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

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

THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

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ART. I.—*The Works of George Berkeley, D.D.*, formerly Bishop of Cloyne. Collected and Edited, with Prefaces and Annotations, by A. C. FRASER, M.A., &c. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1871.

THIS edition of the works of Bishop Berkeley has been long promised and long expected. For several years past readers of philosophy have noticed, with special interest, the announcement of the Clarendon Press that Professor Fraser was preparing a new edition of the writings of our "great English Idealist;" and some, growing impatient, had begun to wonder how much longer they would have to wait for its appearance. Its issue a few months ago was very welcome to this class of readers, and, we venture to say, the more fully it is examined by students, the more thankful will they be, in the first instance, to the Clarendon Press for projecting the undertaking, and, secondly and especially, to Professor Fraser for the great service rendered to philosophy by his labours on the work.

We are the more grateful for this edition of Berkeley, when we remember how few of England's philosophical writers have been adequately edited. It is an old complaint that the works of our greatest thinkers are allowed to remain without fit annotation. More than thirty years since, in noticing our neglect of compositions of this kind, Sir William Hamilton remarked, "Britain does not even possess an annotated edition of Locke." Unfortunately, the observation is as true to-day as when Sir William wrote it in 1839; and, to our shame as a people, it may be said with equal truth of many others

besides Locke, whose original speculations constitute the glory of English philosophical literature. We cheerfully admit that the works of some few British philosophers have been collected and suitably edited. But for what a comparatively small number has this been done! Can it be said to have been accomplished for more than three—Bacon, Reid, and Berkeley? The edition of Bacon's works by Spedding, Ellis, and Heath, leaves little to be desired in respect to the first of these, though we must think it fails to supply an exposition of Bacon's philosophy equal to that of the Jena Professor, Kuno Fischer. Had Mr. Ellis lived to complete his part of the undertaking, probably the elucidation of the philosophy might have been more entirely satisfactory. Hamilton's Reid is wellknown, and all will readily acknowledge the great services rendered by the editor in that case. Sir William Molesworth's edition of the works of Hobbes is valuable, as presenting a complete collection of these writings in a pure and accurate text; but it is sadly wanting in introductions, annotations, and dissertations, which are so essential to elucidate works of philosophy written more than two hundred years ago. In a degree, the same may be said of Hamilton's edition of Dugald Stewart's works. It is good as a collection, and as presenting a faithful text; but unfortunately in this case Hamilton attempted nothing more. His shortcomings were, in one respect, partially supplied by Professor Veitch's account of the Scotch philosophy, in his *Life of Stewart*, included in the last volume of this edition. As to Hume, we are glad to say Messrs. Longmans have, for some time, announced a new edition of his philosophical works, by Mr. T. H. Green and Mr. T. H. Grose, of Balliol College, Oxford. This work is anxiously expected.

So much in reference to what has been effected or is being attempted; but we have no creditable edition, no collection of the works, with the needful exegetical accompaniments, of Cudworth, More, Locke, Glanvil, Cumberland, Butler, Hutcheson, Collier, Clarke, Price, Hartley, Adam Smith, or Paley. This is not the way in which either the Germans or the French treat the works of their gifted men of past generations. We do not hesitate to affirm that good editions of the writings of the philosophers just named, such as we now have of Bacon and Berkeley, would be precious additions to our philosophical literature.

The first thing required in a good edition of the works of a thinker of a former time is that it present a complete collection of the author's writings. The entire works

and a pure and correct text are wanted; we desire all the philosopher wrote, and as he wrote it. This should include information as to the variations which the author may have made in the different editions or versions issued during his life-time, or that may be properly authenticated. Further, these writings should be arranged in the order that will best exhibit their relations to each other, and present the author's views in their proper order and dependence. The second thing required is, that it furnish the assistance needful to a right interpretation of the writings brought together—a means of ascertaining what the author meant by what he wrote. This may be in the shape of introductions to the different pieces, notes, or dissertations. Perhaps the necessity of editorial work of this kind, and the object at which it should aim, could not be better stated than in the following passage from Mr. Spedding's account of the plan adopted in the case of Bacon. He says:—

"When a man publishes a book, or writes a letter, or delivers a speech, it is always with a view to some particular audience, by whom he means to be understood without the help of a commentator. Giving them credit for such knowledge and capacity as they are presumably furnished with, he himself supplies what else is necessary to make his meaning clear; so that any additional illustrations would be to that audience more of a hindrance than a help. If, however, his works live into another generation, or travel out of the circle to which they were originally addressed, the conditions are changed. He now addresses a new set of readers, differently prepared, knowing much which the others were ignorant of, ignorant of much which the others knew, and on *both* accounts requiring explanations and elucidations of many things which to the original audience were sufficiently intelligible. These it is the proper business of an editor to supply."

In reference to every philosophical writer of a former time, "explanations and elucidations" of this kind are certainly necessary. His works should be interpreted by what has been called the Historic Canon, that is, by his own age and from his own standpoint, by the principles of philosophising and modes of thought current in his time; or, in other words, by his place in the history of philosophic thought. If we separate a thinker from his own age, and seek to explain his works through the theories of another age, we are almost sure to go astray, and miss his true meaning. Our primary object in studying his writings should assuredly be to ascer-

tain how *he* thought, and what precisely were *his* views.* Had this rational principle of interpretation been practically recognised in the study of Berkeley's works, we cannot but think that much of the misconception that has prevailed about his doctrines would, long ere this, have been dissipated.

While insisting on the value of this canon, in our efforts to understand the writings of thinkers of a past age, we do not, for a moment, say that we should neglect either the earlier forms or the latest developments of any school of philosophy as a means of illustrating an author. We should seek assistance in the theories that preceded any particular stage in its history, as well as in the ultimate form which it may have assumed. Two things have often been confounded that are really distinct:—the original germs of a system of philosophic thought, or its latest development, and the specific doctrines propounded by a writer at a particular period in the history of that school. It appears to us that M. Cousin† loses sight of this distinction, when he so eloquently argues that we cannot understand the philosophy of Plato without a knowledge of the philosophy of his successors, the Neo-platonists, as well as that of his predecessors. A knowledge of the systems that preceded Plato's is assuredly necessary to a full mastery of his philosophy,

* In the preface to his *Translation of Plato*, Professor Jowett recognises the importance of this canon as applicable to the Greek Idealist. Speaking of the design of his Introductions to the different Dialogues, he says: "The aim of the Introductions in these volumes has been to present Plato as the father of Idealism, who is not to be measured by the standard of Utilitarianism, or any other modern philosophical system. He is the poet, or maker of ideas, satisfying the wants of his own age, providing the instruments of thought for future generations. He is no dreamer, but a great philosophical genius, struggling with unequal conditions of light and knowledge under which he is living. He may be illustrated by the writings of moderns, but he must be interpreted by his own, and by his place in the history of philosophy. We are not concerned to determine what is the residuum of truth which remains for ourselves. His truth may not be our truth, and nevertheless may have an extraordinary value and interest for us."—Vol. I., p. iv.

† "Mais pensez-y un système, quel qu'il soit, peut-il être compris isolément? l'esprit le plus pénétrant et le plus ferme peut-il prédire avec une précision infaillible toutes les conséquences inconnues à l'auteur lui-même, qu'un système contient dans son sein? Et pourtant que sont des principes sans la chaîne de leur conséquences! Un système ne peut être totalement compris qu'autant que l'on connait toutes les conséquences réelles que l'histoire s'est chargée de tirer de ses principes. D'un autre côté on ne connait pas un système, si l'on ne sait pas d'où il vient, quels sont ses antécédents, quels systèmes il présuppose. Platon, par example, ne peut être compris sans ses successeurs, les néoplatoniciens, tout le monde en convient; mais Platon ne peut être compris davantage sans ses devanciers, sans ses pères, pour ainsi dire, Héraclite et Pythagore."—*Introduction à l'Histoire de la Philosophie*, p. 6.

because this would only be knowledge of the actual conditions under which Plato thought out his doctrines and wrote his works; and, in applying such knowledge to the explanation of the Dialogues, we are simply interpreting him by the circumstances of his own age. We demur, however, to the notion that an acquaintance with the later Platonists is essential to a right understanding of Plato. On the contrary, if we take these later Greeks as expositors of Platonism, they will very often mislead us as to what were Plato's views. Most of their notions must be regarded as essential modifications, or fresh developments of genuine Platonic doctrines. Whenever our object is simply to ascertain the views of a philosopher, our only safe course will be to proceed on the principle laid down by Professor Jowett: to interpret him by his own writings, and by his place in the history of philosophy, and not through the speculations of a subsequent writer, that may have developed his principles to a new and widely different phase.

Let us take the case of Berkeley and Idealism. There were undoubtedly forms of Idealism propounded among the Greeks, and notably by Plato. The speculations of these writers very probably influenced Berkeley's thinking:—in the latter part of his life it is certain they did. Then, in the writings of the philosophers that immediately preceded him, Locke, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Geulinx, and Malebranche, may be found doctrines having a direct affinity with the views mooted by Berkeley, and these unquestionably tended to shape his speculations. We say, then, an acquaintance with these is essential to a proper understanding of Berkeley; but we must seek his actual doctrines in his own expositions. We know his works gave rise to fresh developments of some of his principles, but it would be most unsafe to attempt to reach Berkeley's doctrines through the works of Kant, Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel. Idealism assumed entirely new forms in the works of these thinkers. Nothing could be more erroneous than to say, as Cousin says in the analogous case of Plato, that Berkeley cannot be understood without his successors—Hume, Kant, Fichte, and Schelling. Berkeley is intelligible by himself, or may at least be well understood without the aid of the Idealism of Fichte, which is an essentially different thing from the theory of Berkeley. If we are tracing the origin and history of Idealism, that is another question. Then, it will be needful that we seek its germs among the Greek writers, follow the changes it undergoes in the works of Descartes, Male-

branche and Berkeley, and pursue it forward to its developments since his time, as these appear in the works of German and English philosophers of the present century.

We conclude that the best service the editor of the works of a great thinker can render us, is to supply the means of interpreting his writings, and of understanding his philosophy as *he* conceived it, and desired it should be understood. Let us see how far Professor Fraser's edition of Berkeley is adapted to fulfil this condition. The Professor sets forth his objects in the following language :—

"In the preparation of the present edition I have had the following objects chiefly in view :—

"(1) To revise the texts of the works formerly published, and to present them in a satisfactory arrangement.

"(2) To help the reader to reach Berkeley's own point of view in each work, by means of Bibliographical and analytical prefaces, and occasional annotations, or brief dissertations, in which the author might be compared with himself, and studied in his relations to the circumstances in which he wrote.

"(3) To correct and publish any hitherto unpublished writings of Berkeley which might illustrate his opinions or character.

"(4) To offer a comprehensive conception of his implied philosophy as a whole."

Such was Professor Fraser's design; and, after a careful perusal of the four volumes, we feel bound to say this task has been executed in a thoroughly able, learned, conscientious and satisfactory manner. We venture to affirm that this edition of Berkeley will constitute a model of the way in which the writings of our philosophers should be edited. Professor Fraser may not have realised his "own conception of what an edition of the works of Bishop Berkeley ought to be;" but he may rest assured he has produced an edition for which all future readers of Berkeley, and students of the history of philosophy, will hold him in grateful remembrance. As a contribution to English philosophical literature, this edition of Berkeley's works is not only most opportune, but invaluable. It presents in a collected form all the writings published by the author during his life, together with several pieces that have not previously been printed, but which are important as illustrating both the character of the writer, and the growth of the philosophy in his own mind. These additional writings will be further useful in the elucidation of some critical points in his philosophy. The text has been revised with evident pains. The different editions have been

closely compared, errors corrected, the variations in these editions pointed out, and additions or omissions clearly indicated. Some of these changes are interesting and instructive, as serving to clear up difficult points, and to furnish insight into the working of the author's mind in the construction and defence of his theory. It is, however, in the analytical prefaces or introductions to the different pieces, in the numerous annotations, or short exegetical dissertations, and in the more formal exposition of Berkeley's system, that Professor Fraser has rendered the greatest service to philosophical inquiry. These notes bring out, in an admirably clear and succinct way, the peculiar features of Berkeley's doctrine. They send the reader to other parts of the author's writings for parallel or explicatory passages, and thus assist the student to make Berkeley his own interpreter, and to gain a connected view of his whole philosophy and mode of reasoning. They do not, like the notes of many commentators, relate to insignificant matters, or attempt to explain what needs no explanation; but they deal with fundamental points, and fairly grapple with the difficulties surrounding these points. In several passages of the life, and in the chapter entitled "The Philosophy of Berkeley," much new light is thrown on the nature and scope of our author's system.

The writings of Bishop Berkeley here printed, with the *Life and Letters*, fill four volumes. In reference to the classification of these compositions, Professor Fraser observes:—"It was not easy to apply any satisfactory principle for the arrangement of the works. On the whole, it seemed well to divide them into three groups: the Pure Philosophical; the Applied Philosophical; and the Miscellaneous, some even of the last containing a pretty distinct metaphysical ingredient." Let us briefly note the contents of each volume.

The first volume comprises what Professor Fraser very properly styles the "Pure Philosophical." It includes: 1. "The Essay towards a New Theory of Vision," 1709; 2. "The Treatise concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge," 1710; 3. "The Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," 1713; 4. "The Theory of Vision, or Visual Language vindicated and explained," 1733. These works are undeniably the most exclusively metaphysical of Berkeley's writings. They are the pieces in which his philosophy is unfolded, and to which students that seek a knowledge of his system should go. Of *The New Theory of Vision*, Professor Fraser remarks: "It was an attempt towards the psychology of our sensations, but directed immediately to the most com-

prehensive sense of all, and intended to eradicate a deeply rooted prejudice;" and again, "It is virtually an inquiry into the nature and origin of our conception of extension in space, that distinctive characteristic of the material world." Hence it forms an admirable prelude to the exposition of Berkeley's philosophy which is contained in *The Principles*. The doctrines of *The Principles* cannot be well mastered without an acquaintance with this essay. *The Principles* is Berkeley's greatest work. As a piece of profound and subtle reasoning, most felicitously expressed, it has no equal in any philosophical literature. It is beyond question the book that should be read for a knowledge of Berkeley's theory. Respecting this book, Professor Fraser justly remarks:—"It is the most systematically-reasoned exposition of Berkeley's philosophy which his works contain." *Hylas and Philonous* is a more popular explanation and illustration of the doctrines stated in *The Principles*, and is very beautifully written. Fraser says:—"It is the gem of British metaphysical literature." It is, however, much inferior to *The Principles* as a scientific production.

The second volume is occupied with the applied philosophical works. These are:—"1. Alciphron, or the Minute Philosopher, 1732; 2. Siris, or a Chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries, 1744." The first of these, *Alciphron*, is rather theological and ethical than philosophical. It is a defence of the Christian religion from the objections of sceptics—a sort of polemic against the deistical writers of the early part of last century. In one or two of the dialogues, there is some attempt to apply the author's peculiar philosophical principles in his reasonings with infidels; and in other parts we occasionally get a glance of Berkeley's Moral Theory—a kind of Christian utilitarianism. *Alciphron*, regarded as a philosophical discussion, falls much below the works in the first volume. *Siris* consists of a series of 368 sections or paragraphs, embodying remarks, reflections, and reasonings on medical, scientific, and philosophical questions. It is properly a miscellany, in which Berkeley seems to have written the results of his readings, his thoughts, his experiments, and his musings. Its earlier parts dwell on the medicinal properties of Tar-water, and in its concluding portions Berkeley endeavours to trace the unfoldings of an immaterial philosophy, somewhat resembling his own, among Greek speculations. Professor Fraser attaches much importance to *Siris* as a work of philosophy. In the general preface he says:—"The metaphysical importance of *Siris* has not been enough recognised. It is probably the profoundest

English philosophical book of the last century, and besides it gives Berkeley's philosophy in its latest form." In the preface to *Siris*, he speaks of it in equally laudatory terms. Now, we regret we cannot agree with the Professor in this estimate of the philosophical significance of *Siris*. It seems to us he somewhat overrates the work, and mistakes its character, when he regards it as exhibiting a new and important phase of Berkeley's philosophy. We have not space, however, to argue this point.

The third volume contains the miscellaneous works. These consist of eighteen pieces, chiefly tracts on political, social, scientific and philosophical subjects. Besides these tracts there are some sermons, and the essays contributed by Berkeley to the *Guardian*. These miscellaneous writings were published at various dates, extending from his early manhood in 1707 to his old age in 1752. Among those relating to philosophy we may mention:—"1. De Motu: 1721, which deals with the metaphysics of natural science; 2. The Analyst, a discourse addressed to infidel mathematicians, 1724; 3. A Defence of Free-thinking in Mathematics," 1735. So far as the peculiar philosophy of Berkeley is concerned, the contents of the third volume are only of secondary moment.

The fourth volume contains *Life and Letters of Berkeley, with an Account of his Philosophy, by the Editor, and the Writings that have not been previously published.* These latter consist of:—"1. The Common-place Book of Occasional Metaphysical Thoughts. 2. Description of the Cave of Dunmore. 3. Journal of a Tour in Italy. 4. Sermons preached in Trinity College, Dublin. 5. Skeletons of Sermons preached in Rhode Island. 6. Primary Visitation Charge at Cloyne. 7. Confirmation Charge at Cloyne." By far the most important of these is the first, the "Common-place Book." On many accounts this is a deeply interesting document. It is a record of Berkeley's studies and speculations when a young man at college—that is, during the very years he was cogitating and struggling to give shape to his new philosophical principles. Some of the entries forcibly disclose the workings of his mind, and show how he reasoned out his conclusions. In this way they throw valuable light on his character as a thinker, and on some points of his system. To our mind the *Life and Letters* contained in this fourth volume form as welcome a portion of the new edition as anything of which we have already spoken. It is evident Professor Fraser has spared no effort in seeking materials

for a biography of the great philosopher. If his zealous labours have not always been as successful as they deserved to be, yet, considering the time that has elapsed since Berkeley's death, and the other difficulties surrounding his inquiries, he may be congratulated on having brought together a mass of fresh particulars bearing on the character and works of his hero. In relation to the different places at which Berkeley resided, and his surroundings in these places, respecting his education, his studies, pursuits, and travels, the offices he filled, the preferments he enjoyed, and the persons with whom he became associated, much valuable information has been collected. Among the "Berkeley Papers," Professor Fraser found the "Common-place Book," the "Journal of a Tour in Italy," numerous letters addressed to Berkeley by dignitaries of the Church and close friends, along with other instructive facts and suggestive memoranda. In response to inquiries and diligent research, letters and particulars have also been gleaned from other sources. What, however, will be most satisfactory to the public, is, that the materials thus laboriously collected have been skilfully used in the construction of the biography. The editor has produced an instructive picture of the life of the great thinker. He makes us intimately acquainted with the man George Berkeley, and enables us to understand the workings of his mind, and the actuating principles of his life. Professor Fraser has been able to correct some erroneous impressions that prevailed about Berkeley's life, and to shed much light on many points of his career respecting which we were previously either wholly ignorant or very imperfectly informed.

We regret our limits will not permit us to attempt anything like an outline of the story of Berkeley's life now brought before the public in this fourth volume. It must suffice to mention a few of the leading facts that will enable our readers, in some degree, to connect his writings and philosophy with the events of his life, and with the circumstances of the times in which he lived.

George Berkeley was the son of Mr. William Berkeley, an English royalist who had settled in Ireland. He was born in 1685, at Dysert Castle, in the valley of the Nore, about two miles from Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny. Of his childhood and early years nothing is known. He must, however, have been a well-taught or a precocious boy, for in July 1696, at the age of eleven, he entered the Free School or College of Kilkenny, and was at once placed in the *second*

class. In January 1700, he left this school, and was entered at Trinity College, Dublin. The few facts we have about his education point to the conclusion that his career at school and college was eminently creditable. He was made a scholar in 1702; in 1704, he took the degree of B.A.; in 1707, that of M.A. and, in the same year, he passed an "arduous examination with unprecedented applause," and was admitted a fellow of the college. In this same year, 1707, at the age of twenty-two, he published his first work, *Arithmetica*. Two years afterwards, in 1709, at the age of twenty-four, he gave to the world his first important book, *The Essay towards a New Theory of Vision*. This was followed, in the next year, 1710, when he was twenty-five, by his greatest work, *The Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge*. These books were written while he was at the university. "The Common-place Book," already mentioned, was also written during the later years of his college career, and the entries in it cover a period extending from about his eighteenth to his twenty-second year.

