the obstinacy he had displayed in this matter.

Whilst Zwingli was at Marburg, he had held important consultations with the Landgrave on the political condition of the Reformers. Indications were not wanting of an intention to suppress at once their religious and political liberties ; for Charles the Fifth regarded with jealousy the freedom of his German subjects, and would willingly have embittered the dissensions between Papists and Protestants, that he might take advantage of their weakness to subdue them both beneath his power. *Divide et impera*, was the motto of his policy ; and a Spanish force was ready to be marched into Germany, when the native states had been exhausted in mutual conflict. Zwingli foresaw the impending danger, and had already made some provision to ward it off from Zurich. The terms upon which this latter town had entered into the Swiss Confederacy permitting it to make alliances with other towns independently of the larger body, an alliance, offensive and defensive, reserving the rights of conscience and liberty to preach the Gospel, was made with Constance. This treaty was called 'the Christian Burgher-Rights.' Berne, Basle, Mulhouse, Biel, and Schaffhausen, were subsequently admitted. It was now proposed to make 'the Burgher-Rights' the basis of a general league between Protestant states, and ambassadors were dispatched to the towns of Northern and South Germany. Strasburg had been already enrolled, and great hopes were entertained that Venice would be gained. Nor was the adhesion of France despaired of, the jealousy of Francis the First against the Emperor giving stronger grounds to hope for his accession than any proofs which he had given of regard for the Gospel. Such was the comprehensive scheme which Zwingli had devised : its execution was prevented by a variety of circum-

stances. Venice, although disposed to lend a favourable ear, had but just come to terms with the Austrians. Francis the First dared not take any decisive step whilst his sons remained as hostages in the hands of his great rival. Meanwhile no such hinderances presented themselves to the union of the different Popish states; and the Catholic Cantons of Uri, Schwyz, Unterwalden, Lucerne, and Zug, called 'the Five Places,' had contracted a treaty with Austria, and with the Pope. Everything portended that a collision was inevitable. Zwingli saw this, and calmly estimated the cost and probable issue. He has been much censured for his warlike disposition; but we must make allowance for the circumstances of his birth and education, for the atmosphere in which he had constantly moved, and for the condition and prospect of affairs, which he could estimate more truly than we, after so great a lapse of time, are able to do. To his mind it was perfectly plain that 'the Five Places' were preparing for war, that they were determined not to grant liberty of conscience in the districts over which they held a joint jurisdiction with Zurich,—in fact, that nothing but an appeal to arms could settle their differences. The misunderstanding sure to arise between those whose interests were so adverse in reality, whilst they were nominally allies, was aggravated in this case by the combined authority which they exercised over certain districts, and by the intricacy of their mutual relations, the result of a close intimacy in past years. When enmity is aroused in a contracted sphere, it seems to be aggravated by its confinement. Bitter and insulting taunts were hurled by the Catholics against the new opinions. On the house of the town-clerk of Zug a huge gallows was painted, from which the arms of Berne, Basle, and Zurich were suspended. These acts inflamed the minds of the Protestants; and when, by the orders of the council of Schwyz, a Protestant pastor was waylaid near Uznach, carried off, and ruthlessly burned to death, they hesitated no longer. War was declared against 'the Five Places.' And whilst assistance was demanded from their co-religionists, the army of Zurich marched to Cappel, accompanied by Zwingli as their field-preacher. The Zurichois were in high spirits, full of confidence in themselves and the justice of their cause: and their government was acting with a promptness and resolution which was at once a security and an earnest of success. The Catholics, on the other hand, were dispirited, and, though their levies were quickly brought into the field, they were but ill prepared to cope with their foes. Allies, too, poured in, and full 30,000 men-at-arms were assembled. But the blow, though imminent, was arrested. Berne and the other allies of Zurich were anxious to prevent bloodshed; and as

the armies were drawn up in battle array, the Landammann Ebli rode up, and begged them to desist. Zwingli saw plainly that it was but crying peace whilst there was no peace, and warned Ebli of the evils that would result from his interference. 'Because the enemy are in our power, they give us fair words: afterwards they will not spare us, and then there will be none to mediate.' The result proved the truth of these predictions; but they were unheeded in the desire for an accommodation. The opposing troops, as they looked on one another's ranks, saw there comrades with whom they had stood side by side in the shock of battle; the sentiments of former friendships revived. The idea of a treaty became popular, and was carried out in terms that nominally insured a free licence to proclaim the truth.

The peace of Cappel was but a hollow truce, and the mode in which it was carried out paralysed the efforts of the party of Zwingli in Zurich. Lukewarm friends or avowed foes were chosen to the magistracy in the following elections, and 'the Five Places' soon again evinced their hostility by disregarding the terms agreed on. When a second war was inevitable, the government of Zurich had contrived by their mismanagement to make the cause of their foes popular in Switzerland, and to rouse the enemy to strain every nerve for victory; whilst at home distrust and feebleness prevailed. With very different aspect the Reformed host marched once more to the field of Cappel. Gloomy forebodings, which found their expression in strange portents, already foreshadowed the coming disaster. A comet of unusual size had appeared in the sky—a shield had been seen in the air at Zug—blood had burst from the earth in streams at Aargau—upon the Brunig standards had seemed to be flapping in the heavens; whilst ships flitted over the Lake of Lucerne, filled with ghostly warriors. We may deem all such stories idle; but they indicate that men's hearts were strung high, and were gloomily anticipating results of no common moment. It was no wonder that at such a time it should be thought of evil omen that when the great banner of Zurich was set up at the town-hall, it clung to its pole and refused to unfurl, and that when Zwingli was in the act of mounting, his horse reared and fell backwards. 'He will never come back,' said his friends mournfully. "'Whoso loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me,' says the Lord, and it is the Lord's cause,' was his reply: but he was not unmoved, and was heard, as he marched, to be praying with great fervency, committing himself and the Church to the Lord.

It is a journey of not more than three or four hours over the Albis from Zurich to Cappel, and the banner arrived at three

o'clock, P.M. The battle had already lasted three hours, with manifest advantage to the Zurichois, and a bold charge upon the foe might possibly have gained the day. But there was treachery in the Reformed camp. Their captain, Goeldli, frustrated every useful proposal, allowed all the commanding posts to be occupied by the enemy, and refused to attack before the morrow. It was Christmas Eve. The day of our Lord's nativity dawned, and soon the strife began. In the outset of the battle Goeldli and his men deserted: yet, surrounded and betrayed, the Zurichois fought like lions against eight times their number, and the victory for a time was doubtful; but at last they were overborne. Zwingli had bent down to comfort a wounded man with the words of life, when a stone struck his helmet with such force, that he was hurled to the ground. He soon summoned strength to rise, when he was pierced by a hostile spear. 'What matters it?' he cried. 'They may kill the body, the soul they cannot kill.' The wound was mortal, but he lingered on. A party of marauders drew near, and found him. 'Will you confess? Shall we fetch a priest?' He cannot speak, but signs in the negative. 'Then call on the Virgin and saints in your heart.' Once more, with eloquent silence, he signs that he will not deny his Lord. 'Die, then, obstinate heretic,' cried Boechinger, and gave him a fatal stab.

There was bitter wailing that night in Zurich. Baron von Geroldseck, Abbot of Einsiedeln, the Comthur Schmidt, the Abbot of Cappel, and twenty-two of the Reformed clergy, lay dead with Zwingli upon the field. His own friends, Ulrich Funk, Thumseisen, Schweizer, and Tœnig, were not divided from him in death for the cause of faith and fatherland. Bitterest of all were the tears that fell around Zwingli's hearth. His widow bewailed a son, a brother, a son-in-law, and a brother-in-law, lost in that fight, as well as her noble spouse.

Our sketch would hardly be complete without some notice of Zwingli in private life. He was a fine-looking man in form and figure; and from the admirable portrait still preserved in the library at Zurich, we may trace resolution and energy in his well-compacted head, and a far-seeing, penetrating understanding in his expansive forehead and full, clear eye; but we confess that to ourselves his features have a certain contraction that we should hardly have expected in one who entertained such comprehensive views. In his home he led a simple life, enjoying the quiet of the domestic hearth, or the society of his numerous friends. He frequently supped abroad in the public guild rooms, or with the Council. He was no ascetic, and retained to the last his passion for music. His time was carefully distributed

day by day. He rose with the sun in summer, gave the early hours to prayer and study of the Bible, till summoned to preach or lecture in 'the schools.' At eleven he dined. Then he conversed with his family, received visits, or walked till two. In the afternoon, Greek and Roman literature occupied him till supper. After all this, the night was often devoted to study. He could dispense with repose; and we are told that, during the disputation at Baden, he hardly rested for six weeks together. A youth brought him, each evening, an account of the day's discussion, and he prepared his remarks and suggestions in time to be used on the morrow. He loved the society of children, and the charm of his address drew many a young man from a vicious life to follow with him 'a more excellent way.' It was an honest, simple, laborious life, guided throughout by faith alone.

It was at the close of a summer's day that we reached the spot where Zwingli fell. The place is marked by a large, rude block of native granite, having an iron plate on either side, on which is recorded, in Latin and German, the day and year on which the great Reformer died a hero's death. It was a fitting scene for a Swiss patriot's grave: and as the sun slowly went down, and tinged with its declining rays the snow-clad Alps, we realized the scene that, at a like hour, must have met the Reformer's dying eye. Dark clouds hung in the sky, casting deep shadows on the mountain side, and intercepting the sunbeams, so that none save the highest peaks were kindled to a glowing light. Soon this died out, and all was cold and dull in the calm gray of evening, and we turned away in our disappointment at not having witnessed grander sunset effects. On a sudden all was changed as if by magic. The clouds rolled away from the setting sun, and from peak to peak the pink gleam leapt, and diffused itself over the mountain forms, reflecting and being reflected back, until every part was bathed in its lovely hue. As we gazed on the scene, it seemed emblematic (may it prove so!) of the truth for which Zwingli died. In his own day that truth, amidst many a cloud, was yet received into some noble hearts, and shone in the most eminent souls in Switzerland. We have had, alas! since then the period, still surviving, of dead and dull formalism,—of every phase of neologian unbelief, with scarcely one ray of spiritual life athwart the gloom. May the glimmer of truth that has reappeared be but the harbinger of better things, when the truth which Zwingli once preached shall again prevail throughout all that region!

ART. X.—*Selections from the Charges and other detached Papers of Baron Alderson. With an Introductory Notice of his Life.* By CHARLES ALDERSON, M.A., Fellow of All Souls, Oxford. London : Parker and Son. 1858.

THERE is no character which the people of this country hold in more esteem than that of a wise and upright judge ; and it is not too much to say that in indulging this homage they unconsciously applaud themselves. In the person of an English judge they see the embodiment of their own maturest sentiments, the realization of their ideal character. They recognise in him the type of English practical and common sense, and the dignified interpreter of English equity and jurisprudence. He is above them, yet of them ; their servant more than their master ; the exponent of their own wisdom, the minister of their own justice, the enemy of their own social ills. He is a monitor chosen from the common ranks, with influence to strengthen the virtue of each because he has power to adjust the differences of all ; a monitor and umpire, only one step raised above themselves, having so much sympathy as serves to make his appreciation of conflicting claims more just and wise, and so much learning and authority as unite to make his judgment valid.

The members of this noble order of men are seldom known to the community at large except in their public capacity and office. They pass from the bench into dignified retirement, or immediately from their own to a higher bar, and their memories are honoured by the reverence rather than by the vulgar curiosity of men. We stray into the court where they presided, and hear their judgments and opinions quoted for a precedent ; but this is the only way in which they survive the common lot. And we are quite disposed to acquiesce in this result. There is a peculiar propriety in that spirit of reserve which declines to obtrude on public notice the common or eccentric features, the coarse, or trite, or possibly unworthy, lives, of high judicial functionaries. This customary reticence gives an impersonal character to the administration of justice, and, therefore, an impartial and authoritative air to its decisions. But the purpose of this rule, as of many others, may sometimes be better served by its temporary relaxation ; and we gladly take the opportunity of the publication announced at the head of this article to make an exception in favour of the late Baron Alderson. Our readers will peruse with interest and profit a brief record of his honourable career, and the dignity of the law will no way suffer by a more intimate acquaintance with its representative.

Edward Hall Alderson was born at Yarmouth, September 11th, 1787. His father, Mr. Robert Alderson, was for many years Recorder of Norwich, Yarmouth, and Ipswich, and resided at St. Helen's in the town of Norwich. His mother was the daughter of Mr. Hurry, of Yarmouth, in whose house he first saw the light. Death early deprived him of a mother's care, and he returned with his brother and two sisters to the house of his maternal grandfather. Young Alderson soon showed an appetite for general knowledge, and learned to arrange it systematically in his mind. After some time spent in a school at Scarning, near Dereham, he was sent to the Charterhouse, then presided over by Dr. Matthew Raine. His health in the metropolis began to fail, and he was removed to the Grammar School of Bury St. Edmunds. At all these places of education he distinguished himself by a remarkably retentive memory, which was materially strengthened and assisted by a habit of careful and methodical attention. We are told that his observing faculty was never asleep, and that he lost no opportunity of acquiring knowledge of any kind. Like almost every person destined to distinction, he engaged himself in literary composition. He began an English drama on the subject of *The Siege of Calais*, and wrote a variety of epigrams in Latin verse.

Before proceeding to the University, he was placed under the care of Mr. Maltby, (now ex-Bishop of Durham,) 'to have the advantage of his eminent assistance in his classical studies.' Thus fifteen months passed profitably by; and in October, 1805, he took possession of his rooms at Caius College, Cambridge. Thither his scholastic reputation had preceded him, and his career was the centre of many anxious hopes on the part of his family and friends. Yet his confidence never deserted him, and he determined on the highest honours. 'If any one,' said he, in after life, 'had offered me the place of *second Wrangler*, I would have at once refused.' His habits were regular and studious. He both laid down and observed, as the rule of his undergraduate life, to abstain entirely from the use of wine. He never could bring himself to practise the art of early rising; but his love of knowledge made acquisition easy to him, and he found abundant time for manly sports and social enjoyments. His vacations were spent with his friends at Norwich, where, 'each recurring Christmastide, his talents were invoked by general consent for the composition not of prose or verse, but of a brimming bowl of punch, in the admixture of which he was pronounced to excel.'

In the second year of his college residence Mr. Alderson acquired his first distinction, by gaining the prize medal of Sir

Thomas Browne for the best Greek and Latin epigrams. The pleasure of his triumph was sadly abated by the death of his eldest sister, with whom he had maintained an intimate and cordial friendship. Still he worked on, and 'drew an additional motive for endeavouring to distinguish himself in the thought of the pleasure his success would have given her if living.' Amid all his studies he found time to revise and criticize the verses of his remaining sister, who now engrossed his brotherly and tender care.

