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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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ART. I.—*Hindu Pastors.* A Memorial by the Rev. E. J. ROBINSON, late Wesleyan Missionary in Ceylon. Wesleyan Conference Office.

THIS volume is a very acceptable contribution to missionary literature, both for the information it contains, and for the help which it affords to the discussion of questions relating to a native ministry: a subject so beset with obstacles that no missionary society has yet been able to master it. The subject, indeed, has been considered from time to time, but only for the relief of incidental embarrassments. The situations of the difficulties have been shifted; the difficulties themselves never overcome. There is no doubt that in a country like India the immediate agents of the conversion of the masses must be the natives themselves, whose selection from the converts will, in the first instance, be due to the wisdom of European missionaries. Their training, status, and salary are the knotty points that are ever recurring for the perplexity of missionary committees. You must educate your Hindu pastor. It is of no use, in India at least, to entrust the native flock to an untaught man; to one who is not tolerably *furnished unto all good works.* There are tasks of subordinate interest that may be allotted to inferior hands; but the preacher of the Gospel to his own countrymen in India must be qualified by careful training. Many years ago this opinion was hotly contested; there are few left to dispute it now. It is the old story over again; the right side has gained its triumphs by

the practical failures of the wrong. The race of incompetent native preachers, upon whom the early missionaries laid their hands too suddenly, is dying out fast. The excellent fathers of the Indian churches were, however, in too close a communion with heavenly wisdom always to fail: they occasionally set apart men whom God Himself had previously endowed and called; and no modern training, however careful and prolonged, will produce abler missionaries than some of those whom the earlier exigencies of the work thrust into the field untutored and undisciplined. When we insist upon careful training, we do not mean simply or chiefly theological and literary education, but the preparation of the *character*. Collegiate excellence is now becoming common among the better classes in Indian cities; and the fact that a character of high moral tone is still a rare attainment, only proves that pure and conscientious living can spring from none other than a Christian soil. The convert ordained for the pastorate will often be surpassed in learning by members of his congregation; but if he have the word of Christ grafted upon his spirit and bearing its fruit upon his public actions, the shrewd native observer will perceive that such a life, wise, holy, gentle, is an argument for Christianity that admits of no reply. There is no product of Hinduism like it; none that bears even a resemblance that can suggest it. It is the *character* of the European missionary that, more than any separate mental advantage, gains for him a position superior to the standing of his native colleagues. He may preach imperfectly, with no learned command of the language, and no practised enunciation of it; he may want general culture, and impress upon his audience the bearing of an uneducated man; the people, whether they understand him or not, will listen with a respectful eagerness which no native talents can awaken. The *Hindus* do not respect the character of a *Hindu;* and when the missionary church produces a native convert whose honesty, good sense, and unselfish kindness, challenge comparison with the virtues of his European brother, and when his residence among them is sufficient to make him known to the surrounding heathen of a district, God gives to that church not only its most brilliant trophy, but its ablest confederate. No native Christian society can be said to *live* without the inspiration of men of this stamp. The incessant application of European stimulants may keep a mission church alive; but it dies as soon as these costly restoratives are withheld. Recall the foreigner, and, with his supporting shoulder removed, everything comes

to the ground. Our West Indian churches mournfully corroborate this fact. We have failed to make a negro pastor; we mean, of course, not that no single negro minister was ever qualified for his work, but that a staff of effective helpers, fitted to be the heads of native churches, is still a future success for the missions of the West Indies; a success not, we hope, to be much longer deferred, if the present crisis in the history of the negro, like similar revolutions elsewhere, strengthen his character by the trials of an elevating change in his position.

The prospect of an indigenous ministry in India is encouraging, partly from the number and quality of native evangelists now at work, but chiefly from a wonderful succession of political and social advancements in the country itself. It is doubtful whether the history of any people can furnish an instance of equal rapidity in intellectual growth to the sudden rise of the Hindu mind during the last ten years. There are few in this country who can appreciate the ferment which is rapidly pervading the spirit of the better classes of the people. The agitation threatens no political change *at present*, and therefore awakens no excitement in England. Let us hope there are statesmen among us whom the impending revolutions will not surprise, and whose sagacity and steadfastness will enable the Government to escape inundation by distributing the rising power in channels of progress. The flood that devastates a district can be made to irrigate and fructify it. Meanwhile let missionary societies know that their time for action has arrived. The mind which twenty years ago they found asleep, is now up and thoroughly awake. *Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is increased.* The conservatism of Hinduism is breaking up, and the suddenly unfettered spirits of India's youth are ready for any enterprise that promises scope to their headlong and random liberty. It is the highest calling of the Church to assume the direction of an intellectual revolution like this; not by a formal assumption of leadership, but by sending from its schools and colleges men whose superiority of character and culture shall insure them the largest following. If, through supineness or some cardinal mistake in policy, missionaries allow this splendid opportunity to escape them, they will be held responsible for some of the most deplorable results of unbridled thinking in a great country. It is true the Government is educating the people, and thereby compelling them to renounce idolatry; for, although the State enjoins neutrality, it cannot consistently

respect its own injunction. It looks very like a jest when in some remote Hindu village the State schoolmaster invites the population to send him their children, adding the inducement of non-interference with their religion; for such interference begins when he begins to instruct. There is no Scripture in his lessons; but the Bible is the inspiration of the leading studies found in his curriculum; and his pupils are compelled to go from superstition to science, from fiction to history, from dreaming to thinking. Christianity does not gain converts, but Hinduism loses disciples. But more than this; the Government, by bringing a fatal discredit upon the religions of India is making it an honourable thing to abandon them. Even those whose training is too imperfect to make such an act the result of conviction are accessible to motives of personal advantage, or catch the contagion of example. It is becoming a fashion to laugh at superstition, and affect a sceptical humour, a temper diligently fed by the native press. The vernacular newspapers, a recent power, are filled with letters, essays, anecdotes, and songs, attacking with every weapon known to such combatants the errors, vices, and social obstructions of the Brahminical faith. In all these efforts there is a resolution to uproot the things that are, and to plant in their room the free institutions of England. As Iconoclasts, the Indian Reformers are doing their work with admirable ardour; but their attempts at reconstruction are worse than failures. Ignorant of the laws and facts of history, they imagine that they can at once adopt the civil privileges and manners of a Christian community, and reject the Christianity of which these are the growth. The costume of civil freedom is not a garment which a nation may put on. It is the form which a nation's life makes for itself. Many of the leading natives of India have impeded their own cause by attempting to graft European manners upon Hindu society. Customs that find their becoming restraints in the temperament and Christian consciousness of the English people, overstep all license in the East, degenerate into folly, and frequently end in profligacy. Secular education is making the Hindus a people of unsettled faith and uncertain moral opinions; and no advantage of mere culture, no improvement of political position, no gain of industrial development, can make amends for the absence of a resting-place for the people's *faith*, and an accepted oracle for their conscience. These two blessings are not in the gift of the State; nor are they, in any sense, the fruit of an administration; they are not *results* at all; they are legacies of truth and wisdom from

heaven, and earth grows rich by trading with them. An educated native ministry is the hope not of the churches only, but of the country. Even the secondary rights of civilisation, the privileges of order and security, will never be appreciated, and never minister to the strength of the people, unless there be universal Christian teaching. The Government itself, while properly abstaining from any direct action, has an interest, scarcely less significant than our own, in the progress of mission work.

Here, then, is an intellectual agitation which the rulers of India have largely contributed to awaken, and which they have no effectual means of controlling, or even of directing to the best practical issues. It is spreading daily into new districts of mind; changing contentment into distrust; turning the sheltered hearts of the credulous adrift; surprising multitudes with a sense of insecurity; disturbing the ground of obligations, the authorities of duty, and the sanctions of enjoyment. We cannot expect that even all who are affected by it should welcome the revolution; but all are crying, *Who will show us any good?* Now is the time for the missionaries of the Cross to throw themselves into this tide of thought and feeling, and, adding to it the stronger current of Christian sympathy, to bear away the people to a place of rest. Can anything more conclusively illustrate this position of the Indian mind, than the sudden revival of a sect founded many years ago by *Rammohun Roy?* The *Brahmo Somaj* is now attracting to its philosophy some of the first Hindus of the empire. It lay in Calcutta for nearly a quarter of a century as an untimely doctrine, waiting until the advancement of opinion should find a place for it. Within the last six years this once unpopular movement has acquired the features of a system and the organisation of an aggression. Its disciples have become propagandists. Copying the plans of Christian societies, and emulating the activity of their agents, these new missionaries are planting stations in principal centres of the population. They are disseminating their tenets with eloquent lips and a ready and versatile pen. They profess to have found a source of living waters in the original Vedas of the Hindu faith, which, as is generally known among scholars, are not strictly Polytheistic. They denounce the gods of India as a human invention, and the reign of the Brahmin as an impudent usurpation. They are recalling their race to the worship of the one God of their ancestors; and to the holy precepts of their earliest sages. As the antiquity of their Vedas is unquestionable, and as, when sifted from com-

mentaries and legends, many of their hymns are beautiful strains of adoration; these apologists of the restored faith are able to make out a very probable gospel. It cannot be concealed that the spread of the new sect, and in influential circles too, is rapid. The dissatisfied temper of the people may account for its success; it reconciles them to a doctrine that promises to harmonise with a progress which they feel to be inevitable; it is recommended as coming from themselves, and so its disciples escape the humiliation of receiving wisdom from a stranger. In what view do the leaders of this movement regard Christianity? It is a fact of inexpressible interest that the Vedas which are the acknowledged basis of their purer faith, are now for the first time face to face with the Christian's Bible. The original writings of Hinduism were always a sealed book to the people. European scholarship has at last broken the seals and displayed their own religion to themselves. The awe and veneration of mystery have fled, and left the unapproachable text, once so pregnant with spell and fate, bare, vulgar, and handled. The Hindus may now, if they choose, read their Vedas in the English tongue. They have now the opportunity of comparing them with the Christian Scriptures. The argument of antiquity has always great weight with Eastern people; and the number is happily increasing in India, who are qualified to compare the pretensions, in this respect, of the rival faiths. But there is another feature in the two systems inviting comparison; their practical effect upon their respective converts. The disciples of the Brahmo school are already taking notice of the higher tone of Christian character. We lately read an article from a Bombay native print, in which the editor, a Deist, lashes with hearty indignation the easy and timid temper of his co-reformers. A missionary of the new sect had visited the neighbourhood and lectured. After some words of welcome to the visitor, and an expression of applause for his address, the writer proceeds to examine the effects of the new philosophy, as contrasted with the conversion of a native Christian. He observes in the followers of Jesus an intense devotion to their Leader, and the accompanying virtues of self-denial, courage, and obedience. He asks why they and they alone should be able to dare everything for the principles they espouse? He answers the question himself with an acuteness never wanting in a Hindu, but with a serious frankness rarely found. He maintains that *faith* makes the difference between a Christian and a merely philosophic Hindu; that Government education had de-

livered him and his brethren from superstition, and then, having knocked down the idols of their credulity, had left them no object of worship; in consequence of which blank, the human character, composed of so many religious elements, could never attain greatness; that "Christ and His cross" supplied this want in native Christians, and hence the superior strength and influence of their life. We are satisfied that the leaders of the Brahmo school are not opposed to our missionaries and their work. Their lectures, tracts, and speeches abound in evidences of New Testament study, and of familiarity with the chief events of Church history. They are just now studying the character of Jesus with an interest that must attract to their movement, not the eyes of their countrymen only, but the observation of Europe. We have before us the substance of a lecture delivered in Calcutta last year, by their most popular advocate, Kesub Chunder, on *Jesus Christ: Europe and Asia.* We are indebted for its republication in this country to the Rev. Edward Storrow, a Calcutta missionary of the London Society. We are informed by Mr. Storrow, that it "was delivered extempore in English to a large audience of Hindu gentlemen and students." The lecturer's command of the *eloquent* features of our language may remind us of Kossuth; but more remarkable than his oratory is the sentiment that elevates it; manly in candour, large in sympathy, noble in aspiration. If the periods of the composition be the echoes of his English reading, he conceals his obligation by a wonderful artifice. But we rather believe that the speaker is uttering native feeling, albeit in sentences of English declamation. The thought of the piece, even so attired, is altogether Asiatic. Accepting his views of Jesus Christ as representing the convictions of the Brahmists, we should say that these were "not far from the kingdom of God." For pages together the reader may imagine himself at the feet of some earnest apologist of the Christian faith. Here is an appeal unlooked for from the lips of a Hindu philosopher:—

"Tell me, brethren, whether you regard Jesus of Nazareth, the carpenter's son, as an ordinary man? Is there a single soul in this large assembly who would scruple to ascribe extraordinary greatness and supernatural moral heroism to Jesus Christ, and Him crucified? (applause). Was not He, who by His wisdom illumined, and by His power saved a dark and wicked world; was not He, who left us such a priceless legacy of Divine truth, and whose blood hath wrought such wonders for eighteen hundred years, was not He above ordinary humanity? (cheers). Blessed Jesus, immortal child of

God! For the world He lived and died. May the world appreciate Him and follow His precepts!"

The following exposure of European faults is not more severe in its rebukes than just and discriminating in its strictures:—

"Among the European community in India, there is a class who not only hate the natives with their whole heart, but seem to take a pleasure in doing so. The existence of such a class of men cannot possibly be disputed. They regard the natives as one of the vilest nations on earth, hopelessly immersed in all the vices which can degrade humanity, and bring it to the level of brutes. They think it mean even to associate with the natives. Native ideas and tastes, native customs and manners, seem to them odious and contemptible; while native character is considered to represent the lowest type of lying and wickedness. In their eyes a native is a man who is inherently a liar, and the nation a nation of liars. To say the least, I hold this to be a most uncharitable misrepresentation (hear, hear). I believe, and I must boldly and emphatically declare, that the heart of a native is not naturally more depraved than that of a European, or any other nation in the world.... The fact is, human nature is the same everywhere, in all latitudes and climes; but circumstances modify it, and religion and usages mould it in different forms. Educate the native mind, and you will find it susceptible of as much improvement and elevation as that of a European."

We commend the above extract to a writer in the *Temple Bar Magazine*, who, in her sketches of Indian life and character, has spoken of the natives of India in language and in a spirit with which we were familiar twenty years ago, but which, we must inform Mrs. Ross Church, are fading away from decent and respectable circles. It is not by the insolence of superiority of race, but by the influence of superior wisdom, energy, and humanity, that our Hindu subjects are to be made loyal and our Eastern possessions retained. Let a Hindu read us our lesson:—

"The flame of antipathy," says Mr. Chunder, "is kept alive by the native and the English press, which, instead of allaying fury and reconciling differences, are ever and anon fulminating thundering invectives against each other. This journalistic war, indicative, no doubt, of the actual state of feeling of the two communities, is sometimes carried to a most frightful extent, and the worst passions of the heart are indulged.... I deplore this most sincerely, not for any personal considerations, but because the interests of India and the honour of Jesus are at stake. As one deeply interested in the social and spiritual welfare of our country, I cannot but be

aggrieved to see that, owing to unjustifiable conduct on both sides, there is a most injurious isolation between us and that nation with whose aid we are destined to rise in the scale of nations, and from whom we have to learn the inestimable riches of Christ's sublime morality."

From the known character and position of Kesub Chunder, we may fairly claim the sentiments of his lecture as an exponent of opinions now in the ascendant among the leading natives of India. Before we part with this address, another extract shall convince our readers how largely the Brahmo Somaj system is already imbued with the spirit and prophecy of the Gospel:—

"I assure you, brethren, nothing short of self-sacrifice, of which Christ has furnished so bright an example, will regenerate India. We must love God with our whole heart; we must live and die for truth. . . . Let not sordid selfishness any longer make us indifferent to the deplorable condition of our fatherland; let us rise and bring *self* a voluntary victim before the throne of God, and dedicate ourselves wholly to His service, and our country's welfare. . . . Already through Divine grace a transition has commenced, and the dawn of reformation is visible on all sides. But such transition is only the precursor of a mighty revolution through which India is destined to pass, and which will come with its tremendous trials in the fulness of time. With all the fury of a hurricane it will shake native society to its very centre, shatter to pieces all strongholds of error, and sweep off all that is evil. Then will India rise reformed and regenerated. Prepare yourselves, then, for the trials which await you. . . . You may not be tortured to death for truth's sake. The British Government may protect you from such extreme violence. Nevertheless, privations and sufferings of a most trying character will gather round you, and your dearest and best interests will be imperilled. Honour and wealth will forsake you, your friends and kinsmen will excommunicate you, and you may be exposed to a life of utter helplessness. . . . The better to stimulate you to a life of self-denial, I hold up to you the cross on which Jesus died. May His example so influence you, that you may be prepared to offer even your blood, if need be, for the regeneration of your country. Let my European brethren do all they can to establish and consolidate the moral kingdom of Christ in India. Let them preach from their pulpits and exhibit in their daily life the great principles of charity and self-sacrifice. And on the basis of these principles may brotherly intercourse and co-operation be established between them and my countrymen."

In this agreement of auspicious events there is a loud call for the churches of India to thrust forth native labourers.

We may lay our hands upon the finest young men of the land. The flower of her youth may flourish in the Christian ministry, if we know the day of our visitation, and show ourselves to be equal to its opportunities. Why does the Government plant its colleges in the centres of the country, and raise a whole crop of schools in the surrounding districts? The Government wants servants; its judicial courts and revenue Collectorates must be ably and honestly administered; its medical departments must be skilfully manned; its public works must have competent surveyors. The native talent available for training is abundant; and if the cost of training amount to many lakhs of rupees annually, the Government is a gainer in the end. In the Civil Service there are few offices which the native cannot fill as effectively as the European, and at one-fifth of the Englishman's salary. The retrenchments which have been made in the enormous expenditure of the Indian administration since the expiration of the Company have been accomplished, not so much by the reduction of civilians' salaries, as by educating Hindus and Mohammedans for duties which the State had been wont to confide to English gentlemen. Let us in like manner train natives for the work of the Church. Let it not be left to the zeal or taste of individual missionaries from Europe, to give what time they can spare to the instruction of a particular convert who may have gifts of promise. Let our native churches perceive that the training of their youth for the pulpit is a serious and properly organised work, our leading work in fact. Let them be able to look up to it as to an institution established to read the marks of those whom God has called, to draw them into its schools, and then, as the work may demand them, to send forth, in incessant supply, talent, piety, and scholarship, "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Let the young men, whom the Holy Spirit has converted, behold an open door and an honourable and glorious career for all who may be moved to preach the Gospel. We venture to affirm that India offers material for the formation of a native ministry unmatched for richness and manageable use. The Hindu is supposed to have a slow circulation and cold extremities. Macaulay and some other authors made the Hindu of a former day a bye-word with English readers for craftiness, covetousness, and inhumanity, and their pictures received additional strokes of horror from reported scenes of the late mutiny. But public opinion is changing into a more accurate estimate of the condition and

claims of the native of India, and is forming thence a more charitable judgment of his character. If we have not misapprehended the impression of recent events, the people of England are beginning to respect the progress and aspirations of their Indian fellow-subjects. Even the *Sepoys*, who have just left their homes and country to fight our Abyssinian battles, if battles await us, may dispel whatever shadow of distrust rests upon their name. The popularity of the expedition in India, and the eagerness of the natives to have a hand in it, may assure us that the Hindu and the Mohammedan troops will emulate the loyalty of their English comrades, and they will certainly not be behind them in whatever duties of fighting, discipline, and fatigue, the campaign may exact from the army. But the Hindu Christian is a very different being from the Hindu Pagan. And here let us not be misunderstood. Our Indian churches are mainly composed of the poorest of the population; few of them are personal converts from strictly Hindu castes. Their conversion expresses no sacrifice; with many it is a surety for daily bread. There has too often been, it must be confessed, a lack of those principles that make the habits and humiliations of poverty respectable, and the name of *Christian* has not always been an honourable distinction. Of late years accessions from Hindu families have largely improved the character of native Christian communities; for in such instances the trials of conversion are heated sevenfold, and principles that have survived the test are now enriching the native church. Many of the young men now engaged in mission labour are of this order of conversion, and our future army of evangelists will generally be recruited from classes whose position will test the sincerity of the recruits. If we may judge from several examples now in the field, the Hindu, converted to Christ, moved to preach the new faith, and trained for his work, will compare with any Christian propagandist in the world. The habits of a scholar come as naturally and kindly into his practice as if they were inherences and not acquirements. He is a dabbler in hard questions from his childhood, and a little education makes him a thinker. He lives in the element of controversy; unless a nobler motive commands him, he loves to weave meshes of subtlety to ensnare the argument of his opponent, and the energy of his voluble reasoning takes away your breath. Imagination, which in him is very much the second self, gives him great pictorial power, and his analogies glitter upon the thread of his talk like the beads of a necklace. The practical side of his character is narrow, as

if there were no room for eminent business qualities; but he has these, shrewdness, tact, courtesy, and punctuality. When a mind of this stamp is filled with the love of Christ and true missionary ardour, there is scarcely a position in the ministry which its possessor may not be able to adorn. In thus displaying his advantages, we do not forget the *defects* of the Hindu. They are many and serious. His chief imperfections, however, the transmitted scars from an iron chain, scars that in every instance open into fresh wounds, will heal up as his mind recovers liberty; and, the cause of the irritating abrasion gone for ever, the last traces of the wrong will disappear in a few generations.

Such are the men who are waiting to be called and put into the ministry. These are the evangelists who are destined to penetrate the masses of India with the supreme doctrines of Jesus Christ. European scholarship has laid a grand foundation for the eastern temple of Christ, in translating the Bible into every written language of India, and in enriching the chief dialects with original compositions and with renderings from the great theological authors of England and Germany; eminent missionaries from these countries and from America are founding churches and schools, and working around their centres as preachers, teachers, authors, and superintendents of Christian literature. But the labour of foreigners is for the most part preparatory: even in the case of those whose use of the native tongues is perfect and masterly, they work within the limits which, in India more than in any other country, hedge up the intercourse of the stranger. A Christian preacher must be familiar with the *homes* of his hearers; for his message has most to do with life in its circles of retirement. In India these circles are walks of thought and sympathy hopelessly withdrawn from the keenest penetration of the outsider. When he has known all that books can teach him, all that the observation of a long residence among the people can accumulate for him, he is still on the threshold of Hindu life. His Gospel is indeed a religion for man, and its convincing revelations will have a counterpart in every man's breast, and may bring a soul to the light through whatever medium it shines, as foreign missionaries in every age and nation have proved; but the disadvantage of his position must always restrict his success. His triumph is only complete when he has drawn a disciple from the arcana of a native home, and, giving him the torch of truth, has sent him back into the obscure, "to give light to them that are in the house." This is the

European's grand work in India; and until more attention is given to it, until it be felt that our strength as missionary societies ought to be reserved for it, we may continue to make a few converts yearly, but we shall still be *outside the people*. The Methodist Mission in Continental India has done comparatively little for a native ministry. Twenty years ago, two very able Hindu preachers were engaged in the Tamul district of Madras; there are not more than *three* now. The same figures will nearly represent the comparative strength in this respect of the North Ceylon district. In the Mysore Mission there are two. The Methodists have occupied Madras fifty years, Mysore thirty years, and they report five native ministers! We mean *pastors*, not catechists, local preachers, or readers, an important class of agents, and of which there are several on nearly all their Indian stations. We may mention also, to avoid being misunderstood, that we exclude from our calculations the East Indian order of missionaries, men of mixed descent; although the designation is sometimes applied to European families born in the country. Why has not Methodism been able to raise up native ministers in India? A review of the correspondence of its earlier missionaries will show that the subject was repeatedly before them; and that not only did they look out for ministerial gifts in the converts they made, and employ in the preliminary duties of schoolmaster and catechist young men of promise, but that an institution for the training of such candidates was established in Negapatam in 1837, and supported for some years at considerable cost. Two out of the three Methodist Tamul pastors now in Madras district were educated in this seminary. Little attention was given to English studies; but the Oriental classics were read with care and excellent advantage. The theological reading was confided to the resident missionary. A standing committee provided for the necessary inspection of its discipline and efficiency. It was known as the *Negapatam Head School*. The basis of the foundation was wider than that of an ordinary ministerial college. It was intended to receive for training the rising talent of every mission station in the district. Any young Hindu, of approved Christian character, who could be recommended as likely to be useful in the Church was eligible for admission. But, alas, there was a worm at the root of this promising young tree that began to destroy soon after it began to bear. Its fairest blossoms withered before the blight of *caste*. The first converts of the German missionaries of Tanjore and Tranquebar were permitted to retain the social distinctions of their

heathen life. The origin of these orders, according to the Hindu doctrine, was in the creating act of the Supreme, and the divisions can no more merge in rank than if they had each its distinct organism. The missionaries probably thought that, as this absurd dogma could have no place in Christian belief, its customs in the Native Church would become civil positions, and lose in a few years any shred of heathenism that adhered to the convert from the rent of his conversion. A more fatal mistake was never made. When caste got into the Native Church, so far from perishing for lack of nutriment, it fed upon the pride and insolence that first gave it birth. There was no need of heathen rites to sustain its vitality; it was begotten in slime, and took its colour and changed its shape according to the soil in which it reappeared. It was a mischievous reptile in heathenism: but it seemed there to have its natural haunt. You saw it without a shock in the unreclaimed jungles of superstition, because you expected to see it: it inspired no disgust because it harmonised with other disagreeable features of the scene. But in the Church of Christ it was a serpent in Eden. It made Paradise a place of fear, and all that was fair and noble fled away. The *caste* Christian became more fastidious and exacting in the maintenance of Pagan rites than the Brahmin; and the incongruity of joining the most selfish features of Eastern heathenism with a religion of universal love was at once monstrous and ridiculous:

> "Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have exprest,
> A cherub's face and reptile all the rest;
> Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
> Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust."*

We do not affirm that the labours of Swartz and Ziegenbald were altogether destroyed by the enemy they had unwittingly admitted into their churches; but a very large proportion of the promise over which they rejoiced never came to maturity; and, unhappily, the plague could not be checked by isolation. Later missions caught the infection; the Methodist Societies in Manargoody, Melnattum, and Negapatam, suffering acutely. Between '44 and '46, there was a general dispersion of all the Methodist native churches in the Tanjore district; few members remaining but those of the lowest caste. The Head Native School, to which we have drawn attention, perished with the rest. It had lived six years, and received for educa-

* Pope's *Prologue to the Satires.*

tion during that time thirty-nine young men. Of these, before the institution had expired, two became Moonshees, five schoolmasters, two catechists, and two clerks in public offices. Of the rest, a considerable number, carrying with them the foundation of a good training, resumed their studies elsewhere, and afterwards obtained a good position; two becoming ordained Methodist missionaries. Few of the students, however, remained with the Church for whose service they had been educated: the Gospel Propagation and London Missionary Societies taking much of the fruits of the Head Native School. In the history of the continental Indian missions of Methodism, this has been the most considerable effort in the education of a native ministry. The missionaries have never lost sight of the subject. A class for students has always received young men of promise, from whom it has been hoped the missionary ranks would be reinforced. But at the end of twenty years they can show little result. Of schoolmasters and teachers they have enough and to spare; and even catechists are not hard to find. But the native minister who can share their responsibilities, who is an equal brother and not a servant, a shepherd and not a hireling, is an uncommon gift to the Indian Church, and God is the giver. Other societies have fared little better. The Church Mission has in India five hundred and sixty-seven catechists, and only forty-four native clergymen, thirty of whom belong to their South Indian Missions; in all Ceylon they have but six, in North India seven, in the Bombay Presidency one. The London Missionary Society, throughout their very extensive Indian field have but twenty-four, thirteen of whom have been called to the work within the last two years, and all but three within seven years! We cannot verify the statement, but we have no doubt that the numbers of the Church Mission are also due to very recent advancements: a fact that tells us that the obstructions which have so long checked the formation of a native ministry are disappearing. Is it not time, then, for the Methodist Indian societies, under the direction of the Missionary Committee, to take steps by which the way into the ministerial ranks may have a more direct access for native brethren? A brief glance over the history of these missions will show that in India, at least, it will not be possible very largely to increase English labourers. Their training, equipment, and passage to that country, involve a heavy outlay; and their support, if it be equal to their wants, that is, to the claims of their social position, requires not only a high style of expense, but that the scale

of their allowances be now and then raised to meet the extraordinary fluctuations, both natural and civil, incident to the soil and people of India. But more than this, the risks of incapacity, failure of health, sudden domestic trials, and other disqualifying derangements, give to the fortunes of the enterprise a large number of blanks. It is for this reason that the Indian stations of Methodism have never been even tolerably manned from England. In Ceylon itself, the soil of its first Eastern Mission, the beginning of its strength, there are fewer Europeans now than fifty-one years ago. During the last five years, fifteen men have been sent from this country to the continent of India, but during the same time fifteen have returned and one has died on the field. Of the returned missionaries, a few may recover their health and go back. But in spite of reverses that look very like calamities, the work of God is not reversed. Preaching and school work, the labours of the translator, and the explorings of the evangelist and colporteur, never stop. The few English missionaries left draw increasing help from the soil; a most cheering fact in these days of a depressed income and a society in debt, struggling moreover with the wants of comparatively new fields like Italy and China. We believe we represent the opinion of the most experienced of our European brethren in India, in stating that what they want from England is a small number of picked men; they can do with these—but they cannot do with any number of men not picked. It has been found necessary within the last two years to reduce the expenditure of several of the missions; a task at all times full of hazard to the patient, to whatever skill and tenderness the operation may be consigned; but we earnestly commend to all missionary societies one mode of retrenchment in India, which, in restricting the expenditure, will increase the vigour of a mission. Spend no money upon indifferent English missionaries. It is true that no care in the selection, no pains bestowed upon the education of candidates, will exclude the risk of failure; but that risk may be diminished to a measure scarcely perceptible in the long run. Let there be as complete a training as the provision of the Church admits, in which theological studies shall be a part only of a preparation for *missionary work*. Let no emergency, such as the unexpected death or return of missionaries, tempt committees to despatch untried men, that vacancies may be filled without delay. A station is still vacant when the unfit labourer is upon it; and, in the presence of him who succeeds, it may sustain a heavier loss

than in the departure of him who has gone. There is only one evil worse than the sudden withdrawal from his station of a missionary who is doing his work well, and that is an incompetent supply. The work that needs men from England can now afford to wait until they are thoroughly prepared.

As we can never have a large number of European missionaries in India, it ought to be considered in what way their talents, experience, and influence, can be employed to the greatest advantage. They have always suffered, as a body of men, from having little opportunity of conferring together on subjects affecting all the districts alike; subjects becoming every year more pressing, and in the treatment of which the Wesleyan missionaries of India and North Ceylon should act together. As Christianity penetrates the social bonds of the people, causing a rupture in families, there must ensue disturbances which will call for further legal action on the part of the Government, and questions equally grave and delicate will have to be discussed. It must be remembered that, as the case now stands, Christianity cannot convert Hindus in their homes—it must break up their homes. We have intimated in a former page what revolutions may be expected; and, to be prepared for them, the Methodists should present in India not scattered and isolated stations, but *a Missionary Church*. But, not to dwell on a crisis which the career of the religion of Jesus is making inevitable, and to pass over also the great questions relating to caste, the asylum of converts, female education, Anglo-vernacular schools, and vernacular literature,—all of which have suffered from the partial, hesitating manner in which brethren, from divided counsel, have been compelled to handle them,—let us look at the influence which such a union of our Indian missions would have upon the growth of a native ministry. All the motives for training Hindu converts to be preachers and pastors, would, in a general council of the brethren, produce one movement; and efforts for a native agency which are now scattered over the districts, desultory and hampered because independent of each other, would issue in a Theological Institution for all. It may be said that the work is not in that state of self-sustaining maturity that warrants the formation of an affiliated Indian Wesleyan Conference; nor will it ever be, we reply, unless we educate its strength by giving it a self-sustaining organisation. Make the missionaries, the native ministers, and the societies a corporation in form; and the life which is now pent up or lost in aimless energy, will flow into the arteries of the structure; there

will be a healthy expansion of power, producing *increase of the body*. There are now in some of the poorest districts of India self-supporting native churches. The people are not insensible to motives of responsibility and honour. *Entrust* to them a duty, and they can be as self-denying and liberal as others. Within the last few years, native contributions to the work have, in the London Mission, increased three hundred per cent. A very large sum is raised in India from various sources by the Wesleyan Mission, and other sources would be discovered if they began, in the form of a Conference, to work towards self-maintenance. The vexed questions of salaries, allowances, and family provisions for native ministers and assistant missionaries, would soon subside into self-adjusting arrangements. Then the grants now made from home would be in the shape of a *subsidy;* and it would be a succour for weakness rising into strength, and needing less help every year. There are in India and Ceylon upwards of sixty missionaries, English and native. An annual gathering of most of these brethren is now practicable. Railways are threading interior districts, and bringing within a few hours' journey of each other stations that, measuring distance by time, used to be a fortnight apart. In former days their attendance at the district meetings cost many of the brethren and their circuits a quarter of a year's absence from work! If a re-division of the Indian districts could be made, a measure that might long since have been carried out, we may venture to affirm that District and Conference business could be discharged with nearly as much facility and economy in India as in England. In any case no difficulties like those that encumber the Australian Conference, would impede such an assembling of the brethren in India. With the separate interests of all their Eastern Missions brought under one ecclesiastical Methodist system, administered on mission ground, as in Australia, Canada, and France, they would present an intelligible front to their own native people; they would feel that they belonged to a church which it was equally the interest of each member to support. There would be created that Connexional sympathy which is the strength of Methodism, and there would be a provision for common action against evils that defy single assailants. The young men of the native church whom we need for the ministry, but who are now attracted from our service by the larger incomes of Government offices, would be held fast by definite prospects of usefulness. We commend our proposal to the Missionary Committee and to the missionaries in India. It will be very easy

to anticipate difficulties; we ourselves could suggest a thousand; but we are persuaded that the mountains, such as they are, may be overthrown, and the valleys filled in; and if we wait until doomsday the road will not level itself. We have not attempted to discuss the question fully; a few hints on this great subject are all that we can presume to submit. We believe that days of mental and social revolution are dawning upon India, and we are anxious that the rare missionary energies of Methodism should work in the old fashion, penetrating at once the pulpit, the school, the centres of literature, and all the highways of native thought; and impressing a direction upon the tumultuous public mind of India, that shall lead it to the elevated rest of Christian faith.

We had intended, before closing, to notice the merits of Mr. Robinson's book. It is a double memoir skilfully drawn out into one narrative. The two pastors whose lives are sketched were not persons of unmatched excellence, from whose example it may be hazardous to deduce a general estimation of native Hindu ministers. There are men left behind, both in Ceylon and on the continent, as good, as faithful, as useful, and as talented, as Sanmugam and Vairamutto; and yet these were men whose fellowship would grace any assembly of ministers. We knew them well, and can declare that the portraits are not overdrawn. The author has managed to compress into his book a history of the North Ceylon Mission. The chapters are full of incident, and display pictures of missionary life equally faithful and graphic. The vigour of the style carries the reader on, and makes it hard for him to stop before he has perused the whole. Mr. Robinson writes so well, that, as this is not his first contribution to missionary literature, we hope it will not be his last.

ART. II.—1. *The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D. Preface, Notes, and Supplementary Dissertations.* By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart.

2. *Lectures on Metaphysics and Logic.* By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart.

3. *Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform.* By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart.

4. *The Limits of Religious Thought—The Bampton Lectures for* 1858. By the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D. Fourth Edition.

5. *Prolegomena Logica.* By the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D. Second Edition.

6. *The Philosophy of the Conditioned.* By the Rev. H. L. MANSEL, B.D. 1866.

7. *Philosophy of the Infinite.* By the Rev. HENRY CALDERWOOD. Second Edition.

8. *The Intuitions of the Mind.* By the Rev. JAMES M'COSH, LL.D. New and revised Edition.

9. *The Province of Reason.* By JOHN YOUNG, LL.D.

No thoughtful reader of the Bible can fail to perceive that a revelation of truth, other than that which the Scriptures contain, has been given to man. The Bible assumes that those whom it addresses are already in the possession of certain truths. The Apostle Paul asserts that the real Godhead and the eternal power of the one God, though in some sense "invisible things," are yet clearly seen in the creation of the world, and that the truths thus revealed are such as to leave men without excuse for their sins. The knowledge which leaves sinful men without excuse must of necessity imply a revelation, not merely of the Divine existence, but of a rule of duty. Hence the same Apostle tells us, that "when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves; which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts, the meanwhile, accusing or else excusing one another." *

When we carefully examine the facts of human consciousness, we find that such is our mental constitution that in the

* Romans ii. 14, 15.

presence of certain conditions we are compelled to make certain affirmations respecting God and ourselves, obligation and duty, right and wrong, merit and demerit. In all rational minds these affirmations are accompanied by such a conviction of certainty, as renders it impossible for them to think that what they affirm is or can be other than as they affirm it. The necessary mental affirmations of which we are thus conscious, constitute what is properly regarded as a *natural* revelation of truth—a revelation exceedingly restricted in its range, we admit, but nevertheless real and trustworthy. Not merely does it leave men without excuse for their sins, but it constitutes one of the necessary conditions of the possibility of that supernatural revelation of truth which we possess in the Scriptures. Were we destitute of conscience and incapable of moral action, the Bible could have no significance for us. And since the Author of the Bible is also the Author of our mental constitution, it is evident, that if we declare a single primary and necessary deliverance of consciousness to be false, we have and can have no foundation for faith in the Word of God. Hence those writers make a grievous mistake, who, under pretence of exalting the written revelation, depreciate reason. This, as Locke observes, "is very much like asking us to put out our eyes, in order that we may see the sun more clearly." Now it belongs to psychology to determine the precise characteristics of those judgments which are conditioned upon the constituted laws of thought. A sound philosophy allows that it is not competent to man to entertain the question relating to the validity of our primary judgments. As elements of our intelligence they must be accepted as true.

"To suppose their falsehood is," says Sir William Hamilton, "to suppose that we are created capable of intelligence, in order to be made the victims of delusion; that God is a deceiver, and the root of our nature a lie." "We must admit," says Mr. Mansel, "that our present faculties are trustworthy guides to that portion of knowledge which God designs us to attain to in our present state; that while we obey the laws to which these faculties are subjected, we seek after truth according to our kind, and in conformity with the end of our intellectual being; and that when we neglect them we abandon ourselves to every form of error, or rather we lose all power of discerning between error and truth; we commence by an act of intellectual suicide, and construct a system, which, by virtue of its fundamental principle, must disclaim all superiority over, and decline to combat with any rival theory; its sole claim to attention being that it may, for aught we know, be true, or false, or both, or neither."

It is easy to show that no philosophical system can subvert the doctrines of theology without subverting itself. We allow that many psychological theories are inconsistent with the doctrines of Scripture, but they are so only because they assume the falsity of one or more of our natural beliefs.

"For as the possibility of philosophy supposes the absolute truth of consciousness, every system which proceeds on the hypothesis that even a single deliverance of consciousness is untrue, does, however it may eschew the overt declaration, thereby invalidate the general credibility of consciousness, and supply to the sceptic the premises he requires to subvert philosophy in so far as that system represents it." * "No philosopher has ever formally denied the truth or disclaimed the authority of consciousness; but few or none have been content implicitly to accept and consistently to follow out its dictates. Instead of humbly resorting to consciousness to draw from thence his doctrines and their proof, each dogmatic speculator looked only into consciousness, there to discover his pre-adopted opinions."

So says Sir William. If such are the facts, we may cease to wonder at the prevalence of the opinion that "Philosophy and religion, like Carthage and Rome, are irreconcilable enemies, and neither of them can be assured of safety, till its solitary throne is erected over the grave of its antagonist."

What we nevertheless maintain is, that a sound philosophy is capable of rendering valuable service to the cause of Christian truth. It can be proved, by methods strictly psychological, that every sceptical hypothesis rests upon a denial of facts, for which every sane person has the evidence of his own consciousness. We feel that a true philosophical system is one of the most pressing needs of the day. Much has been done by the able thinkers whose works we have placed at the head of our article. Still we are obliged to confess that they have propounded doctrines that will not stand the test of a thorough examination. Nor ought we to wonder at this when we consider how difficult and how perplexed are some of the problems which they seek to solve. It is often asserted by those who can possess but a slight acquaintance with the history of philosophy, that but little has been really accomplished in the department of mental science. Now, while we admit that all existing "systems of philosophy" are very imperfect, we hold that much has been done, especially by the "Scottish

* Reid's *Works*, p. 746.

school," *in investigating the facts of mind.* The love of hypothesis has greatly hindered the progress of philosophy, just as it has hindered the progress of geology and the other physical sciences. The metaphysician, not less than the physical inquirer, has to deal with facts. But the science of mind, which has to do primarily with the facts of consciousness, is necessarily of much slower growth than the science of matter, which deals with the facts of external observation. The facts of the world of matter lie always ready for our inspection, and "we have only to open our eyes and guard ourselves from the use of hypotheses and green spectacles, to carry our observations to an easy and successful termination." But the conditions of observation in the higher region of mental science are of a somewhat different character. Here the mind is at once the observing subject and the object observed, and this circumstance, to say nothing of others, determines the necessity of a vastly higher degree of attention than is requisite for the successful observation of the facts of external nature. The needful kind and degree of attention cannot exist but in connection with considerable power of will. Attention within certain limits is doubtless instinctive, and therefore involuntary, but in its higher forms it is always voluntary, and the measure of its intensity is always the degree of the volitional power which constitutes its condition. Few minds possess the power of will which is absolutely necessary to that intensity of attention requisite for the original observation of the facts of consciousness. Success in this department of inquiry depends pre-eminently upon that capacity of *patient thinking*, to which Newton had the modesty to ascribe all the merit of his greatest discoveries. "I keep," says Sir Isaac, "the subject constantly before me, and wait until the first dawnings open by little and little into a full and clear light."

Each "system of philosophy" is a specific arrangement of mental facts. The value of any particular classification is dependent, partly on its adaptation to the end we have in view, and partly on the extent and thoroughness of the analysis which it presupposes. "The facts—all the facts—and nothing but the facts," must be the motto of every system-maker.

Our main design, in the present article, is to furnish an outline of that classification of mental phenomena and powers which we regard as best suited to the purposes of the theological student. We purpose, also, to call special attention to certain important errors into which Hamilton, Mansel, and M'Cosh have fallen, and to show that philosophy affords no

support to those psychological hypotheses which so manifestly subvert the doctrines of theology.

The facts of mind may be divided into two great classes—*phenomena of consciousness*, and *latent mental modes*. The philosopher must of necessity deal almost exclusively with the facts of consciousness. We are obliged to admit that latent modes there are, though we know not what they are.

They are mysteries or unrevealed facts, and, as all mysteries are to us alike, we cannot compare or classify them. No hypothesis respecting their nature is allowable. They are to us what the various colours are to the man born blind. He can form no conception of their nature. Any professed classification of colours in such a case would of necessity be determined, not by the perception of differences among the colours themselves, but solely by their association with facts which are known to the blind man. Thus he may associate scarlet with the sound of a trumpet, and red with the sweetness of an orange, but the colours themselves are to him no objects of thought.

We now proceed to consider the *facts of consciousness*.

The term *consciousness* is employed to designate a primary mental function. The notion of consciousness is elementary, hence it cannot be resolved into others more simple. *Consciousness is consciousness*—the being aware of certain phenomena of which the mind is the subject. Of such phenomena, consciousness is a necessary condition. We cannot know without being conscious that we know; we cannot feel without being conscious that we feel; we cannot will without being conscious that we will. On the subject of consciousness the statements of philosophers generally are most confused and inconsistent. Sir William Hamilton says:—

"Nothing has contributed more to spread obscurity over a very transparent matter, than the attempts of philosophers to define consciousness. Consciousness cannot be defined,—we may be ourselves fully aware what consciousness is, but we cannot, without confusion, convey to others a definition of what we ourselves clearly apprehend. Many philosophers—and among others Dr. Brown—have defined consciousness a *feeling*. But how do they define a *feeling*? They define, and must define it, as something of which we are conscious; for a feeling of which we are not conscious, is no feeling at all. Here, therefore, they are guilty of a logical see-saw or circle. They define consciousness by feeling, and feeling by consciousness—that is, they explain the same by the same, and thus leave us in the end no wiser than we were in the beginning. Other philosophers say that consciousness is a *knowledge*; and others again that it is a belief

or conviction of a knowledge. Here, again, we have the same violation of logical law. Is there any knowledge of which we are not conscious? There is not—there cannot be; therefore, consciousness is not contained under either knowledge or belief, but, on the contrary, knowledge and belief are both contained under consciousness." *

And yet Sir William himself, after explicitly affirming that, since consciousness cannot be brought under any genus, it is a violation of logical law to define it, proceeds, and that within a page, to state that consciousness is a species or kind of knowledge. He says, "The expressions *I know that I know —I know that I feel—I know that I desire*—are thus translated by, *I am conscious that I know—I am conscious that I feel—I am conscious that I desire.*" Again, "Consciousness and knowledge involve each other. An act of knowledge may be expressed by the formula, *I know*; an act of consciousness by the formula, *I know that I know.*" He thus makes consciousness a kind of knowledge. It is the nature of the object known, which alone distinguishes consciousness from other kinds of knowledge. How Sir William could make such a mistake after warning us against all attempts to resolve consciousness into feeling, knowledge, or belief, is wonderful. He says repeatedly that there is no knowledge of which we cannot be conscious. *But if I cannot know without knowing that I know*, then *I must be conscious that I know that I know.* Again, if *I am conscious that I know that I know*, then *I know that I know that I know*, and so *ad infinitum.*

How strange that Sir William and the great majority of philosophers should maintain that "*I am conscious that I know,*" is equivalent to "*I know that I know.*" On the very same ground, Dr. Brown was justified in maintaining that "*I am conscious that I feel,*" is equivalent to "*I feel that I feel.*" The assertion, "I feel that I feel," is not a whit more absurd than the expression, "I know that I know." Consciousness implies the existence of *a subject—a self* who is conscious. In every act of consciousness we are aware of "*self*" as the subject of a specific phenomenon. The thoughts, feelings, and volitions of which I am conscious, I am conscious of as *mine.* "I am immediately conscious of myself seeing and hearing, thinking and willing. This self-personality, like all other simple and immediate presentations, is indefinable: but it is so because it is superior to definition. It can be analysed into no simpler elements, for it is itself the simplest of all: it can be made no clearer by description or

* *Lectures on Metaphysics*, vol. i. p. 191.

comparison, for it is revealed to us in all the clearness of an original intuition, of which description and comparison can furnish only faint and partial resemblances."* But consciousness also implies *an object*, for I cannot be conscious without being conscious of something. That of which I am conscious must be a mode of my own mind. Both Hamilton and Mansel are in error in reference to the real object of an act of consciousness. They confound consciousness with immediate knowledge, and hence teach that we may be conscious, not merely of our mental states, but of the primary qualities of the bodies which are related to our organs of sense. According to Sir William Hamilton, when I see an inkstand I am conscious, not merely of my perception, but of the inkstand itself.† How keenly would Sir William have criticised such language in philosophy, if it had been employed by another man! On the evidence of consciousness all men do and must rely; nor is it possible to doubt the existence of that of which we are actually conscious. Within the sphere of consciousness, doubt is suicidal by self-contradiction. For example, I am conscious of perceiving—that is, of affirming the existence of —the inkstand now before me. In this case, I may, without self-contradiction, doubt the existence of the object of my perception,—may suppose, with Mr. Mill, that what I affirm to be an external reality, is after all only a sensation in my own mind. The supposition would be irrational, but it would not be self-contradictory. But of the existence of the perception itself—that of which I am really conscious—I find it impossible to entertain a doubt. Sceptics, no less than others, are compelled to assume the veracity of consciousness. Even if we admit that they really doubt the existence of all that they perceive to exist, we know that it is not possible for them to doubt that they doubt. Let them deny the existence of everything which their intelligence affirms to exist, they cannot deny the existence of their denial, for of this denial they are conscious. Hence the question relating to the trustworthiness of consciousness, cannot be discussed at all. All arguments, either for or against the veracity of consciousness, necessarily assume its veracity to begin with.

The objects of consciousness are divided into three great classes—*thoughts*, *feelings*, and *volitions*. This division of the phenomena of consciousness implies a tri-unity of mental powers, which we term *intelligence*, *sensibility*, and *will*. Our

* *Prolegomena Logica*, by Prof. Mansel, p. 139.
† *Lectures on Metaphysics*, vol. i. pp. 212, 228.

only ground for discriminating between these powers is that which is furnished by the characteristics of the phenomena themselves. The mind is not a whole made up of these faculties and susceptibilities as parts, but is rather an indivisible unity, possessing a diversity of functions. The intelligence is the mind thinking; the sensibility is the mind—the same mind feeling; the will is the mind willing. It would, however, be a great mistake to suppose that intelligence, sensibility, and will, are the only powers which the mind possesses. They are the only powers the results of whose operation are presented to consciousness. No philosopher of repute now questions the existence of "latent mental modifications." Though these modes never rise into consciousness, we are compelled to assume their existence in order to account for the facts of which we are conscious. Hence the distinction between conscious and latent mental powers. Thus the faculty of *retention* is a latent power. I am now distinctly conscious of a certain thought. This thought must speedily pass away from my consciousness, but it will leave *something* behind. But though that thought has passed away, it has determined the existence, in my spiritual nature, of that which shall never cease to be. The nature of that which is thus left behind we cannot explain. We think it is an unrevealed condition of the possibility of future acts of memory. Dr. Morell designates it "a *latent intellectual tendency*," a tendency possessing a degree of strength proportioned (1) to the distinctness and clearness of the thought which originally determined its existence; and (2) to the number and quality of our successive thoughts of the same object.* Provided a given amount of mental energy be expended in the consciousness of a single thought or succession of thoughts relating to the same object, that which remains cannot perish so long as the mind itself continues to exist. We have here a revelation of a wonderful law of mind—a law which is designed to have an important bearing upon the future and everlasting development of our powers of thought.

"I was once told," says De Quincey, "by a near relative of mine, that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the verge of death, but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror, and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part.

* See Dr. Morell's *Outlines of Mental Philosophy*, p. 94.

This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe. I have indeed seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true, viz. that the dread book of account which the Scriptures speak of, is in fact the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind. A thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind—accidents of the same sort will also rend away the veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever, just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn."

We shall now examine briefly the three great classes of the facts of consciousness.

First. *The phenomena of intelligence—thoughts.* Thought must have an object, for we cannot think without thinking something. This something we can think positively only by mentally asserting it as possessed of certain modes of being or qualities. These modes, taken together, constitute what psychologists term "*an individual.*" It is manifest that *mental assertion* is that which distinguishes our thoughts from the other facts of consciousness. Mental assertion is either positive or negative, according as we think that an individual object possesses or does not possess a given mode or quality. What we can say of an object we are said to predicate of it; and all our mental assertions,—affirmations and denials, taken together, constitute our *notion* of that particular individual object. It must, however, be very carefully noted that a negation adds to our notion of an object, only when the mode, quality, or attribute denied of the object is *congruent.* The non-observance of this has been productive of great confusion in modern speculation. Thus if we hear a person say of a specific thought, of which he is now conscious, that it is *not green*, his language conveys no meaning, and hence does not enable us to add any element to our notion of that object. The reason of this is manifest—the quality denied is non-congruent. We have a remarkable illustration of the confusion resulting from non-attendance to this fact, in the speculations of philosophers concerning space and time. They tell us that these objects are either limited or unlimited—finite or infinite, and that since we find it impossible to conceive that they are limited or finite, they must be unlimited or infinite. But such statements are destitute of

meaning, for the simple reason that we are here dealing with non-congruent qualities. The term limit may be applied to body occupying space, but not to space itself. So also it applies to an existence enduring, but not to the duration or time itself. The assertion, "Time and space are infinite," is really nothing but a word-puzzle. We may construct any number of them by simply denying of any defined individual some non-congruent mode or quality. For example, I am now conscious of a certain thought. This thought must be either green or not green. It cannot be both, but it must be one, and since we cannot conceive that it is green, it is unquestionably not green. Again, a sensation is either square or not square. It cannot be square, therefore it is not square. All denials of this class convey no information respecting the nature of an object, nor do they bear any relation whatever to any element of our notion of that object. It is only when we deny, of an object already defined by positive qualities, modes that are congruent with it, that our denial possesses significance, and enables those who accept our testimony to enlarge their notion of this object. Thus if we say of a particular intelligent being, that he is not wise, or that he is not virtuous, we know what we mean, since our assertion relates to an element of our notion of that individual man. Others know what we mean, because the attributes denied are congruous. The distinction which we have explained is one of great importance. Its non-recognition is the principal cause of the confusion in the controversy relating to the nature of space and time. Hamilton, Mansel, M'Cosh, Young, and others, affirm that we must believe in the infinity of space and time. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the notion of infinity can be realised in any conceptions of space and time. When we predicate infinity of space, we simply deny of it a mode which is non-congruent, and consequently our words convey no thought. Denials of finitude have significance only in relation to the attributes of God.

We have seen that so far as we can think at all, our thoughts must relate to individual objects. These objects, we can think only by thinking that they are possessed or not possessed of certain modes of being or qualities. What we think, we may think either as *actually* or only as *possibly existent*. And, further, we think both what is actual and possible, as related to *time*—present, past, or future. Some things can be thought, each separate and alone; others only in connection with something else. The former are termed "*things absolute*," the latter "*things relative*." A relation has

no existence apart from related objects, and, consequently, the thought of a relation is involved in the thought of the related objects themselves. We are conscious of possessing a power to apprehend some, at least, of the relations of objects. This implies that a plurality of modes belonging to the same or to different individuals, may constitute the object of a single cognitive act. Locke, Stewart, and Brown maintain that the mind can attend only to a single object at once. But Hamilton denies this, and very properly maintains that the thought of a relation necessarily supposes that a plurality of individuals, or plurality of modes belonging to the same individual, may constitute the object of a single cognitive act.*

The intelligence possesses several faculties. These we can determine only by reference to the results of their action. Our thoughts admit of classification from several points of view. We have shown that every act of thought is a mental assertion,—an assertion of either, first, what is actual, or, secondly, what is possible, and that the object of the assertion must be thought of as related to time present, past, or future. These distinctions determine the following scheme of intellectual functions:—

1. *Perception external and internal.* In perception we think an object as *now* and *actually* existent. As modes of being presented to us are either material or mental, perception is thus either *external* or *internal.*

2. *Memory.* In an act of memory we think the object as actually existent, not now, but in *time past.* We have no power to apprehend the actual in the future, but only in the present and in the past. We are not entitled, however, to say that higher intelligences may not possess the faculty of *foreknowledge.* That our Maker possesses this power, we are bound to believe. He knows the actual, not only in the present and in the past, but in all future time. The arguments against free-agency, derived from the fact of God's knowledge of all that will ever be, are not valid, since the manner of the Divine foreknowledge is not revealed to us. Stewart very properly refuses to consider the arguments of necessitarians because he "does not think them fairly applicable to the subject, inasmuch as they draw an inference from what is altogether *placed beyond the reach of our faculties,* against the fact for which every man *has the evidence of his own consciousness.*"†

3. *Imagination or conception.* In an act of imagination or

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* *Lectures on Metaphysics,* vol. i. p. 238.
† Stewart's *Works,* vol. vi. p. 396.

conception, the object is thought as something *possible*, either now, in the past, or in the future. Great confusion exists in the writings of philosophers in consequence of a too restricted application of the terms imagination and conception. Many limit the term imagination to the possible objects of visual perception. Both Addison and Dr. Reid do this. Mr. Mansel shows with great clearness that this is an error, and that whatever may be apprehended by any perceptive faculty, may be an object of imagination. We have no more difficulty in imagining a particular combination of sounds which we have never actually heard, and perhaps never shall hear, than in imagining a golden mountain, which no one has ever seen, or ever will see. The term conception is used so vaguely by most writers, that it is of importance that we state precisely the sense in which we employ it. Sir William Hamilton gives two distinct explanations of the word. *First*, to conceive is to grasp up into unity the various qualities by which an *individual object* is characterised. *Secondly*, to conceive is to embrace—to grasp up into unity *a plurality of objects* by their common qualities in one act of thought. It is in the latter sense that Sir William generally employs the term. He employs it, not to designate our thought of an individual object, but of a plurality of objects possessing one or more qualities in common,—of a class, a kind, a species, a genus. Both applications of the term are, we admit, in strict harmony with the Latin word *concipere*. Sir William, however, does not note in this connection the important distinction between actual and possible objects of perception, and, consequently, his application of the term conception is not, in the least, determined by it. Hence the individuals conceived as one by means of their common qualities, may be either perceived, or remembered, or imagined. Now we accept the two definitions which Sir William has given, but we restrict their application to *possible objects* of human thought. To *perceive* or to *remember* is one thing; to *conceive* another. The one relates to actual objects of thought, which have been presented to the consciousness; the other only to possible objects. To the definition we accept from Sir William Hamilton it has been objected that as we are able to perceive and to remember a single mode of being, apart from any other belonging to the same individual, so we can imagine a single mode belonging to a possible object. Such acts of imagination we are told cannot be called conceptions. But we deny the possibility of thinking a single quality, apart from one or more other qualities, belonging to the same object. What is termed the power

of *abstraction* simply implies that we are able so to concentrate our attention upon a single attribute that the associated attributes are presented but obscurely. We find, for example, that it is not possible to think the colour of a body apart from its form. We may concentrate our attention upon the colour, and, as a consequence, have but an obscure apprehension of its form, or *vice versâ*.*

In conception, therefore, we think one or more individual objects not as actually but only as possibly existent, and we think them through a plurality of modes. When we think an individual thus conceived, as one of a class, since it possesses one or more attributes in common with other individuals real or ideal, we are said to comprehend it. We can thus comprehend the objects we conceive, as well as those which we perceive and remember. Mr. Mansel confounds conception with comprehension.† The attributes bound up into unity in an act of conception can only be of the same kind as those which have been perceived in objects actually existent. Thus a blind man finds it impossible to conceive the colour of any orange that he may imagine to exist, because this quality has never been perceived by him. So, also, the attributes united in an act of conception must not be incompatible. Hence a form of words combining attributes which cannot co-exist in one and the same object, can have no thought corresponding. "Combination of attributes logically impossible may be expressed in language perfectly intelligible. There is no difficulty in understanding the meaning of the phrase, *bilinear figure*, or *iron-gold*. The language is intelligible, though the object is inconceivable."‡

The way is now prepared for the statement of other classifications of the phenomena of intelligence. We have seen that we cannot think at all without mentally asserting the existence (real or ideal) of something. It is on this ground that Sir William Hamilton maintains that the *unit of thought is a judgment*.

Our thoughts considered as judgments may be variously classified. We shall only refer to such classifications as are of special interest to the theological student.

First. Judgments are divided into *psychological* and *logical*. Psychological judgments are conditioned simply upon attention. Logical judgments are conditioned upon a comparison

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* Mansel's *Philosophy of the Conditioned*, p. 112, and Sir W. Hamilton's *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 165.

† *Bampton Lectures*, preface, p. xxxiii. ‡ *Prolegomena Logica*, p. 24.

of the objects of our psychological judgments. The term attention does not designate a special faculty of the intelligence. It merely denotes the intelligence going forth to action. We think the intelligence as a power—not an agent, a power belonging to an agent. This power we can think either as *unexerted* or *exerted*. In the latter case we regard the thought as the result or product of the act. Intellectual action is sometimes determined by instinct, and sometimes by a volition or a series of volitions. Hence attention is said to be either *instinctive* or *voluntary*. Attention is called *simple* when the object of our thought is apprehended in or by itself—*complex* when the object of thought is a relation. A relation cannot be thought apart from related objects. Consequently the thought of a relation implies that we attend, in one and the same act, to a plurality of modes belonging to the same individual, or to different individuals. Hamilton affirms that both classes of judgments are conditioned upon comparison. He says, "The first or simplest act of comparison is the discrimination of existence from non-existence; and the first or simplest judgment is the affirmation of existence; in other words, the denial of non-existence."* But, accepting, as we must do, Sir William's doctrine respecting relations, it is evidently not possible to compare existence with non-existence. And, further, the affirmation of existence is not equivalent to a denial of non-existence. In negation we are conscious merely of denying one thing of another; in other words, of denying one mode of existence of some other mode of existence. It is here necessary to call attention to an error into which Hamilton, and, indeed, philosophers generally, have fallen. We refer to the hypothesis that resemblance and non-resemblance are relations existing among the objects of our thoughts, and existing whether we think them or not. If we accept this doctrine, we confess that we can see no reason for regarding the understanding, to which we refer all logical judgments, as a distinct faculty of intelligence. The relations which exist among the objects of our thoughts are, without exception, apprehended intuitively. It cannot be otherwise if a relation is nothing apart from related objects. Now, on what ground do we judge that two objects are similar? Why, for example, do we affirm that a particular negro now present, is like a negro now ten thousand miles away? So far as we are aware, Sir William Hamilton is the only philosopher who has given

* *Lectures*, vol. ii. p. 280.

a perfectly satisfactory answer. We select but one out of several statements:—

"Different objects are complements partly of similar, partly of different attributes. Similar qualities are those which stand in similar relation to our organs and faculties; and, where the similarity is complete, the effects which they determine in us are, by us, indiscernible. To us they are, therefore, virtually the same, and the same we, accordingly, consider them to be, though in different objects: precisely as we consider the thought of the same object to be itself the same, when repeated at intervals, at different times, in consciousness."—*Lectures*, vol. iii. p. 132.

After so admirable a statement as this, it certainly does appear remarkable that Sir William should have made the common mistake of regarding similarities and differences as relations belonging to the objects of our thoughts. If we are to speak of resembling objects as related at all, it must be carefully observed that they are related not immediately, but *mediately* only. They are related through our thought. We are conscious that the thoughts which they determine in our minds are immediately related. How I can be conscious, for example, that the thought of the desk now before me is like the thought I had of this same desk yesterday, I know not. So, also, how I can be conscious that the thought of the negro now present, resembles the thought I had yesterday of another negro ten thousand miles away, I know not. The fact we know, but not the *how*. If we are to refuse every fact which we cannot explain, then we must reject the fact of consciousness itself. How can I be conscious at all? To this no reply whatever is possible. We are compelled to admit the existence of that which is to us inexplicable. The related facts which afford the explanation are not revealed to us, and it is altogether vain for us to attempt to get beyond the limit which our Maker has assigned us. We see, therefore, that Hamilton virtually resolves comparison into complex attention, and hence it is that he maintains that in the consciousness of a single thought there may be a comparison of objects. We, on the contrary, maintain that comparison implies that the thoughts of the objects compared are distinct and successive. If this is borne in mind, it will be clearly seen that the distinction between psychological and logical judgments is real, and that it is a distinction of great value. We regret that we cannot agree with Mr. Mansel respecting the contents of our psychological judgments. If we accept his definition, we should be compelled to hold that acts of perception only can

be regarded as psychological judgments. This we are not prepared to admit. We cannot, however, give our reasons here.

Judgments are either *contingent* or *necessary*. They are contingent when we find ourselves able to think the contrary as possible. "This body gravitates." "All bodies gravitate." These are truths of facts. They relate to what is actual. But we can conceive the contrary as possible. "This body might not gravitate." "All bodies might not gravitate." We are, however, conscious of judgments which are absolutely necessary. We find ourselves compelled to think that there is no possibility of what we think being otherwise than as we think it. What are termed "analytical judgments" furnish illustrations of this. So, also, we are conscious of synthetical judgments which are necessary. For example, we cannot avoid, in the presence of certain conditions, thinking that "whatever begins to be, has been produced or originated by some intelligent being." No sane mind can conceive that it should be otherwise. This necessary judgment, which constitutes the basis of all argumentation for the existence of God and also of our fellow-men, is usually expressed so loosely as to give it the appearance of an analytical judgment. We are generally told that "every effect must have a cause." But this fundamental and necessary judgment, *as thus stated*, is useless for philosophical purposes. But of this in the sequel.

Again, all judgments of which we are conscious are either *true* or *false*. Truth is the harmony between thought and existence. It is termed *real*, when the existence is regarded as actual; *formal*, when viewed as possible merely. In other words, truth is the correspondence between thought and its object—that which we think about. And now we are face to face with one of the most difficult and perplexed questions in philosophy—that which relates to the *test of truth*. How shall we determine whether a particular judgment of which we are conscious, is to be accepted and acted upon as true? Compelled though we are to differ on some points from Sir William Hamilton, we gladly recognise the invaluable service which he has rendered, both to philosophy and theology, by his doctrine on this subject. We find references to the question scattered throughout his writings, and we are disposed to think that he was himself not fully aware of the great practical importance of the test which he lays down. Our statement of this test of certitude shall be brief. When a judgment is accompanied by a conscious necessity which excludes the admission of any inconsistent or opposing sup-

position, we are then warranted in regarding the judgment as true. In such a case, we feel that it would be irrational to entertain any doubt in regard to the reality of the correspondence between thought and its object, since no opposing supposition can be either more evident or more certain. When inconsistent suppositions are admissible, then doubt and uncertainty arise. Judgments that are accompanied by a conviction of certainty are, either *self-evidently* true, or *not self-evidently* true. The judgment that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, is a necessary truth, but it is not a self-evident truth. The conscious necessity which it involves, is conditioned upon one or more prior judgments. But the judgments—"every event is determined by some agent,"—"every moral agent ought to be benevolent and not selfish," are self-evident truths,—no prior affirmation being necessary to determine the accompanying consciousness of certainty. Buffier says respecting these primary truths, that "they are so clear that if we attempt to prove or to disprove them, this can be done only by propositions which are manifestly *neither more evident nor more certain.*"*

It is evident that the conviction of certainty which accompanies our primary judgments, not being conditioned upon prior affirmations, must be determined by our Maker, either by means of the constituted laws of the right, or by testimony strictly so called. It was this circumstance that led Sir Wm. Hamilton to maintain, that as our ultimate convictions repose on Divine authority, they are, in rigid propriety, *beliefs*, faiths, trusts.

The objects of our primary judgments are termed "*inexplicable facts.*" In every such judgment we simply affirm *so an object is*, but not *how or why it is*. All pretended explanations of inexplicable facts are either destitute of meaning, or they subvert the very facts they were designed to explain. It is useless to speculate respecting the nature of any object beyond what is revealed to us in our primary judgments. The speculations of philosophers concerning space afford a striking illustration. What is our primary judgment about space? Simply that it is *the place of body*. Of course we may think a particular body, either as actually or as possibly existing. Hence our twofold notion of space—*occupied* and *empty*. Beyond this we cannot go. But, unfortunately, philosophers have tried "to get beyond the length of their tether," as Locke would say. Hence it is hardly possible to name a

* Dr. Reid's *Works*, p. 755.

philosophical treatise, where we do not find the most unwarrantable assertions respecting space. We can afford but a single illustration. Dr. M'Cosh informs us that both space and time are *realities*, that they have *an objective existence*. He is not quite sure whether these wonderful realities are self-existent, or whether they were created by God. Of one thing he is perfectly sure, they are *existences*. But now arises a serious difficulty. Having determined that space and time are realities, the question presents itself,—what *modes of existence* shall we predicate of them? On this point his statements are precisely what we should expect from anyone who attempts to speculate beyond what is revealed—confused and self-contradictory. First, he tells us that space is infinite. But then, as a philosopher he could not fail to see, if space is infinite, it must be infinite in some particular quality. What, then is that quality?