This was the time when he was maturing his new philosophical principle, and preparing for the press the books in which it is developed. Most of the entries in this book relate to his studies and speculations on philosophical subjects. We here learn what books he read, see what problems engaged his thoughts, and how he mastered the difficulties that presented themselves. Of the "Common-place Book," Professor Fraser remarks:—"It is a biographical document of great value to those whose conception of biography comprehends analysis of the progressive unfolding of the individual human mind. It contains thoughts, self-originated, or immediately occasioned by reading, partly in natural philosophy and mathematics, chiefly in psychology, metaphysics, ethics, and theology." Berkeley was evidently a diligent reader of Locke, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz and Malebranche, among metaphysicians. These, along with Newton, Barrow, and Boyle, are most frequently mentioned, and their views are often criticised and controverted with much boldness and ability. In these jottings of the "Common-place Book," we see the germs of the doctrines we find more fully developed in *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, and in *Hylas and Philonous*, and we cannot read these entries without feeling with what deep interest he pursued these new views. It is clear from this book that his "Idealism," or whatever else we may call his philosophy, was to him no mere intellectual gymnastic, but a solemn

verity—a reality; and the inquiry one into which he threw his whole soul. These records not only exhibit Berkeley as an earnest, but also as a thoroughly independent thinker. He had no respect whatever for old or prevailing systems of philosophy or modes of inquiry. The next few years after the publication of *The Principles* Berkeley seems to have passed in college work at Trinity. Full of ardour for the propagation of his new philosophy, he went to London in 1713. Here he published, in that year, his *Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, and made the acquaintance of Swift, who introduced him to Addison, Pope, and sundry great men of the Court of Queen Anne. He soon became a favourite in the brilliant literary circle which then figured so largely in the metropolis. He contributed several papers to the *Guardian*. The years from 1713 to 1720 were mostly passed by Berkeley in travels in France, Switzerland and Italy, either as secretary to Lord Peterborough, or as tutor to Mr. St. George Ashe. Philosophy was not altogether forgotten during these years of travel; for, on reaching England in 1720, he published *De Motu*, a small philosophical treatise which he had written while abroad. He appears to have resided some time in London, after returning from the Continent. In August 1721, he went to Dublin, as chaplain in the suite of the Duke of Grafton, who had been appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Here he at once resumed active college work at Trinity, and was advanced to several important posts in that University. In April 1724, he was presented to the living of Ardtrea by the Duke of Grafton, and soon after was made Dean of Derry. About this time, Berkeley conceived the philanthropic design of establishing a Christian University in the Bermudas, for the civilisation of America. In 1724, he again went to London, full of enthusiasm for the success of the project, and prepared to resign his deanery and devote all his means and energies to the new undertaking. This work of Christian philanthropy occupied many of the best years of Berkeley's life. After much disappointment and delay, in reference to the funds for the university, he sailed for New England in 1729, having arranged with the Government that the money should be sent after him. He never reached the Bermudas, but stopped at Rhode Island, where he spent more than two years in a sort of pleasant seclusion. The Government failed to provide the money for his university, and he returned to England about the close of 1731, or the beginning of 1732. During his residence in Rhode Island, he wrote *Alciphron*,

which he published in London, in 1732. Berkeley now remained about two years in the metropolis, actively engaged in literary and philanthropic labours. In January 1734, he was made Bishop of Cloyne, a small place in the south of Ireland, and a few months afterwards he retired to his diocese. Here he passed the remainder of his life in the faithful discharge of his duties as a bishop, and in active efforts for the social and religious improvement of the population around him. In August 1752, he removed with a portion of his family to Oxford, partly to superintend the studies of his son, and partly to gratify a long-cherished desire for academical retirement. Here he died in the following January.

The story of his life, as given in this volume, proves that Berkeley was a man of superior attainments and high character. He was a scholar of varied learning, a mathematician, and well versed in several branches of physical science, as then known. His actions proved him to be a patriotic citizen and a practical, disinterested philanthropist. He was a pious Christian clergyman, and an excellent bishop. Probably a more pure-minded man never lived, and his amiable temper and kind disposition were proverbial. The line of Pope,—

"To Berkeley every virtue under heaven,—"

is well known. Still, his reputation does not rest on what he was or did in any of these spheres of action. He is known to the world as an original thinker, or as the propounder of a peculiar system of philosophy. His name has come down to us and will go to future generations as that of *philosopher*. It has chiefly been to bring out the distinctive nature of this philosophy that Professor Fraser has laboured so assiduously on the edition of his works now under notice, and it is mainly on account of his success in this duty that the edition is so acceptable and so valuable.

What, then, is Berkeley's philosophy? what its full scope, its peculiar nature and real value as a system? He would be a bold man that would undertake to furnish an adequate answer to these questions within the compass of a short article like the present. We have not the presumption to attempt anything of the sort. It is true that many writers have professed to explain Berkeley's philosophy in a short paragraph, and, in some cases, in a few brief sentences. But such accounts are necessarily vague and imperfect, and not unfrequently misleading. To whom can such explanations

be serviceable? Certainly not to readers previously unacquainted with the subject. There can be little doubt these flippant explanations have been the chief source of those crude and erroneous notions that obtain so widely respecting this philosophy. Historians of philosophy are sadly at fault on this score, and are, in no small degree, responsible for the prevalent misconceptions. Even one of the most able and impartial of these, Schwegler, whose power of exposition is unrivalled, devotes one short page to an account of Berkeley's speculations. His very worthy translator and annotator, Dr. J. H. Sterling, says:—"Schwegler is very short on Berkeley, but, to my mind, he is perfectly accurate." The account may be perfectly accurate to Dr. Sterling, who is thoroughly conversant with this and other systems of philosophy; but the question is—Can such a meagre account possibly convey a just notion of Berkeley's system to those who are new to these inquiries, or who may be anxious really to understand that philosophy? We trow not. To all who are anxious to master Berkeley's system, and who are willing to give the needful time to the inquiry, we would say—examine fully Berkeley's own writings, with the invaluable helps now supplied by the labours of Professor Fraser. To every genuine lover of philosophy the result will amply repay the demand made on his attention. Perhaps no system has ever been more completely misunderstood, and probably no theory ever gave rise to keener controversy or grosser misconception. More than 160 years have elapsed since Berkeley first published his *Principles*, and still philosophers are wrangling as to what one of the clearest thinkers and one of the most felicitous writers of English really meant to teach respecting the nature of human knowledge! Surely this is not creditable to modern critics. We are thankful to believe that a better future is dawning for Berkeley. Evidences are rapidly multiplying, both in this country and Germany, that inquirers are now approaching his writings in a more philosophical spirit than they have hitherto been studied in. We augur much good to philosophy from the interest recently awakened in Berkeley's writings, and in the principles he taught. If on this occasion we are unable to furnish an extended view of Berkeley's philosophy as a whole, we may still be useful to students by offering prolegomena that may clear the way for a profitable reading of his works; and shall further endeavour, by the help of Professor Fraser, to supply some account of the general features of his system.

1. Without accepting in its full sweep Hegel's doctrine that all systems of philosophy constitute an organic whole or connected series, and that each is necessarily evolved out of its immediate predecessors, and that every system can only be understood through a knowledge of others, there can be no doubt that an acquaintance with the philosophies that go before any system will materially help to a mastery of its peculiar doctrines. From what has been already said, it will be evident that we think this is true in the case of Berkeley, and especially is it desirable to examine the preceding philosophies that belong to what may be called the same sect or school. In attempting to solve the problem respecting the nature of human knowledge, and the relation of the mind to the sensible world, many of the Greek thinkers taught a species of Idealism, as well as a scepticism as to the independent existence of matter. In the history of the Greek schools, from the Eleatics to Plato and Aristotle, we readily find traces of doctrines of this nature. The student of Berkeley might examine these with advantage. They influenced Berkeley's thinking, particularly in the latter part of his life. But it is far more necessary that he should look into the philosophical writers that lived just previously to Berkeley's time,—Locke, Descartes, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Geulinx, and Malebranche. The works of these thinkers directly shaped Berkeley's earlier studies, and his philosophy—considered as pure philosophy—in no small degree grew out of their speculations. We fear Professor Fraser attributes too great an influence to Locke, and too little to some of the other writers we have named. It is readily admitted that there are marked differences between the systems of Geulinx and Malebranche on one side, and that of Berkeley on the other. But it must also be acknowledged that there were equally marked resemblances between them, particularly as to the agency by which human cognitions are generated. It will be instructive to note both these agreements and the differences.

2. Then, in trying to reach a true conception of Berkeley's philosophy, it is vital to remember that his design in his philosophical writings was not merely to establish a body of scientific truth. His philosophy was not the end, but the means to another end—the destruction of infidelity, scepticism and atheism. His object was thus throughout theological and religious. He believed that his philosophy supplied the only effectual means of uprooting infidelity, materialism, pantheism, scepticism and atheism, and it was on this account chiefly that he thought it worthy of acceptance. He

distinctly and emphatically states this again and again in his various writings. No one can read any of them, not even the most scientifically reasoned, *The Principles of Human Knowledge*, without being constantly impressed with the fact that his actuating motive was the desire to realise this grand religious object. All is designed to be subservient to its attainment. It directed his inquiries and shaped his conclusions. It would be useless to quote passages to this effect, as they are so numerous and constant. He declares this to be his object, not in a casual and incidental way, but in the most formal and solemn manner. In the preface to *The Principles*, he says: "What I here make public, has, after a long and scrupulous inquiry, seemed to me evidently true and not unuseful to be known, particularly to those who are tainted with scepticism, or want a demonstration of the existence and immateriality of God, or the natural immortality of the soul."

3. Closely connected with the last remark is another requisite to a full understanding of Berkeley's historical position, viz., some acquaintance with the controversies that raged in England from the time of Hobbes to the beginning of the last century, on various questions connected with natural and revealed religion. As already intimated, his philosophy was intended to refute or render ineffective the arguments of the sceptical writers that flourished during this period. He mentions Hobbes, Spinoza, Bayle, Tyndale, and Collins, as the writers to whom he was directly opposed; but the nature and progress of the controversy can hardly be comprehended without a knowledge of the writings of the other side,—those of Cudworth, More, Cumberland, and others.

4. It would be well if the readers of Berkeley would ever remember that his philosophical works are somewhat fragmentary, and that, like Plato, he did not favour the world with anything like a complete and connected exposition of his philosophy as a whole. It can only be said to be partially unfolded in any of his works, and these, as we have seen, consist of several independent treatises. Hence, on some important points of the system, we have only hints, or obscure remarks; that is, these points are not reasoned out, and we do not know exactly what Berkeley might have taught respecting them. *The Principles of Human Knowledge* is, as Fraser justly says, "the most systematically-reasoned exposition of his peculiar philosophy;" but then, he is obliged to add, "it is an unfinished work." It was expressly called

"Part I.," and unfortunately Part II., though promised, never appeared. In writing to Dr. S. Johnson, of New England, he says:—"I had no inclination to trouble the world with large volumes. What I have done was rather with the view of giving hints to thinking men, who have leisure and curiosity to go to the bottom of things, and pursue them in their own minds."

5. Still, it will be found an advantage to read Berkeley's philosophical writings in the order in which they were published. The *Essay on the New Theory of Vision* appeared first, and Professor Fraser observes:—"It is the chronological and also a logical introduction to his metaphysical philosophy." Next followed *The Principles*, and then *Hylas and Philonous*, each of which presents his philosophy under a different mode of reasoning and treatment. There are several reasons why it will be found profitable to take these works in chronological order, but we need not dwell upon the subject. Berkeley himself thought this course desirable, and in a letter to Dr. S. Johnson, while advising about these writings, he observes:—"I could wish that all the things I have published on these philosophical subjects were read in the order wherein I published them."

How has the philosophy which was produced under these circumstances, and designed to accomplish the ends indicated, been understood and received? How have its leading features been described, and its character set forth? As we have already intimated, it has been much misinterpreted and much misunderstood. Its real character has not only been misapprehended by general readers, but most philosophical writers have entirely mistaken it. A brief glance at some of the ordinary modes of representing this philosophy, may, perhaps, help us to juster notions of it. Because Berkeley insisted upon a rigorous interpretation of the facts of consciousness, and in consequence argued against the independent, natural, and absolute existence of matter, his philosophy was denounced as a system of scepticism. He strongly contended for the phenomenal existence of material things, but his reasonings were ridiculed, because it was said he denied the existence of outward objects. His inquiry was not a popular, but a metaphysical analysis of perception and the process of knowing. It was an attempt to determine what is the difference between the *real* and the *apparent* in our intercourse with the sensible world. The first philosophical writer that noticed Berkeley was Andrew Baxter, whose *Inquiry* appeared in 1735. His criticism consists almost wholly of objections which Berkeley

had anticipated in his writings. Not understanding Berkeley's reasonings, Baxter represents him as a "sceptic," and treats his system as "a complication of all the species of scepticism that have ever yet been broached." Hume came next. He understood Berkeley far better than Baxter, or many others that followed; still, he says: "Most of the writings of that very ingenious author form the best lessons of scepticism which are to be found either among the ancient or modern philosophers." Beattie and Reid altogether missed Berkeley's meaning, and contended that his principles controverted the most indisputable conclusions of common sense. Stewart and Brown spoke of Berkeley in a more philosophical tone, but they equally misunderstood him. All these writers failed to see the depth and subtlety of his metaphysical analysis, and in consequence caricatured his reasoning. To represent Berkeley as a sceptic, involves a vulgar misconception of all the issues raised in his philosophy. Even Sir W. Hamilton misinterpreted some of his essential points. Mr. Lewes well observes: "Berkeley's rigorous analysis of the facts of consciousness has obtained for him the reputation of being one of the most extravagant of speculators."* Later writers, such as Ferrier, Morell, Lewes, Dr. Sterling, and other sin England, and several recent German authors, have taken a much more enlarged and scientific view of Berkeley's speculations; but one thing is very remarkable in all these writers, they all speak of Berkeley as an *Idealist*, and represent his philosophy as a system of *Idealism*. Everywhere his philosophy is described by this vague term; it is *Idealism*.

Now, to say the least of it, this word *Idealism* is a very indefinite term. When thus applied, it may be said to be employed in what is called a technical or appropriated sense. We are, then, entitled to ask, what is its precise import when

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* *Biographical Hist. of Philosophy*; Art. "Berkeley." In another passage, Mr. Lewes thus forcibly notices the way in which Berkeley's philosophy has been received:—"All the world has heard of Berkeley's Idealism, and innumerable 'coxcombs' have vanquished it with a grin. Ridicule has not been sparing of it. Argument has not been wanting. It has been laughed at, written at, talked at, shrieked at. That it has been *understood* is not so apparent. Few writers seem to have honestly read and appreciated his works; and those few are certainly not among his antagonists. In reading the criticisms upon his theory, it is quite ludicrous to notice the constant iteration of trivial objections which, trivial as they are, Berkeley had often anticipated. In fact, the critics misunderstood him, and then reproached him for his inconsistency—inconsistency, not with *his* principles, but with *their*s. They force a meaning upon his words which he had expressly rejected; and then triumph over him because he did not pursue their principles to the extravagances which would have resulted from them."—*Ibid.*

used to characterise a philosophy? This is not very clear. Cousin teaches, not only that philosophy itself originates in the human mind, but that each of the different forms or systems—sensationalism, idealism, mysticism, scepticism—has also its origin in the innate tendencies of man's nature. Sensationalism and Idealism are usually regarded as the two most opposed and contrasted schools. It is said Sensationalism, sometimes called Materialism, represents the disposition in the human mind to trace the ultimate elements of all our knowledge to sensations, and thus to the external world; and Idealism represents the disposition to discover these elements in the mind itself. Or, sensational systems of philosophy derive our cognitions from the objective world through the senses, and thus make mind dependent upon matter, whereas idealistic systems regard these cognitions as *à priori*, or as, in some sense, originating in, or generated by the mind itself; they derive our cognitions from the subjective, and consider they are either native to the mind, or necessarily evolved from its inherent powers. If we accept this explanation as correct, it will only carry us a very short way towards an articulate conception of any particular philosophy which is described by the general term "Idealism." It cannot help us much, because, in the history of philosophy, the word has been applied to widely different systems. Let us glance at a few of the applications of this term—either alone or with qualifying epithets. Among the Greeks, as we have already remarked, there were several idealistic philosophies. Professor Ferrier speaks of Xenophanes, the Eleatic, as an Idealist.* Plato was of course an Idealist. As we have seen, Professor Jowett calls him "the father of Idealism," and although Aristotle severely criticises Plato's system of ideas, Ferrier, Schwegler, and other historians show that "he advanced an ideal theory of his own."† Hence both the philosophies of Plato and of Aristotle, though differing widely, are Idealistic philosophies! There were many other forms of Idealism among the later Greeks, the Alexandrines, the Romans, and the early Christians. We need not adduce proof from historians of philosophy that these differing systems have been characterised by the term "Idealistic."

In modern times Descartes first used the word "Idea" in a philosophical sense, though the doctrine now represented by it had been broached before his time. Sir William

* *Lectures on Greek Philosophy*, Vol. I. p. 86.
† *Lectures on History of Greek Philosophy*, Vol. I. p. 372.

Hamilton styles Descartes "the father of modern Idealism." Historians of philosophy classify Geulinx and Malebranche, and, of course, Berkeley, as Idealists, and a considerable number of their successors, both in Germany and this country, have been so designated. Kant applied the phrases "Material Idealism" and "Problematical Idealism" to the philosophy of Descartes; he also uses the expression "Empirical Idealism." * In reference to Kant's critical philosophy, Schwegler styles it "a Critical Subjective Idealism," and his practical philosophy he calls "Practical Idealism." † Chalybæus designates the whole tendency of German philosophy, from Kant to Hegel, as "Dynamico-Idealistic." ‡ Morell says, Kant's philosophy "is not pure Idealism." Remusat observes that, "it is not exactly Idealism nor Scepticism, it is 'a tendency to Idealism.'" Tennemann speaks of Kant's system as "Critical Idealism," and again as "Transcendental Idealism." § Kroeger calls it "Transcendental Idealism;" ‖ and Kuno Fischer says it is "Ideal Realism." ¶ Mr. Meiklejohn speaks of "Formal Idealism." The systems of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel are uniformly described as forms of Idealism, although they differ very much from one another. Lewes styles that of Fichte "Subjective Idealism," of Schelling "Objective Idealism," and of Hegel "Absolute Idealism." Morell, Ferrier, Schwegler, and other critics use similar expressions in describing these philosophies.

If, then, it be admitted that Berkeley is an Idealist, we are still very little nearer to a knowledge of the real character of his philosophy; first, because we do not exactly know the meaning of this term as here applied, and secondly, because there are so many kinds of Idealism, that we want further to ascertain both what kind of an Idealist Berkeley is, and the precise nature of that particular species. What sort of an Idealist is Berkeley? On this point, again, authorities are not agreed. In one place, Kant terms Berkeley's philosophy "Dogmatic Idealism" and in another "Enthusiastic Idealism," whereas Fraser assures us that Kant disowns Berkeley as a "Subjective Idealist." Stewart simply styles his philosophy "The Idealism of Berkeley," Tennemann calls it "Supernatural Idealism." In one place Lewes designates

* *Kant's Critic of Pure Reason.* By Meiklejohn. P. 166.
† *History of Philosophy*, pp. 212—214.
‡ *History of Speculative Philosophy from Kant to Hegel*, p. 181.
§ *History of Philosophy*, pp. 400—403.
‖ *Fichte's New Exposition of the Science of Knowledge.* By Kroeger. P. 154.
¶ *Commentary on Kant's Critic of Pure Reason.* By Mahaffy. 1866. P. 130.

it "Dogmatic Idealism," and in another "Theologic Idealism." In one passage Sir William Hamilton speaks of Collier and Berkeley as "Absolute Idealists," while in another he refers to the "Theological Idealism of Berkeley," and in a letter to Mr. Simon he calls it "Theistic Idealism."* Ferrier speaks of it as "Absolute Idealism," and Morell "marks it as the climax of English Polemical Idealism." Schwegler represents Berkeley as the "Completer of Idealism," and his system as "Consistent, pure Idealism." Dr. J. H. Sterling refers to the "Dogmatic Idealism of Berkeley," and Professor Ueberweg thinks Berkeley should be regarded as a "Subjective Idealist," or even an "Egoist," if he had not reversed the ordinary meaning of words.

Now, if the terms here used by these high authorities to characterise Berkeley's philosophy were but clearly defined, and if the writers had described the system by the same phrases, we might then perhaps have gained some light as to what they conceived to be its true nature. There would then be some propriety or utility in such classifications. But these conditions are not fulfilled, and bringing them together only serves to demonstrate how vague and inconsistent are the prevalent notions of Berkeley's system even among philosophical writers. It would materially help us to settle the question what kind of an Idealist Berkeley is, or whether he is an Idealist at all, if we could articulately compare his philosophy with that of others described as Idealists—with that, for instance, of Plato, and clearly discriminate their points of agreement and difference. We should find these differences are very marked. In this case we should discover that these two "Idealisms" have little in common. In like manner Berkeley might be compared with Descartes, Geulinx, and Malebranche, and it would not be difficult to distinguish in what particulars his system agreed with or differed from theirs. Here, again, the differences would be decided, although there is a strong affinity between some of the doctrines of the French writers and certain views of the English philosopher. In a similar way, a comparison might be instituted between Berkeley's Idealism, and that of Kant, of Fichte, of Schelling or Hegel, and a determination of the points of agreement and difference would bring out in a clear light what is distinctive in the philosophy of Berkeley. This would form an instructive inquiry, but it is one that cannot be entered upon here.

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* *Memoir of Sir William Hamilton.* By Professor Veitch. P. 347.

In his celebrated classification of the schools of philosophy, Sir William Hamilton attempts to discriminate very nicely the grounds of difference involved in their theories about Perception. Philosophers are either Realists or Idealists: the former are either natural Realists or hypothetical Realists. The Idealists, again, are either absolute and presentative, or representative Idealists. Now, his placing of Berkeley, under these categories, is by no means satisfactory. The truth is, Hamilton is neither clear nor consistent in dealing with Berkeley, or with the whole subject of Perception. In one passage he makes him an absolute presentative Idealist, in another a representative Idealist, and then, in a remarkable note on Reid, he seems to speak of Berkeley's system as both "thorough-going Realism" and "thorough-going Idealism!" This vacillating mode of speaking of Berkeley has been strongly remarked upon by Dr. J. H. Sterling in his article in the *Fortnightly Review*.* Amidst this confusion, one thing is clear—that Hamilton makes Berkeley a Representationist, or, to use the words of Dr. Ingleby, "He places him among those who hold that the *Non-ego* is perceived by a vicarious image within the sphere of consciousness." This is a great error, as Dr. Ingleby points out.† Berkeley was *not* a Representationist in any sense, or of any form. He was radically opposed to all theories of representative perception. He taught that, in Perception, we know phenomena or objects intuitively, immediately, presentatively, or as they really are, and not through any representative modification of the *Ego*, or symbol. This is a vital point in his philosophy. How could Hamilton misunderstand it?

Here we come to the mode in which Professor Fraser characterises Berkeley's philosophy by these technical phrases. It is a notable and an interesting fact that Fraser hesitates to designate Berkeley's philosophy as "Idealism." He sometimes seems a little puzzled through what appropriated terms to describe it. He varies in the use of these phrases, as though he had not a clear and steady notion of its nature; and yet this is not the case. Speaking, in the preface to *The Principles*, about Berkeley's denunciation of abstract ideas, he remarks, "The relation between the Phenomenalism and Nominalist-Idealism of Berkeley's early metaphy-

* *Fortnightly Review* for September, 1866. Art. "Was Sir William Hamilton a Berkeleian?" See also his *Philosophy of Perception. Passim.* London. 1865.