His examination arrived in January, 1809. 'Alderson was declared First Wrangler, and immediately after that Smith's prizeman, an honour which usually, but not always, falls into the wake of the first distinction.' This result was by no means unexpected; the prize had not fallen by chance. One of the moderators came up to him and said, 'Mr. Alderson, I congratulate you; but you must have known where you would be before you began.' Again he sets to work, and this time for the classical examination. 'Don't think to see me before Easter,' he writes to his sister a few days afterwards; and in due time he was announced as First Medallist, 'thus completing, by this last achievement, a list of honours almost unequalled in the annals of the University.' The same feat has only been accomplished once before, and never since. True to his noble instincts, the highest pleasure which this triumph afforded to the winner sprang from his filial love. Writing to his own son many years afterwards, he urged this among many motives to study. 'I often remember,' says he, 'and that with the greatest satisfaction, that in this respect God enabled me to give pleasure to my father; and now that I have children of my own, I feel how great that pleasure must have been.'

Young Alderson was at once elected to a Fellowship, but gave himself, nevertheless, some breathing time of leisure. Wearing at ease his academic laurels, he found time now to interweave with them some graceful flowers of literature. Then came his last appearance in Cambridge life, at the installation of the Duke of Gloucester as Chancellor of the University. On that occasion he recited, in the Senate House, a Latin essay on the comparison of ancient and modern dialogues,—and his father was a proud and delighted listener on that day.

In the course of the same year Alderson was entered of the Inner Temple, having chosen the law for his profession. Proceeding to the metropolis, he gave daily attendance at the chambers of Mr. Chitty, the special pleader, read with untiring energy, and devoted some time to the Courts themselves, 'where he took careful and copious notes of the proceedings generally.' In 1811

he was called to the bar, and joined the Northern Circuit and the Yorkshire Sessions. Of course he had plenty of time for observation; and this part of his career is illustrated by some pleasant letters. In one of them, addressed to his sister, he says: 'I have been staying, since I last wrote to you, with Mr. Brougham, at his seat in Westmoreland, where I spent a week in the pleasantest manner possible. The family is extremely amiable, seem completely to love one another, and look up to their eldest brother as to a superior man, as indeed he is... I think you had the impertinence to ask how I became acquainted with Brougham. Answer it yourself, Madam. I cannot for modesty's sake. To be serious, however, he sought my acquaintance; as, although I was from the first extremely desirous of knowing him, I scorn to court any man whom I consider my superior. Besides, my own observation, even on this circuit, has taught me that the real way to become acquainted with any one is not to be forward.' This last observation is characteristic, and has beside a more general truth in it than men of the world allow. Sydney Smith never uttered a more shallow remark than when he declared, that there was no more connexion betwixt modesty and merit than that both words began with the same letter. On the contrary, their intimate connexion is the general rule, and the exceptions to it are very questionable.

Mr. Alderson's progress at the bar was necessarily slow and gradual, but some business he did get from the first, and he was satisfied with small beginnings. Writing to his sister in the summer of 1812, he congratulates himself on his success, 'having in Michaelmas Term made two guineas and a half, in Hilary Term five guineas, and in Easter Term six guineas.' He adds, cheerfully, 'I increase, you see, and hope this Trinity Term to make seven or eight.' He earned that and something more; and although at the Pontefract Sessions he amused himself by writing an 'Ode to Adversity by a vacant Lawyer,' he does not seem to have been really discouraged. It is not to be supposed, however, that he found no time for literature and social amusements. At this period of his life he frequented the theatre, and sometimes presented himself at a masqued ball. Other intervals of time were devoted to his cousin, Mrs. Opie, for whom he indited pleasant letters, seasoned with epigrams and other verses. Both he and his cousin were then mingling in the gayest society; their correspondence partook largely of its spirit, and having continued for more than thirty years, 'it is amusing,' says his biographer, 'to watch its toning down to the mellower gravity befitting the Judge and Quaker of after times.' Now it is the 'Monk of the Temple' who writes, and

'At least as good a Nun as thou art Mohk,' who playfully responds.

In the year 1817, our rising barrister undertook, jointly with Mr. Barnewall, the task of reporter to the Court of King's Bench. The duties of this office are very onerous, involving close attendance in court, and much labour in chambers; and no slight amount of skill and judgment is demanded in the analysis and condensation of intricate cases. But sometimes this employment hinders the advancement of a lawyer, and, under this impression, Mr. Alderson resigned his office in 1822, after an occupation of five years. About this time he lost his youngest brother, for whom he had always evinced a parental tenderness and care, and whose eyes, before finally sealed in death, 'had been lovingly but firmly opened to the impending change.' A most touching letter addressed to the invalid on his last birth-day—for so it proved—bears ample testimony to the deep religious convictions of the writer.

The tide of business had now set fairly in, and our lawyer was justified in taking the serious step of matrimony. Accordingly, 'in the autumn of 1823, he became united to Miss Georgina Drewe,' one of a family long resident at the Grange, near Honiton, in Devonshire. Henceforth motions, briefs, and references begin to thicken upon him. At Carlisle he gets a chauce, and improves it by gaining the day, *for the gentleman*, in a breach of promise case. This led to a similar engagement, and still more marked success, at Lancaster, where he carried his point against the combined ingenuity and eloquence of Scarlett, Williams, and Brougham. But an opportunity of another kind now awaited him. In the spring of 1825, he was retained on the first Railway case before a Committee of the House of Commons. It was the duty of Mr. Alderson to cross-examine the chief engineer, Mr. George Stephenson; and the practical dialectics of the learned council could not have obtained a finer field of exercise than this occasion offered. His adroitness of attack found an appropriate *foil* in the defensive position, the complete armour of proof, presented by his opponent. One hardly knows which to admire the most, the searching questions of Alderson, or the prompt and decisive answers of Stephenson. Men of practical resource, like this eminent engineer, are seldom happy in their explanations and descriptions, especially under the gaze of public incredulity or scorn; and it is a striking proof both of the confidence which he reposed in his opinions, and of the clearness in which he held them, that he was able, in so great a measure, to baffle the ingenuity of his adversary, and to make the intended instrument of his defeat contribute no

little to the moral victory of his cause. For a victory it virtually was. Although the Bill was for a time withdrawn, the impression left by Mr. Stephenson's examination was, on the whole, extremely favourable to the railway enterprise; and if the estimates with which he had provided himself had not been faulty and imperfect, his triumph would have been still more signal and complete.

Mr. Alderson was obliged to leave this important cause, and hasten to fulfil his circuit engagements in the north—much to the disappointment of Lord Sefton and other anti-railway magnates. He would not suffer a lucrative parliamentary business to tempt him, but said, 'It is the *regular* course of my profession by which I must hope to rise.' Into political strife he never entered, except as a secondary and assisting party, and refused more than one tempting proposal for a seat in the House of Commons. He seems early to have limited his ambition to a *puisé* judgeship—convinced by many observations, and especially by the premature death of his near connexion, Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls, that the highest prizes of the law are seldom attainable without undue excitement and turmoil, and sometimes the sacrifice of life itself. To that coveted position on the Bench he now made rapid progress. He was chosen as one of the Royal Commissioners appointed for the Amendment of the Law. His business both at York and Lancaster exceeded that of any other member of the circuit. In the former city, at the Spring Assize of 1829, he was retained for the prosecution of Jonathan Martin, the incendiary of York Minster. Some interesting particulars of this case are given in one of Alderson's domestic letters, and may be worth transcribing. 'I have just been reading my brief, one of the most curious I ever had. The way in which the deed was done was this. He stayed behind after the afternoon service, and after the bells had been rung as is usual, being then left alone, he went up into the belfry, and with a razor cut off about eighty or ninety feet in length of the *prayer bell rope*, which being usually rung *from below* had been drawn up and coiled up to that length there. With this rope he knotted himself a sort of rope-ladder, and, throwing it over the iron gates of the choir, he climbed over by means of the knots. Being in the choir, he struck a light with a flint and his razor, lighted a candle which he had brought, collected the prayer books, and set fire to the paper close to the carved work at the archbishop's throne in two piles. He then cut away a silk curtain, gold fringe, &c., which *he stole*, and, getting back by his rope-ladder, into the body of the cathedral, escaped through a window on the north side (the most unfrequented part). He had provided him-

self with a pair of pincers by which he forced the window, and let himself out by his rope-ladder to the ground.' Mr. Alderson adds his impression that Martin was 'too mad to be convicted,' and so it proved in the event of his trial. The incendiary was ordered into confinement, and died in Bedlam some few years ago. Another famous cause, in which Mr. Alderson appeared for the plaintiff, was tried for the first time in the same city, at the following Spring Assize; but its settlement did not occur till after his elevation to the Bench, when the large property involved came by the decision of the Court into the hands of his client, Admiral Tatham.

In the summer of 1830 Mr. Alderson was heard before the House of Lords, in support of the Petition presented against the disfranchisement of the borough of East Retford. The closing speech, in which the learned counsel summed up the difficulties and dangers involved in so rash a precedent, is given at length in the present volume, and exhibits to great advantage the speaker's power of logical forensic eloquence. This was his last important argument. In the November following he took his seat on the bench in the Court of Common Pleas, and commenced a judicial career distinguished rather by practical ability and judgment than by superior acumen or profound acquirements in the law. We must only mention the chief epochs of that career, and then with some general observations bring this brief record to a close. The new judge was promptly included in a Special Commission, appointed to try the rioters known as 'machinery smashers,' in some of the southern counties. In 1832, and again in 1834, he went the Northern Circuit, and appeared in his high capacity, not without mixed anxiety and pleasure, among the friends and rivals of other years. 'I know myself too well,' he said, 'not to be aware how much I fall short of what I ought to be as a judge, and am in constant fear that I shall be found out by others also.' In March, 1834, he was transferred to the Court of Exchequer; and his decisions as Equity Baron—an office then, and for seven years afterwards, associated with the duties of that Court—are known to have given general satisfaction, and met with special praise. Yet this double service, well and cheerfully performed, found no requital from the hands of Government.

His domestic and personal enjoyments were relished as much as ever; every vacation was heartily welcome to the judge, as similar holidays had been to the wearied schoolboy and the plodding lawyer. Among his favourite recreations was that of sailing; and with this pursuit in view he would repair, during

the Long Vacation, to Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. The following letter to his cousin, Mrs. Opie, was written from that spot: it will show the reader how well he knew to mingle profitable observation with the amusements of his leisure.

'We are rustivating here, at this pretty place, for my vacation, and have been fortunate enough to take one of the most beautiful marine villas imaginable. It is very large and fitted up admirably, and with a garden touching the shore. The sea washes part of my domain, and auburns, &c., grow to the garden edge; roses, and myrtles, magnolias, laurels, &c., &c. There is plenty of room for you if you like to come. The children will enjoy themselves much. I fortunately also met with an old acquaintance, Mr. Beaumont, late M.P. for Northumberland, who has the next villa to mine, and possesses a splendid yacht, "the last yacht of summer left sailing alone," in which he is so good as to take me and mine, occasionally, and, as we are all excellent sailors, we enjoy it much..... Yesterday I went to see the new Boys' Reformatory, a very pleasing sight, if I could but think it a good thing. It is only preparing at present, and nothing could be better than the arrangements for the care and improvement of the boys sent hither. There are schoolmasters to teach them, and trades to be learnt, and a farm of eighty acres out of the walls to be cultivated. All this is excellent; and the boys will thus be well clothed, well fed, and well taught at the public expense. Now I admit that those who come will probably be reformed thereby, and that is very desirable. But is this the way to prevent crime? Is it not rather to give a premium for committing it? An honest poor man would give much to be allowed to send his son to such a place. The difficulty is to reform, and yet to make a prison a place to be dreaded. Will this do it? I reluctantly confess I think not, unless something more be done in addition to this. I want to see banishment superadded to the imprisonment. If the child were thus separated, (after a previous discipline capable of making him a useful colonist,) the natural affection of the parents would make the punishment dreaded by them, and would induce them to try to prevent crime; and the children might be sent not to a penal settlement, but to Canada, or the Cape of Good Hope, where they might go as apprentices, and prosper, as well as become serviceable to the colonies.'

These remarks on the relative value of reformatories and transportation, as well as the proposal to unite their benefits, are worthy of the best consideration of statesmen and philanthropists at the present time. No one, at least, will deny that they come with the authority of much experience from the pen of this wise and indefatigable judge. The interest which Baron Alderson took in plans for the reformation of criminals is well known; for they often furnished the chief subject of remark in his charge to the Grand Jury on the opening of the Assize. On one of these occasions, he entered somewhat more fully into the results and

lessons of our reformatory system : he based his observations on the fact, that crime is a chronic disease, and confirmed his objection to brief and inadequate terms of imprisonment by reference to the valuable statistics of Mr. Combe.* The whole address (which is printed in the present volume) is excellent in spirit, and we hardly know whether the wisdom or the humanity of the judge is most to be admired. After insisting that a rigorous discipline is needed to correct the vicious habits of the juvenile criminal, he proceeds in language which we may quote as presenting the pith and substance of the whole :—

‘ I have spoken hitherto of young offenders, but the same principle, *mutatis mutandis*, is true for adults also. An adult convict is but an overgrown wicked child, who has erred from inherent vicious dispositions, defective instruction, or evil example. He is only in his habits and organization a child grown larger and stronger, but the same method of reforming him must be, as for children, to change his habits,—to excite his powers, dormant as yet, of moral restraint, by firm and wholesome severity, accompanied however with kindness. Depend on it, he has a heart, though at present encrusted over and insensible, from misery, perhaps, and vice. Try to touch that heart; let him feel that though you punish, you do it for his good; substitute firm and gentle severity for mere unreasoning vengeance, and cultivate what still is left of moral power originally possessed by him. Quench not the smoking flax of his agonized repentance, and you will have a good chance of success even with him. But treat him firmly,—do not spare to make him suffer for his crime. What he wants is moral power to resist temptation. In this, as it seems to me, the evil of penitentiaries, which are solely dependent on the effect of separate imprisonment, consists. The defect of mere imprisonment is this, that the patient is by it too often *subdued*, but not *reformed*. He still wants the strength which *social* habits alone can give him, to fit him for a return to the world from which he has been shut out for a long period. He is perhaps convalescent, but not cured, and it ends too often in a fatal relapse. Besides, it is a discipline which does not suit all; some require to be subdued, others to be supported; and for this reason there should be some prison or penitentiary in the which, after separate confinement, the prisoner should carefully and gradually be accustomed to work in common with others before his ultimate discharge. For the most part he should be subjected to hard labour, skilled or otherwise; for this is the best remedy and security against relapse. Not, as I think, to be unaccompanied with some profit arising from that labour, and given to the criminal. God governs us all by rewards as well as punishments,—why should we not, at however remote a distance, try to follow the course of His government, which is always the wisest and the best?’