Extension! is the only possible reply to one who starts from the common fallacy respecting space. But now the Doctor is alarmed. He says, "I tremble to speak of the proportions of infinite space, lest I be using language which has or can have no proper meaning. We are in a region dark, and pathless, and directionless, and we may as well draw back at once, for nothing is to be gained by advancing." After sundry other attempts to explain the inexplicable, he reaches the conclusion "that space and time are not to be classified with substances, modes, or relations," and thinks that they are justly "entitled to be put in a class by themselves, and resemble substances, modes, relations, only in that they are existences, entities, realities."* Thus Dr. M'Cosh excludes these mighty realities from the pale of all civilised and comprehensible existence. A clear and sound philosophy saves us from all such perplexities by teaching us not to confound predicates or properties which are essentially unlike, nor to attempt to combine in conception thoughts which are incongruous and incompatible.

Many writers classify our judgments by reference to the nature of their objects, and refer each class to a special faculty of intelligence. To this there can be no objection, provided that our explanations of such faculties are not inconsistent with the doctrine of the soul's unity. We wish here to call attention to that specific class of mental assertions, usually termed "moral judgments." These are referred to *conscience* as a special faculty, and they relate exclusively

* *Intuitions of the Mind*, pp. 181—183.

to the obligations, character, and desert of moral agents. They must be carefully distinguished from the judgments which relate to natural good and evil. Whatever is valuable intrinsically or relatively to sentient being, is called "naturally good." Whatever is injurious intrinsically or relatively to sentient being, is "naturally evil." The notion of the naturally good is not identical with the notion of the pleasurable, since there are forms of pleasure which we are compelled to regard as evil to the individual or to the community. On the other hand, the notion of the naturally evil is not identical with the notion of the painful, since there are forms of suffering which we cannot but think as, upon the whole, beneficial to the individual or to the community. Now the judgment that a given action is, all circumstances taken into account, good in the sense of tending to happiness, is not a judgment of conscience at all. But the affirmation that the agent to whom that act is possible, is under obligation to give it existence, is a judgment of conscience. Our judgments respecting the utility of actions are thus distinct from the judgments which relate to their moral qualities. Spencer, Bain, and others would have us believe that the judgments of conscience are not determined by the constituted laws of thought, that they are altogether the result of education, and that consequently we cannot claim for any of them the character of necessity. But in opposition to this we hold that we are conscious of affirmations of obligation that are not merely true, but self-evidently and necessarily true. Thus, when we apprehend the Divine attributes, we cannot help affirming that we are bound to obey Him—to please Him, rather than ourselves or any created being. This judgment is an absolutely necessary truth. We cannot conceive that it can possibly be otherwise. This judgment constitutes, therefore, the great law of action for moral agents in all worlds. No other standard of moral character can exist for accountable beings. We cannot but be conscious that here we are in the region of necessary truth, quite as much so as when we are dealing with the analytical judgments of mathematics. Can any rational being conceive that he can ever be under obligation to be selfish and not benevolent?

Our judgments respecting the utility of certain sequents of volition are not judgments of conscience at all. So when conscience affirms that a given outward act is morally wrong, this affirmation is based on the assumption that the act proceeds from a wrong intention. And apart from the intentions, actual and possible, of a moral agent, conscience pronounces

no judgment concerning his obligations, character, or desert. Our judgments respecting the utility of our acts—their tendency to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number—may be very incorrect. Without a supernatural revelation, reason can go but a little way in determining what are the conditions of well-being, since we can know only the more immediate results of our acts. God's command puts an end to all doubt, and reason herself spurns the attempt to determine the expediency of acts thus commanded by reference to their remote consequences. How absurd *e.g.* to suppose that we need not admit our obligation to keep holy the Sabbath-day, unless we are able to determine, apart from the Divine command, whether such observance is upon the whole best for ourselves or best for society at large. Whatever God commands we are bound to do, whether we can or cannot form any independent judgment concerning the tendency of obedience. The command itself is an all-sufficient reason for deciding that the acts required are and must be "naturally good."

We shall mention but one more classification of our thoughts, and it is a classification admirably suited to the purposes of the theologian. We admit that Sir W. Hamilton is correct in holding that all our primary judgments are, in rigid propriety, *beliefs*. Still it is convenient to make a distinction between knowledge and belief. Our thoughts may be divided into three classes:—

1. *Knowledges*. 2. *Beliefs*. 3. *Opinions*. Both knowledges and beliefs are accompanied by a conviction of certainty. When the conscious certainty which accompanies a given thought is determined by the constituted laws of intelligence, that thought is *a knowledge;* but when determined by testimony properly so called, it is a *belief*. We are just as certain of what we really believe as of what we know. I know that London exists, having been there; I believe that Rome exists,—my affirmation of its existence being conditioned upon the testimony of competent and credible witnesses. But I am just as certain of the existence of the one city as I am of the other. It is not correct to designate a thought, accompanied by a consciousness of some uncertainty, by the term belief. Beliefs are conditioned upon, first, the testimony of God, given either (1) immediately by His Holy Spirit, or (2) mediately, as in the Scriptures; secondly, the testimony of created intelligences.* When a consciousness of certainty does not attend

* Every morally accountable agent is conscious of affirmations that are really conditioned upon the agency of the Holy Spirit. The affirmation that God exists

a thought, that thought is termed *an opinion*. The various degrees of probability are determined by the character and number of the opposing suppositions that are admissible. We can only allude here to the important distinction between *immediate* and *mediate* knowledge. Thus we possess an immediate knowledge of our conscious mental states—only a mediate knowledge of the states of other minds. Our knowledge of the primary qualities of body is immediate. Of the secondary qualities our knowledge is mediate.

The *feelings* constitute the second great division of the phenomena of consciousness. They admit of several classifications. We merely name the following as being the most valuable to the theologian:—

First, feelings are either (1) *sensations*, being conditioned upon organic [extra and intra] causes; or (2) *emotions*, feelings immediately conditioned upon mental causes.

Secondly, they are (1) *pleasurable*; or (2) *painful*; or (3) *partly pleasurable* and *partly painful*.

Thirdly, our feelings are either (1) *primary* or (2) *secondary*. The latter are termed *desires* and *aversions*, being conditioned upon a knowledge of pleasure and pain. Both desires and aversions are themselves either pleasurable or painful. An intensified and permanent desire or aversion is called a *passion*.*

We now come to the third and last division of the mental phenomena, viz. *volitions* or *acts of will*. Every volition has an object. We cannot will without willing something, any more than we can think without thinking something. *Preference* is the mark by which we distinguish volitions from the other facts of consciousness. In every volition we are conscious of preferring the existence or the non-existence of that which constitutes the object of the act of will. When an object is presented to our thought, unless we can discover,

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as *First Cause* is a primary *cognition*, and the conscious necessity which accompanies it, is determined by the constituted laws of thought. But the affirmation that God is my *moral governor* is a necessary *belief*—a belief, too, conditioned upon an immediate revelation by the Holy Spirit. The conviction of God's veracity is a belief of the same kind. No rational mind can ask for proof of the truth of what God says. Hence the question with those who dispute a Divine revelation is whether God has spoken at all, and not whether what He has spoken is true. Doubtless there are other beliefs which philosophy can account for only by referring them to the ever-present action of the Holy Spirit upon the mind. Such beliefs are essential conditions of moral obligation. The American New-school theologians maintain that the influence of the Holy Spirit is *persuasive* merely, and not necessary to the *existence of power* to obey the moral law. But a sound philosophy gives no countenance to such a doctrine. It demonstrates that the beliefs which are essential to moral accountability are dependent upon a supernatural immediate revelation. We cannot, however, discuss this important subject here.

* See Dr. Morell's *Introduction to Mental Philosophy*, p. 447.

either in the object itself or in its relations, some reason why its existence is preferable to its non-existence, or its non-existence preferable to its existence, it can be to us no object of will.

Our volitions admit of classification from several points of view. These, however, we cannot notice here. Edwards, Brown, Payne, and others appear to regard volitions as nothing more than a special class of desires. But this is a serious error. If our volitions, like our emotions, are awakened by our thoughts, or, as necessitarian writers say, determined by *motives*, then we are not *agents* at all. If we do not absolutely originate our volitions, there can be no basis for accountability. But if we are conscious of anything, we are conscious of our agency. We are conscious that we originate and determine the existence of effects, which but for the exercise of our power would not have existence. The effects dependent for existence upon the exercise of our agency are divided into two classes—*volitions* and the *constituted sequents* of volition. The former we produce *immediately*, the latter *mediately*.

In producing any effect thus dependent for existence on our agency, we are conscious of our liberty. When we contemplate any specific possible volition—previous to the exercise of our power for its production—we cannot but know that its existence and its non-existence are, at that moment, equally possible to us. The question relating to free-agency is purely psychological, and can be determined only by an appeal to consciousness. Edwards in his work on the will never once appeals to consciousness—the only competent witness in the case, but endeavours to solve the problem by a resort to logical processes. It should be distinctly understood that a denial of freedom is a denial of agency, while a denial of agency is equivalent to a denial of causation. Accordingly we find that Atheism is based upon a denial of agency. Professed Atheists tell us that we do not and cannot *originate* any change whatever, that even our volitions are not originated by us, but produced within us by the action of motives over which we have no control. Since, therefore, we are not the real authors of either our volitions or their constituted sequents, we cannot be held accountable for their existence. But if we deny the facts of agency and accountability, we have no ground for affirming the existence of God either as First Cause or as Moral Governor. It is manifest that if we are not conscious of absolutely originating our volitions, the reality which corresponds to our notion of cause can, as Hume

teaches, be nothing more than an effect immediately preceding some other effect. This, as Hamilton clearly shows, is virtually the negation of a moral universe, and, consequently, of the moral governor of a moral universe. This is Atheism. Hence Fatalism and Atheism are convertible terms.

Hamilton, while carefully distinguishing volitions from desires, still regards them as possessing so much in common as to justify our referring them to one and the same faculty. But this we think is an error. The desires are a class of feelings. We do not originate them as we originate our volitions. Our desires, like all our emotions, are immediately conditioned upon thoughts. We admit that thought is one condition of the existence of volition, but thought does not awaken volition in the sense in which it awakens emotion. Whatever may be the thoughts, or, as they are often termed, motives, which constitute the conditions of our volitions, we are conscious that we can will or not will in harmony with them. Thus, for example, I affirm that I ought to do a certain thing—to give existence to a certain effect dependent on the exercise of my agency, *because it will please God*. In this case I am conscious that I can will, or refuse to will, in harmony with my conviction of obligation. I can refuse to give existence to this effect, or I can give existence to it, not because it is pleasing to God, but because it will gratify myself. In every case, be it remembered, *we*, and not our thoughts or motives, cause, originate, or determine the existence of our acts of will.

Desire and *wish* are usually, but very improperly, regarded as identical. The term wish designates a special class of volitions. When the object of a volition is regarded as an effect possible to us, that volition is called an intention, a purpose, a determination, &c.; but when the effect is thought as beyond the sphere of our agency, the volition is termed a wish. In wishing we are conscious of exercising *preference*. Thus, so far as the happiness of a friend is conditioned upon the exercise of my agency, it may be the object of my intention; but in so far as it does not depend for existence on the exercise of my power, it can only be the object of my wish. The distinctions we have here noted are of great value in moral science.*

* Neither philosophers nor theologians have sufficiently recognised the important truth that the same individual object may often be contemplated in several relations or from several points of view, and that the term by which we designate the object in one relation, cannot in strict propriety be employed as its verbal symbol in another. Some theologians have seen the value of this principle in certain applications. For example, they tell us that the terms pardon, justification, and adoption, really refer to one and the same act of God, but viewed in three different

We shall now supply some illustrations of the great service which a sound philosophy is capable of rendering to theology.

I. Philosophy affords no support to what is termed the doctrine of "*the relativity of thought.*" All the advocates of this hypothesis are agreed that the human mind possesses, by virtue of its constitution, and previous to the actual consciousness of cognition, certain latent intellectual modes, which they designate "*à priori forms of thought.*" These they refer to reason as a special faculty of intelligence. Sir William Hamilton is, however, careful to state that reason, or, as he prefers to call it, the regulative faculty, is not in the strict sense a faculty at all. It is rather the complement of the necessary forms of thought—the *locus principiorum*, corresponding to the *νοῦς* of the Aristotelic philosophy, and to the *Vernunft* of the Kantian school. These writers tell us that experience merely furnishes the occasion of the development of the *à priori* forms. But the question arises, What do these forms of thought become when developed by experience? To this we have three distinct replies. Some of the advocates of the hypothesis of relativity teach that the mind transfers these

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relations; as a Sovereign He pardons, as a Judge He justifies, as a Father He adopts. Now we cannot logically define one of these terms by either of the others. We are not entitled to say that justification is pardon, or that pardon is adoption. We are apt to forget that *everything is itself and not something else*, and we think it would not be difficult to show that most of the terms usually regarded as synonymous are not really so. In moral science great confusion has resulted from a disregard of this principle. How many, for example, attempt to explain right by utility. We may, of course, predicate both qualities of one and the same act of a moral agent. When we affirm of a given act that it is morally right, we are thinking of the act in its relation to the intentions of the agent; but when we say that it is useful, that it tends to happiness, we are thinking of it in another and very different relation. The acts of a moral agent are right when they are in harmony with his affirmations of obligation. When we think that these same acts are conditions of the well-being of the agent himself or of society at large, then, and not till then, do we affirm the utility of the acts. Indeed, we often predicate utility of objects that are destitute of moral qualities. Thus, a spring of water in a desert is very useful, but this does not constitute it morally good. In philosophy also there is great confusion arising from the non-recognition of the truth referred to. The terms employed to designate mental acts or states in one relation, cannot without confusion be employed to designate them in any other. We have seen that our thoughts admit of classification from several points of view. Hence it is not allowable to explain the verbal symbols determined by one principle of classification by reference to the symbols determined by another. We may very properly say that conception is not perception, and that perception is not memory. So we may say that apprehension is not comprehension; that knowledge is not belief or opinion. But we are not warranted in saying that conception is or is not comprehension; that comprehension either is or is not knowledge; that belief either is or is not apprehension. Such statements have no meaning. Had Mr. Mansel but duly appreciated the importance of this principle, he would not have to complain continually that his critics misapprehend his real meaning. See, for example, how he confuses both himself and his readers by his attempts to resolve belief into apprehension, and conception into comprehension.

"forms" to the objects of our thought. Others tell us that they constitute the subjective elements of thought itself. A third class maintains that some forms are imposed by the mind upon the object of thought, while others constitute the subjective elements of the thoughts themselves. According to Professor Ferrier, "*self*" is an *à priori* form which the mind imposes upon every object of thought. He affirms that we cannot think an object at all, unless we think "*self*" as a quality or mode of that object. He says, "The object of knowledge, whatever it may be, is always something more than what is naturally or usually regarded as the object. It always is, and must be, the object with the addition of one's self—object *plus* subject. Self is an integral and essential part of every object of cognition."* This form of the hypothesis of relativity is manifestly inconsistent with the veracity of consciousness. In fact, Professor Ferrier does not hesitate to aver that "nothing but error comes to us from nature; that the ordinary operation of our faculties involves us in interminable contradictions." And yet this very intelligence thus convicted of falsehood he is compelled to employ to demonstrate that its own affirmations are utterly untrustworthy! If this is philosophy, we can hardly wonder that Professor Ferrier should have discovered that "no man has for these two thousand years seen the true flesh-and-blood countenance of a single philosophical problem." No wonder that he should claim the honour of having for "the first time announced the true law of ignorance, and have deduced from it its consequences."

Sir William Hamilton teaches that the *à priori* forms become subjective elements of our cognitions. He affirms that our thoughts are not simple, but compound, being made up partly of objective and partly of subjective elements. The subjective element in any given thought is supplied by the reason or regulative faculty, while the objective element is contributed by that which we think about. The subjective elements have received various designations, as *forms of thought, à priori cognitions, native or pure elements, laws of thought*, &c.; while the objective elements are called *the matter of thought, à posteriori cognitions, adventitious elements*, &c. He regards a fusion of the two elements as essential to the very existence of thought. The following extracts will enable our readers to understand the precise form in which Hamilton held the doctrine of relativity.

* *Institutes of Metaphysic, the Theory of Knowing and Being*, p. 97.

"These native, these necessary cognitions, are the laws by which the mind is governed in its operations, and which afford the conditions of its capacity of knowledge."

"The mind possesses necessarily a small complement of *à priori*, native, cognitions. These *à priori* cognitions are the laws or conditions of thought in general; consequently, the laws and conditions under which our knowledge *à posteriori* is possible."

"They lie hid in the profundities of the mind, until drawn from their obscurity by the mental activity itself employed upon the materials of experience. Hence it is that our knowledge has its commencement in sense, external or internal, but its origin in intellect."

"The primitive cognitions seem to leap ready armed from the womb of reason, like Pallas from the bead of Jupiter; sometimes the mind places them at the commencement of its operations, in order to have a point of support and a fixed basis, without which the operations would be impossible; sometimes they form, in a certain sort, the crowning, the consummation, of all the intellectual operations." —*Lectures*, vol. ii. 15, 26, 351, 352.

He further states that the native element in any given cognition is to be distinguished from that which experience supplies, by the quality of necessity. This discriminative quality was first explicitly signalised by Leibnitz, which Sir William regards as a great discovery in the science of mind. We are, however, constrained to admit that throughout Sir William's lecture on the regulative faculty, there is considerable confusion of thought. It would not, indeed, be difficult to show that many of his statements relate not to the so-called native cognitions at all, but to a special class of logical judgments—those which possess the characteristics of universality and necessity. We find precisely the same confusion in the writings of many other philosophers. Sometimes by reason they mean a function of the understanding, and sometimes the so-called *à priori* faculty—a faculty which, as Dr. Young curiously tells us, never "reasons"!*

Even if we allow the existence of reason as an *à priori* faculty, it is surely most absurd to refer to it those logical judgments which possess the marks of necessity and universality. We are often told that such judgments as, "All bodies occupy space"—"Every effect must have a cause," are "necessary truths of reason." All judgments of this class, however, belong to the understanding, the elaborative, or discursive faculty. The term reason is so vague that it cannot be employed as a philosophical designation for any

* *The Province of Reason*, p. 142.

special faculty of thought. It must be used simply for the general faculty of intelligence. Mr. Mansel, while careful to avoid the error of referring our universal and necessary judgments to a faculty of intuition, yet accepts the hypothesis of the "relativity of thought."

"The assertion," says Mr. Mansel, "that all our knowledge is relative—in other words, that we know things only under such conditions as the laws of our cognitive faculties impose upon us—is a statement which looks at first sight like a truism, but which really contains an answer to a very important question,—Have we reason to believe that the laws of our cognitive faculties impose any conditions at all?—that the mind in any way reacts on the objects affecting it, so as to produce a result different from that which would be produced were it merely a passive recipient? Does the mind, by its own action, in any way distort the appearance of the things presented to it; and if so, how far does the distortion extend, and in what manner is it to be rectified? To trace the course of this inquiry, from the day when Plato compared the objects perceived by the senses to the shadows thrown by fire on the wall of a cave, to the day when Kant declared that we know only phenomena, not things in themselves, would be to write the history of philosophy."

"Hamilton, like Kant, maintained that all our cognitions are compounded of two elements, one contributed by the object known, and the other by the mind knowing. The composition is not a mere mechanical juxta-position, in which each part, though acting on the other, retains its own characteristics unchanged. It may be rather likened to a chemical fusion, in which both elements are present, but each of them is affected by the composition."—*Philosophy of the Conditioned*, pp. 65, 69, 75.

Again, referring to the distinction between *phenomena* and *things in themselves*, he says:—

"We know the object only as it stands in relation to our faculties, and is modified by them. We are not sure that, if our faculties were altered, the same things would appear to us in the same form as they do now; we are not sure that they do appear in the same form to all existing intelligent beings; for we know not how far the faculties of other beings resemble our own. But on the other hand we have no right to dogmatise on the negative side, and to assume with equal absence of ground that things *are not* in themselves as they appear to us."—*Encyclopædia Britannica*, eighth edition, vol. xiv. p. 560.

And yet this very assumption, that things in themselves are not as they appear to us, constitutes the basis of much of Mr. Mansel's reasoning in his lectures on the "Limits of Religious Thought." He really, though not formally, abandons Hamilton's doctrine that truth consists in the correspondence

between thought and its object. He maintains that if in any case an object is what we are compelled to think it, we can never know the fact, since we have no means of determining how much of that which appears to be comes from the percipient mind, and how much from the object itself. Hence the only truth attainable by us consists in the harmony of thought with thought, the correspondence of thought with the constituted laws of thought. As these laws are such as to prevent our thinking objects as they really are, all that we can hope to attain, as the result of our inquiries after truth, is *consistency in error!* Mr. Mansel contends that although we can never be sure that our necessary judgments respecting any object are speculatively true, yet they are amply sufficient to regulate our conduct with regard to it, and he bids us remember that, "action, and not knowledge, is man's destiny and duty in this life."* He surely forgets that he has elsewhere told us that "intellectually, no less than morally, the present life is a state of discipline and preparation for another," and that, consequently, we are bound "to believe that the powers which our Creator has bestowed upon us are not given as the instruments of deceptions."†

Mr. Mansel says, "Kant unquestionably went too far in asserting that things in themselves *are not* as they appear to our faculties; the utmost that his premises could warrant him in asserting is, that we cannot tell whether they are so or not."‡ But Mr. Mansel appears not to see that it is not possible to allow the validity of the distinction between phenomena and things in themselves, and yet stop short of Kant's position. In the application of this distinction to our knowledge of the Divine attributes, we accordingly find Mr. Mansel asserting as positively as Kant himself would do, that we do not and cannot know God as He is. The question is not whether our knowledge of God is *partial*, but is it *real?*—not whether our necessary judgments concerning God relate to but a very limited number of His attributes, but are these judgments *true?* So far as we are permitted to think of God at all, are we able to think correctly, *i.e. to think of God as He is?* Mr. Mansel's reply to this question affords one of the most striking illustrations of the pernicious consequences of the hypothesis of the relativity of thought. He represents the ideas of the Deity which are determined by Divine revelation as *regulative* merely—"sufficient to guide our practice,

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* *Bampton Lectures*, p. 98. † *Prolegomena Logica*, p. 91.
‡ *Bampton Lectures*, p. 241.

but not to satisfy our intellect;—which tell us *not what God is in Himself*, but how He wills that we should think of Him." He allows that our conceptions of God—conceptions we are compelled to adopt—may be partially true; at all events, they cannot, he thinks, be *totally false*. But since we have no means of testing the validity of our knowledge of God, he exhorts us "to remain content with the belief that we have that knowledge of God which is best adapted to our wants and training. How far that knowledge represents God as He is, we know not, and we have no need to know." * Such statements require no comment. After such marvellous assertions we certainly were not a little surprised to find Mr. Mansel in his *Prolegomena Logica* charging poor Bishop Berkeley with *dogmatising in negation*, simply because he ventures to deny the existence of matter as a permanent substratum of the qualities presented through our organs of sense! We reject the hypothesis of "the relativity of thought" in all its forms because it is inconsistent with the veracity of consciousness. In the consciousness of thought we certainly are not conscious of the union of an objective with a subjective element. We are conscious that thought implies the existence of a faculty of thought and an object of thought. The intelligence as the faculty of knowledge has its peculiar constitution. By virtue of this constitution, in the presence of certain conditions, it makes certain affirmations respecting realities; and when these affirmations are accompanied by conscious necessity we are not justified in entertaining any doubt respecting the perfect correspondence of thought with its object. In all such cases we are conscious of affirming something, not of any mere appearance or representation of the reality, but of the reality itself. We once asked a distinguished metaphysician—"Why does the sky *appear* blue?" "Because it *is* blue," was the reply; and common-sense everywhere recognises this as the correct answer. But many writers tell us, that they are prepared to demonstrate that things are not as they appear to us. Mill defines matter as "*a permanent possibility of sensation.*" *Matter a sensation!* Bain tells us that "by an illusion of language we fancy we are capable of contemplating a world *which does not enter into our own mental existence*"!

"We know well," says Dr. Brown (a strange assertion that we know well, what he goes on to show we cannot believe, even while attempting to prove it), "when we open our eyes,

* *Bampton Lectures*, pp. 84, 96.

that whatever affects our eyes is within the small compass of their orbit; and yet we cannot look for a single moment without spreading what we thus visually feel over whole miles of landscape."* He proceeds to state that philosophers often yield like the vulgar to the temporary illusion—that the colours are real qualities existing in bodies—in other words, existing as they appear to exist. Still he contends that the philosophers have this advantage over the vulgar—they are quite aware of the trick that nature plays upon poor mortals!

Perhaps there is no Christian philosopher of the present day who so boldly maintains that things are not what we affirm them to be, as Dr. Hickok of America. He says, "It is the testimony of the convictions of universal consciousness, that we perceive immediately the external objects themselves. Every man is convinced that it is the outer object, and not some representative of it, which he perceives."† But is this testimony of consciousness true? "No," says Hickok, "for when the unexamined convictions of consciousness, as direct for the immediate perception of an outer world, are brought to the test of philosophical investigation—the demonstration comes out full, sound, and clear, that all such immediate knowledge is impossible." He proceeds to show that it is by means of a faculty called "*reason*" that philosophers have been enabled to detect the mighty cheat. He then significantly and pertinently asks. "And now where are we as intelligent beings? Consciousness contradicts reason; the reason belies consciousness"—"they openly and flatly contradict each other." What a dilemma is this! If we retain our reason, we shall lose our common sense; and if we retain our common sense, we shall lose our reason! However, we are thankful for the discovery that only a believer in the hypothesis of "relativity" can possibly come to such a pass as this.‡

In the case of Sir William Hamilton we can find only one striking instance in which he has allowed himself to be misled by the doctrine of the relativity of thought. We refer to his hypothesis respecting the real object of an act of visual perception. He adopts the heresy of Democritus that all our senses are but modifications of touch. Nothing but this dogma of "relativity" could have led him to the conclusion that *sight is touch and not sight.*

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* *The Philosophy of the Human Mind*, Lecture LIII.
† *Rational Psychology*, p. 42.
‡ See *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, January, 1862, p. 167.

But the sad consequences of the doctrine of relativity are not confined to philosophy—they extend to theology. The supernatural revelation, not less than the natural, has its inexplicable facts. A sound philosophy teaches that reason must accept all such facts—accept them without question, and cease from all attempts to explain them. We know simply that they are; but not how they can be. Many theologians, however, accept the hypothesis of the relativity of thought as the means of explaining what revelation leaves inexplicable. We have space for but one illustration. Take the fact of the Divine foreknowledge. That God does foreknow events is a fact which we accept on His own authority. How He foreknows we cannot tell, and it is worse than useless to speculate beyond what God has been pleased to reveal to us. But those divines who accept the doctrine of relativity profess to feel no difficulty in explaining the mode of foreknowledge. They tell us that "*time*" is only one of the "*forms of thought*" which the mind transfers to the objects presented to it. Although *we* are unable to free ourselves from this law of thought, yet God is altogether above the conditions to which our intelligence is subjected. Events are not really successive; they only *appear* to be so in consequence of those unfortunate laws which our Maker intended should guide [?] our mental activity. But God the "Unconditioned" sees events as they are, and hence He sees them as occurring now. The past and the future are not real to Him for the very sufficient reason that they have no reality. To God—

> "Nothing is there to come, and nothing past,
> But an Eternal Now does ever last."

Mr. Mansel, who accepts the doctrine that time is nothing but a form of thought, quotes the following authorities in support of his views of the Divine nature. Gregory Nyssen says:—

"'It is neither in place nor in time, but before these, and above these in an unspeakable manner, contemplated itself by itself, through faith alone; neither measured by ages, nor moving along with times.' 'In the changes of things,' says Augustine, 'you will find a past and a future; in God you will find a present where past and future cannot be.' 'Eternity,' says Aquinas, 'has no succession, but exists altogether.' 'The duration of eternity,' says Bishop Pearson, 'is completely indivisible and all at once; so that it is ever present, and excludes the other differences of time, past and future.' Barrow speaks of 'God's eternity without succession.'"*

* *Philosophy of the Conditioned*, p. 16.

All such statements possess significance only on the supposition that the hypothesis of "relativity" is correct.*

II. A true philosophy shows that the distinction between *positive and negative ideas* has no reality. Mr. Mansel's hypothesis in reference to the nature of negative thought is generally supposed to be identical with that held by Hamilton. But this we are not disposed to allow. By negative thought Sir William generally means negation. In negation we simply deny one thing of another. But this we cannot do unless both objects are presented to our faculty of cognition. Now Mr. Mansel carefully distinguishes a negative idea from a negation.† He illustrates the nature of negative notions by reference to the case of a man born blind. His notion of colour in general or of any particular colour is merely negative. Hence he can neither affirm nor deny this quality of any object of his thought. Mr. Mansel maintains not only that negative ideas are facts of consciousness, but that the language possesses verbal symbols of negative notions. Both Hamilton and Mansel have done good service by calling the attention of British grammarians to the correct doctrine respecting the nature and use of propositions. According to Hamilton, *the sentence is the unit of speech*, because the judgment is the unit of thought. He properly ascribes our "perverted systems of grammar, logic, and psychology," to ignorance of this important truth. Mr. Mansel's statements on this subject are equally valuable. He says that "the enunciative sentence is the unit of speech," and that "it behoves us to remember that the verbal analysis of the thoughts we utter, like the chemical decomposition of the air we breathe, exhibits only the forced and unnatural dissolution of parts, whose vital force and efficacy exists only in combination."‡ To determine, therefore, what "part of speech" a word is, we must ascertain what office it sustains in the sentense or speech of which it forms a part. But here the important question arises, Are words ever employed, except as parts of speech? Undoubtedly they are. We hold with Hamilton, that words may be viewed either subjectively—as related to thought itself, or objectively—as related to the object of thought. When words are viewed subjectively, they are either sentences or equivalent to sentences. On this ground Sir William accepts the doctrine of Aristotle, that a

* Dr. Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, book ii. chap. vi.
† *Philosophy of the Conditioned*, p. 116.
‡ *North British Review*, vol. xiv. Art. on "Language."

general term, such for example as "*man*," is, when viewed subjectively, really an abbreviated sentence. On the other hand, when words are contemplated objectively, they are the symbols, not of our thoughts, but of the *objects of thought*. Thus the term "man" in this relation is the symbol of any individual possessing the marks which determined the existence of the class man. We are now prepared to lay down the important principle that a word which is not the symbol of some object of human thought cannot be used as a part of speech,—cannot possibly enter into the construction of any sentence that we employ to express our thoughts. Mr. Mansel, however, teaches that we may in our reasonings employs words and combinations of words as symbols of objects which are by us inconceivable. Our thought of the objects thus symbolised is negative, not positive. According to Mr. Mansel, negative notions are of two kinds. First—the notions that we form of unrevealed modes of existence. As unrevealed, they cannot be positively thought. Thus, says Mr. Mansel, the blind man mentioned by Locke, who supposed that scarlet resembles the sound of a trumpet, had a negative notion of that particular colour. Secondly—the notions that we can form of individual objects made up of conflicting attributes. My notion of a round object is positive. So is my notion of a square object. But my notion of a *round square* is negative. So, according to Mr. Mansel, the terms *infinite* and *absolute* are to us symbols—not of objects we can positively conceive—but of objects which, if we think at all, we are compelled to think as possessing attributes that are conflictive. Hence he says we cannot conceive God as infinite any more than we can form a positive conception of a circular parallelogram. All positive conceptions of such objects involve contradictory elements. This constitutes one of the fundamental principles of his *Bampton Lectures*. Since we can form only a negative notion of infinity, he warns us against any attempt to conceive positively the Divine attributes as infinite. *As infinite*, these attributes are not objects of human thought at all. Hence reason cannot even attempt to conceive God as infinite and absolute without being instantly involved in self-contradiction. It is our duty to *believe* that God is infinite, but according to Mr. Mansel it is vain to attempt to conceive the object which we thus believe to exist. Mr. Mansel's division of negative notions into two classes leads him to make the following distinction—"A given form of words may in two different ways be void of thought corresponding. We may be unable to conceive

separately one or more of the attributes given, or we may be unable to conceive them in combination. The former is the case, when we have never been personally conscious of the said attribute as *presented*; the latter is the case, when the several presentations are incompatible with each other."*

All that we can now say in reply to Mr. Mansel is, that a true philosophy does not recognise the existence of either "*negative intuitions*" or "*negative concepts*." It does recognise the existence of *negative judgments*, but these are acts of *positive thought*. Unfortunately for Mr. Mansel's own hypothesis, he admits more than once that a negative notion is really no notion at all.† In the first edition of his *Prolegomena Logica* (p. 41) he says, "A *negative intuition* is one which has never been actually presented to us." This is so self-evidently absurd that it could not be retained. Accordingly we find it omitted in the second edition. He there speaks only "of a negative *concept*, which is in fact no concept at all." No doubt in the next edition he will abandon the negative "concept" too, since he holds that concepts or notions can be formed only from intuitions.

III. *A true philosophy rejects the dogma that there is a province of belief beyond that of reason.* We are often told by divines that though we cannot believe what is *contrary* to our reason, we may believe what is *above* it. But this is a most unwarrantable assumption, and is the source of much error in modern speculation. By reason we mean the intelligence or faculty of thought. To say that we can believe what is above our reason, is to say that we can believe that which we cannot positively think. This, as we have seen, is the position of Mr. Mansel. We cannot think God's attributes as infinite, but we can believe that they are infinite. This doctrine is philosophically absurd. Belief is a province of reason distinct, we admit, from the provinces of knowledge and opinion. But a belief which is not a thought—a mental assertion—a judgment, is an utter impossibility. When, therefore, we say we believe that God's power, knowledge, goodness, and other attributes are infinite, we are conscious that our belief is not a blind impulse related to some unrevealed object. We are conscious that our belief is a thought. Hence we know what we mean—others know what we mean, by the affirmation that God's attributes are infinite. By infinite knowledge we mean perfect or complete knowledge, as distinguished from the knowledge which is possible to created intelligences. Our

* *Prolegomena Logica*, p. 269. † *Ibid.* p. 45.

knowledge is partial, imperfect, incomplete, and will ever be capable of increase; while God's knowledge can receive no addition. In believing all this, we are not believing in the existence of that which is inconceivable. The same observations apply to all other revealed attributes of God. But in reply to this, it is said, that as a matter of fact, we can and do believe in the existence of "*mysteries.*" Therefore, as mysteries are unrevealed modes of being, we can believe what we cannot think. Of course we admit that we cannot *think* an object unless it is in some way revealed to our reason, and we also allow that a revealed mystery is a contradiction. But what is meant by believing in mysteries? All admit that a mode of being is a mystery *when no object of the same kind* has ever been presented to our perception, external or internal. Thus to a man born blind that quality of matter which we call scarlet is a mystery. If we tell him that the apple we have just placed in his hands is scarlet, our words have no significance. They are to him no *testimony*, and, consequently, cannot determine the existence of any belief in reference to such, by him unthinkable, property. Speaking loosely, we may say that he believes that the apple is scarlet, and not blue, not red, or not black. All that he really believes is that a quality not revealed to him is revealed to us; but surely this is not believing that the apple is scarlet. He makes no discrimination; all colours are to him alike; they are all mysteries or unrevealed modes. But when we tell him that the apple is sweet and not sour, if he has confidence in our veracity, he can believe in the existence of such a quality. He can do this because qualities of the same kind have been actually presented to his faculty of cognition, through the organ of taste. When he eats this particular apple, his affirmation of the existence of the quality "sweet" ceases to be a belief; it is now a knowledge.

The doctrine of latent mental modes supplies us with a valuable illustration. It is not possible to admit the fact of memory without thinking that there must be modes which do not rise into consciousness. What they are we know not. They are mysteries, but, in simply thinking them as mysteries, we are not thinking of their qualities or attributes. We cannot compare one mystery with another, for all are alike to us inconceivable. Every fact which is revealed implies the existence of related facts that are hid from our view. Still it must be remembered that although these related facts may continue unrevealed, what we do know and believe, we know and believe *truly*. We know in part, but the reality and value of the

knowledge we do possess are not affected by the mysteries yet remaining. The doctrines of Scripture illustrate the same truth. Thus, in believing that there are three Persons in the Godhead, we are not believing a mystery, but a revealed fact. True, we cannot admit this fact without admitting that there must be many facts which are unrevealed. Could they be revealed to us, then we should be able to explain *how* three persons can be one God. So we believe the fact of the Divine foreknowledge, but the *how* is not revealed to us. *It is not the mystery we are required to believe, but the facts which imply the existence of the mystery.** Mysteries there are in connection with every subject of human inquiry, and most gladly do we admit the fact. With Mr. Mansel we believe that intellectually, not less than morally, the present life is designed to be a preparation for the great future life. It is good for the intellect to push its inquiries, to ask the *why*, and even the *why of the why*, until it reaches the facts which our Creator intends to be ultimate to us now and here. It is good that human reason should realise that inexplicable facts there are, and be compelled to accept them on God's authority alone, *or cease to be rational.* Philosophy herself shows how perfectly absurd it is for the sceptic to reject any of the doctrines of Scripture, because in admitting them we must admit the existence of other facts respecting which we can only say that they are mysteries. Inexplicable facts meet us everywhere. It has been well said that "every truth which is known to us is only a luminous point, encircled with a border of shadow, and even the most familiar and clearest objects of thought give rise to questions which the human intellect is utterly unable to answer." That truly Christian philosopher,

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* On this point some admirable observations are to be found in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* for January, 1862. The writer of the article fails, however, in his attempt to distinguish between the provinces of knowledge and belief. Indeed, he identifies them, and says explicitly, that "it is wrong to *believe* anything that we do not *know* to be *true*." Calderwood and Young make the same mistake. There is a sense, though not the one affirmed by these writers, in which knowledge may be said to constitute a necessary condition of belief, viz.—*the knowledge that an object is possible.* We must first know that an object is *possible*, or we cannot on any testimony, human or Divine, believe that it is *actual.* If the notion of infinity really involves contradictory elements, as Mr. Mansel says it does, then such are the laws of thought that it is impossible to believe that God is infinite. Nothing has surprised us more than Mr. Mansel's assertion, that if a positive conception of an absolute being is possible to man, then the conception as stated by Hegel is the true one. If we accept Hegel's definition, and yet agree with Mansel that we are bound to believe in the existence of God as infinite and absolute, then are we required to believe not merely what is above our reason, but what is *contrary to it.* Mr. Mansel does not perceive that we must *conceive* an object to be *possible* as one condition of *believing* it to be *actual.*

the late Dr. George Wilson, of Edinburgh, was wont to say that "the difficulties in human speculation are like knotted cords let down from heaven. We can hold the cord and feel the knots, but we must have *both ends* of the cord before we can undo these knots." "*For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.*"*

We had intended in this connection to trace out the results of another of Mr. Mansel's errors, but our space is gone. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a statement of the error in question. Mr. Mansel says repeatedly that our affirmations relating to the Divine attributes, affirmations conditioned upon God's own testimony, are nothing but *analogical judgments*, not judgments of *identity* or *similarity*. Hence we are not warranted in supposing that even the revealed attributes of God are the same *in kind* as the attributes of which we ourselves are conscious. The question relates not to the *manifestations* of God's attributes, but to their nature. This important distinction Mr. Mansel fails to recognise. Our judgments relating to the *manifestations* of the Divine attributes may be analogical, but not those relating to the attributes themselves. Analogical judgments are always conditioned upon judgments of identity or similarity. How Mr. Mansel could fail to perceive this, we cannot understand. His own statement of the nature of analogical reasoning, given in the appendix to the "*Artis Logicæ Rudimenta*," by Aldrich, is the best we have seen. He rightly contends that an analogical judgment refers to "*a similarity of relations.*" Strange that he should fail to see that this implies the judgment that *the related objects themselves* must be identical or similar in one or more respects.

Finally, a true philosophy reveals the falsity of all theories of causation which either deny or overlook the fact of origination.

What is the nature of the relation which exists between cause and effect? Merely to affirm that every effect must have a cause is really to determine nothing, unless we have first ascertained the precise objects of which the terms cause and effect are the symbols. *An effect* is something which *begins to be*. The term *cause* has a twofold application. Strictly and properly it can be predicated only of an intelligent being. *A cause* is *an agent*, a spiritual being who originates something. We are conscious that we are agents or causes. Our volitions are all originated by us. Here and

* 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

here only is the fact of origination presented to us. Hamilton maintains that we are unable to conceive a commencement, though, since we affirm our accountability for acts of will and their perceived sequents, we must admit the fact of origination. But the fact itself is not only inexplicable, but inconceivable. In this we cannot agree. Hamilton does not perceive so clearly as Mansel that we cannot be conscious of volition without being conscious of ourselves producing or originating our volitions. Beyond the sphere of will we can determine the existence of effects not immediately, but only *mediately*, or through volition. What we cannot accomplish by one or more volitions is altogether beyond the sphere of our agency. Thus the movement of my hand is an effect possible to me, but only mediately or through an act of will. I can move the hand only by willing to move it. In this case volition is said to be a necessary condition of the existence of the effect. This *condition* is often called a cause, but it is not a cause in the strict sense of the term. It is not difficult to see why the conditions of the existence of an effect are termed causes. The relation between a condition of an effect and the effect itself is assumed, rightly or wrongly, to be similar to the relation existing between an agent or cause in the strict sense, and his volitions. Thus in the case referred to I may say that my volition caused the movement of the hand. But this is cause only in the secondary application of the term. *I*, the *agent*, am the real cause of the effect, while my volition is simply a condition, a something without which I could not give existence to the effect. These two senses of the word cause must be most carefully distinguished. Nearly all philosophers confound them. Hamilton's definition of cause is in reality the definition of a condition and not of cause in its strict and primary application. He does not distinguish between the agent and the conditions, without which the agent could not produce the effect. With Hamilton the agent is a condition of the effect and nothing more. He says that a cause is simply anything without which the effect would not result. Hence his doctrine of a plurality of causes [concauses] for every effect. On this subject Dr. Reid's statements are, so far as we are aware, much nearer the truth than those of any other writer.

The term power also has a twofold application. It is predicated of both agents and conditions. Mr. Mansel has, unfortunately, been misled on this point by his doctrine of negative ideas. He maintains that when power is predicated of a mere condition of an effect, the notion is purely negative.

In reference to this application of the term power, some invaluable remarks will be found by Professor John Wilson, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, July, 1836.

Though we admit that some of the difficulties connected with the problem of causation are yet unsolved, we are warranted in affirming—1. That a true philosophy must reject every hypothesis relating to causation which does not include the element of *origination* in the phenomenon to be explained. Hamilton examines six of these theories, and rejects them all. His own hypothesis, we are obliged to confess, is open to the very objection which he brings against that of Hume and Brown. "He accommodates the phenomenon to be explained to his attempt at explanation, and quietly eviscerates the problem of its sole difficulty" by omitting the important element of origination.*

2. That the great law of causation usually expressed thus, "*Every effect must have a cause*," has no reference whatever to the mere conditions of the existence of effects, but relates exclusively to cause in its primary and strict signification. The judgment, "*Everything which begins to be, has been produced, originated, or determined to exist, by some intelligent being*," is not only true, but self-evidently and necessarily true. No rational and honest mind can ask for proof of this truth. It is one of those great truths which lie at the basis of all reasoning and of all thought. It may be denied in words, but it is always mentally admitted by every sane mind. Hence in the presence of certain conditions the mind affirms God's existence as First Cause, and this affirmation is accompanied by such a conviction of certainty, that we feel that it would be quite as irrational to doubt the existence of God as it would be to doubt the existence of our fellow-men.

It should also be observed that the mind demands *an agent* for every perceived effect, and not a cause in the sense of a condition. We are conscious that until the agent is reached, no explanation of any mere condition can be accepted as accounting for the existence of the effect. "Those reasoners are in great mistake," says Dr. Adam Ferguson, "who think to supersede *the existence of mind and Providence*, by tracing the operations of nature to their physical causes," that is, to their conditions.

We regard it as no small service which philosophy thus renders to Christianity by demonstrating the utter irrationality of Atheism, Pantheism, and every other form of

* *Discussions on Philosophy, &c.* Appendix I.

unbelief. It shows clearly that infidelity can originate, not in man's intellectual convictions, but only in the depraved desires of his heart. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God."* "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse: because that, when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful, but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools."†

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* Psalm xiv. 1. † Romans i. 20—22.

ART. III.—*Lives of Indian Officers; illustrative of the History of the Civil and Military Services of India.* By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE. In Two Volumes. Strahan and Co. London. 1867.

IN the Introduction to his Lectures on Roman History Niebuhr says that old Rome and England have this in common, that their histories exhibit the greatest characters, achievements, and events, as they were developed through the whole life of a people whose maturity kept all the promises of its infancy. "In modern history the English alone have had a career like that of the Romans. In a cosmopolitical point of view, therefore, these two histories must ever remain the most important ones."

This is saying a great deal, but it is not an exaggeration. Spain once promised to be the great commercial and colonising country of the civilised world, but she was early wrecked upon the breakers of civil absolutism and religious intolerance. France protested that she would give liberty to the whole world, and has not even been able to retain it for herself; the crown has fallen from her brow, through the want of public spirit and self-devotion in the higher classes and the absence of the instinct of freedom in the masses. Russia has been a great conquering country, but her most important conquests have been made at the expense of her Christian neighbours, and are a very problematical benefit to the populations brought under her sway. Germany promises well, but the time for performance has not yet come; she is in her cradle as yet—a fine thumping baby only, with an intense enjoyment of the awakening sense of existence.

Our colonies make us like the Greeks of old, the more so that they spread our liberties abroad as well as our race and language: the part we play on the shores of all the oceans recalling that of the Greek colonies in the Mediterranean. It is our conquests, especially those of India and British America, together with the normal growth and expansion of our institutions at home and our power abroad, that make us like the Romans. It is remarkable how much our country has been indebted to the elder Pitt for its greatness. He did not, indeed, create the energies that he wielded so effectively, and it was our pre-existing institutions that put a man like

him at the head of the nation; but his administration gave us Canada, and contributed to the foundation of our Indian Empire. There is a striking contrast between feudal England, spending its best blood and its resources in vain during its struggle of a hundred years for the subjugation of a neighbouring Christian nation, and the England of Pitt, placing itself, during the comparatively short and unexhausting Seven Years' War in the conditions requisite for increasing greatness.

However, we must not fall into the illusion that we can give full scope to patriotic pride while retaining our humility as individuals. A nation consists of its members; and, when a nation in the course of its history has exhibited peculiarly honourable characteristics, its average individual members may fairly credit themselves with the possession of the same. We say this because there is something unwholesome in all forms of self-deception, and the man who forgets that to praise his people is to praise himself, is in danger of falling short of the sense of responsibility which should accompany his legitimate satisfaction in the powers and performances of his race.

The citizens of a self-governing country are members one of another, jointly and severally responsible for the acts—ay, and for the omissions—of their people. And, as real humility does not consist in denying the powers which have been confided to us, we may recognise with a feeling of satisfaction, the valour, the steadfastness, the wisdom, the integrity, the generosity that Englishmen have shown in the East, and feel ourselves honoured by the fact that we belong to such a people. But if we are to give admittance to such feelings, we must be equally ready to take shame to ourselves for every occasion on which our countrymen have been wanting in justice and in mercy; and we must feel responsible for the future. Moreover, if our age of growing democracy is to be a healthy one, we must have done for ever with the fiction that a nation is an abstract entity acting upon principles different from the standard of right and wrong recognised by its members individually.

We are happy to be able to quote from the work before us the following true and weighty words of Sir Charles Metcalfe on this last subject. They are taken from an official paper, written when he was lieutenant-governor of the North-Western Provinces:—

"Several questions have lately occurred, in which our interests and those of other powers and individuals are at variance, and in

the decision of which we are likely to be biassed by regard for our own benefit, unless we enter with a liberal spirit into the claims and feelings of others, and make justice alone the guide of our conduct. . . . In all these cases the right on our part to come to the decision apparently most beneficial for our own interests, seems to me to be doubtful. Had our right been clear, I should be far from having any desire to suggest its relinquishment. But when the right is doubtful, when we are to be judges in our own cause, when, from our power, there is little or no probability of any resistance to our decision, it behoves us, I conceive, to be very careful lest we should be unjustly biassed in our own favour, and to be liberal only in examining the claims and pretensions of other parties. The Christian precept, 'Do as you would be done by,' must be right in politics as well as in private life; and even in a self-interested view we should, I believe, gain more by the credit of being just and liberal to others, than by using our power to appropriate to ourselves everything to which we could advance any doubtful pretension."

When the principle of this Christian statesman shall have met with universal recognition, and the nations feel that the doing as we would be done by is right in politics as in private life, then, and then only, will they have emerged from barbarism. Individually, we are no longer savages; conflicts between man and man are no longer decided by mere personal strength, but there is no place for human societies, no common tribunal, no arbiter except brute force. Collectively, we are yet in the state of what Bacon called "wild justice." For ages we had the Pope for Umpire, and he showed himself prejudiced, interested, and weak. Since the Reformation the absolute governments of the Continent have taken upon them the responsibility of the order and peace of the world, and they have acquitted themselves of the task at least as iniquitously as the popes. It is surely time for the nations as such to learn the restraints of civilisation, time for the world to unite in imposing them upon unruly powers. We have learned that public faith is as sacred as private honour; the next lesson must be, that violence committed by a nation is as really unrighteous as that of the individual garroter.

It will be said that Sir Charles Metcalfe's principle is Utopian; that it would make all conquests illegitimate, and involve the renunciation of all foreign possessions, since it would be wrong to keep what it was wrong to take. We confess that it would forbid all forcible appropriation of countries already within the pale of Christian civilisation, but it would not have forbidden the greatest part of the conquests which

were forced upon the East India Company against its will by the aggressions and the perfidy of native governments, still less would it forbid the retaining possessions which we administer with an honest concern for the material well-being and moral development of races which have not yet union or discipline to govern themselves. The same analogy which binds us to respect some nations as our fellows, justifies us in treating others as criminals, and others again as children.

The history of British India is all the more genuine an illustration of the best features of our national character, that its heroes belonged essentially to the middle classes of these islands, and that they were left to work their way to eminence by their own exertions, and by the force of their own personal characters. Mr. Kaye, who is a zealous but not unfair apologist for the patronage-system of the Company, pleads this fact in its justification; he says it opened the gates of India to hardy young men, who looked forward to an honourable career, and looked back only to think of the joy with which their success would be traced by loving friends at home.

"The system could not have been very bad which produced a succession of such public servants as those who are associated with the history of the growth of our great Indian Empire, and as many others who in a less degree have contributed to the sum of that greatness. For the heroes of whom I have written are only representative men; and, rightly considered, it is the real glory of the Indian services, not that they have sent forth a few great but that they have diffused over the country so many good, public officers, eager to do their duty, though not in the front rank. Self-reliance, self-help, made them what they were. The 'nepotism of the Court of Directors' did not pass beyond the portico of the India House. In India every man had a fair start and an open course. The son of the chairman had no better chance than the son of the Scotch farmer or the Irish squire. The Duke of Wellington, speaking of the high station to which Sir John Malcolm had ascended after a long career of good work accomplished and duty done, said that such a fact 'operated throughout the whole Indian service, and the youngest cadet saw in it an example he might imitate—a success he might attain.' And this, indeed, as it was the distinguishing mark, so it was the distinguishing merit of the Company's services; and there grew up in a distant land what has been rightly called a great 'monarchy of the middle classes,' which, it is hoped, for the glory of the nation will never be suffered to die."

This is all true, and that the peculiar position of the Court of Directors should have been used by them for the advance-

ment of their own families and connections cannot be treated as an abuse. It was legitimate and inevitable, nay, they must be admitted to have shown wisdom, public spirit, and self-restraint in allowing their influence to be so little felt after the first appointment. It does not, however, follow that the change from the system of private patronage to that of competitive examinations was not a step in advance. The former system was an accidental selection of young men, upon the whole fair representatives of the average of their class; some of them have shown themselves great men, equal to any emergency, and capable of every trust; altogether, they have done honour to their country, and proved Englishmen to be emphatically the imperial race of the modern world. The competitive system, on the other hand, is a selection of young men from the entire body of the middle classes, and that determined by their ability and industry. It is obvious that whatever difference there may be between the men furnished by the two systems must be to the advantage of the latter; moreover the number of young men of spirit and culture required for India is now much larger than it used to be, and the task of governing this immense population and supplanting as much as possible its imperfect civilisation by a better, is more difficult and delicate than that of conquest.

That family traditions were an element of success in the old services cannot be doubted. Men went out to India in those days as to a land with which they had been made familiar from childhood by stories told at the fireside; a land where fathers, uncles, cousins, had earned wealth and distinction. But we need not lose this advantage now that there is a growing acquaintance with Indian history and Indian questions in a wider circle than before. Every educated English family should take a real interest in these teeming and so strangely mingled peoples, who have been imposed upon us as our pupils, when we thought not of it, by the providence of God. Mr. Kaye's own conscientious labour, both in the volumes before us, and in his previous valuable contributions to Indian history, have done much to increase this interest, which, it is to be hoped, will become universal and hereditary.

It is a strange, almost a startling thing to say, yet we are persuaded that, but for India, we should not be fully conscious of our own powers, still less would the world at large be cognisant of them. The regular British army is not organised nor generally employed in such a way as fully to bring into evidence the genius and the heroism that are latent in so many heads and hearts of any large body of English

soldiers. The system of purchasing commissions, held as it is in check by that of seniority, and modified by the influence of patronage in high places, serves upon the whole to give our army gentlemen for officers. This is certainly an advantage; no military men in the world have more self-respect, are more above vulgarity, meanness, and cowardice in every shape. But it is doing this system no injustice to say that it effectually provides against a large supply of able generals; it makes sure that the best men will not be in the best places, except on rare occasions. The highest talents, the most enthusiastic enterprise, the greatest devotion to his profession and to his country, will not raise a man in the prime of life to the place where he is most wanted, even in critical times, unless he happen to possess also money and interest. It is true, if he has a tough constitution, he may become a general at between seventy and eighty, but every specimen of respectable mediocrity with a good stomach has the same chance. We may be always sure of having brave soldiers to fight our battles, but are by no means as sure of active and able commanders.

So far as our military efficiency and reputation have escaped the consequences of this system, we owe it to India. The marshal's bâton, which every French soldier is said to carry figuratively in his cartouche box, fires his imagination, and nerves his arm; our very officers have no such talisman, but the Indian cadet had it, or, at least, its equivalent. The system of seniority also prevailed in the Company's service, and often did hinder men from rising to high command until they had lost their capacity for it; but, as the circumstances of our Indian Empire sometimes obliged civilians to become soldiers, so they occasionally called soldiers to a mixed political and military life, which enabled young men of talent and ambition to put themselves forward, show what was in them, and break through the trammels of ordinary regimental promotion by some irregular command, some service extemporised in the hour of danger.

It was India gave us Bob Clive; and, practically, it was India gave us Arthur Wellesley. It is certain that Wellesley's family interest, together with his own merits, would have raised him to a high rank in the British army before his fiftieth year, even if he had never seen Seringapatam, or fought the battle of Assaye; but—here is the great point—*he would never in that case have risen to command the armies of England in time for the Peninsular war.* Even as it was, with the brilliant reputation Wellesley brought from India, and

the popularity it gave him, we know how near he was to being superseded by Sir Harry Burrard at Vimiera. But it was the style of Wellington's early victories that encouraged the British Government to persevere in the Peninsular war; and, but for the struggle in Spain, it is probable that Alexander would never have broken with Napoleon. In short, without drawing out in detail the chain of probabilities or possibilities, we may assume that the whole history of the nineteenth century would have been other than it has been, if two campaigns in India had not given Wellesley the confidence of his countrymen!

India sent us the right man when we had to struggle for the independence of Europe and our own political existence. Alas, where were the rough-and-ready soldiers of India in the Crimean war? We know from Mr. Kaye's pages that John Nicholson was all ardour to go there, notwithstanding the annoyance and opposition that, as a Company's officer, he was sure to encounter from military pedants. The mismanagement which our leaders displayed at the siege of Sebastopol made the valour our soldiers had displayed at the Alma, and at the terrible field of Inkermann, to be forgotten; and once more, it was the heroic struggle in India, and its reconquest, that restored our prestige. "How different from the Crimea," was the exclamation we once heard from a circle of foreigners when the stories of Lucknow and Delhi reached them. They were in some degree mistaken and unjust, but this was inevitable; the *dilettante* training of the more aristocratical officer, however brave, made him suffer in comparison with the earnest Anglo-Indian.

Mr. Kaye observes that he has taken the subjects of his biographies in a nearly equal proportion from the three great national divisions of the British Empire: "Cornwallis, Metcalfe, Martyn, and Todd, were Englishmen, pure and simple. Malcolm, Elphinstone, Burns, and Neill were Scotchmen. Pottinger and Nicholson were Irishmen. Ireland claims also Henry Lawrence as her own, and Arthur Conolly had Irish blood in his veins." He also drew them from the three presidencies, and from nearly every branch of the service, so that he is justified in saying, "It little mattered whence a youth came, or whither he went, or to what service he was attached; if he had the right stuff in him, he was sure to make his way to the front." It may be added that, as far as the accident of birth goes, the distribution between our three national divisions is indeed nearly equal; but, if the more important fact of race be considered, then the above-named

representatives of Ireland all belong to Anglo-Saxon lineages. Arthur Conolly, who was born in London, was the only genuine Irish Celt in this gallery of heroes. He was, however, one of the purest and most attractive characters among them, and the land of his extraction may be proud of him.

The first volume appropriately begins with the life of Lord Cornwallis, the nobleman who first effected, though Clive had the merit of attempting, the reformation of Anglo-Indian morality, public and private. He purified the official atmosphere by prevailing upon the Company at once to grant sufficient salaries to their servants, and to prohibit inexorably all private trade, and all pecuniary profit from the opportunities of official position. From this time forward the old reign of oppression, extortion, and corruption, "the power of civilisation without its mercy," was over. Lord Cornwallis was a great legislator as well as a reformer; his regulations of 1793, drawn up with the assistance of Mr. Barlow, and submitted to the approval of Sir William Jones, were a code of written laws, regulating the entire internal management of the country under English rule, and conferring upon it the benefits of as much European wisdom and benevolence as was compatible with a due regard for the character of native institutions.

The other eleven biographies belong essentially to three periods: that of the Mahratta wars, earlier and later, with the great extension of empire connected with them; that of exploration, individual heroism and suffering at the time of the struggle in Affghanistan; and that of the great Sepoy rebellion.

"Experience has shown," says Mr. Kaye, "that the soldier statesmen of India have ever been more moderate in counsel, and more forbearing in act, than her civil rulers." Clive himself, in a letter to the Court of Directors, September 30th, 1765, expresses his earnest hope that the Company's assistance, conquests, and possessions may ever remain confined to Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. To ascend higher up the great valley of the Ganges, as some had already aspired to do, was, in his eyes, a scheme "extravagantly ambitious and absurd."

At a later period, 1804, Malcolm protested strenuously against what he regarded as Lord Wellesley's usurpations in Central India, though the Governor-General was his patron, and the man for whom, above all others, he had hitherto felt the sincerest admiration and devotion; this was, indeed, an exertion of public virtue, as Mr. Elphinstone justly pro-

nounced it, "such as few men of the sternest character could have attained to."

Of all the Governors-General who thrust greatness upon the unwilling merchants of Leadenhall Street, extending their empire and lowering their dividends, Lord Wellesley was the most ambitious and able; and, circumstances aiding, his administration was the most momentous in the whole range of Indian history. It not only determined great and immediate extension of empire in the south and centre, but also introduced such complicated relations with native princes, and so increased our points of contact with native interests and policy, as to become an indirect cause of subsequent conflicts, and of aggrandisements which less ambitious Governors were obliged to effect.

After all, Lord Wellesley's policy is hardly to be regretted. It only hurried on a process that was already inevitable. Our merchants had been compelled to become princes in order to trade with safety; they were now compelled to become conquerors in order not to be supplanted by the French, or crushed by capricious or unprincipled neighbours. They had to do with princes who were so many spoiled children, inconstant, cruel, perfidious, devoid of all care for their subjects, of all feelings of honour, and of all self-control. With such neighbours, and these under the influence of European intrigue, it was vain to hope for durable peace; the Company was condemned to be for ever enlarging its borders, or to be driven from the country. A man may content himself once or twice with disarming a bravo who has set upon him, sword in hand; but if the attack be perpetually renewed he must either run the assailant through the body, or else let himself be killed. Thus the Company had no practical choice between annihilation and an extension of territory only to be limited by the natural boundaries of India. They were obliged to extend their sway to the Himalayas and to the Indus, just as the French, so late as last September, were forced to annex the three western provinces of lower Cochin-China, which they had wished to leave to the natives.

On the whole, the result has been such as the friends of mankind can hardly mourn over, as far as regards the past, and for the future there is everything to hope. England has been slow to feel her responsibilities towards India; a first generation of adventurers were utterly cruel and selfish, and even at the present day members of Parliament are unwilling to take the trouble of informing themselves upon questions bearing upon the weal of the tens of millions that they

govern; yet for the last hundred years, from Lord Clive's first essay at reform in 1765 to the present hour, every generation of Englishmen in India has been improving in its sense of our duties towards the natives of the country. Even so far back as 1813, Charles Grant the younger—afterwards Lord Glenelg—made an eloquent appeal to the House of Commons, on the rights and interests of our Indian subjects. On the renewal of the Company's charter in 1833, they gave up the semblance of trade, and became a purely political body, mainly with a view to the responsibilities of their position as rulers of a vast empire. The final transfer of this empire to the Crown in 1858, was an additional guarantee that this immense population would be governed with a single eye to their welfare; and, in reality, no Government in Europe has a more genuine zeal for the material well-being and for the culture of its own people, than that of our Indian officers and magistrates for those of the distant peoples under their rule. Our government in India is absolute, since every check upon it has been imposed by ourselves, yet it is more liberal than that of France at this moment. For India has a free press, and every Indian who has a grievance against a British magistrate may prosecute him in a court where he is sure of receiving impartial justice. It is an equivocal matter for self-congratulation, but it is a fact that the English rulers in India began to concern themselves about schools before the home Government did so much for our own people.

None but the initiated can fully understand the labours our representatives have had to go through. As Mr. Kaye justly says, to govern a people aright, it is necessary to understand them aright. And it is anything but an easy matter to understand aright a people, or, rather, a congeries of peoples, differing from us, and frequently from each other, in language, religion, political institutions, and social usages; least of all is it easy when these communities are to the last degree jealous and exclusive, and both suspicious and resentful of the approaches and inquiries of strangers. There was a mixture of good and evil in the complicated native methods of administration; and, above all, there was such an accumulation of rights and privileges derived from different sources and maintained by different tenures, that it demanded cautious treading, on the part even of the wisest and the justest, to avoid crushing some of them under foot.

How our administrators set themselves to the task may be seen in the life of Mountstuart Elphinstone. When appointed

Governor of the districts ceded by the Peishwah, in 1818, he wrote to a friend: "We are learning the late system of justice, police, and revenue, and considering what it suits us to establish in its room. In the meantime, as events will not wait until we have finished our deliberations, we are carrying on the government on such principles as the studies alluded to suggest. All this occupies much time and labour. There are five of us belonging to the commission, and all our hands are full all day."

Mountstuart Elphinstone was but one of the most eminent among a whole circle of like-minded fellow-labourers, and the impression which he, and such as he, produced upon the minds of educated and intelligent natives appears in the address of a native committee, headed by the Rajah of Sattarah, upon Elphinstone's departure from Bombay in 1827: "Until you became Commissioner in the Deccan, and Governor of Bombay, never had we been able to appreciate correctly the invaluable benefits which the British dominion is calculated to produce throughout the whole of India. But having beheld with admiration for so long a period the affable and encouraging manners, the freedom from prejudice, the consideration at all times evinced for the interests and welfare of the people of this country, the regard shown to the ancient customs and laws, the constant endeavours to extend amongst them the inestimable advantages of intellectual and moral improvement, the commanding abilities applied to insure permanent ameliorations in the condition of all classes, and to promote their prosperity on the soundest principles, we have been led to consider the British influence and government as the most competent and desirable blessing which the Supreme Being could have bestowed on our native land."

Macaulay, in his essay upon Clive, quotes a Mahometan historian who speaks of the first English conquerors of Bengal in these terms: "It must be acknowledged that this nation's presence of mind, firmness of temper, and undaunted bravery are past all question. They join the most resolute courage to the most cautious prudence; nor have they their equals in the art of ranging themselves in battle array, and fighting in order. *If to so many military qualifications they knew how to join the arts of government, if they exerted as much ingenuity and solicitude in relieving the people of God as they do in whatever concerns their military affairs, no nation in the world would be preferable to them, or worthier of command*" (the italics are ours). "But the people under this dominion groan everywhere, and are reduced to poverty and distress. O

God! come to the assistance of Thine afflicted servants, and deliver them from the oppressions which they suffer."

A hundred years have elapsed since the times described by this honest Moslem, and, were he now alive, we might, with pardonable pride, challenge him to say if the condition he laid down to prove us the nation worthiest of command has not been performed. We have not yet done everything that may be done, there is as yet but a bare instalment of the great works necessary for the irrigation of the upper valley of the Ganges, and there are abuses connected with the forced culture of opium and indigo, and—what is a less grievance to a staunch Mussulman—our missionary staff is sadly and shamefully inadequate to the wants of the country; but the people who have given India Governors-General like Lord William Bentinck and Sir John Lawrence, and rulers and organisers of immense tracts like Elphinstone, Malcolm, Metcalfe, and Sir Henry Lawrence, this people have been benefactors to India. We may, with George Canning, in 1805, say, "There cannot be found in the history of Europe the existence of any monarchy, which, within a given time, has produced so many men of the first talents in civil and military life, as India has first trained for herself, and then given to their native country." The forty-three years that have passed since this utterance have made it even more true than it was, but we may add an assertion of still higher import. There is not a monarchy in Europe, the servants of which have within the same time shown so much solicitude for the material welfare and moral elevation of the population committed to their charge.