† *An Introduction to Metaphysics.* 1869. P. 5.

sical writings, on the one hand, and the Platonic Realism and Idealism of his *Siris* on the other, is one of the most important, and yet hitherto least considered aspects of his philosophy." Mark, the Professor describes Berkeley's early philosophy as "Phenomenalism" and his later philosophy as "Platonic Realism and Idealism." We, of course, simply desire to draw attention to the way in which this language is applied, but would observe, in passing, that we cannot agree with Professor Fraser in the importance he attaches to what he calls the later form of Berkeley's philosophy. In his formal exposition, he says, "Berkeley may be called a Sensationalist and a Phenomenalist, as well as an Idealist!" Here we have the two opposing theories predicated of the same philosophy. In the fourth volume, he several times says of Berkeley's system, particularly the philosophy of *The Principles*, that "his theory is a Theological Sensationalism."* Here the term "Idealism" has disappeared, and Berkeley is described as belonging to the school of philosophy directly opposed to Idealism. We are not quarrelling with this description, for we are well aware there is a sense in which it may be perfectly correct; but we think it would have been well if Professor Fraser had explained this phrase when he applied it. In a note on *The Principles* (sect. 39), he definitely affirms that "Berkeley's philosophy is a system of intelligible Realism or Dualism, rather than of Idealism in the popular meaning of *idea*—for, he uses the word 'idea', merely to mark the fact, that he recognises the existence of objective things only so far as they are perceived and passive objects of a conscious mind; and he does not, as the term Idealism suggests, regard sensible things as created or constructed by the voluntary activity of the individual mind in which they appear." We regard this as a very important passage, and as a correct representation of Berkeley's doctrine. In other places, Professor Fraser speaks of the "Immediate Sense-Realism of Berkeley." This, we take it, is equivalent in meaning to the last quotation, and we conclude the editor considers Berkeley as a Realist and not an Idealist.† He certainly was *not* an Idealist, not merely in the popular sense of the word idea—which is foreign to these discussions—but in the technical sense of the term, as applied by historians of philosophy to

* Pp. 49, 198.

† Either in the sense explained in this paper, or in the larger sense which represents the *objective* world as the product of the *subjective*.

characterise the distinctive feature of a school of thought, and as implying that the mind in some way evolves out of itself, or creates, or produces its ideas, cognitions, and all objective things. No doubt he is an *Idealist*, according to the unsatisfactory explanation of the word given by Dugald Stewart, who says:—"In England the word Idealist is most commonly restricted to such as (with Berkeley) reject the existence of the material world." Of course this representation is incorrect in fact, so far as Berkeley is concerned. The truth is, no man ever insisted more strenuously than he did on the existence of the *phenomenal* material world, and surely nobody knows anything of any other material world than the phenomenal one! The only other writers that we know who have taken a similar view of Berkeley's philosophy to that implied in the last extract from Fraser, are Mr. T. Collyns Simon, who is accounted a thorough-going Berkeleian, and, to some extent, Dr. Ingleby.

In the volumes before us, Professor Fraser furnishes what we may venture to call a new interpretation of Berkeley's philosophy,—at any rate, new, except in so far as it may coincide with the account given in the writings of Mr. Simon. As already stated, this interpretation is contained in the prefaces to the different works, the running notes, the elaborate exposition in the fourth volume, and in some admirable passages in the *Life*, where the nature of each work is explained under the date of its publication. Perhaps it is more important to remark that this interpretation is not only new, but appears to us the most complete and consistent explication of Berkeley's philosophy that has hitherto been published. Professor Fraser is not content to exhibit some one or two features of these speculations; he shows us the true depth and the reach of the philosophy as a system and as a whole, as far as Berkeley unfolded it. Most previous accounts have been one-sided and partial, and, in consequence, more or less erroneous. Former expounders and critics have not examined the entire field of Berkeley's inquiry, and have thus failed to bring out all its parts in their relative importance, and as forming a body of reasoned philosophical truth. Professor Fraser has attempted this, and he has succeeded to an extent that is very gratifying, if not in every respect perfectly satisfactory. He shows that Berkeley's philosophy does not consist of negative dogmas and sceptical principles; that it cannot be narrowed to a paradoxical theory of perception, or a vulgar denial of the existence of matter, but that it is a comprehensive system which embraces a scientific

discussion of the profoundest problems respecting the nature of existence, reality, causation, and the ultimate grounds of all knowledge.

The following passages from Professor Fraser's exposition in the fourth volume, will exhibit his conception of the general design and specific purpose of Berkeley's inquiries. They are long, but we believe the reader will not find them tedious :—

"Berkeley's belief about the sensible world was not a mere intellectual whim: we see this when we follow the story of his life. It was the issue of deep human interest and sympathy. Men had suffered, and were suffering, he believed, from wrong ways of conceiving the manner in which the material world exists, and the powers which may reasonably be attributed by physical science to sensible things. He suspected that their manner of thinking about matter was making them sceptical about everything; or, at any rate, that it was leaving them satisfied with the supposed powers of the world of sense, as a sufficient explanation of themselves and of all that is. Materialists were making unperceived matter supreme; yet philosophers found it difficult to deduce its existence from what alone they allowed us to be able to perceive. Now, by substituting in people's thoughts—in room of an indefinitely powerful matter—the subordinate kind of material world, which he found given in sense, and sanctioned by reason, the difficulty of proving its real existence would, he thought, be at once removed: spiritual life, above all, would have room to grow in, when matter ceased to be regarded as the deepest thing in existence; and the physical sciences, too, might have freedom to enlarge themselves, without hindrance, by restored faith, when it was demonstrated that no possible progress in the interpretation of sensible signs could interfere with religion, whose roots are in the heart and conscience of man.

"Matter was apt to make philosophers sceptical about reality of every sort, because they had assumed it to be something, the existence of which it was impossible to prove, and the nature of which it was impossible even to conceive. Yet without the acknowledged existence of a sensible world, nothing external to the individual mind could be assured. Berkeley, accordingly, found Descartes, Malebranche, Locke, and other philosophers of the century in which he was born, trying, but with indifferent success, to verify the existence of matter. And then he found even Locke suggesting that this same unperceived matter may be the cause of consciousness. Hobbes, indeed, dogmatically asserted more than this, assuming, in his explanation of intelligent man, that the body accounted for the mind, and that matter was the deepest thing in the universe. Spinoza, too, unfolded the Divine system according to a geometrical, which seemed to be a materialistic, imagination of it; and although the hypothesis which resolves the material world into unextended monads might place

Leibnitz in a different category, it was an assumption almost as open to objection as that of the materialists, that a plurality of inconceivable forces is the constitutive essence of extended things . . . Berkeley may be pictured as one trying in vain all his life to get a hearing for a new question about space and the material world. His philosophical contemporaries, and their predecessors, had been busy offering evidence that unperceivable matter really exists—in answer to supposed demands for such evidence; or in referring to this universal substance for the explanation of the perplexing phenomena of conscious life. He entreated them to address themselves to another task altogether, and also to suspend the assumption that the unperceiving world could explain everything, till they had made sure that it could really explain anything. Instead of offering doubtful evidence of the former, and also dogmatically taking the dynamical efficiency of matter for granted, let us first ask, Berkeley in effect says, what the words *existence*, *reality*, *externality*, and *cause* mean, when they are affirmed of sensible objects. Perhaps we shall then find that the only reality these can have is a reality that does not need proof, and that their only possible externality is not an inconceivable—even contradictory—externality, but one easy to be conceived and believed in. Instead of trying to show that matter is the cause of this or of that, he invites us to inquire what physical causality means, and in what respect, or to what extent anything unconscious and involuntary can be the cause of anything at all. . . . Berkeley's life-long labour as a philosopher was, in short, an endeavour to get the previous question put in place of the prevalent question, and the prevalent assumption about matter. He wanted to induce men to settle what the substantial existence of the sensible world could in reason amount to—not to *prove* its substantiality, which (in a conventional meaning of "substance") no sane person could doubt. He wanted to settle the meaning of physical power—not to *prove* the causality of visible and tangible things, which, too (in a conventional meaning of "cause"), could as little be doubted.

"His historical position in philosophy is, I think, not intelligible to those who overlook the fact that his speculative life (whether he was fully aware of this himself or not) was an endeavour thus to *change the question* about the unconscious world with which modern philosophy had busied itself. The result of the change would be to make metaphysics not the demonstrator of the existence of the real things of sense—which do not need to be demonstrated; nor the expositor of their so-called effects—which the physical sciences undertake to interpret; but to make it the analyst of the *meaning* of reality, and the *meaning* of causality, when reality is affirmed of sensible things by everybody, and causality especially by men of science.

"Berkeley's philosophy, in its most comprehensive aspect—increasingly in its later developments in *Alciphron* and *Siris*—is a philosophy of the causation that is in the universe, rather than a philosophy of the mere material world. It is the reasoned expression

of an assumed intuition of the efficiency of mind—of which the very essence is conscious acting—as the only real cause of what appears in dead and living nature."—Vol. iv. p. 362.

Such is Professor Fraser's conception of the great questions raised by Berkeley. We think it will be admitted that these questions are somewhat different from those which have ordinarily been supposed to constitute the sum and substance of Berkeley's system. That his design was to institute a searching inquiry into what is meant by existence, reality, and causation, cannot, we think, admit of a doubt. Every one acquainted with his works will remember that he is continually urging his readers to ascertain precisely what these words or their equivalents really mean, and begging them not to be misled by words that relate to these subjects, but be determined to know what is signified by them. The object of his whole analysis of the process of knowing and of perception is designed to settle what we really know and mean when we speak of substance, of things existing, and of causation. To prove that this is Berkeley's object by quotations from his writings, would require us to give very considerable portions of these compositions, because his reasonings are constantly directed to the illustration of these points. We shall, therefore, only adduce one or two brief extracts. In the "Common-place Book," which was designed exclusively for his own private use, he writes thus, when speaking of the erroneous method of ancient philosophers:—"This sprung from their not knowing what *existence* was, and wherein it consisted. This is the source of all their folly. It is on the discovering of the nature and meaning and import of *existence* that I chiefly insist. This puts a wide difference betwixt the sceptics and me. This, I think, is wholly new." Again, in the same book, he writes:—"Let it not be said that I take away *existence*. I only declare the *meaning* of the word, so far as I can comprehend it." And, in the next page, he declares:—"I am persuaded, would men but examine what they mean by the word *existence*, they would agree with me." When he is stating formally the object of his inquiries, in the 89th section of *The Principles*, he observes:—"Nothing seems more important toward erecting a firm system of sound and real knowledge, which may be proof against the assaults of scepticism, than to lay the beginning in a distinct explication of what is meant by *things, reality, existence*; for in vain shall we dispute concerning the real existence of things, or pretend to any know-

ledge thereof, so long as we have not fixed the meaning of these words." And in *Siris* (section 155), he remarks:—"The principles whereof a thing is compounded, the instrument used in its production, and the end for which it was intended, are all, in *vulgar use*, termed '*causes*,' though none of them be, strictly speaking, *agent* or *efficient*. There is not any proof that an extended, corporeal or mechanical cause does really and properly act, even motion itself being in truth a passion." These things are not causes.*

These extracts, which might easily be multiplied, abundantly sustain the view taken by Professor Fraser, in the extracts given above, as to the primary object of Berkeley, and also as to the issues raised by his philosophy.

As Professor Fraser declares, Berkeley laboured to change the question of philosophical inquiry. How did he seek to accomplish this? The answer is, by instituting a rigid analysis of the process of knowing. In effect he said, we ordinarily speak of causes, of existence, of external things, of substance, of distance, of mind, of spirit, &c., and we are said to have knowledge of these things. But, he inquired, what do you really mean when you say you "*know*" what things are? what a cause is; what matter is; what externality is; what substance is; what space is; what quality is; what mind is; what body is; what spirit is? His great object was to urge men to inquire, what was the actual process going on in their minds when they were said to be perceiving and knowing. What, said he virtually, is the agency involved in this process? What things are causes or efficient agents, and what are passive objects? In short, he sought to explain what is the *rationale* of knowing, and what is the exact result of the process—what is known. How then did he proceed to determine these points? What was his method? It was simply this, *an appeal to consciousness*. All his inquiries and reasonings were but appeals to consciousness. His whole method was merely an attempt to analyse human consciousness, and to ascertain what, in the language of Sir William Hamilton, are the "deliverances of consciousness." He did not rest his reasonings on conjecture, hypothesis, or abstractions. No man was ever more opposed to such a method of inquiry. Mr. Lewes speaks of Berkeley's "rigorous analysis of the facts of consciousness"; and well he may, for no philosophical inquirer ever more rigorously confined himself to these facts

* See Barrett's *New View of Causation*. London: Provost. 1871. Pp. 50—170.

than Berkeley. Every reader of his works will know that he is constantly urging the duty upon every person to consult his own consciousness as to the truth of what he advances. On all occasions he always sought facts and facts alone. Professor Ferrier has well said :—"The peculiar endowment by which Berkeley was distinguished, far beyond his predecessors and contemporaries, and far beyond almost every philosopher who has succeeded him, was the eye he had *for facts*, and the singular pertinacity with which he refused to be dislodged from his hold upon them. The fact, the whole fact, and nothing but the fact was the clamorous and incessant demand of his intellect, in whatever direction it exercised itself."*

Now the results of Berkeley's systematic appeal to the facts of consciousness were a number of conclusions widely different from the ordinary "thinking" of mankind, as to the nature of our knowledge of substance, matter, existence, causation. But this ought to surprise no one. It was surely only what might be expected, and, in truth, what ought to be. Ought not scientific and philosophic inquiry to result in views different from the thinkings of the illiterate mass? For the most part our ordinary thinkings are vulgar errors and prejudices, which we take upon trust, without any examination whatever. Is it not the very purpose of science and philosophy to correct the inadvertencies and errors of common thought? Professor Ferrier has well said :—"Philosophy exists only to correct the inadvertencies of man's ordinary thinking. She has no other mission to fulfil; no other object to overtake; no other business to do. If man naturally thinks aright, he need not be taught to think aright. If he is, already and without an effort, in possession of the truth, he does not require to be put in possession of it. The occupation of philosophy is gone: her office is superfluous; there is nothing for her to put hand to."† We might as well denounce every scientific man that reveals to us scientific truths that conflict with our ordinary thinking, as denounce Berkeley because his scientific analysis of the process of knowing led him to doctrines opposed to ordinary appearances or to vulgar notions. The correctness of his conclusions about outward objects should no more be tested by vulgar opinion, than the correctness of the astronomer's disclosures about the motions of the earth and planets should

* *Philosophical Remains*, Vol. II., p. 293.
† *Institutes of Metaphysics*, p. 32.

be tested by the opinions of the vulgar and illiterate. All science and all philosophy is an appeal from what is *apparent* to what is *real*, from what is *false* to what is *true*. Therefore, for Beattie, Oswald, and Reid to appeal to common sense and ordinary opinion against the doctrines of Berkeley, was not more unscientific than it would be for any one to appeal to such opinion against the doctrines of Newton, Faraday or Tyndall, in reference to the Scientific discoveries which they have made, and which show us that *realities* are wholly different from *appearances*.

The specific doctrines which Berkeley reached through the analysis which he instituted into the facts of consciousness are well stated and discussed by Professor Fraser in the chapter headed "The Philosophy of Berkeley," and which we have frequently called his "formal exposition." Had we space for such a thing, it would not be wise to attempt any analysis of so elaborate and scientific a discussion of such a subject. Justice could not be done to it in any abstract or outline. It must be read to be appreciated. It is divided into four parts, or four sections, which are thus headed:— I. Berkeley's New Question, and the Essence of his Answer to it. II. Berkeleian Immediate Perception of Extended Sensible Reality. III. Berkeleian Mediate Perception, or Presumptive Inference of the Existence of Sensible Things and their Relations. IV. Berkeleian Intellectual Knowledge of Providential and Divine Reality and Universal Conceptions. We have said Berkeley was not an Idealist, and have acquiesced in Professor Fraser's representation of him as a Realist or a Sense-Realist. We cannot conclude without a few words in explanation of this point. We say he was a Realist, because he rejected all theories of perception which made our sensations and ideas to be representatives of outward objects or of anything. He held that these sensations and ideas are not representative in any sense; he said we are directly conscious of the sensations and ideas themselves. We know these, and we know nothing else, and we are conscious of nothing else. We know these immediately and really as they are. Other philosophers *infer* from these sensations and ideas that there are outward objects or things that cause these sensations in our minds. Berkeley denied this. He said that we have no consciousness whatever of the existence of such things, excepting in the phenomena of sensation. These phenomena which we perceive are the objects and the things themselves. Further, we know these objects and phenomena directly. When he denied the existence of

matter, it should be understood that he denied the existence of the unknown, unperceived *substratum* which is said to underlie the qualities or phenomena whose existence we know through consciousness. He never dreamt of denying the existence of those collections or congeries of qualities which constitute the objects which we know in sensation. Then, we say, he was not an Idealist, because he held that the ideas are not created, generated, or caused by the mind itself, or, as Fraser says, "they are perceived, but neither created nor regulated by the finite percipient." They are not innate or evolved by any inherent native power of the mind. As to the generation or origin of sensations and ideas, Berkeley contended that, as we do not and cannot know anything of their causes, they are implanted in the mind by God. Dead matter could not be the *cause* of anything, and as the ideas were not caused by our own minds, they were caused by the Supreme Spirit. It is on this account, we suppose, that he has been called a Theological and Theistic Idealist.

The following passage from Professor Fraser's exposition will, we apprehend, enable the reader better to understand Berkeley's doctrines on these points :—

"The existence of *this* material world, Berkeley proclaims, cannot be denied. It does not need to be proved. Its very *esse* is *percepi*, which is the same as to say that its essence consists in its being composed of sensation ;—sensation that is at once dependent on the sentient, and, in its cause and other relations, independent of the sentient—at once subjective and objective—as every sense-given phenomenon must be. This, he would further say, is the only material world which a reflective common sense requires. The supplementary matter, behind these percepts of sense, is a baseless hypothesis—a crotchet of the professional manufacturers of abstractions, which unsophisticated human beings would laugh at, if they could only be got to understand its meaning, or rather its absolute want of all possible intelligibility. Such is the immediate Sense-Realism of Berkeley.

"Turn now from Berkeley to those Scotch psychologists who have been placed, by themselves and others, at the opposite intellectual pole. Berkeley and Hamilton, for instance, are at one in acknowledging that the sensible reality consists of—that which we perceive or are conscious of in the senses. They seem to differ in their accounts of *what* that is of which we are thus conscious. Berkeley would arrest metaphysical scepticism by surrendering—as absolute negation —the supposed unperceiving and unperceived existence (behind what we perceive), to which exclusive reality had been attributed; and by energetically vindicating the applicability of the terms 'real,' 'objec-

tive,' 'external,' 'thing,' 'matter,' &c., to our extended sensations themselves, in their various significant, and therefore (at least contingently) universal or objective relations. The Scotch psychologists, with a similar motive, take the other alternative. Instead of surrendering the unperceiving and unperceived world, supposed by some philosophers to exist behind what we perceive, and to be the material *noumenon* or *thing-in-itself*, they surrender the supposed representative ideas, and seem sturdily to assert that in sense-perception we are face to face with a world that exists independently of all sensation and of all intelligence—an extended world that in its essence might survive the absolute extinction of all the conscious life in the universe. Both root the faith which we have in the real existence of other minds, in the assumption of common reason—that in the senses we are conscious of being in direct intercourse with the very reality of external things. If external things are perceived immediately, we have, according to Reid, the same reason to believe in their existence that philosophers have to believe in their supposed representative ideas—we are conscious of them, in short. But the supposed representative ideas themselves, Berkeley virtually says, are not representative at all; they are neither more nor less than this — our really experienced sensations, with whatever is metaphysically involved in sensation. These, with their significant, because invariable relations, are a sufficient medium for revealing to the individual percipient the universe of sensible things, and the contemporaneous existence of other spirits; no other sort of external reality than this, he would say, is required, or can even be conceived possible."—Vol. IV. p. 387.

Here we must stop. We need scarcely say that, in this exposition, Professor Fraser deals with the other parts and aspects of Berkeley's system. While he shows what is its real nature, he does not fail to point out its imperfections and inconsistencies. Indeed, in his prefaces and notes he never overlooks these defects, and this constitutes another feature in the edition which contributes to render it an invaluable guide to the student. We had hoped to be able to say something respecting the influence of Berkeley on the development of modern philosophical thought. An adequate examination of this subject would be useful, and would prove, notwithstanding all the prejudice against Berkeley, that his philosophy has exerted a mighty power in determining the course of speculation from his day to the present time. Perhaps there is less need to insist upon this now than there was a short time ago. It is gratifying to know that thinkers, both in this country and Germany, are beginning to recognise the fact. In his *Institutes*, Ferrier says, "The speculations of this philosopher, whether we consider the beauty and clearness of

his style, or the depth of his insight, have done better service to the cause of metaphysical science than the lucubrations of all other modern thinkers put together." And even Dr. J. H. Sterling remarks, "Berkeley, indeed, is, in every point of view, a grand and great historical figure. Grand and great in himself—one of the purest and most beautiful souls that ever lived—he is grand and great also in his consequences. Hamann—an authority of weight—declares that without Berkeley there had been no Hume, as without Hume no Kant: and this is pretty well the truth. To the impulse of Berkeley, then, largely, it is that we owe German philosophy." Apart from the bearings of the last dictum, all this satisfies us that, ere long, justice will be done both to the genius of Berkeley and to his philosophy.

ART. II.—1. *John Wesley and the Evangelical Reaction of the Eighteenth Century.* By JULIA WEDGWOOD. London: Macmillan. 1870.

2. *John Wesley: His Life and his Work.* By the Rev. MATTHEW LELIEVRE. Translated by the Rev. A. J. FRENCH, B.A. London: Conference Office. 1871.

3. *The Life and Times of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A., Founder of the Methodists.* By the Rev. L. TYERMAN. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 3 Vols. 8vo. 1871.

THERE are some questions as to Wesley's character and the nature of his influence unsettled; indeed, as we shall show, Wesley is very imperfectly understood as yet. But there can be no question as to the immense spread and depth of the motive influence which he has been the means of originating within the nationalities of England, with all her Colonies, and of the United States, not to speak of the critical and determinative influence which has been exercised by Methodism upon the Protestant thought and life of France, and even of Germany. No single man for centuries has moved the world as Wesley has moved it; since Luther, no man. No Protestant Church at this day counts so many adherents as the Methodist family of Churches, no Church has operated so powerfully as a ferment of life among all the other Churches.