Nothing can be better than the tenor of these remarks, unless

* *Principles of Criminal Legislation.*

it be their admirable tone, both eminently worthy of the seat of British justice. If we might dwell for a moment on the subject, it would be to give more emphasis to the suggestion that convicts should be set to *skilled employment*. To put the work of an artisan into the hands of a slave is to engage his vacant mind, and recover to his despairing heart some measure of hope through the neglected avenues of self-respect. There is nothing so well calculated to raise a felon into a man.

The learned Baron gave much attention to some other points of criminal jurisprudence. He was not prepared to advocate the total abolition of capital punishment; but thought that the solemn penalty of death should not be exacted in cases of arson, unattended with loss of life, nor in any but instances of murder, strictly so called. On this subject his views extended beyond the modifications introduced in Lord John Russell's Bill of 1841. The homicide of duelling he would treat as manslaughter: 'The party killed,' said he, 'is a voluntary agent, and there is not any reason to protect, by so high a penalty, the life of a person who declines to protect himself.' He thought also that infanticide should be punished with transportation, as juries naturally shrink from convicting while the penalty of death hangs over an unfortunate mother, herself the victim of so much treachery and wrong.

We turn once more to scenes of private life. Many summer vacations of the judge were spent at Lowestoft in Suffolk. There he was seen to advantage in that happiest of characters, the head of a prosperous and united family. His enjoyment seems to have been complete when he could leave the smoke of London, or the toils of holding Assizes in country towns, to breathe the pure air of the German Ocean, and, gathering his dear ones round him, have nothing to do but entertain them with the sallies of his wit, or profit them by the lessons of his experience. There was his garden too, as we are told, 'with its terrace-walk touching the very beach itself, where he would stand in the bright sunny mornings, and count by hundreds the colliers as they raced northwards, and match one against another, till they rounded the most easterly part of England, and disappeared from view. How readily at other times would he suggest what of all modes of recreation gave him most delight, — a sail along the coast to Southwold, or a river excursion up the Waveney, and the Broads, as they are called, into which the river widens before reaching the sea; and with what zest and eagerness on such occasions would he enter into the enjoyment of the moment, and turn even that to account, questioning the sailors with interest upon matters to which the incidents of the

day gave rise,—their habits of life, the course of the currents and channels, the position of the sand-banks, the best fishing-grounds, or the best methods of navigation!’ Such was the relaxation and reward of his severer duties; and his relish for the one was proportioned to his performance of the other. No purposeless or idle man is destined to such enjoyment.

Baron Alderson never wholly relinquished his literary habits, nor his practice in poetic composition. This volume contains many fruits of the elegant scholarship acquired in college days, in the shape of versified translations from the Greek and Latin. Some of these are really excellent, and we regret that our limits compel us to pass them by unquoted. We must, however, make room for a sonnet, beautiful for its religious sentiment and feeling.

‘LINES WRITTEN IN A PRAYER-BOOK GIVEN TO —, ON THE
BIRTHDAY BEFORE HER CONFIRMATION.

‘DEAR child, ere yet that covenant was renewed,
Which those who loved thee dearly made for thee,
When thou wast grafted in the heavenly tree
Of Christ Himself—then first with life endued—
Thy father brings to thee a precious gift—
This little book with holy counsels fraught,
With humble prayers by saints and martyrs taught,
And hymns sublime that can the soul uplift
Heavenward from earth. O, in this sceptic age,
If aught of doubt perplex thy simple mind,
Here turn for refuge, here thy soul shall find
A safe, sure home. So midst the flood’s wild rage
The wandering dove, with flagging wings distressed,
Perched on the ark at length, and found her rest.’

We are reminded, by the subject of these lines, of the writer’s attachment to the Church, of which he was a devout and consistent member. Though leaning to a rather strict observance of its ceremonies, he ever counselled moderation and charity. ‘Such men as —,’ said he, ‘injudicious advocates, send us backward for a century. Laud’s premature ritualism condemned us to the Puritans, and was followed by the humdrumism of the Revolution. We are emerging again into light. Don’t let the Lauds of the present day send us back into darkness once more.’ That there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of his devotion, appears very clearly from his private memoranda, some sentences of which we are tempted to transcribe.

‘Just back from church, where we had a capital sermon on *Set your*

affections on heaven. I quite agree that a great many very good people are not heavenly-minded. We live too much in action, and too little in contemplation, and go through the world in a bustle. I could not help turning in my mind, how this conversation in heaven was the true cure for all earthly bereavements, remembering the P——'s. Let me suppose them with their lost children to have lived, having their conversation in heaven, and, as the Collect of to-day says beautifully, "continually in heart and mind thither ascending;" and what is a separation then? It is only that one of the party is in spirit and reality gone before, and the rest are dwelling in heart and mind continually with the departed; just, so to speak, as I am now dwelling and conversing with you at St. Leonard's, being myself left behind in London.....And so the children are delighted with the *Pilgrim's Progress*? I am not surprised, for it is a most amusing book for young people, being in the nature of a religious fairy tale. But its great merit is, that it is a really pious book. Kiss them both, and bid them pray, that papa may, like Christian, be able to struggle through, and fight the good fight of faith, and that they may come after him like Christian's children. When one thinks how much is involved in this, it ought to make us pause and reflect seriously what a great deal is to be done—how much of evil thoughts as well as evil deeds to be got rid of, and in what way. There is but one; and I wonder how any one who fairly looks at himself and his own unfitness, can hesitate about that. Here the Socinians appear to me to be sadly wrong, and I am sad to be obliged to think so; for there are many whom I respect living in that error.'

It was well for this good man, engaged to the last in the exercise of his important functions, that he had not neglected preparations for a still higher sphere in the world beyond the grave. To that boundary he came with a sudden and unexpected step. For nearly thirty years he had occupied his judicial post, and now upon the verge of man's allotted term he retained his usual vigour. He presided in Court at the Winter Assizes in Liverpool, December, 1856; his charge to the grand jury contained fresh allusion to the subject of reformatory prisons, and strictures on the ticket-of-leave system; and we remember distinctly that his characteristic humour was not absent on this occasion,—for our judge was somewhat of a wag, and a dry smile would creep over all his large coarse face. Just as he was about to return home, he received news of the serious illness of his son; and though the cause of his alarm was soon removed, he appeared to have received a fatal shock. Once more was he permitted to gather round his table, as he loved to do at the season of Christmas, his children and others of his family and friends; but the summons had been served, and was soon to take effect. He fell into a deep lethargy, from which he was roused from time to time

to hear a chapter of the Bible read, and once to commemorate the Lord's dying. To an inquiry he answered, 'The worse, the better for me;' and then, with two gentle sighs, fell into that deep sleep from which no earthly call will ever wake him. He died on the 27th of January, 1857, and in the seventieth year of his age.

The volume from which we have compiled this paper may be commended to the reader's further study; for we have rather indicated than exhausted its materials. Much valuable correspondence, on which we have scarcely drawn, will be found in the Introductory Memoir; and a large amount of social practical philosophy is embodied in the documents which ensue. In the former category are two letters addressed by the judge to his son at school; both models of their kind, and especially admirable for that mixture of paternal counsel and friendly confidence which serves to lessen the distance betwixt father and son, and to promote true fellowship without weakening the claim of filial respect. Church matters are of frequent occurrence in both parts of the volume. Two Letters on the Gorham Controversy, addressed to the Bishop of Exeter, and some other fragments, give occasion to many shrewd remarks and lawyer-like distinctions; while the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, and the position of the national Church in relation to the State and to her individual members, receive careful illustration and discussion. Some of the opinions of the learned judge are very disputable, and no one would place him in the front rank of his profession; but all will rise from a perusal of this memorial with a feeling of profound respect for its subject, and a prayer that the seat of judgment may long be occupied by a succession of such true and Christian men.

ART. XI.—*The Life and Times of Carey, Marshman, and Ward. Embracing the History of the Serampore Mission.* By JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN. In Two Volumes. Longmans. 1859.

GREAT honour is designed for the memory of the fathers of the Serampore Mission. No Englishman of the present generation will forget, and the history of England will convey to those of future times, how the heart of the nation, when sore with repeated tidings of disaster in India, was first relieved, and then filled with exultation, by gleam after gleam of victory from the sword of a hero leading a slender band; and how good men told with delight, that Havelock was a son-in-law of Dr. Marshman, the missionary.

The same distinguished man left a son, who was long recognised as the unrivalled leader of the Indian press, and who, in the columns of the *Friend of India*, has exerted no inconsiderable influence on its history. Retired now to England, he has employed his leisure in telling the wonderful tale of Carey, Ward, and his own father, in a work which no missionary, or statesman, or student of Indian affairs, can safely dispense with or honestly ignore. It is the moral history of North India, and of the Indian Government, illustrated by and interwoven with a strange tale of enterprise, almost incredible mental prodigies, and eminent Christian graces. It is well told. The author has the advantage of perfect familiarity with the scenes and persons to which his narrative related. Yet sufficient time has elapsed to make the men already public personages. The work has the double advantage of history and biography,—the elevation and gravity of the one, with the liveliness and personal interest of the other. Mr. Marshman is a practised writer, holds his pen easily, never tries to be eloquent, but often is so; and now and then seasons with a gentle grain of salt. You feel at once that your author is outspoken and fair. He does not hesitate to set forth the faults of his heroes, or to let it be seen that missionaries are subject to infirmities like other men. He is an honest Baptist, a frank Dissenter, and perhaps a little hard on Bishops; not so much on the genus as a whole, as on that anomalous species of it, the Colonial prelate, who, being a Bishop, is always wondering why he is not a baron. But genial and manly throughout, though he deals a few knocks on names we are wont to honour, he seems to feel his reasons to be good, and does not give offence. The variety of incident, the dovetailing of events, the shifting of the scene, are all admirably managed;

and men are made to live before you, without formal descriptions of them.

We could have wished the conversions both of some of the leaders and their disciples more fully given. History is gradually getting deeper into man, from the camp and court to the arts, from them to social life, and at length will come to the root of all life, the soul. Conversion has yet to be fairly recognised in general history as an element in national life, quite as much as genius or power. It is here in the world. It has affected men who have influenced nations. The historians must deal with it, or evade the most copious source of light upon moral questions. Mr. Marshman is far from overlooking conversion; but we should have been glad had he, in one or two cases, given the inner history of a soul, as fully as D'Aubigné has done that of Luther.

The first sentence of the book contains what we take to be the most incorrect statement in it: 'William Carey, to whose energy and example the Protestant missions of the nineteenth century owe their origin.' Why, not to speak of the Germans in India, and the Moravians in various quarters, the Propagation Society had sent out missionaries long before Carey was born; and Dr. Coke, the chief planter of Methodist missions, had crossed the Atlantic, we know not how many times, before Carey ever saw the sea;—had ranged, besides America, the whole West Indies, caring for Negro, and Carrib, and white heathen alike. Carey had the honour of founding the first *society* for the heathen alone, and of leading the way to North India; and that, from all that appears, without any knowledge of what others were doing.

No historian has told us what kind of a shoemaker was Clarke Nichols of Hackleton; but he had the most wonderful apprenticeship in Northamptonshire. The son of the parish clerk and schoolmaster of Pury, William Carey, had what store of letters his father could give. To this he had added the whole of a Latin vocabulary found somehow. He was always busier with the structure of plants and insects than of soles and uppers. In Nichols's house he found a Commentary with here and there a Greek word. Of course he was puzzled, but was not to be put down. At Pury lived a learned weaver, Tom Jones; and Carey carefully copied each Greek word as best he could, and carried it for a translation.

At sixteen the death of his master transferred him, as a journeyman, to one Mr. Old. The well-known commentator

Scott paid pastoral visits in this family. There his eye was struck by 'a sensible-looking lad in his working apron,' and he foretold that he would be 'no ordinary character.' He who thus foresaw his greatness, was a leading instrument of his conversion. Carey, chiefly through the influence of a fellow-servant, received deep religious impressions. That fruitful fear which leads to efforts after salvation, lay heavily upon his soul. Mr. Scott's preaching was a blessing to him, which he never forgot; and, by slow and dimly lighted steps, he rose out of the pit of despondency into the sunshine of Christian life. He had not long experienced the joy of true religion, before he began to tell of it to others. His neighbours relished the words of the wise journeyman. He was called to one village and another to preach. In the midst of this good work he adopted Baptist views; and Dr. Ryland of Northampton says, that 'on the 5th of October, 1783, he baptized a poor journeyman shoemaker in the river Nen, a little beyond Dr. Doddridge's chapel in Northampton.' Who, upon the banks of the Nen that day, imagined that the poor youth would win a name on the banks of the Ganges greater than all the celebrities of Northampton?

Mr. Old died, and Carey, at nineteen, took a business and a wife. He never was capable of managing the former, and the latter was not to be managed. Not only was she infinitely his inferior; but incapable of understanding his pursuits, or feeling proper respect for his grand character. She was a weight and a tease for him while she lived; leaving a lesson, that men whom Providence marks with gifts above their original position ought to beware how they tie themselves for life to a perpetual reproach. Nothing prospered but his garden. His congregation could not give him as much as would buy clothes. He was long beset with fever and ague. He trudged and toiled to make and sell shoes; but gave up his first 'charge,' and came to be over a little Baptist flock in the village of Moulton.

Here he hoped to do well by taking up a school, the master of which had just left the place. But his genius did not lie in the pedagogue's line any more than in the tradesman's. 'When I kept school,' was his own remark afterwards, 'it was the boys that kept me.' His gains from this source soon stood at 7*s.* 6*d.* a week. His Church raised him £11 a year, and some fund paid him £5. Well might he turn again to the last. He plodded once a fortnight to Northampton with his wallet on his shoulder, full of shoes going, and of leather coming back. Mr. Marshman insinuates that he was an indifferent workman; yet his own biographer vindicates his questioned honour on that

point, and repeats a saying of his own in defence of it. Mr. Marshman, as if to meet this, has his anecdote also. Thirty years after Carey's ugly journeys under the wallet, he was dining with the Marquis of Hastings, Governor General of India, and, overbearing a general officer inquire of an aide-de-camp whether Mr. Carey had not been a shoemaker, he stepped forward and explained, 'No, Sir, only a cobbler.'