With what noble largeness of heart and mind did Sir Charles Metcalfe defend his liberation of the Indian press from State control during his short tenure of the Governor-Generalship in 1835, boldly maintaining the principle that all classes of the community have a right to the free expression of thought:

"If their argument," he says of his impugners, "be that the spread of knowledge may eventually be fatal to our rule in India, I close with them on that point, and maintain that, whatever may be the consequence, it is our duty to communicate the benefits of knowledge. If India could be preserved as a part of the British Empire only by keeping its inhabitants in a state of ignorance, our domination would be a curse to the country, and ought to cease. But I see more ground for just apprehension in ignorance itself. I look to the increase of knowledge with a hope that it may strengthen our empire; that it may remove prejudices, soften asperities, and substitute a rational

conviction of the benefits of our government; that it may unite the people and their rulers in sympathy, and that the differences which separate them may be gradually lessened, and ultimately annihilated. Whatever, however, be the will of Almighty Providence respecting the future government of India, it is clearly our duty, as long as the charge be confided to our hands, to execute the trust to the best of our ability, for the good of the people."

Sir Charles startled the Court of Directors; his great measure has to this day its detractors, but, as it has never been cancelled, it honours his country as it did honour to himself. It remains recognised by word and deed that England holds India in trust for the good of the people of India. The charge involves advantages for the trustee, but they are to be fairly earned.

As a pendant to this noble assertion of principle, we may put the labours of a Henry Lawrence in the Punjab and in Rajpootana, before the great Sepoy Rebellion. Striking off the most obnoxious taxes, equalising and moderating the assessment of the country, so that its burdens were reduced to one-fourth from what they had been under native rule; cutting canals, making roads, planting trees, opening new or repairing old irrigation works; assembling the heads of villages in order to reduce their customs to writing, and provide a simple code of laws to be administered by the most respectable men from their own ranks; riding thirty or forty miles a day for four months together; visiting prisons, inspecting the ventilation, washing, &c.; getting native princes to forbid suttee, infanticide, and child-selling; persuading them also to classify their prisoners, to separate men from women, great offenders from minor ones, and tried prisoners from untried. We see him founding English schools, extending vernacular education, educating Punjabees for the public service, for engineering, and surgical offices, &c. He could say of himself with truth: "I have been twice all round the Punjab, visiting every station, and staying at each a few days. I have not missed one. . . . It has been our aim to get as many natives of the Punjab as possible into office. . . . We wish to make the basis of our rule a light and equable assessment; a strong and vigorous though uninterfering police, and a quiet hearing in all civil and other cases. . . . We are striving hard to simplify matters, and bring justice home to the poor. . . . Whatever errors have been committed, have been, I think, from attempting too much—from too soon putting down the native system, before we were prepared for

a better." With all this, he tried to deal tenderly with the Sikh chiefs in their fallen fortunes, and to provide honourable employment for as many as could be brought into the service of the new Christian government, and he pleaded for the deserving among native soldiers as men having much the same feelings and the same ambition as Europeans.

No character in Mr. Kaye's first volume is more attractive in itself than that of the genial, buoyant, spirited, ambitious and devoted Malcolm, who has left his name to the natives of Malwah as a talisman to cure the fever and to secure loyalty. Many a European diplomatist might envy the ready-witted Indian statesman, who, when perplexed by an important point in a negotiation with Sikh envoys, caught at the news of the presence of tigers in the neighbourhood, seized his gun, ordered his elephant to be brought round, and returned in a few hours with the spoil of two tigers, and with his mind made up upon the point in question. How convenient it would have been to Signor Rattazzi, for instance, a few months ago, when closeted with the French Ambassador, could he have broken off the interview with a shout of "*baug! baug!*"

Sir Charles Metcalfe has, however, even higher claims than Malcolm upon the grateful memories of England and India. Of his courageous liberation of the press we have already spoken; but where would it be possible to find a nobler type of the high-minded Christian gentleman than in the Hyderabad Resident rescuing the Nizam and his country from the grasp of a great English banking-house, notwithstanding the disapprobation of Lord Hastings, then Governor-General? He at once saved a large population from the effects of a loan at a ruinous interest, and, by his own activity and vigilance, seconded by that of assistant English officers, put a stop to the multiplied extortions by which the Nizam's native agents were reducing their unfortunate fellow-countrymen to utter ruin and destitution.

Metcalfe's firmness and benevolence rested on the solid basis of genuine experimental piety. "If I am really the happy man you suppose me to be," he wrote to one of his most intimate friends, "I will tell you, as far as I know myself, the secret of my happiness. You will perhaps smile, for I am not sure that your mind has taken the turn that might induce you to sympathise. But be assured that I am in earnest. I live in a state of fervent and incessant gratitude to God for the favours and mercies which I have experienced throughout my life. The feeling is so strong that it often

overflows in tears, and is so rooted that I do not think that any misfortune could shake it. It leads to constant devotion and firm content; and, though I am not free from those vexations and disturbances to which the weak temper of man is subject, I am guarded by that feeling against any lasting depression."

At a time when none of his contemporaries questioned the security of our Indian Empire, this far-seeing statesman prophesied that it would one day be imperilled, perhaps overthrown by our own native army.

"Our hold is so precarious, that a very little mismanagement might occasion our expulsion; and the course of events may be of itself sufficient, without any mismanagement. We are, to appearance, more powerful in India now than we ever were. Nevertheless, our downfall may be short work; when it commences, it will, probably, be rapid, and the world will wonder more at the suddenness with which our immense empire may vanish, than it has done at the surprising conquest that we have achieved. The cause of this precariousness is that our power does not rest on actual strength, but upon impression. Our whole real strength is in the few European regiments, speaking comparatively, that are scattered singly over the vast space of subjugated India. That is the only portion of our soldiery whose hearts are with us, and whose constancy can be relied on in the hour of trial. All our native establishments, military and civil, are followers of fortune; they serve us for their livelihood, and generally serve us well. From a sense of what is due to the hand that feeds them—which is one of the virtues that they most extol—they may often display fidelity under trying circumstances; but in their inward feelings they partake more or less of the universal disaffection which prevails against us, not from bad government, but from natural and irresistible antipathy; and were the wind to change—to use a native expression—and to set in steadily against us, we could not expect that their sense of honour, though there might be splendid instances of devotion, would keep the mass on our side in opposition to the common feeling which, with one view, might for a time unite all India from one end to the other. Empires grow old, decay and perish. Ours in India can hardly be called old; but seems destined to be short-lived. We appear to have passed the brilliancy and vigour of our youth, and it may be that we have reached a premature old age. We have ceased to be the wonder that we were to the natives; the charm which once encompassed us has been dissolved, and our subjects have had time to inquire why they have been subdued. . . . Our greatest danger is not from a Russian power, but from the fading of the impression of our invincibility from the minds of the native inhabitants of India. The disaffection which would root us out abundantly exists; the concurrence of circumstances sufficient to call it into general action may at any time happen."

This prediction was made just twenty years before the great outbreak. The crisis Sir Charles anticipated has happened, and proved to be what he expected—an internal danger—a great military insurrection at a moment when the means of repression were far distant. But if his foresight reached to the beginning of the crisis, it did not see through to the end. That dread conflict was the signal not for the destruction of our power, but for its renewal. Instead of premature old age, the British empire in India has attained its second birth, with a prestige of invincibility greater than ever, no illusion of the native imagination, but its simple consciousness of the reality. The mind that has been awakened to see God in history, must interpret this wonderful renewal of our lease as an intimation from on high, that we are still to be intrusted with a mission of usefulness towards the immense and wretched, but in so many respects gifted, populations of India. If the nations were astonished at our sudden recovery of the great valley of the Ganges, even more than at its original conquest, our rule was surely intended to be a boon. The signal has run up to the masthead of the universe—ENGLAND IS EXPECTED TO DO HER DUTY. It may float in the wind unheeded by too many among us; the greater part of the most commanding minds may be carelessly and selfishly turned away, but there are eyes fixed upon that flag, and hearts that read its meaning, that try to call the attention of others, and set themselves to obey the high behest.

He that took the Empire of the seas from Spain and gave it to England; He that arranged the colonisation of North America, and Australia, and Southern Africa; He who has brought our influence to begin to bear upon the compact masses of China, and who is at this moment opening a way into the heart of Africa; He has given us India with a great purpose—a purpose of mercy to India, of honour and blessing to ourselves.

In those reminiscences of Rugby that we have all read with pleasure, Dr. Arnold is made to put a delicate and interesting boy under the special direction and protection of Tom Brown, in hope of steadying the young scapegrace. Now, Tom Brown is an eminently representative character; he is the Englishman all over, with his faults and follies, but also with his manly capacity for better things; and Supreme Wisdom and Benevolence has honoured us with a charge that is meant to do us good ourselves in the first instance if we take it in earnest, which only a few of us yet have begun to do.

This is certainly the greatest honour that can be put upon a nation. There has been thrust upon us the education, the redemption from false civilisation and false religion, of a hundred and eighty millions of the human family. No other nation has received or can receive such a trust, because there exists no other such field upon our planet except China, and the education of China is apparently to be effected by the common influence of all Christendom. There are two volumes in our past history such as no other nation can show. One of them is our parliamentary history. Other nations may adopt representative government, but, as Homer must remain the first poet in rank because he was the earliest in time, as Christopher Columbus can be rivalled by no future discoverer, as Copernicus and Newton must remain for ever the most eminent astronomers, so the Senate that was made illustrious by Sir John Eliot and his fellows under one dynasty, by the Pitts, Burke, Fox, Grattan, Sheridan, Canning, Brougham, Peel, Russell, Gladstone, under another, must retain to the latest ages precedency over every assembly in which the honour and the interests of nations are discussed.

The second volume of past history that can never have its like is the conquest of India. Rome took seven centuries to conquer the civilised world, and, except in the two first struggles with Carthage, she was far stronger than her adversary at the outset of every war. In India, on the contrary, the first, and therefore most important, steps towards conquest were made by a few adventurers at a distance of six months, as men journeyed at that time, from their native land, and hardly at all sustained by her power. In the sixteenth century a handful of Spaniards overthrew the magnificent empires of Mexico and Peru, but the victors were looked upon as superior beings, whereas the fifty-five thousand men Clive dispersed at Plassey were as civilised as the Spaniards of Cortes and Pizarro, and armed with all the appliances of so-called civilisation for the destruction of human life. As for the future, leaving out China for the reason already given, there is no new continent to offer any nation the opportunity of repeating the career of the English in India. There is no equivalent for the empire of the Mogul, imposing even in its decay, or for the politic and powerful sultans of Mysore, the hardy Mahrattas, the brave and warlike Sikhs.

Thus it has been given us to write two pages of the world's history that must remain unrivalled, and a third is before us requiring a higher order of excellency, patient labour, and unwearied self-devotion. Our engineers have to span broad

rivers, tunnel mountains, lay down the solid rail and thrilling wire across broad table-lands, through the tropical forest, and along the sultry valley—the rails the osseous, and the wires the nervous, system of the empire. Our economists and legislators have to calculate for the material well-being and comfort, the contentment and just reciprocal relations of immense multitudes, present and to come. Our ethnologists have to study the mysteries of the past, to reveal to the natives and to ourselves the secrets that can be wrung from their languages and traditions, from their arts and their very features, to teach the proud and exclusive Brahmin and the perhaps hard and ignorant Englishman, the fact of their blood-relationship. The professors in our Indian colleges, the missionaries in the city and in the village, have the hardest and highest task of all, the direct mental and moral training of these peoples, that they may become our equals, if possible, and, in any case, that they may become our debtors, placed under an obligation which is the greatest and most sacred binding upon any family of men.

As Mr. Kaye's volumes first appeared as a series of biographical papers in *Good Words*, it was natural that the life of so devoted a missionary as Henry Martyn, officially a chaplain in the service of the Company, should have a place among them. It is to be regretted, however, that the author in speaking of him should have more than once used the designations "priest," "priest of the Church of England," "Protestant priest." We believe that so decided an evangelical as Henry Martyn would himself have protested against a term logically involving the denial of the Saviour's all-sufficient atonement and intercession, however little this may be meant by some who use it. The despotism of Queen Elizabeth and the wish of the English Reformers to avoid giving offence have left the word a place in the formularies of the Church; it was thought to be but an inoffensive word; but the ritualistic party have taught us that words are never inoffensive, that where there is a priest there must in all consistency be an altar, and sacrifices, and absolution. Evangelicals cannot, unfortunately, drive the sacerdotal party from its *locus standi* in the Establishment, but they should resolutely abstain from all gratuitous and unofficial recognition of phrases and formulas of which the fatal influence has betrayed itself beyond recall.

The second volume is given to the lives of Burns, Conolly, Pottinger, and Todd, the heroes of travel and adventure in Central Asia and of the Affghan war, with Sir Henry Lawrence, Neill, and Nicholson, those great names of the mortal struggle

with the revolted sepoys. Havelock is doubtless omitted only because his services were already familiar to all minds, and Outram, because Mr. Kaye intends to write his memoirs separately.

A deep and romantic interest attends the adventures of the Affghan and Turcoman travellers, three of whom came to a violent, and the fourth to an untimely, end. Never was the English spirit of individual enterprise illustrated more heroically. It was apparently by detached bodies, headed by private adventurers, that the Saxons took possession of Britain. It was thus that Saxon and Norman conquered Ireland. Thus again the foundation of our Indian Empire was laid. When the organisation of our possessions left no longer room for so much unauthorised assumption of responsibility, the same quenchless energy found vent in these individual explorations of Central Asia, with or without official encouragement, in spite of every imaginable form of fatigue, danger, and privation. Eldred Pottinger, without any means of ascertaining the will of his superiors, volunteered to direct the defence of Herat, and directed it successfully, just as Butler was to do at Silistria, and Williams at Kars, by the sheer force of commanding intellect and imperial will. Had we not, some years ago, recalled Captain Sherard Osborn from China, private British enterprise would have gradually taken upon itself the practical government of that great country.

We suspect that some of the younger readers of *Good Words* who had not yet had opportunity to acquaint themselves with Burnes' *Travels*, Arthur Conolly's *Journey Overland*, Elphinstone's *Cabul*, Lady Sale's *Journal*, or Mr. Kaye's own *History of the War in Afghanistan*, and *The Sepoy War*, etc. etc., must have felt disappointed when at the most interesting moments Mr. Kaye breaks off with —"The story has been so often told before that it is needless to repeat it," or, "It would be vain to relate incidents which have already become matter of history." This is not to be imputed to our author as a fault; his two volumes are already bulky enough; he could not be expected to repeat over again facts that his own pen had already recorded; moreover, he really writes for that part of the public which has followed Indian affairs with interest, and possesses a general knowledge of them; in a word, he writes for the initiated, and it follows inevitably that the events best worth telling are precisely those which he feels obliged to pass over. It is much to be wished that a history of our Indian Empire were written for the young and for foreigners. Such a work should sup-

pose its readers ignorant upon its subject; it should abound in elementary explanation and picturesque detail, with as little technical matter as possible. Why should it not be added, in the interest of all readers, young and old, that we wish very much for the revival of the good old custom of accompanying the text of history with portraits of the principal personages?

In an article on the romance and reality of Indian life, written in 1844, Sir H. Lawrence says:—

"The quality variously designated romance or enthusiasm, poetry or ideality, is not to be despised as the mere delusion of a heated brain; but it is to be valued as an energy imparted to the human mind, to prompt and sustain its noblest efforts. We would urge on the young especially, not that they should repress enthusiasm, but that they should cultivate and direct the feeling. Undisciplined romance deals in vague aspirations after something better and more beautiful than it has yet seen; but it is apt to turn in disgust from the thousand homely details and irksome efforts essential to the accomplishment of anything really good, to content itself with dreams of glorious impossibilities. Reality, priding itself on a steady plodding after a moderate tangible desideratum, laughs at the aimless and unprofitable vision of romance; but the hand cannot say to the eye, 'I have no need of thee!' Where the two faculties are duly blended, reality pursues a straight rough path to a desirable and practical result; while romance beguiles the road by pointing out its beauties, by bestowing a deep and practical conviction that even in this dark and material existence there may be found a joy with which a stranger intermeddleth not—a light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

Doubtless, it was Lawrence's own experience that taught him the value of enthusiasm, even though the most glorious part of his career had yet to be run when he wrote as above; but his conviction of the necessity of combining romance and reality, sail and ballast, must have been strengthened by the examples of British daring, successful and unsuccessful, of which Central Asia had been the theatre during the twelve previous years.

Of the noble spirits who volunteered at their peril to become pioneers of English influence among the perfidious Afghans and the fanatical Oosbegs, Arthur Conolly exhibits perhaps the most beautiful and attractive character, the truest, tenderest, most unselfish nature, with that believing, adoring submission to the will of his heavenly Father which enabled him to bear without a murmur the blight that fell on his fondest early hopes, and sustained him through the last terrible scene in the market-place of Bokhara. In all the annals of Christian martyrdom there is nothing more touch-

ing than the story of Conolly comforting and encouraging his weaker brother in the starvation and filth of their prison, writing in his prayer-book a will to bid farewell to those he loved, and provide for one or two helpless dependants, then, refusing the offer of life on condition of apostasy, kneeling down before the grave dug in the open square, and stretching forth his neck to the knife that was reeking with the blood of Stoddart!

The Ameer of Bokhara, like Theodore of Abyssinia, insisted upon a letter from the Queen of England's own hand. Instead of that there came from Lord Ellenborough in October, 1842, a sort of official disavowal of Stoddart and Conolly, for it represented them as "innocent travellers;" but Mr. Kaye shows there is every reason to believe that the execution had taken place in the middle of the previous June, so that our unfortunate fellow-countrymen at least escaped the bitterness of seeing themselves disowned as false pretenders to the mission they had received. A proceeding such as this, weak, ungenerous and disingenuous, is a sad blot in the annals of English diplomacy. Did Lord Ellenborough expect to save the lives of our agents by leading the brutal and suspicious tyrant who had them in his power to suppose that they had been sent upon a mission which we did not dare to acknowledge? It was painful to be placed in circumstances in which we were really unable to protect our agents; but the prestige of England was all the more weakened, when to a temporary want of power there was added—in the face of these perfidious Mussulmans—the most evident insincerity. For nations, as well as individuals, honesty and manly truthfulness will ever be the best policy.

Conolly was unsuccessful, and therefore in the eyes of the vulgar he was but a visionary. There was nothing chimerical, however, in the attempt to persuade the Oosbegs to deprive Russia of all excuse for attacking them, by liberating the Russian subjects whom they held as slaves. The attempt was worth making, even failure was honourable, and success might have been attained were it not for our false policy in Afghanistan, and the disasters that followed. It would have been better, doubtless, if Conolly had confined himself at first to this Russian question, and said nothing about the liberation of the Persian slaves, because these latter were so numerous that the sacrifice would have been greater.

So far from being a one-sided enthusiast, Conolly was in advance of his generation when he felt that Russia was labouring under such strong provocation from her barbarous

neighbours, that it was impossible to deny her right to push forward to the rescue of her enslaved subjects, and the chastisement of the robber states which had swept them away. The fact is, a civilised empire cannot have barbarians for neighbours without occasions of conflict, the recurrence of which can only be effectually prevented by conquest. It is, therefore, in the nature of things that Russia should advance towards Hindostan. We must be prepared to see her a nearer neighbour in Asia than she has been.

Mr. Kaye somewhere intimates with great truth that we are always thinking either too much or too little about Russia. There are occasional panics, and then we relapse into indifference, and voluntarily shut our eyes to troublesome eventualities. It was during a time of exaggerated excitement, caused by the presence of Russian officers in the Persian territory as aiders and abettors of the siege of Herat, that Lord Auckland was drawn into his ill-advised interference in Afghanistan. And, let it be said here in passing, if the Court of Directors had appreciated Sir Charles Metcalfe, and left him possession of the Governor-Generalship, they would have escaped Lord Auckland and his disastrous policy. The wretched men whose bodies were strewn along the road from the market-place of Cabul to the Khyber pass, were ultimately, though indirectly, the victims of the Directors' narrowness of mind.

At the present moment we are in an extreme the opposite of that which prevailed thirty years ago. It is an understood thing that Russia has no evil intentions, or, if she has, that they can never be carried out. Now, it is certain that, sooner or later, we shall only be separated from Russia by the breadth of Afghanistan; and it is not too early to ask ourselves what should be done in such a conjuncture. We cannot believe that an immense military power, antagonistic to England in a great many respects, and aggressive on principle, could find herself within reach of the Indian frontier, without being strongly tempted to seize the opportunity if possible. No large army could be marched immediately, without long preparation, and the accumulation of stores of all sorts, from southern Siberia to the frontier of our empire; but men and magazines might be thus accumulated slowly and silently from station to station. In such a case, we believe, with Sir Henry Lawrence, that our true policy would not be to meet and seek the Russians, but rather to remain with lighted matches and fixed bayonets at the heads of the Khyber and Bolan passes, and let them destroy themselves in

trying to force them. The now projected tunnel under the Indus at Attock may one day be useful as a military road to the foot of the Khyber.

However, before such a crisis can arrive, we may be certain that a proud, fierce race like the Afghans, if we do not gratuitously force them into the arms of Russia, must find themselves in a state of antagonism towards a power so aggressive. They will have to maintain their own independence, and the question presents itself how far we may use them as a sort of advanced guard without giving up the advantage of our position on the great natural wall to the north-west of the Indus. It is not a question to be answered with certainty beforehand, but we have been much struck by the following suggestive observations of John Nicholson.

"I doubt whether Government is sufficiently alive to the importance of preserving Herat independent of Persia. We were madly anxious on the subject some years ago, but I fear we have now got into the opposite extreme, and that, because we burnt our fingers in our last uncalled-for expedition into Afghanistan, we shall in future remain inactive, even though active interference should become a duty and political necessity. The Russians talk much about the exercise of their 'legitimate influence' in Central Asia. When we cease to exercise any influence in a country so near our own border as Herat, I shall believe that the beginning of the cessation of our power in the East has arrived."

Nicholson speaks of the necessity of keeping the Persians out of Herat, but his reasoning would apply *à fortiori* to the keeping the Russians out of Candahar or Cabul. It will be for another generation to decide upon these matters; meantime, by taking Scinde and the Punjab, we have removed two possible enemies out of our way, advanced so much nearer to the Russian outposts, and taken possession of the natural ramparts of India. The appropriation of Oude has also removed a foreign body that, politically speaking, cut the valley of the Ganges in two.

We have not space for all the instructive and interesting matter that we would gladly cull from Mr. Kaye's valuable pages; but we cannot resist the temptation to make an extract from a letter of Herbert Edwards to John Nicholson, on hearing of Sir Henry Lawrence's death, and with it we shall unwillingly conclude.

"In the days when you and I first knew Henry Lawrence, he was, heart and soul, a philanthropist—he could not be anything else, and I believe truly he was much more, and had the love of God as a motive for the love of his neighbour. All good and sacred things

were precious to him, and he was emphatically a good man, influencing all around him for good also. But how much of the *man* there was left in him; how unsubdued he was: how his great purposes, and fiery will, and generous impulses, and strong passions raged in him, making him the fine genuine character he was, the like of which we never saw, and which gathered such blame from wretched creatures as far below the zero of human nature as he was above it. He had not been tempered yet, as it was meant he should be; and just see how it all came about. Cruelly was he removed from the Punjab, which was his public life's stage, and he was equal to the trial. His last act at Lahore was to kneel down with his dear wife, and pray for the success of John's administration. We, who know all that they felt, the passionate fire and earnestness of both their natures, her intense love and admiration of her husband, whose fame was the breath of her nostrils, and his indignation at all wrong, whether to himself or to a dog, must see in that action one of the finest and loveliest pictures that our life has ever known. Nothing but Christian feeling could have given them the victory of that prayer. What a sweet creature she was! In sickness and sorrow she had disciplined herself more than he had, and as they walked along their entirely happy way together, she went before, as it were, and carried the lamp; so she arrived first at the end of the journey, and dear, heart-broken Lawrence was left alone. All of trial must have concentrated to him in that one stroke, he loved her so thoroughly. But again, and for the last time, he had the necessary strength given him, and his character came slowly out of that fire, refined and sweet to a degree which we never saw in him before. I do so wish you had been with me and dear L——, and indeed all our old circle, who loved him so, to see him as I saw him at Lucknow. Grief had made him grey and worn, but it became him, like the scars of a battle. He looked like some good old knight in story. But the great change was in his spirit. He had done with the world, except working for it while his strength lasted; and he had come to that calm, peaceful estimate of time and eternity, of himself, and the judgment, which could only come of wanting and finding Christ. Every night, as we went to bed, he would read a chapter in the New Testament (out of the Bible she had under her pillow when she died), and then we knelt down by his bed, and he prayed in the most earnest manner, dwelling chiefly on his reliance on Christ's atonement, to which he wished to bring all that he had done amiss that day, so as to have nothing left against him, and be always ready; asking always for grace to subdue all uncharitableness, and to forgive others as he hoped to be forgiven himself. The submissive humility and charity of these prayers was quite affecting; and I cannot say how grateful I feel to have been led, as it were by accident, to see our dear chief in these last and brightest days of his bright and good career."

Truly we need not turn to bygone ages for Christian heroes: we have had them in our midst.

ART. IV.—*Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands, from* 1848 *to* 1861. *To which are prefixed and added Extracts from the same Journal, giving an Account of Earlier Visits to Scotland, and Tours in England and Ireland, and Yachting Excursions.* Edited by ARTHUR HELPS. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1868.

WE should not fulfil our duty as loyal subjects of our gracious Queen, if we did not take some part in those expressions of sympathy and delight which the appearance of her volume has called forth; neither should we do justice to our readers if we failed to place on record some estimate of the work, and to enrich our pages with a few of those passages, so simple and tender in their beauty, with which it abounds.

The volume is remarkable in many respects, and suggests many topics for study and observation. It will be convenient to arrange our remarks and quotations under two or three general heads.

I. In the first place, perhaps the most obvious characteristic of the book, and that which has most commended it to the English public, is its simplicity and thorough homeliness. It is difficult to remember, as one travels through its pages, that it depicts the private life and habits of the sovereign of the greatest empire in the world. Scarcely a word,—certainly only a passing allusion now and then,—indicates that the writer and her family had much more to do with the stir and bustle of politics, or the state and circumstance of a splendid court, than thousands of English households. Throughout the volume, the queen is lost in the woman. The wife, the mother, the friend, the kind and considerate mistress, the dispenser of wise and kindly charities; it is in such guise as this the authoress unconsciously portrays herself; and she loses nothing by dispensing with courtly and royal conventionalities. Who has not again and again felt the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, while reading some of the matters here related of "Albert," and "Vicky," and "Bertie," and the other members of that favoured and happy family, whose holidays were enjoyed with so keen a zest, and devoted to such innocent and healthful recreations? And who has not sighed to think of the cloud that has overshadowed all that brightness?

The earlier portion of the work records the chief incidents of

certain marine excursions to Scotland, and among the Western Isles. There is something of state and ceremony here; something remotely suggestive of those "royal progresses" which figure so conspicuously in the story of her Majesty's predecessor, Queen Bess. Yet Victoria, even amid the splendour of royal receptions and entertainments, has immensely the advantage of Elizabeth. We wonder whether the latter kept a diary of her slow, stately, cumbrous, and most costly excursions to the country mansions of her loving subjects. Assuredly, if she did, it contained nothing of that interest in common things, and that sympathy with common people, which give such a charm to these pages. The fresh young spirit of the then youthful authoress was alive to all beautiful and healthy impressions, and derived interest from all she saw. The running of the sailors up and down the shrouds of the royal ship, "at all times of the day and night;" the man carrying up the lantern to the maintop in his mouth; the close "mutch" caps of the old Scotch women; the barefooted girls and children, "with loose-flowing hair, a great deal of it red;" the oatmeal porridge, and the Finnan haddies; and a hundred little things of a like kind, are touched upon in a way indicative of a nature that cannot be sophisticated and spoiled; a disposition to be pleased, and to make the best of everything, which is the sure sign of a true and a pure heart. The most noteworthy feature of this first trip, was the reception given to the royal pair by Lord Breadalbane. It is minutely and somewhat elaborately described; her Majesty dwells with evident delight on the firing of the guns, the cheering of the great crowd, the picturesqueness of the dresses, the beauty of the surrounding country, with its rich background of wooded hills. "It seemed as if a great chieftain in olden feudal times was receiving his sovereign. It was princely and romantic." Then follows this note, striking the tenderest chords of our sympathies:—

"I revisited Taymouth last autumn, on the 3rd of October, from Dunkeld (*incognito*), with Louise, the Dowager Duchess of Athole, and Miss MacGregor. As we could not have driven through the grounds without asking permission, and we did not wish to be known, we decided upon not attempting to do so, and contented ourselves with getting out at a gate close to a small fort, into which we were led by a woman from the gardener's house, near to which we had stopped, and who had no idea who we were. We got out, and looked from this height down upon the house below, the mist having cleared away sufficiently to show us everything; and then unknown, quite in private, I gazed—not without deep emotion—on the scene of our

reception twenty-four years ago, by dear Lord Breadalbane, in a princely style, not to be equalled in grandeur and poetic effect. Albert and I were then only twenty-three, young and happy. How many are gone that were with us then! I was very thankful to have seen it again. It seemed unaltered. 1866."—P. 22.

The second visit was paid to Blair Athole; and this time, "Vicky" was of the party. At Dundee the civic authorities received the royal party on landing, and a great crowd of people gave them a vociferous welcome, but the young mother's interest in her little daughter is more beautiful than anything else in the picture:—

"Albert walked up the steps with me, I holding his arm, and Vicky his hand, amid the loud cheers of the people, all the way to the carriage, our dear Vicky behaving like a grown-up person, not put out, nor frightened, nor nervous. . . . About three miles beyond Dundee we stopped at the gate of Lord Camperdown's place; here a triumphal arch had been erected, and Lady Camperdown, and Lady Duncan and her little boy, with others, were all waiting to welcome us, and were very civil and kind. The little boy, beautifully dressed in the Highland dress, was carried to Vicky, and gave her a basket full of fruits and flowers. I said to Albert, I could hardly believe that our child was travelling with us, it put me so in mind of myself when I was 'the little Princess.' Albert observed that it was always said that parents lived their lives over again in their children, which is a very pleasant feeling. . . . We got out at an inn (which was small, but very clean), at Dunkeld, and stopped to let Vicky have some broth. Such a charming view from the window. Vicky stood and bowed to the people out of the window. There never was such a good traveller as she is, sleeping in the carriage at her usual times, not put out, not frightened at noise or crowds, but pleased and amused. She never heard the anchor go at night on board ship, but slept as sound as a top."—Pp. 46—48.

The third of these early excursions was entirely by sea, the two eldest children being of the royal party. Old Neptune does not seem to have been more ceremonious or forbearing to her Majesty than he usually is to the feeblest of her subjects. Both the Queen and the royal children suffered repeatedly from his rough handling, while the Prince Consort seems to have been a good sailor. Dartmouth, the Isles of Scilly (as the chief proprietor, Mr. Smith, resenting the *equivoque* implied in the "Scilly Islands," insists on calling them), Milford Haven (where the Queen drew a spirited sketch of a Welsh woman in one of the curious high-crowned men's hats), the Menai Straits, the Isle of Man, were all

touched at in succession, and a few words are given to each; words indicating a keen enjoyment of life, and of the beauties of nature. And then we have the royal party steaming through river and loch, now on board the "Victoria and Albert," now on board the "Fairy," gazing on the endless and varied beauties of the land of "the mountain and the flood;" her Majesty taking slight sketches of points especially interesting; "Albert" landing every now and then to shoot; and "the children enjoying everything extremely, and bearing the novelty and excitement wonderfully." At Inverary they were received by the Duke and Duchess of Argyll and others, "in true Highland fashion," the landing-place being all ornamented with heather. Here is a pretty sketch:—

"The pipers walked before the carriage, and the highlanders on either side, as we approached the house. Outside stood the Marquis of Lorn, just two years old, a dear, white, fat, fair little fellow, with reddish hair, but very delicate features, like both his father and mother; he is such a merry, independent little child. He had a black velvet dress and jacket, with a 'sporran,' scarf, and highland bonnet. We lunched at two with our hosts, the highland gentlemen standing, with halberds, in the room. We sent for our children, who arrived during luncheon time."—P. 81.

Then on board again, and sailing on, taking note of objects interesting for their beauty or their historical associations, and drinking deep draughts of pleasure, and so the tour through the western lochs and isles comes to an end, the Queen remarking:—

"I am quite sorry we shall have to leave our yacht to-morrow, in which we have been so comfortably housed, and that this delightful voyage and tour among the western lochs and isles is at an end—they are so beautiful, and so full of poetry and romance, traditions, and historical associations."—P. 87.

The second part of this delightful volume contains a description of the life—the holiday life—of the royal family of England, among the northern Highlands, after the Queen had selected Balmoral as a place suitable for that annual retirement from the public cares and occupations of royalty which must have been sorely needed, and which for many years was so keenly enjoyed. She does not specify the reasons which led to the selection of Balmoral; but we suspect that the uneasy life on board ship had come to detract from the pleasure of those marine excursions for which the earlier years of her married life were so famous; and, further, there

can be little doubt that the entire seclusion of Balmoral, the distance from railways, and the perfect contrast to the conventional and stately splendour of court life, had very much to do in influencing the selection; not to speak of the Prince's intense love of sport, especially the difficult, but exciting, sport of "deer-stalking," for which the neighbourhood afforded such splendid opportunities. The following passage from one of his letters to his cousin, shows how keenly he appreciated and enjoyed it:—

"Without doubt, deer-stalking is one of the most fatiguing, but it is also one of the most interesting of pursuits. There is not a tree or a bush behind which you can hide yourself. . . . One has, therefore, to be constantly on the alert in order to circumvent them; and to keep under the hill out of their wind, crawling on hands and knees, and dressed entirely in grey."—P. 35.

Moreover, the royal pair fell in love with the Highlanders almost at first sight: "they are such a chivalrous, fine, active people. Our stay among them was so delightful. Independently of the beautiful scenery, there was a quiet, a retirement, a wildness, a liberty, and a solitude, that had such a charm for us." Here, accordingly, for some fourteen successive years the royal family spent the weeks of early autumn, climbing the mountains, organising and accomplishing excursions to places of interest far and near, the Prince shooting, or building, or laying out the grounds, or taking Gaelic lessons from his attendants; the Queen sketching, or "working," or making the acquaintance of her humble neighbours, doing and receiving good. And so week after week the bright hours went all too quickly by, brimful of the finest pleasure, till as winter drew near, and the calls of inevitable duty grew loud and importunate, the dear home in the Highlands must be quitted, always with regret; a regret, on the Queen's part, deepening year by year, as the fruits of her noble and tasteful husband's skill and energy multiplied under her view. Here is a pleasant sketch of one of their strolls soon after they had entered upon Balmoral:—

"At a quarter past eleven we drove (the three gentlemen going in another carriage) to the road along which we went with Lord Portman the other day, and up to a small path, where I mounted my pony, Albert and the others walking. The lights were most beautiful, but the heat was overpowering, and the sun. We turned to the right, when out on the moors, where I got off and walked; and we seated ourselves behind a large stone, no one but Macdonald with us, who loaded the guns, and gave notice when anything was to be seen,

as he lay upon the ground. The gentlemen were below in the road; the wood was beat, but nothing came, so we walked on, and came down a beautiful, thickly-wooded glen, and, after a good deal of scrambling to get there, and to get up one side of the glen, we sat down again. We then scrambled over to the opposite side, where we again concealed ourselves; in this beat Albert shot a roe, and, I think, would have shot more, had they not been turned back by the sudden appearance of an old woman, who, looking like a witch, came along through the wood with two immense crutches, and disturbed the whole thing. Albert killed the roe just as she was coming along, and the shot startled her very much; she was told to come down, which she did, and sat below in the glen, motionless, having covered her head with her handkerchief. When two of the beaters came down and were told to take up the roe, they first saw the old woman, and started, and stared with horror, which was very amusing to see. I rode a little way afterwards, and then we seated ourselves behind a bush, in the rear of the wood, close to the distillery; but this beat brought nothing. Albert killed a young blackcock before we came to the second beat. We were home at a quarter past three o'clock." —Pp. 114, 115.

The book abounds with such sketches as this; for much of the life in the Highlands was spent out of doors; and we seem to tread on the elastic heather, to inhale its fragrance, and to thrill with the excitement of healthy activity upon the mountains in almost every page. The royal family had few sorrows of their own among these Highland scenes. But in September, 1852, the whole household was saddened by the news of the Duke of Wellington's death. The first announcement, which came by telegraph, was discredited, and the party at Balmoral started on one of the accustomed mountain rambles. On the way, the Queen suddenly missed her watch, which had been the gift of "the dear old Duke," and sent one of the keepers back to inquire for it. He returned with news that it was safe at home, but bringing a letter from Lord Derby, confirming the sad tidings of the nation's loss. We cannot but quote the following touching and true-hearted notice of the mournful event from Her Majesty's pen. Happy the monarch who has subjects that can be so trusted, happy the faithful and loyal servant of the Crown whose worth is so appreciated!

"God's will be done! The day must have come; the Duke was eighty-three. It is well for him that he has been taken when still in the possession of his great mind, and without a long illness; but what a *loss!* One cannot think of this country without 'the Duke,' our immortal hero!

"In him centred almost every honour a subject could possess. His position was the highest a subject ever had; above party, looked up to by all, revered by the whole nation, the friend of the sovereign; and *how* simply he carried these honours! With what singleness of purpose, what straightforwardness, what courage, were all the motives of his actions guided! The Crown never possessed, and, I fear, never *will*, so *devoted*, loyal, and faithful a subject, so staunch a supporter! To *us* (who, alas! have lost now so many of our valued and experienced friends, his loss is *irreparable*, for his readiness to aid and advise, if it could be of use to us, and to overcome any and every difficulty, was unequalled. To Albert he showed the greatest kindness and the utmost confidence. His experience and his knowledge of the past were so great, too; he was a link which connected us with bygone times, with the last century. Not an eye will be dry in the whole country.

"We hastened down on foot to the head of *Loch Muich;* and then rode home in a heavy shower to *Alt-na-Guithasach*. Our whole enjoyment was spoilt; a gloom overhung all of us."—Pp. 137, 138.

Gladder tidings, however, at other times, penetrated the mountain retreat. Thus, on September 10th, 1855, the royal household went almost wild with joy over the news of the fall of Sebastopol. A bonfire had been prepared the previous year when the false report of the reduction of the famous stronghold had arrived; and now, in a few minutes,

"Albert and all, the gentlemen, in every species of attire, sallied forth, followed by all the servants, and gradually by all the population of the village,—keepers, gillies, and workmen,—up to the top of the cairn. We waited, and saw them light it, accompanied by general cheering. The bonfire blazed forth brilliantly, and we could see the numerous figures surrounding it—some dancing, all shouting —Ross playing his pipes, and Grant and Macdonald firing off guns continually; while poor old François d'Albertançon lighted a number of squibs below, the greater part of which would not go off. About three-quarters of an hour after, Albert came down, and said the scene had been wild and exciting beyond everything. The people had been drinking healths in whisky, and were in great ecstasy. The whole house seemed in a wonderful state of excitement. The boys were with difficulty awakened, and when at last this was the case, they begged leave to go up to the top of the cairn.

"We remained till a quarter to twelve; and, just as I was undressing, all the people came down under the windows, the pipes playing, the people singing, firing off guns, and cheering—first for me, then for Albert, the Emperor of the French, and the 'downfall of Sevastopol.'"—Pp. 152, 153.

In September, 1853, the foundation-stone of the present splendid castle of Balmoral was laid by the Queen, and two

years afterwards it "seemed strange, very strange," to her to drive past, indeed through, the old house, to her new and beautiful abode. Twelve months afterwards she writes, with exquisite wifely pride and tenderness:—

"Every year my heart becomes more fixed in this dear Paradise, and so much more so now, that *all* has become my dearest Albert's *own* creation, own work, own building, own laying out, as at Osborne; and his great taste, and the impress of his dear hand, have been stamped everywhere. He was very busy to-day, settling and arranging many things for next year."—P. 158.

But perhaps the freshest and most interesting—certainly the most amusing—portions of the book are the accounts of what are playfully called three "Great Expeditions," in which the parties travelled *incognito*, and often were both conveyed and entertained in very primitive fashion. Indeed, to see royalty "roughing it," and so thoroughly enjoying the fun, is vastly entertaining, and puts to shame the caprices of many fastidious and "snobbish" tourists who would complain loudly of much that afforded endless amusement to the august excursionists before us. Thus:—

"About a mile from this was the ferry. There we parted from our ponies, only Grant and Brown coming on with us. Walker, the police-inspector, met us, but did not keep with us. He had been sent to order everything in a quiet way, without letting people suspect who we were; in this he entirely succeeded. The ferry was a very rude affair; it was like a boat or cobble, but we could only stand on it, and it was moved at one end by two long oars, plied by the ferryman and Brown, and at the other by a long sort of beam, which Grant took in hand. A few seconds brought us over to the road, where there were two shabby vehicles, one a kind of barouche, into which Albert and I got—Lady Churchill and General Grey into the other, a break—each with a pair of small and rather miserable horses, driven by a man from the box. Grant was on our carriage, and Brown on the other. We had gone so far forty miles, at least twenty on horseback. We had agreed to call ourselves *Lord and Lady Churchill and party;* Lady Churchill passing as *Miss Spencer*, and General Grey as *Dr. Grey*. Brown once forgot this, and called me, 'Your Majesty' as I was getting into the carriage; and Grant on the box called Albert 'Your Royal Highness,' which set us off laughing; but no one observed it."—Pp. 193, 194.

Then follows a very entertaining account of the night's stay at the hotel in Grantown, of the dinner, and next morning's breakfast, and General Grey bought himself a watch in a shop for £2.

Another expedition was undertaken the next year to Invermark and Fettercairn. Here they were startled by the noise of drums and fifes, and supposed that their secret had been betrayed. But on questioning the little maid at the Ramsay Arms, she replied, "It's jist a band," and said that it walked about in this way twice a week. "How odd!" remarks the Queen. During the night a "commercial" arrived, and was with difficulty kept out of the dining-room, which on ordinary occasions was the "commercial" room. He took tea with Grant and Brown, and asked, "What's the matter here?" to which Grant replied, "It's a wedding-party from Aberdeen." Pursuing their journey, they halted at a very small village, and the Queen, "Alice," and Lady Churchill, "went into the house of a tailor, which was very tidy, and the woman in it was most friendly, asking us to rest there, but not dreaming who we were." In Glen Muich, which was intended as a deer-forest for the Prince of Wales, the Prince Consort stayed behind to give some directions to Grant as to the planting, but suddenly added, "You and I may be dead and gone before that." "In less than three months, alas!" adds the Queen, "his words were verified as regards himself. He was ever cheerful, but ever ready and prepared."

On the "third great expedition," they found at the inn of Dalwinnie very short commons indeed.

"The inn was much larger than at Fettercairn, but not nearly so nice and cheerful; there was a drawing-room and a dining-room, and we had a very good sized bedroom. Albert had a dressing-room of equal size. Mary Andrews, a wardrobe maid, who was very useful and efficient, and Lady Churchill's maid had a room together, everyone being in the house; but unfortunately there was hardly anything to eat, and there was only tea, and two miserable starved Highland chickens, without any potatoes! No pudding, and no *fun;* no little maid (the two there not wishing to come in), nor our two people—who were wet and drying their things—to wait on us! It was not a nice supper; and the evening was wet. As it was late, we soon retired to rest. Mary and Maxted (Lady Churchill's maid) had been dining below with Grant, Brown, and Stewart, in the 'commercial room' at the foot of the stairs. They had only the remnants of our two starved chickens."—P. 226.

Once more, on the 16th of October, 1861, the party set forth, at twenty minutes to nine in the morning, and after a "glorious day," returned home by moonlight, "much pleased and interested with this delightful expedition." "Alas!" wrote the Queen in her journal as with a presentiment of what was so soon to come, "I fear our last *great* one!" and

then follows a line whose pathos no comment can enhance —"It was our last one—1867."

The third section of the work contains a few brief references to tours in England and Ireland, and yachting excursions. These are marked by the same simplicity and freshness, the same interest in all the objects that presented themselves, the same determination to be pleased, which are so conspicuous in the extracts which we have given above. There is a very pleasant account of the excursion down the English Channel in 1861. The Queen gave "Vicky" her lessons during this voyage. The scene in Mount's Bay must have been very lively:—

"Soon after our arrival we anchored; the crowd of boats were beyond everything; numbers of Cornish pilchard fishermen, in their curious large boats, kept going round and round us, and then anchored, besides many other boats full of people. They are a very noisy, talkative people, and speak a kind of English hardly to be understood."—P. 299.

Even so, your Majesty! But, with great submission, we make bold to say that the "kind of English" is more musical than most of our dialects, and that there are no other or more loyal hearts in all your Majesty's dominions than those which beat beneath the blue jerseys of the bronzed and humble fishermen of Mount's Bay.

II. Nothing is more interesting in this volume than the absence of self-consciousness, as it is called, on the part of the royal authoress. Without any intention to do so, she has drawn for us, both in the outpourings of her own heart, and in the description of her ways of life, the ideal of "a perfect woman, nobly planned." We do not think so much of the tender, and even "gushing" way in which she speaks of her husband and family, and of those scions of nobility whom she honoured with her friendship; though it certainly is delightful to see in the highest lady of the land so much of ardent and considerate affection. But the manner in which the Queen speaks of her dependants—even of the menials among them—and her allusions to her intercourse with the simple and primitive peasantry living round her highland home, are exemplary in the highest degree, and may be studied with much advantage by many in far inferior stations. She repeatedly names the personal attendants of the Prince Consort and herself, and generally to each name is attached some note expressive of the writer's esteem and consideration for the individual named, and for the family to

which he or she may have belonged. Here are a few instances, taken at random :—

"Now pensioned; promoted to gentleman porter in 1854. A very good servant; and a native of Galashiels."—P. 45.

"A very good man. His health obliged him to give up being a Jäger in 1848; he was then appointed a page, in which position he continued till he died, in November, 1865."—P. 58.

"A Jäger of the Prince's, who came from Fort Augustus in the West; he was remarkably tall and handsome. The poor man died of consumption at Windsor, in May, 1860. His eldest son was *attaché* to the British Legation in Japan. He died in 1866. The third son, Archie, is Jäger to the Prince of Wales, and was for a year with the beloved Prince."

"Head-keeper. He had been nearly twenty years with Sir Robert Gordon—nine as keeper; he was born in Braemar, in the year 1810. He is an excellent man, most trustworthy, of singular shrewdness and discretion, and most devotedly attached to the Prince and myself. He has a fine intelligent countenance. The Prince was very fond of him. He has six sons—the second, Aleck, is wardrobe-man to our son Leopold. All are good, well-disposed lads, and getting on well in their different occupations. His mother, a fine hale old woman of eighty years, 'stops' in a small cottage which the Prince built for her in our village. He, himself, lives in a pretty lodge called Croft, a mile from Balmoral, which the Prince built for him."—Pp. 103, 104.

We might largely multiply such notes; but it is not necessary. But what a beautiful example do they display of the spirit which masters and mistresses should cherish towards those to whose services so much of their own comfort is due. No wonder that the inferior members of the Queen's household should be so "devotedly attached" to their royal mistress. The editor very properly calls special attention to this peculiarity, and remarks,

"Perhaps there is no person in these realms who takes a more deep and abiding interest in the welfare of the household committed to his charge than our gracious Queen does in hers, or who feels more keenly what are the reciprocal duties of masters and servants. Nor does any one wish more ardently than her Majesty, that there should be no abrupt severance of class from class, but rather a gradual blending together of all classes, caused by a full community of interests, a constant interchange of good offices, and a kindly respect felt and expressed by each class to all its brethren in the great brotherhood that forms a nation."—P. xi.

The same kindly, and, as Mr. Helps styles it, "patriarchal" feeling pervaded the Queen's relations to the peasantry in the

neighbourhood of Balmoral. Her chapter on "Visits to the Old Women" is so beautiful and tender, that we must give it entire. It is but a specimen of much of the same kind.

"Albert went out with Alfred for the day, and I walked out with the two girls and Lady Churchill, stopped at the shops and made some purchases for poor people and others; drove a little way, got out and walked up the hill to Balnacroft, Mrs. P. Farquharson's, and she walked round with us to some of the cottages to show me where the poor people lived, and to tell them who I was. Before we went into any, we met an old woman, who, Mrs. Farquharson said, was very poor, eighty-eight years old, and mother to the former distiller. I gave her a warm petticoat, and the tears rolled down her old cheeks, and she shook my hands, and prayed God to bless me. It was very touching.

"I went into a small cabin of old Kitty Kear's, who is eighty-six years old, quite erect, and who welcomed us with a great air of dignity. She sat down and spun. I gave her, also, a warm petticoat; she said, 'May the Lord ever attend you and yours, here and hereafter; and may the Lord be a guide to ye and keep ye from all harm.' She was quite surprised at Vicky's height; great interest is taken in her. We went on to a cottage (formerly Jean Gordon's) to visit old widow Symms, who is 'past fourscore,' with a nice rosy face, but was bent quite double. She was most friendly, shaking hands with us all, asking which was I, and repeating many kind blessings: 'May the Lord attend ye with mirth and with joy; may He ever be with ye in this world, and when ye leave it.' To Vicky, when told she was going to be married, she said, 'May the Lord be a guide to ye in the future, and may every happiness attend ye.' She was very talkative, and when I said I hoped to see her again, she expressed an expectation that 'she should be called any day,' and so did Kitty Kear.

"We went into three other cottages, to Mrs. Symons's (daughter-in-law to the old woman living next door), who had an 'unwell boy;' then across a little burn to another old woman's; and afterwards into Blair the fiddler's. We drove back, and got out again to visit old Mrs. Grant (Grant's mother), who is so tidy and clean, and to whom I gave a dress and handkerchief, and she said, 'You're too kind to me, ye give me more every year, and I get older every year.' After talking some time with her, she said, 'I am happy to see you looking so nice.' She had tears in her eyes, and, speaking of Vicky's going, said, 'I'm very sorry, and I think she's sorry hersel';' and, having said she feared she would not see her (the Princess) again, said, 'I am very sorry I said that, but I meant no harm; I always say just what I think, not what is fut' (fit). Dear old lady; she is such a pleasant person. Really the affection of these good people, who are so hearty, so happy to see you, taking interest in everything, is very touching and gratifying."—Pp. 161—163.

Yes; but it is still more "touching and gratifying" to see

our royal lady taking such an interest in the humblest of her subjects, and admitting them to a friendship so considerate and condescending. And, unless rumour greatly belie her, our gracious Queen knows how to administer spiritual as well as temporal consolation to those who need it. The reign of such a monarch cannot but be a blessing to the realm.

III. There are two chapters in this book that have been a great trial to all High Churchmen. We allude to the two with the title of "The Kirk." We presume that, according to precedent, and to the views of the most orthodox Episcopalians, her Majesty should have been accompanied to Scotland by some "duly ordained" clergyman, and should have relied exclusively on his services for the celebration both of domestic and public worship. The idea of the head of the United Church of England and Ireland worshipping God in an unconsecrated edifice, and listening to the ministry of a Presbyterian divine, is surely all but intolerable. Her Majesty, however, takes a different view of that subject, and records, just in the same simple, matter-of-course way which marks all her narrative, these visits to "the kirk," and the impressions made there upon her mind. The first occasion named was on October, 29, 1854. Dr. McLeod was the preacher, and the Queen never heard "anything finer." The sermon, entirely extempore, was quite admirable; so simple, and yet so eloquent, and so beautifully argued and put. But it was in prayer that the gifted preacher won his way to that simple and loving heart:

"The second prayer was very touching; his allusions to us were so simple, saying, after his mention of us, 'bless their children.' It gave me a lump in my throat; as also when he prayed for the 'dying, the wounded, the widow, and the orphans.' Every one came back delighted; how satisfactory it is to come back from church with such feelings. The servants and the Highlanders, *all* were equally delighted.'—Pp. 147, 148.

This is very schismatic! But the next is quite as bad. Under date Oct. 14th, 1855:—

"To kirk at twelve o'clock. The Rev. J. Caird, one of the most celebrated preachers in Scotland, performed the service, and electrified all present by a most admirable and beautiful sermon, which lasted nearly an hour, but which kept every one's attention riveted. The text was from the twelfth chapter of Romans, and the eleventh verse, 'Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.' He explained in the most beautiful and simple manner what real religion is: how it ought to pervade every action of our lives; not a thing

only for Sundays, or for our closet; not a thing to drive us from the world; not a 'perpetual moping over good books,' but 'being and doing good,' 'letting everything be done in a Christian spirit.' It was as fine as Dr. McLeod's sermon last year, and sent us home much edified."—P. 155.

Very good doctrine undoubtedly, but what a scandal for England's Queen to be listening even to such teaching from unconsecrated lips! Surely, your Majesty, the bishops should look to this! So, if we may believe the stories of the time (which the publication of the book has revived), thought the late Bishop of London, worthy, orthodox, high-church Dr. Blomfield. He is said to have remonstrated respectfully, but very earnestly, with the Queen for this breach of ecclesiastical propriety, but without effect. And we see the royal lady is incorrigible; for, during her recent visit to Balmoral, the royal pew in the little Presbyterian church at Crathie, has been graced with her presence Sunday after Sunday. Well, we cannot be expected to sympathise very deeply, under these mournful circumstances, with outraged Episcopalian feeling. If the Queen chooses to think that there is no greater difference between "church" and "kirk" than a different mode of spelling, and that she is in her duty by encouraging the Presbyterian Establishment in the north, rather than Episcopalian Dissent, we assuredly shall not quarrel with her. Nay, we are but too thankful that the present occupant of the throne shows herself so superior to the bigotry and sectarianism that has far too great a hold of the Church south of the Tweed which owns her as its head. Especially do we rejoice that *Scottish* Episcopacy finds no favour with our monarch when in her Highland home. The history and character of that institute from the days of the Stuarts downwards have been such as to make every true Protestant pray against any increase of its prestige, and devoutly thank God that, whatever may be the case with the Scottish aristocracy, the Queen is proof against its superstition and exclusiveness.

There are other and very agreeable reflections suggested by the perusal of this beautiful and noble book. We might dwell, for instance, on the illustrations which it incidentally supplies, of the amazing social advance which the community of the northern highlands has undergone during the last hundred years. How much more genial and refined is the picture of the character and habits of the Queen's lieges in Aberdeenshire than that which Scott draws, in the antiquity of "the auld times o' rugging and riving through the hale country, when it was ilka ane for himsell and God for us a'—

when nae man wanted property if he had strength to take it, or had it langer than he had power to keep it." The last remnants of loyalty to the fallen house of Stuart lingered long among the savage wilds of Caledonia, and many a turbulent gathering of the clans, "all plaided and plumed in their tartan array," gave vent to that loyalty in semi-barbarous tumult. Society was fearfully disorganised; the blood feud existed down to within a short period of our own time; and a Highland chieftain was one of the fiercest and worst types of a feudal lord. Now all is changed. The graceful and gentle courtesies of ducal and baronial hosts are acknowledged here with hearty gratitude, as they are described with a most lively pen. And as for the peasantry of the Highlands, certainly they are, as the Queen describes them, a most lovable and noble race. Industrious, respectful, chivalrous, obliging, God-fearing; what more can monarch want from subject? It is a beautiful picture, the Queen of this mighty realm doffing the state of royalty, and going down with her husband and her children, to make holiday and be happy; beloved in Highland huts and cottages, it may be with more homely demonstrations of regard, but not with less fervour and enthusiasm, than among the silken and essenced crowds that bend and flutter in Windsor and St. James's. But we must forbear. We lay down the book with a feeling of the deepest thankfulness that so pure and refreshing a work has been given—given out of a broken heart—by our beloved and gracious Queen to her subjects. It will convey moral health wherever it goes; it will intensify the domestic affections of every family which it may enter; it has already deepened beyond expression the attachment of her people to Queen Victoria, and their pride in her, as "the mother of her people." And there are not many who will read it through with dry eyes, or fail to drop a tear of sympathy for the royal widow who leads them so tenderly through the well-remembered scenes of her happier days, and makes them sigh with her to think that "all was rapture then that is but memory now."

ART. V.—1. *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey.* By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. London: Murray. 1868.

2. *The History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster.* Including Notices and Biographical Memoirs of the Abbots and Deans of the Foundation. Illustrated by JOHN PRESTON NEALE; the whole of the literary department by EDWARD WEDLAKE BRAYLEY. Two Vols. London. 1823.

3. *Dugdale's Monasticon Anglicanum.* Translated into English with considerable additions, 1718.

4. *The History of Normandy and of England.* By Sir FRANCIS PALGRAVE. London: Macmillan. 1864.

5. *The History of England.* By DAVID HUME, Esq. London: Jones. 1824.

"A CATHEDRAL," said Coleridge, "is petrified religion." Westminster Abbey is petrified history. The whole life of England gathers round this building; the nation's annals are there written in stone. From the first introduction of Christianity into Britain in sub-apostolic times to the burial of the last deceased Premier—from the baptism of King Lucius in 180 to the funeral of Lord Palmerston in 1865, English history has been built up on these few acres of ground; in Saxon times a waste howling wilderness, now the heart and centre of the Empire. One king has been born there, another has died there, most have been buried there, all save one have been crowned there. Thither the newly-anointed sovereign has gone forth to reign. There the Commons have framed laws to protect them against the Sovereign. There, too, Convocation has vainly attempted to frustrate the acts of the Commons. The Abbey has escaped the perils of the two periods which proved disastrous to so many other less fortunate structures—the Reformation and the Revolution. It owes its safety to its double character; to the fact that it is not only a temple of religion, but also a royal palace. Protestant zeal, which had no mercy upon the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury, spared even while it robbed the shrine of St. Edward at Westminster. Puritan fervour, which in many another minster "broke down all the carved work thereof with axes and hammers," left this almost un-

scathed. It has escaped likewise the destructive hand of the nineteenth century restorer, which has all but ruined Salisbury—the only rival of Westminster as a model of the Pointed style. It was a narrow escape on each occasion. The Lord Protector Somerset would have pulled down the Abbey and converted it into a quarry of stones for his new palace on the banks of the Thames, but was bought off by a gift of seventeen manors. The Abbey was actually attacked during the Civil War, and was saved only by the dismay which fell upon the assailants, when their leader, Sir Richard Wiseman, ancestor probably of the first "Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster" under the revived Papal hierarchy, was killed by a tile which was thrown upon his head from the battlements of the church by an unseen hand. The Abbey was once more threatened in 1854, when Parliament sanctioned a grant of £4,700 to repair "the tombs," which were delivered from this danger by the interposition of eminent antiquaries. It has not escaped altogether. Christopher Wren and Inigo Jones "improved" the building whose beauties they were as little able to understand as Lord Palmerston, who held that Gothic architecture must necessarily be gloomy, and compelled the greatest modern Gothic architect to build an Italian palace under the shadow of the purest specimen of Pointed architecture save one that we possess. Long may this venerable minster, this royal palace, this visible and tangible history of England, remain safe from fire and storm. May the engineer spare its foundations and the restorer keep far from its doors. Gazing upon its darkened walls, we might well forget the age in which we live, did not the contractor's shed and engine under the very windows of the minster remind us that this is the age of brick, the period of underground railways.

It was to be expected that a building so venerable as the Abbey would have an origin more or less legendary. The earliest tradition ascribes the foundation to King Lucius, who, after receiving Christian baptism in 180, erected a church on the site of a temple to Apollo, which had been overthrown by an earthquake. During the persecution of the Christians under Diocletian, the transformation was reversed; the Christian church had to make way for the heathen temple. Wren derides this story as an invention of the monks, who, always jealous of St. Paul's, thought it necessary to manufacture a pedigree that might compare with that by which the Cathedral was traced back to a temple of Diana. The story of King Lucius must be placed in the same category as that of King Bladud and his swine, the joint discoverers of the

hot springs of Bath. Nevertheless, he who has faith enough may yet see the tomb of Lucius in the Cathedral of Coire, to which town the king retired and became a bishop when weary of royalty. The next founder of whom we hear is Sebert, who is said to have accomplished his pious work about the year 616. Dart, who published his *History and Antiquities of the Abbey Church of Westminster* in 1723, believed in Sebert. He was undoubtedly an historical personage, but Dean Stanley has no faith in him as a founder. Bede mentions him in connection with St. Paul's, but says nothing about his reputed work at Westminster. It is to be presumed, therefore, that in the narrative which makes him the founder of the Abbey we have another manifestation of that jealousy which the Westmonastrian always had of the Londoner. We seem to touch solid ground about two hundred years later. At the close of the eighth century the Mercians being intolerably oppressed by Beorred, rose against him, expelled him, and elected Offa, of royal lineage. "Offa the Terrible," he was called, for he defeated the Britains again and again, taking possession of their provinces. He subdued all the Anglo-Saxons south of the Humber, "rectified" his frontier by annexing London to the kingdom of Mercia, and became so powerful that Charles the Great craved his alliance. Like many another prince of that, and indeed far later times, he sought to atone for deeds of blood by pious gifts. He paid the tenth of his goods to the Church; he made an annual present to the Pope, on the strength of which subsequent Pontiffs demanded "Peter's Pence" as their right; he endowed the Abbey at St. Alban's, and—this is his claim to our notice now—he granted a charter to the West Monastery—Westminster. The house was maintained by Dunstan, who established twelve Benedictine monks there. These were troublous times, both for layman and for churchman. In the very year that Offa conquered Wessex, 787, three strange vessels made the coast of Dorset, and landed their crews near one of "the king's towns." Badohard, the reeve, rode forth to meet them, deeming them traders and suspecting no harm. "They made him pay with the battle-axe," says Palgrave. Badohard and his attendants were murdered. From that date the Danes—for such these intruders were—became the incessant and inveterate foes of Britain. They laid the country waste with fire and sword. Now they landed in Northumbria, then far away to the west in Cornwall, then in the Isle of Sheppey in the east, then on the Dorsetshire coast in the south. They feared not God nor regarded man. They spared the

house of prayer as little as the dwelling-house. They sailed up the Humber, the Medway, the Thames, the Avon, and the Tamar, spreading ruin as they advanced. Even London itself was invaded. Westminster was overrun. The monastery was all but extinct, when there succeeded to the throne the king who in spite of his weakness accomplished that which his valiant ancestors had not achieved, raising for himself an enduring shrine, and for his country a building that is at once palace, Walhalla, and church.

Before we describe the foundation, let us learn something of the site. Thorn Ey, the Island of Thorns, the Westminster of to-day, was in the primæval age of English history a jungle, wherein the wild ox and the red deer took refuge. The island gave its name to the stream by which it was partly surrounded, and which came rushing down to the Thames from the Hampstead hills, past Aye hill, now Hay hill; past Aye-bourn, now Tyburnia; through the Manor of Eyebury, now Ebury; through the marshy waste that then spread where now stand Buckingham Palace and Marlborough House, and which has not disappeared even yet, but is still to be seen, transformed and beautified indeed, in the Lake of St. James's Park. Thorn Ey was a marsh within a marsh—a forest within a forest. In the charter of Offa it is called "that terrible place." Yet it had attractions for those who, weary of the tumult and turmoil of life in adjacent London, sighed for

> "A lodge in some vast wilderness,
> Some boundless contiguity of shade."

It was close to the Thames, the noblest and securest highway in England, at a time when robbers infested every road. Tried, too, by Dr. Johnson's test—"the best waters are those which contain the most fish"—the Thames deserved the name of "Father," and its offspring fed the monks who settled on its shore. The soil was a fine gravel, a patch, like two or three more adjacent, in the vast bed of clay. Through this gravel percolated the rain water from Hyde Park and Palace Gardens, to supply the monks when the river was too turbid to be drunk. But for that spring Westminster Abbey had scarcely existed. The climate of England at that time was like the climate of Canada now. Vineyards brought forth grapes on the island—so like to Thorn Ey—where stood the Abbey of Glastonbury, although Craig Eyriri was clad with perpetual snow. One third of England was covered with wood—another third with uncultivated heath and moor.

The marsh lands extended over hundreds of thousands of acres. And while Nature reigned thus savagely on earth, there were frequent and startling tokens of her presence in the heavens. Mock suns perplexed the scanty inhabitants by day, the aurora alarmed them by night. Frequent astral showers suggested to them the near approach of the time when "the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken." The whole of Christendom believed that the end of the world would come with the end of the first Christian millennium. A little later, when the expectation had subsided, there was a renewal of the fearful looking for the things coming upon the earth. The year 1066, so memorable in English annals, was the year of the great comet. Night after night, says Palgrave, the people gazed upon the "long-haired star" darting its awful splendour from horizon to zenith. Crowds, young and old, watched the token far beyond the midnight hour, and, when they retired to their broken rest, its bright image floating before the eyes disturbed their slumbers. Its dread presence confirmed the terror excited by the tidings of William the Norman's intended invasion brought by pilgrim and merchant.

Such were the natural phenomena of that age. In one respect the moral phenomena were strangely at variance with them. For five-and-twenty years there reigned a king who loved peace and tranquillity, who did not deem the sword the chief insignia of royalty. Edward was more fitted for the cloister than the throne: was by nature a monk rather than a monarch. Though married, he lived the life of a celibate, and had no child. "He was," says the historian, "the first who touched for the king's evil;" he was also, we might almost say because of that, "the last of the Saxon kings." It was not a time, nor was England the country, in which the devotee could hope to govern. Though Edward reigned, he scarcely governed. When he heard that Hardicanute had killed himself at a debauch, he was filled with dismay. He sent for the great earl, and, throwing himself at Godwin's feet, prayed that he might be allowed to return to Normandy and spend his days in obscurity. It was only when Godwin showed him that he was not merely the rightful heir to the crown, but that it was his duty to wear it, that he consented to bear the for him unwelcome burden of sovereignty. The sceptre was placed in his hand, but Godwin and his sons ruled the country, and mocked at their puppet, "with his pink face and white hair, looking as royal as a bell-wether new washed," as the author of "Hereward"

describes him. Nevertheless it remains true, "the meek shall inherit the earth." Harold the wealthy, the handsome, the brave, perished at Hastings within ten months of mounting the throne, or, as some say, died long years afterwards in obscurity as a hermit at Chester. Edward the pious, the somewhat weak devotee, died in his bed at a good old age, and his sepulchre is with us until this day.

This sepulchre has been the corner-stone of the Abbey. To quote Dean Stanley:—

"The sepulchral character of Westminster Abbey became the frame on which its very structure depended. In its successive adornments and enlargements the minds of its successive founders sought their permanent expression because they regarded it as enshrining the supreme act of their lives. The arrangements of an ancient temple were, as has been well remarked, from its sacrificial purpose, those of a vast slaughter-house; the arrangements of a Dominican church or modern Nonconformist chapel are those of a vast preaching-house; the arrangements of Westminster Abbey gradually became those of a vast tomb-house."—*Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, p. 116.