If these things are so—and now-a-days men will hardly venture to deny the truth, at least in general, of what we have stated—it is no wonder that the present age has wakened up to an eager curiosity as to the character of the man, the secret of his power, the meaning of his work, the history of his life. Long ago Southey perceived the capabilities of the theme; historian, man of letters, and poet laureate as he was, he treated the character and life of Wesley with a respect and ability worthy alike of the subject and the writer. It was inevitable that such a philosophic churchman as Southey, such a semi-rationalistically orthodox Anglican, should commit serious errors in his attempt to portray and estimate such a character as that of Wesley. It was equally inevitable, with no other sources of information than, in addition to Wesley's works and the *Arminian Magazine*, the very imperfect lives of Wesley which had been published by his overworked, hurried and driven, and, as

literary men and historians, untrained itinerants, the best life which Southey or any such writer could produce, should be defective and incorrect. He had no access whatever to the special sources of information, without which no life of such a man could be justly or adequately written, and which it was as yet too soon after the death of Wesley to expect to be given to the world. But, with all its faults, the work produced by Southey was so beautiful in its style and so skilful in its use of the materials at his disposal, that to this day it has remained, now for half a century, the one biography by which Wesley has been known to the world. Men have not read the Lives written by Whitehead, Coke, and Moore—for many years, indeed, these have been out of print, and it would be an injustice to the name and memory of Wesley to reprint any of them—but Southey's Life of the Reformer has been in every important and well-chosen library, whether of a public institution or of a private mansion; and its fascination has not failed to secure it successive generations of readers.

Wesley's life, indeed, as written by the Tory historian, reviewer, biographist, poet laureate and poet (a poet laureate is not necessarily a poet), and as written in the best style of one who was a master both of the English language and of the biographer's art—became at once an English classic, and, what is much more, raised the character and memory of Wesley at once, in the circles of men of high and thoughtful culture, to a place of eminence and of respect often rising to veneration. Nor was it only to Wesley that Southey did, according to his light, generous justice; he did justice also to the humble but great and noble men, such as John Nelson and the soldier Haime, who were Wesley's early and chief lay-helpers. He showed these men in their true light, as manliest amongs men and saintliest among saints, as men of no less steadfast power than fervid zeal, as among the heroes of the holy Christian warfare. Thus the total effect of Southey's *Life of Wesley* was to elevate the Methodism of Wesley and his followers to a place of permanent interest and honour before their countrymen, and, we may say, before the world.

Southey, indeed, as we have intimated, misapprehended some leading particulars in Wesley's character, and accordingly misconstrued broadly, in certain directions, his motives and his conduct. He conceived ambition as the leading natural feature of his character, and to have powerfully prompted and controlled him through life—the ambition of the ruler and the statesman; he resolved, moreover, the won-

derful effects of his preaching into the natural results of potent and penetrating oratory, managed with consummate skill by a master alike of speech and of the art of turning circumstances and situations to account. For these fundamental errors he was most ably and severely searched and called to account by the Rev. Richard Watson, in his well-known and very valuable *Observations on Southey's "Life of Wesley;"* and his misconceptions in this respect have also been effectually disposed of very recently by Miss Wedgwood, in her essay on Wesley,—Miss Wedgwood having apparently never read Mr. Watson's *Observations*. Still—with all its errors, and notwithstanding its necessary defects, notwithstanding its evident Anglican prejudices and its pervasive taint of rationalistic sense-dogmatism and spiritual insusceptibility—Southey's work was so interesting, so genial, so candid, so evidently sincere and even generous in its spirit, that it ought ever to be regarded by the followers of Wesley as the work, not of an enemy, but of one who meant honestly and kindly, and who has really, on the whole, done the office of a friend. Indeed, Southey himself became convinced that he had wronged Wesley's memory and misunderstood his character; and if he had lived to bring out the new edition of his *Life of Wesley* which he had in contemplation, he would have made a correction of his errors. Whether Mr. Watson's criticism had any share in bringing about this change we know not. Southey's own account of it, given to the late learned and amiable James Nichols, *littérateur* and printer, of Hoxton Square, in an autograph letter, of which a *fac simile*, very interesting to look at, if it were only for the elegance and neatness of the writing, is engraved in Dr. Smith's *History of Methodism*,* states that Mr. Alexander Knox, in "a long and most admirable paper" (which is printed at length in the recent editions of Southey's biography), had "convinced him that he was mistaken" on this point. The date of this letter was 17th August, 1835. He was at that time making some preparations for a new edition of the *Life*, and he stated that it was "his intention to incorporate in it whatever new information has been brought forward by subsequent biographers, and of course to correct every error that had been pointed out, or that he himself could discover." More than twelve months later, in December 1836, being on a visit to Penzance, he in substance repeated to the late Mr. Carne, of that town, the same statement which he had made in writing

* Vol. I. *Wesley and his Times*, p. 634.

to Mr. Nichols. Unfortunately, the new edition was never prepared by him; and when, after his death, his son edited a new edition, in which Mr. Knox's observations were printed as well as some notes by Coleridge, he seems to have been ignorant that his father had been convinced by Mr. Knox, or intended to rectify his error. He leaves it indeed distinctly to be inferred that the text, as originally printed, expressed his father's settled judgment on the matter in question.

Southey's biography was published early in 1820. Before the end of the same year, Mr. Watson published his *Observations*. It was not, however, until 1825, that the Methodists themselves put forth a new life of their founder, such as might be regarded as a corrective to that of Southey. This was the Rev. H. Moore's *Life*, in two volumes, published at the Conference Office. Mr. Moore was one of Wesley's trustees, the other two being Dr. Coke and the physician, Dr. Whitehead. Of these the last had got hold, in the first instance, of Wesley's papers, and had published, very unfairly, by means of these, a separate and an *ex parte* life of Wesley, as regarded chiefly from the point of view of an English Churchman, although Whitehead himself was in principle a thorough Dissenter. To anticipate this publication, the other two trustees, by the help of Wesley's own publications, and of such papers as they were able to command the use of, published very hastily a joint life of Wesley. Malice, however, had been beforehand, and Hampson's *Life* (Hampson had formerly been a Methodist preacher, but was then a clergyman of the Church of England) had been published even earlier than that by Coke and Moore. The latter, though it sold largely, was too hurried a composition (to a large extent, indeed, it was a mere compilation) to hold its rank as a biography of Wesley. Moore's *Life*, published in 1825, was more carefully prepared and fuller than either of its Methodist predecessors, and was intended to serve as an antidote both to Whitehead's and to Southey's *Life*. It was far, however, from being really adequate to the claims of Wesley's history, notwithstanding its genuine interest and its sterling value. It never for a moment was likely to supersede that of Southey in the general reading world. Watson, at the request of the Conference, undertook to prepare, and published in the year 1831, a short Life of Wesley for popular use and extensive circulation. But Watson was in failing health and greatly overworked. His little volume is valuable for its observations on certain points, especially connected with the relations between Wesley and the Church of England; but, regarded

as a consecutive biography, it was altogether too slight, and left far too many blanks in the narrative. It was far from being even a tolerably complete epitome of Wesley's crowded and momentous history. In these respects it is greatly inferior to the French Methodist biography of Wesley (by Mr. Leliévre), which is a fresh, original, and admirably reduced and proportioned epitome of the life of Wesley.

Southey's *Life* was very likely to suggest the history and character of Wesley as a theme for philosophical students of religious movements and ecclesiastical history. It was not, however, till thirty years after the first publication of his volumes that the first essay on Wesley, in a separate volume, made its appearance. This was by Isaac Taylor, and was entitled *Wesley and Methodism*. The author of Essays on Enthusiasm, on Fanaticism, on Spiritual Despotism, on Ignatius Loyola, could hardly have refrained from working out a study in his own line of composition on the character and life of Wesley. Taylor's *Wesley and Methodism* is not less faulty than might have been expected from such a writer, but it possesses, at the same time, considerable merits, and some parts of it are written in Taylor's best manner. Dr. Dobbin, somewhere near the same time, published a warmly appreciative sketch of Wesley. A few years earlier, the late Dr. James Hamilton, in the *North British Review*, had published an article on Wesley, which, although brilliantly written and conceived in a kindly spirit, showed that the writer knew very little of the real character or of the labours of the founder of Methodism. After this period nearly twenty years passed away before much was written again respecting Wesley. Two or three years ago, however, the gifted author of the *Schönberg-Cotta Family* series of stories, in her *Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevelyan*, brought the life of early Methodism, according to her conception, vividly before a large circle of readers. Meantime, the public interest in Wesley, and in the history and position of Methodism, was at once shown and stimulated by discussions year after year in Convocation, and by those reports of the proceedings of the annual Wesleyan Conferences which, within the last few years, have become a striking feature in the leading newspapers of the country, both metropolitan and provincial, by discussions relating to Methodism in clerical meetings, by correspondence in the religious journals, by sundry letters and pamphlets relating to the subject, chiefly bearing upon the question of reunion with the Church of England, and by tracts relating to the same matter which are extensively circu-

lated by clergymen of the Church of England. Within the last fourteen or fifteen years, two articles on the relations between Wesleyan Methodism and the Church of England, have been published in this Journal, the former from the pen of the Rev. W. Arthur, the latter, which has been since published in a separate form, from the pen of Dr. Rigg. The public mind has thus, within the last few years, become much more widely interested, and somewhat better informed respecting Wesley and his work, than formerly. Doubtless, also, the publication (in thirteen volumes) under the able editorship of Dr. Osborn, of the whole of the Wesley poetry, by which, for the first time, the world has been made aware of the wealth and variety, as well as the intensity and brilliancy, of the poetic power with which the two brothers, but especially Charles, were endowed, has contributed to the general feeling of interest with which the career of the Wesleys is now regarded; of Charles, as the Methodist poet, and otherwise his brother's faithful coadjutor; of John Wesley, as the leading mind, whose character and convictions gave law to the whole Wesleyan movement. One further element we must name as contributing largely to the recent growth of interest in Wesley and Methodism; it is that which, indeed, has been already in part intimated in our reference to the space recently accorded to the Wesleyan Conference in the public papers, we mean the manifest and the manifestly growing power of Methodism. With this element in the case, the extension of the franchise, the spread of Anti-State-and-Church principles, the precedent, as many regard it, of the Irish Church Disestablishment, distinctly connect themselves.

It is no wonder, accordingly, if Mrs. Oliphant, in her series of papers in *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1870, concerning the England of the Eighteenth Century, found herself brought face to face with John Wesley as "The Reformer" of his age. Her work is clever, frank, and genial, but, as was to be expected, full of misconceptions. Southey would seem to have been her one source and authority, and it is something if she detects some of his fundamental mistakes. Since Mrs. Oliphant wrote, Miss Wedgwood has published her very candid and thoughtful essay on Wesley. It is to be lamented that Miss Wedgwood had not read more on her subject. She also seems to have relied chiefly on Southey. In her list of authorities we find Whitehead's *Life of Wesley*, and that by Coke and Moore, but not the more authentic and important biography of 1825, by Moore alone, nor (very important for

Miss Wedgwood's purpose in her study of Wesley), Watson's *Observations*, nor Watson's *Life* (by no means unimportant), nor the American Dr. Stevens' very able and valuable volume, the first of his *History of Methodism*, nor the exceedingly careful and authentic biography of Wesley which constitutes the first volume of the late Dr. George Smith's *History of Methodism* (Vol. I. *Wesley and his Times*), nor even Isaac Taylor's *Wesley and Methodism* (a book most germane to her purpose). Neither of the articles in our Journal to which we have referred seems to have come in her way. If they had they might at least have cleared up some points of misconception or obscurity, or have served as an index to sources of information. But we have often observed how deficient are merely literary persons in the instinct and art of research into any subjects which appertain to the history, the opinions, or the organisation of Nonconformists. Southey, indeed, was a distinguished exception to this rule, but it is not easy to find another.

It is all the more satisfactory and noteworthy, however, on this account, that Miss Wedgwood, from her own independent study, has been enabled to refute the most fundamental errors in Southey's representation of Wesley's character. With a quiet grasp of the subject, with easy acuteness and insight, she disposes of the charge of ambition as easily as she exposes the inconsistent and untenable naturalism which lies at the basis of Southey's resolution of religious phenomena into their supposed constituents, and of most of his criticism of Wesley's "credulity" and "enthusiasm." Her views, indeed, appear to be strongly tinctured with Maurician mysticism, and she repeats, in substance, some of the criticisms on the evangelical Arminianism of Wesley which are contained in Coleridge's notes to Southey's biography. But her main lines of thought seem to us to be admirably laid out; her grouping of facts to be very skilful; her general handling of the subject to be simple, massive, and masterly. We regret, indeed, that what we have is only a study of the man as he was when he first set forth on his evangelical work, or, at the utmost, of his moral and spiritual qualifications as a reformer, and of the position to which he advanced in the opening campaigns of his life's warfare; the volume gives us the impression of being an introduction or a fragment. Wesley the preacher is scarcely sketched at all; his intellectual characteristics as a thinker and writer are scarcely touched upon; his evangelical itinerancy is not represented to our view; his ripe manhood and his old age

are passed by; of the organisation and the wide-spread work and influence of his later years next to nothing is said, except only so far as relates to the American ordinations. In short, just as misconceptions have been cleared away, as his position has been distinctly defined, as the nature of his work in general has been explained, and its need and vast importance been established; just when his disinterestedness, his magnanimity, his bravery and gentleness in peril and in controversy have been beautifully shown; just as the general characteristics of his mission, his purpose, his faith, have been set forth, and we are waiting to see what are his actual powers for work and service, for preaching and counselling, for moulding the faith and theology of a community, for saturating a nation with his influence, for consolidating and governing a Christian Church or family of Churches, we find that the essay breaks off and all is over. Perhaps Miss Wedgwood acted wisely; perhaps she knew best her own compass of power; but we confess to have experienced a feeling of disappointment. Miss Wedgwood has admirably delineated the circumstances which surrounded Wesley at the beginning of his work, and she has effectually refuted Southey's errors as to his character and motives, but the living man himself as preacher, as ruler, as companion or friend, she has left quite in the shadow. She has done justice to the living Wesley only as a controversialist. Indeed, it is plain that she has, so far as she has conceived his living and social humanity at all, in part at least misconceived it. She can appreciate the character of his writing, so far as she has studied it, and has also fine glimpses of insight into his public character and his gifts as a ruler; but of Wesley as a friend and companion she evidently has no sort of just conception; otherwise she would not have characterised as devoid of all sense of humour one of the pleasantest and brightest of men, of whose remarkable vein of humour, indeed, she must have read some instances in Southey's *Life*, and would have found others in Stevens' *History;* neither would she, notwithstanding the apparent inhumanness of Wesley's school arrangements at Kingswood, and the reticence as to domestic details in his letters, of which his brother Charles pleasantly complained in their college days, have really concluded that Wesley was defective in human sympathy, had she mastered the details of his manysided life and character. Wesley, as we shall soon show, was perhaps as susceptible a man in regard to all the charms and attractions of social character and intercourse, especially in

the case of women, as can easily be found among the saints of history.

But the most elaborate work which has appeared on Wesley of late is the new *Life*, in three volumes, from the pen of the Rev. Luke Tyerman, of which the first volume was published eighteen months ago, and the third nearly nine months ago. This is a work of voluminous dimensions, and one which embodies the results of very great research, the fruit of years of industrious reading and collection. Mr. Tyerman prepared himself for his work by writing his biography of the father of the Wesleys, Samuel Wesley, the rector of Epworth, a volume which has been reviewed in the pages of this Journal. He seems also to have collected and studied, or, at least, to have carefully read, if he was not able to purchase, every book, pamphlet, broadsheet, and periodical, in which there is any reference whatever to Wesley; so that he writes with hitherto unequalled fulness of material and knowledge, so far as respects the facts of Wesley's life. Being thus furnished and prepared, he has set himself to search out and set forth in order the whole history of Wesley from his cradle to his grave. His boyhood, so far as anything can be learnt about it, his school and college life, his home-relations, his early personal friends, including not only university chums, but well-beloved ladies, his religious history, minutely traced in all its stages, especially his changes of opinion and feeling, as these gradually declared themselves, until in the end a complete revolution had been consummated, and the academical high-churchman had become the father of the Methodist revival and transformation; his preachings and journeyings, his organisations, his controversies, the persecutions he endured, the slanders, in full tale and in all their baseless enormity, which were continually invented and circulated against him, however miserable and short-lived such slanders may have been; his love affairs and his married life; his almost innumerable publications, his Conferences and his helpers, ordained and unordained, his "ordinations" and his relations with the Church of England, his co-operation and his disagreements with the Moravians, with Whitefield, and "the Countess;" his loving concord and co-working, and his no less loving differences and contentions, with his Church-satirising but Church-idea-loving brother Charles; the peaceful labours and the wide-spread love and honour which marked the protracted years of his wonderful old age: all these matters, and a world of things besides, belonging to the infinitely busy and varied life of

Wesley, Mr. Tyerman has made known to the world in these three large and closely-printed volumes. The world, by the help of Mr. Tyerman, may now know all about John Wesley, may know much more, indeed, about the mere facts and consecutive history of his life, in its various fields and departments, than was ever known of him in his life-time by his closest friends. The record may be read and pondered in all its breadth, and from beginning to end. We may study the man, as he hardly could have studied himself.

We are bound to say, moreover, that Mr. Tyerman has shown no indulgence to his hero. Cromwell enjoined on the courtly portrait painter to be sure to paint in all the warts there were upon his face. Mr. Tyerman appears rather to have been on the look out for warts, and occasionally, as it seems to us, has magnified a mole into a wart, if he has not sometimes, looking through his microscope with broken light, fancied he saw an unevenness and blemish where, in reality, there was none. The severe and Rhadamanthine judgment which Mr. Tyerman has exercised in regard to the pre-eminent son is the more remarkable, because he went to altogether the other extreme in writing the life of the father, as we had occasion to point out in this Journal. On that old soldier's face there were warts not a few, and of no small size. But Mr. Tyerman could hardly see any. To him the rector of Epworth was an altogether noble and comely-seeming character, with few and venial infirmities, with no faults of any serious account; he was not merely, on the whole, a good and able and worthy man, although somewhat rugged in natural disposition, and time-serving in professions and policy—to Mr. Tyerman's eye he was a truly great man—a great and good man—he was a high poetic genius, a man of a brave and lofty spirit, a great sufferer, a great hero, and a great saint. What Frederick the Great is to Carlyle, Samuel Wesley of Epworth is to Mr. Tyerman; and, according to his ability, he has effected for Samuel Wesley a transformation similar in character to that which the rugged Scotch philosopher has effected for the harsh and distempered Prussian king. And now having been so indulgent in the case of the father, Mr. Tyerman has set himself to be what we may call sinistrously faithful in the case of the son, pleasant and blessed a man as that son undeniably was.

Perhaps it is as well that it should be so. At all events, we think we can account for the different treatment which the biographer has bestowed on the two characters. The

Wesley father had suffered much, had shown much patience and bravery of spirit, and had been undervalued, as Mr. Tyerman thought, and left more in the background than such a father of such a family, and, in particular, of such sons, should have been. There was a good deal, too, that was picturesque in the history and the situation of the forlorn, persecuted, unbusiness-like, and weather-beaten rector. Here was a temptation to an author—to repair an old injustice, to bring out a striking figure into light, to disinter a hero. As to the son, the case is different. Mr. Tyerman has passed his life among those who almost worship the memory of John Wesley, many of whom think him absolute perfection, and cherish towards him a blind and unintelligent admiration. Probably he himself at one time shared strongly in these feelings. Research has shown Mr. Tyerman that the popular conceptions of Wesley are, to some extent, mistaken. In applying his research, moreover, to point after point in Wesley's life, he has discovered what, as seen through his lens, look like considerable faults, although when the natural eye looks at the whole character, they fade away into almost imperceptible foibles, or are seen to be in reality points of excellence. Here then are discoveries, which the truth-loving biographer deems it necessary to point out; here are popular errors, which it is his stern duty, as an historian, to correct. Chivalry, sustained by fact, as he fancied, prompted Mr. Tyerman to make a hero of the father; public fidelity seemed to require that he should enlighten, as to certain points, the blind idolaters of the son.

Nor do we deny that it was Mr. Tyerman's duty to be severely true and faithful in his history of John Wesley, and this all the more because he was himself a Methodist. We repudiate altogether the maxim, as applied to such a case, that he ought, as one of Wesley's followers, to

> "Be to his faults a little blind,
> Be to his virtues very kind."

The sanctity of truth—historical truth—is a holier and more venerable thing than even the reputation of John Wesley. Nor can we withhold from the biographer our sincere admiration for the courage and fidelity with which, according to his own conceptions of truth, he has done his work. Moreover, as we have intimated, we believe his rugged fidelity has, at least in one way, done good. No one can read this Wesleyan life of Wesley without feeling certain that the whole of Wesley's life, including whatever might have appeared to

bear an unfavourable construction, and including all the scandals which were circulated respecting him by his meanest and most malignant foes, is brought fully out to view, and that, if the biographer has "set down naught in malice," he has, on the other hand, "extenuated" nothing. Whatever he knew of to tell, is told; whatever might at any time have been suspected, or scandalously alleged, that is told too. The worst possible is indicated as to Wesley. And the result is, a character with as much of goodness in it and as little alloy of evil as could well have been conceived,—the character of a man absolutely free from meanness, from malice, from any standing anger or resentment, who, if he now and then went wrong, did so from the sanguine imprudences of a generous and susceptible nature, or, in one or two cases in the course of half-a-century, from the momentary irritation which a thwarted chief might be apt to feel; but whose whole life was one of unremitting self-denial and unresting labour for the good of others. Such a character, so revealed and established, comes out most impressively] from Mr. Tyerman's biography.