Moulton was a memorable place to Carey, and through his name that of Moulton will never be forgotten. There he went deep into biblical study. There he broke above clown companionship into the society of kindred intellect. The venerable author of *Help to Zion's Travellers*, the father of Robert Hall, became his friend. Dr. Ryland was added to his circle; and one day, on descending from a pulpit, the pinched and tried village preacher had his hand grasped, his sentiments commended, his future friendship claimed, by the noble Andrew Fuller. But, above all, here was born within the soul of William Carey that idea which has already made his name renowned, and whence will come to it increasing veneration with every age that our race is continued on earth.

It was in a poor cot, in that poor village, that, after reading Cook's Voyages, he was teaching some boys geography. Christendom was a small part of the world. The heathen were many. Was it not the duty of Christians to go to the heathen? It does not appear that he had received this idea from any one. His obscure position, and the absence of missionary spirit in his religious associates, kept him from all knowledge of what had been felt or done. God sent the thought direct from heaven into his own soul. It inflamed and filled it. It became his chief theme. With different sheets pasted together he made a kind of Map of the World, and entered all the particulars he could glean as to the people of the respective countries. Andrew Fuller found him, the fruitless school abandoned, working at his last with his map on the wall before his eye, which every now and then was raised; and while the hand plied the awl, the sage and glorious mind revolved the condition of that wide world, and its claims on those to whom Christ had made known the riches of His grace. A mission to the heathen! the Bible for the heathen! were the constant thoughts that filled the soul of the never-to-be-forgotten shoemaker of Moulton.

We shall ever remember one Monday morning a few years ago, when—after a visit to the chapel of Dr. Doddridge, with its reminiscences of him and of Colonel Gardiner; and then to Weston Flavel, whence Hervey gave a voice to so many tombs—we approached Moulton, attracted by the memory of a far

greater man than either. In as common a cottage as can be found, not inviting by beauty, striking by ugliness, or picturesque by decay, just a common shoemaker's cottage, were as common a couple as need be. And that was the spot where William Carey's soul received the spark from heaven which sped him to Bengal, and made him a shining light. We uncovered, and bowed, and said, 'Blessed be the Lord, who can raise up His instruments where He will!'

At a meeting of ministers, Mr. Ryland called on the young men to name a topic for discussion. Up rose Carey, and proposed, 'The duty of Christians to attempt to spread the Gospel among heathen nations.' The venerable preacher sprang to his feet, frowned, and thundered out, 'Young man, sit down! When God pleases to convert the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine.' All the old men of his denomination were steadily against him. By degrees the young were brought to his side. While he and his family were passing weeks without animal food, and with but short provision of other kinds, he prepared a pamphlet on this great theme. Mr. Marshman says that it 'displayed extraordinary knowledge of the geography, history, and statistics of the various countries of the world, and exhibited the greatest mental energy, under the pressure of the severest poverty.'

At the age of twenty-eight, Carey removed to Leicester, somewhat improving his circumstances by the change; but, what was more to him, getting among good libraries and cultivated men. As his ample intellect laid in stores of knowledge, the internal fire turned all to missionary fuel. He was one of those grand enthusiasts who can wait, be foiled, and give due place to a thousand ideas beside the ruling one, yet never lose sight of the work resolved upon as that of their lives.

The meeting of Baptist ministers in Nottingham, at the end of May, 1792, must ever be noted in the Church history of India, and illustrious in that of the Baptist denomination. The pastor of the Church at Leicester was appointed to preach. The fire which had burned under the constant musing of five years, to which books of travel, and maps, and histories had been daily fuel, prophecies and precepts oil, and the discouragement of sage and good men but covering that sent it deeper, had leave to burst out at last. The pinch of want, the wear of labour, the keen sorrow of inability to give a good cause an influential advocacy, had all wrought deeply on the soul of Carey in his long training. The pent up feelings of five years, pregnant fountains of the events of many centuries, burst out upon the assembled

ministers and congregation as if a geyser had sprung at their feet. Dr. Ryland said he should not have wondered had the people 'lifted up their voice and wept.' The burden of that ever memorable sermon was,—

1. Expect great things from God.
2. Attempt great things for God.

Even after this, when the ministers came to deliberate, the idea of doing anything cooled down before the difficulties. When they were about to separate, Carey seized the hand of Fuller, and cried in an agony, 'Are you going away without doing anything?' That was the birth-pang of the Baptist Missionary Society. They resolved, 'That a plan be prepared against the next ministers' meeting at Kettering, for the establishment of a Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Heathen.'

At Kettering they met in the parlour of Mrs. Wallis. After difficulties had again arisen, and again been vanquished by 'Mr. Carey's arguments and the irresistible influence of his great mind, the ministers present were prevailed upon to pledge themselves in a solemn vow to God and to each other, to make, at the least, an attempt to convey the Gospel message of salvation to some part of the heathen world.' A Society was formed, and a collection made, amounting to *thirteen pounds, two shillings, and sixpence*: and so the Baptist Missionary Society was brought into existence.

Mr. Marshman does not say, but we gather, that the money was contributed by the ministers themselves. If so, it resembled the first collection made for Methodist missions twenty-three years before, in Leeds, by John Wealey and his poor itinerants alone; and thus the funds of two considerable missionary societies took their origin in the offerings of preachers of the Gospel, very poor, but rich in faith. But the early struggles of the mission cause among the Baptist Churches were carried on under discouragements unknown in the kindred body. The patronage of the Kettering meeting was not that of the Conference, and the unknown Mr. Carey was not an Oxford doctor of laws, with great influence and liberal fortune. Yet while Dr. Coke's wonderful success rendered a Society unnecessary till his death, Carey's want of fortune or influence turned to account in making it necessary to form a Society at once. The moment the deed was done, his long-bound soul felt free. The thirteen pounds were no sooner in hand, than he declared himself ready to go to any part of the world. 'His

mind,' says Mr. Marshman, 'was imbued with that irresistible enthusiasm to which great enterprises owe their origin; and, notwithstanding the ridiculous contrast between the resources obtained and the magnitude of the enterprise, he was eager to enter upon it at once.'

In all London the provincial ministers who had originated this great work could find only one minister of their body to countenance them. 'There was little or no respectability among us,' said Mr. Fuller; 'not so much as a squire to sit in the chair, or an orator to address him.' But they were doing a work which made them greater than squires, orators, or the decent doctors who frowned upon their zeal. The mission was to be.

But what country should be chosen as its field? A letter came from Bengal, written by a Mr. Thomas, asking for subscriptions towards spreading the Gospel there. He was a flighty ship's surgeon; one of those creatures who live in the torrid zone which skirts the region of insanity, full of great plans and noble zeal,—of crotchets, tempers, and talent. Yet this was the instrument used by Providence to open the Gospel commission among the Bengalees in their own tongue, and to turn to their shores the firm and well considered steps of Carey. He had landed at Calcutta, and found the only sign of Christianity to be the hoisting of the flag on Sunday. He advertised 'for a Christian.' He also published in the papers a plan 'for spreading the knowledge of Jesus Christ and His glorious Gospel in and around Bengal.' This brought him only two communications, and nothing resulted. On a second visit he found a patron in one whose name is dear to every friend of India. Charles Grant, in an age of general scepticism and wild immorality, almost alone among high officials avowed and adorned the Gospel of Christ. He fore-felt the sense of responsibility as to India, which was afterwards to rest upon the minds of Christians generally; and, even with an unsteady though zealous agent like Thomas, nobly gave of his fortune for missionary purposes. Under his auspices the latter spent three years labouring among the natives; but he quarrelled with his best friends and came home.

He arrived in time to lay his plans before the infant Society. It adopted him as its missionary, and appointed Carey to accompany him. This was done in a committee at which Carey was present, doubtless blessing in his heart the wonderful man who was the instrument of pointing out to him whither he was to go in his long-sought work. Mr. Thomas was unexpectedly an-

nounced. Carey sprang up, rushed into his arms, and they wept on each other's necks.

Carey had reached the point at which he had steadily aimed for years; but, alas! he was not past his trials yet. His wife would not hear of being dragged with her four children to India. Either loneliness, or a retreat, was forced upon him. With a sore heart he said, 'I could not turn back without guilt upon my soul.' The comfort he did not find in his family, he sought in vain from his colleague. He was deeply in debt, and hunted by creditors. Then, as to a passage? the great question with every intending voyager. No ships but those of the East India Company sailed to India; and none of them would carry such combustibles as Christian missionaries. A director had said that he would rather see a band of devils land in India than a band of missionaries. Thomas persuaded the captain of his own former ship to smuggle them out, by taking them secretly aboard at the Isle of Wight. There they went before her arrival; and Carey patiently waited for a clandestine passage, with a companion who was constantly dogged by bailiffs, and his family left behind. At last they were on board, and hope opened for a moment. But, alas! the captain at the same time had an anonymous letter, telling him the consequences of secretly carrying objectionable persons to India. They were put ashore, and much of their passage money sacrificed,—that precious money, bought with Carey's labours and Fuller's tears; ay, tears; for, like Dr. Coke, he went from door to door to beg for the heathen; and, when rebuffed by religious men in this cold, brick London of ours, he sometimes went into a bye street, and opened his full heart with weeping.

From Portsmouth Carey saw the fleet of Indiamen set sail for the land where his faith would be, and he shed bitter tears. They came to London. Men of Thomas's cast, with a cracked and porous intellect, like cork, never sink. He hustled about till a Danish Indiaman was found. He plagued Mrs. Carey till she consented to go. He took passages for himself and her sister, who accompanied her, as servants, that the cost might not exceed the funds. On the 13th of June, 1793, the party embarked, and on the 11th of November the soil of Bengal was first pressed by the man whose name will shine on the first pages of its Christian history.

They had no money and no letter of credit. Their all was some goods, which worthy Mr. Thomas sold. He lived well while the money lasted. Carey, after various troubles, was indebted for shelter to a generous native, whom, twenty years

after, when their lots had changed, he was enabled to place 'in a situation of ease and comfort.'

His colleague was living in luxury, while Carey was struggling in a foreign land, 'with a large family, and without a friend or a farthing.' He wandered about, endeavouring, with an interpreter, to explain the Gospel, and returned to his ~~hovel~~ to encounter a wife and sister-in-law full of bitterness and reproaches. What was he to do? how and where can he find bread? Along the shore of the Bay of Bengal is a vast flat region of deadly jungle, inhabited by wild beasts, called the Sunderbunds. Here woodcutters resorted; and small patches were cleared for the manufacture of salt. Something possessed Carey, in his distress, with the idea that he could live by his labour here, and preach at the same time. After miserable failures in endeavouring to get money enough to convey him from Calcutta, at last he reached a spot where more than twenty people had been carried off by tigers in a few days. He and his large family were welcomed to the house of a European whom he had found. After a while he settled on a tract cleared from the jungle, and began to build a hut. His gun was his chief means of daily bread. Providence saved him from the fever, and permitted him to show that no weight of poverty, trouble, and hinderance will break down a real instrument of God's good will toward men.

Thomas, who had been so often his plague, was again to open his way. He had renewed an old friendship, lost by his eccentricities, and obtained a situation as manager of an indigo factory. His excellent friend and employer, Mr. Udny, had another; and for it he recommended his forlorn and long-forgotten companion in the Sunderbunds. This called Carey from starvation in a wilderness to a moderate income at the head of a large establishment of natives, to whom he could preach the Gospel. He at once wrote home to the Society, saying that he no longer needed to be paid from their funds, and requesting that what they would consider as his salary should go to print the New Testament in Bengalee. 'At the same time,' says this true-hearted missionary, 'it will be my glory and joy to stand in the same relation to the Society as if I needed support from them.' Of his salary he devoted a fourth, and sometimes a third, to the purposes of his mission. 'His time was systematically apportioned to the management of the factory, the study of the language, the translation of the New Testament, and addresses to the heathen.' He was prostrated by fever; one of his children was carried off by dysentery, and his wife's reason fled, never to return. Still the servant of God worked on, worked at that secular duty for which he had neither

heart nor head, and at those studies and sacred labours for which he had such a heart and head as were hardly ever given to another man. He preached to his work-people constantly, and itinerated when he could. He had a taste and power for one secular pursuit, and only one,—horticulture. He loved plants and flowers; and, whether at Moulton or Serampore, cultivated them ardently. He set up, while a factory manager, as an improver of agriculture; and sent for implements from England.

But he was sowing wonderful seeds in England, while thus cultivating indigo at the unheard-of village of Mudnabatty. Dr. Ryland, in Bristol, received letters from Carey, and, knowing that Dr. Bogue and Mr. Stephen were then in the city, sent for them to hear the missionary news. When they were finished, they knelt down together, and prayed for a blessing on the distant evangelists. Strange and wondrous then was a missionary's tale, though to-day happily familiar to our ears. The two Independents retired to speak of forming a Society in their own denomination. The London Missionary Society was the result: a noble plant sown by Carey's pen in the soil of that England which he had left for ever.

Carey had already had trials in most forms, and new ones arrived in the person of a colleague hot with politics, who abused every authority in India and England. He was splendidly rebuked by Andrew Fuller, with hearty English feeling and strong English language; but this could not save the missionary from the plague of a political colleague. Then his temporal prospects began to lower. The factory was not prosperous. The neighbourhood was ill chosen, and the manager not well. He formed a plan for a missionary settlement of seven or eight families, living in little straw houses, and having all things in common: the details of which show that though he had been years in the country, he had no idea of how to arrange everyday affairs.

But there was a matter which he understood. God's holy word was ready for printing in Bengalee. He obtained types. A wooden press was presented to the mission by Mr. Udny; and as it began to work at Mudnabatty, the natives of India, like those of Fiji in later days, declared that it was a god. He wrote home for a press and paper, adding, 'If a serious printer could be found willing to engage in the mission, he would be a great blessing. Such a printer I knew at Derby before I left England.'

The factory was broken up, and he took one on his own account at Kidderpore. Meantime Mr. Thomas had gone round a circle of occupations, always the same queer being, but always

a clever doctor and a zealous preacher. Carey, steady as a rock, yet acute as a needle, learned and laboured and did good incessantly. 'I preach every day to the natives, and twice on the Lord's day constantly, besides other itinerant labours;' yes, and besides ponderous labours in study and translation. And this while in secular employment!

For five years and more had he followed his labours uncheered by success, tried at home, and tried by colleagues. At length a letter announced the arrival of four yoke-fellows; but they were forbidden English territory, and had sheltered under the Danish flag. The little settlement of Serampore, across the river from the Governor General's country house, a few miles from Calcutta, had happily remained under Denmark. A Danish ship carried Carey out, when an English one would not; and now that an American one had brought him colleagues, Danish authorities defended them. The powers at Calcutta were disposed to take offence; but brave Governor Bie was staunch in his little possession, and his firmness made his flag and his guests respected. For that deed, the name of Colonel Bie will never cease to be mentioned while the Gospel is preached in India.