This was not, however, the purpose for which Edward destined his structure. If he was weak he was also meek and humble. He was no Pharaoh; the Abbey is no Pyramid. Though it be a burial-place, it is not a solitary tomb, the manifestation of inordinate egotism, of selfish vanity that would baulk death. Around the shrine of the Confessor lie "the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men." There is not another cemetery like it in the world. "Death is robbed of its oblivion when the corpse is laid in the Abbey. Victory with its living honours is scarcely more alluring to noble ambition than funereal rites in Westminster."

Peter was the favourite saint of Edward. In time of trouble and exile the Confessor vowed that if he came again to his father's house in peace he would make a pilgrimage to Rome. When he ascended the throne he announced to the great council his intention of fulfilling his vow. The proposal was received with horror by nobles and people. They raised constitutional objections; they urged the dangers of the road. But the vow had been made, and must be fulfilled, unless, indeed, a dispensation could be obtained. A deputation of nobles was sent to the Pope, and brought back a release for the king, on the condition that he should found or restore a monastery of St. Peter, whereof the king should be the special

patron. The choice of a site was, according to tradition, decided by a dream:—

"There was in the neighbourhood of Worcester, far from men in the wilderness on the slope of a wood, in a cave deep down in the grey rocks, a holy hermit of great age, living on fruits and roots. One night, when after reading in the Scriptures 'how hard are the pains of hell, and how the enduring life of heaven is sweet and to be desired,' he could neither sleep nor repose, St. Peter appeared to him, 'light and beautiful like to a clerk,' and warned him to tell the king that he was released from his vow; that on that very day his messengers would return from Rome; that 'at Thorney, two leagues from the city,' was the spot marked out where in an ancient church 'situated low,' he was to establish a Benedictine monastery, which should be 'the gate of heaven, the ladder of prayer, where those who serve St. Peter there, shall by him be admitted into Paradise.' The hermit writes the account of the vision on parchment, seals it with wax, and brings it to the king, who compares it with the answer of the messengers just arrived from Rome, and determines on carrying out the design as the apostle had ordered."—*Memorials, &c.*, p. 19.

No mortal hands consecrated the original monastery. St. Peter himself performed the sacred rite in the days of Sebert, as Edric the fisherman tells. Edric did not forget that St. Peter had been a fisherman, and by the apostle's direction he had a miraculous haul, "whereof," said St. Peter, who would seem to love generalities, "the larger part shall be salmon." He imposed conditions. Edric was never to fish again on Sunday, and he was to present to the Abbey of Westminster a tenth of all that he caught. Centuries after Sebert, the monastic historian Flete saw in the decreasing supply of salmon a judgment upon the Rector of Rotherithe for refusing to obey the apostolic injunction of paying tithe to the Abbey. Edward had special and personal reasons for selecting this site. A crippled Irishman named Michael had made six pilgrimages to Rome, in the hope of being healed, but in vain. St. Peter told him that if a King of England would, on his own royal neck, carry him to the monastery at Thorney he should be cured. Edward, hearing of the promise, fulfilled his part of the condition, and the Saint fulfilled his. Amid the scoffs of the court, especially, as we may believe, of the sons of Godwin, he bore upon his back the long-tried sufferer, and on reaching the altar steps the man's ankle bones received strength, and he went away like another cripple a thousand years before in another temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God. Before this same high altar a child, "pure

and bright like a spirit," appeared to the king in the sacred elements. Leofric and Godiva saw it also. Perhaps it was for the high and pure minded woman, who, to relieve the people of Coventry,

"Rode forth, clothed on with chastity,"

that the vision was meant, a reward for a most heroine-like deed. However that may be, this vision, and the other incidents we have mentioned, convinced the king that here he would build a house as much more worthy of God than the half-ruined monastery, as the temple of Solomon was than the tabernacle of David. To superintend the raising of the structure he came to reside at Westminster, and the palace that he erected for himself, grew up with and became part of the Abbey.

"The Abbey and the palace grew up together, and into each other, in the closest union, just as in Scotland a few years later Dunfermline Palace sprang up by Dunfermline Abbey, and yet later again, Holyrood Abbey—first within the castle of Edinburgh, and then on its present site—by Holyrood Palace. The 'Chamber of St. Edward,' as it was called from him, or the 'Painted Chamber,' from its subsequent decorations, was the kernel of the palace at Westminster. This was the 'Old Palace,' as distinguished from the 'New Palace' of William Rufus, of which the only vestige is the Hall looking out on what from its novelty at that time was called the 'New Palace Yard,' as the open space before what were the Confessor's buildings is still known as 'Old Palace Yard.'"—*Memorials*, p. 24.

Fifteen years did the king pass in building his new church. Upon it he expended one-tenth of the property of the kingdom. It was marvellous in every way: marvellous in its origin; marvellous in having for founder a king, at a time when kings were warriors and tyrants instead of devotees; marvellous in its architecture, the like of which had not been seen in England before. We have said that Edward was the last of the Saxon kings. He may also be called the first of the Norman kings. His mother was a Norman; he was educated in Normandy. When he heard the tidings of Hardicanute's death, he would have retired to the monastery of Bec or Fécamp, and have lived and died on Norman soil. When Godwin appealed to him as the rightful heir of the Saxon kings, and persuaded him to undertake the unwelcome duties of sovereignty, he could not make Edward forget the land of his love. The new king introduced the Norman language, and used the Norman handwriting and seal in state documents. These innovations gave him an opportunity for retain-

ing the "clerks" whom he had brought from Normandy. They were necessary on account of their knowledge of reading and writing; they were also Edward's chaplains and spiritual advisers, and likewise his secretaries of state. No doubt they had something to do with the introduction of the new style of architecture which astonished the English. The Abbey was the first cruciform structure erected in the country. As such, it marked the near approach of that great revolution which swept over the land a few years later. A nation which adopts the language and arts of another, is already half vanquished. Thus it was that William was able to subdue England within a very brief period of the battle of Hastings. Edward had prepared the way for him. The Saxon had been the forerunner of the Norman. What sort of building it was which now rose upon the site of the old monastery of Thorney, Dean Stanley tells us:—

"Its massive roof and pillars formed a contrast with the rude wooden rafters and beams of the common Saxon churches. Its very size, occupying, as it did, almost the whole area of the present building, was in itself portentous. The deep foundations, of large square blocks of grey stone, were duly laid. The east end was rounded into an apse. A tower rose in the centre, and two at the western point with five large bells. The hard, strong stones were richly sculptured. The windows were filled with stained glass. The roof was covered with lead; the cloisters, chapter-house, refectory, infirmary, with its spacious chapel, if not completed by Edward, were all begun and finished in the same generation, on the same plan. This structure, venerable as it would be if it had lasted to our own time, has almost entirely vanished. Possibly one vast dark arch in the southern transept, certainly the substructures of the dormitory, with their huge pillars—'grand and regal at the bases and capitals'—the massive, low-browed passage leading from the great cloister to Little Dean's Yard, and some portions of the refectory and infirmary chapel, remain as specimens of the work which astonished the last age of the Anglo-Saxon, and the first age of the Norman monarchy. The institution was made as new as the building. Abbot Edwin remained, but a large body of monks was imported from Crediton, coincidently with the removal of the see at that place to Exeter, in the person of the king's friend, Leofwin. A small chapel, dedicated to St. Margaret, which stood on the north side of the present Abbey, is said to have been pulled down, and a new church bearing the same name was built on the site of the present church of St. Margaret."—*Memorials*, p. 26.

It was not destined that the founder of the church should be present at its consecration. The work of fifteen years was now completed, and the arrangements were made to worthily crown the edifice, when visions warned Edward to

prepare for his end. On one occasion when he was sitting among his courtiers, who were voraciously devouring their food after the long abstinence of Lent, he sank into a deep abstraction, and then suddenly came one of his curious laughs. He had seen the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus suddenly turn from their right sides to their left; no very laughable matter, one would think, considering that the change was an omen of seventy years' famine and pestilence. Another legend tells how St. John the Evangelist appeared to two English pilgrims in Syria, and gave them a ring to take back to Edward with the warning that in six months the king should be with him in Paradise. The pilgrims fulfilled the Saint's command, and the king prepared for his end. At Christmas-tide, 1065, Edward came to Westminster, and on Christmas-day he appeared, wearing his royal crown. That same night his strength gave way. Mortal illness set in. On St. John's day, December 27th, he was so much worse that he ordered the ceremonial to proceed on the morrow of that day. "Childermas" was considered the most unlucky day of the whole year. On that day the king signed the charter, and arranged the relics and presents. Queen Editha took his place at the consecration, while he, the founder, was sunk in a deep stupor. On the closing day of the year he seemed to revive. It was the last flickering light of the lamp of life. He described to those who stood around him a vision which he saw, and they said that he doted. Palgrave tells us that Harold "worried" the king into appointing him his heir, although Edward had already left his crown to his "good cousin," William of Normandy. "Harold," said the dying king to his brother-in-law, "take the crown, if such be thy wish, but the gift will be thy ruin. Against the Duke and his baronage no power of thine can avail thee." "I fear not the Duke, nor anyone else," was Harold's reply, and so the matter rested. It was on the vigil of the Epiphany, January 5th, 1066, that the king, after having disposed of this question, said that he was "passing from the land of the dead to the land of the living." A few hours later he died, and with him the last of the race of Cedric the Saxon, which, with the exception of the two dozen years of Danish rule, had reigned 500 years. Though the event had been foreseen, it caused the greatest consternation throughout the land. On the very next day, so urgent were the dangers which seemed to threaten, the dead king was buried, and the living king was crowned. The body of Edward was laid out in the palace, and regained the natural expression by which death so often

mocks the mourners with the cheating semblance of life. "The unearthly smile played once more over the rosy cheeks, and the white beard seemed whiter, and the thin stretched-out fingers paler and more transparent than ever." Edward had not many mourners among his own family. The Godwins had often stung into a temporary fury of anger the meek king by their taunts and gibes. His queen, Editha, had little love for the husband who lived as a monk. But the people, his children, crowded to Westminster to see the monarch who, amid all his caprices and superstitions, had for a quarter of a century, ruled them so well that, centuries afterwards, the sovereigns of England had to swear that they would govern in accordance with "the merciful laws of the good King Edward." He was buried in the church which he built and should have consecrated, and his shrine is now the most venerable, as it was once the most venerated, relic which the Abbey contains. Three times his coffin has been disturbed by men in whom curiosity overcame reverence. The last occasion was nearly 200 years ago, and an account of the investigation was published in 1688, under the name of Charles Taylor, gentleman, but it was really by Henry Keepe, author of *Monumenta Westmonasteriensia*. He stated that while the scaffolding was being removed after the coronation of James II. in 1685, King Edward's coffin was broken by a beam. Putting his hand in, and "turning the bones which I felt there, I drew from underneath the shoulder bones, a crucifix richly adorned and enamelled, and a gold chain of twenty-four inches long." The first consisted of oblong links curiously wrought and connected by a gold locket (ornamented by two large stones, supposed to be rubies) from which a crucifix was dependent. The latter was richly enamelled, "having on one side the picture of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, in His passion, wrought thereon, and an eye from above casting a kind of beams upon Him; whilst on the reverse is a Benedictine monk, on each side of him capital Roman letters." The cross was hollow, for the purpose of containing some relic, and could be opened by two little screws on the top. As to the body, the head was "firm and whole," and the jaws full of teeth. "A list of gold, about an inch broad, surrounded the temples. There were also in the coffin white linen and gold-flowered coloured silk, that looked indifferent well, but the least stress put thereto showed that it was well-nigh perished."

Concerning Harold's coronation we have little information. We know from the Bayeux tapestry that Stigand, the last Saxon primate, was present, but whether it took place at

Westminster or St. Paul's is uncertain. Harold put the crown upon his own head, and he wore it for a shorter time than any king that came after him. He could scarcely have expected that a man like William the Norman would quietly submit to be excluded from the throne which belonged to him doubly, which he claimed by right of Harold's surrender, and Edward's bequest. And yet Harold seems to have been taken by surprise at the last. He was at York when William landed at Pevensey. A thane who witnessed the debarcation took horse instantly, and travelled night and day until he had delivered his evil tidings. The king returned to the south, and fought the most famous battle ever waged on English soil. We need not repeat the well-known tale of the two camps on the eve of the engagement, the camp of the devout Normans, and the camp of the riotous Saxons; nor how bravely both sides fought; nor how nearly William lost the battle; nor the morrow of his victory, the search for the vanquished king among the slain, and the foundation of Battle Abbey by the victorious duke. Though victor at Hastings, William was by no means yet conqueror of England. Before him lay a country of which he was wholly ignorant, but which he knew to be hostile to him. He had a task that demanded all his energies in conquering Kent. So brave a resistance did the men of that county offer, that William was glad to make peace on terms very favourable to them. The stratagem of Birnam Wood was repeated, and when William saw the moving trees, he entered into a parley with the enemy, and they, with Stigand at their head, obtained from him a promise to respect all their old liberties, amongst them that of gavel-kind, whereby all the children inherited equally the estates of the father, a right maintained to this day. We may commend it to the attention of those politicians who resist any infringement of the law of primogeniture as a democratic innovation. Having arranged with Kent, William compelled Winchester to pay fealty, and then marched upon London. He conducted the siege from two points; Barking on the east, and Westminster on the west. But in vain did his balistas hurl their missiles against the solid Roman walls; it was not to force that the metropolis yielded. Nor can the surrender be ascribed to treachery. It was rather due to the conviction which had been growing rapidly during those months, that the land wanted a man for king. The people had declared their allegiance to the child Edgar Atheling, for child he must have been, seeing that he was alive ninety years after the conquest. But Stigand, who negotiated

with William in Kent, probably only represented popular feeling when he suggested negotiations in London. They speedily led to terms: young Edgar was given up to William, a dangerous experiment at such a time, and with such a man. Nevertheless it was a successful one, for the king treated with tenderness the last representative of the Saxon line. He hesitated when he was asked to put the crown upon his own head. The hesitation is, of course, considered to be hypocritical, though there is no good reason for so stigmatising it. He had to consult his own followers first, to ascertain if they would feel aggrieved at the Duke of Normandy claiming the title of King. The coronation followed their assent, the first coronation of the thirty-four (excluding Harold's) which the Abbey has witnessed.

Most tragical was the first of this illustrious series. The day selected for it was indeed suitable enough, for it was the day that tells of peace and goodwill to men—peace and goodwill how dear after the months of strife and bloodshed that had passed since that last Christmas when Edward appeared, wearing the crown on his head. The coronation of the duke-king—the Norman ruler of Saxon England, with the consent alike of Norman and Saxon—seemed a deed worthy of Christmas-day. But by a most lamentable mischance the very heartiness of the approval led to a grievous disaster. As William stood before the high altar on the very gravestone of Edward—the "fierce huge unwieldy living king," the exact opposite of the dead king—the meek "bell-wether newly washed"—Alred, Archbishop of York, and the Norman Bishop of Coutances, asked, each in his own language, the two races if they would have William for their king. A confused shout of acclamation arose from the mixed multitude. Thereupon the Norman soldiers outside, believing that their duke was in danger, set fire to the buildings adjoining the Abbey. They were built of straw and wood, and the conflagration spread so fast and burnt so fiercely, that the glare of it was seen by the crowd in the Abbey, who rushed out in terror. The clergy were left alone with William, "and in the solitude of that wintry day, amidst the cries of his new subjects, trampled down by the horses' hoofs of their conquerors, he himself, for the first time in his life trembling from head to foot, the remainder of the ceremony was hurried on." The victor of Hastings was agued with terror while receiving the prize. It was in fear and weakness that he assumed the crown of the island empire. From the first moment this incident was accepted by the English as a portent of calamity. It worked

its own fulfilment. The havoc wrought by the Norman soldiery in Westminster on William's coronation day was symbolical and precursory of the rapine which afterwards devastated the whole land. Nearly six centuries later popular superstition saw in a less tragical incident an omen of misfortune. At his coronation Charles I. changed the purple velvet robe for one of white satin, probably because the latter was the proper ecclesiastical colour for the day—the Feast of the Purification. Whereupon the people saw in him the destined victim of those misfortunes predicted for the "White King."

From the time of William I. the coronation of the sovereign has always taken place in the Abbey. The act itself of crowning is the privilege of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and failing him, of the Bishop of London. The Archbishop of York has the less important office of crowning the Consort.

Dean Stanley has treated the coronations and the royal burials in separate chapters. We find it better to write of them together, so that in every case the entire connection of the sovereign with the building may be apparent at once. We have seen one king—Edward the Confessor—buried; we have seen another king—William the Conqueror—crowned. It was not destined that the victor's bones should be laid in the land which he had won. He, too, though no saint, was a church founder. He had married within the prohibited degrees, and it was necessary to appease the Pope by some act of piety. William therefore built at Caen the Abbaye aux Hommes, and Matilda, his queen, built at the opposite side of the city the Abbaye aux Dames. They are noble churches, remarkable, as the writer can testify, even in that capital of splendid ecclesiastical edifices. The Conqueror was buried in the church which he founded, as the Confessor had been in his. Strangely different were the two funerals. Edward had been laid in the grave amid the lamentations of a kingdom; the obsequies of William were almost as portentous as his coronation had been. Forsaken on his death-bed by friends and courtiers, and even by his own children, he expired in great agony from the wound he had received at the sack of Mantes. Those who had left him to die alone returned to strip and spoil his dead body. An unknown knight in the neighbourhood provided the funds necessary for the funeral, and escorted the body to Caen. After it had been brought into the church, and just before it was lowered into the grave in front of the high altar, a bystander stood forward and protested against the burial, because the ground on which the church was built had been taken forcibly from his father. The

people supported their fellow-townsman, and the bishop was compelled to pay the claimant sixty *sous* before the service proceeded. But this was not the only misadventure. The coffin, as it was being lowered struck against some obstacle, and was shivered to pieces, "so that the corpse ejected from its tenement diffused so horrid a stench through the church that the rites were hurried to a close, and the assembled priests and laity dispersed." William Rufus erected a gorgeous monument to his father, but it was destroyed by the Huguenots in 1562, who broke open the grave and dispersed its contents, all save one thigh-bone. The Revolutionists spared not even this poor relic. Thus while the meek Confessor's body remained unharmed, and his shrine has been preserved in an almost marvellous manner, the grave of his powerful successor has been utterly destroyed, and his remains dispersed to the four winds of heaven.

William Rufus, the builder of the magnificent hall which was to be but as a bed-chamber to the "New Palace," was crowned in the Abbey by the first Norman primate, Lanfranc, and the last Saxon prelate, Wulfstan. It was a hasty ceremony, for the new king felt so little certain of his own position, that in order to buy supporters he laid hands on sixty thousand pounds in the treasury at Winchester. It was at Winchester that he was buried, negligently and without ceremony. The people had little love for the king who had driven them from their homes in order to plant a hunting forest, and whose death while hunting in that very forest seemed a punishment direct from the Avenger of the poor against him that spoileth them. Henry's claim to the throne was no better than William's had been; and when he, like his brother, seized the treasure at Winchester, one faithful knight protested in the name of the lawful and absent heir Robert. In vain did he protest. Henry hurried from the Forest to Westminster, and in three days from William's death, Henry was crowned by Maurice, Bishop of London. The Archbishop of York hoped to have profited by the absence of Anselm, and to have regained the privilege which had been bestowed upon Alred. He hurried from Ripon to Westminster, but was too late for the ceremony, which took place on the Feast of St. Oswald, Sunday, August 5, 1100. Henry, in order to strengthen his doubtful position, entered into most solemn engagements with his subjects. He gave up the right of succeeding to an earl or baron who died without a will; he promised to extort no payment for permitting his nobles to marry; he pledged himself not to seize on the

revenues of a see or an abbey during the interval between the death of a bishop or abbot and the appointment of his successor; and he promised to observe the laws of Edward the Confessor. This was the substance of the famous charter which he granted in addition to his coronation oath. A copy of this charter was laid up in an abbey of each county, by way of insuring its observance. Nevertheless, says Hume, "after his present purpose was served, Henry never once thought of observing one single article of the charter, and the whole fell so much into neglect and oblivion that in the following century, when the barons, who had heard an obscure tradition of it, desired to make it the model of the great charter which they exacted from King John, they could with difficulty find a copy of it in the kingdom." Henry's Saxon subjects attached more importance to his queen's coronation than to his own. "Never," says Palgrave, "since the Battle of Hastings, had there been such a joyous day as when Queen Maude, the descendant of Alfred, was crowned in the Abbey, and feasted in the Great Hall." This "joyous day" was November 10, 1100. The time had been tolerably quiet during Henry's reign. The quarrel with Anselm was one of its most striking events. The King and the Pope came to a compromise on the great question of investments, by which Pascal conferred on the bishops their spiritual power, and Henry required of them homage as temporal princes. While the controversy lasted, a synod was held at Westminster, which enjoined the celibacy of the clergy, and prohibited the marriage of laymen within the seventh degree of kinship. Another notable event was the shipwreck of Prince William. It is doubtful if that event was a calamity or a benefit for England. On the one hand, the prince had been heard to declare that when he became king he would make the English draw the plough, and turn them into beasts of burden. On the other hand, the death of the heir led to the disastrous civil wars which desolated England after the death of Henry. That event took place at St. Denis, in France, December 1, 1185. Henry had provided for it by making his nobles swear allegiance to his daughter Matilda, Empress of Germany. But ere the body of the dead king could be brought over for burial in the abbey which he had built at Reading, out of his father's treasure for his father's soul, his nephew Stephen, son of the Conqueror's daughter, hastened to England, and, though the people of Dover shut their gates against him, he hurried on to London, and requested the Archbishop of Canterbury to crown him. The Primate having sworn fealty to Matilda,

refused, but, on being assured that Henry on his death-bed had expressed dissatisfaction with his daughter, complied. Hume says that the coronation took place on December 22; Dean Stanley, however, asserts that Stephen chose the festival of his patron saint, December 26, for the ceremony. At all events, the new king was crowned within four weeks from the death of the old king. Very few barons attended the coronation, and it was remarked that all those who did assist perished miserably, and that the Archbishop died within a year. It was noticed also that the host administered at the Holy Communion suddenly disappeared, and that the customary kiss of peace was forgotten. The last omen was only too significant. The war between the partisans of Stephen and those of Matilda gave the barons an opportunity of ravaging the peasants, and laying waste the country, so that the fields were left untilled, and a grievous famine visited the land. Matilda's fortunes waxed, and then waned. She was declared lawful sovereign of England by an ecclesiastical synod; but the Londoners conspired against her, and she fled. At length, after more than fifteen years' hostilities, peace was restored on the condition that Matilda's son Henry should succeed Stephen, who should enjoy peaceable possession of the throne for life. Stephen died after a short illness, and was buried at his Abbey of Faversham. His natural son Gervaise was made Abbot of Westminster, and spoiled the Abbey, and was intolerably tyrannical and overbearing to the monks.

The coronation of the first of the Plantagenet kings, December 19, 1154, was the first peaceful inauguration of a sovereign that the Abbey had witnessed. Theobald, of Canterbury, presided, assisted by the Archbishop of York." It was a momentary union of the two rival sees, soon to be broken by blows, and curses, and blood, of which the next coronation in the Abbey was the ill-fated beginning." That coronation was the crowning of a prince who never reigned. Henry resolved that his eldest son and namesake should receive the diadem during his own life-time. The Primate of Canterbury was necessarily absent, and his place was taken by Roger of Bishopbridge, the Primate of York, who had assisted at the last royal ceremony. Henry II. appeared behind Henry III., as the young prince was called, the Prince remarking, "The son of an earl may well wait on the son of a king."

"Perhaps no event—certainly no coronation—in Westminster Abbey ever led to more disastrous consequences. Ex hac consecra-

tione, potius execratione, provenerunt detestandi eventus. From this consecration, say rather execration, followed directly the anathema of Becket on the three chief prelates, the invaders of the inalienable prerogative of the See of Canterbury; and as the result of that anathema the murder of Becket by the rude avengers of the rights of the See of York; and, indirectly, according to popular belief, the untimely death of the young Prince Henry himself, the tragical quarrels of his brothers, and the unhappy end of his father."—*Memorials, &c.* p. 53.

Henry II., the fond father, lived to curse his children. One after another revolted against him, instigated by their mother, who, though herself suspected of gallantries, was jealous of her husband's amours. Broken-hearted and wretched, the conqueror of Ireland died at the castle of Chinon, near Saumer. His illegitimate son, Geoffrey, the only child who had behaved dutifully to him, attended his corpse to the great Angevin Abbey of Fontevrault, and there it lay in state. Richard visited the body of his father on the following day, and, according to the legend, was filled with remorse and horror, as the blood gushed from the dead man's mouth and nostrils, thereby witnessing to the presence of his murderer. Henry was buried in the Abbey. The coronation of his son was marked by elaborate ceremonial. There was a procession fromt he Palace to the Abbey, with the spurs, the sword, and the sceptre; the Bishops of Durham and Bath supported the King on the right and the left. The Archbishop of Canterbury performed the anointing—the most solemn and sacramental part of the service. The King then took the crown from the altar and gave it to the Archbishop, who placed it on the head of him who was now "the Lord's anointed." It was September 3rd, a day four and a half centuries later fatal to royalty, and even in 1189 a day of evil omen. During the service a bat kept wheeling through the Abbey, and especially round the throne. A peal of bells was heard ringing, pulled by no mortal ringers. Some Jews intruded upon the coronation banquet, and, so great was the detestation in which their race was held, that the intruders, suspected of intending to exercise baleful enchantments, were seized, stripped, and almost beaten to death. This deed was followed by a general plunder and massacre of Jews in many large towns, especially London and York, which "despatched their bloodsuckers with blood to hell. Winchester alone," adds Richard of Devizes, "the people being prudent and circumspect, and the city always acting mildly, spared its vermin." Richard on his return from captivity was crowned again, very unwillingly, at Winchester. This was the last trace of the old

Saxon regal character of that cathedral. The lion-hearted king was buried in his coronation robes; the "lion-heart" was buried in Rouen, the bowels at Chalus, where he was killed, the body at Fontevrault at his father's feet, in token of sorrow for his unfilial conduct. John was crowned at Westminster, forty-five days after the death of his brother. The coronation took place on May 27, 1199, which was Ascension-day. Herbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, officiated, and against his sole celebration a protest was made on behalf of the absent Archbishop of York by the Bishop of Durham. Now for the first time, the barons of the Cinque Ports took part in the ceremony. They were permitted to carry the canopy over the King's head, as a reward for the services they had rendered him in his journeys between England and France. It was during his stormy reign that the legend which ascribed the origin of the Abbey to St. Peter was urged in support of the Pope's claim to Peter's pence. The evil heart of John was buried at Fontevrault, where his father, brother, and wife had been laid before him; his body was buried in a monk's cowl at Worcester, between two Saxon saints, Wulfstan and Oswald, so that he might elude after death the demons whom he had so faithfully served during life.

With Henry III. the connection between the kings of England and the Abbey became far more intimate than before. The beginning of his reign seemed to imply that it would be the reverse. As we have already stated, Henry was crowned at Gloucester in consequence of Westminster being in the hands of Louis, Dauphin of France. The ceremony was performed on October 28, 1219, by the Bishops of Winchester and Bath, in the presence of Gualo, the legate, but without unction or imposition of hands, lest the rights of Canterbury should be infringed. For the same reason, a chaplet was substituted for the crown. Everyone was ordered to wear a chaplet for a token that the King had been legally crowned. This did not satisfy the people, who, as soon as the double defeat of the French at Lincoln and off the coast of Kent delivered them from their invaders, and restored to them their national temple, procured a second coronation, on Whitsunday, May 17, 1220. On this occasion, the sacred oil was duly used, and the boy-king, now thirteen years of age, impressed by this double ceremony, asked the greatest English theologian of that time, Grostete, Bishop of Lincoln, the difficult question, "What is the precise grace wrought in a king by the unction?" The Bishop, says Dean Stanley, "answered with truly episcopal discretion, 'The same as in confirmation.'"

Though Englishmen generally attached so much importance to the Abbey, Londoners looked upon it with jealousy. Between the monks of the minster and the clergy of the metropolitan cathedral there had been a long-standing feud, out of which originated the common proverb, "robbing Peter to pay Paul." About the time of the King's second coronation, an old quarrel between the abbots of Westminster and the bishops of London, with respect to jurisdiction was referred to arbitration, and decided in favour of the first. Two years after the coronation, and a little subsequent to the appointment of Berkynge as Abbot, there occurred a very serious tumult. There was, in 1222, a wrestling match between Londoners and Westmonastrians, at which the latter got worsted. Thereupon, the High Steward of Westminster interfered, and, with an armed party of followers, put the Londoners to flight, cruelly beating them. The citizens rang their common bell and prepared for revenge. Robert Serle, the Lord Mayor, would have referred the dispute to the Abbot of Westminster, but a rich citizen, Constantine Fitz-Arnulfe by name, inflamed the people with incendiary language, so that they would listen to no moderate counsels, but marched in a body to Westminster, razed the High Steward's house to the ground, and, having destroyed some other buildings, returned in triumph to London. Berkynge appealed to the King, and for doing so was attacked, and escaped death only by taking to a boat on the river. Matters had now become serious. Hubert, Lord Chief Justiciary, went to the Tower with "a power of armed men," and summoned the mayor and the principal citizens; among them was Fitz-Arnulfe, who gloried in what he had done, and was thereupon ordered to be executed on the following morning. When the halter was about his neck, he offered 15,000 marks to have his life spared, but in vain. A few days after the death of Fitz-Arnulfe, Hubert paid another visit to the city, apprehended a number of the rioters, and, without trial, mutilated them; he degraded the Lord Mayor and the aldermen, appointed a custos of the city, and erected a public gibbet. It was not until they had paid several thousand marks to the King that they obtained the restoration of their privileges. Henry hated London and its citizens. When on account of his prodigality he was compelled to sell his treasures, and the Londoners bought them, he exclaimed, passionately, "If Octavian's treasure were to be sold, the citizens would store it up." In order to punish these "rustical barons," as he called the wealthy citizens, he ordered a fair to

be kept at Tut-hill, now Tothill-fields, at St. Edward's-tide, to last fifteen days. During that time, all other fairs were forbidden, the London shops were ordered to be closed, and the people were compelled to purchase at the fair. There being no accommodation for them, great discomfort and misery arose. Subsequently, the King made the Londoners give him 2,000*l.*, which he spent in rebuilding the Abbey. He went on imposing forced gifts, that on one occasion amounted to no less than 20,000 gold marks. He was always in debt, and sometimes even the treasury of the Abbey itself was not spared by him.

While Henry hated London, he loved Westminster. On Whitsun-eve, the day before his second coronation, he laid the foundation-stone of a chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and which occupied the ground on which Henry VII.'s chapel now stands. This was the beginning of a great undertaking, nothing less than the rebuilding of the Abbey. The structure erected by Edward the Confessor had not been in existence more than 160 years when it was razed to make way for the present building. Brayley mentions that, sixteen years after its commencement, the work had cost 29,845*l.*, independently of 260*l.* for Caen stone. It was not until fifty years (within six months) had passed, that the new Abbey was opened. The second founder, more fortunate than the first, was able to be present at the opening. On October 13, 1269, Henry, then being nearly sixty-three years old, saw the realisation of his life-long project. Dart describes how the founder of the new church did honour to the founder of the old. The King was surrounded by a great concourse of nobles, magistrates, and burgesses. In the view of all of them the coffin of the Confessor was taken out of its old shrine, and carried with great pomp by King Henry and his brother, the King of the Romans, to the Lady Chapel, at the back of the high altar, and there deposited in a new shrine, "which was of gold, adorned with precious stones, and eminently placed in the church." The heir to the throne, Edward; Edmund, Earl of Lancaster; the Earl of Warren; Lord Basset; and "as many other nobles as could come near to touch it, supported it with their hands to the new shrine." Two miracles were wrought on this translation. Benedict, a clerk of Winchester, and John, a layman from Ireland, "being possessed by devils, on seeing the coffin exalted, had the devils cast out." Three years after this ceremonial, Henry was buried in the Abbey with great magnificence. Had he died a few years earlier, he would doubtless have been laid in the Temple

Church, among the Templars, to whom the Abbey had been indebted for its most precious relics. But it was natural that the Abbey should receive the remains of its second founder. The Templars, however, provided the funeral. The royal corpse was deposited, not where it now lies, but in the coffin, before the high altar, vacated by the removal of the Confessor's bones, and still sanctified by their odour. As the body sank into the grave, the Earl of Gloucester, in obedience to the King's dying commands, put his bare hand upon it, and swore fealty to the heir apparent, absent in Palestine. Edward, on his homeward journey, heard of his double loss, the death of his son Henry and of his father. His grief was great, greater for the father than for the son; "for," said he, "God may give me more sons, but not another father." From the East, and from France, he brought precious marbles, with which, ten years later, he built the tomb as we now see it, with its effigy carved by the Italian artist, Torel. It was not till ten years later still, that the body of Henry was removed into its new resting-place. On that occasion the Abbess of Fontevrault demanded fulfilment of the vow which Henry had made long years before, that his heart should be deposited with the ashes of his ancestors. Her demand was complied with, and under warrant from King Edward, and in the presence of his brother Edmund, the Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells delivered up the royal heart to the Abbess, one of the grandest of her rank in France. This was the last relic of the affection of the Plantagenets for their foreign home. It was scarcely a true symbol in Henry's case. This, the longest reigning king save one, was, like the longest reigning of all, proud of being an Englishman, and of his Saxon descent. He called his sons by Saxon names; his first-born—the first prince ever born at Westminster—was named after the saint whose life and death were bound up with the Abbey; Edward's brother was named Edmund after the other royal Anglo-Saxon saint. Henry indeed, shared what Dean Stanley calls the English Edwardian passion, which concentrated itself upon the Abbey of Westminster. It was this which induced him to live at Westminster; this which, together with his strong devotion—the not unfrequent accompaniment of weak character—which led him to rebuild the Abbey. How great a devotee he was, we may judge from the fact that he considered St. Louis of France a lukewarm Rationalist. He was never content with less than three masses a day, and held fast to the priest's hand during the service. Louis told him he ought to hear sermons as well as attend mass. "I had rather see my friend than hear

him talked about," was Henry's reply. Dean Stanley points out that while the king's devotion was English, his tastes were eclectic. His marriage with Eleanor of Provence opened the door for the influx of foreign princes, ecclesiastics, and artists into London. The Savoy Palace was their centre. Henry was determined that his new church should be incomparable for beauty, even in that great age of art. Italy and Spain and France contributed workmen and materials. The cost was enormous, amounting in our money to half a million. Nominally, it was defrayed by the crown; really, it was extorted from unwilling contributors, especially from the Jews. "His enormous exactions have left their lasting traces on the English Constitution, in no less a monument than the House of Commons, which rose into existence as a protest against the lavish expenditure on the Abbey which it confronts." Through Henry's favouritism the abbots of Westminster were made independent of the bishops of London, an immunity not wholly advantageous. One result of it was that the Abbey was placed in immediate dependence on the Papal See, and the abbots were to travel to Rome for their confirmation, and were to visit that city once every two years, until Edward IV. relieved them of the duty by a commutation. In 1258, Philip de Lewisham was chosen Abbot, but he was "so fat and gross" that he could not make the journey, and the monks sent a deputation to pray for his exemption. They had to pay 800 marks for it, but on their return they found that their money had been spent in vain,—their portly chief had given up the ghost.

Edward was in the Holy Land when his father died. On this account, the unusually long interval of nearly two years elapsed between his accession and his coronation. Its length shows that during the protracted reign of Henry the country had become more settled, the succession to the crown a matter of course, instead of a subject for intrigue and quarrel. It was on August 19th, 1274, that the hero of Palestine and his beloved consort, Eleanor, were crowned in the new Abbey. It was the first joint coronation. For the honour of so martial a king, 500 great horses, on some of which Edward and his brother Edmund had ridden to the banquet, were let loose among the crowd, anyone to take them for his own as he could. On this occasion, Alexander III. of Scotland did homage. Nor was this the only connection between Scotland and the Abbey throughout Edward's reign. In 1303, the king's treasury was robbed of 100,000*l.*, which had been laid up for service in the Scottish wars. The tidings reached

Edward at Linlithgow. He ordered the Abbot and forty-eight monks to be committed to the Tower, and there they remained for two years, until the king, returning in triumph, ordered them to be released. "Those who had charge of them," adds Brayley, "detained them eight days after the order, out of pure malice." If Brayley and Matthew of Westminster, the chronicler, credit their protestations of innocence, so does not Dean Stanley. The facts, he says, are too stubborn. The chief robber was Richard de Podlicote, who had already carried off a quantity of silver plate from the refectory. His more audacious burglary was concerted with friends partly within, partly without the precincts.

"Any one who had passed through the cloisters in the early spring of that year must have been struck by the unusual appearance of a crop of hemp springing up over the grassy graves, and the gardener who came to mow the grass and carry off the herbage was constantly refused admittance. In that tangled hemp, sown and grown, it was believed, for this special purpose, was concealed the treasure after it was taken out. In two large black panniers it was carried across the river to the 'King's Bridge,' a pier, where now is Westminster Bridge, by the monk Alexander of Pershore and others, who returned in a boat to the Abbot's Mill on the Mill Bank. The broken boxes, the jewels scattered on the floor, the ring with which Henry III. was consecrated, the privy seal of the king himself, revealed the deed to the astonished eyes of the royal officers when they came to investigate the rumour. The Abbot and the eighty monks were taken to the Tower, and a long trial took place. The Abbot and the rest of the fraternity were released, but the charge was brought home to the sub-prior and the sacrist. The architecture still bears its protest against the treason and the boldness of the robbers. The approach from the northern side was walled off, and the treasury then reduced one third. . . . From that time the charm of the Royal Treasury was broken, and its more valuable contents were removed elsewhere. Thenceforth, the Westminster Treasury was employed only for guarding the regalia, the relics, the records of treaties, and the box or pyx containing the die of the coin. One by one these glories have passed from it. The relics doubtless disappeared at the Reformation. The treaties, as we shall presently see. Except on the eve of the coronations, when they are deposited in the dean's custody, either in the Jerusalem Chamber or in one of the private closets in his library, the regalia have, since the Reformation, been transferred to the Tower. The Pyx alone remains to be visited once every five years by the officers for the 'Trial of the Pyx.' But it continues, like the enchanted cave of Toledo or Covadonga, the original hiding-place of England's gold, the one undoubted relic of the Confessor's architecture, the one solid block of the fabric of the monarchy over-

shadowed, but not absorbed, by the ecclesiastical influences around it, a testimony at once to the sacredness of the Abbey, and to the independence of the Crown."—*Memorials*, pp. 384—386.

There was during this reign a still more important and an abiding memorial of the connection between the Scotch wars and the Abbey. From a very early period, the English kings, before they passed from the Palace to the Abbey, were lifted to a marble seat, twelve feet long by three feet broad, placed at the upper end of Westminster Hall, and called from this peculiar dignity the King's bench. But as yet there was not in the Abbey itself anything answering to this visible token of sovereignty. Scotland supplied what was wanting. In the Scotch capital was a venerable fragment of rock, which, according to the tradition current in the fourteenth century, was the stony pillow whereon Jacob rested his head at Bethel. His countrymen transported it to Egypt. Scota, the daughter of Pharaoh, and her husband, the son of Cecrops, King of Athens, being alarmed at the growing power of Moses, fled with the stone to Spain. Hence it was carried to Ireland by Simon Brech, son of Mino the Scot. On the sacred hill of Tara it became "the stone of destiny." On it the kings of Ireland were placed. If the chief was a true successor, the stone was silent; if a pretender, it groaned aloud. Irish antiquarians maintain that the stone is still on the old spot. Scotch tradition affirms that Fergus, the founder of the Scottish monarchy, bore it across the sea from Ireland to Dunstaffnage. When the Scots migrated eastward, the stone was moved by Kenneth II., A.D. 840, and planted on a raised plot of ground at Scone, because, as Holinshed states, "the last battle with the Picts was there fought." Without attempting to determine how much of truth there is in this tradition, it is certain that the location at Scone is an historic event. It was there encased in a chair of wood. Upon it the kings of Scotland were placed by the Earls of Fife. It was the "Sedes principalis of Scotland, and for that reason Perth, not Edinburgh, was regarded for many years as the capital city of the kingdom. Edward of England, the conqueror of Scotland, laid hold of this precious relic. He had already hung up before the Confessor's shrine, the golden coronet of the last Prince of Wales. He would magnify the Abbey still more by transferring thither the very seat of the kingdom of Scotland."

"Westminster was to be an English Scone. It was his latest care for the Abbey. In that last year of Edward's reign, the venerable chair which still encloses it was made for it by the orders of its

captor. The fragment of the world-old Celtic ages, was embedded in the New Plantagenet oak. The King had originally intended the seat to have been of bronze, and the workman, Adam, had actually begun it. But it was ultimately constructed of wood, and decorated by Walter, the painter, who at the same time was employed on the Painted Chamber, and probably on the Chapter House."—*Memorials, &c.* p. 62.*

Great was the tribulation of the Scots at their loss. It seemed to them as if the very foundation of the monarchy was gone. When the long wars between the two nations were brought to a close, there was in 1363 a conference at London between David, King of Scotland, and Edward III. It was specified by the treaty then drawn up that "the King after having been crowned King of England is to come regularly to the kingdom of Scotland, and be crowned King at Scone, in the royal chair which is to be delivered up to England." Prior to this, Edward had, in accordance with the treaty of Northampton, ordered the stone to be restored to its former owners; but treaties and royal commands were alike set at nought. The stone still remains in the Abbey, and on it all the sovereigns of England, save one, have sat during their coronation: nor has it ever been removed from the Abbey, except on one occasion when its very removal testified to the reverence in which it was held—the occasion of Cromwell's installation as Lord Protector in Westminster Hall.

It was not only the Welsh coronet and the stone from Scone that Edward I. contributed to the Abbey. He buried several of his children there, including that little Alphonso by whose hands the slain Llewellyn's crown was hung before the Confessor's shrine. There was another burial during this reign which is still kept in memory. Even now some of the crosses between Lincoln and Charing mark the places where the sad procession halted which brought the body of Queen Eleanor from Hardby to Westminster. "Mulier pia, modesta, misericors, Anglicorum omnium amatrix," her husband called her; and he in his grief ordered that a hundred wax lights should

* Among the entries in the "Wardrobe Accounts of Edward I." published by the Society of Antiquarians, there is the following item, dated 1300:—

"To Master William, the painter, for the costs and expenses incurred by him about making one step at the foot of the new chair in which is the stone from Scotland (ad pedem novæ cathedræ quâ petra Scocie reponitur) set up near the altar, before St. Edward's shrine in the Abbatial Church of Westminster, in pursuance of the order of the King in the month of March, and for the wages of the carpenter and the painter for painting the said step, and for gold and divers colours bought for painting the same, together with the making of one case for covering the said chair, as appears from the particulars in the wardrobe book, *11. 19s. 7d.*"

burn for ever around her tomb on St. Andrew's Eve, the anniversary of her death; and each Abbot of Westminster before he entered on his office bound himself by oath to keep up this service. Edward built her a splendid tomb; he married again, he fought new battles, filled the Abbey with trophies of new conquests, continued the building of the nave, and then at last himself died, July 7, 1307, in a wild village on the Solway sands, and was buried in the Abbey in the following year. His tomb is singularly rude as compared with the elaborate ornamentation of those which adjoin it. The inscription upon it—Edwardus Primus Scotorum malleus hic est, 1308, Pactum serva—partly explains the absence of decoration. The dying king required of his son that his flesh should be boiled, his bones carried at the head of the English army till Scotland was subdued, and his heart sent to the Holy Land, which he had vainly tried to wrest from the Saracens. It is true that with his death all thought of the conquest of Scotland ceased, but, adds Dean Stanley, "it may possibly have been 'to keep the pact' that the tomb was left in this rude state, which would enable his successors at any moment to take out the corpse and carry off the heart." Perhaps it was with the same object that another singular provision was made; and in this case the provision was obeyed. Once every two years the tomb was to be opened, and the wax of the cere-cloth renewed. This renewal took place as long as the dynasty lasted, "perhaps with a lingering hope that the time would come when a victorious English army would once more sweep through Scotland with the conqueror's skeleton, or another crusade embark for Palestine with that true English heart." When the dynasty fell with Richard II., the tomb ceased to be opened, and remained undisturbed until the Society of Antiquaries opened it in the middle of the last century, and revealed the king, wrapped in a large waxed linen cloth, with cloth of gold about the "long shanks" which gave him his nick-name.

Edward II. was the first of English kings to be crowned on the famous stone, and with him was crowned his wife Isabella, the "she-wolf of France." The nobles crowded eagerly to do homage to the handsome youth who succeeded to the throne. They soon found that he was no true son of his father. His weakness was quickly discovered. There was insurrection in Ireland, rebellion in Wales, and in Scotland Robert Bruce overthrew the chivalry of England at Bannockburn. When with these disasters Edward added to the other causes of dislike the introduction of foreign favourites, it is

not surprising that his English subjects rebelled against him. A disastrous reign of twenty years was followed by a violent and horrible death. The corpse of the murdered king was buried at Gloucester, the nearest church to the scene of his dreadful end. Little is known of the coronation of Edward III., which took place February 1, 1327, that is previously to the death of his father. He was but fifteen years of age, and he refused to be crowned without his father's consent. Throughout the ceremony the murderous queen-mother affected to be weeping. It was on this occasion that the sword of state and shield of state, still kept in the Abbey, were first carried before the sovereign. Queen Philippa was crowned in the following year. She was buried in 1369, and in her tomb we see the earliest attempt at a portrait. The figures that surround the queen are the thirty princely personages with whom she, as Princess Hainault, was connected by birth. On her death-bed she said to the King, "I ask that you will not choose any other sepulchre than mine, and that you lie by my side in the Abbey of Westminster." So faithful a wife as she had been deserved to be more faithfully remembered. It was a pitiful ending of a glorious reign—an unworthy end of a great king, that death-bed of the great Edward. The mistress whom he had taken in his old age followed the example of the rest of the world, and forsook the "mighty victor, mighty lord," as "low on his funeral couch" he lay. A poor priest happening to look in at the Palace of Shene, where the forsaken King was, administered to him the last rites. Giving the dying man a crucifix, Edward kissed the sacred feet, and faintly articulating "Jesus," gave up his life. He was buried in the Abbey. His features are said to be represented by a cast taken after his death. "His long flowing hair and beard agree," says Dean Stanley, "with the contemporary accounts. The godlike grace which shone in his countenance is perhaps hardly perceptible, but yet it bears a curious resemblance to an illustrious living poet, who is said to be descended from him." Edward's twelve children, including the famous seven sons, whose quarrels were the source of all the troubles of the next hundred years, were grouped in effigy around his tomb. But the most famous of them all was not buried at Westminster. Every visitor to Canterbury Cathedral will remember the tomb of the Black Prince, and the leopard skin that he wore, hung up above it.

"Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child," says the prophet. "Woe, too, to the king," the prophet might have said. Richard's reign began when he was twelve years of

age; it ended when he was thirty-four, almost as tragically as his great-grandfather's. It was disturbed by one popular insurrection after another, by quarrels with the nobles, and by treachery among his own kinsmen. And yet never did reign have a brighter beginning. We have elaborate accounts of the coronation on July 16, 1377. The *Liber Regalis* which prescribed its order, and has been the basis of all subsequent ceremonials, has been in the custody of the Abbots and Deans of Westminster from the time that it was drawn up, on this occasion, by Abbot Littlington. This was the first time, so far as we are aware, that the cavalcade from the Tower—which prevailed till the time of Charles II.—took place.

"The king remained there for a week, in order to indicate that he was master of the turbulent city; and then rode bareheaded, amid every variety of pageantry, through Cheapside, Fleet Street, and the Strand, to Westminster. He was accompanied by a body of knights created for the occasion, who, after having being duly washed in a bath, assumed their knightly dresses, and escorted their young companion to his palace. This was the first beginning of the 'Knights of the Bath,' who from this time forward formed part of the coronation ceremony, till the close of the 17th century. . . . When the service was over, and the boy-king, exhausted with the long effort, was carried out fainting, the great nobles, headed by Henry Percy, Lord Marshal, mounted their chargers at the door of the Abbey, and proceeded to clear the way for the procession, when they were met by Sir John Dymoke, the Champion."—*Memorials*, p. 60.

The Champion does not seem to have conned his part beforehand. He was quite at a loss what to do, and retired discomfited at the bidding of the Earl Marshal. His descendant, who died a few months ago, a quiet country clergyman, but Champion of England by virtue of being the representative Dymoke, would probably have felt still more awkward if called upon to offer wager of battle, as was customary at coronations even to so late a period as that of George IV. Richard's coronation banquet was profusely magnificent. The golden eagle in the palace yard spouted wine for the people. It was an unsatisfactory kind of liberality. The people had to pay for it; and so excessive were the demands made upon them by reason, or at least under pretence, of the costliness of the coronation, that eight counties rebelled, and London for a time seemed to be at the mercy of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw. Young Richard, though no more than sixteen years old, showed courage worthy of his lion-hearted father. He first visited the hermit who lived in the Anchorite's

house, close to St. Margaret's Church, under the shadow of the Abbey, and, encouraged by the holy man's counsels, he set forth on his gallant expedition to Smithfield, where, on the death of Tyler, he placed himself at the head of the rebels, and converted them for the time into loyal subjects. It was during Richard's reign that the Abbot Littlington, already mentioned, built the abbot's house (the present deanery), the southern and western cloisters, and many other parts of the conventual buildings since perished. Though Littlington was the actual builder, his predecessor, Simon Langham, was the actual benefactor, and left the 200,000*l.* with which the new buildings had been erected. Langham was a stern disciplinarian, and saved this large sum of money by cutting down the luxuries of the monks. He was the only Abbot of Westminster who was raised to the rank of cardinal; he was also Lord High Treasurer and Lord Chancellor to Edward III. Richard did much for the Abbey. Especially he rebuilt the great northern entrance, which from its beauty was known as Solomon's porch. "There," says Crull, writing in 1711, "were the statues of the twelve Apostles at full length, with a vast number of other saints, intermixed with intaglios, devices, and abundance of fret-work to add to the beauty thereof; but all much defaced and worn-out by time and the corroding vapour of the sea-coals." Perhaps if Crull were living now, a certain Act of Parliament would not be quite the dead letter that it is. Richard had a particular veneration for the Confessor. He bore the Confessor's arms, and swore by "St. Edward." He confided a ring to the royal saint's shrine when he was not out of England. Richard's portrait, the oldest contemporary representation of any English sovereign, hung in the Abbey for centuries, until, injured by the wigs of successive lord chancellors behind whose heads it stood, it was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber, sorely defaced likewise by successive "restorations." But Richard in our own time has been more successful, and has recovered the pristine form and face, the curling masses of auburn hair, the large heavy eyes, the long thin nose, the short tufted hair under his beardless chin, the soft and melancholy expression which altogether made up a face of such unparalleled beauty that the king's head was said to be turned by it. He was not, however, too vain to be affectionate. The death of his wife, Anne of Bohemia, distracted him. In the agony of his sorrow he razed to the ground the palace at Sheen, wherein his grandfather had died. The funeral was celebrated in the Abbey which had witnessed the nuptials of

the dead queen and her broken-hearted husband. It was carried out at an enormous cost. Hundreds of candles were brought from Flanders. On reaching the Abbey, Richard was roused to a frenzy of rage by finding that the Earl of Arundel had not only come too late for the procession, but asked to go away before the ceremony was over. Richard seized a cane and struck the Earl such a blow that he fell bleeding on the pavement. The service was so long delayed by the altercation and the reconciliation that night came on before the obsequies were ended. The king built a handsome tomb for his wife and for himself, little thinking that he, a widower at thirty, would rejoin his wife in less than four years. The monument is a curious illustration of his affection and his vanity. The first is shown by his effigy, whose hand clasps that of Queen Anne's. The second is shown by the inscription, in which he records his beauty, wisdom, and orthodoxy:

> "Corpore procerus, animo prudens ut Homerus,
> Obruit hæreticos, et eorum stravit amicos."

It is by no ways certain that the king was buried in the tomb which he had built. "A corpse was brought from Pomfret to London by Henry IV. with the face exposed, and thence conveyed to Langley; and long afterwards, partly as an expiation for Henry's sins, partly to show that Richard was really dead, it was carried back by Henry V. from Langley, and was buried in state in his tomb." Yet, though the features were recognised by many persons, there were some who said that this was the body of Maudlin, Richard's chaplain, who was known to bear a striking resemblance to the king. In the last century the tomb was accidentally opened, and the indications were in favour of the presumption that it was the murdered king who was laid there.

The direct line of the Plantagenets was ended when Sir Piers Exton dealt Richard his death-blow, unless indeed there be any ground for Tytler's assertion that the dethroned king escaped to Scotland and lived there twenty years. Henry of Bolingbroke began to reign on the day after his cousin resigned the crown, September 30th, 1399. The coronation was celebrated with all the greater pomp because of the questionable character of the new king's title. It took place on October 13th, the anniversary of that day when Richard stopped the duel at Coventry, and banished the intending combatants.

"He came to the Abbey with an ostentatious unpunctuality, having heard three masses and spent long hours with his confessor on the morning of that day, in accordance with the real or affected piety which was to compensate in the eyes of his subjects for his usurpation. His bath and the bath of his knights are brought out more prominently than before. In his coronation the use of the Scottish stone is first expressly mentioned, and, yet more suspiciously, a vase of holy oil, corresponding to the ampulla of Rheims, first makes its appearance. The Virgin Mary had given (so the report ran) a golden eagle, filled with holy oil to St. Thomas of Canterbury, during the exile, with the promise that any kings of England anointed with it would be merciful rulers and champions of the Church."—*Memorials*, p. 70.

It was revealed to the Black Prince, but was unaccountably overlooked by Richard. On discovering it, the King asked Courtenay, Archbishop of Canterbury, to anoint him with it, but was refused on the ground that the regal unction being of the nature of a sacrament could not be repeated. Richard replied with melancholy presentiment, that it was destined for a more fortunate king. Scarcely was Henry crowned in the Abbey, when a formidable conspiracy was formed against him in the Abbot's house. The Abbot, William of Colchester, who fourteen years before had been sent by Henry to the Council of Constance, gave a grand feast to sundry noble partizans of Richard, and it was agreed that there should be a tournament between the Earl of Huntingdon and the Earl of Salisbury, two of the conspirators, and that Henry should be invited to attend it, and there be slain. An indenture "sextipartite" was drawn up, sealed, and signed, and the signataries swore upon the Holy Gospels to be true to death. By a series of mischances the plot was discovered, and bloody vengeance wreaked upon the traitors, all except the worst of them, the Earl of Rutland, who was doubly base, and, having first conspired against the King, revealed the plot in order to save his life, and carried the head of his fellow-conspirator and brother-in-law, Lord Spencer, to Henry as a proof of fidelity. There was another event to connect Henry with the Abbey. He was still in the full maturity of manhood, and resolved to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. While performing his devotions before the shrine of the Confessor previously to setting out, he was stricken by apoplexy and carried into an adjoining room. On recovering his senses he asked where he was, and being told in the Jerusalem Chamber, he said it had long been prophesied that he should die at Jerusalem, and that the prophecy was about to be fulfilled, in

a manner far different from his expectation. Henry, though he died almost within the walls of the Abbey, was buried at Canterbury, having a superstitious reverence for England's favourite saint and martyr. Henry V., who had been in such haste to wear the crown, that he put it upon his own head in the Jerusalem Chamber before his father's death, was lawfully crowned in the Abbey on Passion Sunday, April 9th, 1413. It is the only coronation represented in the structure itself. A terrible thunderstorm raged while the ceremony was going on. Afterwards, when fires destroyed Norwich, and Gloucester, and other cities, this tempest was remembered, and considered to have been ominous. During his reign he gave lands to the monastery, and employed the well-known Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, and the great architect of his age, to complete the nave in the same style of architecture as that adopted by Henry III., nearly two centuries before. The first grand ceremonial which it witnessed was the procession which assisted at the Te Deum for the victory of Agincourt. Like his father, Henry V. determined to commence a new crusade, and like him died on the eve of fulfilling his intention. It was a very hot summer, and Henry had not gone farther than Vincennes, when he was attacked by dysentery, and died at midnight, August 31st, 1422. On his death-bed the fifty-first Psalm was chanted to him. He paused at the words, "Build thou the walls of Jerusalem," and fervently repeated them. "As surely as I expect to die," he said, "I intended after I had established peace in France to go and conquer Jesusalem, if it had been the good pleasure of my Creator to have let me live my due time." A few minutes afterwards, as if speaking to the evil spirit of his youth, he cried out, "Thou liest—thou liest! my part is with my Lord Jesus Christ," and then, with the words strongly uttered, "In manus tuas, Domine, ipsum terminum redemisti," he expired. France and England vied with each other for the honour of his remains. Paris and Rouen offered immense sums for that purpose. But before setting out on his journey, Henry had made express provision for his burial at Westminster, and his wishes prevailed. The funeral was the most splendid that England had ever seen. The obsequies were performed first at St. Paul's, and then, November 7th, at Westminster. All the clergy met the corpse on its approach to London from the Continent. Great and somewhat ruthless changes were made in the Abbey in order to accommodate the new and noble denizen. Not only were the relics removed, but his tomb, formed in the shape of the letter H, devoured half the

beautiful monuments of Eleanor and Philippa. He alone of all the kings hitherto buried in the Abbey had ordered a separate chantry to be erected where masses might be for ever offered up. It was raised above his tomb high enough for the people far down in the Abbey to see the priest officiating before the altar, which was dedicated to the Annunciation. The sculptures round the chapel represent the scenes of his royal career, his coronation, and his battles in France. Overhead were hung his shield, his saddle, and his helmet. The shield is gone. The helmet is probably that which he wore at Agincourt, which twice saved his life on that eventful day, still showing the marks of the ponderous sword of the Duke of Alençon—the "bruised helmet," which, says Dean Stanley, "he refused to have borne in state before him on his triumphal entry into London, 'for that he would have the praise chiefly given to God.'" The effigy of the King, cut from the solid heart of an English oak, plated with silver gilt, and with a solid silver head, and golden teeth, has suffered sorely from robbers, especially at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries, when many a theft was committed under the cloak of Protestant zeal. Very different from this magnificent sepulchre, was the tomb of Henry's Queen, Catherine of Valois, who died nearly twenty-two years later. Her remains were placed in a wide coffin in the Lady Chapel, "in a badly apparelled state," and exposed to view. Afterwards, when it was removed by her grandson to the right side of her husband, the bones were found to be firmly united, and "thinly clothed with flesh, like scrapings of fine leather." The neglect was perhaps partly due to the disfavour into which she fell on account of her second marriage with Owen Tudor, the obscure Welsh ancestor of the greatest of English Queens. But the legends of the Abbey affirm that she herself ordered a humble burial as an acknowledgment of her fault in giving birth to a son at Windsor, against the express command of her husband.

Once more the land had a child for its king, and once more the prophet's warning was to be fulfilled. Henry VI. was but nine months old when he inherited the crown, and he was but eight years (not, as Dean Stanley says, nine) when that crown was placed upon his head, December 6th, 1429. He was afterwards crowned at Paris, though by this time the right to the title of "King of France," always assumed by the kings of England, had been sorely diminished. By Henry's marriage with Margaret of Anjou, it was diminished still more. He brought his queen to England to be crowned

in the Abbey fifteen years after his own coronation. She could as little have foreseen the sorrows in store for her—her husband, dethroned and dying, if not murdered, in the Tower, her only son killed by conquerors who knew no mercy, herself an exile—as, three centuries and a half later, another queen—on whom fortune smiled so brightly at first—Marie Antoinette, could have foreseen her own sad fate. During his troubled reign, Henry was not unmindful of the Abbey, or of its royal saint. He revived the Confessor's name by giving it to his own son, the prince upon whom the other Edward showed no mercy. In Henry's time was probably erected the screen which divides the shrine from the high altar, with the legendary scenes of the Confessor's life. During the sad years of his waning fortunes he would visit the Abbey at all hours of the day and night, to fix the place of his sepulture. On one occasion it was suggested that the tomb of Henry V. should be pushed a little on one side to make room for him. But he replied, "Nay, let him alone, he lieth like a noble prince; I would not trouble him." The unsuccessful son recognised ungrudgingly the splendid career of the father whom he never remembered to have seen. He pointed out another spot, then occupied by the great reliquary, "marked with his foot seven feet," and turning to his nobles, said to Lord Cromwell, "Lend me your staff;" and, taking it, pointed to the spot, adding, "Is it not fitting I should have a place here, where my father and ancestors lie, near St. Edward? Here, methinketh, is a convenient place; forsooth, forsooth, here will we lie, here is a good place for us." The workmen set to work at once, but they never finished their task; Henry died, perhaps was murdered, in the Tower, after nearly forty troubled years of sovereignty, and he was buried at Chertsey Abbey. Subsequently, his body was removed by Henry VII. to St. George's, Windsor. There, too, was buried his fortunate rival, Edward IV., of whose coronation at the Abbey there is nothing special to remark, save the difficulty that there was in finding a suitable day.

There is nothing more pathetic in English history than the brief career of Edward V. His mother, Elizabeth Woodville, took refuge in the sanctuary of Westminster at the time of his birth. She, her three daughters, and Lady Scroope took up their abode as "sanctuary women." The abbot (Milling) sent the provisions, "half a loaf and two muttons," daily. The nurse in the sanctuary assisted at the birth, and in these straits Edward V. first saw the light. He was baptised by the sub-prior, with the abbot for godfather, and the Duchess

of Bedford and Lady Scroope as his godmothers. The Queen remained there until her husband's triumphant entry into London. On his death she again took refuge in the sanctuary, in order to escape from the plot which the Duke of Gloucester had laid against the life of her sons. Only one of these, the Duke of York, she had with her as she crossed by night from the palace to the Abbey. The Abbot Esteney received her; all was confusion, and the Queen "sate alone on the rushes, desolate and dismayed." Soon the Thames was covered with boats full of Richard's men, who watched to see that no one passed into the sanctuary. When he heard that his nephew was already there, he would have taken away the child by force, but the two archbishops withstood him. Then it was suggested, that as the child was incapable of such crimes as needed sanctuary, so he was incapable of receiving sanctuary. Against the logic which made the refuge of thieves no protection to the innocent, the Queen protested by arguments rendered keen by motherly affection. She said, passionately, "In what place could I reckon him secure, if he be not secure in this sanctuary, whereof there was never yet tyrant so devilish that presumed to break? . . . But you say that my son can deserve no sanctuary, and therefore he cannot have it. Forsooth, he hath found a goodly gloss, by which the place that may defend a thief may not save an innocent. . . . I can no more, but whosoever he be that breaketh this holy sanctuary, I pray God shortly send him need of sanctuary, when he may not come to it. For taken out of sanctuary I would not my mortal enemy were." But the archbishop, yielding to Richard's representations, at length induced Elizabeth to give way. She took a sobbing farewell of her child, whose fate maternal instinct forecast with a certainty which no logic could shake. "Farewell, mine own sweet son," she said, "God send you good keeping; let me kiss you once ere you go; for God knoweth when we shall kiss one another again." "And therewith," adds Miss Strickland, "she kissed him and blessed him, turned her back, went her way, leaving the child weeping as fast." He went to join his brother in the Tower, and the two little bedfellows were soon fellows in death. All was prepared for the coronation of Edward, "wild fowl for the banquet, and dresses for the guests." But the only king born in the Abbey, was the only king destined not to be crowned there. He and his brother were buried beneath a stair of the grim prison where they had been murdered. There their bodies were found in the time of Charles II., who ordered a marble monument to be erected to their memory.

The murderer was crowned in the Abbey, July 5, 1486. It was the most magnificent pageant ever seen; six thousand gentlemen from the north accompanied him in his procession from the Tower to Westminster Hall. There he "sate in the seat-royal, and called before him the judges to execute the laws, with many good exhortations, of which he followed not one." He then went to the Abbey, the Abbot met him with St. Edward's sceptre, the monks sang Te Deum with faint courage. He returned to the Palace, whence he went with the usual procession to the Abbey. "The lofty platform, high above the altar, the strange appearance of King and Queen as they sate, stripped from the waist upwards, to be anointed, the dukes around the King, the bishops and ladies round the Queen, the train of the Queen borne by Margaret of Richmond, were incidents long remembered."* "When the wicked perish, there is shouting;" and so, as Hume tells us, when the dead body of Richard was found, "all besmeared with blood," upon the field of Bosworth, it was "thrown carelessly across a horse," and "carried to Leicester amid the shouts of the insulting spectators, and was interred in the Grey Friars church of that place."