Still, we are bound to say that Mr. Tyerman has overdone his fidelity. He seems to us to have acted the part, almost wherever possible, of *advocatus diaboli*—to have set himself to make the worst which, with any fair probability, could be made of Wesley's life and character. He never gives the benefit of the doubt, as it seems to us, to the accused, but always to the accuser. Considering who and what Wesley was, and what his antecedents and independent character must be admitted to have been, this appears to us not to be judicially fair. Besides this, there is a tone in his dealing with Wesley which fairly astonishes us at times. Mr. Tyerman does not merely sum up in phrase of precise accuracy just what happened, and leave his readers to draw their conclusions. He censures, he pronounces, he condemns; and this, too, in a tone of harshness, in some instances, and of lofty decision, as if he were Wesley's superior and judge. We believe that Macaulay—it is perfectly certain that Southey—would never have ventured in so absolute, unceremonious, dictatorial a style, to pronounce censure on John Wesley. They would have felt their own inferiority to him, that, if he sometimes erred, he was at least a good and great man, a venerable saint, as to whom they could not venture to pronounce an unfavourable judgment, even in individual acts of his life, without modesty and self-restraint, without what the Romans would have called *verecundia*. Mr. Tyerman has

not been restrained by any such feelings. At times his mere *ipse dixit*, without even the formality of any attempt to weigh evidence or investigate the matter, pronounces sharp and short at once the folly or the wrongdoing of Wesley. Surely men should be as tender in their style of handling the character of departed saints and heroes, as of living men. But if his brethren were to pronounce judgment on Mr. Tyerman's sayings and doings with decision as abrupt and unsparing as he uses in dealing with the father and founder of Methodism, we imagine he would have a very good ground of brotherly complaint against them.

Nor does it ever seem to have occurred to Mr. Tyerman that, perhaps, Wesley and he regarded certain questions from different points of view, that he ought to have tried fully to master Wesley's own way of thinking and regarding the matter in hand, and that, after all, from some point of view less conventional and more really true than his own, things which seem to his prejudices to be wrong might turn out to be right. Considering that Wesley was a man of far more thought than most of us, who had seen much more of life than any of us, it is possible that he might have so much to say for his own way of thinking and acting, even when it seems to be directly in opposition to our current notions of to-day, as at least to warrant arrest of judgment in the case. Nothing is more remarkable, however, than that Mr. Tyerman appears to make no effort to enter fully and lovingly into the mind and idiosyncrasy of Wesley. He is not in sympathy with him, and yet does not appear to feel that this is the case, or even that such sympathy is necessary in order to enable him to write the life of Wesley. He judges merely and unhesitatingly by his own lights and his own instincts. Those instincts, at least, in some cases, we regard as mere conventional prejudices, and are prepared to vindicate Wesley just where and wherefore his biographer condemns him.*

But, indeed, nothing is more evident than that Mr. Tyerman is deficient in that faculty of dramatic sympathy and insight, without which it is impossible for any man to understand, much less to write, the life of another man, especially of a unique and wonderful man. He misunderstood the father, painting him after his own heart merely, but not as

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* The contrast in tone between Mr. Tyerman's treatment of Wesley and his manner of judging him, and the manner in which genial outsiders write of him, may be understood by reference to the article on "Wesley and Wesleyanism" in the last number of the *British Quarterly*.

the facts, properly interpreted in a spirit of insight really present him to our view: he painted a man he could understand and admire, but it was not the rector. In that case, the facts were unconsciously warped to suit the sympathetic conception of the biographer; in the case of the son, he generally sticks to the facts in their mere outside aspect, but often he cannot get behind them—cannot see their real meaning. In neither case have the facts helped him to a true and real conception of the life and character which lay behind them.

Our chief object in the remainder of the space at our disposal will be to exhibit some points of Wesley's history, and some aspects of his character up to the time of his final and full spiritual change, which hitherto seem to have escaped recognition. Merely reminding our readers, therefore, that he was born in 1703, we pass over the circumstances of his early years. Epworth and its parsonage, with the rugged and granitic father, the episcopal mother, and the brilliant throng of daughters, we must not attempt to describe; we must pass over the "fire" at the parsonage, and even "Old Jeffrey," that inexplicable visitation; and, only to note two points, must we stay for an instant at the Charterhouse School. Wesley, it is well known, was educated there, and there endured great hardships, and even cruel oppressions —small and delicately-formed boy as he was—from some of the senior scholars, especially during his service as fag. It appears that there was a tradition in the school that Wesley was accustomed, when himself a senior, to associate with his juniors. This is likely enough to have been true, considering what the manners and morals of the school were at that time. He might do some good to his juniors, and, at least, among them might avoid evil communications. As for the story that, when Mr. Tooke, his master, asked him the reason for his so associating, he answered, "Better to rule in hell than to serve in heaven," we simply regard it as an invention and embellishment, added by his schoolfellows, *more puerorum*, to amplify and round off the tradition and the story. We are sure, besides, and by the way, that Wesley, if he had quoted Milton at all, would have quoted him accurately. It is said that Wesley was accustomed to "harangue" his juniors, and it is likely enough that he did, more or less, expound and hold forth to them on interesting matters of routine and duty, or possibly on themes of fancy. He was a quick boy, with the gift of a teacher, and not wanting in the fancy of a poet.

But one remark made by Mr. Tyerman as to his school-life at the Charterhouse strikes us as singularly austere. It is the first instance of the austerity with which the biographer has treated Wesley throughout. Wesley, who, it must be remembered, entered the Charterhouse at the age of ten, is said, with solemn emphasis, there to have "lost the religion which had marked his character from the days of infancy." He is himself quoted to the effect that at school he was "negligent of outward duties, and continually guilty of outward sins." And on the strength of this confession his biographer says: "Terrible is the danger when a child leaves a pious home for a public school. *John Wesley entered the Charterhouse a saint, and left it a sinner.*" That is to say, he entered it a saint of ten years old, and left it a sinner of seventeen.

Now we emphatically agree that the danger is very great indeed which attends a child leaving a simple, pious home to enter upon a public school. The wickedness of public schools has always been proverbial. But we think the instance of Wesley is by no means a strong one to cite in illustration of the point. We hardly know how adequately to interpret the saying that Wesley at ten was "a saint," or to understand the contrast between the saint-child of ten and the sinner-youth of seventeen. But it is well to observe in what sense Wesley was "a sinner" in his teens. He, who himself made the confession of his religious failures, has also taught us how to understand and qualify them. He was negligent and careless, and he was guilty of what he knew to be outward sins, but yet such sins, he tells us in the same context, were "not scandalous in the eye of the world." He adds, moreover: "However, I still read the Scriptures, and said my prayers morning and evening. And what I now hoped to be saved by was—1. Not being so bad as other people; 2. Having still a kindness for religion; and 3. Reading the Bible, going to church, and saying my prayers." Such is the sentence which Wesley, the sternest of judges in such a case, pronounced on his own moral and religious state when he was at the Charterhouse,—a sentence pronounced, it must be remembered, at a time when all Wesley's judgments as to such cases were far more severe than they became as revised after many years' experience in his later life. It was in 1738 that he so wrote of himself. It is clear that Wesley never lost, even at the Charterhouse, a tender respect for religion, the fear of God, and the form of Christian propriety. That he was at this time unconverted, there can be

no doubt; but when Mr. Tyerman, with such awful emphasis, tells us that, having gone to the Charterhouse a "saint-" child at ten years of age, he left it "a sinner" at seventeen, he uses language which can scarcely fail to convey an altogether exaggerated impression as to the character of his moral and spiritual faults and failings. Nor do we think the unqualified language which he so uses is consistent with the account he had given on a former page of young Wesley's behaviour at the Charterhouse. Isaac Taylor, in his work on *Wesley and Methodism*, says, with reference to the privations and oppressions which Wesley endured at school, that "he learnt, as a boy, to suffer wrongfully, with cheerful patience, and to conform himself to cruel despotisms without acquiring either the slave's temper or the despot's." Mr. Tyerman substantially adopts this language into his text as his own description of how Wesley fared and did at the Charterhouse (p. 20). But, for our part, we cannot help thinking that not a little grace must have been still working in the soul of the brave and patient boy, to enable him to behave as he did. Wesley must have carried a heart not only bright and hopeful, but forgiving, not only elastic and vigorous, but patient and generous; or he could not have looked back in after days on his six or seven years at the Charterhouse—as we know that he did look back—not only without bitterness, but with pleasure, and have retained, as Southey says, so great a predilection for the place, that, on his annual visits to London, he made it his custom to walk through the scene of his boyhood.

One consequence of his school experience we may note in passing. There can be no doubt that what he saw and experienced of the wild and wicked horse-play of a great school had much to do with the regulations which he made long afterwards for Kingswood School, forbidding all play, and permitting only of walks and garden-work by way of exercise and recreation. It was no slight evidence, let us here subjoin, of at least the powerful restraining influence of religion that Wesley passed through such an ordeal as his six or seven years' residence at Charterhouse without contracting any taint of vice.

Let us linger awhile at Oxford with Wesley, not so much that we may review at any length his course and experience there, as that we may observe what manner of person he was, first, as a collegian, companion, and friend; next, as a theological student and Churchman; and, in both respects, as a living and moving man, full of power over those who came near him.

When Wesley went to Oxford at seventeen, he was a gay, sprightly, and virtuous youth, full of good classics, and also with some knowledge of Hebrew, which he had begun to learn under his brother Samuel, during the short interval, apparently, between leaving the Charterhouse and gaining his scholarship at Christ's Church. He was moral and church-going; according to his own testimony, he read the Scriptures and religious books, especially commentaries; but he was destitute of any true apprehension of spiritual religion; he was, in fact, a devout, yet half-worldly Pharisee, much such another as the young ruler in the Gospels, only without his possessions. His scholarship yielded him £40 a year, which ill sufficed for his needs. His tutors were considerate, and, indeed, generous; his poverty-wrung parents did all they could for him, the father joining to his gifts, poor man, reproofs now and then of his son's want of adequate economy (!); but with all this, and although John's parsimony must really have been extreme, it was very hard for him, during his undergraduate course, and afterwards until pupils and a fellowship brought him a competency, to "make ends meet." "Dear Jack," wrote his mother to him, after he had been some four years at college, and had taken, we presume, his bachelor's degree, "be not discouraged; do your duty; keep close to your studies, and hope for better days. Perhaps, notwithstanding all, we shall pick up a few crumbs for you before the end of the year. Dear Jacky, I beseech Almighty God to bless thee." A month later we find that one of the college dons, who had lent Wesley money, had "paid himself out of Wesley's exhibition," not altogether to the contentment of Mrs. Wesley.

In November of 1724, Mrs. Wesley writes a kind letter to her son, in which she urges him to save as much as possible that he might pay his debts. Early in January 1725, the father writes a brief note, promising £5 towards £10, which Wesley owed to a friend; and three weeks later he writes to him again as follows:—

"Wroote, January 26th, 1725.

"Dear Son,—I am so well pleased with your decent behaviour, or, at least, with your letters, that I hope I shall have no occasion to remember any more some things that are past; and since you have now for some time bit upon the bridle, I will take care hereafter to put a little honey upon it as oft as I am able; but then it shall be of my own mere motion, as the last £5 was, for I will bear no rivals in my kingdom.

"Your affectionate father,

"Samuel Wesley."

The meaning of this not unpleasing, although monitory, letter, is not altogether clear. It would seem, however, that the father had been solicited previously to give some help to his son—perhaps by the mother—possibly through some other channel, and that he had refused, accompanying his refusal with some admonitions; further that the son had taken his father's reproofs somewhat amiss at first, but had latterly expressed himself in his letters in a way which satisfied his father. The father had accordingly relented, as the letter shows. Mr. Tyerman's commentary on this and the brief preceding note, is altogether in an exaggerated tone of austerity. He writes as if such letters "cast shadows on the character" of young Wesley; he declares, quite unwarrantably, that from the age of eleven to twenty-two, Wesley was, "by his own confession, an habitual, if not profane and flagrant, sinner," and that he "thoughtlessly contracted debts greater than he had means to pay." We must say that there is no evidence whatever to justify such language as this. Wesley seems always to have kept at a remote distance from anything like "profane and flagrant sin;" he was "a sinner," as moral and virtuous youths are sinners; but only so; and if he could not make ends meet on £40 a year, there is no evidence whatever that he "thoughtlessly contracted debts." His sister Emilia, writing to him a few months later, said, no doubt most truly: "I know you are a young man encompassed with difficulties, and have passed through many hardships already, and probably must through many more before you are easy in the world;" she adds, also, poor half-clad girl, a noticeable remark: "I know not when we have had so good a year, both at Wroote and at Epworth, as this year; but instead of saving anything to clothe my sister or myself, we are just where we were. . . . One thing I warn you of—let not my giving you this account be any hindrance to your affairs. If you want assistance in any case, my father is as able to give it now as any time these last ten years; nor shall we be ever the poorer for it." *

It is evident that the sister's sympathies were heartily with her brother. There is, in truth, no foundation whatever for the imputation of improvidence or unthrift to John Wesley in his earlier years at Oxford. We take it for granted that he never incurred a serious expense, unless sometimes to purchase a book which appeared to be needful to his success as a student. That he had any extravagant habits or ten-

* Tyerman, Vol. I. p. 33.

dencies whatever there is not the least reason to suppose. His mother did, indeed, urge him gently to try to save, probably because the rector would have her put in an admonition to that effect; but she never approaches the tone of censure in writing to her son. And if she had seemed to incline that way, wanting as she was, for herself and her family, almost the necessaries of life, and not understanding fully a collegian's necessities, it would have been for once no great wonder. But there is no such tone in her correspondence. Her loving son had talked of trying to save a little that he might be able to visit his family; she gently reminds him that the payment of his debts was the first thing to be thought of, but expresses, at the same time, the hope that she may be able to bear his charges home. "I am not without hope," she says, in the letter from which we have lately quoted a few words "of meeting you next summer" (in London). "If you then be willing to accompany me to Wroote, I will bear your charges, as God shall enable me."

To this subject of young Wesley's faults and failings, Mr. Tyerman gives a whole paragraph—a very emphatic, and not a very short paragraph. And yet, in the very next paragraph, and within some half-dozen lines of saying that Wesley "had need to repent in dust and ashes" for his sins, for the sins in particular, and among the rest, of extravagance and thoughtless improvidence, by which he had brought additional burdens on his poor embarrassed and struggling father, Mr. Tyerman goes on to say that "Wesley was far too noble and too high-principled to seek admission into the Christian ministry" merely as a livelihood. Surely, if he were improvident, extravagant, inconsiderate of his father's circumstances, "an habitual, if not profane and flagrant, sinner," "without religious sentiments, and without a religious aim," as Mr. Tyerman tells us he was, it is not by any means incredible that, when he went to college, it might be his intention to enter the Church as a profession, without any high religious motive. We do not, in the least, wish to intimate that he did so; but it surely is not consistent, on the one hand, to place John Wesley so low in respect of religion, if not also of morality, and, on the other hand, to speak of him as so noble and so high-principled a young man.

Leaving this point, however, let us note the indications of young Wesley's character in the earlier years of his college life which are afforded by the family correspondence with which Mr. Tyerman enriches his first chapter, "Wesley at Home, at School, and at College." No one can read this

correspondence without becoming aware that "Jacky"—the very name, "Jacky," might, indeed, be sufficient to settle that question—was by no means the semi-stoical person, destitute of homely warmth and kindliness and of natural interest and concern about the little matters of family life, which some of his critics—which even a writer of such discrimination and insight as Miss Wedgwood—would seem to have supposed him to be. If at a later period of his life, when absorbed and oppressed by the care of the religious movement at Oxford, he forgot, on his arrival from a visit home, to tell his brother Charles of the details of the family circumstances, that must be attributed, not in the least to want of feeling for his parents and sisters, or lack of interest in all that really affected them, but to the weight and pressure at the moment of a most solemn religious undertaking and responsibility. How lovingly and generously he cared for his mother and sisters through life, with what depth and intensity, with what force of reason and fact, and of barely suppressed indignation, he vindicated himself on one occasion from a petulant and unwarrantable imputation to the contrary, the students of his life will hardly fail to remember.* In his early days at Oxford, he kept up very loving relations and correspondence with his sisters. "More than once," as Mr. Tyerman tells us, "when requesting that his sisters would write to him, he playfully remarks, that "though he was so poor, he would be able to spare the postage for a letter now and then." And, writing to his mother on the 1st of November, 1724, from Oxford, he says, "I should be exceedingly glad to keep up a correspondence with my sister Emily, if she were willing. I have writ once or twice to my sister Sukey, too, but have not had an answer either from her or my sister Hetty, from whom I have more than once desired the poem of 'The Dog.' I should be glad to hear how things go on at Wroote, which I now remember with more pleasure than Epworth; so true it is, at least in me, that the persons, not the place, make home so pleasant." A sweeter, purer tone of writing than this we could hardly imagine. It will be observed that the family were now living, not at Epworth, but at Wroote, the living which his father held with Epworth, and that this was the reason of the turn in the last sentence. Wroote itself was a most uninviting place, very different from the pleasant and old-fashioned settledness of the town of Epworth, with its

* See a letter of Wesley's to his sister Emily, published in Clarke's *Wesley Family*, Vol. II. p. 265—7, and by Mr. Tyerman, Vol. I. pp. 424—5.

comfortable houses and goodly gardens. The letter closes by begging his mother's and his father's blessing on their "dutiful son." It was five months later than the date of this letter that "Emilia Wesley" wrote the letter to her brother from which we have already quoted. Poor Emilia, eldest of the gifted sisters! Mr. Kirk says of her, in his *Mother of the Wesleys:* "Her love for her mother was strong as death; and she regarded her brother John with a passionate fondness. Though so much younger than herself, she selected him as her 'most intimate companion; her counsellor in difficulties,' to whom 'her heart lay open at all times.'" Crossed in love, and, for some reason not fully explained, but perhaps connected with her love affair, irritated against her father, her spirit chafed under the difficulties of her situation; but she bravely helped both her family and herself during the years of her earlier womanhood. She was known in her later years as Mrs. Harper, a widow, and died in the bosom of her brother's Methodism, in her eightieth year. Poor Sukey! too, the second sister, beautiful, vivacious, and accomplished, but whose lot was far more troublous than that of Emily, though Emily's was so far from an easy life. She was in the flower of her life when her brother referred to her. Some years later, after she had married the wretched profligate Ellison, her youngest sister wrote of her: "Poor Sukey! she is very ill. People think she is going into a consumption. It would be well for her if she was where 'the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.'" And again, poor Hetty! Her lot was as sad as that of her sister Ellison. The most gifted of all the sisters, to whom it was more natural to write in sweet verse than in prose, though her prose, like that of all the sisters, was excellent—her sad story has in part been told by Mr. Kirk in the interesting volume to which we have referred. Her husband was every way unsuitable for her, an ignorant, illiterate, and degraded plumber. Mehetabel (Hetty) Wesley, or Mrs. Wright, after a living martyrdom of some twenty years, died in 1750, leaving not a few beautiful verses behind her. To these and to all his sisters, Wesley never failed to show himself an affectionate brother. How it is that there was no reference to his amiable, but deformed sister Mary, in the letter of Wesley's we have quoted, it is not possible to guess. She became Mrs. Whitelamb —Whitelamb having been first her father's amanuensis, afterwards his curate, and, finally, when he married, his successor in the small rectory of Wroote—and she died in 1734, one year after her marriage, at the age of 38, having had, indeed, a

short but not an unhappy life. Keziah, the remaining sister of Wesley, was, in 1724, only fourteen years old.

Mr. Badcock, in the *Westminster Magazine*, gave a picture of Wesley as he was at Oxford in 1724, when he was about twenty-one years of age. "He appeared," we are told, "the very sensible and acute collegian; a young fellow of the finest classical taste, of the most liberal and manly sentiments." He was at this time a general favourite. But having taken his degree, and being in prospect of presently taking orders, a decided change began to come over his feelings. He became much more serious and thoughtful than he had been; and corresponded earnestly both with his father and his mother as to the motives which should govern him in seeking to take orders, as to the studies which he should pursue, and as to the principles and manner of life which should give character to one intending to enter the holy ministry. Mr. Tyerman gives the most important letters, and enables us to trace the formation of Wesley's principles. Thomas à Kempis, Jeremy Taylor, and William Law, as he himself has particularly described, were his chief instructors at the first, and for a considerable period. The asceticism of the first, indeed, was always too sombre for him. But on the whole he was greatly moulded by their influence, and became eventually himself an ascetic, with a mystical bias (due partly to Law), and also an overpoweringly ritualistic tendency, but at all times free from sombreness of colouring or moroseness of temperament. Against Jeremy Taylor's gloomy and morbid teachings as to the necessity of perpetual, sorrowful uncertainty on the point of the penitent sinner's pardon and acceptance, Wesley's cheerful faith and good sense revolted from the first. Writing to his mother in 1725, he says: "If we dwell in Christ, and Christ in us (which He will not do unless we are regenerate), certainly we must be sensible of it. If we can never have any certainty of our being in a state of salvation, good reason it is that every moment should be spent, not in joy, but in fear and trembling; and then, undoubtedly, we are in this life of all men most miserable. God deliver us from such a fearful expectation as this!" There, in 1725, we have already settled within Wesley's mind, notwithstanding his High Church indoctrination from the writings of Taylor, one of the characteristic doctrines of Methodism, viz., that of a conscious present salvation from guilt and fear, through the indwelling of Christ. It is clear, also, that as yet the modern Anglican doctrine of baptismal regeneration had not been distinctly embraced by him.