Carey wrote urging his brethren to join him in the interior. But he was there as an indigo planter: they had avowed themselves missionaries, and dared not in that character settle on the territory of the East India Company. One of them, protected by a Danish passport, set out to persuade Carey to come and settle in Serampore.

This was no other than that very printer whom Carey had mentioned as having seen him at Derby, when, in his letter home, he had said how useful 'a serious printer would be.' William Ward had never forgotten the words Carey spoke to him, on a walk, before he started for India. He had become a popular newspaper editor, first in his native town, then in Hull; had imbibed republican principles, and advocated them till his writings had twice the distinction of being prosecuted by the state, and defended by Erskine. At Hull a religious change passed upon him. He joined the Baptists, devoted himself to the ministry, went to a college, and so completely broke with politics that for ten years after he had been at Serampore, he did not even take in a paper.

It was with great excitement he jumped from his boat, and walked from the river to the house of the man whose influence had attracted him from the heart of England to the flats of Bengal. He met Carey with an outburst of affection, and exclaimed, 'Blessed be God, he is a young man yet!' A letter

followed him from Serampore, showing that the Company's servants were becoming even more threatening; and therefore Carey was forced to abandon his own plans, and come down to head his brethren on the one sheltered field where they might labour.

At Serampore he found three brethren, of whom two were soon to rest from their labours, and the third was Joshua Marshman, whose name and reputation were to take a place beside his own, and out of whose family India was to welcome the pen of John Marshman, and the sword of Havelock. He had been a prodigy-boy quite as much as Carey; one of those greedy and vigorous minds, that gulp down knowledge of every kind, and digest it into good brain-blood, in spite of all probabilities to the contrary. His early history, as sketched by his son, is a touching piece of biography. He had a Huguenot, as Ward had a Methodist, mother. He grew up among devout Baptists at Westbury Leigh. The powers of the Church were Farmer Bachelor, and other three deacons, who met weekly, and ruled strictly. Young Marshman was steady, serious, and in all lore more learned than ten dozen of the deacons, especially in Puritan divinity. But Church government is Church government, and here is the style in which it was administered by the excellent four.

'They maintained that as a work of grace, once begun in the heart, could never become extinct, it was more advisable to postpone the admission to Church fellowship even of those who might appear to be sincere, than to admit one unconverted person into the fold.

'When Mr. Marshman sought admission into the Church, Farmer Bachelor and the other deacons remarked that he had too much 'head knowledge' of Christianity to have much 'heart knowledge' of its truths. They kept him, therefore, in a state of probation for seven years, and he eventually left Westbury Leigh without having been baptized.'—Vol. i., pp. 105–6.

Happily, in Bristol, where he conducted a school, the door of the Church was not so very low, but that even men with heads on their shoulders could get in. There he was the means of converting a Mr. Grant from infidelity; and there at last he offered his services for the Indian Mission; and in three weeks from that day was sailing down the Channel.

At Serampore the missionaries found the governor and authorities among their best friends. In Calcutta they had on their side two chaplains,—David Brown, a noble Yorkshireman, who long and well bore witness for his Master amid fearful ungodliness, and Claudius Buchanan, whose name is better known in

England. The British Government were persuaded by them that the missionaries did not mean any harm. The state of religious information in Calcutta may be judged of from the fact that a newspaper editor, taking it for granted that the unknown word 'Baptist' must be a mistake, announced that four Papist missionaries had arrived.

The missionaries, according to a plan of Mr. Carey's, agreed to live together as one family. They were to dine at one table, to place all their income in a common fund, by whomsoever earned, and to allow each family a certain sum for 'personal expenses.' This was a plan conceived in a fine spirit, but not fitted for permanent working. No Missionary Society then labouring in India had adopted the rule, which served the Methodists so much from the first, that men were not to engage in secular pursuits. The devoted men at Serampore had their own efforts to look to for the chief part of their expenses. Yet, as Mr. Marshman shows, those who did little in the way of money were willing to do much in that of control, and could give strong opinions even upon the cost of Mrs. Ward's bonnet.

Poor Mr. Thomas, as fervent and wayward as ever, was away in the interior manufacturing sugar, and preaching the Gospel. He came with a hopeful inquirer to Serampore in a great excitement of joy; but when, after his return, his disciple disappeared, he became as much depressed. Yet the first-fruit gathered was to be partly of his planting. On the very day that his inquirer had rejoiced his heart by telling the 'Church' at Serampore of his religious experience, he had to set a native's arm. He preached to him till he wept. Nor were his tears feigned, or from transient feeling. Mr. Thomas was in a few weeks summoned to take part in the baptism of Krishnu, with his brother, wife, and daughter. He came. He saw the wonderful sight of these Hindus sitting down to the table of the missionaries, and thereby renouncing their caste. This step raised the mob, who dragged the converts before the magistrate; but he sensibly commended Krishnu and his brother, and ordered the mob to disperse. The converts were brought before the Church to state the way in which they had been led to embrace the religion of Christ. Poor Thomas, who now saw his long labours of many years repaid, was overcome. Heavy weights of sorrow had not overturned his ill-balanced mind; but as he heard these first Hindu converts tell how the grace of God had led them, his reason gave way under excess of joy. The mob once dismissed by the magistrate returned, accusing the convert Krishnu of having refused to give his daughter to the man to whom she was betrothed. But the feeble Danes showed a moral courage which,

after all these years, is not always displayed by British magistrates, as witness the Royapettah riot at Madras. The rioters were dismissed, the girl was assured of liberty of action, and a voluntary offer of protection was made to the missionaries for the public administration of baptism.

The scene of the baptism was on steps leading down to the river, before the Mission premises. The Governor, the Europeans, and a vast crowd of natives assembled. Carey walked forward with two candidates,—his own son and the Hindu Krishnu on either hand. The other converts had quailed at the last hour. As he advanced from the mission house, poor Thomas was raving wild in a room on one side of the path, and his own wife hopelessly wailing on the other; as if the spirit of darkness had permission to rage at the first triumph of Christianity among the natives of Bengal. Down to the water went the Baptist preacher and his two disciples, the one the son of his own heart, the other the first-fruits of a great nation. He solemnly addressed the crowd. Silence and deep feeling prevailed. Brave old Governor Bie shed manly tears. The waters went over the Hindu, and the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, sounded across an arm of the Ganges. That evening the Lord's Supper was first celebrated in the language of Bengal. The cup of the missionaries was full of joy and hope. Krishnu was but one, but a continent was coming behind him.

Perhaps we feel all the more touched with this ceremony from the fact that we are thorough anti-immersionists. It is as certain that 'dip' in our English version is never *baptize* in the original, as it is impossible to say where three thousand people could be immersed in a day in Jerusalem. Besides, we do not believe that any living soul ever saw one man immersed by another (unless he were a European Baptist) in all the East on any occasion. We have watched for the phenomenon in India, Egypt, Arabia, Palestine; but never once saw a native of those countries immerse himself. No doubt they do dive or duck sometimes; but we never saw it. They go down to a piece of water; sit by it or in it, and dash it over themselves, or go in to the shoulders, or swim, though seldom; but diving or ducking must be very rare. There was a tale told, we know not how true, of a Baptist translation into Bengalee which, in making the word 'baptize' mean 'immerse,' got a term which meant 'to drown.' When the people heard of multitudes being 'drowned' by John, they innocently murmured, 'What a sinner!'

About six weeks after the first baptism came another great and holy event. The blessed New Testament was placed complete in the hand of its happy translator. The first copy was

solemnly laid on the communion table; and the whole mission group, with the native converts, gathered around to offer up fervent thanksgiving. Men talk of making history; but of all the history-makers in the annals of a nation, none is equal with him who gives it the word of God in the mother tongue. From that hour the names of Carey and Serampore were touched with that true immortality which lies in the principle, 'The Word of the Lord endureth for ever.'

As in many other languages, the New Testament was the first *prose* work printed in Bengalee, except a code of laws.

Three eventful years of progress and toil had passed; and another great occasion came in the Mission,—the first Christian marriage of Hindu converts; the first solemn inauguration of that happy institution, the Christian family, before which the seraglios of Bengal were eventually all to disappear. The pair to be united were a young Brahman, and a girl of the carpenter caste; thus setting aside the prejudice of ages. Under a tree in front of the father-in-law's house, the faithful Krishnu, the first convert, gathered the party. The natives sat on mats, the Europeans on chairs. Mr. Carey performed the service, and the youthful couple signed the agreement,—the first time the hand of a Hindu female in North India had performed that act. All the missionaries signed as witnesses; and we feel sure that they were happier men that day than proud fathers attesting a flattering alliance. That night they partook of the wedding supper. The repast began by singing a hymn of Krishnu's own, which still lives; and then the Brahman husband, the European missionaries, the Sudra father-in-law, all feasted together;—nothing wonderful in the eyes of England, a prodigy and a portent in those of India.

Another solemnity soon came. The little band of converts was called to see one of their number die,—the same whose heart failed him the first day of baptism, but who 'afterwards repented and went.' The first Christian death was a scene of tranquil hope and joy in prospect of immortality. It strengthened the souls of the converts. How was the Christian to be buried? Usually persons of this creed were borne by drunken Portuguese, and among the Hindus a corpse is touched only by those of the same caste. A crowd gathered round to witness the novel ceremony. To their stupefaction the missionary Marahman, and young Carey, Byrub a Brahman, and Perroo a Mohammedan, placed the coffin of the Sudra on their shoulders. Singing a Bengalee hymn, 'Salvation through the death of Christ,' they marched the funeral march of caste among the Christians of Serampore. The German missionaries in South

India had unhappily permitted caste to enter among the converts; but in the North it was faced at first, and the benefit has been great.

The first labours of a native evangelist soon followed. The Serampore Missionaries early perceived that the most fruitful of all their works would be sending forth native labourers. They kept this cardinal point steadily in view. They daily and carefully trained their converts, and prayed much and earnestly in all their undertakings. The first who had gladdened their hearts as a convert, Krishnu the carpenter, was also the first to go forth on Christ's errand among his countrymen. In this journey tracts were freely distributed, thus bringing two powerful agents into play at once. The eagerness of the people to receive the strange thing, a printed book, was very great. Some of the books thus given away brought inquirers from a great distance to Serampore, who, following the light first showed by the book, found the teachers and became true Christians. The first convert from the Kayusta, the caste next to the Brahmans, came in this way from a distance of thirty miles: and the first from the Brahmans themselves, a fine young man, came by the same means from the neighbourhood where Carey had passed a miserable month in the Sunderbunds. The history of every mission in India shows many cases of this kind. Yet good men, even missionaries, are found zealously opposing a free distribution of books, ay, even the word of God, in regions where, at the present rate of progress, a missionary cannot reach for ages. Crotchets can stop the simplest efforts at usefulness, as well as the most elaborate.

Now came the effort to establish stations on British territory. One was tried, but the missionary had to retreat under shelter of Serampore.

Nearly twelve years had passed since Carey was smuggled into Calcutta, and sheltered in a hovel by the charity of a heathen. It was a high day at Government House,—that superb residence built at a cost of £145,000, for the Governors General, by the most splendid of their line. The fashion, wealth, and beauty of Calcutta crowded its noble throne room. 'The most eminent men in the native community; the learned Brahmans from all parts of the empire, in their simple attire; the opulent rajahs and baboos, and the representatives of the native princes of India, in their plumed and jewelled turbans, were assembled to do honour to the majesty of British power.' On the dais at the head of this grand assembly, surrounded by the judges and high officers of state, was seated the magnificent Marquis of Wellesley, in the full meridian of his renown. The occasion was to honour

the college which he had created, by a public disputation. Three selected pupils from each class were brought forth as disputants, headed by the professor, who acted as moderator. In that presence stood forth the meek, but mighty Carey, as professor of both Bengalee and Sanscrit, and on him devolved the task of addressing a speech to the great viceroy in the latter ancient and, to India, sacred tongue. He fully avowed his work as a preacher and teacher, and took his place as bravely as he wore his fame humbly.

The position of professor in the Fort William College, to which his pre-eminent talents had carried him, was advantageous to him in many ways, and all these were turned into advantages to that for which he lived,—his mission. In point of literary labour he and Marshman were scarcely men, they were a sort of miracles. They dealt with languages, hard and untried languages, as other men might with poetry. To learn one language *well* is a work of some skill; and all agree that one Indian language is about equal in point of difficulty to five European ones. They learned the living and the dead, those spoken at their doors, those spoken far away. They made grammars, and translations of Scripture, and of native works into English, on a scale that had much more of prodigy than of practical wisdom; but, as a prodigy, nothing like it has been done. They conceived grandly, lived like great souls in a wide sphere, and wrought for millions, and for distant generations. Men in Serampore translating into Mahratta, and Canarese, and Teloo-goo, was not wise, but it was wonderful and zealous. But wonderful beyond all, and a proof of patience combined with intellectual power never exceeded, was Marshman's undertaking, in the midst of his other labours, to learn Chinese. He did it, and actually translated the Scriptures; and then, to get money to print them, translated *Confucius*, for which the rich liberally subscribed. This can be written in a sentence, but, before it can be done,—

‘How large a space of fleeting life is lost!’

And how many lives would have to be doubled a dozen times before it could be done at all! The man who did this was earning £2,000 a year, with his wife, for the Mission, by a boarding school. They lived out of the common stock, and had besides £100 a year for their family expenses. So Carey's salary as professor, and Ward's earnings as printer, went to increase the funds for their work. Let it be remembered that they were not paid by a Society on a scale to support them; but only allowed something to cke out their earnings.

Yet, gigantic in intellect, and noble in heart and reputation, as these three were, the younger men who joined them, from time to time, could ill brook their well-merited precedence in managing the Mission affairs. They claimed equality; and the noble seniors yielded to this intolerable injustice too far. Mr. Fuller said plainly, 'Who of us ever advanced the democratic nonsense of every apprentice we send you being equal the moment he set his foot on the soil of Bengal?' Yet this nonsense, and worse, this conceit and naughtiness, embittered many precious hours of men whose name will be dear to the catholic Church for ever.

When they had been ten years at Serampore, the glowing mind of Mr. Ward reviewed the mercies they had witnessed.