The sovereign who has already won his crown on the battle-field with the good wishes of his subjects, may well afford to dispense with some of the ceremonial which a tyrant uses to establish his position. Lord Stanley placed the crown of England upon Henry's head at Bosworth. His coronation at the Abbey is described as mean, compared with his predecessor's. This may have arisen partly from his notorious parsimony; nevertheless, he could afford to be mean. After all, his marriage was a more important event than his coronation, since it gave to distracted and wearied England a pledge of peace by the union of the too long rival houses of York and Lancaster. Queen Elizabeth's coronation did not occur until two years after her husband's. The public rejoicing, so far exceeding that manifested at his own crowning, was highly displeasing to the King, and made him always treat his consort with suspicion. She was the first to be buried in that splendid chapel which goes by his name. The erection of this building was in every way a remarkable incident in Henry's reign; misers, when they do spend money, not unfrequently like to spend magnificently. The royal miser was one of these; out of his hoard, he built the Savoy and the chapel of Westminster. For the last, a site was obtained by

* *Memorials*, p. 72.

sweeping away the venerable "White Rose Inn" of Chaucer's garden, and the chapels of St. Mary and St. Erasmus. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, whom "in all his necessities he had made his continual refuge." It was intended at first as a shrine for a new royal saint, "right shortly to translate into the same the body and reliques of his uncle of blissful memory, King Henry VI." If the King's body was removed at all, there was certainly, says Dean Stanley, no "solemn translation," nor did the canonisation promised by the Pope take place. Admission into the calendar was a costly transaction, and it is likely that Henry VII. was deterred by the expense from carrying out his original intention. That intention was supplanted by another. As the King became more firmly seated on the throne, the remembrance of his succession to the House of Lancaster was gradually merged in the proud thought that, as the founder of a new dynasty, he would, as his will expressed it, lie "in the common sepulchre of the kings of this realm with his noble progenitors." In fact, he traced his pedigree farther back than those ancestors who reposed in the Abbey. While the red rose appears in every pane of the chapel, there is, round his tomb, intertwined with the emblems of the House of Lancaster, the red dragon of the last British King, Cadwallader, the "dragon of the great Pendragonship" of Wales. It was not only as the descendant of William the Norman, but as descendant of Arthur the Briton, that Henry desired to be commemorated. At the same time, he never forgot his own share in obtaining the throne. The angels which sit at the four corners of his tomb once held the likeness of the crown which he won at Bosworth. It was on January 24, 1503, that the foundation-stone of the new chapel was laid by Abbot Islip and Sir Reginald Bray the architect. It was to be Henry's chantry as well as his tomb, almost a second Abbey, to contain the new establishment of monks who were to sing in their stalls, "as long as the world shall endure." Saints and angels were sculptured in profusion; they are named specifically in his will, wherein we read, that to them "he calls and cries so to aid, succour, and defend him, that the antient and ghostly enemy, nor none other evil or damnable spirit have no power to invade him, nor with their wickedness to annoy him, but with holy prayers to be intercessors for him to his Maker and Redeemer." He left injunctions for the performance of innumerable services, as though he himself inwardly feared that their days were numbered. When dying at his splendid palace of Sheen, now called, after him, Richmond, he made

vehement protestations of amendment, and passionately grasped the crucifix, and beat his breast, "in accordance," as Dean Stanley says, "with that dread of his last hour out of which his sepulchre had arisen." His funeral was worthy of that sepulchre; as the "black velvet coffin," with its "white satin cross from end to end," was being lowered into the vault by the side of the Queen's, "the archbishops, bishops, and abbots stood round and struck their croziers on the coffin with the word *absolvimus*. The Archbishop of Canterbury then cast in the earth; the vault was closed; the heralds stripped off their tabards, and hung them on the rails of the hearse, exclaiming in French, "The noble King Henry VII. is dead!" and then immediately put them on again, and cried, "Vive le noble Roy, Henry VIII.!" Within three months the venerable Margaret, Countess of Richmond and Derby, died and was buried with sincere sorrow, in the midst of the rejoicings at the marriage and coronation of her grandson. She belonged to the mediæval past, yet the inscription on her tomb was written by the "first and most universal of reformers," Erasmus.

The splendid coronation of Henry VIII. and Catherine of Arragon was memorable for the circumstance that then, for the last time, an Archbishop of Canterbury officiated with the sanction of the See of Rome. It was, indeed, the close of the old order, the beginning of the new. The death of Prince Arthur, in whose name Henry VII. had revived the memory of the adored king from whom he claimed descent, and the subsequent marriage of Arthur's widow with her brother-in-law, were not long in producing those momentous results which changed the course of English history. Thrice in the course of that same year did the new chapel witness royal obsequies. We have mentioned those of Henry VII. and the Countess of Richmond, his mother; they just lived long enough to see the death of the first-born of the fourth generation. The infant Prince Henry, the issue of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catherine, died soon after his birth, and was buried in the Abbey. He was the first of the children that were born only to die; his death was the first link in that chain of logic which convinced Henry that his marriage with his brother's wife was a crime, which led to that famous rupture with Rome we call the Reformation. Another coronation followed. Mr. Froude has described it in one of the choicest passages in the English language—the crowning of Anne Boleyn. After her, none of Henry's Queens was crowned. Jane Seymour would have been, but for the plague, which raged in the

Abbey itself. It was beside this, his best-loved queen, that Henry was laid at Windsor.

This desertion of the Abbey, as the place of royal sepulture, was but one sign of the great change that had passed over the edifice. The monastic buildings connected with it became the property of private persons, the chapter-house was turned into a record office. In 1539, Henry took possession of the Abbey itself, then valued at 3,977*l.*; he had spared Peterborough for the sake of the tomb of his first wife, so he spared Westminster for the sake of his royal ancestors, especially his father's tomb. But though he did not destroy, he revolutionised; he ordered the Abbey to be governed by a dean and prebendaries; a little later he dissolved that government, and by letters patent, dated December 17, 1540, erected it into an episcopal see, with bishop, dean, and twelve prebendaries, and made Westminster a city, and allotted all Middlesex, save Fulham, for the diocese, ordering the county to be subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Westminster, as it had before been subject to that of the Bishop of London. The only Bishop of Westminster was Thomas Thirlby, who was consecrated in 1540. He was translated to Norwich when he had sate nine or ten years, and, according to Dugdale, had "entirely dilapidated" the patrimony belonging to the Abbey. It fell to him to receive Edward VI. at his coronation; the only king ever met at the Abbey by a Bishop of Westminster. Edward was crowned on Shrove Tuesday (February 20), 1546. He was but ten years old, and partly because of his tender years, and partly because "many points of the" service "were such as by the laws of the nation were not allowable," the mass was much abridged. The King's god-father, Archbishop Cranmer, officiated, who, instead of keeping to the ancient form, whereby the sovereign was presented to the people for their election, presented him as the "rightful and undoubted inheritor." The unction was performed with unusual care. "My Lord of Canterbury," says Strype, "kneeling on his knees, and the King lying prostrate upon the altar, anointed his back." The Lord Protector, the Duke of Somerset, "held the crown in his hand for a certain space," and it was set on the King's head by the Duke and the Archbishop. There was no sermon, but Cranmer delivered a short address, in which, with the utmost boldness, he denied the supremacy of the Pope, and the virtue of the very ceremony which he had just so carefully performed. He said that the King was God's anointed, "not in respect of the oil which the Bishop useth, but in consideration of their power, which is or-

dained. . . . The oil, if added, is but a ceremony; if it be wanting, the King is yet a perfect monarch notwithstanding, and God's anointed as well as if he was inoiled." He added, that "the Bishop of Rome hath no authority; therefore, not from the Bishop of Rome, but as a messenger from my Saviour Jesus Christ, I shall most humbly admonish your Royal Majesty what things your Highness is to perform." Edward abolished the Bishopric of Westminster, and restored Middlesex to the See of London. When he died of decline, seven years later, his sister Mary, retaining for the Abbey the same love and veneration which was felt by her grandfather, caused the young King to be buried in the chapel of Henry VII. This funeral was a matter of severe controversy. For a whole month the royal corpse lay unburied, while the Queen carried on the negotiations with her minister respecting the burial rites. The result was a compromise. In the chapel, teeming with mediæval sentiment, instead of by the side of his father and mother at Windsor, young Edward was laid. Underneath a sumptuous "tombstone altar, all of one piece," with its excellent "workmanship of brass," they placed him. But the requiem was sung in the Tower. In the Abbey, the funeral service was that of the Reformed Church, the first ever used over an English sovereign. Day, Bishop of Chichester, preached the sermon; Cranmer administered the Holy Communion, and this was the last, as it was also the saddest, function of his public ministry which he was destined to perform. Four years later, Anne of Cleves, first Queen of Henry VIII., then Roman Catholic convert at Chelsea, was buried in the Abbey; and one year later still, Mary herself was laid in her grandfather's chapel. Her obsequies were, with one exception, the last funeral solemnity of the Roman Church celebrated in the Abbey; that exception was the dirge and requiem ordered by Elizabeth a few days later for the Emperor, Charles V.

There was a strange contrast between the coronations of the two sisters. Mary, the country deemed illegitimate; the Privy Council hesitated before they acknowledged her, and it was only when she fell on her knees before them, imploring them to stand by her in her extreme necessity, that they were persuaded to accomplish her wishes. She made the passage from the Tower to Westminster in safety, but there was no enthusiasm. There had been a contest between the Queen and her ministers about the clause of the Coronation Oath, whereby she was required to maintain the independence of the English Church. The coronation itself was performed

by Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester; the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and the Bishop of London, being then prisoners in the Tower. The Queen, alarmed lest Henry VI.'s holy oil should have lost its virtue, had obtained a fresh supply, blessed by the Bishop of Arras. She feared, too, that the Scotch chair had been polluted by having been the seat of her Protestant brother, and she obtained another chair sent by the Pope. The Princess Elizabeth was present, and complained to the French ambassador of the weight of her coronet. "Have patience," said Noailles, "and before long you will exchange it for a crown." That time soon arrived, to the great joy of most Englishmen, or at least of most Londoners. When on issuing from the Tower (long her prison, and like to be her tomb) for the last time, she, after thanksgiving to the God who had delivered her, entered the city, all London was in a tumult of rejoicing. It was midwinter, yet there was no lack of flowers, and even paupers flung nosegays into her lap. There was one special feature which marked the contrast between the two coronations. At Cheapside the Corporation gave Elizabeth an English Bible. She kissed it, thanked the city for their goodly gift, promised to read diligently therein, and then passed on amid cheers and blessings to the Palace at Westminster. The coronation proper took place on the following day, Sunday, January 15, 1559. For the last time the Abbot of Westminster officiated. The old ritual was for the most part observed, but the Litany was read in English, and the Gospel and the Epistle both in English and Latin. The Archbishop of York demurred to the innovation, and would take no part in the service; the See of Canterbury was vacant; the Bishop of London was in the Tower. Of the rest all the bishops save one refused to acknowledge the legitimacy of the Queen, and it was left for Oglethorpe, Bishop of Carlisle and Dean of the Chapel Royal, to officiate. He anointed her "Empress from the Orcade Isles unto the Mountains Pyrenee." He is said to have died of remorse for performing an act which none of his episcopal brethren would do. Elizabeth destroyed the altars which Mary had re-erected in the Abbey. The fragments of them were removed to Henry VII.'s chapel, perhaps with the object of building out of them the tomb of the dead queen. But forty-five years passed before the memory of her unhappy reign would allow a word to indicate her sepulchre. Death united those who until death had been irreconcileable. The body of Elizabeth was brought from Richmond, where she died, to Westminster. The whole metropolis turned out to see the sad sight, and

beheld it with "sighing, groaning, and weeping," the like of which had "not been seen or known in the memory of man." Her tomb was raised by her successor, who, though he bore little love to his mother's rival and executioner, was constrained by public sentiment to erect a worthy monument. Pictures of it were to be seen in every church—even in remote villages. The two lines at the head of the monument, inscribed by James I., display greater feeling than we should have expected from him. He wrote, "*Regno Consortes et urná, hic obdormimus Elizabetha et Maria sorores, in spe resurrectionis.*" Dean Stanley well says, "The long war of the English Reformation is closed in those words. The sisters are at one: the daughter of Catherine of Arragon and the daughter of Anne Boleyn rest in peace at last."

Mighty was the change which had come over Westminster since the day when Henry, setting at nought the decree of the Pope, had taken to wife the fair and frail mother of the "Virgin Queen." Abbot and bishop had disappeared for ever; their place was taken by the Dean, who is still the head of the Abbey. The Abbey itself, in the technical sense of the word, had vanished, and in its stead there was the collegiate church of St. Peter. The chapter-house became national property. The collegiate chapter of St. Stephen's hard by was suppressed, and in the first year of Edward VI. the House of Commons moved to the chapel which King Stephen had founded. Some of the Abbey estates were taken away to fill up the needs of the See of London, and the people said that this was "robbing Peter to pay Paul." The Abbey itself was scarcely saved from destruction. Its dependency, the Priory of St. Martin's-le-Grand, was torn to pieces, though a connection was until very lately maintained by the right which the Post Office officials had to vote at elections for the City of Westminster. For a time the revolution was stayed. Mary restored the old worship and the old shrine; but Elizabeth completed what Edward had begun. The stone altars were everywhere destroyed. The great theological tournament which opened in the Abbey two months after her coronation, scarcely hastened the event, for the discomfiture of the Roman party had been determined beforehand. They objected, not without reason, to the arrangement by which they, the champions of the old religion, were ordered to take upon themselves the work of assailants, which properly belonged to their opponents, and by which they were denied the last word. They refused to discuss, and thereupon the Lord Keeper threatened them in these words: "Forasmuch

as ye will not that we should hear you, you may perhaps hear shortly of us." They were not long in hearing. The new Liturgy and the Act of Uniformity were the first challenge that the new faith sent to the old. Feckenham, the Abbot of Westminster, in vain protested in the House of Lords. He was an honest and conscientious man, and when, as it is supposed, he was offered the Archbishopric of Canterbury if he would conform to the Queen's pleasure, he absolutely refused, and submitted to be ejected from his abbey, and to be imprisoned or kept under surveillance for the rest of his life. It was spent in submission to the law, even while he adhered to his old creed, and, adorned with works of piety and charity, it was a life which Bishop Ken may have taken for his model. A portion of the old monastic buildings was occupied by the school since rendered so famous by the long line of scholars who have become illustrious in letters, science, arms, and statesmanship.

Hitherto we have traced age by age the history of England as it is set forth in the history of the Abbey. Henceforth one of the visible memorials of that close union fails us. Of the sovereigns that reigned after the Tudor dynasty came to an end, each cared too little for his predecessor to expend large sums of money on a royal monument. Nor did the affection of the people make up the deficiency in filial duty. There was a deeper feeling which also led to this apparent neglect.

"Princes were no longer, as they had been, the only rulers of the nation. With Elizabeth began the tombs of Poet's Corner; with Cromwell a new impetus was given to the tombs of warriors and statesmen; with William III. began the tombs of the leaders of Parliament. Other figures than those of kings began to occupy the public eye. Yet even as the monarchy, though shrunk, yet continued, so also the graves, though not the monuments of sovereigns—the tombs, if not of sovereigns, yet of royal personages—still keep up the shadow of the ancient practice."—*Memorials*, p. 174.

The plague which then raged in London prevented the coronation of James I. from being celebrated with any pageantry. Ben Jonson wrote an account of what would have taken place under happier auspices. All the bishops were present: a marked contrast to the scanty attendance at the last coronation. The King of the Scots once more sat on the Stone of Scone. Queen Anne, who was crowned at the same time, refused to receive the Eucharist, alleging that she had changed her Lutheran religion once before for the Presbyterian forms of Scotland, and that was enough. In the

ritual, the words "whom we consecrate" were substituted for the old form "whom we elect." The people did not notice the change then, nor indeed did they take public notice of it when King Charles was crowned with the same words. It was not until grounds of accusation were being sought on all hands in order to compass the ruin of Laud, that the archbishop was charged with having made the alteration. Charles's coronation was full of evil omens. Again there was no procession, nominally on account of the plague, but, as it was suspected, really because of the wish of "Baby Charles" to save the money for the Spanish war without the need of going to Parliament for supplies. There was a feud between the Dean, Williams, most celebrated of all the Abbey dignitaries, and Laud. The more powerful ecclesiastic gained the day, and Williams was not allowed to be present to receive the King. The left wing of the dove, mark of the Confessor's halcyon days, was broken. The text, "I will give thee a crown of life," selected by Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, for the sermon, was more fit for a funeral discourse. There was an earthquake during the ceremony; but most ominous of all, according to the popular belief, was the appearance of the King in a robe of white satin, instead of the usual purple velvet, a change that seemed to challenge all the misfortunes which tradition said were in store for the White King. The coronation scarcely excited so much interest as the wedding which preceded it. The marriage of Prince Charles had long kept the nation in a state of feverish excitement. The popular rejoicing at the failure of the proposed union with the Infanta of Spain was very great. Dean Williams, as Lord Keeper, and at that time King James's most trusted adviser, had favoured the Spanish marriage; but when it was broken off, resolutely opposed the Duke of Buckingham's wish to go to war. Afterwards, when the Prince was affianced to Henrietta of France, it fell to the Dean to feast the French ambassadors in the Jerusalem Chamber, and to conduct them to stalls in the Abbey. They entered at the north gate, which was, says Bishop Hackett—

"Stuck with flambeaux everywhere, both within and without the quire, that strangers might cast their eyes upon the stateliness of the church. At the door of the quire, the Lord Keeper besought their lordships to go in and take their seats there for awhile, promising, on the word of a bishop (he was Bishop of Lincoln, as well as Dean of Westminster), that nothing of ill relish should be offered before them, which they accepted, and at their entrance the organ was touched by the best finger of the age, Mr. Orlando Gibbons. While

a verse was plaid, the Lord Keeper presented the embassadors and the rest of the noblest quality of their nation, with our liturgy, as it spake to them in their own language, and in the delivery of it used these few words, but pithy, 'that their lordships might at leisure read in that book in what form of holiness our Prince worshipped God. Wherein, he durst say, nothing savoured of any corruption of doctrine, much less of heresie, which he hoped would be so reported to the Lady Princess Henrietta.' The Lords Embassadors and their great train took up all the stalls, where they continued about half an hour, while the quiremen, vested in their rich copes, with their choristers, sang three several anthems with most exquisite relish before them. The most honourable and the meanest persons of the French all that time uncovered with great reverence, except that Secretary Villoclare alone kept on his hat."—*Hackett's Life of Archbishop Williams.*

In 1640 the Abbey had a narrow escape from destruction. Dean Stanley points out how much less destructive the Revolution was than the Reformation; yet while a mob rose to protect the Abbey against the Protector's covetousness in the time of Edward VI., in the reign of Charles I. a mob threatened to destroy the Abbey because of the extraordinary proceedings of Convocation, which had continued sitting while Parliament was forbidden to sit. Cromwell made short work of Convocation. As already stated, he was installed Protector, not in the Abbey, but in the Hall, and thither was brought the ancient chair of Scotland, and to him who sat therein was presented—first of English Sovereigns—a copy of the Scriptures. His funeral took place in the Abbey itself, and was more than royal in its magnificence. The sum expended was 60,000*l.*, more by one-half than was ever used at royal funerals. Three of his children had preceded him. He himself was laid at the east end of Henry VII.'s chapel. It was not long that he rested there. Of all the family, only one, Elizabeth Claypole, was allowed by restored royalty to intrude among the royal sepulchres. Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw were dug up, dragged to Tyburn, hanged, decapitated, and the bodies were buried under a gallows, and the heads set up over Westminster Hall. Charles II. was crowned amid great enthusiasm, and with elaborate and splendid ceremonial. Pepys witnessed the coronation. The regalia were all new. Archbishop Juxon—who twelve years before had stood not far off at a very different ceremony, which must have seemed to him the death of the monarchy as well as of the King—celebrated the resurrection of the monarchy by anointing that King's son. Two of the nobles quarrelled as to the right of carrying

the insignia. The King's footmen and the Barons of the Cinque Ports not only quarrelled but fought for the canopy. Charles, who should have transported the body of his "Sacred Majesty," his father, from Windsor to Westminster, would not take the trouble to do so, nor spare for the purpose any of the money that he squandered upon his own pleasures. Instead of placing his father among the royal sepulchres, he laid there one after another of his illegitimate sons. Charles himself was, as Evelyn tells us, "very obscurely buried at night without any manner of pomp, and soon forgotten after all his vanity." He was laid at the east end of the north aisle of Henry VII.'s chapel. The great officers broke their staves over the grave as usual; but as the King had died in the Romish faith, it was found difficult to perform the more religious rites. They were wisely omitted.

James II. was crowned, as his brother had been, on the festival of the patron saint of England, St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1686. Macaulay has described the ceremony, and has told how the King, having received an estimate of its cost, determined to be profuse where he ought to have been frugal, and frugal where he ought to have been profuse, and how he spent 100,000*l.* in dressing his queen, and omitted the procession from the Tower. In James's case there was special reason why he should have kept the people in good humour by an imposing pageantry. Yet he sacrificed that which would have given exquisite gratification to a large part of the nation, in order to squander the money thus saved upon an exhibition to which only three or four thousand privileged persons were admitted. Two significant events marked this coronation, one denoting the change which had already taken place, the other ominous of the change which was about to happen. James ordered Archbishop Sancroft to abridge the ritual, ostensibly, because of its length, really, because of its theology; and so the Communion Office was omitted to suit the prejudices of the restorer of the mass. When James had been crowned, the crown tottered on his head, and Henry Sidney, keeper of the robes, held it up; it was not, he said, the first time that his family had supported the crown. Two years later, it was destined not only to totter, but to fall. James died, but was not buried with his fathers. Five hundred years had passed since an English king was buried in a foreign land. The last was Richard the Lion-hearted, who was laid in the Abbey at Fontevrault. The remains of James were escorted, in the dusk of the evening, by a slender retinue to the chapel of the English Benedictines at Paris, and de-

posited there, as Macaulay tells us, "in the vain hope that at some future time they would be laid with kingly pomp at Westminster amongst the graves of the Plantagenets and the Tudors." Their ultimate resting-place was the church of St. Germains, and there a monument was erected to him by a descendant of the dynasty that had taken his throne.

It is a noteworthy fact, that though the legitimate line was set aside, and though the "Dutch usurper" seized the throne of the Stuarts, the crowning of William and Mary was the first occasion on which the coronation was sanctioned by Act of Parliament. The coronation oath was altered, and for the first time the English sovereign was called upon to swear that he would maintain "the Protestant religion as by law established." The procession from the Tower was abandoned, as it had been at the previous coronation. Though the royal *cortége* had to proceed merely from Whitehall to the Abbey, it was two hours late. The delay was caused by the alarming news, received that very morning, of the landing of James in Ireland. At last the procession appeared.

"The tall Queen and the short King walked side by side, not as sovereigns consort, but as joint sovereigns, with the sword between them. For the first time a second chair of state was provided, which has since been habitually used for the queen consort. Into this chair Mary was lifted, girt with the sword, and invested with the symbols of sovereignty. The Princess Anne, who stood near, said, 'Madam, I pity your fatigue.' The Queen turned sharply, with the words, 'A crown, sister, is not so heavy as it seems.' Behind the altar rose for the first time the seats of the assembled Commons. . . . Amongst the gifts was presented the Bible, now and henceforward, as 'the most valuable thing that this world contains.' . . . There were, of course, bad omens observed by the Jacobites. The day was, for the first time, neither a Sunday nor a holy day; the King had no money for the accustomed offering of twenty guineas, and it was supplied by Danby. The way from the Palace to the Abbey was lined with Dutch soldiers. The medals had on their reverse a chariot which was interpreted to be that on which Tullia drove over her father's body."—*Memorials*, pp. 94, 95.

We need not describe Mary's funeral, which took place six years after her coronation. Macaulay has depicted, in one of his most graphic passages the sad procession, and how, as it moved through the crowded streets, a few ghastly flakes of snow fell on the black plumes of the funeral car. Dean Stanley mentions that a robin redbreast which had taken refuge in the Abbey was seen constantly on the hearse, and was looked upon with tender affection for its seeming love to

the lamented queen. Seven years passed before her husband was received into the royal sepulchre. He was buried privately, at dead of night, as his rival had been half a year before; and he, one of the austerest and most deserving and least loved of kings, was laid in the same vault as the most lax, almost the least deserving, and almost the best loved king, the second Charles, had been. Anne was carried from Whitehall to the Abbey, in consequence of an attack of gout. She received the homage of her husband, Prince George of Denmark, in the same form as that of the English nobles. The duties of the Lord Great Chamberlain were performed by the Duchess of Marlborough; her train was carried by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

"Anne's numerous progeny crowd the vacant vaults. Seven children dying in infancy, or stillborn, lie unmarked throughout the chapel. . . . She herself was buried in the vault beside her sister Mary, and her husband, Prince George of Denmark. Her unwieldy frame filled a coffin even larger than that of her gigantic spouse. An inquisitive antiquary went to see the vault before it was bricked up; it was full from side to side, and was then closed for ever amidst the indignant lamentations of the extinct dynasty."—*Memorials*, p. 183.

George I.'s coronation was viewed without much enthusiasm even by the adherents of the new dynasty. It was an awkward ceremonial. The arrangements had to be explained by the minister, who could not speak German, to the King, who could not speak English, in Latin, which they must both have spoken very imperfectly; hence the saying that "much bad language passed between them." George died abroad, and was buried at his German capital, which he loved so much better than his English. The coronation of George II. was as splendid as that of his father had been the reverse. Queen Caroline was one mass of jewels: on her head she wore all the pearls she could borrow from fine ladies; on her petticoat all the diamonds she could hire of Jews. The people who had cared so little about the crowning of the father that seats in the line of procession fetched only half-a-guinea, gladly gave ten guineas to witness the coronation procession of the son. The Queen was sincerely mourned; there was no courtly exaggeration in the words of the funeral anthem, "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her," which were sung for the first time to Handel's music when she was laid in the grave. More than twenty years passed before the King followed her; but, in spite of all his faults, he was so far faithful to her memory that he gave directions for his remains to be mingled with those

of his wife. Accordingly, the coffins were placed in a large stone sarcophagus, and one side of each of them was withdrawn. Horace Walpole witnessed and has described, this, the last of the royal burials in the Abbey. He witnessed and described also the coronation of George III., and, *blasé* though he was by that time, he said, "'Tis even a more gorgeous sight than I imagined." There were a few minor *contretemps;* though nothing that could seriously impair the pleasure which the nation felt in beholding once more a British-born king, who, moreover, gloried in his birth. There was one witness of the ceremony, who of all men must have been least expected, Prince Charles Edward. Were the grapes too high, that he called them sour—that he said to one who recognised him, "I assure you that the person who is the cause of all this pomp and magnificence is the man I least envy"? Walter Scott has described, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* the splendour of George IV.'s coronation. No splendour, however, could atone in the eyes of the people for the insult to the unhappy Caroline. A few weeks after that pageant, there was another, and a very different one. The body of the dead Queen was carried through the streets of London, amid a popular tumult that threatened serious consequences.

"As George IV. had conciliated the popular favour by the splendour of his coronation, so, in the impending tempests of reform agitation, William IV. endeavoured to do the like by the reverse process. A question was even raised, both by the King in correspondence with his ministers, and by a peer in the House of Lords, whether the coronation might not be dispensed with. There was no procession, and the banquet was for the first time omitted. . . . The last coronation, doubtless, still lives in the recollection of all who witnessed it. They will remember the early summer morning, when, at break of day, the streets were thronged, and the vast city awoke; the first sight of the Abbey, crowded with the mass of gorgeous spectators, themselves a pageant; the electric shock through the whole mass, when the first gun announced that the Queen was on her way; and the thrill of expectation with which the iron rails seemed to tremble in the hands of the spectators as the long procession, with the entrance of the small figure, marked out from all beside by the royal train and attendants, floating like a crimson and silvery cloud behind her at the moment when she first came within full view of the Abbey, and paused, as if for breath, with clasped hands; as she moved on to her place by the altar, as, in the deep silence of the vast multitude, the tremulous voice of Archbishop Howley could be faintly heard, even to the remotest corners of the choir, asking for the recognition, as she sate immovable on the throne, when the crown touched her head, amidst shout and trumpet, and the roar of the cannon, there

must have been many who felt the hope that the loyalty which had waxed cold in the preceding reigns would once more revive in a more serious form than it had, perhaps, ever worn before."—*Memorials*, pp. 104, 105.

The Abbey will still continue for generations to serve as the place in which our sovereigns are crowned; but it seems to have ceased for ever to be their place of sepulture. George III. was buried at Windsor, where his Cordelia—the Princess Amelia—had been buried, three years before the hope of the nation, the Princess Charlotte, had been laid within St. George's Chapel. Such universal mourning had scarcely been seen since the death of the Confessor. It has been almost equalled within the present decade. Who can doubt where Victoria will lie when the time comes for her to rejoin the husband for whom she has built the most gorgeous sepulchre ever reared in England?

It is with unfeigned regret that we find ourselves compelled to pass by the other matters which Dean Stanley has so ably treated in his *Memorials*. We have considered the Abbey as "petrified history," and traced its erection from the day when its foundation was laid in the *locus terribilis* of Thorn-Ey to this present time, when the engineer is boring his underground railway beneath the Abbey precincts. But English history is not confined to the coronations and the burials of English sovereigns. England owes more to her warriors, her poets, her statesmen, than to her kings. Lack of space alone prevents us from speaking of all the other monuments—the monuments of warriors, from Louis Robsart, who bore the standard at Agincourt, down to Clyde, who reconquered India; of poets, from Chaucer, the father of English poetry, down to Keble the sweet psalmist of Hursley; of statesmen, from John of Waltham, politician, lawyer, and bishop, down to Palmerston, the most popular of ministers at home, and perhaps the most feared abroad; of men of letters, from Waldeby, tutor of Richard II., down to Thackeray, chief of English novelists; of divines, from Twiss, Marshal and Strong, the famous Presbyterian preachers, down to Isaac Watts, whose monument "commemorates at once the increasing culture of the Nonconformists and the Christian liberality of the Church of England;" of men of science, from him of whom it is written—

> "Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night.
> God said, *Let Newton be!*—and all was light,

down to that group where—

"Close to the geographer Rennell, in the centre of the nave, lie Telford, the famous builder of bridges, and Robert Stephenson, who 'had during his life expressed a wish that his body should be laid near that of Telford; and the son of the Killingworth engineman thus sleeps by the side of the son of the Eskdale shepherd;' and over their graves the light falls through stained glass windows, erected in memory of their brethren in the same art—Locke and Brunel."—*Memorials*, p. 319.

We can but notice the catholicity of the Abbey. It is in one what the three cathedrals of the Kremlin are at Moscow; it is at once what the Santa Croce of Florence is to Italy; what the Walhalla of Ratisbon is to Germany.

"The Kings of France rest almost alone at St. Denis. The Kings of Spain, the Emperors of Austria, the Czars of Russia, rest absolutely alone in the vaults of the Escurial, of Vienna, of Moscow, and St. Petersburg. But it has been the peculiar privilege of the kings of England that neither in life nor in death have they been parted from their people. As the council of the nation and the courts of law have passed into the Palace of Westminster, and engirdled the very throne itself, so the ashes of the great citizens of England have passed into the sepulchre of the kings, and surrounded them as with a guard of honour after death. On the tomb designed for Maximilian at Innspruck, the emperor's effigy lies encircled by the mail figures of ancient chivalry—of Arthur and Clovis, of Rudolph and Cunegunda, of Ferdinand and Isabella. A like thought, but yet nobler, is that which is in fact realised in the very structure of Westminster Abbey, as it is in the very structure of the English constitution. Let those who are inclined bitterly to contrast the placid dignity of our recumbent kings, with Chatham gesticulating from the northern transept, or Pitt from the western door, or Shakespeare leaning on his column in Poet's Corner, or Wolfe expiring by the Chapel of St. John, look upon them as in their different ways keeping guard over the shrine of our monarchy and our laws—and that which seems at first incongruous will become a symbol of the harmonious diversity in unity which pervades our whole commonwealth. Had the Abbey of St. Denys admitted within its walls the poets, and warriors, and statesmen of France, the kings might yet have remained inviolate in their graves. Had the monarchy of France connected itself with the great institutions of Church and State, assuredly it would not have fallen as it did in its imperial isolation. Let us accept the omen for the Abbey of Westminster—let us accept it also for the Throne and State of England."—*Memorials*, pp. 193, 194.

We must pass by, too, the illustrious men who have ruled in the Abbey from the Abbot Edwin to the accomplished Dean whose *Memorials* we have reviewed. They have been a

fair sample of the Church—the net which gathers in bad and good. There have been covetous men, like Berkynge; sensualists, like Peter of Lewisham; stern disciplinarians, like Simon Langham; conspirators, like William of Colchester; men of peace, like Islip; men of feeble mind, like Thirlby; men of strong convictions and conscientious self-sacrifice, like Feckenham; devout men, like Andrewes; brilliant men, like Williams; orators and men of the world, like Atterbury; men of science, like Buckland; and accomplished scholars, like Stanley. Nor can we take note of all the buildings attached to the Abbey: some, like the Jerusalem Chamber, intimately bound up with the theological history of the country; others, like the Treasury, closely connected with its secular life. Let us conclude this incomplete survey in the noble words of the historian of this noble building:—

"By the silent nurture of individual souls which have found rest in its services; by the devotions of those who in former times—it may be in much ignorance—have had their faith kindled by dubious shrine or relic; or in after years caught here the impassioned words of Baxter and Owen; or through succeeding ages have drunk in the strength of our own Liturgy, in the cycle of the Christian year; by these, and such as these, we may almost say, through all the changes of language and government, this giant fabric has been sustained, when the leaders of the ecclesiastical or political world would have let it pass away. It was the hope of the founder, and the belief of his age, that on St. Peter's Isle of Thorns was planted a ladder, on which angels might be seen ascending and descending from the courts of heaven. What is fantastically expressed in that fond dream has a solid foundation in the brief words in which the most majestic of English divines has described the nature of Christian worship. 'What,' he says, 'is the assembling of the Church to learn, but the receiving of angels descended from above—what to pray, but the ascending of angels upwards? His heavenly inspirations and our holy desires are so many angels of intercourse and commerce between God and us. As teaching bringeth us to know that God is our Supreme Truth, so prayer testifieth that we acknowledge Him as our sovereign good.' Such a description of the purpose of the Abbey, when understood at once in its fullness and simplicity, is, we may humbly trust, not a mere delusion. Not, surely, in vain did the architects of successive generations raise this consecrated edifice in its vast and delicate proportions, more keenly appreciated in this our day than in any other since it first was built, designed, if ever were any forms on earth, to lift the soul heavenward to things unseen. Not, surely, in vain has our English language grown to meet the highest ends of devotion with a force which the rude native dialect or the barbaric Latin of the Confessor's age could never attain. Not,

surely, for idle waste has a whole world of sacred music been created, which no ear of Norman or Plantagenet ever heard, nor skill of Saxon harper or Celtic minstrel ever conceived. Not, surely, for nothing has the knowledge of the will of God almost steadily increased century by century, through the better understanding of the Bible, of history, and of nature. Not in vain, surely, has the heart of man kept its freshness whilst the world has been waxing old, and the most restless and inquiring intellects have clung to the belief that the everlasting arms are still beneath us, and that 'prayer is the potent inner supplement of noble outward life.' Here, if anywhere, the Christian worship of England may labour to meet with the strength and the weakness of succeeding ages, to inspire new meaning into ancient forms, and embrace within itself each rising aspiration after truth, and justice, and love. So considered, so used, the Abbey of Westminster may become more and more a witness to that one sovereign good, to that one supreme truth—a shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a haven of rest in this tumultuous world, a breakwater for the waves upon waves of human hearts and souls which beat unceasingly around its island shores."—*Memorials*, pp. 487, 488.

ART. VI.—1. *The Competition Wallah.* By G. O. TREVELYAN, M.P. Second Edition. Macmillan and Co. 1866.
2. *Fourth Report of H.M. Civil Service Commissioners.* Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1859.
3. *Eighth Report of H.M. Civil Service Commissioners.* Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1863.
4. *The Englishman in India.* By C. RAIKES, C.S.I., formerly Commissioner in Lahore, Judge of the Sudder Court, N.W. Provinces, &c. &c. Longmans. 1867.
5. *Reminiscences of a Bengal Civilian.* By W. EDWARDS, Judge of her Majesty's High Court of Agra. Smith, Elder, and Co. 1866.
6. *The Indian Civil Service.* An Article in "Fraser's Magazine" for October, 1866.
7. *Twelfth Report of H. M. Civil Service Commissioners.* (Third Appendix.) Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1867.

MUCH of England's prestige in Europe is derived from the splendour of her foreign possessions, and especially from the grandeur of her Oriental empire. It is probably not too much to say, that on the day she loses her Asiatic supremacy, the trade of India is directed to other ports, and the glory of the Indian rule transferred from Westminster to St. Petersburg or Paris or Delhi or elsewhere, she will sink to the rank of a second-class Power in the councils of Europe. The whole course of our continental policy for three parts of a century has manifested that our statesmen have appreciated this; and from the times of Abercrombie and Nelson, down to the Crimean War and the Abyssinian expedition, British diplomacy and British valour have done their utmost to keep open our road to Calcutta and to maintain our sovereignty in the East. The popular feeling, notwithstanding the profound ignorance of the bulk of the nation on the subject, has shared in the anxieties of the rulers, and has evinced a jealousy of foreign interference or approach that has not unfrequently been exaggerated and even unfounded; of which fact the wide-spread disquietude manifested, at one time with regard to Russian progress in Central Asia, at another about French engineering at the Isthmus, is a good illustration. It is curious that, in spite of this unmistakable determination to uphold English power in India, and the general conscious-

ness that the undisputed possession of India is necessary for the honour and the well-being of England, the public apathy at home about most Indian affairs—at all events those connected with internal constitution and management—has been almost proverbial. It is probable that the extent of this neglect has been over-estimated by Anglo-Indians, who have been at times somewhat too sensitive about apparent indications of it; but there can be no doubt that it has existed, and has probably been answerable for more than one of the many blunders committed in the difficult task of Indian administration. The rude shock inflicted on English equanimity and indolence by the horrors of the Great Mutiny and its equally terrible retribution, has certainly to a great extent dissipated this unfortunate sentiment of *laissez-aller;* numerous books on the history and antiquities of India, on its religions and mythology, on its manners and customs, at once testify to an increasing interest at home, and tend to foster a spirit of further inquiry. A life in India is no longer a life in Cathay; a returned Indian is no longer looked upon as "The Nabob" of Foote's comedy; a lively interest in Indian matters no longer either disqualifies a man for the House of Commons or constitutes him a "bore" after his admission. No doubt an accelerated passenger-service, telegraphic communication, and (above all) a mail four times a month, have had much to do with the progress of this movement; which perhaps originated in the keen interest which has naturally been felt in the scenes and actors in the tragedy of 1857—an interest which has been whetted rather than satisfied by the graphic accounts in many of the stories of the period. Recitals such as that by Mr. Trevelyan of the defence of the billiard-room at Arrah, or as that by Mr. Edwards of thrilling personal adventures and sufferings as a fugitive, or again as that by Mr. Raikes of the heroic and world-famed services of Sir Henry Havelock, could scarcely fail to increase the general attention already attracted to the country which was their scene. We might claim on behalf of the particular branch of the Indian subject on which we are about to treat here—the Civil Service—no inconsiderable share of that accidental interest which attaches to every thing and every person intimately connected with the mutiny; but we shall bring forward, and endeavour to substantiate, claims of this theme on public attention far more important, because far more practical.

The Civil Service of India demands and deserves the careful consideration of all thoughtful men at home for at least two different, though equally weighty, reasons. In the first place,

it is the corporation that administers, with authority almost despotic (because so far removed from the fountains of power), all the various functions of a government in a vast territory which is one-third as large as the whole of Europe, and with a population probably equal in number to about one-seventh of the human race: in the second place, as a profession it offers to a youth of parts and ambition a very noble and advantageous career. It is, when considered as a branch of the Home Service, emphatically an *imperium in imperio:* it transacts for itself the various duties of a Treasury and an Audit Office, of a Home and a Foreign Office, and of a Board of Trade; it has its own departments of Finance and of Revenue, its Judicial, Public Educational and Ecclesiastical, its Political and Secret, its Railway and Telegraphic departments, and lastly its department for Public Works. Of course the Secretary of State for India in Council is the supreme arbiter and the *Deus ex machinâ* of the entire constitution: and it is well that this should be so, for it has occasionally happened that the Home Government has interfered with the happiest results in cases when, in India, the strong party-feeling that has usually existed between the Service and the comparatively insignificant but increasing non-official class, might have rendered a calm and impartial decision somewhat difficult. Thus much of the actual and ultimate government is wielded on the banks of the Thames; where each one of the "Secretaries for Indian Correspondence"—such as the Educational or the Political Secretary—probably has under his direction transactions as extensive as those of most independent public offices. But there are at the same time the cognate departments in India; the Governor-General and his Council or Ministry forming the "Supreme Government of India" at Calcutta. The great bulk of the covenanted Civil Service (as we shall see below) falls under the Financial and the Judicial divisions; the majority of covenanted civilians occupying the various grades either in the line of judge or in that of magistrate and collector of revenue. The extent of the financial business (in a country where the revenue is almost entirely a land-revenue) may be judged from the following extract:—

"Three years ago [1863] a Governor of Madras * prophesied that the vast resources of the country, fostered by judicious economy and administered by trained financiers, regulated and adjusted by means of an exact and sweeping annual estimate, would more than suffice to meet all demands.

* Probably Sir C. E. Trevelyan, afterwards Financial Minister of India.

"And yet, we may well believe that even he would have been astounded could he have foreseen the state of things which it has fallen to his lot to announce.

"In 1859—60, the Revenue was 39,705,822*l.*, and the Expenditure, 50,475,683*l.*

"In 1862—63, the Revenue was 45,105,700*l.*, and the Expenditure. 43,825,104*l.*"—*Competition Wallah*, p. 286.

Under the Political division are ranged the political agents, the residents at the dependent Courts, and the whole diplomatic body; under the Educational and Ecclesiastical come the admirable corps of Indian chaplains, and the great Educational service, graded and ungraded. The latter is a marvel of rapid development and solid progress—some of the Government Colleges (especially those at the Presidencies) aiming, not altogether unsuccessfully, at a standard of teaching and teaching-power scarcely inferior to that of our home Universities. The educational and ecclesiastical departments do not form a part of the Covenanted Service (which is *the* Civil Service *par excellence*), nor indeed of what is usually meant by the "Uncovenanted Service;" the latter is to a great extent composed of natives, and acts as the deputy (without ever attaining the rank) of the Covenanted Service. Other Government officials in India, in a civil capacity yet not belonging to *the* Civil Service, are (1) the Engineers employed under the department of Public Works; (2) the officials connected with the working of the Electric Telegraph; (3) the Post-Office officials; (4) the Police, generally officered from the army. To vacancies in the first two classes appointments are usually made on the result of an open competition held in England.

Besides the Supreme Government at Calcutta, and the subordinate Governments at Bombay and Madras, each with its Governor and Members of Council, there are also sub-divisions of Bengal; viz. the North-West Provinces under a Lieutenant-Governor, and the Punjab and Sind under their respective Chief Commissioners. Inasmuch as these latter great commands are usually held by civilians, Lord Ellenborough might well say, "The civil-servant in England is a clerk—in India he may become a pro-consul."

We are thus brought to a consideration of the Indian Civil Service as a profession, of the advantages and disadvantages of the lot of a civilian in India. The dignified nature of the duties, the splendour of the emoluments, the high social position, and the many other undeniable attractions, would (when taken by themselves) lead us to expect that such a service,

open to every native-born subject of her Majesty between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, who can distinguish himself in the examination, must monopolise the cleverest and most ambitious of "that portion of our educated youth whose circumstances or whose wishes necessitate the choice of a profession." This expectation will probably be increased by a perusal of Mr. Trevelyan's graphic and spirited (albeit rather flippant) work, "The Competition Wallah," from which we shall quote some of the passages that bear upon this portion of our subject. It must, however, be borne in mind, that Mr. Trevelyan, though a singularly accurate observer and a most impartial witness, would probably see most things Indian imbued with a decided *couleur-de-rose;* for he went out as a recipient of the proverbially magnificent hospitality of that country, as the son of the Indian Finance Minister and the ex-Governor of Madras. It will be needful, after reading Mr. Trevelyan's exciting descriptions, to recall many facts on which he touches very lightly or which he omits altogether to notice; such are the undoubted annoyance, amounting in most cases to actual misery, occasioned by the climate, its heat, its insects, and its many hardships—such, too, are the frequent isolation of the life of a civilian, and the sorrow he not seldom has in parting with his wife and family, and (last, not least) the exile from England with all its ties.

It is probably needless to state that "a Competition Wallah" is the Indian name for a gentleman who has obtained an appointment in the Civil Service by competition. The "Letters of a Competition Wallah" first appeared, in a serial form, in the pages of *Macmillan's Magazine.* The fresh and sparkling descriptions of Indian life as it appears to a stranger, attracted much attention; and they were generally believed at the time to be, as they purported to be, the productions of a clever young man who had recently left Cambridge and won for himself a place in India. The fact that their author after all is not a civilian does not, however, detract from their interest: on the contrary, the English public has found herein a guarantee that the impressions and conclusions recorded are not in any way influenced by official or class prejudice. Let us see, then, what are Mr. Trevelyan's general ideas about the career of an Indian civilian:—

"The Indian Civil Service is undoubtedly a very fine career. Here is Tom, in his thirty-first year, in charge of a population as numerous as that of England in the reign of Elizabeth.

"His Burghley is a joint magistrate of eight-and-twenty, and his

Walsingham an assistant-magistrate, who took his degree at Christ Church within the last fifteen months.

"These, with two or three superintendents of police, and last, but by no means least, a judge, who in rank and amount of salary stands to Tom in the position which the Lord Chancellor holds to the Prime Minister, are the only English officials in a province one hundred and twenty miles by seventy.

". . . The *employé* who rejoices in the full dignity of collector and magistrate, in addition to the special duty of handling the revenue, and determining all questions connected with the land settlement, is the chief executive authority in the district to which he is attached. His freedom of action is controlled by none but the Commissioner, who presides over a division of five or six districts, and whose immediate superior is the Lord Sahib or Lieutenant-Governor, who is inferior only to the Burra Lord Sahib or Viceroy, who owns no master save the Secretary of State, for whom the natives have not invented a title, and of whom they probably know very little, except they happen to be in the service of a planter, in which case they have heard that functionary anathematised by their master whenever indigo showed any symptom of heaviness or the ryots of independence.

"Work in India is so diversified as to be always interesting. During the cold season the collector travels about his district, pitching his camp for a night at one place, and for three days at another; while at the larger towns he may find sufficient business to occupy him for a week. Tent-life in the winter is very enjoyable, especially to a man who has his heart in his duties. It is pleasant, after having spent the forenoon in examining schools and inspecting infirmaries, and quarrelling about the sites of bridges with the superintending engineer in the public works department, to take a light tiffin, and start off with your gun and your assistant-magistrate on a roundabout ride to the next camping-ground. It is pleasant to dismount at a likely piece of grass, and, flushing a bouncing black partridge, to wipe the eye of your subordinate; and then to miss a hare, which your bearer knocks over with his stick, pretending to find the marks of your shot in its fore-quarter. It is pleasant, as you reach the *rendezvous* in the gloaming, rather tired and very dusty, to find your tents pitched, and your soups and curry within a few minutes of perfection, and your kitmutgar with a bottle of lemonade, just drawn from its cool bed of saltpetre, and the head man of the village ready with his report of a deadly affray that would have taken place if you had come in a day later. Is not this better than . . . ?"—*Competition Wallah*, pp. 113, 115.

Of course all this is very pleasant, and far better than the dreariness and frequent disappointments of the uphill career of a young man at home who, in a profession, is struggling against the want of money, and the lack of powerful friends.

But, in strict fairness, the bright side of one picture should be compared with the bright side of the other, and *vice versâ;* and thus the "dreary waiting for briefs that never come" would be set off, not against delightful and interesting travels on matters connected with the imperial administration, but against "the sad farewell at the Presidency, when the P. and O. boat is taking home to England the children to school or the wife to a sick-room;" whilst perhaps the disgust excited at the thought of the dirty and dismal chambers in the Temple, may be somewhat mitigated by the consideration of "prickly heat" and mosquitoes in India. It must, however, be allowed that Mr. Trevelyan has shown us that, by a proper and careful distribution of "work and play" in their most appropriate hours, by riding in the cool hours and enjoying as much exercise and bathing as possible, life may usually be made not unendurable even in the hot season, and in the Mofussil, *i.e.* in an up-country station.

"The life of a collector in the Mofussil is varied and bustling, even in the hot weather. He rises at daybreak, and goes straight from his bed to the saddle. Then off he gallops across fields, bright with dew, to visit the scene of the late Dacoit robbery; or to see with his own eyes whether the crops of the zemindar who is so unpunctual with his assessment have really failed; or to watch, with fond parental care the progress of his pet embankment. Perhaps he has a run with the bobbery pack of the station, consisting . . .

"On their return, the whole party adjourn to the subscription swimming-bath, where they find their servants ready with clothes, razors and brushes. After a few headers, and a 'chota hasree,' or 'little breakfast,' of tea and toast, flavoured with the daily papers, and scandal about the commissioner, the collector returns to his bungalow, and settles down to the hard business of the day. Seated under a punkah in his verandah, he works through the contents of one despatch-box, or 'bokkus,' as the natives call it, after another; signing orders, and passing them on to the neighbouring collectors; dashing through drafts, to be filled up by his subordinates; writing reports, minutes, digests, letters of explanation, of remonstrance, of warning, of commendation. Noon finds him quite ready for a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, the favourite meal in the Mofussil, where the tea-tray is lost amidst a crowd of dishes—fried fish, curried fowl, roast kid and mint sauce, and mango-fool. Then he sets off in his buggy to Cutcherry, where he spends the afternoon in hearing and deciding questions connected with land and revenue. If the cases are few, and easy to be disposed of, he may get away in time for three or four games at rackets in the new court of glaring white plaster, which a rich native has built, partly as a speculation, and partly to please the Sahibs. Otherwise, he drives with his wife on the racecourse,

or plays at billiards with the inspector of police; or, if horticulturally inclined, superintends the labour of his mollies [*maulies* or *gardeners*]. Then follows dinner, and an hour of reading or music. By ten o'clock he is in bed, with his little ones asleep in cribs, enclosed within the same mosquito curtains as their parents."—*Competition Wallah*, pp. 116, 118.

Such is Mr. Trevelyan's account of the never-flagging interest of the occupations of a civilian's ordinary daily life in India; and on the whole it is probably not too highly coloured. Mr. Raikes describes Munro as passing some of the happiest years of his life as a collector at Baramahal: "amongst peasant proprietors, settling their disputes, adjusting their payments, and, to the best of his power, improving their condition—moving his camp from day to day during a great part of the year. Time so spent flew cheerfully past." The biographer adds, "It is not only to collect rents, but to see that rents are fair and equal; to defend the poor man from the middle man, and to do justice to all; this is the *métier* of the English collectors of revenue in India, and, in a fairly assessed territory a very pleasant *métier* it is. He [Munro] knew every village, and in each and all the peasantry used to swarm out to welcome their tall soldier-like collector, and to make their salaam to 'Munro Sahib.'"

We have taken here the collectorate (the revenue line) as the typical civilian life in India, in making the above extracts and remarks. Much the same may be said of the judgeship (the judicial line); if the obvious changes in the description of the *work* are made, the general routine of life will remain the same. The political or diplomatic line offers a more stirring life than either; to a "competition wallah" of energy and ambition it will present many attractions: and it is worthy of note that such a one may usually obtain the object of his ambition at the cost of a little more attention to his Indian languages before leaving home.

With regard to the social position of the civilian, it will be admitted at once by all who know anything of India, that it would be difficult to conceive a better. He takes precedence of all, not only by right, but also by universal admission; and this precedence is not confined to trifling or merely formal matters. A magnanimous man does not derive much pleasure from the fact that the best house is always reserved for his occupation by the natives, or that the best seats at church and elsewhere are assigned to him as a matter of course by the English: but there are few to whom it would not be gratifying to feel that their general opinions, tastes,

and wishes are a sort of social law, or at all events have an almost *ex-officio* right to respectful consideration, in the little society of which they form such an important part. On this point there appears to be no doubt whatever; and a similar unanimity prevails with respect to the pecuniary provision that is made for them. The *Directories* for the three Presidencies furnish the fullest details of the pay, length of service, and similar information, about each resident official. From them it appears that the full force of the Service in Madras is 108; of these, 3 receive more than 5,000*l.* per annum, and 9 more than 4,000*l.*, whilst only 2 have less than 500*l.*, and there are only 18 altogether with less than 1,000*l.* per annum; out of the 108, no less than 60 were in 1861 receiving 2,000*l.* or upwards. Bengal is considered to be the best presidency in point of pay, as in many other respects; it certainly has by far the largest number of great prizes, as may be seen by the subjoined little table, obtained by taking the averages as given by the *Directory* for 1857:—

Amount of Salary.	No. of Recipients.	Aver. Salary.
"Under £1,000	134	£606
1,000 and under £2,000 .	85	1,313
2,000 „ 3,000 .	122	2,751
3,000 „ 4,000 .	28	3,486
4,000 „ 5,000 .	20	4,665
Above 5,000	3	5,207"

It must be remembered that these are the salaries of the actual rank and file of the Service; for the above table does not include the Governor-General, six Members of Council, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces, the two members of the Legislative Council, or the Chief Commissioners of the Punjab and Sind.

As soon as the young civilian lands at Calcutta, he draws 250 rupees or 25*l.*, on the fifteenth of each month, besides an allowance of 30 rupees a month for a *Moonshee* or *Pundit* (an instructor in native languages) and 80 rupees a month for house-rent; altogether at the rate of 432*l.* per annum. Half the house-rent is deducted if he goes to live in the country; as he very frequently does, in order to acquire the necessary languages more speedily. There is an increase of 60*l.* per annum on passing the first, and 180*l.* on passing the second language; not to mention a donation of 80*l.* for "high proficiency," one of 160*l.* for a degree of honour, and one of 80*l.* for passing in both languages within five months after arrival. After the examinations in the languages comes the

regular appointment—usually as "Assistant to the Magistrate and Collector of " a certain place or district. After this the promotion is usually rapid, to the place of Assistant-Judge, or Joint-Magistrate and Deputy-Collector; thence to Magistrate and Collector, to Civil and Sessions Judge, to Commissioner of revenue and circuit. These grades, with their sub-divisions each of "acting" and "full" or "*pucka*," represent incomes respectively of 600*l*., 840*l*., 1,200*l*., 1,800*l*., 2,300*l*., 2,700*l*., 3,000*l*., 3,500*l*.; and the above-named commissionerships are the highest posts in the regular scale (*i.e.* excluding those which might be termed staff-appointments), to which everyone with health, industry, and average ability, may expect to attain. Of 18 candidates selected by open competition in 1855, in 1861 one was drawing 1,800*l*., five between 1,000*l*. and 1,500*l*., six were receiving 840*l*., five were at 600*l*. and upwards, and only *one* below that sum. Scarcely inferior in the same year (1861) were the salaries of those selected in 1856; one gentleman was drawing 1,500*l*.; another, 1,400*l*.; a third, 1,200*l*.; whilst eight were at 840*l*. and upwards; five at 600*l*. and 720*l*.; and again only one below 600*l*. The average pay, even in Madras, of those who have served four years and less than eight years, is 1,218*l*.

The rules about furlough and pensions are not less liberal. Out of the twenty-five years which is the official life in India, three years are allowed as furlough (during which the pay is at the rate of 500*l*. per annum), and one year is allowed as sick-leave; and the civilian absent under medical certificate draws half his pay—or, if that pay be less than 1,000*l*. per annum, 500*l*. A short annual "leave on private affairs" is granted, without any deduction whatever from the salary. All the above furlough time counts towards the twenty-five years necessary for a pension. A considerable extension of the leave under both the latter heads (sick-leave and private affairs) is allowed, with liberal rates of pay in each case; but these extensions do not now (as formerly) count as "residence in India." It is, however, to be noted that all the regulations as to furlough are now in course of revision, on the report of a committee which has recently completed its labours; the changes, if any are made, will undoubtedly be in favour of the civilian. With regard to the pension, it is practically about 1,000*l*. a year. Every covenanted civil servant binds himself in his covenant, amongst other things, to subscribe four per cent. on his salary to the annuity fund; these payments are allowed to accumulate at interest at six per cent.; and on retirement the equivalent of this amount, in the form

of an annuity, is settled on him, together with a grant of 600*l.* per annum. To those who are compelled by sickness to resign the service, before completing the twenty-five years necessary to entitle them to the regular annuity, pensions or grants are given according to the following scale:—

"If under 5 years' service, a grant of					£500
Of 5 years' service, and under 10, a pension of					150
10	„	„	15,	„	250
15	„	„	20,	„	350
20	„	„	25,	„	450

To conclude our remarks on the emoluments of the Civil Service in India, we cannot do better than quote a short passage from Mr. Trevelyan:—

"Besides the blessings of absorbing work and an assured position, a civilian enjoys the inestimable comfort of freedom from pecuniary troubles. . . . There is no temptation to display; for every member of society knows the exact number of rupees which you draw on the fifteenth of each month. A joint-magistrate and deputy-collector, who marries on 900*l.* a-year, may count on being a full magistrate and collector at one or two and thirty, with an income of £2,300. In five years more, with industry and ordinary parts, he will be in receipt of 3,000*l.* a-year as a Civil and Sessions' Judge; or if he prefers to wait his time, he will have charge of a division, with a Commissioner's salary of 3,600*l.* Then there are the quartern loaves and the plump fishes; the chances of Bombay or Madras; the lieutenant-governorships, with an income of 10,000*l.*; the Council with an income of 8,000*l.*; the Secretariat and the Board of Revenue, with something under 5,000*l.* a-year. And these prizes are open to every subject of the Queen."—*The Competition Wallah*, p. 122.

We have already noticed the fact that, (as some compensation for the pleasantness of high and important duties and splendid rewards), there are certain hardships that are really inseparable from the life of a civilian in India, and there are many others that may chance to fall to his lot: it may be well here to consider them a little more in detail. They will be found to arise generally from one of two causes—the climate, and the distance from England. The frequent mails, and the Overland Route (occupying scarcely a month in transit) have done much to mitigate the horrors—for to some extent they deserve the name—of the exile; and the telegraph has, according to a recent letter to the *Times* from the Director-General, brought Calcutta and London within twenty-four hours of one another. It must, however, be allowed that the enormous expense attending a journey to England from India practically shuts out the civilian from the hope of paying a

flying visit to his old home: once, or at most twice, during his career he will enjoy a well-earned long-furlough in Europe, but not oftener. This anxiously expected visit will often only serve to remind him that a ten years' absence has entirely altered the aspect of the country to him, that it has painfully diminished the number of those once dear, that it has well-nigh severed every friendship, that it has estranged the whole world of England from him. It is true that the civilian will usually create a new circle for himself in the land of his adoption; he will marry, children will grow up around him, and thus a new home will be formed; but even this will not unfrequently be the source of future unhappiness and desolation. It appears to be generally recognised that ladies feel the ill effects of the climate much more rapidly and more seriously than men, especially those men who have an unfailing and interesting occupation; and consequently it too often happens that the husband has to take the wife down to the Presidency, and put her on board the homeward mail-packet, consigned to the care of relatives at Malvern or Cheltenham; after which he returns to his desolate station in the Mofussil, to consider how he may best meet the terrible expense. If this has not occurred earlier, there are very few cases in which it does not occur when the children have to be sent home to be educated. We must, however, admit that this last cause of separation will probably become yearly less imperative; for yearly there are increased facilities and advantages for education in India, and that, too, in climates as good as any in the temperate zones,—at Simla and Mussoorie on the slopes of the Himalayas, for Northern India, and at Ootacamund on the Neilgherries or Blue Mountains, for the South.

We are not disposed here to enter at length into the innumerable discomforts and miseries to which an Englishman is subjected in a climate like that of India. It may, and not unfrequently does, produce actual and severe disease; but even where this is not the case, its annoyances (many of them in themselves petty) in the plains pervade almost the whole life during the hot season, and in the aggregate are a formidable trial to a man's temper and (in the long run) to his spirits. To hardships such as these, and to the sorrows of loneliness noticed above, we must add the frequent isolation of the Indian magistrate, and his consequent removal from all intellectual and refined society beyond his own household and his own library; and we may then begin to understand how it is that every first-class man from Oxford and all the wranglers from Cambridge, do not *en masse* throng

the doors of Burlington House at the commencement of each competitive examination that is to supply India with future rulers.

We have here endeavoured to point out clearly and explicitly the advantages and disadvantages of the great Indian career which is thrown open to the cleverest portion of our youth, without exaggerating or unduly pressing either the one or the other. Before turning to the last part of our subject, the examinations, we will quote an excellent summary of the civilian's lot in India, by a writer not at all inclined to over-estimate its attractions.

"To have some share, first in framing and then in carrying out new and philosophic ideas of criminal, civil, and revenue law, as fitted to the condition of the people as knowledge and wisdom can make them—to be the chief executive power for miles and miles of a populous territory—to decide cases involving the succession to vast estates, or the life and liberty of individuals—to vary these grave and weighty matters by planting trees, laying out roads, cleansing filthy towns and suburbs, and promoting vernacular and English education—to be the channel of communication between a government which though respected by is removed from the mass, and a people which leans like a child upon the strong arm of the English invader—to know that the years of your prime are not clouded by disappointment or embittered by the want of means and the absence of patronage—these are considerations which may well justify a glowing contrast between the early struggles in an unremunerative profession in England, and the thorough independence and the reasonable success of a career in India. Indeed, life in the East would be intolerable were it not for its exalted and ennobling sphere of duty."

On the chord that is touched in the concluding sentence, Mr. Trevelyan dwells with fond and pardonable enthusiasm.

"It is a rare phenomenon this, of a race of statesmen and judges scattered throughout a conquered land, ruling it, not with an eye to private profit, not even in the selfish interests of the mother-country, but in single-minded solicitude for the happiness and improvement of the children of the soil.

"It is a fine thing to see a homely old pro-consul retiring from the government of a region as large as France and Austria together, with a clear conscience and a sound digestion, to plague his friends about the Amalgamation Act and the Contract Law; to fill his villa on the Thames or the Mole, not with statues and bronzes snatched from violated shrines, but with ground-plans of hospitals and markets and colleges, and translations of codes, and schemes for the introduction of the Roman character."—*Competition Wallah*, p. 125.

We pass now to the method by which this "race of statesmen and judges" is at present recruited; and this part of our subject falls naturally under two heads—the selection in the first instance by means of an open competitive examination, and the subsequent special preparation of the selected candidates. The arrangements both for the competition and for the employment of the subsequent period of probation are under the direction of the Civil Service Commission; the method pursued in the latter case we shall have occasion, with all deference, to criticise somewhat unfavourably in some respects.

The first or competitive examination is, as is now generally known, absolutely open to all natural-born subjects of her Majesty, who shall, on or before a certain fixed date announced in advertisements, transmit to the Civil Service Commissioners the following documents:—

(*a*) A certificate of his birth, showing that his age on a certain day before the examination is above seventeen years, and under twenty-one years.

(*b*) A certificate, signed by a physician or surgeon, of his having no disease, constitutional affection, or bodily infirmity, unfitting him for the Civil Service of India.

(*c*) Satisfactory proof of good moral character.

(*d*) A statement of those branches of knowledge (according to the programme of subjects) in which he desires to be examined.

This system, with some slight differences, has ruled since 1855, when by the Act 18th and 19th Victoria, c. 53, the old nursing college of the servants of the since deposed East India Company, Haileybury, was abolished. A year before this, Sir C. Wood had referred to the consideration of a committee, under Lord Macaulay as chairman, the question of the studies at Haileybury, of the examinations there on entrance and before proceeding to India, and the general question of the supply of the Indian Civil Service with suitable recruits. Their report, based on the assumption that Haileybury was to be continued, recommended an open competitive examination (the same as the one now in use) on entrance, and a final examination as a test of diligence during the residence; we shall hereafter show that it is mainly on those parts of the present scheme wherein the Civil Service Commissioners have departed from the intentions of this committee that we venture to join issue. The report here referred to, appeared in November, 1854. As one of its most important recommendations raised the maximum age of those who were to be

allowed to compete from twenty-one to twenty-three, and as the arrangements of Haileybury were manifestly unsuitable to men of the latter age and of the probable standing of most future selected candidates, the old college was abolished by the above-named Act of Parliament. Three years later, in 1858, Lord Ellenborough transferred from the India Board to the Civil Service Commission the examining powers created by this Act. Such is the history of the system now in use; the only material alterations that have since been made (with the exception of those made in the arrangements for the course subsequent to the first or competitive examination), have been in the matter of the limits of age. Lord Macaulay's committee complained that twenty-one, the earliest (and also the present) maximum, was "drawn as if it had been expressly meant to exclude bachelors of Oxford and Cambridge;" it was, however, afterwards found that the period just after taking a good degree was not a favourable time for inducing young men to give up their hopes of advancement in England, however great the attractions offered. Later, or earlier, men usually have not so high an estimate of their own merits; and consequently the old maximum has been again restored.

It appears probable, that, during the first three months of any given year, between seven hundred and a thousand of our youths from the age of sixteen to that of twenty-one—and some of them amongst the most highly educated in the kingdom—are preparing more or less earnestly for the Indian Civil Service Competitions of the current and two following years. All these intending candidates, and the relatives and friends of each and all, are naturally most anxious to obtain detailed information about the examinations and something more about the subjects proposed than their mere names, and something definite as to the subsequent course. We propose here briefly to discuss each subject separately; indicating, under each, what (in our humble opinion) is the best mode of preparation, and what are the most useful text-books. The subjects of examination, with the marks respectively allotted to each, are:—

	Marks.	
Language, Literature, and History of England		
Composition	500	1,500
History, including that of the Laws and Constitution	500	
Language and Literature	500	
Language, Literature, and History of Greece . .	750	
" " " Rome . . .	750	

	Marks.
Language, Literature, and History of France . .	375
" " " Germany . .	375
" " " Italy . . .	375
Mathematics, Pure and Mixed	1,250
Natural Science, that is (1) Chemistry, including Heat, (2) Electricity and Magnetism, (3) Geology and Mineralogy, (4) Zoology, (5) Botany .	500

*** The total (500 marks) may be obtained by adequate proficiency in any one or more of the five branches of knowledge included under this head.

Moral Science, that is—Logic, Mental and Moral Philosophy	500
Sanskrit Language and Literature	375
Arabic Language and Literature	375

Taking the subjects in the order in which they are here presented to us, we find a deservedly high value assigned to English composition; which is, probably, the best possible test of a man's general information. It is true that, just as a real poet is born not made, it is not everyone who *can* become a writer of essays remarkable either for a brilliant wit or for a clear style; but there are probably few who cannot, by a study of the best models—Macaulay, for instance—and by frequent exercises under the correction of an efficient tutor, acquire some commendable skill in expressing their thoughts in pure and good English. The questions are generally allotted in such a way as to invite a candidate to display various qualities in his treatment of them, as regards both style and matter: thus, the elegant literary scholarship and the critical style which might be shown in the discussion of "The Merits and Defects of the Romantic and Classic Schools in English Literature," would prove the candidate possessed of rare talent if it were supplemented by the terse and practical style, and the general knowledge of men and measures, that might be employed in writing a "Summary of an Imaginary Debate on Reform."

The greater portion of the English history may be obtained from the *Student's Hume*, which is the usual text-book; but it is absolutely necessary for those who would score creditably to fill in the outline from Hallam. A question like the following, "Compare the character of William III. as drawn by Macaulay with his character as drawn by Jacobite writers," will prove that the candidate has good opportunity afforded him of showing and gaining credit for a more general course of reading.

For the English language, *Marsh's Lectures*, *Latham's Hand-*

book, and (perhaps better than any for this particular examination) *Angus' Handbook of the English Tongue*, should be studied. For the literature, it is also necessary to use a handbook; and here, again, Angus' is probably the most useful, though the *Student's Manual*, edited by Dr. Smith, has a clearer arrangement: but this must be the least part of the work of preparation. Original authors must be read, as far as is practicable; an excellent course is marked out by the charming series now in course of publication at the Clarendon Press, under the direction of Professor Brewer, of King's College, London. It commences with Chaucer, Spenser, and Hooker, which have already appeared; we are promised in succession, Shakspeare (select plays), Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Bunyan, Pope, Johnson, Burke, and Cowper. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* will, of course, be carefully read.