It was from the *Christian's Pattern* of Thomas à Kempis, and from Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, that he learnt the doctrine of entire Christian consecration and holiness which afterwards developed into the Methodist doctrine of "Christian Perfection." "I saw," he says, in a passage which Mr. Tyerman quotes, "that simplicity of intention and purity of affection, one design in all we speak and do, and one desire ruling all our tempers, are indeed the wings of the soul, without which she can never ascend to God. I sought after this from that hour." This was in 1725, and the lesson was learnt from the *Pattern*. Again, he says, in reference to the effect of the *Holy Living and Dying*: "Instantly I resolved to dedicate all my life to God—all my thoughts, and words, and actions—being thoroughly convinced there was no medium, but that every part of my life (not some only) must either be a sacrifice to God or myself, that is, the devil." Truly does Mr. Tyerman say, after quoting these passages, and more than we have cited: "Here, then, we have the turning point in Wesley's history. It was not until thirteen years after this that he received the consciousness of being saved through faith in Christ; but from this time his whole aim was to serve God and his fellow creatures, and get safe to heaven."* Let it be noted accordingly that 1725 was a great era in Wesley's history. In the same year he and his mother between them—that remarkable woman was his chief theological tutor—settled the question of predestination in the same sense in which Wesley always taught upon this point. As to faith, however, Wesley still remained altogether beclouded. Faith with him at present seems to have meant little else than right opinion. No wonder, after wandering for so many years in the wilderness, because misled by this natural and prevalent error, that in later life he waged war so sharply, so continually, so resolutely, against this error. As yet he had no glimmering of the truth that a true Christian faith is strictly personal, is "of the operation of the Holy Ghost," is a moral and spiritual affection and act, or habit of acting, of the highest significance and potency, rooting the soul in Christ and God, and including within itself implicitly the whole fruit of the Spirit of God.

Wesley was ordained deacon in September 1725, by Bishop Potter, and preached his first sermon at South Leigh, a small village near Witney. In March 1726, he was elected Fellow of Lincoln College. By this time, his increasing strictness

* Pp 36.—7.

had begun to attract attention; but, as yet, no greater reproach than that of singular and somewhat excessive religiousness attached to him in the minds of any. No one regarded him as fanatical; most looked upon him with high respect as one of the most distinguished and conscientious, one of the most accomplished and able, men in the university. From the time of his receiving the Lincoln fellowship, however, he was to enter upon a new stage of his career. He himself has told us how he took occasion by his change of colleges to give a resolute though not uncourteous *congé* to all his former acquaintances who were not as serious and earnest as himself. From this time, accordingly, Wesley became a religious devotee, although he took no taint of sourness, and by no means lost all his smart pleasantry of speech. He was at this time, and indeed all his life, as his circumstances permitted, a very hard and very various student. Oriental languages, oratory and poetry, metaphysics, logic and ethics, as well as divinity, entered into his weekly plan of study. Eight months after his election to the fellowship, he was appointed Greek Lecturer in his college, and Moderator of the Classes. His skill and readiness in logic, it is well known, were extraordinary. "Leisure and I," he said in a letter to his brother Samuel, written about this time, "have taken leave of one another. I propose to be busy as long as I live, if my health is so long indulged me." From the time of his receiving his first college allowances as fellow, Wesley's financial battle was over, and, exercising economy as rigid over his personal expenses afterwards as in his greatest poverty before, Wesley was able to assist his brother Samuel in helping their father, and to be to the end of his life a benefactor to his family. He never saved to enrich himself. The summer after his election he took a sort of holiday, for which he had been longing, and for which his parents and family had longed not less than he. He spent it at Epworth and Wroote, acting as his father's curate and pursuing his studies.

In the year following we catch a glimpse, to us very interesting, of Wesley's relations with others beyond his own family. There resided at Stanton, in Gloucestershire, the Rev. Lionel Kirkham. This clergyman had (at least) two daughters and a son. Of the daughters, one, Sarah, had married the Rev. William Capoon (or Chapone), and remained, as his wife, at Stanton. She is often referred to in the *Life and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*, with whom she was on terms of intimate friendship, as a woman of remarkable talent; she appears also to have been very fond of theolo-

ical discussions. Another (or the other) daughter, Betty, is referred to in a quotation we shall immediately give from a family letter. The brother was an intimate college friend of Wesley's, and became, a few years later, one of the original band of Methodists. Wesley had visited this family, and appears to have been a very welcome guest there. The brother was evidently very anxious that Wesley should become his brother-in-law, and Wesley appears to have been greatly impressed with the merits and charms of Miss Betty. In a letter from young Kirkham to Wesley, dated February 1727, and which begins, "With familiarity I write, dear Jack," a letter, we must say, so empty, although hearty, and so broadly rustic in tone, as to surprise us from a friend of Wesley's, we find the following passage :—

"Your most deserving, queer character; your worthy personal accomplishments; your noble endowments of mind; your little and handsome person; and your obliging and desirable conversation, have been the pleasing subject of our discourse for some pleasant hours. You have been often in the thoughts of M. B." (Miss Betty), "which I have curiously observed, when with her alone, by inward smiles and sighs, and abrupt expressions concerning you. Shall this suffice? I caught her this morning in an humble and devout posture on her knees. I am called to read a *Spectator* to my sister Capoon. I long for the time when you are to supply father's absence. Keep your counsel, and burn this when perused," &c.

It is singular that such a letter as this was *not* burnt by Wesley; very curious that it was preserved for a hundred and forty years before it was published in the *Wesleyan Times*. It opens the way, however, to a series of letters of the greatest and most curious interest, which reveal Wesley in a light altogether new, which show the workings of his mind, and even his style of writing, as no one could ever have expected to see them, utterly contradicting the idea that he was wanting in the softer and warmer emotions of our nature—an idea which has grown up from the singleness with which for fifty years he devoted himself to the intense practical work of an apostle. No greater mistake than this could there be; and, if in his later life there are appearances which seem to lend a countenance to it, the reason is that, in proportion to his natural susceptibility to the warm attraction of intimate and fond affections, was the rigidity of watchful suppression which he imposed upon his temperament when the solemn life-work which Providence had assigned to him demanded his undivided and unintermitted energies.

The correspondence to which we refer was not, however,

between Wesley and Miss Betty Kirkham, the lady referred to in the extract just given, but an intimate friend of hers, known for three-quarters of a century as a woman of high accomplishments and of almost unequalled charms and attractions, who moved in the best society of the country, and was honoured for half a century and more with the intimate friendship and confidence of King George III. and his Queen. We refer to the famous Mrs. Delany, whose history is so well-known from her *Life and Correspondence*, by Lady Llanover.

Mary Granville, afterwards Mrs. Delany, was left a widow after her first marriage, early in 1725, being then twenty-four years of age. Her first husband's name was Pendarves. Her mother's house was near Gloucester, not far from Stanton, in Gloucestershire, where Mr. Kirkham lived, and she had become very intimate with his daughter. One of these, as we have remarked, is often referred to in the *Life and Correspondence*, the "sister Capoon" of the foregoing extract, mother-in-law in after years of Mrs. Chapone, whose *Letters* were once so well known. The other is never once referred to, and does not appear to have been known to Lady Llanover, although her ladyship was a grand niece (we believe) of Mrs. Delany, or, at all events, a descendant of her sister, Anne Grenville. And yet this other, as appears from the correspondence to which we have referred, was a most highly-valued friend of Mrs. Pendarves (or Delany), and a Christian of no ordinary character. It seems, indeed, as if all the religious correspondence and the religious life of this fascinating lady had vanished from her *Remains*, so completely wanting are the traces of this life, at least in the earlier portion of it. And yet the evidence is before us that the idol of the Court circle was much occupied, at least for considerable intervals, with religious thought and feeling, and that between her and John Wesley there was carried on a very remarkable correspondence, deeply coloured with religion.

What is more, it is evident that this lady succeeded to the place in Wesley's thoughts which had been occupied by Miss Betty Kirkham. The latter he would have married, if it had been possible; but some insurmountable obstacle—it may have been a stern parental decree, or it may have been some physical cause—made such a union impossible. Not concealing his deep sorrow at such a barrier to his tenderest and most treasured hopes from her friend and his new correspondent—frankly, indeed, avowing it throughout—Wesley would have had the dazzling but most amiable widow take

her place, if she would but have inclined her ear and heart. She was evidently not insensible to his merits nor to his admiration. But it was hardly likely at any time that she would have accepted the position of his wife. At all events, after several years of correspondence, a long visit to Ireland, with its new scenes, its fashionable absorption, its dissipating stimulants, interrupted the correspondence for some time. Then she made an attempt, with deep apologies, to renew it; but Wesley had escaped from the pleasing snare, and, with stately but tender courtesy, in a final letter bowed his charmer out of his circle.

It was the fashion in those times for friends to have fictitious names by which to address and speak of each other, names often borrowed from some romance of the time. Mrs. Pendarves's name, with many of her friends, was Aspasia. Her sister Anne's was Selina. Miss Betty Kirkham's was Varanese. John Wesley's, in this correspondence, was Cyrus; his brother Charles's was Araspes. Lady Llanover prints letters in her volumes which mention Cyrus, but she had no suspicion that Cyrus was Wesley. What a striking mosaic relief would this correspondence have introduced into her first volume, if she had only had the opportunity of printing it.

We have said that Varanese was the fancy name of Betty Kirkham. As such it will appear in the correspondence, sometimes indicated under the initial V., sometimes as Var., and again as V^{nese}.

This correspondence has never been published in its integrity, but considerable extracts from it will be found in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine* for 1863, at pp. 134—139, and 211—217, and Mr. Tyerman has printed some portions of it. By the kindness of the Rev. Dr. Hoole, we are favoured with the opportunity of consulting the whole, and using it for the purpose of this article.

What strikes us as most remarkable in this correspondence, is the variation of character which the warm and tender admiration for such a woman as Mrs. Pendarves seems to work in Wesley. He, of course, had seen little of the world. His home was amid the uncultured rusticity of Epworth and Wroote. At college his means had not allowed him to mix with society before his fellowship, and after his fellowship his seriousness had prevented his mingling with the fashionable. But at Stanton—at his friend Kirkham's home—he had, no doubt, been introduced to the Grenville family. There he had met with Mrs. Pendarves, a brilliant lady of the Court,

familiar with all that rank and fashion could furnish forth, yet sweet and modest, intelligent and inquiring, as happy in country life as if she had never known a Court or shone in the assemblies of London, as if the assembly and the opera were altogether strange to her, and, above all, interested and concerned about matters of religious devotion and duty. It is no wonder if the young collegian, with a mind open to every charm of refinement and goodness, as well as to every grace of person, was altogether dazzled and subdued by such an apparition as that of Mrs. Pendarves in Stanton. Then she was affectionately and admiringly attached to the lady whom above all others he had esteemed and admired—to Betty Kirkham. The result was that the young Oxford fellow, tutor and clergyman, linguist and wit, logician and theologian, student and devotee, sought and obtained permission to become a correspondent of the widow, in this respect more fortunate than any other gentleman of whom we have any information. But when he undertook to write to her, he seems to have been quite overset by the quality and accomplishments of the person to whom he had undertaken to write. In all other correspondence, before as well as after this period of his life, Wesley is always clear, neat, and parsimonious of words, simple, chaste, and unaffected. In this correspondence, on the contrary, he is stilted, sentimental, we had almost said affected, certainly unreal, certainly at times fulsome, when he has to speak of the lady herself, or makes any attempt to turn a compliment. We almost wonder how the lady, who never forgets herself, and whose style is always natural and proper, was able to bear the style in which he addressed her. It is only when a question of religious casuistry or of theology, of duty or of devotion, is to be dealt with, that Wesley is himself again; then his style is singularly in contrast with what it is in respect to points of personality or of sentiment. His expressions of regard and admiration are as high-flown as if they belonged to a Spanish romance; his discussions are clear and close. It is hard to understand how the same man could be the writer of all.

We have said that the correspondence with Aspasia (Mrs. Pendarves) grew out of the relations between Wesley and Betty Kirkham, and that the fancy name of the latter was Varanese. This is shown by a letter to Wesley from his sister Martha, a sentence of which is quoted by Mr. Tyerman, and the date of which is five days later than that of the one from Kirkham to Wesley, from which we have quoted. "When I knew," says she, "that you were just returned

from Worcestershire, where, I suppose, you saw your Varanese, I then ceased to wonder at your silence, for the sight of such a woman, 'so known, so loved,' might well make you forget me." Mr. Tyerman, however, for once has fallen short in his research as to this case, for he says, "Nothing more is known of this incipient courtship;" and also, that "Wesley soon became far too much immersed in more serious things to have time to think of wooing." The correspondence with Aspasia shows that, on Wesley's side, at least, there was no withdrawal from his passion for "Varanese;" that, years afterwards, the attachment still continued very strong; that it was not his fault if it did not lead to a life-long union; and that he could and did find time, in the midst of his most engrossing engagements, for a correspondence with the woman of his choice.

It appears to have been in the summer of 1730, three years and a half after the date of Robert Kirkham's letter to Wesley about his sister, whilst Mrs. Pendarves was spending some months in the country with her mother and sister, that Wesley first made her acquaintance; no doubt, at Stanton, at the Kirkhams'. Wesley's first letter to her, accompanying some MS. which he had promised to send the lady, is dated Aug. 14 of that year, and in this he refers to "his dear Varanese." It appears that some correspondence of hers was necessary in order to explain the MS., "the trifle," which he was sending. In reference to this he says: "While I was transcribing the letters, these last monuments of the goodness of my dear V., I could not hinder some sighs which, between grief and shame, would have their way. Not that I was so much pained at seeing my utmost efforts outdone by another's pen, but I could not, I ought not to, be unmoved, when I observe how unworthy I am of that excellent means of improvement, &c. . . . I trust so unusual a blessing of Providence has not been utterly useless to me. To this I owe both the capacity and the occasion of feeling that soft emotion with which I glow even at the moment when I consider myself as conversing with a kindred soul of my V." In a later letter (Sept. 14), he says, "My dear V. informs me you are going yet further from us, but cannot inform me how soon." On the 12th of October, she, writing to him from Gloucester, speaks of "our inimitable dear V.," and longs for her ability to write on high and serious subjects. On the 19th of November, apologising for her infrequent writing, she says, "I have not had time even to write to V." In a letter dated Innocents' Day following, "Cyrus" thus significantly

expresses himself: "While I am reflecting on this, I can't but often observe with pleasure the great resemblance between the emotion I then feel and that with which my heart frequently overflowed in the beginning of my intercourse with our dear V. Yet is there a sort of soft melancholy mixed with it, when I perceive that I am making another avenue for grief, that I am laying open another part of my soul, at which the arrows of fortune may enter." There follows much more soft meandering around the same subject, and to a similar effect. On the 11th January following, he refers again to the advantage he has enjoyed in "the friendship of our V." Under date April 4th following, Aspasia refers to "dear V." and to being "denied the happiness and advantage of conversing with such a friend." And a few days later Cyrus, after referring to "dear V." adds *most* suggestively, "why it is that I am not allowed a stricter intercourse with such a friend is a question I could never fully answer but by another—why is my intercourse with such a friend as Aspasia or Selina allowed?" Selina, we remark, in passing, here as elsewhere in the correspondence, is decorously joined in society with Aspasia, as Araspes is with Cyrus.* But this is a very transparent artifice of correspondence. So he desires, in another letter, to "shelter himself under the protection of V. and Aspasia and Selina." In the early summer of 1731, Wesley met V. somewhere on a visit, probably at Stanton, where he may have been over from Oxford "doing duty." He writes in regard to this visit to Aspasia as follows: "You will easily judge whether the remembrance of Aspasia made that entertainment in particular less agreeable which I enjoyed last week in the almost uninterrupted conversation of dear V." "On this spot she sat," "along this path she walked," "here she showed that lovely instance of condescension," were reflections which, though extremely obvious, could not be equally pleasing, and gave a new degree of beauty to the charming arbour, the fields, the meadows, and Harrel (?) itself." In her reply the lady writes very prettily; she says: "I will not say I envied either Va. or Cyrus those moments they passed together, for indeed I did not; but happy should I have been to have shared them with you. How I please myself with the thought that I was not

* *E.g.*; "The esteem of Araspes as well as Cyrus must ever attend both Aspasia and Selina." This is a P.S. to a letter from Cyrus. So the lady closes one of her letters thus: "Araspes may justly claim our service and esteem. Selina joins with Aspasia in being to Cyrus, a

"Faithful and Obliged Friend."

quite forgot at that interview. Perhaps I was wished for." In one place the passionate religious fervour of Miss Kirkham is shown by some words which Wesley quotes from her. "I do not wonder," he says, "that Aspasia is thus minded, any more than I did at the temper of dear V^nese. under the sharpest pain that an embodied spirit can know. You will easily take knowledge of those words, if you have not heard them before, 'When I was in the greatest of my pains, if my strength would have allowed, I would gladly have run out into the streets to warn all I met that they should save themselves from pain sharper than mine.'" *

Mrs. Pendarves was three years older than Wesley, and was, it is evident enough, regarded by her country friends as a sort of superior being. When she allowed the correspondence to begin, she probably had no idea that any warm affections would be stirred in the course of it. Wesley's earliest effusions, however, must have excited in her some suspicion as to how matters might turn; and, before the correspondence came to an end, it would seem that a tone of decidedly warmer, more natural, and more confidential friendship gave character to her letters. Her own religious sensibilities, besides, were more awakened; and as she became more earnest and confidential, the power of Wesley's writing greatly grew. There can be no doubt that he did at one time cherish the aspiration that Mrs. Pendarves might join her lot with his. Her second husband was an Irish dean and divine, neither so well born and bred, nor so distinguished or useful a man, as Wesley. But Wesley, wedded in 1732 to Mrs. Pendarves, might have become a very different man from what he did become. The following passage in a long letter of Wesley's, dated July 24, 1731, is the nearest approach to a proposal of marriage contained in this correspondence. One broad hint has been quoted already:—

"Is it no hurt to rob you of your time, for which there is no equivalent but eternity? on the use of every moment of which more than a world depends? to turn your very sweetness of temper against you? on this very account to encroach on you with so much cruelty? to force you to stand still so many hours, when you are most ardent to press forward? nay, to strike whole days out of your existence, while He that sitteth in Heaven sees that all the kingdoms He hath made are vile compared to the worth of one particle of them! O God, hath Thy wisdom prepared a remedy for every evil under the sun? and

* From several references in the letters it would appear that Miss Kirkham (if she were still Miss Kirkham) was by no means an habitual sufferer from illness or pain, but enjoyed good ordinary health.

is there none for this? Must Aspasia ever submit to this insupportable misfortune? Every time a gay wretch wants to trifle away part of that invaluable treasure which Thou hast lent him, shall he force away a part of hers too? tear another star from her crown of glory! O, 'tis too much indeed. Surely there is a way to escape; the God whom you serve point it out to you!"

This was certainly opening the way skilfully and clearly for future advances, if due responsiveness had been shown by the lady. Her next letter, like the one preceding, is warmly kind and religiously earnest, by no means likely to discourage her correspondent. The one following, dated August 26, was written just on the eve of her journey and voyage to Ireland, and is still very kind, although, in the postscript, a stringent injunction is given, not the first she had given of the same kind in her postscripts, that all her letters should be burnt, and that Cyrus should make use of no epithet before her name. This letter Wesley answered at length (September 28), but received no reply. It can hardly be doubted that he wrote other letters afterwards not contained in this series, for he often wrote two letters for her one, and he was the more likely to do so as she was in Ireland, and as the direction in her last had been, "When you write to me, which I hope will be soon, direct your letter to my sister at Gloucester, and she will take care to convey it to me." But he still received no reply, though many months had passed away. Writing to her sister from Dublin the following spring (March 11th), when nearly six months had passed away, she says:—

"Cyrus by this time has blotted me out of his memory, or if he does remember me, it can only be to reproach me; what can I say *for* myself? What can I indeed say *to myself*, that have neglected so extraordinary a correspondent? I only am the sufferer, but I should be very sorry to have him think my silence proceeded from negligence. I declare 'tis want of time! Then there's poor Sally,* too, who I think of every day, but cannot find a moment to tell her so; though soon I will endeavour to acquit myself in a proper manner to them both. I can't put myself into better hands for making an excuse for me than yours."†

Precisely twelve months later, in another letter to her sister, still from Ireland, she thus writes:—

"As for the ridicule Cyrus has been exposed to, I do not at all wonder at it. Religion in its plainest dress suffers daily from the insolence and ignorance of the world; then how should that person

* Mrs. Chapone.

† Mrs. Delany's *Life and Correspondence*, Vol. I. p. 341.

escape who dares to appear openly in its cause? He will meet with all the mortification such rebels are able to give, which can be no other than that of finding them wilfully blinding themselves, and running headlong into the gulf of perdition, a melancholy prospect for the honest-hearted man who earnestly desires the salvation of his fellow-creatures." *

It was not, however, till the summer of 1734, after an interval of nearly three years, that Mrs. Pendarves found time to write to her Oxford friend. By this time she had got back to England. Her first words indicate the feeling of the letter:—"I never began a letter with so much confusion to anybody as I do this to Cyrus." Her apologies are deep and no doubt sincere. She had "at last broken through" the shame and reluctance to write which her long delay and neglect had produced, and was ready to "suffer any reproach rather than lose the advantage of Cyrus's friendship." Things, however, had gone too far; and the Cyrus of 1734 was a man of stronger character and more experience, as well as of wider influence and of higher position as a spiritual teacher and leader, than the Cyrus of 1731. He will not renew the correspondence, and it may be doubted whether Cyrus and Aspasia ever met again.† His voyage to America soon intervened, and the whole colour of his life was completely changed.

The contrast between the beginning and the end of this correspondence is striking, and suggests that a great development had in the meantime taken place in Wesley's character. The first letter of all bears the signature "J. W.," and begins with the formal "Madam" of the time. It is tolerably sentimental and high-flown; but it is nothing to the second, which is addressed to "Aspasia," and which properly begins the Cyrus and Aspasia series. We transcribe a part of it, observing only that it is in reply to one from Aspasia, in which she acknowledged the MS. and letters he had sent her with his first. First he thanks her in elaborate circumlocution for her letter to him—a letter complimentary indeed, but destitute of any real matter or genuine thought whatever—and then proceeds:—

"It convinces me that it was possible I should enjoy a higher pleasure than even your conversation gave me. If your understanding could not appear in a stronger light than when it brightened the dear hill, the fields, the arbour, I am now forced to confess your temper could. You even then showed but half your goodness.

* See Mrs. Delany's *Life and Correspondence*, p. 410. † *Ibid.* Vol. I. p. 175.

"I spent some very agreeable moments last night in musing on this delightful subject, and thinking to how little disadvantage Aspasia or Selina would have appeared even in that faint light which the moon, glimmering through the trees poured on that part of our garden in which I was walking. How little would the eye of the mind that surveyed them have missed the absent sun! What darkness could have obscured gentleness, courtesy, humility; could have shaded the image of God! Sure none but that which shall never dare to approach them; none but vice, which shall ever be far away!"