'Amidst all the opposition of government they had succeeded in settling four stations in Bengal; they had sent a missionary to Patna, and planted stations on the borders of Orissa and Bootan, and in Burmah; the number of members in church-fellowship exceeded two hundred; they had obtained a footing in Calcutta, where a chapel had been erected at a cost of more than £3,000, and a large church and congregation collected; the Scriptures had been printed, in whole or in part, in six languages, and translations had been commenced in six others. "And now, dear brethren," concludes the Report, "has not God completely refuted the notion that all attempts to disseminate the Gospel among the heathen are vain? This happy degree of success, which surprises us who are on the spot, has been granted within the space of about nine years; for it is no more since the baptism of the first Hindoo."—Vol. i., pp. 421, 422.

The opening into Calcutta here alluded to, offers points as lamentable as anything in the moral history of our nation. That great metropolis growing with the rapidity of London, to rival the magnitude of Pekin, lay at the door of the missionaries, and their souls longed to enter it. There were its swarming heathen. There were Armenians and other Christian bodica. There were multitudes of neglected creatures, descended from European fathers. Yet they were shut out from preaching to them. In all the evil doings of the East India Company's servants, few things are more calculated to rouse feeling in England than Mr. Marshman's calm and lucid narrative of the way the missionaries were beset and persecuted in their attempts to preach the Gospel in Calcutta. They were followed by spies; called up in police courts; stopped again and again; and dragged through scenes of humiliation and sorrow. Yet, like true men, we find no railing at the authorities, no abuse or ill-will, but a meek manliness in pursuing their end, and a loyal British heart that does one good. They were glorious days for the Christian soul

of Ward when he could preach, and preach again, in the midst of the Calcutta multitudes; but they were slowly and painfully arrived at.

Even after Carey had been installed as Professor for years, the mission owed its escape from ruin to Denmark. First, offence was taken at a tract prepared by a native, which abused Mahomed: and the press was ordered to be removed from Serampore to the Company's territory at Calcutta. By patient and manly resistance on their part, and on that of the Danish governor, this was averted. Once in Calcutta, the press soon would have been made harmless enough. Then the arrival of additional missionaries was made the occasion of terrible menaces. Mr. Marshman narrates, more patiently than any one could whose life had been spent under English liberty, the mean and wicked ways in which those proceedings were conducted, till five missionaries were actually banished. The tale of these proceedings throws floods of light on the moral career of the Company, and fixes an everlasting stain on the name and government of Lord Minto. But they were the last deeds of the persecutors. In 1813 the British Parliament ended their power to do what a Christian government in the darkest ages had never done,—forbid the Gospel to be preached to the heathen.

From this moment a new era set in for India; the word of God was not bound, and those who had so long struggled against a powerful government, were left to contend with their natural enemies, the superstitions and darkness of India. Yet all the sorrows of Serampore were not past. The system of missionaries being partly supported by a public body, and partly by their own earnings, is inherently bad. The public body ought to engage for the man's full support, and the missionary give his whole efforts to the public interest alone. This had not been the case at Serampore; and serious, we may say painful, collision between the missionaries and the Society at home was the natural result. Into the results we do not enter. They will be remembered as an instruction in the future management of missions.

The great passion of Dr. Carey's life was to give the holy Scriptures to all India in the mother tongue of each province. Few things more clearly display the magnitude of the country, than the difficulty of learning how many languages are spoken in it. At Serampore a map was published, according to the best light of the day, showing where each tongue prevailed, the errors of which are a touching proof that India is a region so vast as to baffle not only conception, but even inquiry, for a length of time. Pundits of different nations were assembled at

Serampore, and laboured under the direction of the missionaries in producing versions in the various languages. Seven years was the shortest period given to the preparation of any one version; but several proceeded simultaneously. In the year 1822 the New Testament *had been published in twenty of the languages of India*. This prodigious performance overtaxed the resources at their command, and brought them into straits. These, and the painful separation from the Society in England through questions of property, clouded many of their later days.

It was more than thirty years since Dr. Carey, now renowned and honoured, had landed friendless on the shores of Bengal. For the chief part of that time his two great coadjutors had been joined with him in every success and trial. They were not alike, but well suited. They had misunderstandings with their colleagues, struggles with the government, controversies with persons of other denominations, and heart-burning differences with their Society in England; but between themselves had always subsisted a firm and happy union. Ward was the most genial, affectionate, and eloquent of the three. He was eminently devoted to the service of God, and happy in the active work of seeking souls, to bring them to the Redeemer. He had been to Europe and America, where his speaking and writings did much to bring the mission not only before his own denomination, but the public at large. After having preached one Wednesday evening, he was next day seized with cholera, and speedily rested from his labours. 'The three old men,' says the historian, 'had lived and laboured together for twenty-three years, as if one soul animated them, and it was difficult to realize the fact that one of them was gone.' Grief turned a partial deafness of Dr. Marshman into a total one. 'I never,' he said, 'did anything, I never published a page without consulting him.' He had first gained the missionary's reward, and his brethren had yet to wait and labour.

Twelve years longer the two Titans of Indian philology toiled on in love and oneness. Marshman more than once fell, for a season, under the effects of melancholy, but was mercifully delivered from it, and enabled to 'enjoy almost a heaven upon earth' with his Bible, and in his glorious work. Carey had generally good though not robust health. He had reached his seventy-third year. More than forty had been spent in Bengal without a break. He was, as Sir Charles, afterwards Lord, Metcalfe expressed it, 'surrounded by his own good works, and attended by the respect and applause of all good men.' He had the feeling of every good servant strong in him,—a dread of 'becoming useless.' To labour till the hour of his final rest

sounded, by his Master's order, was his ambition. Yet he was gently laid aside for a little while before the moment for meeting his Lord. The two old men loved each other like boys, and took counsel together like patriarchs, standing on the banks of the deep river we have all to cross, with the unseen but not unknown shore only hidden below the horizon. Dr. Marshman

'visited him daily, often twice in the day, and the interviews were always marked by cheerfulness. They had lived and laboured together in the same spot for nearly thirty-five years. They were the last survivors of a generation which had passed away, and they seemed peculiarly to belong to each other.'

'The progress of Christian truth in India was the chief topic of conversation with the various missionary friends who visited Dr. Carey during his illness. While confined to his couch, Lady William Bentinck repeatedly came over to visit him, and Dr. Wilson, the Bishop of Calcutta, came to his dying bed, and asked his benediction. In the prospect of death, Dr. Carey exhibited no raptures and no apprehensions. He reposed the most perfect confidence in the all-meritorious atonement of the Redeemer. He felt the most cheerful resignation to the Divine will, and looked at his own dissolution without any feeling of anxiety. "Respecting the great change before him," writes Mr. Mack, "a single shade of anxiety has not crossed his mind since the beginning of his decay, as far as I am aware. His Christian experience partakes of that guileless integrity which has been the grand characteristic of his whole life..... We wonder that he still lives, and should not be surprised if he were taken off in an hour; nor is such an occurrence to be regretted. It would only be weakness in us to wish to detain him. He is ripe for glory, and already dead to all that belongs to life." His decease thus came softly on his relatives and associates. On Sunday, the 8th of June, Dr. Marshman engaged in prayer at the side of his bed, but was apprehensive that he was not recognised: Mrs. Carey put the question to him, and he feebly replied, "Yes;" and for the last time pressed the hand of his colleague. The next morning, the 9th of June, his spirit passed to the mansions of the blest. He was followed to the grave by all the native Christians, and by many of his Christian brethren of various denominations, anxious to pay the last token of reverence to the father of modern missions. Lord William Bentinck was at the time at the Neelgirry hills, but Lady William sent over a letter of condolence, and desired her chaplain to attend the funeral.'—Vol. ii., pp. 476, 477.

Three lonely years the last of the giants travelled cheerfully on, expecting to overtake his happy comrades. He reached close on his seventieth year; bowing to his honoured grave 'in graceful poverty,' says his son, 'after having devoted a sum little short of forty thousand pounds to the mission,—and that, not in one ostentatious sum, but through a life of privations.' On this

point the words of the old man were, 'I have never had a misgiving thought for having done it, though I have two sons unprovided for.' Ah, how many have, and ought to have, misgivings for not devoting thousands to such works, on the plea of providing for children,—meaning, thereby, leaving them very rich! And of the sons so left, how many rear to the father who enriches and, perhaps, ruins them, such a monument as the two noble volumes of which we are about reluctantly to take leave?

A frightful danger from which his daughter, now Lady Havelock, barely escaped with life, shook the old man. He rapidly failed:

'but he was supported by the blessed hope of immortality, and the richest consolations of the Divine presence were vouchsafed to him. The resignation of his mind and the serenity of his feelings afforded the clearest evidence of the value of Christian truth at the hour of approaching dissolution. When apparently unconscious, he repeatedly exclaimed, "The precious Saviour! He never leaves nor forsakes." Frequently after a night of broken rest and bodily suffering, the triumph of joy beamed in his eye in the morning, as he informed his friends that he had experienced the greatest delight in communion with God. A week before his death, the swelling began to subside, and he felt a degree of lightness of head, but his mind was still fixed on the work in which he had been engaged; he prayed in Bengalee, and conversed in that language on spiritual subjects. Soon after, he appeared to regain his strength, both of body and mind, and at his own request was carried about in his "tonjohn," or sedan chair, to take his last look at the various objects on the premises. On Thursday morning he caused the bearers to convey him to the chapel, where the weekly prayer-meeting was held, and to place him in the midst of the congregation; and, while seated in his "tonjohn," he gave out in a firm voice the missionary hymn, which he and his colleagues had been accustomed to use in every season of difficulty, till it came to be identified with their names, and to be designated "the chant of the Serampore missionaries."—Vol. ii., p. 516.

His last act was to inquire 'if there was anything more he could do for the cause.' So slept the last of the Serampore fathers, three wonderful instruments of Providence, the contemplation of whose course makes us feel that He who draws such men from the cottages of shoemakers and weavers, holds indeed in His hand the power to raise up labourers for the widest harvest. Already the lives of the three are a wonder; in a few centuries the tale told in this book will be considered a part of the history, not of the Baptist denomination, or of Bengal, but of the human race.

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

The Scouring of the White Horse : or, the Holiday of a London Clerk. By the Author of 'Tom Brown's School-Days.'—It is not to be denied that the tendency of much of the more thoughtful literature of the present generation has been to produce an unhealthy habit of self-analysis and mental introspection. In Wordsworth and Tennyson and Carlyle, and in that large class of writings of which Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection* is the type and the first example, we may see this tendency exemplified in its most valuable form; while in the rhapsodies of the spasmodic poets, and in the high-pressure novels of Miss Sewall and Miss Charlesworth, it exhibits itself in hurtful excess. Persons are there described incessantly brooding over their own motives; ever turning their thoughts inward to make an estimate of their own character and doings; acting the part of the weak and impatient child, who daily digs up the seed which he has sown, to see how it is growing. Mr. Kingsley and his followers have rebelled against the theory of human life which such works present. They would teach us that nothing but weakness and vanity can grow out of the constant habit of self-investigation, and that a truly healthy soul is as unconscious of its own state and growth, as a healthy man is of the functions of his liver, or the pathology of diseases he has never experienced. Accordingly, they fall back upon the Homeric type of heroism, and, instead of refined, anxious, inquisitive, and melancholy youths, present us with strong men full of enterprise, dash, and action; more fitted to find difficulties than to evade them,—to do work than to think about it. Mr. Kingsley's ideal hero has been concisely described as one 'who fears God, and can walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours.'

There is something very attractive, and peculiarly suited to the robust tastes of Englishmen, in these modern delineations of what has been somewhat profanely called 'muscular Christianity.' In *Two Years Ago*, the sympathies of the reader are throughout with Tom Thurnall, whose blunt, reckless, defiant character is the most strongly-marked portrait in the book. When the author, of *Westward Ho!* describes Amyas Leigh and the hardy men of Devonshire as going

forth on a filibustering expedition to the Spanish Main, his readers are reconciled to the bloodshed which ensues, and to the lawlessness and violence of the whole enterprise, by the assurance that the proceeding was thoroughly English, that Spain and the Roman Catholic Church were the great enemies of truth and liberty, and that the cause of England and Protestantism was the cause of God. We trust it is possible to be aware of this, and to feel the sincerest sympathy with the men who encountered the Spanish Armada, without concurring in the author's view. To maintain the supremacy of truth and righteousness in the world, courage is indeed necessary, but not foolhardiness. The spirit which leads a man to look dangers in the face, and to fight resolutely against evil, is both a noble and a Christian one; but the mere animal courage which incites a strong man to go out in search of pretexts for fighting, is neither the one nor the other. The enterprises which Mr. Kingaley has so fondly pictured, originated in the mere wantonness of strength, not in any love of truth. They are utterly indefensible in themselves, and it is a historical fact that they have never been known to serve the cause of liberty and virtue. We are sure that the arrogance, selfishness, and recklessness which they foster, are far greater evils even than those which they profess to remedy.

In *Tom Brown's School-Days*, the same tendency is visible. The book, as our readers know, has great and sterling merits. Its style is fresh and unaffected, its tone manly and spirited; the descriptive power which it exhibits is far beyond the average; and it is pervaded throughout with a scorn of all meanness and baseness, of weak conventionalisms and sham refinements, which causes the reader to feel that he is breathing a healthy atmosphere, and to conceive a strong personal liking for the author. As a school-boy epic it is quite unrivalled for liveliness, simplicity, and force. But it reproduces in a still more mischievous form the vice which we have referred to as characteristic of Mr. Kingaley's works. It seeks to clothe the games and contests of the playground with a dignity which is wholly unreal and imaginary. It conveys to a boy's mind the impression that there is something worthy and noble in the art of fighting *per se*, whether he has received provocation or not. Of the higher heroism which subdues passion, and keeps down resentment, which forgives injuries, and steadfastly strives to avoid wounding and grieving others, scarcely anything can be learnt from this book. A curious fact was mentioned to us incidentally by the master of a large boarding-school,—that since *Tom Brown* had been placed in the boys' library, the number of fights had multiplied fourfold. The lesson,—

"It is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous
To use it like a giant,"

cannot be learnt from the book. The mere outward form of courage which shows itself in the endurance of bodily pain, and which is always sure to be duly recognised and appreciated, is unfairly exalted;

and the inward heroism which is less readily manifested, and which therefore stands in more need of artificial stimulus and encouragement, is completely disregarded. A great opportunity of elucidating the true relations of physical strength and moral heroism, and of enforcing the principles on which both should be harmoniously cultivated, has been thrown away by the author. The popularity of the work has probably been great enough to conceal the fact from himself. The mass of his readers did not care to inquire whether the picture of Rugby School life, and of Arnold's influence and character, was a true one or not. The fact that public-school discipline, even on the showing of its own champion, not only imposed no check on drunkenness, profanity, and cruelty, but even encouraged extravagance, tyranny, and gross insolence to inferiors, did not check the readers of this book as it would otherwise have done, because the revelation of these things was only incidental, and was discreetly kept subordinate to the story of two or three lads in exceptional circumstances, whose characters are supposed to have undergone a favourable change. The charm of the author's style, the novelty of the subject, and the great interest which since the publication of Stanley's Life attaches to the name of Dr. Arnold, have gone far to render a large number of readers unconscious of the fact that the book sets up an utterly false and misleading standard of Christian manliness, and is apt to foster in the minds of the young the very faults which most stand in need of correction and restraint.