In the papers on the language, literature, and history of Greece, as also in the Latin, the standard has been slightly lowered of late years; but, even now, a really good classical scholar will be able to obtain a sufficient lead in these subjects to insure him success in the total. The following authors may be recommended to those who are commencing a course: Homer, Thucydides, Herodotus, Æschylus (*Agamemnon*, and *Prometheus Vinctus*), Sophocles (*Ajax*, *Antigone*, *Œdipus Rex*), Plato (*e.g. Rep. I. and X.*), Demosthenes (*De Falsâ Legatione*, *In Midiam*, *De Coronâ*), Pindar (a little, if possible). For the history, Dr. Smith's *Student's Greece* may be used as a convenient little manual, if backed by a really careful study of Grote for the more important periods. For the Greek literature, the text-book will of course be Donaldson's *Theatre of the Greeks:* for the language, Donaldson's *New Cratylus*, and his *Greek Grammar*; and, perhaps, Clyde's *Greek Syntax*.

The best Latin authors to be read specially for this examination are, probably, Cicero (*Pro Milone* and the *Second Philippic* for his oratorical, the *De Naturâ Deorum* and the *De Officiis* for his philosophical writing); Tacitus (*Histories* I., II., *Annals* two consecutive books); Livy (*First Decade* any two books; and especially the Preface); Lucretius (two books; *e.g.* I. and III. or VI.); Virgil; Horace; Juvenal (except II., VI., IX.); Persius (III., V.); Terence (one play); Plautus (one play). For the history, the *Student's Rome* by Dean Liddell, is convenient in point of size; the more ambitious candidate will not be contented without reading Mommsen at all events, and Merivale and the first three chapters of Gibbon. For the literature, there are no thoroughly good

manuals, unless we except Sellar's *Roman Poets of the Republic;* the candidate should read articles by Ramsay in the large *Classical Dictionary*, and the Essays in Conington's *Virgil.* Those who have time (very few Indian candidates have) may read with advantage Thierry (Amédée), *Tableau du I^er. Empire Romain;* Martha, *Les Moralistes du I^er. Empire, Philosophes et Poètes;* Taine, *Essai sur Tite-Live.* For the Latin language, Donaldson's *Varronianus* and *Grammar;* also especially, the notes to Munro's edition of *Lucretius.*

We believe that the foregoing sketch will convey an accurate notion of the character of the Indian classical curriculum; and this is, of course, our main object in this place. The good scholar will be able to map out such a course for himself; the smatterer will probably content himself with a less thorough one.

Turning to the modern European languages, we cannot omit to notice the comparatively new "Methods" of Ollendorf and Ahn, which are very generally used by those candidates who approach French, German, or Italian, for the first time, or with very little previous knowledge. A series of French works—the grammar and language by M. Jules Bué of Oxford, and the editions of the best authors by M. Gustave Masson of Harrow—is announced as about to appear from the Clarendon Press. The *Student's France* will be the candidate's text-book for the history, and M. Masson's work on French literature for that branch of the subject. Mr. Bryce's promised *History of Germany to the Close of the Middle Ages* (to be continued in another form, by Professor Ward, to the present time), will give those who take in German a perfect manual for their history. The authors from which extracts have been hitherto set are, (1) French: Pascal, La Bruyère, Corneille, Victor Hugo (*Les Travailleurs de la Mer*), De Tocqueville (*Souvenir d'un Voyage en Amérique*), Lamartine (*Ode à Byron*, and *Histoire des Girondins*), Rollin (*Traité des Etudes*), Delavigne (*Ecole des Vieillards* and *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*), Lusignan, Chateaubriand, Rousseau. (2) German: Goethe (*Iphigenie*), Schiller (*Maria Stuart*), Klopstock (*Messiah*), Schlegel, Jacob Bernays, Raumer, Schlosser, Schnaase, Müller von Königswinter. (3) Italian: Dante (*Purgatorio*), Tasso (*Gerusalemme*), Machiavelli, Colletta, Poliziano, Grossi, Leopardi, Gaspare Gozzi, Giordani, Pandolfini.

In the Mathematical papers, the knowledge that appears to be expected seems to be somewhat as follows; a good and thorough acquaintance with pure geometry (Euclid, the more obvious problems founded on Euclid, and the simpler pro-

perties of the conic sections treated geometrically, as in Drew's little manual); Algebra (the subject as treated by Todhunter in his larger work, with his *Theory of Equations*); Trigonometry (plane and spherical, Todhunter's manuals); Analytical Conic Sections (to be read in Todhunter's and portions of Salmon's works), the simpler propositions in Todhunter's *Geometry of Three Dimensions*, and his *Differential Calculus* and *Integral Calculus*. This completes the course in Pure Mathematics; the Mixed may be read in Newth's *Natural Philosophy*, Todhunter, and Parkinson. Candidates from Oxford will of course use Price's *Infinitesimal Calculus* for the higher mathematics. It is worthy of note, that in all subjects except mathematics, 125 marks are deducted from the score of each candidate, so that no credit whatever may be obtained by mere smattering; the Commissioners rightly think that it is not possible to be a "smatterer" in mathematics, and consequently every mark won is allowed to count.

In preparing for the examination in the Natural and Experimental Sciences, the books most commonly used are Ganot's *Physics* (translated by Atkinson), and Professor Williamson's *Manual of Chemistry*, or Miller's *Elements* for the latter; for the former, the three volumes of Orr's *Circle of the Sciences* on *Organic Nature*, Milne Edwards' *Zoology*, Phillips' *Manuals of Geology and Mineralogy*, and Lyell's *Geology*.

The study of Sanskrit and Arabic is only nominally encouraged by the Civil Service Commissioners for this examination; whilst they are not allowed to count higher than French or Italian, the number of candidates who will apply themselves to the more difficult Oriental languages will never be considerable.

The Moral Sciences list is generally a full one, and will probably gain even more favour, now that Mr. Fowler has supplied candidates with a convenient text-book for Logic, the admirable one recently issued from the Clarendon Press. Mansel's *Prolegomena* and Mill's *Logic* must of course still be read. For the Mental Philosophy, we should choose Lewes' *History of Philosophy*," and the authors therein recommended; for the Moral Philosophy, Jouffroy's *Lectures*, translated by Channing (or the French edition, *Cours de Droit Naturel*, two vols.), Mackintosh's *History of Moral Philosophy* (edited by Whewell), Mill's *Utilitarianism*, Butler's three Sermons, and his *Dissertation on Virtue*.

We have now traversed the entire range of subjects that

are allowed to be taken up for the Open Competition; and have indicated what appears to be the most suitable course of study in each case, partly to illustrate the extent of the examination, partly in the hope that some of the hints here given may be found useful by future competitors.

Shortly after the result of the competitive examination has been made known, the selected candidates are sent for to choose the Presidency, or division of Presidency. The first in the open competition has the first choice, and so on through the list. The candidates are then supposed to commence work for the first of the four half-yearly examinations which they are required to pass before their appointments become irrevocable. Instructions are issued to them by the Commissioners, by which they find that they have to study four subjects: 1. Law, which is divided into four subjects; 2. Political economy; 3. Two vernacular languages, according to the presidency; 4. History and geography of India. The second and fourth of these subjects may be dismissed with two observations: first, that considering the shortness of the time (two years) during which the selected candidates remain in England to study, political economy might be advantageously omitted; secondly, that if political economy be retained, Mr. Fawcett's *Manual of Political Economy* should be substituted for Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* as the text-book for the first two examinations. Law and languages are the most important of the prescribed subjects, because the two great faults of recent Indian civilians up to the present time, have been: first, that their comparative ignorance of Indian dialects has interfered very much with their efficiency by putting them at the mercy of native subordinates in all matters requiring a knowledge of those dialects, and secondly, that their rough-and-ready administration of justice, inseparable from an imperfect knowledge of the law, brings the Anglo-Indian courts into disrepute, and diminishes the prestige of the service. The system of special training adopted by the Civil Service Commissioners has not, we believe, done much towards mitigating these evils.

The first batch of civilians trained under the *régime* of half-yearly examinations, sailed for India in 1867. They were forty-five in number; and the result of their final examination, the sole test which can be applied by the public, proved that at least one-third had not the legal and linguistic knowledge which should be possessed by those who are to become before many years good magistrates or collectors. Notwithstanding this, not a single candidate was rejected

by the commissioners. What will be the result? An impression naturally springs up among the candidates selected in 1866, who go in for their final examination in June 1868, that they will all pass; *i.e.* that the words in the instructions issued to them—"Candidates are reminded that at this examination it will be decided whether they are qualified for the Civil Service of India"—are mere surplusage and mean nothing. This idea weakens the very slight hold which the Commissioners have upon the selected candidates at present. They attempt to promote diligence in the studies of the latter by punishments as well as by rewards. The rewards consist of prizes of 10*l.*, given at each of the three first examinations to the best man in each subject; with a proviso that no one can obtain a prize who does badly in any one of the four other prescribed subjects. There are also prizes of 100*l.* in law, of 75*l.* in Sanskrit, and of 50*l.* each in political economy, in history, and in vernacular languages, offered at the final examination to those who are willing to go in for a supplementary competition for them. Thus 1,180*l.* is distributed among the fifty selected candidates during the two years of their probation; or rather would be distributed, were it not that at every examination some three or four of the prizes cannot be awarded because there are no candidates who have done well enough to deserve them.

Before discussing the system of punishment by fining, a few words must be said about the allowances made to the selected candidates. The sum nominally allowed to each one is 300*l.* during the two years of his probation. This 300*l.* is supposed to be expended by the candidate, partly in his maintenance, but chiefly in his education. This intention, however, is often defeated by the manner in which it is paid. Fifty pounds each are allotted by the Commissioners for the two first half-years, and a hundred pounds each for the last two half-years; whereas a candidate's educational expenses will fall more heavily upon him during his first year of probation, when he requires more instruction and more books than he does during his second year. But this is not all. Instead of the greater portion of each half-yearly allowance being paid in advance, the candidate has to wait for it all until he knows the result of the half-yearly examination; *e.g.* the candidates selected in May will have to wait until Christmas before they will get a penny of their allowances. Each candidate has, therefore, to advance the money for his education and maintenance. This is a point which requires speedy reform; but there is a difficulty in making any alteration

arising from the system of fining. If any selected candidate fails to obtain one-third of the allotted marks in any subject, he is fined 10*l.* or more—*i.e.* the sum of 10*l.* or more is deducted from his half-yearly allowance. If he fails to obtain this minimum in two subjects, he is fined twice, and so on. Now this system of fining has two great objections; it is very displeasing to the men, and it is ineffectual. A lazy man, to whom money is not of vital importance, is not affected in the least by fines. The Commissioners have already found it necessary to threaten rejection to more than one candidate, who has shown himself uninfluenced by these deductions from his allowance.

The deficiency of the present system is most strongly marked in the department of law, and in this it has the most undesirable results. A selected candidate has greater facilities for studying languages in India than he has in England; but unless he gets a thorough grounding in legal principles before he starts for India, he will be obliged to do without it. In England there is every facility for the study of the law—law libraries, law lectures, and men able and willing to teach. In India the civilian is thrown almost entirely upon his own resources. If a civilian were to get regular legal training even during the two years of his probation in England, he would be better competent to administer law than he is now. There would be less of that amateur character which marks the occupants of the magisterial bench at present.

A selected candidate finds by his instruction that he has to study law under three branches: First, Jurisprudence, which includes Roman law; Second, Indian law, *i.e.* Hindu and Mohammedan law, and four Acts of the Indian Legislation—the Penal Code, the Code of Criminal Procedure, the Code of Civil Procedure, and the Indian Succession Act of 1865; Third, Law of Evidence and Notes of Cases. No assistance is given him as to the method of studying this comprehensive programme, no advice as to obtaining instruction. Consequently, many of the candidates resolve to read law alone. But even if they succeed in passing the examination, they will suffer for their decision hereafter; for a man no more becomes competent to practise as a lawyer by reading half a dozen law books, than he does to practise as a doctor by reading a few medical works. What do the statistics of the examinations reveal with respect to this system? That the result is an imperfect preparation. The Commissioners inform the candidates that to obtain less than fifty per cent. of the

attainable marks in any subject, is not to pass "a satisfactory examination." Now, in the examination held in June, 1866, there were forty-seven selected candidates examined, of whom fourteen failed to obtain fifty per cent. of the allotted marks in jurisprudence, and no less than twenty-nine in Indian law. In June, 1867, there were forty-nine examined, of whom fifteen failed in jurisprudence, and twenty-seven in Indian law. In November, 1867, out of forty-seven examined, fifteen failed in jurisprudence, and twelve in Indian law; in the last case the papers set in Indian law were unusually easy. In the department of Notes of Cases and Law of Evidence, the candidates seldom fall below half marks. The reason of this is, that mere mechanical work, such as neat writing and cases of great length, are marked high. In this branch, as the papers are set at present, a shorthand writer of average intelligence would beat the selected candidates in Notes of Cases; while success in the Evidence paper must result from pure luck, the examiner setting questions upon Procedure and general law as well as upon Evidence. The paper set in November last to the candidates selected in 1866, would have posed many a barrister of three years' standing. These Notes of Cases, which might be made a valuable feature in the training of a selected candidate, are, in nine cases out of ten, utterly useless now; because the men who take them down are ignorant of the common rules of procedure—unless they happen to be in the chambers of a barrister, or to have attended some lectures on the subject. They are directed to go into court, and to understand (by the light of nature, and without any explanation) civil and criminal procedure. They are supposed to know, by instinct, the meaning of the numerous law terms which occur in the simplest cases. Their whole acquaintance with the law applicable to the points at issue in the case will be, most probably, derived from the summing-up of the judge. Is it to be wondered at, then, that they report these cases, as a general rule, not as lawyers, but as laymen? Again, we observe with surprise that the text-book assigned for Evidence is one which makes no note of the difference between the rules in India and those in England, so that, before the candidates can put their knowledge into practice in India, they will have to unlearn a great deal of that which they have learned in England.

Each candidate has two vernacular languages prescribed to him, according to his presidency, but he is at liberty to take in as many more as he likes. Many avail themselves of this privilege, and the effect is twofold: first, they obtain higher

places than those who confine themselves to the prescribed subjects; and secondly, they do not attain the perfection which they might in the prescribed subjects. In the final examination in 1867 of the candidates selected in 1865, the first man took in four extra languages, for which he obtained 1,392 out of his 3,494 marks. In not one of his prescribed subjects was he first; and, deducting the marks thus obtained, it will be found that he only obtained 102 marks more than the eighteenth on the list, who stands highest of those confining themselves to the prescribed subjects. Again, the candidate who stands seventh on the list, with 2,449 marks, obtained only 1,803 in his prescribed subjects, or 197 less than the candidate eighteenth on the list. This is in effect giving a preference to a smattering of knowledge in several subjects over a deeper acquaintance with few—which few are shown to be of the greatest importance by their being prescribed as absolutely necessary; and yet in their Annual Reports the Commissioners quote the words of Lord Macaulay's Committee—"We are of opinion that a candidate ought to be allowed no credit at all for taking up a subject in which he is a mere smatterer." The hardship of this plan is that seniority in the Service is decided by the gross results of the four half-yearly examinations. So that those who by hard work have succeeded in qualifying themselves in the prescribed subjects, are made junior to the more brilliant but less practically useful men, who have spread their work over a wider area. The study of extra languages should be encouraged by prizes and honorary certificates; but not fostered at the expense of the regular subjects.

With the books selected to be read there is on the whole little fault to be found. The text-books in law are, Taylor on Evidence, which is much too voluminous for the purpose, besides giving no references to the Indian Evidence Act (II. of 1853); Macnaghten's Hindu and Mohammedan Law, which is too antiquated in treatment; the Four Codes—but a grievous error is committed in not making Macpherson's Treatise on the Code of Civil Procedure compulsory; from the Code alone the candidates cannot gain much insight into the practice of the Indian Courts. On English Law and Jurisprudence the following portions of Stephen's Commentaries are assigned; Sections 2 to 4 of the Introduction; books I. and III., and book IV., part i.; part ii., chap. 1, and part ii. i., chap. 1: and Austin's Lectures, I. II. and III., Maine's Ancient Law, Sander's Justinian, and Dumont's translation of Bentham's Theory of Legislation complete the list.

Maine's Ancient Law is hardly an examination book. Mackenzie's Roman Law should be given at an earlier stage than it is at present. Above all, a little practical English law is wanted in the curriculum, such as Smith on Contracts, and Addison on Torts.

In 1867 a scheme for these later examinations was sent in to Sir Stafford Northcote by Mr. John Cutler, the Professor of Law at King's College, London; who from his position has ample opportunity of observing the working of the system. His proposals, we believe, are shortly these: the probationers to qualify in three subjects—I. Law; II. History and Geography of India; III. Two vernacular languages: three examinations to be held at equal intervals of eight months: 100*l.* to be paid for each examination—viz. 40*l.* in advance, and 60*l.* on proof of that sum having been expended in tuition or books: fining to be abolished, but a minimum standard to be fixed in each subject, and any probationer who fails to obtain the minimum in one subject at the first examination to be cautioned, and any one who fails to attain the minimum in two subjects at the first, or in one at any subsequent examination, to be disqualified for the service: every candidate who obtains a certain per centage of the gross total of marks at the last examination to receive 50*l.* extra. Although it may not be practicable to adopt this scheme *en bloc* at once, still there are many features of it too valuable to be lost sight of.

As a final complaint against the present system, it may be mentioned that the Commissioners are at variance with the Bombay Government as to the two languages which ought to be prescribed for candidates selecting the Bombay Presidency. The Commissioners prescribe Marathi and Gujarati. The Bombay Government insists upon a knowledge of Hindustanee. The selected candidates suffer most by the difference; for on their arrival in India they find themselves obliged to pass in three languages instead of two. The Commissioners have not communicated this fact to the selected candidates; so that those who choose the Bombay Presidency, do so without fully knowing what is before them.

ART. VII.—1. *Des Doctrines Religieuses des Juifs, pendant les deux Siècles antérieurs à l'Ere Chrétienne.* [The Religious Doctrines of the Jews during the Two Centuries preceding the Christian Era.] Par Michel Nicolas. Second Edition. Paris: Lévy Frères. 1867.

2. *Libres Etudes.* [Free Studies.] Par A. Coquerel Fils. Paris: Baillière. 1868.

MEN have been taught lately to listen with new interest to the Talmudical oracle. One of its true sayings may fitly commence these present pages: "Since Haggai, Zechariah, and Malachi, the last of the prophets died, the Holy Spirit hath disappeared from the midst of Israel: *Ablatus est Spiritus sanctus ex Israele.*" When the Divine Spirit forsook His ancient home, other spirits entered and took possession; what kind of spirits those were, and what was the nature of their influence, it is of deep interest, especially at the present time, that we should ascertain. An immense amount of erudite speculation is expended upon this subject. Investigation has been stimulated by various interests: in the case of some authors, by the ambition to throw new light upon a neglected chapter of the world's history; in the case of others, by a philosophical ardour in the study of the transformations of the religious ideas of our race; and, in the case of others, again, with whom we have most concern, by a determination to penetrate the secret, the human secret, of the origin of Christianity. "When we consider," says M. Nicolas, the ablest representative of these last, "that Christianity, the greatest religious movement that has been seen in the civilised world, had its birth in this interval, and had its root in it, every other interest is effaced; and whoever has his attention arrested by the history of the Judaism of this epoch, can entertain no other idea than that of seeking in it the antecedents of the Christian religion."

We shall endeavour briefly to show what this search has found, or has imagined, in the extra-Biblical history of the Jews; and that purpose will best be served by basing our remarks upon a connected view of the influences that moulded Jewish history and theology during this period.

It is necessary at the outset to draw clearly the line of distinction between the later Judaism which is, and that

which is not, biblical. It is the fashion to speak of the Old Testament as containing only the annals of the Hebrew nation, or of the people of Israel; the Jewish nation having sprung up in the interval, and appearing in the New Testament. But it is important, and as interesting as important, to remember that the canonical books of the Old Testament—including, as we believe, the writings of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Daniel—bring down the inspired history of the ancient people to the period of their re-establishment in Judæa as the remnant of Judah, henceforth the Jews. Before the accents of prophecy ended, and the long silence in heaven began, they had entered upon their new development. When they returned in their small triple detachments, successively under Joshua and Zerubbabel, Ezra, and Nehemiah, they were as much under the guidance of God as their fathers were when, under Moses and another Joshua, they left Egypt and entered into Canaan.

We cannot but feel that something is lost by the habit of beginning the history of later Judaism with the return to Jerusalem. It is better to leave that grand event within the sacred precincts of revelation. And, reading it there, it is scarcely possible to exaggerate the dignity with which the chastised and humble people of God reappear on the scene of their ancient glory. They are few and poor; but, unlike those left behind, they have counted the poverty of Jerusalem better riches than all the treasures of Babylon. They have renounced their idolatry, and by rebuilding the Temple, in spite of many difficulties—not the least being the enmity of the half-heathen Samaritans, in whom the Ten Tribes of Israel had found an inglorious end—have given a noble pledge of fidelity to their covenant God. At the outset of their new history, when they were as one man in the service of God, under the guidance of a leader almost worthy of his designation, "the second Moses," it might have seemed as if the redeemed descendants of Abraham were about to renew their youth in its highest purity. But the last prophets dispel the vain hope, and we are forced to behold the germs of those mysteries of iniquity the development of which, four centuries afterwards, had made the Jews what Jesus found them.

The history of the Jewish people, and of the changes which its theology underwent during the interval between Malachi and the Advent of Christ, is far from being confined to Judæa. Jerusalem was the religious centre to which converged the hearts and often the steps of an innumerable multitude of Jews from every part of the known world. The *Dispersion* were found, before the Advent, crowding all the highways of

population and commerce, but always and everywhere cherishing a certain reverence for the holy place on Mount Zion. The fragment that remained behind in Babylon continually sent its offshoots farther into the East. At the building of Alexandria, Alexander transported a colony of Jews to his Egyptian capital; these were largely reinforced by Ptolemy Lagus, and soon made Egypt almost half Jewish. During the Syrian domination, multitudes of Jews were deported to Antioch and other parts of Syria, as well as Phrygia and Lydia; whence they spread over the whole of Asia Minor and went westward to Greece. Pompey, in the Roman period, sent prisoners of war to Rome, many of whom obtained their freedom, erected synagogues, and were located in large numbers beyond the Tiber. In the time of our Saviour, there was not a country, there was scarcely a town, in the Roman Empire, where the Jew was not naturalised. And numbers of converts to Judaism, not Jews by birth, and not always Jews by rite, were to be found in all communities. The "Proselytes of Righteousness," who underwent the ceremony of initiation, were not numerous; but the "Proselytes of the Gate," who accepted the more tolerant alternative and worshipped the God of the Jews with permission to sojourn among them, were to be met with in greater numbers. Hence there was a subtle bond of connection uniting the Jewish populations throughout the world, and in a certain sense securing for the Gospel a prepared, if not willing, auditory, in every city and place whither the messengers of the new law should come. Samaria, with its Pentateuch and Messianic hope, ought to be added, notwithstanding the eternal enmity between these two nearest neighbours and sharers of the ancient Hebrew faith.

But the range of inquiry is much narrowed when we remember that the Judaic theology of the interval was wrought out mainly in Jerusalem and Alexandria; and that before the time of our Saviour the religion of Palestine had received and assimilated most of the influences that had been produced by the contact of Judaism with Greek and Oriental philosophy. Keeping this fact in view, we shall proceed, first, to make some observations on the causes that tended to modify the Jewish religion from within; then to consider the accretions and transformations that resulted from contact with the philosophies of the world around; and considering, in connection with this last point, the bearing of both on the origin of Christianity.

It is impossible to obtain an adequate view of the internal history of Judaic theology during the great interval, unless we do full justice to both the conservative and the destructive

elements that were simultaneously in operation. Good and evil were mingled in this period; and, if the evil at last preponderated, the good should not be forgotten.

The conservative energy of Judaism after the return is not generally estimated at its full value. The children of the captivity were not at once and absolutely abandoned of the Holy Spirit. When as the spirit of prophetic inspiration He took His departure, He did not forsake them in any other sense. He left not Himself without a witness among them when their formalism was at the worst, not when the Rabbinical "hedge about the law" had done its utmost to shut out His holiest inspirations; and, even at the fulness of time, which was the lowest point of Jewish degeneracy, He had His few representatives of the ancient seven thousand in reserve to welcome the Messiah in the name of His covenant people. But His unfailing presence may be marked more definitely in the faithfulness with which this new race maintained the supremacy of their Scriptures; in the devotion they manifested to the simplest elements of their ancient faith; in the restoration of the Temple service; and in the diffusion of religious devotion and instruction by means of their synagogue worship.

We owe to this much-misunderstood period the final settlement of the Old Testament Canon. Whatever may be the value of the tradition concerning the "Great Synagogue" of one hundred and twenty, with Ezra at its head, and dignified by the presence of the last three prophets; whatever may have been the part taken by "the second Moses" in the task of collection attributed to him; it is certain that the Old Testament itself does not record its own completion, whether inclusive of the holy books or exclusive of the Apocrypha, but that the Sacred Oracles were consigned, with their burden of infinite value, to this later congregation of Judaism. Let it not be forgotten that they were faithful trustees. Their chastisement in Babylon inspired them with a devotion, unknown before, to those ancient Scriptures which contained the witness of their guilt in the Law, and the mingled predictions of their punishment and restoration in the prophets. The loss of their sacred language, and the need of degenerate Targums, only made them turn with profounder homage to the original letter of God's Word, which was the record of their early vocation, the depository of their national prerogatives, and the pledge of their future glorious destiny. Hence, whatever new literature arose among them, they drew a sharp and clear distinction between the Word of God and the word of

man. The abundance of their Apocryphal and Sibylline literature in Palestine and Alexandria, while it was sad proof of the corruption of their faith, strangely testified, at the same time, their theoretical fidelity to the canon which they practically dishonoured. The last pledge of that fidelity was given during the persecution of Antiochus, when the line was for ever drawn between the true Scripture and the false; just as the same service was done for the Christian documents during the persecution of Diocletian. To say the least, they ratified then what the legislation of Ezra may have indicated. And our debt to them is not small. They preserved for us what they lost for themselves. We owe them the same obligation which we owe to the corrupt transmitters of an incorrupt Scripture in the Middle Ages. Or, rather, we are bound to acknowledge—what was acknowledged by our Lord Himself—the presence of a conservative spirit in later Judaism, which, under the providential guidance of the Holy Ghost, has handed down to us undefiled the Holy Oracles, the only originals and primary archives of Christianity.

Allusion has already been made to the fervour with which the descendants of the captivity clung to their faith in the One God, after the sore chastisement inflicted upon them for their previous idolatrous tendencies. Their exile from their land brought them back to themselves. The destruction of their holy city and its sanctuary, the deportation of almost the whole of their people, made them penitent readers of their neglected prophets; and these sent them to the Law which they had violated in its fundamental principles. Repentance brought them to the feet of Jehovah, never more to forsake His allegiance as the covenant God of His people. They sealed their new devotion by ridding themselves, at every cost of feeling, of all foreign intermixtures, and by taking the most solemn pledges of obedience to the law. And, so far as the national faith and external fealty were concerned, they and their descendants after them for long generations remained faithful, manifesting a fidelity which had not been surpassed, perhaps not equalled, since the days of the Judges in Israel. In a certain sense they may be said to have retained to this day, through all the unexampled revolutions of their history, the same uneffaced stamp of monotheistic devotion to the God of the ancient covenant.

So much may be safely asserted. But the school of writers whose representatives now lie before us are not content with this. They give an exaggerated idea of the fact, and draw from it unwarranted conclusions. According to M. Nicolas,

the national conversion was a return, not only from the ways of heathen idolatry, but also from an inveterate Elohistic semi-idolatry with which the pure worship of Jehovah had from the earliest times been infected. This notion misreads the entire history of the conjoint sanctification of the two supreme names, as they are interwoven with the series of the Hebrew annals, but never brought into collision. It is an arbitrary supposition, requiring subtlety of the most perverse and unscrupulous kind for even its plausible defence; and the silence of the later records as to any vindication of the Jehovah honour against the Elohim desecration, is sufficient for its refutation. M. Athanase Coquerel, pastor of the French Protestant Church, expatiates in another direction. To him the monotheism of the Jews is an eternal protest against the Christian Trinity. "What developed among this people an incomparable power of resistance; what gave them the power of endurance till our day, surviving the great empires, which by turns were their subjugators, Egypt and Assyria, Greece and Rome; what availed to secure to them the inconceivable prerogative of surviving themselves so many ages, and of subsisting eighteen hundred years without a country,—was an idea, a truth; it was monotheism; it was that faith in the only true God which the aged Akiba attested with dying breath in the midst of his last tortures. Who shall dare to say that this mission of the Jewish people is ended or become needless, while almost the whole of Christendom is Trinitarian, and while, moreover, Catholicism, before our very eyes, never ceases to augment the divinity of Mary and add to the number of the saints? The world, even as Christian, has still an interest in hearing every Israelite affirm in death this supreme truth, everlastingly misunderstood—*The Lord is One.* If Christians were seriously monotheist, Judaism would no longer have a meaning beyond that of the past." It is as wilful a perversion of the truth to charge orthodox Christianity with Tritheism, because it baptizes into the one name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, as it is to charge the Hebrews with idolatry, because they worshipped Jehovah-Elohim. And the strange solution of the mystery of the Jews' continuance in the world, is as transparent a perversion as either. God did not "take away their place and nation" because they were faithful to His one name; they are not wandering in all lands, enduring the anguish of the "desire unsatisfied that maketh the heart sick," because they renounced their idolatry. They rejected the "Desire of all nations," and therefore their desire is

destined to eternal disappointment. Surely one who could write thus should renounce Christianity and become a Jew.

The restoration by Ezra and Nehemiah of the Temple service, with the holy ceremonial of the Law, was the inauguration of a new era, which continued, though amidst much abuse and laxity in later times, down to the destruction of Jerusalem, and in this particular also the conservative vigour of Judaism contrasts favourably with many long periods of degeneracy to which the Old Testament bears witness. It is impossible to read the books that bear the names of these two founders of the new constitution of Hebraism, without perceiving that with their reform dates a period of such exactitude in the Temple service that had scarcely ever been known before. It is true that the last prophets of the Old Covenant give a picture of the abuses that already manifested themselves, as the earnest of the greater abuses that were to follow. It is true, also, that the most glorious tokens of the Divine Presence were never again vouchsafed to the Temple itself; and that it was already in a certain sense, beginning to be "left desolate." It is true, moreover, that the spirit of decline which soon overspread Judaism tended to neutralise the energy and effect on the national character of the Temple reformation. But, after all qualifications, it still remains a fact that there was such a reformation. The sabbaths and feasts were kept with a regularity that knew no change. Our best exposition of the nature of the ancient Jewish ceremonial is derived from the history of this period. The priests in "the order of their course" performed their functions from generation to generation, down to the time when the returning Spirit surprised some of them with the glad tidings of the coming Gospel. The festivals were all observed; if there was any alteration, it was rather by addition than by diminution; and the feasts they added were tacitly acknowledged by the Redeemer Himself. Our Lord's denunciations charged the representatives of the Temple service only with the licence and bigotry that dishonoured the Gentile court. "Their house" was still "His Father's house." He had not, like the ancient prophets, to condemn them for with having utterly forgotten the Divine appointment of sacrifice and service. So far as the outward and visible ceremonial was concerned, the people had remained faithful to the vows of the Captivity; and thus there was a genuine Passover with which He could connect His own sacrifice, and a genuine Pentecost to be glorified by the descent of the Holy Ghost.

But it is to the institution of the synagogue that we must

turn for the most striking exhibition of the true strength of Judaism after the Captivity. There can be no doubt that the origin of the local synagogue service—as at once the counterpart, the supplement, and the rival of the service of the Temple—sprang from the spirit infused by Ezra into the people, if not from his direct institution. The good elements of this institute will at once appear if we consider its effect. It carried the worship of God into every corner of the Jewish population. It insured the reading of the Law regularly, and subsequently that of the prophets, and thus provided most effectually for the education of the people and the concentration of their thought and devotion upon one book. It secured them against the danger of allowing their Scriptures to become lost to them in an obsolete dialect; and provided a systematic and more or less orthodox and spiritual interpretation in the targums, the first recorded public expositions or sermons. It was a refuge for the spiritually-minded of the congregation, who could on the sabbaths and feasts hold communion in their religion, and both give and receive instruction in Divine things. The larger assemblies were mighty instruments for moulding the natural spirit and character, while the smaller, although ever tending to decay and the Pharisaic spirit, were nevertheless, during the last days of the interval, nurseries of free and spiritual religious communion. The synagogues, with every deduction that must be made, have a strong claim on the respect of Christians. In one of them our Master spent innumerable hours of His earlier life; and in one of them He first announced that He was the Fulfilment of prophecy, and Himself the Anointed Prophet. They furnished the model for the earlier Christian assemblies, and have transmitted a certain stamp to Christian worship which no revival of the Temple ritualist spirit has ever availed to suppress. We may, therefore, reckon the synagogue institute as the symbol of the nobler conservative elements brought back from the Captivity, that struggled long against the spiritual ruin of the nation.

While the "voices of the prophets," heard "every Sabbath-day" in countless synagogues throughout the civilised world, gave the Jewish people an indestructible unity, in Judæa itself Temple and synagogue were united in their influence upon the people. To the Jew or proselyte of other lands, the Temple, with its shekinah or tradition of the shekinah, with its ritual, sacrifices, and feasts, was a centre, indeed, but a distant centre, from which an ever weakening influence radiated. He made his pilgrimage to Jerusalem yearly, or once in his

life, and revived his devotion to the Holy Centre; but in the long intervals his thoughts and feelings would be moulded by the teaching of his synagogue, and by influences from the society amidst which he lived. But the Jew of Judæa was formed, and ruled, and preserved in his fidelity by the combined action of Temple service and synagogue teaching; and to this must be attributed the fact that for four centuries the land of Palestine maintained its unswerving Judaism through a succession of assaults to which the Jews of no section of the dispersion were ever subjected. This is a phenomenon in the history of the ancient people of God to which it is impossible to refuse our respect and admiration. From the fall of the Persian Empire before Alexander (B.C. 332), and the subjection of Judæa, first to the Egyptian Ptolemies, and then to the Syrian Seleucids, when the tyrannous attempt of Antiochus (B.C. 175) to extirpate the Jewish religion roused the Maccabæan heroes, down to the Roman dominion beginning with Pompey's arrival (B.C. 63)—through greater vicissitudes of the oppression of many masters than the annals of any other people record,—devotion to Temple and Law as the outward symbols of the national faith was steadily, and to blood, maintained. In one sense always in servitude; in another the Jews were never "in bondage to any man;" they fought and died for that mysterious inalienable prerogative that made them lords over those who lorded it over them. In their Temple they were free; they threw open an outer court of it to the Gentiles, thus unconsciously prophesying of a universal dispensation; but in its sanctuary, which was their own, they entrenched themselves, never to be dislodged.

Turning now from the brighter to the darker side of the Judaism of the Interval, we are met by a large array of topics which it is a difficult, but not a hopeless, task, to analyse and arrange. The decline of the national religion, that is, the decline of the nation itself—the nation and its religion being in a deep and peculiar sense one—may be traced to its internal causes, the corrupting spirit from within, and to its external causes, the influence of contact with the heathenism of the outer world. The former has full justice done to it in the treatises before us; but the latter is greatly exaggerated.

It will aid us in a just appreciation of the internal transformation of Judaism, if we refer it to the two grand departments of their Scripture—the Law and the Prophets. It then reduces itself to the corruption of the law by their Rabbinical interpretation of it, and to their perversion of the great Messianic hope of their nation. The one buried Moses in the

Talmud, the other led to the rejection of the suffering Messiah and His Gospel. The one sacrificed the ordinances of God to the traditions of men, the other sacrificed Christ to a carnal delusion.

The beginnings of the fatal system of tradition may be traced to that institute which has been described as one of the excellencies of later Judaism, the synagogue. The good had in it the germ of an enormous evil. The public reading of the law in the original Hebrew—which was continued after the language was partially lost out of respect to the holy text—made it necessary that a translator should interpret, paragraph by paragraph, into the vernacular idiom. This led to the paraphrase which "gave the sense;" and this again to the establishment of schools for the study of the Law, in which the public reader or interpreter might prepare for his function. These schools flourished almost everywhere in the neighbourhood of the synagogue; and, by slow but sure degrees, the scribe, or doctor, or rabbi, rose into the chief importance in the community. The Law, as the summary of all knowledge—as a digest of morals, a system of ecclesiastical discipline, a code of jurisprudence, a constitution of political economy—became the object of the concentrated and fervent study of the best minds of the nation. As the priest decreased, the scribe increased. But, as the scribe increased in importance, he declined in spirituality; "to make a hedge about Law, and gather multitudes of disciples," became his watchword. A barren and dead orthodoxy; a style of interpretation that applied to the text a subtlety and caprice unknown to any other school but one; an externality that limited obedience to the letter, and left the spirit of man beyond the domain of moral obligation, and thus tended to produce the perfect hypocrite, was the result. Such were the men who ultimately "sat in Moses' seat," and usurped all authority in Israel; such, with few exceptions, were the modern successors of Ezra the first "sopher" or scribe; such were the men among whom, in the fulness of time, when the God who is a Spirit kept silence no longer, the holy child Jesus appeared in the Temple, and began to be "about His Father's business."

But between the first paraphrase uttered by Ezra and the Talmud, an enormous interval has to be passed. It is impossible to trace the steps that Jewish exposition took to reach that wonderful issue—the most vast and the most miscellaneous repertory of mingled good and evil that human literature knows. But it may be useful to glance at the wide variety of elements that combined in its production. They all

resolve themselves into two branches: the interpretation of the written Law itself, and the reduction into perfect form of the unwritten Law, with innumerable traditionary comments upon it.

Around the written Law the scribes of Judaism threw a "hedge:" fencing it from the intrusion of any other spirit than their own, that their own traditional spirit might have security for its development. Though the Law was one, its interpretation was not one. Hence the fundamental generic term for exposition was *midrash*, one that signifies *seeking out;* capable indeed of a good meaning, but in their case simply expressing the principle of hunting out every sense that a Kabbalistic law might find. According to one Rabbi, of very early times, God taught Moses nine-and-forty methods of understanding every precept, and even the later Maimonides gives thirteen rules. The Kabbala handed down the secrets of an exegesis that made the points and curves of the letters tremble with profound meaning; and the scribe "well-instructed" in the Rabbinical sense, was one who was skilled in them all. The Palestinian commentary—based upon the Hebrew letter—disported with absolutely unlimited caprice in the use of this instrument. The Alexandrian, on the other hand, having only a translation to comment upon, was more free from the letter, but found its compensation in the unbridled enjoyment of the principle of allegory. Both, however, were governed by the same fundamental error, that of torturing the Law to disclose meanings which the Spirit of God never intended it to bear.

But the unwritten Law played the most conspicuous and influential part in the shaping of modern Jewish character. It was the principle of Rabbinical teaching that God gave to Moses an oral as well as a written Law; that it had been handed down inviolable from generation to generation through a series of divinely gifted men; that eminent teachers were endowed with the ability to expound it, and that their comments constituted a perfect code of equal authority—as it were the traditional Deuteronomy of the Jewish faith. There was a body of men whose function it was to collect, and another whose function it was to arrange the oral Law—this Mishna or *repeated* law. These *precepts of Moses from Sinai* were the original *Kabbala;* preserved for some centuries in memory or secret rolls, it was committed to writing about the end of the second century. The Mishna was afterwards made the basis of a *complement* of discussions, the *Gemara;* and the whole was completed in Babylon, about the end of the fifth

century. A second Gemara, formed in Palestine about the same time, was added; and the Talmud—*study*, or, in this case, the *object* of study—was the result. In speaking of the Talmud, we, of course, anticipate. No part of it was the direct produce of the Judaism of the interval; but its foundations were then laid, and it contains innumerable echoes or reproductions of the teaching that shaped the faith of the centuries before Christ.

How entirely the Jewish people were under the ascendency of these schools of Midrash, may be gathered from the fact that their pretension to have the key of knowledge in their hands was universally admitted. Whatever the date of the targums of Jonathan and Onkelos—those predecessors of the Talmud—may be, they represent a spirit which reigned ages before Christ. In them we find the scribe above the prophet. Their paraphrases introduce the former in the most remarkable manner. The "scribe" was not to depart from Judah, any more than the sceptre, before Shiloh came. Joseph was his father's favourite because he was a doctor. The rabbi's crown in the Talmud is above that of the priest or of the king. Heaven itself is but a school of rabbis, and God seems to him to wear the rabbinical insignia. It forbids the reading of Scripture without his guidance, because the disciple may learn to attach more weight to what he reads than to the words of his teacher. But it should be remembered that the submission claimed by the doctor of the law, and conceded by the people, was the prerogative rather of the order than of the individual; the scribe spoke as the oracle of a voiceless tradition pervading all past ages, and supreme over all truth. Hence their personal authority was not like that of Christ—as the people confessed. But as a representative of an order, he ruled supreme, and with a dominion over the intellect, conscience, and life of the people that grew with every generation after the first century from the Captivity, and was absolutely fatal to the life of Judaism. Man took the place of God; man's tradition that of God's Word; and the unconscious blasphemy that ruled the spirit of the later religion cannot be better illustrated than by the saying of a rabbi of great authority: "Let Thy house," he says, as it were speaking of God, "be the meeting-place of the chakamin; cover Thyself with the dust of their feet, and taste with avidity their words."

This prostration of the national mind before the rabbinical genius was almost universal, and was represented by the Pharisees in the time of our Lord. Exceptions there were,

and in considerable numbers: The sect of the Sadducees was the most conspicuous in history; another sect, the Essenes, is not, like that of the Sadducees, mentioned in the New Testament, but was undeniably the reaction of Pharisaism against Pharisaism. And the sacred records give us to understand that there were many—few, indeed, in comparison with the mass of the people, but numerous enough to be mentioned as a class in the New Testament—who, whether in the Temple or in the synagogue, worshipped God in spirit and in truth, waiting for the consolation of Israel.

The origin of the name *Pharisee* cannot be determined with certainty. If, according to some, it came from a term that made them *The Separate*, that must be understood rather of their separating themselves as Israelites from the rest of the world than of their keeping aloof from any portion of their fellow-countrymen. Their representatives in the New Testament form the mass of the nation, and certainly they were the most popular and influential party. From the description given of them there, and the condemnation passed upon their sanctimonious hypocrisy, it may be inferred that, with a few honourable exceptions, they had degenerated from the ceremonialism that first distinguished them into mere formal hypocrites. But, if we go up to their origin, or, rather, to those early times when they are already found in existence, for their origin is not known, we shall see reason to think that they simply represented the rabbinical spirit, as such; that they were the creators of the oral tradition which blasphemously improved upon the Law of God, and that they were the fathers of modern Judaism and the Talmud. They invented the system of infinite codification which utterly blighted the spirit of obedience, and the observance of which has co-operated with the decree of Divine Providence more effectually than any other secondary cause in keeping the Jewish people from mingling with the other nations of the earth.

Turning to the reactionary elements, we have three very different pictures. The Sadducees are the Freethinkers, who, rejecting the hedge around the Law, lost the faith altogether; the Essenes made their escape into a mystical and self-imposed asceticism; while the slender election represented the true spirit of the Old Testament waiting to welcome the New.

The origin of the sect, or rather party, of the Sadducees is also disputable. But there can be no question that their ruling principle from the beginning was to reduce to a mini-

mum the sphere and the applications of the Law; and thus to oppose Pharisaism in every form, although with an opposition equally destructive to godliness. They resisted the exaggerations of ritual and ascetic formalism; they rejected every doctrine that was not written down expressly in the Law, and, therefore, the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body. Hence, they were comparatively indifferent to the Messianic hope of their nation; they easily lent themselves to foreign influences, and were disposed to enjoy the pleasures of the only life they believed in. They believed, indeed, in nothing; their system was a system of negations; and, therefore, never laid hold of the popular mind. Sadduceeism was, equally with Pharisaism, a sign of the corruption of the Jewish religion; it impoverished and reduced the religious faith which its rival petrified and carnalised.

The Essenes were also enemies of the Pharisees, but in another sense, and of an altogether different type. They were in the strictest sense a sect, as they separated themselves from the rest of the people, renounced the services of the Temple, and cultivated a system of esoteric faith and ascetic practice, not divulged, even to their own votaries, but by slow and painful steps, and never made known to the world. Whence they sprang, and when they vanished from history, are alike unknown. The most mysterious of all sects, they left no trace behind them; the Talmud and the New Testament agree in silently passing them by. They are introduced here only as illustrating the corruption of Judaism, a corruption that presents to a hasty observer many elements of dignity, but which, when more closely viewed, must place it on a level with the two former; in fact, there are some points of view in which Essenism must take the lowest place. Beyond all others, the Essenes nourished the spirit of bigotry; they represented themselves as the only true Israelites, Pharisees of the Pharisees, and retired from the world not good enough for them. They sacrificed the entire Law to this bigotry; for, while honouring the Temple in theory, they carefully avoided approaching it, lest they should be defiled by the unholiness of other worshippers. They rejected women from their community; and this of itself marked their diametrical divergence from the Law, as well as from the Gospel. Their convents, hard by the Dead Sea, sustained only a life in death. Their doctrine perished with them, although we may suppose, from the testimonies of Josephus, that it had much in common with the mysteries of the

Jewish Kabbala and with the later Christian Kabbala of Gnosticism.

But there was a nobler and purer protest against Pharisaism than these. After the Maccabæan age there are evidences of a spirit that rose in rebellion against the selfishness and bigotry of the doctors, and which prepared the way for John the Baptist and Him whose coming the Baptist announced. The Talmud itself describes the hot conflict between the schools of Hillel and Schammai, about half a century before Christ. The spirit of Hillel was uttered in such sayings as these: "Imitate the disciples of Aaron; love peace, and seek it diligently; love mankind, and cleave to the study of the Law." "He who is ignorant is unworthy to live, and he will soon pass away who studies and teaches the Law for his own ends." He required of proselytes, instead of the numberless Pharisaical prescriptions, only this, that they "should do to none what they would have none to do to them." To a young Gentile, who demanded of him a summary of the Law, he replied, "Do to men as you would they should do to you: this is the summary of the Law; all else is but application and consequence." These and some other similar sayings are attributed by the Talmud to Hillel and a few other teachers. They have the air of being borrowed from a Greater than Hillel, and put into Hillel's lips. Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that a slender minority dissented from the mechanical externality of Pharisaic teaching, and were prepared for a purer religion, for a teaching that should reduce obedience to its unity again, and commit it to the keeping of a nobler principle than that of compliance with the endless subdivisions of the letter. At the same time it is indubitable that they were only a slender minority. They exerted a healthy influence only on a few hidden spirits. What the amount of that influence was, and how far it prepared the hearts of the few who waited for the "consolation of Israel," it is impossible to say. We see in the New Testament that there were some to be found, even after the Redeemer's public appearance, who were Pharisees of a better type—Pharisees in name, not Pharisees in spirit—doctors of the Law, but not satisfied with the letter—Scribes, but not hypocrites. But we see, also, that they availed not to cause our Saviour to limit His generalising "woes." The genuine spirit of Rabbinical Pharisaism, as it was represented by Schammai, had vanquished its rival, and kept the mind of the nation bound in fetters that one only could burst, even if He availed to burst them. Hillel himself, the reputed utterer of the spiritual

precepts so often quoted, was the founder of the Talmud, by his known attempt to arrange in a sixfold classification the innumerable prescriptions of the schools. The Pharisee was the Canaanite "yet in the land," and the ruler in the land, when the Prophet like unto Moses appeared, and sate Himself in Moses' seat.

If we exclude the little company who accepted the consolation of Israel, all the other parties, comprising the great mass of the population of Judæa, combine to present the perfect picture of degenerate Judaism. In the order of Divine Providence, the hour of the Redeemer's incarnation was the hour of the world's midnight darkness. The fulness of time was the crisis when all religions among men were reduced to despair, the Jewish no less than the heathen. The Gentile philosopher and the Jewish scribe are alike challenged by St. Paul to confess this. The classical mythologies were spent, and the world by wisdom knew not God. The Scribe had done his worst to degrade religion; and our Saviour's descriptions and denunciations—never refuted by argument, but met only by conspiring against His life—exhibit a sketch of the religion of Judaism which has but little relief. His most solemn and, as it were, Messianic and official woe upon the whole system, uttered almost on the eve of His Passion, is the New Testament echo of that denunciation with which the Old Testament closes. And the fact that our Lord's condemnation singles out and so graphically repeats the terms Pharisees and Scribes—while the priests, as such, are never included—shows that what He mourned over, as the great calamity of His people, was the incurable vice that infected the schools of the teaching of the Law. That was the central evil, which spoiled the worship of the Temple, otherwise exact. In denouncing that He denounced all that it produced. That was ever present to His thoughts throughout His ministry, from the Sermon on the Mount to the final Parables in Solomon's porch; and, having shown its evil in His lessons, and taught a religion purged of its leaven, He then went to His death of atonement, to obtain for His people the Holy Spirit of a new and better obedience.

Hitherto we have considered the Jewish corruption of the Law: it remains to add a few observations on their perversion of the Prophets; in other words, their misinterpretation of the entire strain of the prophetic delineation of the future. They refused to accept the Messiah of their Scriptures, and they rebelled against the pure and catholic spirit that reigns throughout the prophetical books; in other words, they in-

vented an oral prophecy, as they invented an oral law; but with this difference, that, whereas the oral law was transmitted by tradition alone for many ages, their imagined Messianic future was depicted in an abundant national literature. It might be said that there is a further difference. In his new version of Messianic prophecy the Jew displayed a much loftier conception, and intermingled much more of the elements of truth with his error, than in his new version of the Law. It seems, indeed, hardly credible that the same men who annotated the Law with such elaborate trifling could have soared into the apocalyptic magnificence of Baruch and Enoch. Yet so it was. The best of the quasi-prophetic literature of this period was produced in Judæa, and not in Alexandria. It is hard always to draw the line between the true and the false in their imaginings. But the spirit and strain of the whole are utterly alien from the "voices of the prophets;" and we shall find the best commentary on the meaning of their apocalyptic literature in its influence upon the national feeling when the true Messiah arrived, and the wide world in His person claimed the privileges of revelation from the Jew.

The Jewish transformation of Messianic prophecy assumes three different aspects according as we view it in the Targum, in the Book of Henoch, and in the Fourth Book of Esdras. Agreeing in one fundamental principle of error, their divergences in other respects are very striking. The latest exhibition undoubtedly betrays Christian influences, and the hopeless effort to supplant the Christian idea of prophecy.

They all agree in those general traits of which the historical books of the New Testament give many hints. Their Messiah was to be announced by Elias, to confirm His mission by a revival of prophecy and miracle, and to accomplish His work by reconstructing the kingdom of Israel, by vindicating His people, restoring to them more than their ancient glory, and subduing before them the Gog and Magog of heathenism. With this they connect the crisis of the end of the world: they fluctuate as to the resurrection, whether it should be general or limited to the saints—whether the Messiah should judge the world, or only prepare the way for the judgment of God. In any case, all the acts of Providence were to issue in the glorification of the chosen people, the saved of the nations only reflecting their glory. The new Jerusalem and the new Temple were to be literal facts; but the Temple was not to be sanctified by the sacrifice of their Messiah. His sufferings and death were excluded from these new visions. The Book of Henoch works up these ideas with a certain wild

and passionate magnificence. In it the patriarchal prophet gives the theory of the universe from eternity to eternity. The Messiah is the visible representative of God, appearing to reveal and accomplish His eternal purposes. All the forces of nature are angel ministers of the Divinity; the demons are the progeny of fallen angels and the daughters of men; the reign of Messiah is a reign of the sword, the tremendous execution of a wrath that visits the fallen angels and the heathen enemies of Christ, issuing, however, only in the triumph of the ancient people and the establishment of a permanent theocracy. What the ancient patriarch was in the Book of Henoch, the great Scribe is in the Book of Exodus—the organ of Rabbinical interpretation of the Messianic hope. Written after the age of the Gospels, it betrays a rivalry of Christian ideas, strangely borrowing from the religion that it hated. The Messiah was to come in the Rabbinical fulness of time, to be a consuming fire to the Gentiles, to redeem the ten tribes from their dispersion, to inaugurate a temporary reign of the elect, and *then to die*. After long silence, the final judgment of God, not of Christ, will wind up all: the Jew elect, the ancient people, will be satisfied with eternal joy, and the vast mass of mankind perish.

Hitherto we have considered the internal development of the law of corruption as manifested in the Jewish interpretation of the Law and the Prophets. It remains now to take a broader view of the national religious thinking as influenced more or less by external systems of philosophy and religion, and resulting in a more or less systematic body of theology. And here we shall have to guard against two errors; that, on the one hand, of attributing too much importance to their contact with other nations, and that, on the other, of under-estimating the effect of that contact. In relation to this question, Judaism has two great sub-divisions—that of Palestine and that of Alexandria. And the foreign influence on its theology may be traced also to two sources: that of the Persian religion on the Judaism of Palestine, and that of the Greek philosophy on the Judaism of Alexandria. After a few remarks on each of these, it will be easy to give a general sketch of their united result in Jewish theology, properly so called.

The influence of Parsism on the children of the Captivity has been greatly exaggerated. There can be no doubt that there was a certain reciprocal interpenetration between the two religions. The Persian faith, in some of its prime elements, had more affinity with scriptural doctrine than any other in the world. It held the unity and spirituality of the Divine

nature; was earnest in its protest against idolatry and all visible representations of God in worship; and in some of its practices and laws had a certain resemblance to Judaism. Moreover, the Jews of the Captivity were always on friendly terms with their Persian deliverers; and would be likely to accord as much favour as their fealty to Moses would permit to the doctrines of the disciples of Zoroaster. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that they had not been long under the Persian dominion when they returned to their own land; that the Zoroastrian dualism was utterly repugnant to the Jewish thought; that, before the return, the influence of the Divine chastisement had tended to wean the Jews from every influence hostile to their ancient faith; and that, consequently, they cannot be supposed to have carried back to Judæa and to their reconciled God minds polluted with foreign superstition. The utmost that can be said, is that the later speculation of Palestine was moulded by the Persian creed on those points at which the two religions came in contact; and that the Old Testament doctrine of good and evil angels was expanded into unscriptural developments under that influence. It is obvious, however, to remark that the grand principles of the doctrine of Zoroaster were never admitted into the doctrines of Judaism, even when Judaism was at its worst. The Satan of Jewish speculation was a very different being from the Ahriman of Persia.

The influence of Greek philosophy was limited to the Jews of Egypt. Palestine resisted it with vigour throughout the whole of this period. The Jewish scribes had nothing in common with Hellenic freedom of thought. Very few of them exhibit any trace of Greek culture. When a small Greek party was formed in Jerusalem, they were termed by the author of the first book of Maccabees "the Scourge of Israel." "Friend of the Greeks" and "traitor" became convertible terms. "Seek, I pray thee," said one to his nephew, who asked if he might add the wisdom of Greece to the knowledge of the Law, "seek out the hour that belongs neither to night nor to day, and consecrate that to the study of Greek philosophy." The Palestine Jew was never reconciled to the Septuagint. The Gemara is very industrious in finding reasons for the fact that Gamaliel, one of the glories of the Law, studied Greek. And the Sadducees owed much of their unpopularity to the circumstance that they favoured Greek literature, being probably the representatives of the "Greek party" so habitually condemned by the Rabbies. It certainly must be admitted that the Greek language had

spread very rapidly before the time that the Apostles used it; but this does not affect the position we have maintained, that Greek philosophy had little or nothing to do with the formation of theology in Palestine.

In Alexandria, however, the case was different. There Greek philosophy gradually, and not without some ineffectual resistance, took the Jewish mind entirely captive,—a second great captivity of Israel in Egypt.

The later relations between the Jews and the Greek dynasty in Egypt open a most interesting page in the history of Judaism. The Prophet Jeremiah predicted the fate of the earliest colony, just before the destruction of Jerusalem, and they have disappeared from history. The beginnings of Judaism in Egypt date from the deportation of Jews by Ptolemy I. (B.C. 312). From that time the increase, from within and without, was steady and rapid. Like their fathers in captivity, they soon spoke a new language; and the Septuagint version, beginning with the Pentateuch, was the consequence. This translation was at once a proof of their fidelity to the faith of their fathers, and an evidence of their tendency to adopt Greek habits in their religious faith and practice—habits almost diametrically opposed to those of their brethren in Palestine. Judaism in their keeping by degrees became eclectic. While in Jerusalem the Gentile never ceased to be an alien until he submitted to the Law, in Alexandria the Jews felt themselves to be the aliens, and strove to accommodate themselves, so far as the Law permitted, to the higher culture around them: and their distance from the Temple, with its Levitical service—which the greater part of them knew only by report—would have its influence upon their views of religion. Thus their Judaism gradually approximated to the ideal which its last and highest representative thus expressed:—"God has two temples: one is the universe, in which the Word, first born of God, is the high priest; the other is the rational one, in which the true man is the priest; and he who offers vows and sacrifices for the nation in Jerusalem is only the sensible image of that priest."

The Alexandrian Jews, as may be inferred, were deeply susceptible to the higher and better elements of Paganism. They delighted to think that the religious conceptions which they found in the Greek philosophers were borrowed from the writings of Moses, or at least were traditional echoes of his teaching. Plato was "Moses speaking Greek." Some of their writers took much pains to detect in earlier Hellenic literature traces of Hebrew truth, and sometimes interpolated

what they could not find. But they did not limit themselves to the search after Moses in the Greek philosophy; they also brought Greek philosophy to their own study of Moses. The result was an Alexandrian Kabbalism not altogether unlike that of Palestine. Allegorical meanings were found hidden in almost every word of the Pentateuch, while the narratives, of the Old Testament were forced into the most arbitrary conformity with the spirit of Platonism. Their reverence for the letter of the Word of God forbade their impressing these speculations to any great extent upon their great Greek translation, although there are not wanting here and there indications that the translator was as familiar with Plato as with the style of the sacred writers. These instances are very rare, so rare as to suggest the thought that the hand of Providence specially overruled a version which was to hold so important a place in the foundation of Christianity and the spread of the Gospel through the world. Omitting, therefore, the Septuagint—a work of Alexandrian Judaism, indeed, but shielded from Alexandrian influences—we have to seek the Greek element of Judaism in the writings of three men, the author of the Book of Wisdom, Aristobulus, and Philo.

The first of these was, undoubtedly, an Alexandrian Jew, and wrote after the translation of the Septuagint. His thoughtful book, valuable in itself, is also valuable as showing what was the tendency of the Jewish mind in Egypt under the influence of Greek philosophy, and how certainly its theological phraseology was shaping itself towards its perfection in Philo. The wisdom, or oracle, or Word of God, is already becoming, as it were, a personality intermediate between Him and the creation, wavering between the Demiurgus of later times and the Platonic soul of the world. The ascetic bias which the work betrays, its sharp and clear antithesis between the soul and the body, or spirit and matter, and its half-expressed speculations as to the origin of the soul, trembling on the verge of the doctrine of pre-existence, prove what kind of education those must have had among whom it was so popular. Aristobulus, however, goes much further in gentilising Judaism. He was an eclectic Platonist, and profoundly versed in Greek literature generally. He carried almost to its utmost possible extent the idea of amalgamating Jewish religion with Greek philosophy, or rather, for the pride of the Jew never forsook him, of tracing all Greek philosophy up to Judaism. He boldly, and by a pious fraud almost without a parallel, interpolated Hebrew ideas into the older Greek authors whose texts were least fixed.

He strove to prove that the Pentateuch had been translated and circulated in Egypt long before the Septuagint, and that Pythagoras, and Plato, and other philosophers had found in it all that made themselves famous. In interpreting for himself the books of the Law, he carried the allegorising principle to an extreme, and, therefore, found it easy to discover in the Pentateuch whatever philosophical theory he desired. But Philo is both the last product and the purest type of Alexandrian Judaism. He originated little, but he gave the most beautiful expression to the results which a Platonic and allegorising study of Moses had already produced. He boldly reduced to system what had been floating in the Alexandrian mind. Thus he removed the idea of God out of the region of man's thought altogether, asserting that no human intellect can arrive at the conviction that God is; he seems to forbid even that study of the Divine attributes which the Scriptures enjoin. But he substitutes his theory of an intermediate god between God and the world: interpreting Moses and Plato interchangeably according to a principle of allegorising that never fails him. To him every word of the Pentateuch has a hidden meaning reserved for the elect, while the literal meaning is left to the ignorant vulgar. As with his Gentile Master, so with Philo, the body is the prison-house of the soul, and religion the securing the better part from subjection to the worse; the histories of Moses are allegorical descriptions of the various adventures of the soul in search of freedom from its worse than Egyptian bondage. Hence by degrees Judaism itself, as the election of God, became to Philo only a symbol of the union of God and the soul. True philosophy will make all men Jews. And with this conclusion the Judaism of Alexander at its last point of development is the exactly opposite pole of the Judaism of Palestine, when it also had reached its lowest point.

It might appear from what has been said, that before the coming of Christ the Judaism of Palestine and the Judaism of Alexandria had diverged so far that the traces of their common origin must have become faint. But the common Scripture and synagogue, not to say, the common Temple worship, and the common ineradicable, hereditary spirit of the Law, prevented that. A wide difference there certainly was; and our perception of this may have been the reason that a stray party of Jews with Palestine traditions and tendencies withstood in Egypt the theosophy of which we have spoken. Establishing themselves at Heliopolis, in the second century before Christ, they built a temple, and carried out the

Levitical ritual by the help of some sacerdotal families in their midst. They were the rabbinical Pharisees transferred to Egypt. But their influence was of slight moment in comparison of the stronger mystical tendency that ruled Judaism in Alexandria, and which, notwithstanding the value set on the Greek translation of the Scriptures, and the never-abandoned custom of visiting Jerusalem occasionally at the feasts, made the Jewish theology in Egypt an almost incomprehensible composite of Moses and of Plato.

We shall now inquire what were the leading characteristics of the theology which was diligently cultivated as a science from the Captivity to Christ. This inquiry indeed includes the entire produce of Jewish thought during that time. Nothing but theology was studied. Whatever other pursuits might engage the minds of the schools, all was subordinated to the study and exposition of the Word of God. But the task of summing up in a few pages the results of this diversified study, prosecuted under so many teachers, in so many places, and amidst so many influences, is a very difficult one. And that difficulty is incalculably enhanced by the absolute lack of anything like system in the works that have come down to us. The great vice of the rabbinical interpretation of the Law—the absence of a central unity—is conspicuous in every department of Jewish theological literature. But we may take a few leading topics, the centres of Jewish thought and speculation, and make them our basis, as the fundamental principles of the faith held by all the later Jews in common. It will be convenient to range our observations under the five heads referring respectively to the Divine Being and the Word; the doctrines concerning the spiritual world; immortality and the resurrection; the Messianic hope; and the character of the religious life, or what in Christian language are the things that accompany salvation.

It is interesting to observe, in the later Jewish speculations concerning the being of God, the phases through which theology passed in reaching the fully formed notion of the Logos. As well in Palestine as in Alexandria, there was a marked tendency at first to soften and explain away the many instances of Divine manifestation to mortals which give so mysterious a grandeur to the early pages of the Scripture, but which none but a believer in the Incarnation can account for. Precious to the Christian as earnests and preintimations of God's future assumption of our nature, they were to the monotheistic Jews—extreme in their monotheism, as the recoil from their fathers' idolatry—a perpetual source of difficulty.

The Targums of Onkelos and Jonathan, and even the Septuagint, in a few passages, manifest the influence of this desire to make the gulf between God and man deeper. In the former there are many instances. Thus, it was not God Himself who appeared to the patriarchs, but a Divine virtue; sometimes His glory, sometimes His word, sometimes His Shekinah. This profound anxiety of the Jewish thinkers to elevate to the utmost the spirituality and incomprehensibility of the Divine nature degenerated among the Scribes into a mere empty superstition, and among the common people into what seems a puerile superstition. It was the general faith of the multitude—accepted and confirmed by their teachers—that the name of the Lord had been from the beginning a mystery, and was in later times never to be pronounced. In the Septuagint, the sin of blasphemy threatened (Lev. xxiv.) with death is changed into the sin of "naming or pronouncing the name of the Lord." This rendering of the Septuagint may or may not have been a touch of Alexandrian sentiment; but it is undoubtedly true that the Masoretic text which suppressed the vowels, and the common reading which substituted Adonai for Jehovah, give evidence of the growth of a Kabbalistic tendency in early times to make the supreme name the symbol and text-word of endless superstitions. The "name of four letters," as it was termed, by degrees became the basis of numberless legends; for instance, it was pronounced, the Jewish tradition says, only once in the year, when the high priest entered the holy place, and Simon the Just was the last who ever uttered it; the Temple being gone, there is no place in the darkened world sacred enough to echo it. Hence, it became also the watchword of magical incantation of an endless variety of kinds. He who knew the mystery of its pronunciation had all the powers of nature at his command. The Kabbala is the fruit of the illustration of this slow perversion of good into evil.

But, while theology became theosophy, and the name of God was dishonoured by the very device that thought to honour Him, speculation had its refuge in the doctrine of the Word. This doctrine was not limited to Alexandria; it had an independent existence in Palestine. It was not derived from Persia, or from any foreign source, but from the oracle of God itself, misread and misunderstood. With certain provincial peculiarities, the doctrine was the same all over the Jewish world. Between the Divine Being and the creature their teachers cause to intervene celestial powers or influences, which might explain the anomalies of the Divine appearances

to man, and at the head of them His Word. In Philo—with whose name the doctrine has been too exclusively connected—and in Ecclesiasticus, as well as other Palestine writings, the Logos—an inferior God, the firstborn, His image—is the creator or disposer of all things, the revealer of Divine mysteries, man's friend, representative, high priest, and intercessor. In the Targums, the Memra, the Logos, discharges the same functions: there, however, he is pre-eminently the patron of the Jewish people, and he is brought more prominently forward to explain the Old Testament manifestations of the Supreme.