Such compliments as these are singularly elaborate, and cumbrous, and obscure; but yet John Wesley, the master of simple manliness of style, wrote this, and much more, in the following letters, not inferior in its kind. Such was Wesley in 1730 and 1731, as a "squire of dames," and, in particular, as the fascinated admirer of Mrs. Pendarves. In one place he even goes so far as to place his orthodoxy in question when paying his excessive tribute to this lady. "Though," he says, "I would fain be nearer you, though I do what I can (I fear not always) to overtake you; yet so hard is it to lay aside every weight; these follies do so easily beset me; that I find it will not be—the penitent cannot avoid being left behind by the innocent!" The date of this notable sentiment is July 24, 1731, twelve months after the first acquaintance. It occurs in a long, earnest, religious, and, on the whole, impressive letter. The following sentiments in an earlier letter (Oct. 24, 1730) also appear to us to be very curious in an Oxford clergyman and fellow, an Oxford tutor and religious leader.

"What the advantage of being present with you must be, may be easily conceived from what you do even when absent. To your good wishes I can't but, in a great measure, impute it, that we should exactly find our way through a country in which we were utter strangers, and for some miles without either human creature, or day, or moon, or stars to direct us. By so many ties of interest, as well as gratitude, am I obliged, whether present or absent, to be, madam, your most obliged and most obedient servant."

Such was the style in which Wesley had paid his epistolary court to Mrs. Pendarves. Of course there was more substantial matter than such as we have quoted. Some of the letters discuss at length questions of religious duty and religious experience, and there is not a little earnest religious exhortation. But yet such writing as we have lately quoted occupies a large space in this correspondence. The letter written by Wesley in 1734, in reply to Mrs. Pendarves's letter

of profound apology, shows a higher style of writing, and much more dignity of character.

"Alas, Aspasia!" he rejoins, "are you indeed convinced that I can be of any service to you? I fear you have not sufficient ground for such a conviction. Experience has shown how much my power is short of my will. For some time I flattered myself with the pleasing hope; but I grew more and more ashamed of having indulged it. You need not the support of so weak a hand. How can I possibly think you do (though that thought tries now and then to intrude itself still), since you have so long and resolutely thrust it from you? I dare not therefore blame you for so doing. Doubtless you acted upon cool reflection. You declined the trouble of writing, not because it was a trouble, but because it was a needless one. And if so, what injury have you done yourself? As for me, you do me no injury by your silence. It did, indeed, deprive me of much pleasure, and of a pleasure from which I ought to have received much improvement. But still, as it was one I had no title to but your goodness, to withdraw it was no injustice. I sincerely thank you for what is past; and may the God of my salvation return it sevenfold into your bosom! And if ever you should please to add to those thousand obligations any new ones, I trust they shall neither be unrewarded by Him nor unworthily received by Aspasia's faithful friend and servant, Cyrus.—Araspes, too, hopes you will never have reason to tax him with ingratitude. Adieu!"

Mr. Tyerman (as we have intimated) misses the full meaning of this interesting and suggestive episode in Wesley's life. He quotes, indeed, Aspasia's first letter in full, as published in the *Wesleyan Times* in 1866; and he adds the interesting fact that on the fly-leaf of that letter Selina added a P.S., informing Wesley that her sister was about to visit Bath, and intimating to him that he had best write to her to ascertain her movements; telling him also that Varanese had sent him a letter by the carrier a fortnight before, and wished to know whether it had come safe to hand. But he quite misinterprets the latter part of that letter. Aspasia writes, "If you have any affairs that call you to Gloucester, don't forget that you have two pupils, who are desirous of improving their understanding; and that friendship has already taught them to be, sir, your most sincere, humble, servants. My companion joins me in all I have said, as well as in service to Araspes." The "companion," Mr. Tyerman says, was probably Mrs. Granville (with whom also Wesley corresponded),*

* Mrs. Delany's *Life, &c.* Vol. I., p. 269. The date of the one letter to Mrs. Granville of which we have any knowledge, is "Lincoln College, December 12, 1730."

or Sarah Kirkham. But there is no evidence that Wesley had any particular friendship with Sarah Kirkham, who had, indeed, for years been Mrs. Capon, Capoon, or Chapone, and Mrs. Granville is clearly out of the question. The "companion" is evidently the other "pupil," and that other was "Aspasia's" sister "Selina."

We have dwelt thus at length upon this correspondence, not merely because of the curious interest which attaches to the letters, but because they reveal a background of natural character which enables us to see in a much truer light the matured and, in good part, transformed Wesley of later years. It reveals to us the extreme natural susceptibility of Wesley to whatever was graceful and amiable in woman, especially if united to mental vigour and moral excellence. He was naturally a woman-worshipper, at least a worshipper of such women. He had been brought up in the society of clever and virtuous women, his sisters; and it seems as if he could, at no time of his life, dispense with the exquisite and stimulating pleasure which he found in their society and correspondence. An almost reverent courtesy, a warm but pure affection, a delicate but close familiarity, marked through life his relations with the good and gifted women—gifted they were for the most part—with whom he maintained friendship and correspondence. If Miss Wedgwood had been aware of this fact, some points in her estimate of Wesley's character would have varied from what she has presented to her readers.

We must not pass away from the subject of this correspondence without saying a few words as to the light which the letters throw upon the stage of development at which Wesley had arrived in his doctrinal views at the time (1730—1731) when they were written. As we have only, besides, a somewhat insignificant sermon or two of this period, from which to draw our inferences, they are in this point of view very welcome to the student of Wesley's character in its whole unfolding.

We may say, then, in general, that the theology of these letters is utterly unevangelical. There is in them very little savour of Christ's presence; there is absolutely nothing of the righteousness of faith. The way to holiness and happiness is the use of the "instituted" means; all these should be continually used, used to the full, because the more means there are, and are made use of, the more grace must needs come to the teachable and humble Christian who uses them. But of Christ and of faith there is nothing. A servile legalism, a plodding ritualism, which the performer

must have continually felt to be in danger of degenerating into perfunctoriness, constitutes the whole "way of salvation." Aspasia mentions a case of religious distress in a female friend of hers. Wesley recommends the diligent use of all the means of grace, the "instituted" means, as a remedy for her state. Aspasia rejoins that she had already tried these, and was none the better, but rather the worse. Her spiritual adviser had no genuine remedy to prescribe for such a case as this. He was a "miserable comforter," and an ignorant physician. Cases of casuistry as to Sunday employments and some other matters Wesley discussed, and more or less resolved with no little skill. His view of religious consecration, too, was high. But of evangelical faith and experience he knew nothing. Further evidence as to Wesley's theological views at this period of his life is afforded by several sermons which, although not printed at the time, were printed many years afterwards, at various times, in the *Methodist Magazine*, and of which some account is given by Mr. Tyerman. From these it appears that Wesley taught between 1731 and 1734 a high doctrine of Christian holiness, both active and passive; that he taught the duty of at least weekly, if not also, when circumstances allowed, of daily communion; and that he taught the duty of confession as a preparation for the Communion; that he also would have the wine in the Holy Communion mixed with water; but that he did not in the least entertain any such view respecting the real and corporeal presence in or under the sacramental elements of the Incarnate Christ, whether by transubstantiation or consubstantiation, as is now taught by High Anglicans. On the point of confession, Mr. Tyerman quotes a very racy passage from a letter of Wesley's elder sister Emily, to whose love for her brother we have already referred:—

"To lay open the state of my soul to you, or any of our clergy, is what I have no inclination to at present; and I believe I never shall. I shall not put my conscience under the direction of mortal man frail as myself. To my own Master I stand or fall. Nay, I scruple not to say that all such desire in you, or any other ecclesiastic, seems to me like Church tyranny, and assuming to yourselves a dominion over your fellow creatures, which was never designed you by God. . . . I further own that I do not hold frequent communion necessary to salvation, nor a means of Christian perfection. But do not mistake my meaning: I only think communing every Sunday, or very frequently, lessens our veneration for that sacred ordinance, and, consequently, our profiting by it."—*Tyerman*, p. 94.

There speaks up the keen, strong sense of the eldest of the Wesley sisters, couched in the admirable English, pure, clear, and strong, which the whole family seem to have caught from their mother. Emily would not make a father confessor of her younger brother, or of any man. She had not only Puritan blood in her veins, but some of the Puritan spirit for her inheritance. Wesley himself, in a passage quoted by his biographer, has truly pointed out what was the essential defect of his theology and his preaching from 1727 onwards, to his great change:—"I preached much, but saw no fruit of my labour. Indeed, it could not be that I should; for I neither laid the foundation of repentance nor of preaching the Gospel; taking it for granted that all to whom I preached were believers, and that many of them needed no repentance."* This was as true of Wesley's teaching and preaching in 1735 as in 1728.

Wesley, indeed, went to consult a new teacher, and entered upon a new phase in the formation of his theological views in 1732, but the new teacher was not likely to enlighten his darkness on the points to which we have referred. He visited William Law in the year we have named, and, on his recommendation, read the *Theologia Germanica*, Tauler's works, and other mystic writings. Thus was mysticism grafted on High Churchmanship. Under the influence of Law Wesley seems to have continued until after he went to America. It was in 1726 that Law published his *Christian Perfection* and *Serious Call*, and it must have been about the year 1728 or 1729 that Wesley first read these fine devotional and practical books; it was certainly before 1730.† When, in 1732, Wesley visited Law, the latter had just begun to be a student of the mystical writers. It appears to have been about two years later that Law entered upon his course of decided deterioration and increasing confusion by becoming addicted to the study of Behmen.

In one respect, Law's influence was antagonistic to the errors of externalism, the servile devotion to means and rites, in which Wesley had been ensnared. "A contemplative man," says Wesley, meaning by this contemplative man his instructor Law, "convinced me still more than I was convinced before, that outward works are nothing, being alone; and, in several conversations, instructed me how to pursue inward holiness, or a union of the soul with God."

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* *Tyerman*, Vol. I. p. 57.
† Wesley's *Works*, 12mo., Vol. I. p. 93.

Nevertheless, the essential self-righteousness of mysticism, its real self-involution, its essentially Christless and unevangelical character, are well shown by Wesley in his criticism of Law's teaching, which immediately follows what we have just quoted. After saying that (as is the inevitable tendency of all mysticism) Law's teachings, in reality, went to discourage him from doing "outward works at all," he adds: "He recommended (to supply what was wanting in them) mental prayer, and the like exercises, as the most effectual means of purifying the soul and uniting it with God. Now these were, in truth, as much my own works as visiting the sick or clothing the naked; and the union with God, thus pursued, was as really my own righteousness as any I had before pursued under another name."*

Law's semi-mysticism, however, was at least, under Providence, one means of delivering him from the excessive traditionalism in which he had been entangled.

"I had," he himself says, "bent the bow too far, in that direction, "by making antiquity a co-ordinate rather than a subordinate rule with Scripture; by admitting several doubtful writings; by extending antiquity too far; by believing more practices to have been universal in the ancient Church than ever were so; by not considering that the decrees of a provincial synod could bind only that province, and the decrees of a general synod only those provinces whose representatives met therein; that most of those decrees were adapted to particular times and occasions, and consequently, when those occasions ceased, must cease to bind even those provinces." "These considerations," Wesley adds, "insensibly stole upon me as I grew acquainted with the mystic writers, whose noble descriptions of union with God and internal religion made everything else appear mean, flat, and insipid. But in truth they make good works appear so too."—*Southey's Wesley*, Vol. I., p. 113.

When and how Wesley was brought finally to abandon mysticism does not appear to be determinable with precision; but it would seem to have been during or soon after his voyage to Georgia. For some year or two previously, his opinions and practices must have been a singular amalgam of High-Church ritualism and of mysticism, in which the contemplative tendency, and the strenuous and incessant devotion to rites or means and "good works," as the necessary vehicles and exercise of holiness, united in an asceticism at once severe and suave. Rapt abstraction, continual inward prayer, frequent ejaculations, constant attendance at prayers (notwithstanding some temptations to omit the duty as merely an

* *Works*, 12mo. Vol. I. p. 94.

outward work), daily communion, unceasing works of charity, and, in the intervals, close study in many branches of learning, English and foreign, but especially theology and ecclesiastical history and literature, would seem to have made up the life, from day to day, of Wesley and those original Methodists who placed themselves under his guidance.

"In this refined way," he says himself, "of trusting to my own works and my own righteousness (so zealously inculcated by the mystic writers), I dragged on heavily, finding no comfort or help therein, till the time of my leaving England," in 1735. Some change, however, seems to have begun on shipboard, where, he says, "I was again active in outward works." He also learnt much from his Moravian companions on the voyage, although, he says, "I understood it not at the first; I was too learned and too wise." Nevertheless, he was more or less under the old influences all the time he remained in Georgia. "All the time I was at Savannah," he says, "I was thus beating the air. I continued preaching, and following after, and trusting in, that righteousness whereby no flesh can be justified."*

In the other account we have from his own pen, written on his return to England, of the experiences through which he had passed, he describes his state during these years, and his deliverance from it as follows:—

"Though I could never fully come into this" (the quietness of mysticism), "nor contentedly omit what God enjoined; yet, I know not how, I fluctuated between obedience and disobedience. I had no heart, no vigour, no zeal in obeying, continually doubting whether I was right or wrong, and never out of perplexities and entanglements. Nor can I at this hour give a distinct account how I came back a little toward the right way; only my present sense is this, all the other enemies of Christ are triflers, the mystics are the most dangerous; they stab it in the vitals, and its most serious professors are most likely to fall by them."—*Southey's Wesley*, Vol. I. p. 112.†

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* *Works*, Vol. I. pp. 94, 95.

† On November 23, 1736, twelve months after his leaving England, Wesley wrote a letter to his brother Samuel, in which he gives an admirable scheme (in brief) of the mystic doctrines, and asks his brother's "thoughts" upon them. It would appear that at that time he had but lately made his escape from these subtleties, which, though Mr. Tyerman speaks of them as "mystified balderdash," have led astray many hearts and minds of the finest quality. "I think," he says, in introducing the subject to his brother, "the rock on which I had the nearest made shipwreck of the faith was the writings of the mystics; under which term I comprehend all, and only those, who slight any of the means of grace." It is evident, also, from the style of his earnest application to his brother, that, even as he wrote them, he felt the power of the mystic spell.—*Tyerman*, Vol. I. p. 133.

So Wesley wrote in the beginning of 1738, on his return from America. What has now been shown is the interior view of his character and experience; we shall proceed to give a view of him as seen from the exterior by an intimate and gifted Christian friend.

But we must first put down a few dates, as recapitulatory mementos of an often-told history which it is not our intention to repeat in this article, and of which the interesting and instructive details are very fully given by Mr. Tyerman.

During Wesley's absence from college in 1727, while he was serving his father's rectory of Wroote, his brother Charles (then at Christ Church) had become serious, and he and a few other serious undergraduates began to meet and consort together. This company it was which, in the absence of John, was first nicknamed variously as Sacramentarians, Bible Bigots, Bible Moths, the Holy or the Godly Club, and finally Methodists. Returning to Oxford, to become a college tutor, at the request of the authorities, John Wesley was immediately placed at the head of this company, being styled the Father of the Holy Club. Whitefield, Hervey, Robert Kirkham, and poor Morgan, who died so soon, were among the earliest members of this society. Mr. Gambold also, afterwards a Moravian bishop, and a man both of deep piety and of fine poetic genius, became a member of it. The best picture extant of what Wesley was at this time, is that presented by Gambold after Wesley had sailed to Georgia. It was given in a letter addressed to a member of Wesley's family. We regret that the space at our disposal will not allow us to quote the whole of the letter. After stating how he became acquainted with Charles Wesley, how Charles Wesley took him to his brother, the profound deference and unbounded and tender affection which Charles ever showed towards John, the part which Mr. Morgan had in suggesting the society out of which Methodism arose, and that the two Wesleys and Morgan were the first members of that society, Gambold farther proceeds:—

"Mr. John Wesley was always the chief manager, for which he was very fit. For he had not only more learning and experience than the rest, but he was blest with such activity as to be always gaining ground, and such steadiness that he lost none; what proposals he made to any were sure to alarm them, because he was so much in earnest; nor could they afterwards slight them, because they saw him always the same. What supported this uniform vigour was the care he took to consider well of every affair before he engaged in it, making all his decisions in the fear of God, without passion, humour, or self-confi-

dence; for though he had naturally a very clear apprehension, yet his exact prudence depended more on honesty and singleness of heart. To this I may add that he had, I think, something of authority in his countenance. Yet he never assumed any to himself above his companions; any of them might speak their mind, and their wishes were as strictly regarded by him as his were by them. . . . They took great pains with the younger members of the University, to rescue them from bad company, and to encourage them in a sober, studious life. When they had some interest with any such, they would get them to breakfast, and over a dish of tea endeavour to fasten some good hint upon them; they would bring them acquainted with other well-disposed young men; they would help them in those parts of learning which they stuck at; they would close with their best sentiments, drive home their convictions, give them rules of piety when they could receive them, and watch over them with great tenderness."

After describing their works of Christian love and zeal, especially in visiting the prisons and dealing with the prisoners, in instructing poor ignorant children and relieving the poor, their fasting twice weekly, and their weekly communion, Mr. Gambold proceeds:—

"They seldom took any notice of the accusations brought against them; but if they made any reply, it was commonly such a plain and simple one, as if there was nothing more in the case, but that they had just heard some doctrines of their Saviour, and had believed and done accordingly. . . . He thought prayer to be more his business than anything else, and I have often seen him come out of his closet with a serenity that was next to shining; it discovered where he had been, and gave me double hope of receiving wise direction in the matter about which I came to consult him. . . . He used many arts to be religious, but none to seem so: with a soul always upon the stretch, and a most transparent sincerity, he addicted himself to every good word and work. . . . He is now gone to Georgia as a Missionary. . . . A family picture of him his relations may be allowed to keep by them. And this is the idea of Mr. Wesley which I cherish for the service of my own soul, and which I take the liberty likewise to deposit with you."*

Such was Wesley, the Oxford Methodist. We must bring this article to a close by a brief reference to Wesley's Georgian history of two years and four months, from the time of his leaving till the time of his returning to this country, his departure on his voyage being from Gravesend, on October 21st, 1735, his return to Deal on February 1st,

* Part of this letter was quoted in Whitehead's *Life of Wesley*. Dr. Hoole has a copy of the original transcribed from the shorthand.

1738. Of the voyage home and back we shall say nothing; although the outward voyage, in the course of which Wesley was introduced for the first time into Moravian fellowship, produced, as all the world knows, a critical effect in the development of his views and character, and led on to the connection with Böhler, which was the means of working in him so profound and far-reaching a change of spirit and principles. The chief matter of general human interest in Wesley's Georgian history was his disappointment in love with Miss Sophia Hopkey (not Causton), the niece of Mr. Causton, the magistrate of the colony. Into this, however, we shall not go in any detail, because the story is well-known, and Mr. Tyerman has told all about it very plainly, and more fully than it was ever told before. There is one point, however, as to which we must say a few words. Henry Moore, in his *Life of Wesley*, has a version of one part of this affair, which he professes to have learnt from Wesley himself in full distinctness, and according to which Wesley never actually proposed marriage to Miss Hopkey. Mr. Tyerman most unceremoniously discredits this version as wholly unworthy of reliance, and as "painfully ludicrous." We confess we cannot accept this "short and easy method" of dealing with Moore's testimony as to Wesley's own account. We think a little considerate attention given to the matter would have prevented Mr. Tyerman from making so violent and unceremonious an attack on the credit of either John Wesley or Henry Moore, and have shown him that there is really no contradiction between the sentences which he quotes from Wesley's private diary and the statement of Henry Moore. We should weave the two accounts into one consistent statement in some such way as follows:—

The young chaplain and "ordinary" of the province of Georgia, a clergyman and a gentleman, and withal a man of handsome personal appearance, notwithstanding his smallness of stature, comes to Savannah. Who so likely as he to attract the attention of the magistrate's niece, resident in the magistrate's family? Was he not, next to Governor Oglethorpe, the best gentleman in the colony, and in influence, after the governor, only second to her uncle, the magistrate? From the first, she makes him her mark. He has a long and dangerous illness; she waits upon him continually, night and day. He has special and dainty taste in dress; the Horatian "simplex munditiis" expresses his standard of propriety and grace, regarding the matter either as a gentleman or a Christian; simplicity becomes accordingly her law, and she appears in

plain but graceful white before him continually. He is a devotee, and she becomes devout. She wins the minister's heart by her regular attendance at his early morning service, and by taking to light suppers and early hours at night under his advice. She becomes his penitent, and repairs to him when proposing to take the Communion. *Quid multa?* We know how unsuspicious and how susceptible to feminine attraction and charm Wesley was; here was all that he could desire, the very "handmaiden of the Lord." Wesley is deeply in love. Meantime others have clearer eyes than the fascinated chaplain; something is known of Miss Hopkey's inner woman; she has, in effect, courted the minister, and he is about to fall under the arts of an attractive but unsuitable woman. Delamotte, his brother clergyman and brother Methodist, his companion and friend, gives a word of warning to Wesley. Delamotte also lays the matter before the Moravian elders, a venerable body in the eyes of the teachable and single-minded chaplain. These express their judgment that his marriage with this lady would be against the will of God. Wesley, overawed, says, "The will of the Lord be done," and goes away convinced, for the time at least, that it would be wrong in him to prosecute this connection any farther. In all this we see nothing but what is perfectly natural under the circumstances, and taking into account how Wesley was accustomed at that time, and for years afterwards, to defer to what he regarded as the determinations of Providence, sometimes given in the way of impressions, and sometimes of the lot, and still more to the combined judgment and conclusion of wise and good men. He had been accustomed to act in this spirit at Oxford, and to instruct others to do the like.