The success of Tom Brown has betrayed Mr. Hughes—for the authorship of this volume is, we believe, no secret—into a very grave mistake. *The Scouring of the White Horse* is a narrative of a rustic ceremony which, apart from its local interest, possesses, it is true, historical associations which fully justify the presentation of the story in a permanent form. It affords scope for a little antiquarian gossip, which would, however, be more interesting, if it were not so evidently read up for the purpose, and if it fitted less awkwardly into the general structure of the story. It contains, also, some pleasant descriptions of Berkshire scenery, and of rural sports, and is pervaded by a love of home, and of the country, which is very healthful and refreshing. These scanty materials have been expanded by the author to a very needless length, and strung together on a love-story of the feeblest and most commonplace character. We do not think it possible for any one to feel the smallest interest in the personages concerned, nor is there anything in the character of the courtship to awaken the slightest curiosity as to its result, although the author has left his readers in doubt on the subject. The gravest fault of the book is, however, less in its structure than in its spirit. A tone of coarseness, almost amounting to insolence, pervades it, and betokens from beginning to end the spoilt and petted author, whose first success has rendered him negligent not only of pleasing, but even of obeying the most ordinary rules of propriety. The talk of his London Clerks is vulgar and ungrammatical, as well as utterly purposeless, so far as the development of the story is concerned. Some Berkshire

songs are introduced, which have neither age, nor beauty, nor music, nor sentiment, nor indeed any particle of interest to justify their admission into the book. They are simply boorish and unmeaning, and, with one exception, bear no reference whatever to the main subject of the book. The author seems studiously to avoid falling into the usual conventionalisms of novelists; but in doing so has made his *dramatic persons* talk a language which is conventional, in the worst sense; for it is commonplace and dull. The affectation which scorns all refinement and elevation of sentiment, is quite as great a fault as that which makes undue pretensions to them, and is far more mischievous. We gain nothing, if in our reaction from the artificial refinements and sentimental villanies of common novels, we are to content ourselves with the talk of two cockney clerks over cow-hen and beer;—talk unredeemed by any noble or worthy aspiration, or even by common sense.

The book closes with a sermon which, in point of style, is so much above the general level of the performance, that one would almost suspect Mr. Kingsley had contributed it. From the text, 'These are My feasts,' it is attempted to prove that a Divine sanction may be fairly claimed for such sports as the book describes. Throughout the sermon, the Berkshire wrestling and back-sword matches are spoken of as 'God's feasts,' and the author evidently regards his text as an authority for the use of this language. Yet it is scarcely possible that he can seriously regard the Jewish festivals as at all analogous to the merry-makings of our own peasantry. He is doubtless impressed with the truth that all our work should be carried on

'As ever in our great Task-master's eye.'

And he desires to make his readers feel that the commonest acts of daily life, whether acts of friendship, of study, of business, or of recreation, all belong to God, and should possess religious character. He could not undertake to teach a nobler or more needful lesson. But the lesson should be taught soundly and fairly, not based on a false assumption, or enforced by a misleading analogy.

It must be honestly deduced from Scripture testimony; and must be urged in a more reverent spirit and in better taste than Mr. Hughes exhibits, if it is ever to be effectually and wisely taught.

A Grammar of the New Testament Diction, intended as an Introduction to the Critical Study of the New Testament. By Dr. George Benedict Winzer. Translated from the Original German by Edward Masson, M.A., formerly Professor in the University of Athens. Edinburgh: Clark.—There are two main considerations which we wish especially to lay before our readers in noticing this important work. The first is, that the learned author may be regarded as having struck a death-blow at the unbounded licence with which even up to this day the diction of the New Testament has been handled in critical and exegetical dissertations. It is a singular fact, evidenced by the instruction given in our public schools and

colleges, that whilst the principles of enlightened philology have been applied with the utmost diligence to the uninspired remains of antiquity, the New Testament has remained in neglect, the laws of its phraseology uninterpreted, and the self-consistency of its idiom unacknowledged. Dr. Winer says with truth, that, 'according to commentators still held in repute, some of whom flourished in the eighteenth and some in the nineteenth century, the main characteristic of the New Testament idiom is a total disregard of grammatical propriety and precision. These authorities profess to specify anomalies everywhere,—here a wrong tense, there a wrong case,—here a comparative for a positive, & for *his*, but for *there*, and so on.'

In fact, philology has refused to accept the great truth that the diction of the New Testament was actually a living idiom, employed as the medium of social intercourse. Scholars would not have become accustomed to view the sacred writers as utterly regardless of the essential principles of human language, had they held in mind that the sacred writers were employing language in use amongst the men of their day, in order to be understood by them; and expositors would not, then, have delighted to point out in almost every instance of supposed grammatical anomaly 'an alleged substitution of the wrong form for the right.' Yet, in spite of the patent fact, that the Greek Testament is written in a living language peculiar to its own age, and must therefore be studied on its own principle, philological expositors are divided into two camps,—the Purists, who endeavour to prove that the Greek of the New Testament is classical Greek; and the Hebraists, who maintain that it exhibits a predominant Hebrew tincture. The Purist party has now disappeared; and the opinions of the Hebraists are found to be untenable, except with grave modifications. We may regard intermediate views, which were first pointed out by Beza and H. Stephanus, as fully established. An enlightened scholar will not deny that the New Testament contains Hebraisms, but will, with Beza, insist that these are improvements and not blemishes in the style of the Evangelists: while, on the other hand, the question, once gravely mooted, '*As Novum Testamentum sœciet barbarismis*,' is so monstrous that no Christian man ought to entertain it.

Yet although the right theory as to the nature of the dialect of the New Testament may be regarded as at length established, the empiricism and uncertainty which continues to exist with regard to the later Greek dialectology, and still more with regard to Hebrew grammar, has prevented the satisfactory exposition of the sacred text. What scholar is there to whom the terms, so frequently in use, Hellenism, Alexandrianism, Macedonism, convey any definite notion. These terms sound like learned fictions, or algebraic designations of the unknown. We questioned long since whether any scholar could inform us why he called a word Hellenistic rather than Macedonic, or Macedonic rather than Alexandrian: it is pleasant to find our suspicions confirmed by the great authority of Dr. Winer and his learned translator. The latter says: 'The Macedonic, Alexandrian,

and Hellenistic dialects, to which New Testament philologists still gravely refer, never had any existence. The Macedonian dialect was Illyrian, and not Greek at all. Not one of the alleged Alexandrian peculiarities of the Greek Scriptures was peculiar to Alexandria or Egypt. The term Hellenistic is preposterous in its formation, and the use of it is fitted to perpetuate a baneful delusion. Hellenist did not mean one who wrote or spoke Greek *imperfectly*. That the sacred writers *thought* in Aramean is a gratuitous assumption. They all possessed a full command of plain colloquial Hellenism. The grammar of Dr. Winer is constructed in accordance with these principles. The terms in question entirely disappear, to our great relief; and the reader is left to deal with the dialect of the New Testament *as a whole*; except that the pronounced importance of the Hebrew element renders it deserving of separate treatment. The Hebraisms, however, of the New Testament are shown to be far less numerous than is commonly supposed; and the great bulk of the New Testament is written in Hellenism, or the common dialect of later Greece. As regards the execution of this work, it is superfluous to say, that it exhibits ample learning and unbounded industry. It is the life-work of a German professor: it has been reprinted six times during the life of its author, receiving, constantly, his additions and corrections; and, to use his own words, the work shows in every page that he has spared no efforts to arrive at truth. Dr. Winer has had sufficient insight to place the deeply-interesting subject of New Testament criticism upon its right foundation; and with immense research and labour has worthily opened the way for future labourers in this field. We deeply regret to hear him tell us that, 'in the midst of my labours, a nervous affection of the eyes has brought me to the very verge of total blindness.'

The other point to which we would direct attention is, the importance, newly discovered, of modern Greek in the cultivation of sacred Greek philology, more especially in the department of New Testament lexicography. The common dialect, or Hellenism, in which we have seen that the New Testament is written, is identical with the Greek spoken at the present day, the only difference being, that those peculiarities which distinguish this dialect from the classical Greek—such as the greater distinctness of expression marked by the employment of prepositions, where simple cases were formerly sufficient, the tendency to invert the cases normally governed by prepositions, the increasing simplicity in the structure of sentences and use of moods and tenses of verbs—have, by progress of time, become more marked in the dialect at this day, than they were in the days of St. Paul. But 'to the educated Greek of the present day, the plain colloquial Greek employed by Paul and those with whom he conversed in Athens, is still a living language. A reference to the grammatical forms of popular living Greek would throw more light on the New Testament accidence, than all the New Testament grammars hitherto published. Familiarity with the existing *pronunciation* and popular idiom of the Greeks might afford most valuable aid towards maintaining or restoring

genuine readings in the New Testament text.' Further remarks on this point may be found in the valuable note of Mr. Masson, (p. 24,) from which this extract is taken.

Christ and the Inheritance of His Saints. Illustrated in a Series of Discourses from the Colossians. By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh. 1859.—It is not often that the merit of a very popular production is found answerable to its success; but it is really so in the case of this admirable book. Dr. Guthrie has succeeded in a perilous, but legitimate, attempt; he has brought some of the best gifts of genius to aid the spread, and further the acceptance, and deepen the impression, of Divine truth. He exhibits the kingdom of God as a great reality; and every page glows with illustrations of its power and goodness. The whole reads like an Iliad of Messianic triumphs, in which the train of the redeemed mingle their songs of praise. It is difficult to impart an idea of Dr. Guthrie's style by mere description: but we may say that it is just what might be expected from a poet whose imagination and intellect had been steeped in evangelical truth, and shone upon by the Spirit of grace and consolation. We have never met with illustration so beautiful and abundant at the same time; nor any that so easily disposed itself to serve the author's purpose, melting into the body of the truth of which it thence becomes a part. The author does not abdicate his office of teacher for the sake of a rhetorical flourish, nor mistake a profusion of material imagery for apt analogies that have the force of argument. In short, he *understands* the nature and value of figurative speech, and that is not an ordinary merit; he has, besides, the *power* of copious and appropriate illustration, and that is among the rarest gifts of genius.

But we must have recourse to the book itself. Here the difficulty of selection is almost as great as that of description from which we have broken away; for no single jewel represents the riches of the crown regalia. Let us take a passage in which our author illustrates his text: '*By Him all things consist.* God's work of providence is "His most holy, wise, and powerful preserving and governing of all His creatures and all their actions." It has no Sabbath. No night suspends it, and from its labours God never rests. If, for the sake of illustration, I may compare small things with great, it is like the motion of the heart. Beating our march to the grave, since the day we began to live, the heart has never ceased to beat. Our limbs grow weary; not it. We sleep; it never sleeps. Needing no period of repose to recruit its strength, by night and day it throbs in every pulse; and, constantly supplying nourishment to the meanest as well as to the noblest organs of our frame, with measured, steady, untired stroke, it drives the blood along the bounding arteries, without any exercise of will on our part, and even when the consciousness of our own existence is lost in dreamless slumbers.

'If philosophy is to be believed, our world is but an outlying corner of creation; bearing, perhaps, as small a proportion to the great universe, as a single grain bears to all the sands of the sea-shore, or one small quivering leaf to the foliage of a boundless forest. Yet,

even within this earth's narrow limits, how vast the work of Providence! How soon is the mind lost in contemplating it! How great that Being whose hand paints every flower, and shapes every leaf; who forms every bud on every tree, and every infant in the darkness of the womb; who feeds each crawling worm with a parent's care, and watches like a mother over the insect that sleeps away the night in the bosom of a flower; who throws open the golden gates of day, and draws around a sleeping world the dusky curtains of the night; who measures out the drops of every shower, the whirling snow-flakes, and the sands of man's eventful life; who determines alike the fall of a sparrow and the fate of a kingdom; and so overrules the tide of human fortunes, that whatever befall him, come joy or sorrow, the believer says, It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good.

'In ascribing this great work to Jesus Christ, my text calls you to render Him Divine honours. In the hands that were once nailed to the cross, it places the sceptre of universal empire; and on those blessed arms that, once thrown around a mother's neck, now tenderly enfold every child of God, it hangs the weight of worlds. Great is the mystery of godliness! Yet so it is, plainly written in the words, "By Him all things consist." By Him the angels keep their holiness, and the stars their orbits; the tides roll along the deep, and the seasons through the year; Kings reign, and princes decree justice; the Church of God is held together, riding out at anchor the rudest storms; and by Him, until the last of His elect are plucked from the wreck, and His purposes of mercy are all accomplished, this guilty world is kept from sinking under a growing load of sins.

"By Him all things consist." Wonderful words, as spoken of One who, some eighteen centuries ago, was a houseless wanderer, a pensioner on woman's charity, and not seldom without a place where to lay His head! Yet how clearly do these words attest His dignity and Divinity! More could not be said of God; and Paul will not say less of Christ. Nor, great and glorious as they are, do they stand alone. Certainly not. In language as lofty, and ascribing to Jesus honours no less Divine, the apostle thus writes to the Hebrews: "God, who at sundry times, and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also He made the worlds; who, being the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person, and *upholding all things by the word of His power*, when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." How wonderful! He left a grave to ascend the throne; He exchanged the side of a dying thief for the right hand of God; He dropped a reed to assume the sceptre of earth and heaven; He put off a wreath of thorns to put on a sovereign's crown; and, in that work of providence to which I would now turn your attention, you behold Him, who died to save the chief of sinners, made "Head over all things to the Church."

David and Samuel; with other Poems, Original and Translated.
By John Robertson. We find some real talent in the verses of Mr.

Robertson, though the verses themselves are such as we could easily have spared. The style is nervous, clear, and singularly free from affectation; but the spirit of poetry is faint or wanting. We frankly adopt the language which the author puts into the mouth of the Candid Critic, in the prelude of his book:—it furnishes ground of acquittal and excuse, and will afford our readers some notion of his manner.

'If flowers must needs by millions spring,
Then some unseen must blush;
Some birds must sing unheard, that sing
A score in every bush.
But daisies blow, and thrushes sing,
Contented, though unknown,
Proud of the glory of the spring,
And careless of their own.