Much controversy has been maintained as to the origin of this doctrine; as to whether it passed from Alexandria or from Babylon to Palestine: or, supposing it more correctly to have been the indigenous growth of Judaic thought in all these lands, under what external influences the scriptural germ received this development. Those who have sought to find the generative or moulding principle in the *Honover* of Zoroastrism have been baffled by the plain antagonism which exists there between Ormuzd, the true creator of all that is good, and Ahriman, the father of all that is evil; leaving no room for the idea of the Jewish Logos, which, indeed, is absolutely foreign to the spirit of Parsism. Those who have imagined Plato to be the source of this conception, through Philo, his Jewish disciple and interpreter, have been repelled by the universal marks of plain contrariety between the Greek Logos, or reason, and the active intelligence of the Jewish philosophy. Or, if they have turned from the Stoical Logos to the Platonic soul of the world, they have been embarrassed by every point of detail in the Greek philosopher's beautiful but laborious attempts to introduce a subtle mediator between God and the creation. Plato's plastic intermediate being, participating, as it were at once, in the Divine nature, and in the chaotic nature of matter, the cause of good and of order as being of God, the cause of error and disorder as being of matter, has no resemblance to the Logos of even the most degenerate Judaism, save in the eyes of those who are determined to find it; of those who will not discover it in the morning utterances of the Proverbs and Psalms expanded into their full meaning in the noontide revelation of St. John.

The Jewish doctrine was simply the result of the effort of subtle exegesis to explain, without the Divine key, the mystery of the preintimations of the union between God and man in Christ. The Logos "whom they ignorantly expounded," St. John and St. Paul declared unto them, and nothing so effectually shows how much they had gone astray from the

truth as a comparison between their Logos and that of the New Testament Scriptures. The difference is as great between ours and theirs, as between theirs and that of the philosophy of Plato; rather, it is infinitely greater. All that was true in their notions, gathered from beholding the Logos "in a glass darkly," the Christian revelation retains: all that they ever supposed the Word to be as Creator, Preserver, Revealer, High Priest, Paraclete, and Intercessor, is found more clearly in the New Testament. But the Christian teachers add all that the Rabbins and Plato failed to find or refused to discern. In them He is the Messiah, the suffering and the triumphant Messiah; who, in order to accomplish the work which it was the Messiah's glory to perform, took human nature, and was thus the Word of God incarnate, very God manifest in the flesh. These ideas, which are the only ones inseparably bound up with the doctrine of the Christian Logos, are absolutely wanting, are never even hinted at in the Jewish counterpart. The Logos of Judaism was constructed out of Hebrew elements to keep God apart from the world; the Christian Logos makes God and His creatures one.

It must always be remembered that the Logos of St. John is not the recognised and permanent designation of the Son of God who became incarnate. To make Him what He indeed is—the Fulfilment of all the Old Testament types, and the Realisation of all the Old Testament ideals, and the Bearer of all Old Testament names—this name is included among others. But it is not in the New Testament, any more than it was in the Old, the abiding title of the eternal Son. Like Immanuel, it is given to Him because it was in the Scriptures concerning Him; but like Immanuel it is not repeated, because there were others that more fitly represented His offices. The writers of the New Testament who have adopted it do not indeed use it as if any could doubt its propriety: like *the Christ*, its meaning was understood by all. But they do not use it because it was not one of the appointed official names of the Redeemer of mankind.

The later Jewish doctrine concerning good and evil spirits bears to the teaching of the older and the later Scriptures a relation similar to that of their doctrine of the Logos. It was simply the result of speculation upon the mysterious hints of their holy book, conducted by subtle intellects under Oriental influences. The germs of the doctrine are found in the Old Testament; the development, however, is warped into licentious forms; and the correction of its errors is given in

the New Testament Scriptures, at the same time that they admit what truth it held.

From the opening of Divine Revelation down to the Prophet Daniel, good and evil angels intermingle their agency, according to laws which are impenetrable to us, with the affairs of nations and of men. At first the ministers of God's good pleasure are sent by Him on messages to the chosen family; they then wait upon the consecration of the chosen people, becoming more and more distinct both in fact and in poetry as ages roll on. But they have no place in early theology. Mysterious in their nature and mysterious in all their movements, their numbers, and orders, and history, are scarcely more than hinted at. What one of them said to Manoah will apply to all that concerns them: it is the answer of God Himself to human curiosity concerning the angel hierarchy: "Why askest thou after our name, seeing it is secret?" But it is observable that, before the Old Testament closed, the Holy Spirit was pleased to give some clearer and more definite intimations; and in the Book of Daniel we have such direct announcements of their names and offices as might seem to have been given purposely to prepare the way for the fuller revelation of the New Testament. The same truth holds good of the evil spirits, but in their case the mystery and the silence are still more profound. The first spirit known to man was a spirit of evil, He never leaves the world. There are shadowy tokens of his presence, and of his presence as the head of a confederacy, throughout the Old Testament, from Genesis through Chronicles and Job to Zechariah. And thus, with regard both to evil and to good spirits, the basis is laid in the ancient for the fuller revelations of the later Scriptures.

The development of the Jewish doctrine is marked by a few broad and strongly defined features. The angel hierarchy is arranged and systematised with a most elaborate precision. The departments over which each presides are minutely described. The names of the chiefs of the heavenly host are as familiar as the names of their earthly heroes: multitudes of battle-rolls show how the mysterious hint of Daniel was improved upon. Every solitary intimation of the Bible becomes the nucleus of a marvellous enlargement. Where Scripture speaks, the Targums have a thousand interpretations. Where Scripture is silent, pure invention begins. The latest phase of this angelology represents the celestial host as having been created on the second day of the world's creation. And the demonology of the age attests the same wildness, of fancy,

and lawlessness of exposition. Asmodeus in Tobit is a singular example. And Tobit is far surpassed by the Book of Henoch, where the names of the chief demons are tabulated with minuteness, and demonology runs riot in its grim extravagance. Here also the silence of Scripture is the temptation to Rabbinism. The evil spirits are fallen angels, two hundred of whom under the guidance of twenty chiefs forsook the court of heaven to unite themselves in impure alliance with the daughters of men. Their delight in the misery of man, and their infinitely various connection with his sufferings, and the magical incantations by which their influence might be neutralised, make the Rabbinical demonology as hideous as its angelology is fantastic.

It is a general theory that the Jewish doctrine of the spiritual world was moulded almost entirely by their contact with Parsism. This is the exaggeration of the truth. The Jewish doctors themselves admit that the names of the celestial hierarchy were brought by the people from the Captivity. Certainly there is something in the seven Persian princes of light, with Ormuzd as the first, that resembles the Jewish notion of the seven Archangels. But nothing could be more abhorrent to the Jew than the thought of making Jehovah the first of the seven chief angels. This fundamental contrariety must of itself make us suspicious of any attempt to derive the Jewish angel orders from the Persian. The dualism of the Zoroastrian faith had no point of contact with the Jewish doctrine; and Ahriman, the eternal antagonist of goodness, the rival of Ormuzd, could never have stamped his impress upon Jewish demonology. Still, it cannot be doubted that the references to angels and demons after the Captivity do bear some traces of thought to which the Jewish mind had become inured. The pages of inspiration themselves are not altogether, through the permission of God, free from figurative allusions to them. And it is no slight evidence of the fact of a certain Persian influence, that Alexandrian doctrine was in this respect so entirely different in its cast from that of Palestine. Philo's angel world is divided into two departments, unitedly equal to the numbers of the stars: those in the lower air, sometimes united with mortals and contaminated by contact with matter; and the higher intelligences in the upper air, who mediate between God and man. Here it is Plato who tinctures the doctrine, as in Palestine it is Zoroaster. So in the Alexandrian theology the demons are the false divinities of Paganism; but the slender part that demonology plays in the writings of this school is what might

be inferred from the difference between the Eastern and the Western schools of thought on this subject—in the West the beautiful, in the East the dread.

The doctrine which took such opposite forms under the influence of Zoroaster and Plato on the exposition of the ancient oracles, appears in the New Testament as the genuine development of the Old Testament germs under the influence of the Divine Spirit. To the sceptic, or to the expositor who treats the Gospels and apostolical writings as the production of merely human authors, of course the doctrines concerning good and evil spirits which run through the New Testament will seem to be but modifications of Rabbinical developments. But to us it is far otherwise. We have only to hold fast what the doctors said truly, and reject what the New Testament disavows. We perceive that there is much accordance where both derive from the Old Testament; but much variance where the Rabbins diverge from their fathers' oracles. Between the teaching of the ancient Scriptures and that of the New Testament on this subject there is perfect accord. The very angels who leave us in the last pages of ancient prophecy, salute us again in the preface of the Gospel. They are the same beings, in their solemn order and their sedulous ministries to God and man. They everywhere surround the Redeemer, who is always "seen of angels;" His Gospel, is in a certain sense as well as the Law, "by the disposition of angels," and the foundation of His church brings them upon the scene almost precisely in the style of their manifestations in the Pentateuch. Their glorious part in the glowing scenes of the New Testament Apocalypse is in perfect harmony with that which they assume in its Old Testament forerunner and counterpart, the Book of Daniel. There is not a single trait in the angelology of the New Testament which is in the slightest degree at variance with the ancient revelations. And in respect to the evil spirits the same assertion may be made. That one evil being who joins the beginning of our history in the first Adam appears at the beginning of our new history in the second Adam. And ever afterwards he is the same. His confederates and agents are indeed "brought to light in the Gospel" in a manner of which the Old Testament gave few hints, but which never contradicts anything that is taught there. And if the demoniacal influences of the Gospels and Acts, and the banded confederacy of St. Paul and the Apocalypse have anything in common—and something they certainly have in common—with the Rabbinical teaching, this only shows that, amidst a mass of

hideous or puerile speculation, the Jewish doctors had in their "doctrines of devils" some elements of the perfect truth.

Having already dwelt upon the form which the Messianic hope of the nation assumed in these later and degenerate days, it is not necessary to return to that subject, save to make a few remarks upon the theory which ascribes the last development of form to foreign, and especially to Persian, influence. Like the children of Israel, the worshippers of Ormuzd expected a great deliverer at the end of time, who should vindicate the cause of light and truth against all enemies, and establish on the earth a reign of unmixed felicity. According to their visions, the long struggle between Ormuzd and Ahriman was to terminate—not in the annihilation of the Evil One, nor indeed in his eternal repression, but in his conversion. He and his rebellious hosts were to bow down before the conqueror, proclaim his power and pre-eminence, and join in the general chorus of his praise. Now, these apocalyptic anticipations are profoundly interesting in themselves, as forming part of the evidence furnished by the conventional traditions of almost every tribe and every mythology that the Redeemer was the unknown Desire of all nations; as bearing a remarkable witness to the deep yearnings of universal humanity. Christ has never "left Himself without a witness" among men; and if the legends of the coming Persian deliverer approximate somewhat more nearly to the Jewish hope than the presentiments of most other nations, it is far more likely that they listened to the songs of the captives in Babylon, and caught some of their strains, than that the readers of David and Isaiah borrowed from the strains of the heathen. And, certainly, the Persian legends which are appealed to by this theory do not go up to a date which renders this improbable; on the contrary, they are suspiciously simultaneous with that intercourse between the two people. And, moreover, the points of difference between the Persian songs of the advent and the Messianic hope of Judæa are marked and decisive. The rabbinical Messiah has no mercy upon his foes; he does not bring Satan to eternal submission; he does not raise all men from death; nor does he introduce a period which is to be literally the restitution of all things.

It may be added that on this cardinal topic—the very soul and centre of the burden of the ancient prophets—the later Jews had no definite and fixed theology. Every apocalyptic book differs from every other. The teaching of every school

differed from that of every other. Agreeing in one or two fundamental points, in the rest they diverge so strangely, and sometimes in such opposite directions, that anything like a summary of rabbinical Messianic doctrine is impossible. We see in the Gospels what hopeless confusion reigned among the contemporaries of Christ in this matter; a confusion which pervaded all parties, and long warped the perceptions of the Apostles themselves. Never do the scribes seem more at a loss than when the true Messiah challenges them on that vital question; and His entire teaching and work, His life and His death, the cross and the establishment of His kingdom upon earth, were no other than one decisive and absolute condemnation of their perversion. That being removed out of the way, the New Testament in this respect, as well as in all others, connects itself directly with the Old. "The voice of the prophets" is once more, after long suppression, heard in the land; and all that was glorious in ancient prediction becomes still more glorious in the new fulfilment.

The doctrines of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body occupy a very prominent, and, on the whole, a much more dignified place in the Jewish theology than those which have been already dwelt upon. It is one of the deepest mysteries of revelation that these two fundamental doctrines were so slowly and so partially revealed in ancient times—so much so that they are, as it were, revealed afresh and "brought to light" by the Gospel. With regard to these, however, as with regard to the doctrines concerning the spiritual world, the Old Testament does not close without giving its distinct and undeniable utterance. Advancing in clearness from Job to the Psalms and the Prophets, Daniel at last proclaims the two doctrines in one, and in language which sounds precisely like that of the New Testament. From that time they were never lost. Taught by the Pharisees, denied by the Sadducees, indolently accepted by many, and exerting but a slight influence on all, they continued to our Saviour's day. M. Nicolas would fain teach us that the Old Testament is absolutely silent on the subject, and that the New Testament proves the entire ignorance of men generally in the Saviour's time. But he presses too far the passages he quotes, and forgets the passages that would have refuted him. The Apostles, under the amazement of the transfiguration glory, might well "question in themselves what the resurrection should mean," —what this resurrection that Christ had been speaking of, the resurrection from an ignominious death of Him whose im-

mortal glory they had just witnessed. But the hearers of our Saviour's discourses on the future world do not generally betray any amazement at the novelty of His doctrine; the sister of Lazarus was ready with her reply, "I know that he shall rise again at the last day." In short, here, as on every other point, the New Testament takes up the line of revelation where the Old Testament left it, and only brings into its own peculiar and heavenly "light" the truths that had been dimly revealed.

According to the writers of the school we have been considering, two doctrines which the ancient Scriptures knew not, and which were brought out into prominence by Christ, were the creation of Judaism after the Captivity: the one doctrine, that of the immortality of the soul, being confined to Alexandria, and taught by Plato; that of the other, the resurrection of the body, being an importation from Babylon, and never found out of Judæa. M. Nicolas says: "We see in the second century before Christ new views in process of formation concerning the future destiny of man. They assume a different form in the two great fragments of the family of Israel. The partisans of these new ideas represent to themselves the future life as following the resurrection of the body, in Judæa; and, in Alexandria, as the effect of the immortality of the soul. These doctrines are never confounded. No Palestinian document speaks of the immortality of the soul; no Alexandrine book speaks of the resurrection of the body." This distinction, over which the writer rejoices as being so succinctly drawn, "*si nettement tranchée*," is a fallacious one, and it is based upon an altogether wrong assumption.

It is true that in Philo, the representative of the purest Alexandrian Judaism, the spirit and its immortality are Platonically treated. The soul may be said to have had existence before the body; its residence in it is a sojourn in a strange country; the earthly tabernacle is a prison—the *soma*, the body, is the *sema*, a sepulchre; death, the separation of the two, is the release of the spirit, which hastens upward. But Philo does not, any more than the Book of Wisdom, represent the spirit as being absolutely and for ever disembodied; had he taught that, he would have been unworthy of his reputed Master. And he himself, although undoubtedly under Greek influence, always declared that Moses taught him all he knew on this subject. The whole Book of Genesis contains for him the doctrine of immortality, and he delights in interpreting the histories of the patriarchs as allegorising the different phases of the soul's

development in its seeking after "glory, honour, and immortality." Philo is, however, no allegorist when he interprets God's "breathing into Adam the breath of life," as proving that the soul was given by the direct inspiration of God. And he is so much in harmony with the New Testament as to make the image of God in which man was created refer to his nobler and better part. All this M. Nicolas would explain as the result of Philo's self-deception; what he learned of Plato he fondly hoped to interpolate into Moses. But, according to our judgment, Philo and the Alexandrians generally were in this respect well taught; well for Judaic theology of the later time if it had no greater aberrations than their doctrines of the soul's supremacy over the body, with its prerogative of immateriality and imperishable existence.

As it regards the resurrection of the body, there is here the same tendency to lessen the obligation of Judaism to the Scriptures, and to make it the debtor of the barbarian. There is also the same violence done to the truth in the attempt to exclude the immortality of the soul from the Palestine theology. Surely the Maccabæan hope was not the hope of a resurrection of a body without the soul. The heroic mother who consoled her dying sons, meant more than the raising up of their bodies when she promised them that the Creator would in the day of His final compassion, in the "great mercy," give them back the life they devoted for Him. We are no vehement apologists for the purity of this theology, but cannot help thinking that it is a forced construction which makes it limit the resurrection to the faithful alone. Daniel certainly did not point that way, though his words are in these pages reduced to that meaning. We are willing to admit that it was in the school of the Pharisees that their doctrine was secretly taught and developed, but not that it "sprang up" there. Nothing can be more express than the testimony of the prophets, as culminating in Daniel, to the actual resurrection *from the dust of the earth* of the elements of the human frame. The Jewish schools found the doctrine there, and added but little. They left it almost unviolated, to be more clearly stated, and connected with the Redeemer's resurrection, in the teaching of the New Testament revelation.

Lastly, the view of the later teachers of Judaism on the relations of man to God and the Law must have a brief consideration. All agreed, whether in Palestine or in Alexandria, that man was made in the image of God with the liberty of moral action. They held that the faculty of self-

determination is inherent in man, though the corruption of nature renders the Divine assistance continually needful. But the very energy with which some of them attack the contrary opinion shows that predestination had already shaped itself into a faith. Josephus makes this one of the doctrines of the Pharisees. But, as it does not appear in the Gospels among the points of discussion between the true Teacher and the Scribes, it cannot be determined with precision how far the assertion of a Divine Providence was supposed to be inconsistent with the direct control of man over himself, and his personal responsibility. There is much more certain information as to their views of original sin. "All things," says one of the Jewish doctors after Christ, "were created perfect, but they have fallen into corruption through the sin of the first man." "The first man," says another, "was the cause of the death of all his descendants." These sayings are supposed to represent ancient opinion; but we should be disposed to think that they reflect the New Testament teaching, which in many points has impressed its stamp upon the Talmud. Certainly, with the exception of a few words in the Book of Wisdom, and the allegorical interpretation which Philo puts upon the account in Genesis, as symbolising the universal prostration of the nobler part of man before the baser, there are no traces that the schools of the Rabbis taught the doctrine contained in the New Testament. Regeneration, or the second birth, was taught in Palestine as necessary only for the convert from heathenism. He obtained, by submitting to the Jewish rites, a second tenure of life, and became a new creature. He received a new soul, and his name was changed to indicate that all things were new. The Alexandrian version of the new birth was equally alien from the New Testament idea. To Philo the body is the secret of sin, and redemption from its yoke regeneration: suicide, or the voluntary severance of the bond, being forbidden, religion is the commencement in regeneration, and the completion in perfect holiness, of the deliverance of the soul from the bondage of animal desires. Abraham is to him the symbol of the soul in regeneration. Born in the midst of the Chaldeans, he had all that human science could do for his instruction: by God he was commanded to leave his country, his body, and learn a higher art—that of renouncing all that bound him to sensible things. "These words, 'Get thee out of thy country,'" he says, "signify, 'Deliver thy will from the dominion of the excitements of nature.'" Thus Abraham became a new man, and received a new name.

As to the character of the religious life, and the methods and law of religious obedience, enough has been said already to indicate the divergence of Rabbinism as well from the Old Testament as from the New. Morality was never reduced to one fixed principle, never based upon the spiritual change wrought in man by the Holy Ghost. It was treated as a matter of jurisprudence, and formulated in innumerable specific prescriptions which, with infinite versatility, met every contingency of life. Conscience was stifled and spirituality utterly lost. The thing done was everything, the intention nothing. It is true that the Book of Ecclesiasticus breathes a more spiritual air, and struggles towards the Gospel; but it was a premature and abortive protest, the echoes of which had died when the Redeemer came. The teaching of Philo, also, in its mystical asceticism took another path; but only to come round in a circle to the same goal. Moreover, between Alexandria and Palestine there was a great gulf fixed; and it is with the Judaic theology of the desecrated "holy land" that we have now to do. We have given a brief but faithful sketch of all that constituted its theology as such during the interval from the Captivity to the great redemption.

Those who maintain that Christianity sprang from the Judaism thus described, include of course the Christianity taught by the New Testament in its integrity; the united teaching, various but one, of Christ and His Apostles. But it is the Master they aim at; not the disciples. Their theory must at length be reduced to this, that Jesus of Nazareth entered upon His wonderful work with the deliberate purpose of fashioning out of Rabbinical materials a new system of doctrine, retaining all that approved itself to His mind, or that He durst not reject, and subordinating what He retained to the ambitious project of making Himself the Chief Rabbi of Israel, and taking to Himself Ezra's designation, the "Second Moses." During the long and unknown years of His silent brooding in Nazareth, He must have studied their writings with care, and collated them with the more ancient Scriptures. Emerging at length when "His own," not His Father's "hour" was come, He entered upon the ever-memorable course of instruction and series of polemical contests which ended in His death—a death that attested the infinite sincerity with which He had learned to believe in His own convictions. After His death, His disciples, remembering some of His words, and gathering from the same source to which He had repaired the further elements necessary to complete

His scheme, invented and succeeded in imposing on the world the system of Christianity. It may be well to consider what has given plausibility to this theory, and then to bring forward the proofs of its entire groundlessness.

There can be no doubt that the Saviour passed through the Rabbins to the Old Testament Scriptures. He knew better than we can know what of truth they held, and where the truth was corrupted in their hands. He did not reject in mass all the teaching of later times; sometimes He mentioned it with partial commendation, though generally quoting it only to denounce. Indeed, to go up to the ancient Scriptures as an expositor to the Jews of their true meaning, "He must needs go through" Rabbinism. It was in the Rabbins' schools and synagogues that He taught; they were the collocutors with Himself in most of His controversial instruction. Through them He reached the people; and indeed He sought their own souls, and in their own haunts, as the most utterly lost of the "lost sheep of the house of Israel." Much of their doctrine, moreover, was but the corruption of the truth; and in vindicating the truth He might use their language, and so more effectually expose their error.

This concession, however, applies rather to the domain of morals than of doctrine. We never hear our Lord speaking with any approbation of any article of the Rabbinical creed save that of the unity and holiness of God; but He often uses words which seem to have been derived from their mintage rather than from the treasury of the Old Testament, when enforcing His new and better morals. Some of His maxims, some of the formularies of His prayer, some of His symbolical acts, and some of the materials of His parables, He borrowed from the doctors themselves. But if He borrowed without acknowledgment it was because all was His own. From Him the better Scribes had received their higher wisdom, and all that distinguished them from the mass of their fellows; and by singling out their nobler words, and stamping them afresh with His eternal seal, He avowed that He came to gather up into His own perfect doctrine all the scattered elements of truth that He Himself had "at sundry times and in divers manners" sent forth into the chaos of Rabbinism. When He used their sayings, "of His own they gave Him." The remark is capable of a wider application. No truth had ever been in the world that came not from Him; and He came to proclaim His right to all. We may enlarge His words, and say: "He came not to destroy the Law, and

the Prophets. He came not to destroy the wisdom of the Rabbis, the wisdom of Socrates, the wisdom of Egypt, but to fulfil:"—to fulfil all in these that was "of the truth."

Much needless anxiety has been felt as to the consequence of admitting that Christ has incorporated into His code of morals thoughts and maxims that were in Judaism before He came. It is true that more has been demanded on this point than can be conceded. There is no *proof* that the general summaries so often quoted were actually in use; all that can be said is, that writers long after He came have declared that they were. The Talmud is a post-Christian production, and the memory even of the transmitters of the Kabbala was not infinite in its capacity. Conceding, however, all that is claimed, nothing results but a new tribute of glory to our Master. The very thought of supposing that He must needs be original in everything is treason to Himself, and a needless reproach upon the ages past. His biographers in the Gospels entertain no such opinion. They record the noble sayings, nobly commended, of some of the Scribes who encountered the Redeemer. They sometimes give us, as spoken by them, what this unduly sensitive zeal would prefer to hear from Him. We may safely give to the Rabbis the things which are the Rabbis'; still it will remain that "never man spake like this Man." The common people, who knew both teachers, the Heavenly and the earthly, gave their true verdict that He spoke "as one who had authority, and not as the Scribes." That authority, which they unconsciously acknowledged, was the authority of eternal truth; and it is the attribute of the oracle of God to know no question of originality. Here we must quote a sentence from M. Coquerel, with whose views of Christ in other respects we have no sympathy, and not altogether with these:—

"We should do injustice to the truth, if we refused to see whether among the Jewish Scribes, or among the Greek philosophers, this or that truth which Jesus Himself uttered. Besides, in the moral world, there cannot be, there is not, anything true that is absolutely new, and the presentiment of which has not been felt in all time with more or less of intensity. Let us rejoice in all that humanity has thought or felt of great and true; and let us acknowledge that if, before Jesus, the platform of mind begins to rise, our Master nevertheless abundantly transcends not only His own age, but those which have followed, and our own, not only by the purity of His whole doctrine of spirituality, of love, and of moral regeneration, but by the sanctity of His person, by the sublimity of His mission, of His life, and of His death, by

the consciousness that He had of that union with God which is the only consummation of the religious and moral life. If we have not feared to replace in its true setting this incomparable and venerated Form, it must be acknowledged that it ceases not to enlarge its proportions, to become more living and more sovereign, in the measure that we see it nearer, in the midst of the realities of life and of the human heart, instead of contemplating it through the mystical fogs of a conventional orthodoxy."

This leads us to our second point. Let us now look at our Redeemer through this "mystical fog," which to us, however, is the clear atmosphere from which the Sun of Righteousness has exhaled all the vapour; let us look at His life and teaching as orthodoxy exhibits it, and we shall see how little Christianity owes to Rabbinism. But a word about the Christ of orthodoxy, that is, "the Christ *of God:*" to us there is no other Christ; He of whom M. Coquerel and all these writers speak as "the Christ of man," sprang from us, and is not otherwise separated from us than by a higher purity. The sacred Form certainly does not "enlarge its proportions;" the difference knows no measurement. The eternal Son of God manifest in the flesh, raising man from his error by pouring into his mind His own Divine truth, raising man from his sin by pouring into his soul His regenerating spirit, and accomplishing both as the atoning Mediator, is the Christ of orthodoxy. On this assumption, we can explain His relation to the rulers in Israel, to the Temple, to the synagogue, His supreme denunciations of all that was wrong, unlike the tone of the most zealous prophet, His calm displacement of all other teaching than His own by His own words, and His making those words the standard of acceptance or rejection to every man who hears them, at the last day. A Christ clothed with Divine authority, and Himself Divine, may well assume this tone; but no one less than Divine. On M. Coquerel's theory the heads of the people in Israel might most pertinently put the question to one who, as a Judge, "regarded not man"—"By what authority doest Thou these things, and who gave Thee this authority?" The believer in a human Christ cannot answer that question for Him. Were we not believers in the Christ of orthodoxy, we should ourselves have no power to defend our Master against the men "in Moses' seat;" as only mediators between Him and them, we should feel His conduct to be incomprehensible. But now we look on, not as mediators, but as adoring wit-

nessess of the way in which the Truth Himself confounds error and all who maintain it.

But to return. The Redeemer, while receiving and confirming whatever good He found scattered among the doctors' words, and floating in the current faith of the people, throughout His whole ministry makes their system the object of His unsparing condemnation. Of this we need give no proof: the historical thread of the four evangelists is that proof. His public life was in the centre of Judæa rounded by a reforming visit to the Temple. It began with one, recorded by St. John, which symbolically taught that He came to sweep away the abomination of desolation that the Scribes and Pharisees had brought into the holy place of Judaism. "Take these things hence!" was then uttered; for yet there was time for reformation:—"these things" were more than the idle profanities of the outer court of that Temple; they were the whole mass of the Rabbinical invention; they were the new Judaism which had displaced the old; they were "the Talmud" by anticipation. At the end of His ministry, when he paid His final visit to the representative centre of the holy things of Judaism, He again declared, by a symbolical act that looked backwards as well as forwards, what His mission had been to the Jewish church, and what it would be to the Christian. But, on this second occasion, we hear not, "Take these things hence!" The day of probation had closed; the Sun of Righteousness, about to rise with healing in His wings upon the Christian world, sank for ever upon Judaism. And, between these two, the Redeemer is a reformer. It is He, rather than John the Baptist, who comes "in the spirit of Elias," though He does not say so. He takes up the burden of the silenced Forerunner, and lays Rabbinism under His strictest inquisition. Surely, this most obvious fact of itself refutes the notion that, in any sense, He borrowed His system from the theology of Judaism.

Again, it must be remembered that the Saviour claims —and here we speak to those who admit the sincerity of Christ—to derive all His teaching, either from His heavenly Father, or from the Holy Scripture. Into the mystery of His teaching of the school of the Father, we need not yet enter; suffice now that in the most specific manner the Founder of Christianity traces the elements of His truth to the ancient Scriptures. He never condescends to speak of any human teacher after Daniel; with him, the Old Testament beloved of God, He begins and ends His quotations from the Bible. And in those discourses which He delivers as new, and

which are drawn from the deeper recesses of eternal truth that He came to unseal, He always appeals for the end of all controversy to the immutable Word. It is to *the Scriptures*, with marked emphasis, that He sends the people for the testimony concerning Himself. The vast mass of Jewish apocalyptical literature He altogether passes by; He knew the "Wisdom" of another Jesus and "Ecclesiasticus," with all their weighty sayings, but He never alludes to them. By His silence He denies that they contained the elements of the doctrine which He came to unfold. What was true in them was truer in the Scriptures, and what was false in them He came to prove false by dying to found a new religion, which, however, was not new, but "the same that was from the beginning." Had our Lord purposed to amend Rabbinism, and draw out of its written or traditional theology a purer system; had He, in other words, admitted any value in the later Judaism, as an addition to the Scriptures, He would have said so, and diligently pointed out to the people that He came to blend Old Testament Scriptures and Rabbinical teachings into one new and perfect truth.

Let it be observed, further, that in all those passages which seem to be accommodations to Rabbinical teaching—whether on the part of our Lord or on the part of His apostles—the true doctrine is introduced as found in the Old Testament, with a marked exclusion of the superadded Rabbinical perversion. Our waning space forbids the attempt to illustrate this by the instances in full: a task the difficulty of which demands more ponderous treatment than can be given to it in these pages. We must be content with hints. Our Saviour's doctrine of angels—their present superiority to man, their guardianship over His own little ones, their spirituality, their legions waiting in awful readiness around Himself, to save Him if He needed (though they full well knew that He would not need it)—is in perfect harmony with the Law, the Psalms, and the last of the Prophets; but it is at studied variance with the legends of the Scribes where they riotously disport in superadded details. Precisely the same may be said of all the angel notices in the Apostolical writings and the Apocalypse. And the Lord's references to demoniacal influences, and the casting out of devils, simply admit the tremendous truth that evil spirits were permitted to visit and torment man, notably at the time when the Tormentor they feared was at hand. As Christianity drew near, this truth had been known, and references to it are not wanting in Judaic theology. But our Lord does not admit, He disavows,

like His apostles after Him, the Rabbinical additions, that evil spirits animated the desolating forces of nature, presided over the several plagues of men, and were to be cast out by Kabbalistic incantations. The only spirit who binds man is Satan; the proximate causes of affliction are men's sins, the ultimate, the glory of God; while the only incantation He speaks of is His own voice, the finger of God in Himself. The same may be said of His allusions to the resurrection. Studiously turning men's minds away from the crudity and puerility of the Rabbinical conceits, He points to the evidence of the immortality of the soul and the resurrection of the body —the everlasting integrity of the man—to the pages of Moses. And nothing could be more diametrically opposite to the teaching of the schools than His doctrine of the double resurrection: in the "hour that *now is*," when the spirit is called forth from its grave to walk in newness of life; and in the "hour that shall be," when *all* shall come forth from their graves at the last saying but one that He shall utter in human language. So also He teaches them the true meaning of terms which they ignorantly used—original sin, liberty, regeneration, the Holy Spirit—and in such a way as to prove that He has in view the refutation of their errors rather than the sanctification of their phraseology.

Lastly, the central acts of His redeeming work, His fundamental doctrines, and principles of ethics, and revelations of the future of His own reign, His spreading kingdom, His eternal glory with His saints, are not only not borrowed from Rabbinical sources, but actually have no traces or presentiments there. The incarnation of the Son of God is the unity of the New Testament, the great fact of the Bible, the solution of human history; and Christianity has not borrowed that from the Rabbins. "The world by wisdom knew not God;" the Rabbins by their wisdom knew not Immanuel; and the glory of that name, shed upon the very first page of the New Testament, for ever separates between Rabbinism and the Christian faith, even as it is the great gulf fixed between modern Judaism and the "covenant made with their fathers." The revelation of the Triune God—a secret of which the Old Testament is full, which trembles on the lips of its singers and prophets, though never uttered—is a new thing in Christianity that Judaism never imagined. The Holy Ghost they spoke of, having heard it from their fathers; but they were in far denser ignorance as to who He was than the Ephesian relicts of John the Baptist's ministry. His being and His offices are a revelation for which Rabbinism laid literally no

foundation. The Atonement was not known to the doctors, nor could they teach it. A mystery which the Lord Himself first fully taught on the cross, but which fills the later New Testament, with all its sad and joyful lessons,—it had no roots in Palestinian theology, whose doctors write and speak of atonement "like men that dream." The new life of the Holy Spirit in man was not taught by those who spoke about regeneration; and the baptism which was instituted as its symbol and pledge had no counterpart in any baptism of the Jews. Holiness, the obedience of the "law of the Spirit of life," springing from the central principle of love, as supreme devotion to God and charity to man, was not taught to Christ, but by Him. External and internal righteousness, justification, adoption, faith, are not only new doctrines, but new terms in Christianity. The Church as a congregration of the baptised, in which and out of which the Holy Spirit purifies unto Himself a peculiar people, was never dreamt of in Jewish theology. The sacrament that unites the fellowship of Christians in one commemoration, one symbol of their life and nourishment, one pledge of their Lord's return, had no counterpart out of the Old Testament Scriptures. In short, and to close what might be indefinitely expanded, whatsoever is fundamental in Christianity is wanting in Rabbinism. In the Old Testament Scriptures we have the fair "shadows of things in the heavens," in Christianity the "very things themselves;" in Rabbinical Judaic theology neither shadow nor substance. While the Redeemer speaks of His doctrines as being "of old from the creation,"—beginning at Moses and all the prophets He traces Himself and His doctrine everywhere,—as touching the Rabbins and all their inventions He says, "Behold, I make all things new." Christianity is profoundly misunderstood by such writers as M. Nicolas, when they set themselves to the task of tracing the roots of its tree of life to the soil of a theology which was choked by "plants not of the Father's planting," to a field which the Lord had not blessed.

There is one doctrine of the New Testament which in a certain sense was held by the Rabbins, and which M. Nicolas would fain, though with some hesitation, import from Rabbinism into Christianity. We refer to the doctrine of inspiration. "At Jerusalem, as at Alexandria, they considered the words of Moses and the Prophets, not simply as the words of these ancient leaders of the people, regulated by the necessities of the men to whom they were addressed, but as mysterious oracles which God dictated to them, and which

they did not always themselves clearly understand. Philo calls the prophet an organ or instrument of God. Justin Martyr will compare the human organ by and by to a lyre, and Athenagoras to a flute, from which the musician will extract what sounds he pleases. St. Paul declares only in general terms that the Scripture is divinely inspired; but it is probable that he understood this inspiration in the same sense as Philo." M. Nicolas goes on to show that the Rabbinical notion attached the virtue of inspiration to every word, and, therefore, "every word was in itself a Divine revelation;" hence, that the doctors studied every word apart, without any regard to its context, in order to extract from it all the mysteries which God had concealed in it. Now, although he is obliged to admit that the Christian expositors never employed the "ingenious processes" by which the Jews extracted the secrets of scriptural words, he insists that they had scarcely more regard to the context than their predecessors had. He quotes as an instance, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son;" words which, having reference to the deliverance of the Hebrews from their Egyptian bondage, were at once attributed to Christ, because it was remembered that Jesus in His infancy had also been brought up from Egypt, and which thus were converted into a Messianic prophecy.

It may be said that the Judaic theology was sound in its general adherence to the faith of a Divine inspiration in the production of the ancient Scriptures. But this faith came down to them from antiquity; it was not the fruit of Rabbinical invention, intent upon honouring the holy books. The doctrine of the New Testament on this subject is one with the Rabbinical, where the Rabbinical is sound, but adheres to the Old Testament, and has no affinity with the Rabbinical where it forsakes the Old Testament. The teaching of later Judaism is at entire variance with that of our Lord and the Apostles, in many most essential respects. It admits a verbal inspiration, but not one that gives a meaning to individual words, apart from their context, and without reference to the analogy of faith. It knows nothing of the distinctions of degree in inspiration which the ancient Rabbis, as well as their later descendants, have dwelt upon with such elaborate minuteness. It never hints at, but tacitly condemns, the Jewish fiction of a secret inspiration, the product of which was an unwritten tradition of equal authority with the written Scriptures. And, above all, it asserts, what the Rabbins denied, that inspiration had only given its earlier utterances

in the Old Testament, and that its last and best revelations were to be given by a band of men, superior to the prophets, whose dignity should be conferred upon them by their being "witnesses and ministers of the Eternal Word."

We may conclude these observations by a brief quotation from M. Nicolas, the unscrupulousness of which will need but little comment: "Christianity condemned and rejected the formalism of the synagogue, but it sanctioned, by adopting, its doctrines. Of these doctrines, two only, the idea of the Divine unity, and that of Providence, belong to Hebraism; that is, to the time of Moses and the prophets; all the others had their origin and were developed after the return from the Captivity, and more particularly after the period when the Maccabees summoned their co-religionists to independence. Such are the doctrines of the Word, that of the resurrection of the body and the final judgment, the theory of angels and of demons, the explanation of the presence of evil in the world by the sin of Adam and Eve. It will be proved in the sequel that not one of these doctrines was known to the ancient Hebrews, notwithstanding that the arbitrary exegesis of the Jewish doctors has pretended to discover them in the writings of Moses and the prophets." Here, it must be noted, M. Nicolas takes away from the Old Testament canon, in defiance both of the Rabbins and of the Redeemer, the books that would at once disprove his assertion. But, passing by this, it is a bold assertion for anyone to make, who knows the Old Testament Scriptures as well as this writer knows them. Original sin, not indeed the "sin of Adam and Eve," is the doctrine that pervades the ancient writers, and in some of the Penitential Psalms, in Isaiah and in Ezekiel, is taught plainly enough to the Christian intelligence. It has been shown also that the resurrection, immortality, and the judgment are also there; and that the New Testament, as well as the "arbitrary exegesis of the Jewish doctors," finds them there. But this is not the real gist of the question. It is comparatively of little moment what doctrines it pleased God to reveal but dimly; we cannot penetrate the mystery of the Divine economy of revelation; the great point is, that the basis of the New Testament is on the Old, waiting for the true Revealer to build upon it, after the false superstructure of the Rabbins had been condemned. All that a Christian's faith requires is, that the elements of all truth, the "first principles of the doctrine of Christ" in the strictest sense, are to be found in the ancient writings when the Supreme Authority points them out. It is wearisome to be always

contending with scepticism on its own principles; we must sometimes speak on our own. The Christ whom we adore, and whom our present adversaries also venerate as a True Teacher, bids us seek in the Scriptures what these men assure us is not there. They charge the Jewish doctors with "arbitrary exegesis," when they find these doctrines in Moses and the Prophets; so saying, they "condemn us also," and, what is infinitely more, our Master with us. And this with us is, in its own way, an end of all controversy.

We have not thought it needful to turn from the Master to the disciples—from the religion which He established to that which, it is asserted, His disciples constructed out of the simple elements left by Him. "It was necessary," says M. Nicolas, speaking of the disciples of the second generation, "that they should understand and explain the teaching they had received; this they could not do, but by translating it into notions bearing the impress of the schools to which they had belonged before embracing the new faith: and, as the Christians were, for the most part, in the earliest times, Jews by birth, it was by means of the Jewish beliefs and ideas that they understood for themselves the Christian doctrine. The principle dogmas of the ancient Jewish parties thus entered into Christianity, which was not slow in becoming what Baur calls the unity of the Divine elements of Judaism, or, as I should think it more conformable to the truth of things to call it, an amalgam of the most heterogeneous opinions."

Hence, according to this theory, those who had not known the Christ personally idealised His image, and by degrees translated Him from human to Divine. A name was wanting for this new Being, unimagined by the former world, unknown in the Old Testament Scriptures. A Hellenistic Jewish convert to Christianity found that what his teacher Philo had said concerning the lesser God, whom he calls the Word, would marvellously suit the image of Jesus. All the Christians who shared these Hellenic influences took the hint, and "were zealous in adopting a term which aptly expressed the idea they had of the Founder of their religion. Other Christians received it also with more or less rapidity, according to the frequency of their intercourse with their brethren in Asia Minor, the country which was the first to adopt this name of Jesus." The same process of argument inports into later Christianity the ascetic notions of Essenism, and many theosophical notions which are found in the Epistles; and by degrees, we are instructed to believe, the Christian faith

received into its plastic communion all that the later Judaism had to impart.

It is sufficient to mention these theories to insure their rejection by every intelligent and unbiassed thinker. The doctrine of our Saviour's divinity does not depend upon the Prologue of St. John's Gospel; the Epistles of St. Paul, which were written long before St. John made the Logos a consecrated term of Christianity, contain all the essentials of his doctrine, and, as we believe, the very terms in which St. John stated them. No rational thinker will be persuaded that the highest, noblest elements of the Christian faith, were the produce of the combination between early Christianity and the Rabbinical schools. Nor will he be content to believe that the teaching of Christ Himself could so soon as the second generation have lost its hold upon the men who conversed with Apostles. It could not be that the immediate followers of a Master who was put to death as a martyr to His protest against Rabbinism should so soon have been reconciled to Rabbinism. Whatever is said on this subject by the whole Tübingen school will apply, not to Christianity, but to Gnosticism, a system which the Christian faith denounced and resisted, and finally vanquished. The Gnostic sects were literally all that M. Nicolas and Baur think Christianity to have been—an amalgamation of Christian ideas with the most fantastic elements of the corrupt Jewish doctrine. Gnosticism in the second century after Christ was the amazing counterpart of the Rabbinism of the second century before Christ. But, because it was such, it perished. Manichæism, its final and most lasting form, was just such a Persian infusion into Christianity, as Rabbinism had been a Persian infusion into the Mosaic faith. Christianity by the pen of its grandest apologist refused all alliance with Manichæism, and so disavowed the last traces of Gnosticism. But this is a digression, and we close by returning to the Founder of the Christian faith; for "He and His disciples are one."

We have spoken of the school of the Father, in which our Lord heard His doctrine. In this way it pleases Him to speak of His eternal communion with His Father, and of the revelations made by Himself the Word to Himself the Incarnate Redeemer. Upon this reverence forbids our dwelling; but here is the "conclusion of the whole matter." Christianity had its human origin in the books of the Hebrew people, which shut up all their secrets from all save Him who "had the keys," and him to whom He commits them by the teaching of the Divine Spirit. But its origin—the

origin of this "most remarkable phenomena in man's religious development"—is deeper than any human archives. It is a light thing to say that Christianity sprang not from Rabbinism. It may be said that it sprang not from the Hebrew Scriptures themselves. It gave birth to them before itself was given to man. Itself was born of God before the foundation of the world. Vain is all argument with one who sees not this. The sceptics, or philosophical Christians—as our authors would term themselves—are engaged in a fruitless task when they seek to assign the Christian system its place among the remarkable developments of the religious idea among men. It does not belong to us save as the gift of God: it has none of the marks of our handiwork upon it. No labour is more fruitlessly spent, or to be looked upon with more compassion; save indeed that of the unhappy Jew—now transmuted into a Rabbi—who expounds his Old Testament without the help of Christianity. Than he no creature on earth is more pitiable. With triple folds over his mind and heart, he in his shrouded blindness gives forth his commentaries, two thousand years too late, of books that have had their final Commentator. Christianity is the sun in the heavens, whether it is the sceptic or the Jew who covers his eyes and denies it. Or rather it is, as St. Paul said, after his appeal to the philosopher and the Scribe, no other than Christ, "Wisdom from God." Here and in Him only may we seek the "original of Christianity."

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

1. The History of Israel to the Death of Moses. By Heinrich Ewald. Translated from the German. Edited with a Preface by Russell Martineau, M.A., Professor of Hebrew in Manchester New College, London. London: Longmans. 1867.
2. The Book of Moses; or, The Pentateuch in its Authorship, Credibility, and Civilisation. By the Rev. W. Smith, Ph.D. Vol. I. London: Longmans. 1868.

Now that Strauss's day is gone, Ewald may be taken as the Coryphæus of the so-called rationalistic school of biblical criticism, both in its destructive and constructive form. Intellect of almost crystalline grain; an intuitive sagacity, which sees only too much; vast though never cumbrous learning; and an utter freedom from all those weaknesses to which the prerogatives of convention, the claims of moral as against scientific evidence, and the dictates and instincts of modesty, subject the vulgar of mankind, Ewald holds an undisputed throne in the realms of Christian Paganism.

We have no wish to disparage even by implication the real service which Ewald has done to the cause of Scripture philology, antiquities, and interpretation. Undoubtedly he has done it very great service. The light which he has shed upon the phenomena, development, and genius of the Hebrew and Aramæan tongues; the frequent instances in which a few fossil fragments of language or history, occurring in the Old Testament records, have turned in his hands into systems, creeds, and peoples, whose prior existence they are shown to authenticate and establish; the wonderful manner in which his creative faculty, supplied at every turn with materials drawn from the resources of his knowledge, has reproduced certain features and eras of the old world, and in particular has raised from the grave of the ages, as an approximately whole and perfect being, the post-Davidic life of Israel; these and other contributions made by Ewald to the progress of biblical literature we thankfully recognise and acknowledge.

With all his great merits, however, there is no one living master of biblical criticism, to whose teaching we should hesitate more strongly

to pledge an unqualified confidence than that of Ewald; none whom, within certain provinces of Scripture investigation and argument, we should more profoundly distrust. Some of his theories are as wild as the wildest phantasies which ever sprang of German sentimentality and book-learning. The boldness with which he will affirm or deny where proof fails him, and the arrogance with which his dogmatism puffs at all opponents, would be incredible, did they not meet us on every page of his books. Moreover, Ewald has willingly let drop the only key which can open the secrets of the Bible: and with miracle, prophecy, and the Holy Ghost all wanting, it may be imagined what sort of work he makes with writings which apart from these explanations and elements carry on their very face the condemnation of absurdity and falsehood.

The strength and the weakness of Ewald are perhaps most intimately mixed, and reach their joint climax, in his great work, the *Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, a work some portions of which Bishop Colenso considerately minced and doled out a few years since for the benefit of Englishmen, and of which the first and most characteristic division, the History of Israel to the Death of Moses, is now given us in full, in the translation edited by Mr. Martineau.

An astonishing product of gifted mind and of erudite industry, is this herald volume of the *Geschichte!* For philosophic depth, for keen literary criticism, for fascination of poetical colour, for rare and curious learning, it will bear favourable comparison with almost any intellectual creation of the present age. After briefly explaining the design of the history, Ewald addresses himself to the task of determining and discussing its sources. These are, first, primeval tradition, and various annals antedating the birth of Israelitish history proper; and secondly, the grand series of historical compositions embodying such traditions and annals, contained in the Old Testament, compositions which begin with what he calls *The Book of Origins*, viz. the Pentateuch and Joshua, and stretch onward through *The Great Book of the Kings* (Judges, Ruth, Samuel, Kings), to the *Latest Book of General History*, that is to say, Chronicles, Ezra, and Nehemiah, to which again Esther may be put as an appendage, though scarce meriting the honour. In this part of his work Ewald appears in full force; and it is impossible in few words to do justice to the acuteness, ingenuity, and brilliance of treatment which characterise it throughout. On the general subject of pre-historic tradition he writes with wonderful breadth of view; and there is hardly a page of the section from which a wise man may not gather principles or facts, which the reader of Scripture, no less than the student of ancient history and mankind, will do well to accept and keep in memory.

All the more for the lights which Ewald thus kindles, we lament the presence of the deep shadows which attend them. We have no quarrel with him because he finds embedded in the Book of Genesis, for example, traditions and annals belonging to earlier periods of the world's history. It is compatible with the highest reverence to inquire

in what way the inspired authors of the Pentateuch and other Old Testament histories became possessed of the information given in their writings. Were St. Paul still among us, he would be the first to claim and to exercise this right of Christian intelligence, if circumstances seemed to demand it. And in all probability, with the most ancient Scripture before him, the Apostle of liberty would pronounce, as Ewald and others before him have done, that there is the best possible reason for supposing that the writer of Genesis, divinely moved and guided as he was, drew to a certain extent upon traditionary witness, and even upon written documents, for many of the facts which he has put on record.

What we deplore and complain of in Ewald and his school is, that their criticism makes no account of that enormous moral evidence, which authenticates the Old Testament history as an integral part of a written Revelation from God—evidence which, as we contend, must enter of necessity into every estimate of that history which can pretend to be scientific. We plead that the moral evidence is itself in this case a *scientific* element, which cannot be ignored without utterly vitiating the induction. Now this is precisely what Ewald does. The Pentateuch itself professes to have been written by Divine command. It carries with it internal proofs of divinity, which have secured for it the intelligent confidence of a hundred generations. A long line of sacred historians and prophets, themselves bearing the signature of independent inspiration, become comprehensible, both in their lives and their writings, only on the assumption that the Pentateuch was in their hands, and that they accepted it as divine. Jesus Christ—who, if He was what millions have believed Him to be, what millions on better than scientific grounds at this hour *know* He was, could not have been mistaken, still less could have misled the world on such a point—has again and again affirmed its inspiration. And all this is only a fragment of the entire mass of the moral evidence in question. How does Ewald deal with this evidence? It has not an atom of scientific value for him. It is nothing—absolutely nothing. He pronounces it nought, and then sets to work with perfect coolness to analyse and discuss the Bible, precisely as he would the Vedas, the Zend Avesta, or the Confucian Analects. We maintain that this is empiricism, not science, and that until the moral evidence for the Divine authority of the Pentateuch is got rid of, its history ought in all reason to be regarded as unique, and any difficulties which science as science might raise upon it ought, in the name of science itself, to be dealt with as the very dust of the balance.

Those who can realise the violence which Ewald must have done to his scientific conscience by thus eliminating the moral evidence for the superhuman authority of early Scripture history, will not wonder if they see him indulge in critical vagaries, such as nothing but the clearest witness of the senses could render conceivable in a writer of so much learning and capacity. In the course of his discussion of *The Book of Origins*, we meet with this remarkable apostrophe, "Lofty

Spirit! thou whose work has for centuries not irrationally had the fortune of being taken for that of thy great hero Moses himself, I know not thy name, and divine only from thy vestiges when thou didst live, and what thou didst achieve: but if these thy traces incontrovertibly forbid me to identify thee with him who was greater than thou, and whom thou thyself only desiredst to magnify according to his deserts, then see that there is no guile in me, nor any pleasure in knowing thee not absolutely as thou wert"! In whose honour does the reader suppose this outgush of literary enthusiasm to be delivered? It is a libation to the unknown author of the Pentateuch, who, in the "first glorious period of the monarchy" of Israel, probably soon after the dedication of the Temple of Solomon, compacted a multitude of traditions, annals, and sectional histories—Ewald labours to discriminate and define them all—into that wonderful unity which commonly passes in the world as the Five Books of Moses! It is even so. The Pentateuch, according to Ewald, is the production of an anonymous historiographer of the days of Solomon! The idea is worth dwelling upon. *Siste, viator;* and let thy dull fancy reproduce to itself the birth-day of Genesis and its compeers, and their parent, the Great Unknown, stealing quietly away under cover of the Solomonic age into immortal shadow! Verily, we want Palcy back again, with some modification of his argument, to recall another generation to its senses, and to show how supremely absurd absurdity looks when it comes arrayed in the cap and gown of science.

The sources of the history of Israel having been determined according to the author's criticism, Ewald girds himself to the history itself; and in the volume before us we have his exposition of the origin, genius, growth, and national life of the Old Testament nation on to the death of Moses. We cannot even furnish a conspectus here of the matter of this exposition, much less can we convey any adequate impression of the multitude of critical details which enter into it, and add immeasurably to its value as a whole. It is full of provocation to questions. It teems with dubious principles and with more than dubious sentiments. We have no manner of faith in a crowd of positions, which Ewald takes and holds as quite beyond the reach of successful controversy. At the same time it is a great work, such as only a master mind could produce: the philosophy, poetry, and learning of it are all of the highest order; and to a reader, with whom the voice of Christ is paramount, and who therefore knows how to distinguish things which differ, Ewald may become the guide to much precious thought, and to a large and truthful apprehension of Old Testament history, becoming its divine character and relations.

We have spoken already of the superciliousness of Ewald's dogmatism. Mr. Martineau's volume abounds with examples of it. Let one passage serve as an index to many others. In a note on page 64, Ewald refers to several writers who had gone before him in a particular field of Old Testament criticism. He concludes: "On the more recent unsatisfactory and often perverse works of Hupfield and Knobel

I have written at length. . . . *The opinions of such as Hengstenberg, Delitzsch, Keil, Kurtz, stand below and outside of all science.*" There is one comfort springing out of language like this for the victims of it. It is quite certain that no man would speak thus who felt sure of his own position. What Ewald means when he writes in this style is, "I very much fear the Hengstenbergs and their company have got the better of me."

The book by Dr. Smith, with its uncouth title, which we have coupled with Ewald at the head of this notice, is the production of a Romanist. It is marked by a reverence for the Word of God, such as we often vainly look for in the writings of Protestant scholars; and yet there runs through it the undertone of the old Romish bitterness towards all heretics, wise and unwise alike. It is not a chance book: it contains an able defence of the Pentateuch against the most recent attacks upon it; and we recommend it as on the whole the most satisfactory work of its class which has yet come into our hands. Many of Dr. Smith's replies to the objections of Bishop Colenso and of other writers of the Tübingen school, whether German or English, are not only adequate, but triumphant. We look with interest for the appearance of the second volume.

The Dogmatic Faith. An Inquiry into the Relation subsisting between Revelation and Dogma. By Edward Garbett, M.A., Incumbent of Christ Church, Surbiton. Rivingtons. 1867.

Four years ago we gave our judgment on Mr. Garbett's *Boyle Lecture*, on the "Divine Plan of Revelation." Mr. Garbett now appears as the *Bampton Lecturer* for 1867. He has the disadvantage of following Mr. Liddon, which would not have been easy for any man. He has, however, produced a valuable work, although not equal, we think, in ability to his *Boyle Lecture*. We cannot do better than allow Mr. Garbett to state, in his own words, the outline of his argument in these Lectures.

"It is only possible to deal with arguments so Protean as those of modern rationalism by classifying them under certain heads corresponding with the agencies asserted to be operative in the production, progress, and results of Christianity, and said to eliminate the action of a Divinely-given and dogmatic faith. These may be reduced to six in number: the influence of a ministerial or priestly class, the force of a religious sentiment, the discoveries of the intuitional faculty, the conclusions of the speculative intellect, the accumulative power of a progressive civilisation, and the instincts of natural conscience. My argument will be directed to prove that the dogmatic faith is no creation of the Church; that it is not indebted for its influence to a natural sentiment of religion; that its truths are not the spontaneous discovery of the human mind; that its dogmatic statements do not rest on the same basis as the results of a speculative philosophy; that it is not a

mere passive result of a civilisation far advanced equally for good and evil; and, lastly, that it is not a subordinate instrument of instruction over which the natural conscience rules supreme, as all-sufficient and authoritative judge.

"But the argument will have a positive and affirmative side likewise. In the second lecture I shall endeavour to prove that the Church of Christ bears unanimous testimony to the nature of her trustee-ship, and refers the authority of her teaching to those sacred Scriptures of which she is the witness and keeper. Nor does this assertion stand alone, but is supported by the clear testimony of facts. For this authoritative and therefore dogmative faith can be identified and traced backwards in unbroken continuity of descent to the first age of the Christian era.

"The third lecture will be directed to show that religion cannot survive without a creed, and never has survived without one. In its absence nothing remains under the name of religion but a dim, vague, and formless sentiment, totally incompetent to answer the questionings of the human heart and conscience, inadequate to restrain human passion, and impotent to correct human misery. It can neither live itself, nor can it give life. Dogmatic truth is the very soul and heart of religious sentiment, the spring alike of its reality and of its power.

"The fourth lecture will carry this argument a step further, and prove that revealed Christianity can alone supply this creed. Religious belief rests on revelation only, and not on intuition. Not one solitary religious truth accepted by any schools of opinion is to be found outside the circle of revealed dogma. In every case without exception, rationalism is distinguished from Christianity, not by what it teaches, but by what it denies. Hence if all revealed dogma were swept away, the entire religious belief of the world would be swept away with it, and we should not be in possession of one solitary ascertained fact relating to God and the world of the Unseen.

"In the fifth lecture I shall seek to show the difference between the propositions of theological science and the systems of speculative philosophy. Speculation carries in its own professed principles and methods the inevitable seeds of its failure. Dogmatic theology works by a totally different process, and rests on that inductive method of reasoning to which physical science is indebted for its triumphs. The Divine truth embodied in ecclesiastical formulas is not deprived of its divinity by the human character of the definitions. By virtue of its Divine principle, dogma lives and works. In contrast to it, speculative philosophy is born to wither and die. Every successive school has started with some germ of truth, but has destroyed it by the refinements of its speculation, till philosophy itself, weary of failure, has found its climax in proclaiming through the positivism of Comte its impotence and ignorance.

"The sixth lecture will adjust the relations of Christianity and civilisation, and show that revealed dogma can alone supply to civilisation the principle of an abiding life. The contrast between Pagan and

Christian civilisation is pregnant with this lesson. The two were essentially different alike in duration and in character. Pagan civilisation grew old with the weight of its own evils; Christian civilisation has the elements of an eternal youth. The difference of duration is naturally explained by the difference of character. But all the distinctive characteristics of Christian civilisation are the result of dogmatic truths, and live or die with the dogmas out of which they grow.

"In the seventh lecture I shall discuss the asserted supremacy of conscience over religious belief. The theories of conscience held in successive periods of moral philosophy will need to be considered. Within the bounds of the same rationalism will be found the assertion of the absolute supremacy of conscience on one side, conflicting with a denial of the very existence of the faculty upon the other. The fact is conclusive against the theory of a universal conscience and the infallibility of its conclusions. Supposing conscience to be an authoritative and sufficient guide wherever it is in a position to decide, yet in regard to Divine things it is not able to decide for want of the data requisite for a decision. Conscience is not only tainted by human weakness, but infected by human corruption, and needs to be corrected by the fixed standard of the dogmatic faith before it is competent to discharge its natural function in the constitution of man.

"The eighth lecture will be devoted to gathering up the threads of these arguments, drawing the general conclusion, and tracing its practical bearings upon the dangers, conflicts, and duties of our day."

In the course of the third lecture Mr. Garbett examines into the value and meaning of mere religious sentiments apart from definite doctrine, of religious feeling apart from conviction.

"Thus modern thought pleads. In order to bring the assertion to the test of examination, let us analyse the sentiment itself, and ascertain to what it amounts. For if it is to be considered as the germinal source of all religious action, it must have substance and reality. A mere feeling, vague, dim, and formless, too indefinite to be stated in a proposition, can scarcely be deemed sufficient by any one to satisfy the wants of the soul; still less sufficient to produce out of itself an elaborate system of belief; still less to exercise a moral discipline over the passions and irregular impulses of man. A subjective emotion with no reality to answer to it can scarcely be the religion of a rational and immortal being. The very lights and shadows that come and go over the landscape and leave no trace behind on the earth they darken into gloom or paint with ten thousand hues of beauty, have a substance and a life and a cause. A religious emotion devoid of dogma, but beginning and ending as an emotion, is more unreal even than they. It is absolutely unsubstantial—a thing causeless and self-created, not only without a form, but even without a name, indistinguishable as the spectral shadow of death conceived by the genius of Milton—

> "If shape it might be called that shape had none
> Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
> Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
> For each seemed either."

The very conception of such a religion is a contradiction to the constitution of the human soul. We are endowed with the capability of feeling and with an exquisite sensitiveness of emotion. But there must ever be something to call the feeling and the emotion into existence, some reality to which they more or less accurately correspond. Were the case otherwise, the soul would be a mere region of ghosts. There are indeed feelings and sensations that come and go over the soul, so subtle in their nature and so dependent on fine and secret sympathies, that we cannot always analyse them. So difficult is it sometimes to perceive their connexion with recognised thought, or their dependence on any known law of our mental selves, that they appear as if they were reflections out of the unseen world, shadows cast upon the soul's finer powers by realities lying as yet equally beyond the reach of the senses and the comprehension of the intellect. But this very feeling is the unconscious witness of the understanding that there are realities corresponding with them somewhere. For the intellect and the heart of man are cast after all upon the same mould. The intellect is unable to conceive objects attested by no past experience, direct or indirect. An object wholly different from anything we have ever seen or known by our own knowledge or by the description of others, could neither be conceived in thought nor expressed in words. Feeling follows in this respect the same law as thought. Itself more quick and subtle, more spontaneous and variable, it can no more spring out of the non-existing than thought can do. Somewhere or other, even should the sphere be too deep for analysis, must exist realities to which feeling corresponds. In the absence of all knowledge of the reality, the feeling itself would die. Anything different from this would be creation, and any being not subject to this law would be God, not man."

A few pages later in the same lecture, he thus answers the question, "When religion has thus been separated from all theology, what remains of religion itself?"

"It has become naked Theism. It may be an enlightened Theism, compared to the belief of ancient times, for the unconscious influence of Christian truth has moulded men's modes of thinking, in regard to Divine things, too deeply to admit of its being shaken off. Thus the God of modern thought is not the terrible Deity of ancient Paganism or of savage idolatry in modern times, but distinctively a God of benevolence and love. The whole tendencies of modern feeling have thus far coloured our conception of the Deity, and the knowledge obtained of the marvellous adaptations of the material world have aided in transforming the frightful Theism of ancient times into the beautiful and light-clothed angel of our own day. But this mode of feeling has itself grown up under the sheltering wing of Christian dogma, and has never existed to the full apart from it.

"This Theism has, moreover, an inevitable tendency to give less and less prominence to the personality of God in proportion as positive dogma relative to the Divine Being is more and more merged in subjec-

tive sentiment. It resolves itself in a great degree into Pantheism; for prominent among the dogmas rejected as human perversions of the religious sentiment, is the belief in the supernatural. But what is called the supernatural is nothing more than the interference of the Divine Personality in the course of human things, modifying by His agency the operation of His own laws, just as man himself modifies them by his personal agency in every production of his skill, and every action of his life. In the place of personal action is substituted natural law, supposed to be constant and invariable, and therefore to supersede the possibility of a Divine interference."

Again, he shows that, apart from definite doctrine, there can be no real faith in God, nor any true sympathy with Him—in a word, no union with God.

"Such a union must depend either on intellectual conception, or on moral sympathy, or on both. But intellectual conception cannot exist where there is no knowledge of the facts of the Divine nature and character. Without the doctrines contained in the Bible we know nothing for certain of God. He may be a glorious Being, reposing idly from everlasting to everlasting in the abysses of His own sublime self-consciousness and never emerging into contact with human things. He may be a dreadful Fate, marching on His inexorable way utterly indifferent to the joys or sorrows of the individual men and women making up the great total of humanity. He may be a mere name for the sum of all things, an abstract idea of human creation. We know not. Having rejected all dogma, we are absolutely in the dark, and neither know anything for certain nor can know anything for certain. We have barred the very portals of the temple of truth against our own entrance, for directly we gain positive truths we get dogma, and are thus endlessly involved in the meshes of our own self-contradictions. There can be no intellectual conception where there is no definite notion, and there can be no intellectual contemplation where there is no intellectual conception.

"Nor can moral sympathy survive, where there is no knowledge of the qualities of the Being with whom we are to sympathise. If we know nothing about God, His attributes may be shocking to us, and utterly alien from everything in ourselves, for aught we know to the contrary. If this cannot be, and we say such a Being cannot be our God, then we are slipping back into dogma again, although it be but a dogma of our own. We become creators of an ideal Being, and with him we sympathise. That ideal is but a reflection of the intellectual and moral self. In other words, we sympathise with ourselves, not with God."

To these extracts from this valuable lecture we must add one more.

"The inevitable tendency of the sentiment, deprived of the doctrine, is to lose its religious character altogether. It is, consequently, incapable of maintaining its own life. I do not deny that it may survive in any one particular man while thought and consciousness survive. The human soul is endowed with a strange power of living in a world of its

own, and peopling it with ideal inhabitants. But I mean that such a sentiment, in the process of its transmission from mind to mind, has an irresistible tendency to lose its sacred character, and from a religion to become a philosophy. Religion deals with the relation between man and God; but where no definite knowledge of God exists, the soul falls back upon itself. It leaves what it does not know of the Divine, for what it does know of the human. Thus it drops its theistic character and merges itself into the love of the true, and the good, and the beautiful—a kind of moral and intellectual æstheticism, in which the soul itself is at once worshipper and temple, subject and Deity. It is an apotheosis of human nature, and the result is not a religion, for it has no relation to God, but a philosophy.

"To this sequel the religion of sentiment has already passed among ourselves, and the change is avowed with no doubting or hesitating lips. A change more momentous cannot be conceived. Could it become universal, it would be a destruction of Christianity, for what would an empty name avail when the reality was gone? We should have a new dogma, but a dogma of morals not of religion, of earth not of heaven. The sacred name of the Saviour of the world would ring no more from the pulpit, and would be hushed in the language of our devotion. The ministry would no longer witness, trumpet-tongued, before the world to the solemn realities of the soul, and God, and sin, and the Saviour, and judgment, and heaven, and hell; but in their place would sound the dull platitudes of sentiment or the cold speculations of morality. Christian learning, losing its noblest theme, would lose its breadth and vigour, as they were lost in the middle ages. Here, in this University, our loftiest subject would be the τὸ ἀγαθόν and τὸ καλόν of Aristotle, or the primal ideas of Plato; if for such a dull level of humanity his idealistic philosophy would not be too spiritual. And what, amid this spreading and universal darkness, what would become of the human soul and of its inalienable wants and instincts?"