'O poet, build the idle rhyme,
If rhymes best thy brain;
We will not call it waste of time,
Nor rudely hush the strain.
Nature, that cares not to exclude,
That lets things have their course,
Joins to the music of the wood
Untutored notes and hoarse.

'Be thine the hoarse notes or the sweet,
Sing, poet, and God speed thee;
For we have leisure to maltreat
As little as to read thee.
Sing, poet, and account it fame,
Some passer by should say,
Not waiting to inquire thy name,
"How Grab Street rings to-day!"'

There is metal in the man that writes like that; and we think that he has not yet coined it to the best advantage. The Scripture paraphrases of his volume, including his poem of David and Samuel, are specimens of scholarly and thoughtful writing; but they are not in the author's happiest vein; he will do better some day, and silence all the bush from which he sings.

An Inquiry into the Evidence relating to the Charges brought by Lord Macaulay against William Penn. By John Paget, Esq., Barrister at Law. Blackwood. 1859. Mr. Paget is not a judge, though we hope he may live to be one. In the case before us he is merely a special pleader, who has chosen his side and prepared his own brief. We say this, because the author seems to imagine that he has entered on the controversy in a strictly judicial capacity, which is not the fact. Yet we concur in the conclusion at which he has arrived, chiefly because he has cleared up some of the most serious charges brought against the memory of Penn, and, by lessening their number, very materially reduced their authority and weight. There is not much more to explain away, and the character of Penn may be allowed to overrule a few suspicious circumstances, and even to bear the discount of some things unworthy. Lord Macaulay's aspersion is counter to the

verdict of history, unchallenged for two hundred years; and supposing the evidence of conduct were now found to be doubtful and conflicting, the point of character would rightfully decide our judgment. Till more evidence be adduced, we confidently say, 'Not proven;' and claim an honourable acquittal for the prudent, prosperous, but upright Quaker.

A Journey due North. Being Notes of a Residence in Russia in 1858. By G. A. Sala. London: Bentley. 1858.—Such is the title of a very amusing book, written with great spirit, and a power of description worthy of a more permanent production. The author is one of those men whose untiring good humour fairly takes you by storm, and amuses you whether you will or no. We are sorry to add, that he does not always restrain his wit to subjects that are its legitimate objects. The passage was not yet open when Mr. Sala started. He was therefore detained *en route*; and we have some lively pictures of his German hotel acquaintances. His companions on board the steamer, from the captain downwards, are next 'taken off;' but the real interest of the book begins with the arrival at Cronstadt. The dreary and tedious magnificence of St. Petersburg,—its palaces, each in itself a small city of street-like rooms,—its villanous pavement,—its furious drivers and its public carriages,—are all placed vividly before us. Then we have a description of life at a Russian hotel,—an excursion into the country,—a glance at the serfs, their houses, costumes, and habits. Graphic power in describing minutiae is a feature of this work. There is a chapter on boots and shoes. Every species is carefully detailed, and yet so done as not to weary; and the same remark applies to other descriptions. Of course, no account of Russia would give a fitting idea of its condition that failed to make mention of its police,—the great Russian 'bogie,' as Sala calls it. With our English experience of Robson and Redpath, we can easily understand how a Russian officer can manage to keep his own elegant drosky and high-stepping horse on a salary of £40 a year;—the two systems are identical. There is a characteristic story of a Frenchman who would not see the police like his neighbours. One day two officers called with two loaves of sugar marked with the Frenchman's name, and which they said had been stolen from his premises. In vain he asserted that he had never possessed any such property;—they quartered two men in his house, in case the thieves should return; they summoned him to the police court at the most inconvenient hours; in fine, they worried the poor man in every way, until he fairly bought them off at a good round sum. He paid the yearly compliment ever afterwards. The book contains but little novelty, but may while away pleasantly a leisure hour.

The Night, the Dawn, and the Day: or, the Reformed Church bringing India to Christ, &c. By the Rev. Richard Croly, London: Nisbet. 1859.—The author tells us in his preface that he was encouraged to publish this book by the approval of a valued brother in the ministry; our counsel to him would have been to hold his hand. It is a well meant, but not a judicious, volume. The writer regards the Reformed Church as on its trial, and that its efforts for the conversion

of India will be the test of its faith. He gives some interesting but well-known details of past missionary effort; and the whole is mixed up with prophetic theories in the strangest confusion. From first to last we jump from one subject to another,—Popery, Mohammedanism, Daniel's prophecy of the 'little horn,' and India's religious history. The author supposes that India will be converted through the agency of the Nestorian and the old native Churches, and that the power of both Pope and Mohammed will fall in 1866. On these speculations we offer no remark; but in the urgent need of the present moment for increased exertion to evangelize India, we are jealous of any such intermixture of the one grand point on which all the Churches are agreed with topics about which there is so much variety of opinion in the Christian world.

Robert Burns: a Centenary Song, and other Lyrics. By Gerald Massey. Kent and Co. 1859.—The initial poem in this slight quarto tract was inspired by an event of rare occurrence—a thoroughly national celebration of a British poet's birth-day. With our German neighbours there is nothing more common than these æsthetic jubilees, in which the memory of artist, author, or musician is enthusiastically honoured. But we are not demonstrative; and our sympathies as a people do not much attach themselves to the sons of genius. It was, therefore, a striking testimony to the vitality and strength of Burns's influence, that more than sixty years after his death Britons in every clime should arouse and unite themselves to commemorate the centenary of his birth. Meetings were held, speeches made, and even prize poems received without tokens of disgust. Mr. Gerald Massey was an unsuccessful competitor for the laurel awarded in the Crystal Palace. Perhaps his offended genius 'would not be commanded;' or possibly the umpires of Sydenham in their ignorance misjudged! Which of these conjectures has more of likelihood may be partly gathered by the reader from the following specimen.

'A vagrant Wild Flow'r, sown of God, out in the waste was born;
It sprang up as a Corn-flow'r in the golden fields of Corn:
The Corn all strong and stately in its bearded bravery grew,—
Gathered the gold for harvest-time—grew ripe in sun and dew;
And when it bowed the head—as Wind and Shadow ran their race,
Like influences from Heaven come to Earth, for playing place—
It seemed to look down on the Flower as in a smiling scorn,
Poor thing, you grow no food, no grain for garner! said the Corn.
The lonely Flow'r still bloomed its best, contented with its place,
God's blessing fell upon it as it lookt up in his face!
And there they grew together till the white-winged Reapers came—
The Sickles shining in their hands, their faces were aflame!
The Corn they reapt for earthly use, but an Angel fell in love
With that wild Flow'r, and wore it at the Harvest-home above.
Our world of Money-makers is that fabled field of Corn!
Our Poet is the sweet wild Flow'r that won their smiling scorn.

How Robin loved the noble land that gave such heroes birth,
It was his bit of Heaven, and its dear green nook of Earth!
O'er which God droops a bridal veil of mist for softer grace,
To keep her beauty virginal and make more fair her face.

So stands she meek and reverent in the shadow of God's love,
 More lovable than Lands whose brave, bold beauty stares above !
 Auld Scotland's Music long had wailed and wailed about this land,
 So yearning in her sweetnotes and so sorrowfully grand ;
 And many grieved to tears, yet could not tell what she would say,
 But Robin wed her with his words, and they were one for aye.
 Ah, how some old sweet cradle song the wandering heart still brings
 Home, Home again, so strongly drawn in Love's own leading strings !

More welcome than cool sods of earth, out ere the sun be risen,
 To the caged Lark, are Robin's songs in smoky City prison !
 The Sailor warms his heart with them, out on the wintry sea,
 The Serf stands up ennobled in the knighthood of the Free !
 The Soldier and on Midnight watch, or weary march by day,
 Grows cheery at their tidings from the old land far away !
 We hug the homestead closer and the fresh love-tendrils twine,
 And make our clasp more fond for fear our dear ones we may find.
 When Hesper with his sparkling eye sets lovers face to face,
 Where droopt lids shade a burning beauty with their shyer grace,
 And hush and holy is the hour and silent is the Night
 Lest even the breath of fairy stir that poise so feather-light
 In which two hearts are weighed for life, and like a humming hive,
 The inner world of happiness with music grows alive,
 There, as life aches so heart in heart, and hand in hand so yearns,
 Love shakes his wings and soars and sings some song of Robin Burns.'

We think the style and measure of these verses were not discreetly chosen. They also lack the lyric energy and freshness that distinguish the songs of Burns himself, and of which we ought to be indirectly reminded ; and on the whole we are compelled to confirm the verdict of the poet's failure.

Songs by a Song-writer. First Hundred. By W. C. Bennett. Chapman and Hall. 'Ever since I could read songs,' says Mr. Bennett, 'I have loved them. The dearest shelf of my book-case is that where rank, shoulder to shoulder, in loving brotherhood, Burns and Béranger, Campbell and Herrick.' The author, however, has emulated the merits and the fame of these true poets with only moderate success, and no trace of their finer qualities is found upon his page. The texture of his poetry is coarse, and often quite prosaic : the sentiments, indeed, are not objectionable ; but there is no moral elevation to distinguish them, or to make the lack of artistic feeling less perceptible.

The Christian Harp ; designed as a companion to the Foreign Sacred Lyre. By John Sheppard. The dates of these beautiful compositions range over a period of more than forty years ; and we now conceive of the venerable minstrel, in the prospect of another world, as tuning his harp in the ante-chamber, before being summoned into the Presence. Our readers will remember how Mont Blanc rears itself in the majestic verse of Shelley and of Coleridge. In the following lines we have the same subject delineated in another aspect :—

' Mountain,—who reignest o'er thine Alpine peers,
 Transcendently, and from that massive crown
 Of faly brightness, dartest down thy beams

Upon their lesser coronets,—all hail !
Unto the souls in hallow'd musing rapt,
Spirits in which creation's glorious forms
Do shadow forth and speak the' invisible,
The' ethereal, the' eternal, that dost shine
With emblematic brightness. Those untrod
And matchless domes, though many a weary league
Beyond the gaze, when the misty veil
Dies round them, start upon his destined sight
In vastness almost tangible ; thy smooth
And bold convexity of silent snows
Raised on the still and dark blue firmament.

It's so when moral fogs of earth are swept
By Heaven's free gale afar,—upon the eye
Of earnest faith and full awaken'd hope
Crowds the bright evidence of things unseen ;
In earth's low reckoning doubtful and remote ;
But to that gaze, close and palpable,
Immenso, unfading, infinitely sure.

Mountain,—thou image of eternity,—
Oh, let not foreign feet, inquisitive,
Swift in untrain'd aspirings, proudly tempt
Thy searchless waste.—What half-taught fortitude
Can balance unperturb'd above the clefts
Of yawning and unfathomable lee
That meet thee round ; or wind the giddy ledge
Of thy sheer granite ?—Hath he won his way,
That young investigator ?—Yes, but now,
Quick panting on superior snows, his frame
Trembles in dizziness ; his wandering look
Drinks pale confusion ; the wide scene is dim ;
Its all of firm or footing, near or far,
Deep-rolling clouds beneath, and wavering mists
That flit above him, with their transient shades,
And storm-deriding rocks, and treacherous snows,
And blessed sunlight, in his dying-eyes
Float dubious ; and 't is midnight at his heart !

Hence be thou warn'd, youth whose excurive soul
Would range the proudest Alps of intellect,
Baromet' opinion's balwarks, sound all depths,
Question all heights, and intly speculate
With fearless glances down the blue abyss.
I mark thine eagle eye, where thou hast seal'd
The barriers of the vulgar, and look'd down
Exultant on their tame procession, led
By custom or authority, fast link'd,
And poring earthward as they pace the dell.
I love thy conscious freedom. Yet be warn'd !
Thou need'st a chart, and thy soul's needle touch'd
With Heaven's own essence, faithful to its source.
Kiss, be thou sure, those chill and mystic wilds
Will maze thy keen intelligence ; fair truth
Shall seem extinct ; the moral universe,
The living rays that light it, the divine,
The fair, the perfect day-stars of all hope,
Shall fade for thee, and sceptic darkness quench
A glowing spirit, form'd to reach its God.

These verses are not unworthy of the great masters whose strains they emulate, and in moral grandeur they bear away the palm.

MISCELLANEA.

The Close of the Tenth Century after the Christian Era. The Arnold Prize Essay for 1858. By Richard Watson Dixon, B.A. Mr. Dixon evinces a genius for historical research in connexion with a masterly historic style. We hope it is not too late to commend his dissertation to the reader's notice. Our wonder is that anything so good should get a prize.—*The Hundred Days of Napoleon. A Poem in Five Cantos. By Archibald Belaney. London. 1858.* The subject of this poem is well chosen. No period of the Usurper's history is more promising to the true poet than the eventful Hundred Days, as the new Homer of the future will probably discern. But the bard will not come of the stock of Belaney; there is no intimation of his advent in these chopped lines of prose. The dedication is an act of pious restitution. The author has borrowed his materials from Sir Archibald Alison, and so he gratefully deposits his bundle of chips at the learned Baronet's door.—*Sketches of and from Jean Paul Richter. Bennett. 1859.* A volume slender in pretensions, bulk, and merit. Jean Paul is indeed a name to conjure with; but the adept in this case is no magician.—*Here and There in London. By J. Ewing Ritchie. Tweedie. 1859.* We have no liking for this kind of book, and cannot recommend it. It is clever, sketchy, loose, and commonplace; and if the author were frank with us, he would own that it was merely made to sell.—*Life Thoughts gathered from the Extemporaneous Discourses of Henry Ward Beecher. By Edna Dean Procter. Edinburgh. 1859.* This, too, is a very miscellaneous volume; but it is easy to see that the Thoughts of Mr. Beecher are struck off in the heat of honest work, and are related to a serious scheme of life. Some passages are very beautiful; others lose by being sundered from their context; and a few trite sayings ought to have been omitted.—*Musings in many Moods. By John Bolton Rogerson. London. 1859.* This book—a large thick volume of dense minor poetry—is enough to make one melancholy for a day, or long after it has been forgotten. The reader is apt to lose confidence in himself, in his species, in the personal liberty of action, and the boasted freedom of the press; and in a querulous moment ask, Is not the invention of printing itself bought dearly by the chance of such exposures?—*The Age of Lead. A Satire, in Two Books. By Adolphus Pasquin. With an Introduction by the Rev. George Gilfillan. London. 1858.* Better and worse; not so heavy, yet much heavier. Slight as the volume is, and high as we have placed it by way of experiment, we should not be surprised to find that it had sunk by its own weight to the bottom of our page. If so, we are prepared to show that it is not the printer's fault. The laws of gravity are not to be evaded.