On the whole, excellent as is the quality of the passages we have quoted, we have been rather disappointed with this volume. The lecturer has not grappled with his theme in its earliest historical phase, the definitive moulding and intellectual delineation and expression of Christian doctrine during the living ministry of the Apostles, and the relation of the oral teaching to the written documents, of the Apostolic "tradition" to the Apostolic "Scriptures," of which many are in their method informal and occasional in their origin. In fact, the most profound questions connected with the mutual relations of revelation and dogma, questions several of which embrace the Scriptures of the Old Testament as well as of the New, are altogether overlooked by the lecturer. Some of these indeed had been ably handled, in part, by Mr. Garbett in his *Boyle Lecture*, but only some and only in part. Moreover, Mr. Garbett is too rhetorical. He commands naturally an easy and appropriate eloquence, most suitable for a preacher to a mixed but cultivated audience. But this style is only at times suitable for the purposes of a Bampton Lecturer to a University audience, especially

on such subjects as Mr. Garbett had to deal with. Besides which, sometimes what the lecturer gives is rather rhetorical in style than truly eloquent. He is too much the preacher, and too little the master of thought. Had Mr. Garbett adequately accomplished what he has admirably sketched in outline, these lectures would have been second to none of the great Bampton series in value, especially for the present time. As it is, we have an able volume of easy and attractive theological reading, but not one which will contribute materially towards the solution of pressing difficulties or do much for the settlement of anxious minds.

Memorials of the Rev. William J. Shrewsbury. By his Son, John V. B. Shrewsbury. "An Holy Man of God." London: Hamiltons. 1867.

The biographer of the late Mr. Shrewsbury offends no propriety in placing upon his title-page the Scripture quotation, "An Holy Man of God." If ever there was a saint, it was that venerable man. It is very comforting and reassuring to know, as those who knew him do know, that within a few years past there was living and working amongst us as a Methodist preacher, one whose sanctity will bear comparison, so far as any may presume to judge, with that of the holiest men who have lived either in later or earlier ages of the Church's history.

When Mr. Shrewsbury was pressed by his son, the writer of these memorials, to "give to the Church and the world an autobiography," he said, in refusing, "I have made noise enough in my time; let me go quietly home to God." And he had made not a little noise in his earlier life. As the persecuted missionary of Barbadoes his name was carried far and wide, and has passed into the annals of England in connexion with the history of West India slavery in its latest years, and of the parliamentary debates and extra-parliamentary discussions and agitation by means of which slavery was abolished throughout the British empire. Few comparatively were aware that the Missionary Shrewsbury, whose case in 1824 called forth the eloquence of Buxton, and Brougham, and Canning, in the House of Commons, was still living and was labouring at home in ever-increasing honour but a very few years ago. He died in 1866, at the age of seventy-one. His parents both lived to be considerably more than eighty years of age. But much exposure and labour in the West Indies and in Africa, long hours of daily toil as a student and as an itinerant pastor, continued for half a century, and very many sorrows, had "weakened his strength by the way," so that he did not attain to the "days of the years of the life of his fathers in the days of their pilgrimage."

Mr. Shrewsbury's son, the biographer, is not only following his father in the Methodist ministerial "succession," but has evidently inherited much of his father's spirit; and he has given us in this volume a worthy biography. If Mr. Shrewsbury suffered grievously through persecution in Barbadoes, he was happy in the public and im-

pressive vindication which he received in Parliament. Afterwards, however, in South Africa, when after years of consecrated and successful labour, he gave suggestions to Colonel (afterwards Sir Harry) Smith, in regard to the first Kafir war, which, written hastily and expressed curtly, were misunderstood by partisan writers, and even by his own friends in England, who were not acquainted with the whole matter, and which brought upon a man of extraordinary humanity and benevolence the reproach of severity and even cruelty; Mr. Shrewsbury, although acquitted by his brethren in Africa, who knew both him and all the circumstances of the case in regard to which he had offered suggestions, found no vindicators at home. Family affliction had obliged him to return to England. Condemned by some whom he very highly honoured, he refused to vindicate himself. Feeling bitterly that he was misjudged, he left time and events to plead his cause. His son has, however, done justice to his father's character, and at the same time has candidly admitted that those who condemned him were not without apparent ground for the view they took of the meaning of a brief and hasty memorandum, of which the writer unfortunately took no copy, and which never ought to have been published.

The last thirty years of Mr. Shrewsbury's life were passed in England. He was quite an original, and not at first understood. He was a total abstainer and a great enemy to tobacco; loving austerity and restrained tenderness were leading features in his character; he was a man of fearless independence, although there was nothing of ostentation or demonstrativeness about him; one instance of his independence was, that he felt it to be his duty as a Christian minister to write in favour of free-trade, at a time when so to do was sure to make him many and powerful enemies in his own Connexion; he was a man of much prayer; he lived much in his study, and was deeply versed in biblical learning; he was a diligent, systematic pastor; in the pulpit he was mighty, both in prayer and in the Scriptures: such a man was hardly likely to be widely popular, but could not fail to be greatly useful. A character of such worth and such originality is well deserving of study, especially in these days of sequacious fashion-following.

Let us give some glimpses into the character of Mr. Shrewsbury from the memorials before us. How beautiful is the following picture of the rigid and austere man's loving compliance and tenderness towards his parents!

"In the year 1836, after his return from Africa, he found his parents struggling with a little business in Deal. He took them at once to his own home, and maintained them, notwithstanding other numerous claims, until their death. His conduct towards them was uniformly tender, respectful, and deferential. Matters of opinion he never allowed himself to debate with them. His parents were not total abstainers, and his father was a smoker; but though no visitor was allowed the pipe or the glass in his house, and his words in public about both strong drink and tobacco were unmistakeably outspoken, he never interfered with his parents' predilections, nor so much as

looked reprovingly, when his father smoked his pipe by the kitchen fire, or when his mother put the modest mug of ale on the hearth, "just to take the chill off." That they might not realise painfully their dependence upon him, he gave them a certain sum as pocket-money, quarterly, from his very moderate stipend; and that they might not feel as if they had lost family headship, he remitted to them alternately the duty of conducting family worship of an evening."

Let us mark, again, the genuine, the truly Christian manliness of the following trait:—

"On the morning of his leaving Yarmouth, a purse was presented to him by one of the stewards. Just before embarking in the steamer for Hull, he carried the purse to a family of his late flock that was in great distress, and gave them the whole of its contents. Putting his hand upon the head of the son, a lad about thirteen years of age, he gave him his blessing, and told his oppressed parents that God would prosper him. Some years afterwards, he received a letter from London from this very youth, reminding him of what he had said, and communicating the pleasing intelligence that he had prospered greatly in business, and, better still, that God had graciously pardoned his sins."

How well the man himself stands out before us in what follows!

"In answer to a question about the new occupant of the Longholme Methodist parsonage, the carter replied that, though he did not know the minister personally, he had often heard that 'he were a varry partiklar sort of a man.'

"In those days, just such a man was needed to deal with a people, rough in manners, but kind in nature. Mr. Wesley's record of one of his visits to them, runs thus:—'Here I preached to a large congregation of wild men: but it pleased God to hold them in chains.' Nearly a century after this record was made, it was no uncommon thing for both men and women to march unbidden, and without regard to bell or knocker, into the minister's manse, and to inquire after 'William' and 'Mary Ann,' meaning thereby, the pastor and his wife. Mr. Shrewsbury lived to see a great alteration in the matter of social amenities, and to contribute largely thereto himself. He would say very plain and wholesome things about courtesy from the pulpit, when the text tempted him thereto, as for instance, when expounding the clause, 'doth not behave itself unseemly,' in 1 Cor. xiii. But it was in the homes of the people, which he systematically visited, and to which he was always welcome, that he sought to 'soften men's manners.' He was singularly happy in those fire-side pleasantries by which he reproved without wounding. Occasionally he was thought to 'hit hard,' as when he told a noisy and stingy professor that, if 'he had to pay a penny for every hallelujah, his raptures would soon be lessened.' When one complained that he was in danger of hurting by a certain merited reproof, he rejoined that, 'it was not the hardness of the hit, but the softness of the place, which hurt.'"

The biographer thus describes one leading feature in his father's character:

"The hardest word that outsiders ever uttered against William James Shrewsbury, with any shadow of reason, was that of 'eccentricity.' 'In our times,' says a great living philosopher, 'from the highest class of society down to the lowest, every one lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. Not only in what concerns others, but in what concerns only themselves, the individual or the family do not ask themselves—what do I prefer? or, what would suit my character and disposition? or, what would allow the best and highest in me to have fair play, and enable it to grow and thrive? They ask themselves, what is suitable to my position? what is usually done by persons of my station and pecuniary circumstances? or (worse still), what is usually done by persons of a station and circumstances superior to mine? I do not mean that they choose what is customary, in preference to what suits their own inclination. It does not occur to them to have any inclination, except for what is customary. Thus the mind itself is bowed to the yoke: even in what people do for pleasure, conformity is the first thing thought of; they like in crowds; they exercise choice only among things commonly done: peculiarity of taste, eccentricity of conduct, are shunned equally with crimes: until, by dint of not following their own nature, they have no nature to follow: their human capacities are withered and starved: they become incapable of any strong wishes or native pleasures, and are generally without either opinions or feelings of home growth, or properly their own.' Mr. Shrewsbury was always manly and independent in thought, speech, and deed. Much of his so-named eccentricity was in reality the bold avowal of opinions that were in advance of his times. So was it in the matter of the Kafir war, of total abstinence, and of free trade. Any man who refuses to surrender his individuality to a majority, must be prepared to encounter, with a calm smile, the charge of eccentricity.

"Mr. Shrewsbury's independence was even more due to grace than to nature. Nature made him energetic and determined; grace made him unvaryingly conscientious. Hence he said and did what he believed to be right, not only because he *would*, but still more because he *must*. The secret of his inflexible and daring conscientiousness was his daily communion with God. Rising early, the first hour of each day was spent in prayer and reading the Word of God. The fervent intercession of the family altar was followed by an hour of renewed and secret intercession. This was often a season of contrition and of tears. After the noon repast, his wife was taken into a fellowship of prayer for each member of the family, and for special cases among his people. Eventide, after family prayer, found him alone again in self-examination before God, and the day closed with secret devotion. Such was his habit of life: of fits and starts in devotion he knew nothing."

Our next quotation will give some idea of what Mr. Shrewsbury was as a man of prayer.

"He walked humbly with God. He abhorred ostentation in all things, but chief of all in religion. His life in the midst of his family

evidenced that he was pre-eminently godly; but that he spent so much time alone with God was a matter of accidental discovery. In the piles of his correspondence with his family which are before the writer, there are only one or two letters in which he alludes to his hours with God. One of these, addressed to his daughter, is subjoined:—

"Though I have never told you before, it will not be uninteresting, and may be of some spiritual use, if I tell you now, that month by month, as they pass along the circling year, I have my special days of service, and a special errand at the throne of grace, always in connection with my family, and their highest interests. I note the day of the month, as I offer in my secret chamber (not in the family worship), prayer or praise to God. Thus, for example, Mary was born on the 23rd of the month; consequently that is her day; you on the 12th, which is your day: I have, therefore, already twice this morning brought you before the Lord; and now, having just risen from my knees with my second petitions on your behalf, I tell you this simple tale, that you may both see, that, whether correspondence be frequent, or for a season intermitted, you are not likely, under any circumstances, to be forgotten at home; and especially as Ma and I at our noontide prayer every day mention each child by name. She prays on Tuesdays and Fridays, and I on the other days of the week. Nor are the departed forgotten; as for instance, Joseph was born on the 14th of the month; your own dear mother on the 10th, to which I may add that, as she died on the 13th, I make that my monthly consecration day, wherever I may chance to be, generally singing over in quiet solitude, out of all hearing, and in a low tone, the 430th hymn in our hymn-book. In like manner, I keep in mind the day for each other child; and also for my father and mother; of course, only praise for our happy dead. Now this habit fills up a good many days of the month, and is not unprofitable to the soul; and I and my house will be happy indeed if the Lord graciously 'fulfil all my petitions.' This, however, will not be done for 'my righteousness' sake,' but solely for the sake of the Lord Jesus, 'to whom be glory and dominion for ever and ever.' Now, having told you these little matters, and Mary also, once for all must suffice, as I have a great aversion to such personal details, which has kept me silent about them hitherto. A desire to do you both good has caused me to break through this morning. I long intensely for the holiness and salvation of my household."

Let us add this touching picture of the return home from South Africa after a harrowing chapter of domestic sorrows.

"Many scenes of that sad voyage live in the writer's recollection. He recalls how, day by day, the stricken missionary would sit on deck with one or two children upon his knees, endeavouring to subdue his own grief, by interesting and instructing the motherless group. How can they forget the tender morning and evening kiss and blessing, and that revered form lying nightly upon the floor of the cabin, ever responsive to the cry of any of his young charge? How can they cease to cherish the remembrance of those lessons of love to the heathen,

and to all men, which were often concluded by the singing of Heber's missionary hymn? It seems but yesterday since the juvenile choristers were singing around their parent's knees, as the ship sped on her way:—

> 'Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
> And you, ye waters, roll,
> Till, like a sea of glory,
> It spreads from pole to pole!'

Among the few treasuries which the sorrowing head of the family brought with him from Africa, was a packet containing earth from his wife's grave. On the outside was written, 'To be buried with me,' an instruction which has been sacredly observed."

Most heartily do we welcome such a book as this. It is a genuine biography, and the biography of a genuine man—a man, a Christian, a saint, ripened by study, by labours, and by sorrows. We trust many thousands will be sold. Young Christians, especially young ministers, need just such books as this. The pity is, that there are so few such.

New Poems. By Matthew Arnold. London: Macmillan. 1867.

Matthew Arnold ranks deservedly high among the real poets of this age. And these "New Poems" will certainly not lower the esteem in which he is held by his admirers. There is a most pleasant freshness about them, a charm which must be felt to be understood. When they bring natural objects before us, it is with wonderful truth and distinctness, yet not with the fidelity of the mere copyist. There is not wanting

> "The gleam,
> The light that never was on land or sea,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream."

Most of these poems are highly finished. Many of them are strongly pervaded by the antique Grecian spirit—the clearness, reticence, the love of form and harmony which mark the poetry, and indeed the art generally of Old Greece. In a less degree we are reminded of Wordsworth, whom Arnold resembles in the faithful representation of nature, and occasionally in the peculiar force of well-chosen epithets. Yet there is much less of the imaginative element, the magic touch of subtle quickening which so strongly pervades Wordsworth; and while Arnold is not wanting in strength, he is far from possessing the elder poet's vast and rigid might.

But Arnold is not less teacher than poet. His poems are inspired with moral purpose. Some of his teaching is both true and timely. But of his teaching in the main we cannot speak with satisfaction. The glance which he casts on the facts of the age is clear and earnest as far as it extends. He marks the gross Philistinism of our middle classes —the unresting march of science—the effects of rationalistic methods on traditional beliefs—the general agitation—the common and con-

fessed sense of this being an epoch of transition he marks it all. He stands aloof. But he is neither cynic nor sentimentalist. He is in earnest. He would fain say something to help those who are in the throng and conflict. But, alas, the only remedy he can prescribe for the doubt, confusion, and sadness of the time, is the Gospel of self-sufficiency. He himself has, it is all too plain, lost his hold on the great facts of revealed religion, or at least regards them only in some transcendental way as supplying means of culture. We can only think of him in this respect as standing among the Goethes, Carlyles, and Emersons of our age.

But to notice the poems themselves. "Empedocles," the principal poem in the volume, contains many passages of great beauty and strength. But the author makes it the vehicle of a teaching which to the majority of men, conscious of sin and weakness, must seem very cheerless and inadequate :—

> "Once read thy own breast right,
> And thou hast done with fears!
> Man gets no other light,
> Search he a thousand years.
> Sink in thyself! then ask what ails thee, at that shrine!"

The world exists not to make us happy. We must be content with such joys as happen to come in our way. We must learn to renounce, to moderate desire, to adapt ourselves to nature and make the best of circumstances. It is weak and useless to apply to the gods if there be any, or to relegate our bliss to a future world. It seems to us that there is a deeper significance than was intended in the selection of Empedocles for the mouth-piece of such sentiments. His suicide seems to comport quite naturally in his circumstances with such a creed.

The five songs of Callicles which occur in this poem are perfect gems. We scarcely know to which to give the preference. In the first are exquisitely described "the woody, high, well-watered" glens of Pelion, the home of the Centaurs, and the young Achilles standing by the aged Chiron listening to his lore.

There are few poems which for quiet and finished loveliness excel the second of these songs—that of Cadmus and Harmonia. Very fine is the third which paints Typho,

> "The rebel overthrown,
> Through whose heart Etna drives her roots of stone."

groaning in pain, and rage, and hate, when through his caves he hears the lyre's sweet notes. Then we are immediately carried away to Olympus and watch the effect of the entrancing melody on the assembled divinities.

> "But an awful pleasure bland
> Spreading o'er the Thunderer's face,
> When the sound climbs near his seat,
> The Olympian Council sees;
> As he lets his lax right-hand,
> Which the lightnings doth embrace,
> Sink upon his mighty knees.

> And the eagle at the beck
> Of the appeasing gracious harmony,
> Droops all his sheeny brown deep-feathered neck,
> Nestling nearer to Jove's feet;
> While o'er his sovereign eye
> The curtains of the blue films slowly meet,
> And the white Olympus peaks
> Rosily brighten, and the sooth'd gods smile
> At one another from their golden chairs,
> And no one round the charmed circle speaks.
> Only the loved Hebe bears
> The cup about, whose draughts beguile
> Pain and care, with a dark store
> Of fresh pull'd violets wreathed and nodding o'er;
> And her flushed feet glow on the marble floor."

Worthy of a place beside the very few perfect elegies extant is the one called Thyrsis, in which the author laments the early death of his friend and fellow poet, Arthur Hugh Clough. The old pastoral forms are here so beautifully fitted to modern English scenes, as to seem almost native to them. The pathos of this poem is most true, and the strain is very tender and beautiful.

The sonnets are full of grace and lofty sentiment, especially the three on Rachael and the one on the "Good Shepherd with the Kid."

"Dover Beach" is a fine poem, strong as ocean tides—grand, and full of movement.

In "A Southern Night" we have one of the finest poems in the book. Here is sorrow softened by distance, blending with reflection. The poem seems bathed in a mellow richness of moonlight, and we hear the low sweet cadence of ocean waves gently falling on distant sands. But there is nothing vague. Life and thought are here. Arnold differs from Shelley in this. Shelley often seems to lose himself in a sensuous revelling in the merely grand and beautiful. Arnold ever possesses his soul even while keenly alive to the loveliness around. In this he is more like Wordsworth, only more reticent and with more of charm and sweetness.

The "Fragment of a Chorus of Dejaneira," is like a piece of antique sculpture—finely conceived—clearly chiselled. It is thoroughly Greek both in form and spirit.

"Rugby Chapel" is a noble tribute to the memory of the author's father. Beginning in shadow and sadness it moves on to light and joy.

"Heine's Grave" is very beautiful but ends with a piece of downright pantheism. Men are but moods of the life of the Being who is all in one.

The two concluding poems "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse" and "Obermann Once More," seem to be the very outcome of the author's heart. Here speaks a poet who truly represents his age in one of its most important and affecting characteristics. Here finds utterance in verse pure, and strong, and beautiful the growing sense of unrest, doubt, and change—the hope and yearning for something new that is to be something better. But there is here as elsewhere in this volume, if we mistake not, a too evident assumption of the unreality of

the great objects of the Christian faith. They did wonders in the age now past when faith in them survived; but now faith in their objective reality is passing away, and there is nothing left, save a certain spiritual culture emanating therefrom which alone the world will carry with it into the new age. We close our notice with a quotation from the last-mentioned poem. Of our Lord we read,

"While we believed, on earth He went,
And open stood His grave,
Men call from chamber, church, and tent,
And Christ was by to save.

"Now He is dead, far hence He lies,
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on His grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

"In vain men still, with hoping new,
Regard His death-place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come.

"Ah, from that silent sacred land,
Of sun, and arid stone,
And crumbling wall, and sultry sand,
Comes now one word alone.

"From David's lips this word did roll,
'Tis true and loving yet:
No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt.

"Alone, self-poised, henceforward man
Must labour; must resign
His all too human creeds, and scan
Simply the way divine."

As a poet Matthew Arnold is nearly all we could wish; as a teacher, beyond a certain not very wide limit, he leads us only into a vast and awful solitude, where "there is neither voice nor any to answer," and where death and life do not seem so very unlike each other.

Irish Emigration and the Tenure of Land in Ireland. By the Right Hon. Lord Dufferin, K.P. 1867.

Our readers will probably remember seeing in the *Times* newspaper the letters which form the foundation of this book. They are now reprinted with copious notes and appendices, giving the authorities and statistics on which their statements are based. But their argument, apart from this common-place-book of facts and opinions about Ireland, deserves a more careful consideration than can be asked in the columns of the daily press.

Lord Dufferin is not only a well-informed, spirited, and patriotic nobleman, but a very agreeable writer; and the temperament which here and there spoils his logic improves his rhetoric. His position is controversial, but that only aids the liveliness of the work, and leads him to set his facts in a strong light.

The author does not enter into the general and endlessly debated question of the miseries of Ireland or their cure. But he is an Irish landlord and thinks that he and his class have been hardly used in recent discussions. So this is his defence. But the opinions of so outspoken a writer cannot but peep out here and there. He is prepared to re-distribute the Church property. He does not object to a government loan to enable responsible tenants to improve or buy their farms. But he does not believe in any of these specifics. The land question—or rather the population question, he deems to lie at the root of the matter, and that he thinks cannot be touched by legislation. This is a position so important, and the points he makes in defence of the landlords are so considerable, that we shall present here a brief outline of the charge and reply.

The charge Lord Dufferin sums up under five heads: that the emigration has been an evil; that it has been caused by eviction of the rural inhabitants; that the evictions have been harsh and unjust; that Irish discontent is mainly attributable to the land laws; and that some change of those laws would remove it.

Not many people will be found to support the first point: though every one will admit that a large population, if well-fed, industrious, and happy, is a blessing. But the facts adduced on this subject are that the emigrants have sent home 13,000,000*l.* in seventeen years out of their earnings, that farm wages have increased—in many parts doubled, and that infinitesimal holdings have diminished in number. And though up to a certain point increased labour will draw more produce from the same soil, the limit is soon reached, and in Ireland has long been passed, at which the extra toil gives an adequate return. No doubt the surplus people should be employed in manufactures; but how are they to be fed while the manufacturers delay their coming?

Then, if the Irish emigration were due to harsh landlords, what accounts for the same process in other countries. Half-a-million of persons may have left Ireland since 1860, but great Britain sends 74,000 a year to America, and as many as 250,000 Germans have crossed the Atlantic in a single year. Again, evictions affect the tenant farmer; but it is the wage-paid servant who has left the country, or wages would not so have risen. (It may be suggested that the process has been double. It is the small holdings of five acres and under that have been so much swept away, and the small farmer, turned into a labourer, may then first have thought of emigrating.) However, it is boldly asserted, and confirmed by some recent emigration returns, as far as they go, that not more than from two to four per cent. of the Irish emigrants have been occupiers of land; the great bulk being small tradesmen, artisans, and labourers. Another proof Lord Dufferin draws from the admitted superiority of his own province, Ulster, in its land tenures. But the consolidation of farms has gone on there as rapidly as in any other part of the kingdom, and certainly the population has decreased in quite as large a ratio. Further, there

are sheriffs' returns of evictions now, and those for 1865 show on an average only one every five years on each estate.

Evictions, without accusing any one of harshness, may be well accounted for by poverty-stricken tenants. If the landlords were exacting, how came the system of middlemen? Indeed, no landlord turns out a good tenant, and a bad tenant is bad for himself as well as his landlord. The Irish peasantry cling to the land, and emigration has only furnished them with the outlet which in our own country has been partly opened by manufacturers. But Irish manufacturers have until lately been systematically oppressed. We quote Lord Dufferin's pregnant summary of the conduct of the British Government towards his unhappy country.

"The owners of England's pastures opened the campaign as early as the commencement of the sixteenth century. The heroes of Roscommon, Tipperary, and Queen's County, undersold the produce of the English grass counties in their own market. By an Act of the 20th of Elizabeth, Irish cattle were declared a 'nuisance,' and their importation was prohibited. Forbidden to send our beasts alive across the channel, we killed them at home, and began to supply the sister country with cured provisions. A second Act of Parliament imposed prohibitory duties on salted meats. The hides of the animals still remained, but the same influence soon put a stop to the importation of leather. Our cattle trade abolished, we tried sheep-farming. The sheep-breeders of England immediately took alarm, and Irish wool was declared contraband by a Parliament of Charles II. Headed in this direction, we tried to work up the raw material at home, but this created the greatest outcry of all. Every maker of fustian, flannel, and broadcloth, in the country rose up in arms, and by an Act of William III. the woollen industry of Ireland was extinguished, and 20,000 manufacturers left the island. The easiness of the Irish labour market and the cheapness of provisions still giving us an advantage, even though we had to import our materials, we next made a dash at the silk business; but the silk manufacturer proved as pitiless as the wool staplers. The cotton manufacturer, the sugar refiner, the soap and candle maker (who especially dreaded the abundance of our kelp), and any other trade or interest that though it worth its while to petition was received by Parliament with the greatest partial cordiality, until the most searching scrutiny failed to find a single vent through which it was possible for the hated industry of Ireland to respire. But, although excluded from the markets of Britain, a hundred harbours gave her access to the universal sea. Alas! a rival commerce on her own element was still less welcome to England, and as early as the reign of Charles II., the Levant, the ports of Europe, and the oceans beyond the Cape, were forbidden to the flag of Ireland. The colonial trade, alone was in any manner open—if that could be called an open trade which for a long time precluded all exports whatever, and excluded from direct importation to Ireland such important articles as sugar, cotton, and tobacco. What has been the consequence of such a system,

pursued with relentless pertinacity for 200 years? This: that debarred from every other trade and industry, the entire nation flung itself back upon the *land* with as fatal an impulse as when a river whose current is suddenly impeded rolls back and drowns the valley it once fertilized."

Let due weight be given to Lord Dufferin's views. The problem of Ireland is most perplexing in its difficulty, and many means will have to be combined in order to remedy the terrible condition of that unhappy land. Meantime, one thing is certain: the condition of the agricultural population of every land depends proximately much more upon the laws affecting the purchase and the tenure of land than on any other single cause whatever. And whatever other elements, religious and economical, enter into the Irish question, the question of land tennre is now, by general consent, admitted to be of the highest importance. A comparison of the peaceable and comparatively prosperous with the wretched and discontented parts of Ireland completely demonstrates this point. And coterminous with the boundaries within which Protestantism is in the ascendant, it must not be forgotten, is the dominion of a custom of tenant-right which exceeds in certainty and stringency, on behalf of the tenant, all that has been demanded for the peasants of Munster or Connaught. Many will doubt, however, whether any modification of the cottier-system of Ireland can make it a good and desirable system.

Since Lord Dufferin wrote his letters, the Irish question has become yet more pressing and threatening. Meantime, not only Mr. Bright, but Lord Russell and Mr. Mill have contributed their fixed and decisive ideas towards a solution of the question. Before long we hope to be able to give due space to a subject of such painful and paramount interest and importance.

Pleas for Secularisation. By Aubrey de Vere. Longmans. 1867.

The brilliant writer of this *brochure* is a Catholic, and is thoroughly master of his subject, as to which, in its various aspects, he has written three pamphlets besides the present. His argument is against the secular isolation of Irish ecclesiastical property, and in favour of its distribution among the three different quasi-national churches which have a stronghold in Ireland, the Romanist, the Anglican, and the Presbyterian, according to the ground covered and the work done, or claiming to be done, by the churches. The peculiarities of Mr. de Vere's publication, are two, viz., that the writer is himself a Romanist, and that he writes so ably, and, from his point of view, so fairly. He comes into the field, however, too late. Half a century since, all leading statesmen thought as he now thinks, and the strong will of the sovereign alone prevented the endowment, in some form, of the Irish Catholic priests. Now, although Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, and also (we doubt not) Mr. Disraeli, are in favour of a distribution of Church property, in which the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland should have her full share; yet the Catholic hierarchy have declared

against it, and the tide of popular feeling in Great Britain is setting every day more and more strongly against any such project. It is much more likely that the present generation may see all alliance between Church and State brought to an end, than that it can possibly see the endowment of Popery in any form. A mere ecclesiastico-political salve will never now be applied to the ever outbreaking social disorder and disease of Ireland. And a much deeper remedy is certainly needed.

Stories, Sketches, Facts, and Incidents, illustrative of the Providence and Grace of God, in connection with the Missionary Enterprise. By William Moister. London: Hamiltons. Sold also at 66, Paternoster Row. 1867.

Mr. Moister has been a keen observer and a diligent collector. Two years ago he published his "Memorials of Missionary Labours in Africa and the West Indies," of which we had a good account to give to our readers. Now he has published a volume full of interest, and which will be a perfect treasure to the Sunday-school teacher, as well as a valuable help to the missionary speaker. The Missionary field of Africa and the West Indies, to which Mr. Moister's former volume was devoted, occupies a large space in this volume also, the author having found in his journals and among his papers, "numerous notes of facts and incidents which could not conveniently be introduced into that work, with anything like the detail of description which they seemed to deserve, and many which could not be noticed at all." There are missionary shipwrecks, some five or six, besides two suffered by Mr. Moister himself, "hurricanes and earthquakes," "adventures with horses," the "missionary martyr of Namaqualand," the story of "little Benomé;" there is a chapter of "Brief Memorials of Missionaries and their Wives who have died in Western Africa," there are "Instances of Native Genius," there is a chapter on "Mission Work in the Army and Navy," and very much besides full of interest and instruction. It is a thoroughly Missionary volume: very suitable for a gift-book, and especially suitable to be given as a reward-book to intelligent Sunday scholars.

Life of Pastor Fliedner of Kaiserwerth. Translated from the German by Catherine Winkworth. London: Longmans. 1867.

This is a charming little book. Herr Fliedner and Miss Sieveking, whose life Miss Winkworth also translated, are companion pictures which singularly adorn the walls of the German Church in our century. Miss Sieveking's labours in the foundation of societies to undertake the nursing of the sick, slightly preceded Fliedner's first appearance before the charitable public, and served as a model for some of his later labours.

A young minister, full of desire from his childhood to benefit his future charge in their temporal and moral concerns, the entrance of

light from above made Fliedner hesitate about his fitness for his sacred office, and he resolved to devote himself to teaching. But just then a call to the pastorate of the little village community of Kaiserwerth, seemed to point out his providential path, and he diffidently began his work in the place now for ever associated with his name, and which became, under his hand, the centre of an influence as wide-spread as that of Wesley himself, whose power of endurance, faith, and incessant hard labour, Fliedner rivalled. He had to begin by begging. His little flock, nearly ruined by the failure of the commercial house which gave occupation to the whole village, and hampered by the opposition of the surrounding Catholics, were forced to depend on the charity of the richer congregations of Berg and Cleves. Never did a man begin to ask for help with a heavier heart, nor with worse success, till a brother pastor at Elberfeldt took him home to dinner and told him that the three requisites for his work, were "patience, impudence, and a ready tongue." The receipt—to which Fliedner added much prayer, and much faith—proved so successful, that he was spoken of before his death as the most accomplished beggar ever known in Germany. England, America, and many distant regions learned to pour their contributions into his wallet, and often his worst necessities were relieved by what seemed almost miraculous unsolicited gifts, which exactly answered the demands upon him.

The first object of his cares were the prisons in his neighbourhood, then in a sad state of confusion and neglect, and wholly unprovided with any sort of religious instruction. A society was formed which co-operated with him, and brought about an entire change, providing chaplains and schools, and procuring the division of various classes of criminals. Seeking a matron for the female wards at Dusseldorf, he found his wife, whose parents refused to let her take the position first offered to her, but approved her acceptance of the young pastor himself, although the second involved all the duties of the first.

In 1833, he took a poor creature released from prison into a summer house in his garden, and so practically started a scheme which had for some time been in his mind, to provide a refuge for such women as desired to reform on the expiration of their sentences. A friend of Mrs. Fliedner's came to take charge of this minute beginning, and assumed the title of deaconess. The summer house gave way to a house, the deaconess got companions, and this establishment now accommodates twenty-eight women. Then the thought of founding an order of deaconesses for care of the sick poor pressed upon him. He bought a house in 1836, having no money but a vast amount of faith. The same may be said of all his subsequent enlargements of his borders. His hospital was started with one table, some broken chairs, a few worn knives and two-pronged forks, worm-eaten bedsteads, seven sheets and four severe cases of illness. The effort soon flourished under royal favour. In 1838, Fliedner first sent deaconesses from his establishment to work in other places; they spread, fresh "mother-houses" multiplied, till now there are thirty centres for sixteen hundred

deaconesses, who labour in four hundred different localities in Germany, Italy, America, and the East. They are at hand on the field of battle, or when any sudden calamity of famine falls on the land, they were at once sent to help the Maronite fugitives in Syria in 1860, and are everywhere promoting the cause of Christianity, humanity, and education.

In the course of his life Fliedner established at Kaiserwerth schools, training colleges for middle class school-mistresses as well as for governesses, a lunatic asylum, a boy's school and a training college for schoolmasters. The hospital, the asylum, the schools, are all utilised for the training of the deaconesses, whom Fliedner frequently taught himself by the example of his wonderful gifts for interesting the young. Comical stories might be told of his doings in his infant-schools, where he would fall prostrate by way of illustration of the story of Goliath, distribute bread and honey to fix the excellence of the heavenly manna on the children's minds, or suddenly send a boy under the table to vivify his tale of the fall of a traveller over a precipice. The children all loved him as much as he loved them; his personal attractiveness stood him in good stead with all he had to do. His private conversations with his young probationers, often severely condemnatory, were prized by all, and are now remembered with tender regret.

In addition to all these, he wrote, or compiled, or edited, and published numbers of books and periodicals. Outside his own precincts, Fliedner had a chief voice in the foundation of a home for the protection and training of domestic servants in Berlin, and in many other charitable institutions.

His labours lasted till his death. His first wife had several times to make up her mind to losing him, and the lady who, as his second wife, so admirably seconded his exertions, found herself unable to persuade him to take care of himself. He died at the age of sixty-four, in 1864, worn out by journeys in Germany, France, Great Britain, and the East, which had brought on disease of the lungs. To the very last day of his life, he continued, in spite of painful weakness, to exhort those near him to a religious and earnest life, took keen interest in the details of daily work going on around him, and died a day or two after, taking the communion with his whole establishment and family, including two sons, whose entrance into the Church he specially rejoiced to see.

His end was peaceful. He slept, murmuring words of pity for his wife, and of calm rest in his Saviour. And they could not but say yes to the question of his youngest grandchild, when brought into the chamber of death; "Is heaven here?"

The slightest and most imperfect indication of the story of such a life is sufficient to recommend it to all readers.

The Daily Prayer Book for the Use of Families. By Robert Vaughan, D.D. London: Jackson, Walford & Hodder.

"In this publication, a portion of Scripture is selected to be read which has some completeness in itself, without any necessary regard

to the division of chapters; and the prayer which follows will be found uniformly to take its complexion from and to grow out of the reading." This plan is adopted, we are told, to secure "variety and instructiveness." The author has an impression that in many households the "daily service becomes very monotonous and wearisome," and he has certainly shown, by excellent examples, one method by which these evils may be avoided. We fear, however, that we cannot encourage the hope that this "Prayer-book" will obtain that extensive "acceptance" which its able author is so "very desirous it should find." Were there no other reason for this, it might be sufficient to mention the comparatively small portion of Scripture to which the work is confined. It contains prayers for morning and evening for twelve weeks only; and the Scriptures on which these prayers are framed, are, in some instances, limited to a few verses. Thus the regular and continuous use of the book would involve either the omission of nine-tenths of the Bible from family reading, or the frequent incongruity of reading in one place and using prayers which refer to another. Nor is this the only drawback. We question whether Dr. Vaughan's style of writing is well adapted to this particular kind of composition. He informs us that many of his friends think that he has "something more than the ordinary capability for" conducting family worship; and his book does not contradict or discountenance this opinion. But finished forms of expression, and graceful recondite allusions, which may have a natural fitness as pronounced by Dr. Vaughan, might sound very strangely as adopted by others. How would it be possible, for instance, for ordinary men to bow down with their households and begin to pray in such words as these: "Blessed women, to whom it was given to be faithful to their Lord, to follow Him until laid in the grave, and to be watchers still! We adore Thee, O God, for all that was in Jesus to attract the most tender hearts toward Him. Thou hast given a power to goodness thus to move the springs of goodness."

We regret that we cannot give this book a more hearty commendation in regard to the purpose for which it was written. We think, nevertheless, that heads of households who feel how difficult, yet how important, it is, while offering from day to day substantially the same prayer, to express themselves in varied phrase, and with freshness of tone, so as to sustain the interest and attention of those whose devotions they lead, may study the examples which Dr. Vaughan has here given, with much advantage.

Manual of the Constitution of Canada, with the Text of the Act for the Union of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, in One Dominion, under the name of Canada, with Indices. By John Gooch. Ottawa. 1867.

This complete and very interesting manual seeks "to exhaust and make obvious the sense of every section and item of the Act of the Constitution of Canada." Besides the Text of the Act constituting the

new dominion, it gives a "Synthetical Explanatory Treatise," and an "Analytical Index." It is dedicated to "The Honourable Sir John Alexander Macdonald, K.C.B., Premier of the First Administration of the Dominion of Canada," and is a most creditable sample of the publishing press of Ottawa.

The Government of England; its Structure and its Development. By William Edward Hearn, LL.D., Professor of History and of Political Economy in the University of Melbourne. London: Longmans. Melbourne: George Robertson. 1867.

Thus the echoes of England's life come back from her colonies. Professor Hearn speaks of England as "Our Country," and of the law of England as "Our Constitutional Law." Thus the banyan-tree of English liberty and constitutional unity is spreading itself—root, stem, and branch, shadow and fruit, over the world's continents.

Professor Hearn is already known in this country as the author of a work on Political Economy ("Plutology" is its title) which has been highly spoken of by journals of such opposite characteristics and tendencies as the *Spectator* and the *Saturday Review*. He now appears as an expositor of our English Constitution.

Coke and Blackstone, Delolme and Hallam and May, have written on the principles or on the history of the English Constitution, but such a work as the present was still wanting. Mr. Hearn's is a clear synthetic summary of the principles of government in England, and of the structure of the constitutional machinery by means of which the government is carried on. The lucid and logical order in which the contents of the volume are unfolded will appear from the titles and sequence of the chapters. "The Kingship of England," "The Legal Expression of the Royal Will in Legislation," "The Legal Expression of the Royal Will in Judicature," "The Legal Expression of the Royal Will in Administration," "The Discretionary Powers of the Crown," "The Controlling Power of Parliament," "The Harmony of the Several Powers in the State," "The Cabinet," "The Relation of the Ministers to Parliament," "The Relation of the Ministers to the other Servants of the Crown," "The Councils of the Crown," "The Lands of the Crown and their Tenures," "The Revenues of the Crown," "The Expenditure of the Crown," "The Evolution of Parliament" (*i.e.* its development out of the Great Council of the King and the Assemblies, for purposes of taxation, of the military tenants, the clergy, and the townsmen), "The House of Lords," "Political Representation," "The House of Commons," "The Constituent Bodies," "The Checks upon Parliament." These are the successive subjects of the twenty chapters which make up the volume. The style is clear, the matter well mastered, and the illustrations are drawn not only from well known elder sources, but from those ample stores of information respecting the

constitutional history of England which have during the last twenty years been given to the public in letters, memoirs, and state papers belonging to the Tudor and Stuart periods, and to the last two centuries.

Scripture Portraits and other Miscellanies. Collected from the Published Writings of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D. Dean of Westminster. London: Alexander Strahan. 1867.

It was a happy thought to collect from Dean Stanley's writings, such a volume as the present. We all know how he excels in portraying character and in painting scenes. Here are portraits of Jacob, Deborah, Balaam, Jephthah, Samson, Samuel, Saul, Jonathan, Joab, Solomon, Elijah, Jonah, Isaiah, St. Peter, St. Paul, St. John. Here are descriptions of the Passover, the Battle of Jezreel, the Plagues of Uzziah's reign, the Invasion of Sennacherib. Here are pictures of the Approach to Palestine, Jerusalem and its Environs, the Mount of Olivet and its memories, the varied character of the Scenery of Palestine, Lebanon and its Cedars, Thebes and its Colossal Statues, and the Greek Easter. Here are passages on "the relations of civil and ecclesiastical history," and "aids to study ecclesiastical history." The Early Years of the Black Prince, the Tomb of the Black Prince, the Dedication of Westminster Abbey, and the Murder of Becket, are sketched. The death of Dr. Arnold, the character and career of Constantine called the Great, and of Ivan the Terrible, are described. David and his Psalter, is a study from the Old Testament; the Corinthians form a picture from the New. The volume closes with pieces on Heaven, the Conflict of the Soul, and the Beast in Man. In such a volume as this, Dean Stanley appears at his best, while the weak and doubtful places in his writing are avoided.

The Pulpit Analyst. Edited by Joseph Parker, D.D. Vol. 2. London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder. 1867.

Dr. Parker furnishes a useful serial, which he conducts with real ability. Many preachers will be very thankful for the Homiletic Analysis and the Interlinear Translations. Of sermon outlining we are not sure but there may be too much. Some of the other matter is not of superior quality, and the critical notices are not sufficiently impersonal in feeling and in expression.

The Family: Its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows. By Count A. de Gasparin. Translated from the French. London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder. 1867.

Madame de Gasparin is well-known to English readers by the translations of her beautiful books, and is a universal favourite. The Count is not so well-known, although some of his publications have been translated. The present volume will make many desire to know more

of his writings. Many admirable books on home life and home training have been published in this country during the last few years. Count Agenor's book may take its place by the side of the best of them. It is thoughtful, searching, and judicious. Of course it is a French, not an English, book; but yet it is surprising how suitable, almost throughout, its contents are to English life. One thing we must note. Count de Gasparin's notions on the Lord's-day are French, not English. He is a Protestant indeed, but continental Protestants attach less sancity to the Lord's-day, as a rule, than continental Romanists. The Count loves to give part of the Lord's-day to worship; the rest he would give not only to family intercourse, but to amusement of any congenial and innocent sort. Like many more, he confounds the rest of the mind and the play of the affections with bodily play and pleasure, and with mere mental amusement or dissipation.

The History of India, from the Earliest Period to the Close of Lord Dalhousie's Administration. By John Clark Marshman. Vol. 3. London: Longmans. 1867.

We are glad to see that this excellent and standard history is now complete. Mr. Marshman is better qualified than any living man for the work which he has thus completed. This last volume is one of special interest, and relates chiefly to a period of which no compendious and authentic history had previously been published. Mr. Marshman's last chapter embraces the Indian Mutiny and the close of the rule of the East India Company. Lord Canning's administration is only slightly sketched; the full history terminates with Lord Dalhousie's government.

Sermons from the Studio. By Marie Sibree. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

These are beautiful and affecting sketches, founded upon pictorial subjects, the first paper being intended to explain and enforce the lessons suggested by Holman Hunt's celebrated picture, "The Light of the World." Miss Sibree here offers a first attempt, and here and there a little of the stiffness of an inexperienced hand is discernible. But her success, on the whole, is decided, and we hope she will try again. These short flights promise well for her future performances.

On Both Sides of the Sea. A Story of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. By the author of Chronicles of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family," &c. London: Nelson and Sons. 1868.

This is a sequel to the story of the "Draytons and the Davenants." The merits of the series, of which this is the latest issue, are universally recognised, at least by Protestant and Evangelical authorities. No tales in the series are more valuable and instructive than this and its predecessor. These tales are carefully adjusted to the truth of

history, and when the historical outline is filled up with imaginary characters, these characters are true to the times and to human nature. Those who read these volumes, will be led, not from, but to, the study of the grand times of English national controversy. The views of the author are large and generous, and the spirit of this, as of the other tales of the series, is at once discriminating and charitable, at once Catholic and Evangelical. In these books young people find themselves in good company, and yet not by any means out of the world. Some of the leading characters are rare, yet perfectly natural, idealisations of manly nobleness or of feminine truth and tenderness.

Helena's Household. A Tale of Rome in the First Century. London: Nelson and Sons. 1868.

This volume is printed uniformly with "Both Sides of the Sea," and is not unworthy to stand by its side. It is a most carefully written book. The author has mastered the history and the literature proper to be studied by one who undertakes to write a Christian story of Rome in the first century. He has taken a wide range of careful reading in Greek dramatic poetry, in philosophy, and in the history, both imperial and ecclesiastical, of the Roman world during the ages which immediately preceded and followed the coming of our Lord. All his knowledge is knit together into a tale in which Greek, Roman, and Briton, the history of Suetonius and Boadicea, the cruelties of Nero and the life of the Church in the Catacombs, Vespasian, Titus, and the fall of Jerusalem, all play a part. Altogether, we have here a very instructive, as well as interesting, story.

The Analogies of Being, as embodied in and upon this Orb, shown to be the only Inductive Base of Divine Revelation, and from which is now defined and laid down, the Cardinal Laws and Primary Relations of Relative Being, through which alone God reveals Himself, enthroned in the Temple of Infinite Being. By Joseph Wood. London: Frederick Farrah. 1867.

As we cannot undertake to explain the purpose of this extraordinary book in any words of our own, we must let the author state it in his own way. Here is the first paragraph of the preface:—"The design and object of the present treatise, is to demonstrate that all the inorganic, organic and sentient relations subsisting co-eval with the transit of the diverse cycles of vital continuity of all form and life, composing the terrestrial and celestial sections of Infinite Being, are not only vital functions of life and being, eternal and immutable in their nature and essence, and more or less remote in the periods of their intermittent recurrence: but also, that the objects severally subserved by them, and by the primary cycles of continuity of those kingdoms and powers of terrestrial and celestial being, ultimately culminates and becomes resolvable into an ultimate unit of being; are all coincident with, and

constitute the veritable vital functions, necessary to the existence of such temple, and to the Godhead Incarnate enthroned therein."

It is very considerate in the author to make provision that "the right of translation" should be "reserved."

Themes and Translations. By John M. Montclair. New York. 1867.

As an original writer, Mr. Montclair does not seem to have made much advance upon the merits of his former volume, which we noticed some time since. Even in this poem he can write such lines as these—

> "And by mellifluous words, in balanced lines,
> With affluence disperse the wealth of thought."

And again, as these—

> "That o'er an outline page the reader's mind
> In self-thought volumes lingering might dwell."

It seems plain that Mr. Montclair's "affluence of words" exceeds his poetical reality and power. It is surprising, however, to find that his translations are much superior to his "self-thought" verses; they are often, indeed, really good.

Our Dispensation; or, the Place we occupy in the Divine History of the World. By Josiah Miller, M.A. London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder.

A PRETENTIOUS little book, with preface, synopsis of contents, German and Latin mottoes, numbered paragraphs, marginal references, and lengthy notes; but without originality, power, or freshness. The writer's theme—the gift of the Holy Ghost—is one of the highest importance, and his treatment of it is clear and scriptural. But the same may be said of a thousand discourses preached every Sunday, which "the kind request, and the too favourable judgment of friends," never induce the preachers to send to the press.

A Candid Examination of the Rite of Confirmation, as practised in the English Episcopal Church. By a Nonconforming Minister. London: Jackson, Walford and Hodder.

THIS is the first of a proposed series of pamphlets in which the author undertakes "to point out, briefly, candidly, and plainly, wherein lies the offence of the Book of Common Prayer" to Nonconformists. He has no fault to find with the daily liturgy; but believes that "the Orders of Communion, Baptism, Confirmation, Visitation of the Sick, Burial of the Dead, and Ordination, are so thoroughly imbued with the sacerdotal and sacramentarian spirit, that only the force of habit can render them acceptable, or even inoffensive, to a sincere Protestant." Of the present production it may be sufficient to say that the reasoning is clear and fair, and the spirit dispassionate and Christian.

The Philosophy of Revivals: or the Nature, Necessity, and Instrumentality of Conversion; and the Conditions on which it depends. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

An earnest and well-meant little book; though disfigured by many inaccuracies in regard to minor matters of fact, and written in a style more suitable for a cottage address.

Les Mystiques Espagnoles Malon de Chaide, Jean D'Avila, Louis de Grenade, Louis de Leon, St. Theresa, S. Jean de la Croix, et leur Groupe. [The Spanish Mystics.] Par Paul Rousselot. Paris: Didier and Co. 1867.

A very interesting monograph on one of the most remarkable developments of the mystical spirit in the Roman Church, one which the student of ecclesiastical history will read with much profit. The history of mysticism, and of that most peculiar modification of it which Spain exhibited, is very well told in the introduction. And that of the personages whose names are written above are delineated with impartial care, in portraits well worth studying.

Marcellus von Ancyra. [Marcellus of Ancyra, a Contribution to the History of Theology.] Von Theodor Zahn. Gotha: Perthes. 1867.

A profoundly learned and exhaustive sketch of an important branch or supplement of the controversy on the Person of Christ, which gave a character to the fourth and fifth centuries. Some of the shades of heretical opinion are traced here with fine precision, and a steady light is thrown upon a most interesting development of the spirit of error.

Musical Development; or, Remarks on the Spirit of the Principal Musical Forms. By Joseph Goddard, author of "The Philosophy of Music." London: Thomas Murby. 1867.

This work will be very acceptable to those who have mastered the author's "Philosophy of Music," a valuable work which is soon to appear in a new edition. Let the reader take the chapter on a "Comparative Analysis of the Spirit of the Instrumental Music of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn," and he will find what a fruitful field the author's subject opens to a lover of music.

Silver Lake; or, Lost in the Snow. By R. M. Ballantyne. London: Jackson, Walford & Hodder. 1867.

Mr. Ballantyne's delightful books are well known, and greatly prized by young people, and by some who are not so young. The scene of this story is laid in America, and partly among the Indians. It is a good book for young people.

The Cabinet of the Earth Unlocked. By Edward Steane Jackson, M.A., F.G.S. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

This is a most charming and useful introduction to geological ideas for the use of children.

The Weaver Boy who became a Missionary. Being the Story of the Life and Labours of David Livingstone. By H. G. Adams, Aauthor of "Our Feathered Families," &c. &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

This cannot fail to be one of the most popular small books of the season.

Poems: Sacred and Miscellaneous. By an Officer. London: Elliot Stock. 1867.

Pity that "an Officer" has found no friends! His Poems are admirable expressions of Christian faith and feeling; but they have no literary value of any kind.

The Work of God in every Age. By the Rev. W. Froggatt. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1867.

The design of the author, as stated by himself, is "to show the surpassing excellence of this work, to trace it in history, or in the occurrences of our own day, to interest on its behalf the attention and zeal of the whole Church, and to excite earnest effort to aid its final triumphs." The volume is a useful contribution to the literature of experimental religion, and contains much, both in the form of narrative and practical suggestion, which a truly earnest evangelism may turn to the best account.

Lectures on Early Scripture. Patriarchal Epoch. By T. F. Crosse, D.C.L., Rural Dean of Hastings. Second Edition. London: Longmans. 1867.

A wise and thoughtful book, which the reader of Scripture and the student of science may both handle with advantage. Without attempting any formal solution of the difficulties arising out of the new relations of science and the written revelation, Dr. Crosse shows that the position held by the Bible in the controversy is as far as possible from being the hopeless one which some of its scientific opponents assume it to be; that, in point of fact, the great religious and historical affirmations of early Scripture are still the only rational account which can be given of the matters to which they refer; and that there is a harmony, not to say an identity, between the doctrines of the most ancient and of the latest parts of the Bible, which is

not to be explained, except on the principle that it is what the Christian Church believes it to be—the supernaturally inspired Word of God. This argument runs through Dr. Crosse's volume, and is managed with much moderation, tact, and quiet force. At the same time the author finds occasion to string upon his main thread, always appropriately and gracefully, abundance of acute and sensible observations on the special topics of his Lectures.

The Psalms Chronologically arranged. Amended Version, with Historical Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By Four Friends. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1867.

THIS beautifully printed and carefully prepared volume, which, in respect of style and arrangement, is all that could be desired, is a production of the Maurice school, as instructed by the light and learning of Ewald. It may be described as just such an arrangement and elucidation of the Psalms as might have been published by Dean Stanley. The twenty-second and eighty-fourth Psalms are attributed to Zedekiah, as chastened and taught wisdom and righteousness by his captivity. Isaiah is represented as looking to Hezekiah as the promised Messiah; the *second Isaiah*, as for a moment regarding Cyrus in the same light; Haggai and Zedekiah as finding the Messiah in Zerubbabel; and the prophetic idea of the Messiah at last as "expanded into the whole Jewish nation." Divines must needs study this book and such books. But why do not "Four Friends" of adequate learning, and of orthodox views, produce a book similar in its general plan to the one before us, based upon a true exposition of Psalm and Prophecy? The "Four Friends" do not appear themselves to be masters of much independent learning. They are masters of arrangement and expression, and know how to use with effect the learning of their great German teacher. They never argue or discuss, but take everything for granted.

David, the King of Israel: A Portrait drawn from Bible History and the Book of Psalms. By F. W. Krummacher, D.D. Translated under the express sanction of the Author, by the Rev. M. G. Easton, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1867.

THIS is not a work to find favour with those who fall down and worship Ewald, and the images of Old Testament characters—not golden ones—which he and his school have set up. But for the multitude, who are weary to bear the treatment to which names like those of Abraham, Moses, and David have been subjected of late by professional criticism, how they have been mauled, and scribbled over, and re-chiselled into the likeness of anything and everything except their originals; for these, Dr. Krummacher's picture of the

great King of Israel will be unspeakably welcome. We congratulate ourselves that for once we meet with a writer on such a subject who does not insist on carrying us down to the bottom of the everlasting hills in order to show us where Hebrew roots begin to grow, and who does not think it necessary to balloon us through the universe before fixing the proper standpoint for the study of an age or a man. Better still, Dr. Krummacher is never guilty of the more than artistic error of degrading the divine in his subject, or of systematically reducing the exceptional and supernatural elements of the Bible history to the level of every-day cause and effect. On the contrary, *with him*, the Old Testament is the book which the New Testament makes it; *his* David is the David of Peter and Paul, and of One greater than them both; and while scholarly basis is never wanting to his views and opinions, he uniformly does justice to the grandeur and dignity with which inspiration itself has invested the topics of his volume. Reverent, spiritually sagacious, apt at tender touches of moral sentiment, Dr. Krummacher portrays the character and life of David in a manner worthy of the place which the Scriptures assign to him in the march of the Divine government, and fitted in a high degree to promote those great religious objects in which the sympathies and aspirations of truly Christian men always find their scope.

Country Towns, and the Place they fill in Modern Civilisation. By the Author of "Three Months' Rest at Pau." London: Bell and Daldy. 1868.

Here is a book of a thousand, a rare book indeed, original, suggestive, charming, full of wisdom, and perfect in style; fresh, too, and individual in thought. The lady who has written this should write much more. The very title is enough to fill a true practical philosopher with volumes of thought. We can, with our failing space, do barely more than quote the Preface.

"It appears by the census of 1861, that there are about one hundred and twenty towns in England possessed of municipal or parliamentary privileges, or both, and with populations ranging between five thousand and twenty thousand. There are also above a hundred more towns within the same limits of population, which are neither municipal nor parliamentary boroughs.

"These two hundred and twenty towns, with their suburbs, contain more than two millions of the people of England. It is, primarily, to these two millions that I desire to speak of the privileges and opportunities which they hold in their hands, yet, too often, in ignorance, throw away. To country gentlemen also, equally blest in the health and strength of the country, equally inert in self-culture, and equally bound to serve their neighbourhood and generation, and to establish friendly relations with all around them; to all such I commend the consideration of the present subject.

"Nor are cities without an interest in the social condition of those small towns, from which, as from little centres, improvement radiates into the districts around, for it was admitted in the Report of the Census of 1851 that a large proportion of the city inhabitants are born in the country. Can we doubt that what the country makes them at first will have its effect on that which the city makes them at last? If the material be sound, it may be an open question whether the city will fashion it into greater completeness for good or evil; but if the material be rotten, what *can* the fabric be?

"It seems a truism to remind every class that its own welfare is implicated in the welfare of all others, yet on this ground I venture to speak to every man in England."

The first part of the volume treats of "the connection of country towns with certain elements of civilisation," and is in part occupied with an examination of some positions taken up by Mr. Mill in his book on Liberty. Whilst (of course) often agreeing with Mr. Mill, and borrowing light from him, his critio shrewdly searches him at certain points, and teaches, as we venture to think, a philosophy at once truer, nobler, and more Christian. The titles of three of the chapters in this first part are "The Preparation of Raw Material," "Liberty and Variety," "Restraint." In the second part, on "The Advantages of Country Towns," the author treats of "Health," "Development of Character," "Education," "Manners and Habits," "Charities and Amenities," "Public Spirit," and "The Advantages and Disadvantages of Country Towns in Self-culture." Not only every idle squire, but every pert cit, would be the wiser and better, if endowed with any intelligence and honesty of purpose, for reading this little book.

The Beloved Disciple: a Sermon. Preached in Lincoln, on the Death of the Rev. John Hannah, D.D. With a Biographical Sketch of the Deceased. By F. J. Jobson, D.D. London: 66, Paternoster Row. 1868.

THE sermon occupies thirty-four pages, the sketch one hundred and four. Eleven pages of the sermon itself, which is most appropriately founded on John xxi. 20—"The Disciple whom Jesus loved"—are, in fact, a sketch of the character of "the beloved disciple" whom the volume commemorates. Nearly the whole volume, therefore, is devoted to Dr. Hannah.

Dr. Jobson was a fellow-townsman of Dr. Hannah, although his junior by a good many years, and during his whole life had enjoyed the friendship of his revered senior. That friendship long ago ripened into intimacy. This intimacy was perfected by the association of Dr. Jobson with Dr. Hannah, on occasion of the second visit paid by Dr. Hannah to America, as a deputation from the Wesleyan Conference to the General Conference of the Episcopal Methodist Church of the United States, now nearly eleven years ago. Most fittingly, therefore, did Dr. Jobson undertake, at the request of the

Wesleyans of Lincoln, to preach his friend's funeral sermon in their native city.

The whole of this book is good in matter, in style, in taste, and feeling. The sketch of Dr. Hannah's life is interesting, and the portraiture of his character is excellently done. Dr. Hannah died at Didsbury, on the 29th of last December, aged 75. He had taken cold, it is supposed, when on a visit to Dr. Jobson in London, on occasion of having a cast taken for a bust by the eminent sculptor Mr. Adams. He had been for thirty-three years engaged as theological tutor at Hoxton, at Abney House, and at Didsbury, near Manchester, and had been resident at the last-named place twenty-five years. No more fervent and evengelical preacher, no preacher with a more marvellous and unfailing flow of rich, chaste, effective, extemporaneous eloquence—no sounder divine—no man more deeply and universally beloved—has ever been mourned by the Methodist Connexion. He leaves an only son, Dr. John Hannah, of Glenalmond, some years ago Bampton Lecturer.

Child Training. By Theophilus Woolmer, Author of a "Manual of Ancient History for Young Students," &c. &c. London: 66, Paternoster Row. 1868.

It is a much rarer and more valuable talent than many imagine, to be able to write a wise and interesting and effective little book on common duties. Mr. Woolmer has proved himself to have this talent. The substance of this volume is excellent sense, with Christian orthodoxy, on what is perhaps the most important of all matters of practical duty. The style is admirably clear and genuine,—unpretending, unaffected, good English. The illustrations are very happy. We cordially recommend Mr. Woolmer's manual to all parents who desire to train their children aright.

Essays on the Pentateuch. By Harvey Goodwin, D.D., Dean of Ely. Deighton, Bell, and Co. 1867.

This little volume aims to vindicate the early books of Scripture, and Scripture generally, against the attacks of Colenso and others; but it does not adopt the ordinary method, that of examining in detail the objections urged, and showing that they are either baseless, or derive their force from our distance in time and ignorance of the matters discussed. Dr. Goodwin adopts a freer tone; and brings out the Divine lessons of the Pentateuch in a style of which the following extract is a fair specimen: "Yes, reader, geology and astronomy will not clear up the difficulties of the opening chapter of Genesis; and geography will not help us much with regard to the garden which the Lord planted eastward in Eden, and the river, or rather the four rivers, that watered it; and botany will not tell us anything of those two trees in the garden, which were so important to those who inhabited it; and history cannot help us to fill up the blanks

and verify the details, which the sacred writer has left for our study; but if, putting aside these and such-like implements of human study and investigation, we examine the early portion of Scripture as a spiritual lesson, and a Divine declaration of what man is, what is his position in the world, and what are his prospects, then we shall have no difficulty in recognising the wisdom of Scripture, and thanking God for this as for all other parts of that volume, which is emphatically His."

This is true, and excellent for the believer. But he who can receive these words, and profit by this book, must have been already disarmed of the weapons of his offence, as well as rescued from the worst impediments to his faith. There is much that is very beautiful and suggestive, much that is original and well put, in this volume, especially in the latter part. But, at the same time, there is a certain Origenistic tone of allegorising, and now and then a manner approaching to flippancy, that will much impair its usefulness, as a defence of the Scriptures.

Debrett's Illustrated Peerage of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. 1868.

Debrett's Illustrated Baronetage, with the Knightage, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. Dean and Son. 1868.

THE present year's issue of Debrett shows careful editorship. No pains are spared to make works as pleasant as useful, all that they should be. The second of them is considerably enlarged. They contain an immense amount of information, which are indispensable to one who takes an interest in the men who do much of the public business of the nation, and are no inconsiderable portion of our national glory.

The Divine Revelation: an Essay in Defence of the Faith. By the late C. A. Auberlen, D.D. Translated by the Rev. A. B. Paton, B.A. Edinburgh: Clark. 1867.

AUBERLEN was a divine of Würtemberg, whose theology was of the Bengel school, and formed under the influence of Oetinger; hence it was a combination of sound Lutheranism with a strain of mystical enthusiasm for personal religion only too rare among Lutheran divines. His chief work was on Daniel and St. John's Revelation, a treatise that stamped him as a true divine and a worthy champion of the truth of God. In 1861 he published the work of which the present is a translation, soon after which he died in peace, at the early age of thirty-seven.

The first part of the Treatise is dedicated to the fundamental facts of the New Testament on which the evidence of revelation rests—"The resurrection of Christ is a fact. It is the fixed point to which the threads of all apologetics will ever be attached; for this is the point at which the internal is connected vitally, organically, insepa-

rably with the external—the ideal with the positive, doctrine with history, religion and morals with metaphysics. The Risen One is essentially man who has really attained his original ideal; in the spiritualised and transfigured Christ the true ideal of humanity is absolutely realised. Therefore He is the crown of our race, the Surety who guarantees to man the realisation of their absolute perfection, the Light of the World, without which it abides in bondage to the gloomy power of sin and death." Ascending from the Apostolic Church to the Apostles, and from them to the Lord Himself, the question of the Gospels is discussed, and the full force of our Lord's own testimony shown. Thence the author passes to the leading passages of the Old Testament, which are summarised and expounded in their evidential aspect with great force.

But the best part of the volume is that in which the writer treats historically the conflict in the Christian world, with special reference to modern times. The contest of the elder Protestantism with the Rationalist spirit, and the growth and culmination of free-thinking criticism and exposition, are treated with much vigour. When the work comes down to still later times, and dwells on the Pietists and Bengel, and the struggles through which the truth is attaining its restoration in Germany, it is exceedingly interesting.

We cordially recommend this well-translated volume, not only as a thoughtful contribution to the defence of revelations, but also as containing the best exposition we know of the school of theology which imbues the Augsburg creed with the glow of a fervent piety, blending Lutheranism and mysticism in a manner most attractive to devout minds. The work is an unfinished one—a fact that should be borne in mind, as it gives the impression of fragmentariness and incompleteness; but what it would have been we may gather from the sinewy strength of that portion which we have.

Messrs. Clark deserve the best thanks and the warmest encouragement of all the friends of orthodox theology, for this and other such works continually issued under their superintendence. The books now appearing in their Foreign Library are of the highest order of soundness and learning. Some of them are less German than many of our English divines themselves, and the style of translation is, on the whole, better than it has ever been before.

Christian Adventures in South Africa. By the Rev. William Taylor, of the Californian Conference, Author of "Californian Life Illustrated," &c. &c. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

The Introduction to this volume is written by the Rev. W. B. Boyce, one of the secretaries of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. The book is truly what Mr. Boyce calls it, an "interesting and remarkable narrative." Mr. Taylor has been the chief instrument in connection with the recent "revival" in South Africa; what Mr. Boyce describes as a "great and glorious revival of religion, among

Europeans and natives, and not only among the Methodist Societies, but also among other religious bodies." His book is, in truth, full of "adventures" of all sorts. Revival scenes, practical suggestions in regard to missionary work, wilderness scenes, hunting stories, and social pictures, are strangely but effectively intermingled. The volume contains, besides, much solid and authentic information. And it is ornamented with sixteen telling woodcuts. It is a book to be obtained and prized by every man who cares earnestly for the conversion of the world.

The Turks, the Greeks, and the Slavons. By G. Muir Mackenzie and A. P. Irby. Bell and Daldy. 1867.

LADY tourists who venture "unprotected" into countries little known to their countrymen are fortunately not all of one type. These are of the feminine sort, and, while taking an intelligent and educated view of the capabilities, inhabitants, and politics of the out-of-the-way regions they have traversed, never offend the most scrupulous taste by feats of unnecessary and indelicate daring. Accepting where it was desirable the escorts and guides which family and personal influence sufficed to place at their service from the Turkish Government, they preferred, as a rule, to take only their own attendants, that they might with less difficulty gain the confidence of the populations with whom they had to do. They have made three or four journeys in different parts of Turkey, after beginning with a stay in Greece for the sake of health. A deep interest in the Slavonian and Bulgarian tribes induced them to try by this publication to enlighten the ignorance of the English public on a subject likely to become of greater interest as the doctrine of nationalities gains ground. A knowledge of several dialects enabled them to collect a mass of information, for which we must refer our readers to the fountain-head, only regretting that so good materials have not been thrown into a more compact literary form.

*** We have been obliged to postpone notices of the following books:—R. W. Dale's *Week-day Sermons*, Dean Alford's *How to Study the New Testament (the Epistles)*, Dr. Guthrie's *Studies of Character* and *Early Piety*, Henry Rogers' *Essays from "Good Words,"* the *"Christian Year Book,"* the *"Congregational Year Book,"* and the *"Baptist Hand Book,"* White's *Symbolical Numbers of Scripture*, Dr. Blaikie's *Memorials of Andrew Crichton*, Dean Alford's *Year of Praise*, J. W. Thomas's *Poems*, *Springdale Abbey*, *Wholesome Fare*. Emile Saigey's *La Physique Moderne*, besides several French works of interest, and some volumes published by the Tract Society.

NOTE.—In regard to what we have said on page 246 respecting the views of Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone on the Endowment of Irish Romanism, we have now, in common with most people, to confess ourselves mistaken in the case of Mr. Gladstone, who has surprised the country by declaring boldly and decisively for the disestablishment of the Irish Church.

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