We conceive that what followed was probably something like this. Wesley became more constrained in his manner, and intermitted his attentions. Miss Hopkey hears some rumour of consultations with Moravians touching her affair. She discovers at the same time that Wesley's ritualistic requirements are somewhat too severe for her taste and powers. Another admirer is in the field, and she at once discards her clerical lover. Wesley, notwithstanding what had occurred, had never lost his own love for the lady, and is grieved accordingly. Nevertheless he had been feeling that it was his duty to give up the connection, although he had not been able to gather courage to let her understand his feeling; and so the affair ends. All this surely is quite consistent with Henry Moore's statement that there had

never been any definite proposal on Wesley's part. If there had been, it is certain that it would have been made in the first instance to Mr. Causton, the young lady's guardian. Clergymen of Wesley's character and position did not, in those days, slip out proposals of marriage informally and privately to the ward or daughter in the first instance. They addressed themselves, and were bound to address themselves, in the first instance, and with all formality, to the parent or guardian. The undoubted fact is, that no proposal of marriage to Miss Hopkey was ever addressed by Wesley to her uncle, and that no charge of dishonourable conduct or of breach of engagement was ever preferred against Wesley either by Mrs. Williamson or by Mr. Causton: these considerations settle the question for us. Mr. Tyerman himself informs us that, before the grand jury, Mrs. Williamson (Miss Hopkey) "was called, but acknowledged, in the course of her examination, that she had no objection to Wesley's behaviour previous to her marriage. After her Mr. and Mrs. Causton were examined, the former confessing that, if Mr. Wesley had asked his consent to marry his niece, he would not have refused it."*

It is plain enough that Wesley's great offence was that he did *not* propose. His hesitation lost him Miss Hopkey; a loss which no doubt was a real gain and blessing. Mr. Moore's account is not "painfully ludicrous," but is well sustained by all the evidence. It is sustained, indeed, by the very passages which Mr. Tyerman quotes from the unpublished Journal. Here is one:—

"*February 5th*, 1737.—One of the most remarkable dispensations of Providence towards me began to show itself this day. For many days after I could not at all judge which way the scale would turn; nor was it fully determined till March 4th, on which day God commanded me to pull out my right eye; and, by His grace, I determined to do so, but, being slack in the execution, on Saturday, March 12th, God being very merciful to me, my friend performed what I could not."

The meaning of this is not hard to decipher. Delamotte had spoken to Wesley, as Moore relates, and Wesley felt bound to take advice. He did take advice with David Nitzchmann, as Moore also relates, and his answer was dubious, suggesting grave caution and deliberation. After a month thus passed in painful irresolution, on the 4th of March, Nitzchmann communicates to Wesley the judgment of his

* *Tyerman*, Vol. I. p. 156.

fellow-elders—we have no doubt a most sound judgment—that he ought not to marry. Wesley receives this as from the Lord, and determines to carry it out, but is "slack in the execution." On the 8th, the matter being blown abroad in gossiping Savannah, Miss Hopkey takes her revenge by engaging herself to an altogether unworthy person of the name of Williamson. On the 7th, as we learn from the Diary, Wesley had walked with Causton "to his country lot," and had greatly admired the place, but had made no overture of marriage. Wesley's entry in regard to the marriage is as follows:—

"March 8, Miss Sophy engaged herself to Mr. Williamson, a person not remarkable for handsomeness, neither for greatness, neither for wit, or knowledge, or sense, and least of all for religion; and on Saturday, March 12th, they were married at Parrysbury,—this being the day which completed the year from my first speaking to her. What Thou doest, O God, I know not now, but I shall know hereafter."

That he had tenderly loved Miss Hopkey is certain; equally evident it is that he must have been a somewhat trying and not easily comprehensible suitor, especially to a vain young lady; and the hasty marriage shows how bitterly she resented his indecision, and the slight which she conceived herself to have suffered. Forty-nine years after, as Mr. Tyerman reminds us, he wrote, in reference to this event, "I remember when I read these words in the church at Savannah: 'Son of man, behold, I take from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke,' I was pierced thro' as with a sword, and could not utter a word more. But our comfort is that He that made the heart can heal the heart."

Such was the unprosperous issue of Wesley's third love affair. He was not, it must be confessed, fortunate in these affairs; but they illustrate very strongly the real nature of the man, equally on his weak and on his fine human side. On the whole, we cannot but love our Wesley the better for these revelations. At the same time, it is a matter of regret that Mr. Tyerman has so inadequately rendered them, as he has, in our judgment, inadequately, inapprehensively, and therefore with entire (though altogether unconscious) unfairness, represented throughout his volumes Wesley's relations of affection and confidence with women.

This affair, as many of our readers know, and all may fully know by consulting Mr. Tyerman's interesting pages, was the beginning of troubles to Wesley. The worldly and wicked members of the colony, and in such a colony as Georgia was

these could not but be the majority, had now the magistrate and his family on their side. A suit at law was brought against him, which, however, completely broke down, and Wesley saw that his only course was to leave the colony—"a sadder and a wiser man" than he entered it.

From the indictment against Wesley and his own testimony or comments in his Diary, we know what sort of a Churchman he was in Georgia. The resemblance of his practices to those of modern High Anglicans is, in most points, exceedingly striking. He had early and also forenoon service every day; he divided the morning service, taking the Litany as a separate service; he inculcated fasting (real hard fasting his was), and confession, and weekly communion; he refused the Lord's Supper to all who had not been episcopally baptised; he insisted on baptism by immersion; he rebaptised the children of Dissenters; and he refused to bury all who had not received Episcopalian baptism. One only thing was wanting to make the parallel with our moderns complete; he did not believe in the conversion of the elements by consecration, or in their doctrine of the "real presence."*

At the same time that he was in some respects an intolerant, High-Church ritualist, he was inwardly melting, and the light of spiritual liberty was dawning into his soul. He attended the Presbyterian service at Darien, heard Mr. McLeod, the minister, to his great astonishment, offer an extemporary prayer and preach a written sermon, on which facts he fails not to remark in his Diary, but was much struck by the Christian devoutness and the exemplary Christian behaviour of the people of his charge; he was continually learning from the Moravians, with all meekness; he gathered a meeting of the clergy of the province, at which, he says in his Diary, "there was such a conversation, for several hours, on Christ our Righteousness and Example, with such seriousness and closeness as I never heard in England in all the visitations I have been present at;" and he thus expresses

* It is well known that Wesley refused the Lord's Supper to one of the most exemplary Christians in the colony, Belzius, the pastor of the Saltzburghers, because he had not been, as he insisted, canonically baptised. His entry in his Journal, in reference to this matter, written many years later, will not be forgotten, which ends with the words, "Can High-Church bigotry go farther than this? And how well have I since been beaten with mine own staff!" In regard to this matter there is the following entry in Wesley's unpublished Journal, under date Sunday, July 17, 1737,—"I had occasion to make a very unusual trial of the temper of Mr. Belzius, pastor of the Saltzburghers, in which he behaved with such lowliness and meekness as became a disciple of Jesus Christ."

to a friend his views respecting the innermost nature of religion :—

"I entirely agree with you, that religion is love, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost; that, as it is the happiest, so it is the cheerfullest thing in the world; that it is utterly inconsistent with moroseness, sourness, severity, and indeed with whatever is not according to the softness, sweetness, and gentleness of Christ Jesus. I believe it is equally contrary to all preciseness, stiffness, affectation, and unnecessary singularity. I allow, too, that prudence, as well as zeal, is of the utmost importance in the Christian life. But I do not yet see any possible case wherein trifling conversation can be an instance of it. In the following Scriptures I take all such to be flatly forbidden:—Matt. xii. 36; Eph. v. 4, and iv. 29; Col. iv. 6.

"That I shall be laughed at for this, I know; so was my Master: I am not for a stern, austere manner of conversing, no: let all the cheerfulness of faith be there, all the joyfulness of hope, all the amiable sweetness, the winning easiness of love. If we must have art, '*Hæc mihi erunt artes.*'"—*Tyerman*, Vol. I. p. 138.

So far distant from real Christianity does Wesley appear to have been, if we look only at his bigotry, his ritualism, his wearisome and punctilious externalism; so near notwithstanding does he come in his inner desires and in his views respecting the nature of religious experience. A similar combination, we cannot doubt, exists to-day in the case of not a few who seem not untruly to be infatuated sticklers for a servile and benighted High Anglicanism.

We have thus endeavoured, beating ground seldom trodden and known hitherto to very few, to exhibit the living and visible humanity of Wesley the Collegian and the Oxford Anglican, before he entered into the liberty of the children of God. In another article we shall endeavour to illustrate his character after his conversion, especially on the side of his intellect, so sceptical and yet seemingly so credulous, his wonderful power as a preacher, and his principles of conduct and administration. Wesley's intellect and his character as a preacher appear to us as yet to have been little understood.

ART. III.—*Balaustion's Adventure: Including a Transcript from Euripides.* By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 15, Waterloo-place. 1871.

MR. BROWNING is in several respects unlike all poets who have gone before him—so unlike that it was many years before even intelligent and cultivated persons, persons who have hearts and heads to be appealed to, could be got to concede to him the title of poet at all. Now things are changed: nearly all intelligent and cultivated persons admit him to be a poet of a high order, even if not after their particular taste; and the canons of criticism have, in the hands of nearly all its representatives, been enlarged to include under the head of poetry that which for many years was held to be debatable ground between philosophy and poetry, simply on account of its notable difference in several particulars from all other poetry.

Balaustion's Adventure is a new evidence at once of Mr. Browning's great and emphatically poetical gift, and of his marked divergence from the precedents of subject, method, and form. The very title-page of the book, to begin at the beginning, is characteristic in its suggestiveness. Balaustion, "Flower-of-the-wild-pomegranate-tree,"—how the word brings into the mind ideas of colour and fragrance, of wild beauty and freshness! And, again, "a transcript from Euripides" clearly tells those who know the poet what they are to expect. We cannot readily fancy Mr. Browning bringing himself into such close training as to *translate* a poem from an alien tongue, any more than we can imagine him sitting down to give us a dull reproduction of the "Old Square Yellow Book," the account of the Roman murder-case, on which he founded his master-piece, *The Ring and the Book*; but just as that old book's crabbed Latin and Italian prose was dissolved in the crucible of his imagination and re-integrated into a noble poem, so the Euripidean drama of Alkestis and her perfect love has entered into his imagination and come out again quite a different thing. In building up his poem of that beautiful legend, Mr. Browning has *transcribed* from Euripides the greater part of the original play; but he has not done this with the formal aim of translation: he has built it in, bit by bit (in proper order), to the

fabric of his work, and has reduced the exquisite harmony of various form found in the original to a harmony of another kind: so that the poem as it now stands, though un-Hellenic, is as far removed from patchiness as anything can well be.

Concerning the origin of the book, the poet has given us a certain statement in his dedication to the Countess Cowper, to whom he writes:—

"If I mention the simple truth: that this poem absolutely owes its existence to you,—who not only suggested, but imposed on me as a task, what has proved the most delightful of May-month amusements—I shall seem honest, indeed, but hardly prudent; for, how good and beautiful ought such a poem to be! Euripides might fear little; but I, also, have an interest in the performance: and what wonder if I beg you to suffer that it make, in another and far easier sense, its nearest possible approach to those Greek qualities of goodness and beauty, by laying itself gratefully at your feet?"

But whatever part the Countess Cowper may have borne in suggesting the poem, there are other suggesting sources to which internal evidence points, and which are of more interest to the reader than the kind of influence pointed at in this courtly dedication recalling the age of Elizabeth. There is first of all the play itself—

> "the perfect piece,
> Its beauty and the way it makes you weep."

Then there is Mrs. Browning's estimate of the Greek tragedian, as expressed in the beautiful poem *Wine of Cyprus*, addressed to the late Hugh Stuart Boyd, in memory of those mornings which he passed with our great woman-poet in studying the great poets of Greece. It is from that poem, so lovely in sentiment and so grateful to the ear, notwithstanding the technical faults to be found in every stanza, that Mr. Browning has taken the lines forming the motto of *Balaustion's Adventure*—

> "Our Euripides the human—
> With his droppings of warm tears,
> And his touches of things common
> Till they rose to touch the spheres!"

Next to Mrs. Browning, among those to whom *Balaustion's Adventure* is traceable as regards influence, is Mr. Leighton, whose picture of *Hercules wrestling with Death for the Body of Alkestis*, exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, might

well move a poetic soul to a keener sense of the beauty of that antique subject. The picture, indeed, may have had a good deal more to do with originating the poem than we shall ever certainly know: it is described at the close, as the work of a fictitious "great Kaunian painter, strong as Herakles, though rosy with a robe of grace that softens down the sinewy strength." And this is not the first time that Mr. Leighton has had the honour of suggesting a theme for Mr. Browning's verse. We may note, in passing, that "strong as Herakles" is scarcely an epithet that will be generally thought applicable to him who has produced such lovely works as *Helios and Rhodos*, *Icharus and Dædalus*, or even this wrestling Hercules,—a picture whereof by far the least excellent figure is that which should be notable for "sinewy strength," and *is* notable for graceful agility and such a form as one might look for in an Apollo. The "rosy robe of grace" all will readily grant to Mr. Leighton, along with a delightful refinement and faculty for realising the beauty and artistic purity of antique subjects; but that there is any "sinewy strength" that needs softening down by that rosy robe, we have seen no evidence in any work Mr. Leighton has yet exhibited: nor do we now expect from him any picture great in the sense in which the best of the old masters were great, or in which, in our own day, Mr. Millais can be great, when he wills not to be little. The masterly portrait of Mr. Leighton, contributed to the last Academy exhibition by Mr. Watts, seems to bear truth in each stroke of the brush, as every fine portrait does; and while those who noted that refined, handsome face, must have noted too how harmonious it was with the graceful beauty of all Mr. Leighton has given us, physiognomists would hardly gather, from the features and expression, any more promise of "sinewy strength" than the ordinary observer would gather from the feeble grace and colourless beauty of those *Greek Girls gathering Shells*," and looking so utterly aimless, in the same exhibition. Power, or to adhere to the poet's expression, "sinewy strength," is the one quality we have always missed in Mr. Leighton's admirable pictures,—the one thing we have always found in Mr. Millais' pictures, whether admirable or contemptible on other grounds. Last year, both painters exhibited the best works they have ever exhibited, and both their portraits came to the Academy's rooms from the studio of Mr. Watts. Each portrait was a fine work of art; but, as we have already said, the want of power was the one striking deficiency in the face of the "Great Kaunian Painter," as in

his best works: the one thing to admire in the other face was a really great and confident power. Mr. Millais' picture of *Moses at the Battle of Rephidim* had, in an intense form, the relentlessness of all the most powerful works dealing with human passion: the whole thing showed elemental force, whether one considered the arrangement, the colour, or the action and expression; and the spectator turned from the picture as from something solemn, and impressive, and gigantic. But from the delightful grace of drapery seen in the Hercules picture, from the calm sad beauty of the dead Alkestis, from the harmonious disposition of the groups, from the subtle imaginativeness of the falling form of Death, in fact from the elaborate *fineness* of colour, and form, and expression in the whole work, one turned in "sad satiety of woe," with not a thought for the demigod who is wrestling with Death, but thinking of just—

"the perfect piece,
Its *beauty*, and the way it makes you weep."

In its own way, this picture is an evident masterpiece; but the contrast of character in the faces of the two painters is just as strongly shown in these their two masterpieces; and one cannot but be surprised to find a poet, so notably strong as Mr. Browning is, discerning, of all things, strength beneath Mr. Leighton's "rosy robe" of perfect grace.

It is evident that the influence of the painter, in calling forth the powers of the poet in this their latest direction, was considerable; but there is one more influence to be noted before we examine the poem itself; and that by no means the least important. We mean the scrap of Greek history or legend at the suggestion of which Mr. Browning has built up a framework for his transcript. The girl Balaustion, the last addition to the poet's gallery of portraits, has been conceived in connection with that beautiful tale of the clemency of the cruel Syracusans to such Athenian prisoners as could regale them with reminiscences of the works of Euripides; and we can do no better than quote Mr. Grote on the subject of this tale, although *Balaustion* is probably derived, in this respect, direct from Plutarch. From Mr. Grote we learn that, after the total defeat of the Athenian generals Nikias and Demosthenes in the war with Syracuse, probably some ten thousand prisoners were taken: those that got carried to Syracuse, we read—

"Were placed, for safe custody, along with the other prisoners, in the stone-quarries of Syracuse—of which there were several, partly on

the southern descent of the outer city towards the Nekropolis, or from the higher level to the lower level of Achradina—partly in the suburb afterwards called Neapolis, under the southern cliff of Epipolæ. Into these quarries—deep hollows, of confined space, with precipitous sides, and open at the top to the sky—the miserable prisoners were plunged, lying huddled one upon another, without the smallest protection or convenience. For subsistence they received each day a ration of one pint of wheaten bread (half the daily ration of a slave) with no more than half a pint of water, so that they were not preserved from the pangs either of hunger or of thirst. Moreover, the heat of the midday sun, alternating with the chill of the autumn nights, was alike afflicting and destructive; while the wants of life having all to be performed where they were, without relief—the filth and stench presently became insupportable. Sick and wounded even at the moment of arrival, many of them speedily died; and happiest was he who died the first, leaving an unconscious corpse, which the Syracusans would not take the trouble to remove, to distress and infect the survivors. Under this condition and treatment they remained for seventy days; probably serving as a spectacle for the triumphant Syracusan population, with their wives and children, to come and look down upon, and to congratulate themselves on their own narrow escape from sufferings similar in kind at least, if not in degree. After that time, the novelty of the spectacle had worn off; while the place must have become a den of abomination and a nuisance intolerable even to the citizens themselves. Accordingly they now removed all the surviving prisoners, except the native Athenians and the few Italian or Sicilian Greeks among them. All those so removed were sold for slaves. The dead bodies were probably at the same time taken away, and the prison rendered somewhat less loathsome. What became of the remaining prisoners we are not told. It may be presumed that those who could survive so great an extremity of suffering might after a certain time be allowed to get back to Athens on ransom. Perhaps some of them may have obtained their release—as was the case (we are told) with several of those who had been sold to private masters—by the elegance of their accomplishments and the dignity of their demeanour. The dramas of Euripides were so peculiarly popular throughout all Sicily, that those Athenian prisoners who knew by heart considerable portions of them, won the affections of their masters. Some even of the stragglers from the army are affirmed to have procured for themselves, by the same attraction, shelter and hospitality during their flight. Euripides, we are informed, lived to receive the thanks of several among these unhappy sufferers, after their return to Athens. I cannot refrain from mentioning this story, though I fear its trustworthiness as matter of fact is much inferior to its pathos and interest."

The nature of the *Adventure* which *Balaustion* relates to her female friends, Petalé, Phullis, Charopé, and Chrusion.

"under the grape-vines, by the streamlet-side, close to Baccheion," we will indicate as briefly as we can. Balaustion tells her friends that it happened after the defeat of Nikias by the Syracusans, when the Rhodians (of whom she was one) rose tumultuously and clamoured to separate from Athens and join the League. "I," she adds—

> "Girl as I was, and never out of Rhodes
> The whole of my first fourteen years of life,
> But nourished with Ilissian mother's milk,—
> I passionately cried to who would hear
> And those who loved me at Kameiros—'No!
> Never throw Athens off for Sparta's sake—
> Never disloyal to the life and light
> Of the whole world worth calling world at all!
> Rather go die at Athens, lie outstretched
> For feet to trample on, before the gate
> Of Diomedes or the Hippadai,
> Before the temples and among the tombs,
> Than tolerate the grim felicity
> Of harsh Lakonia! Ours the fasts and feasts,
> Choës and Chutroi; ours the sacred grove,
> Agora, Dikasteria, Poikilè,
> Pnux, Keramikos; Salamis in sight,
> Psuttalia, Marathon itself, not far!
> Ours the great Dionusiac theatre,
> And tragic triad of immortal fames,
> Aischulos, Sophokles, Euripides!
> To Athens, all of us that have a soul,
> Follow me!'"—Pp. 2, 3.

Next to this fine speech, important as revealing at the start an impassioned and energetic nature, capable of feats and feelings far beyond the common, comes the account of her setting sail with certain friends she had prevailed on with her speech to join the Athenians, and of their getting carried out of their bearings by adverse weather,—to which is shortly added the terror of pursuit by a pirate-galley. "So," says the narrator—

> "Furiously our oarsmen rowed and rowed;
> And when the oars flagged somewhat, dash and dip,
> As we approached the coast and safety, so
> That we could hear behind us plain the threats
> And curses of the pirate panting up
> In one more throe and passion of pursuit,—
> Seeing our oars flag in the rise and fall,
> I sprang upon the altar by the mast

> And sang aloft,—some genius prompting me,—
> That song of ours which saved at Salamis:
> 'Oh sons of Greeks, go, set your country free,
> Free your wives, free your children, free the fanes
> O' the gods your fathers founded,—sepulchres
> They sleep in! Or save all, or all be lost!'
> Then, in a frenzy, so the noble oars
> Churned the black water white, that well away
> We drew, soon saw land rise."—Pp. 5, 6.

The land proves to be "Sicily and Syracuse;" and out comes a galley to inquire who asks entry here in war-time? "Kaunians," answers the crafty Captain—

> "The mainland-seaport that belongs to Rhodes;
> Rhodes that casts in her lot now with the League,
> Forsaking Athens,—you have heard belike!"—P. 6.

But, we are bidden to understand, Balaustion's song has betrayed the Athenian sympathies. "Aye," retort the Syracusans—

> "'Aye, but we heard all Athens in one ode *
> Just now! we heard her in that Aischulos!
> You bring a boatful of Athenians here,
> Kaunians although you be.'"—P. 6.

However, after some parley, and just as the Kaunians are going off in despair, the others return to the colloquy:

> "'Wait!'
> Cried they (and wait we did, you may be sure)
> 'That song was veritable Aischulos,
> Familiar to the mouth of man and boy,
> Old glory: how about Euripides?
> The newer and not yet so famous bard,
> He that was born upon the battle-day
> While that song and the salpinx sounded him
> Into the world, first sound, at Salamis—
> Might you know any of his verses too?'"—P. 8, 9.

The next paragraph (pp. 9—11), which we omit, gives a poetic account of the legend we have quoted in the prose of Mr. Grote; and it is interesting to compare the poetic and prose versions of the same tale. Of course the ready Captain, having in mind the accounts of clemency shown by Syracusans to such Athenians as could regale them from the

* A curious inconsistency: it is evident, from the last extract, that the ode was sung a long way out of earshot of the Syracusans.

poems of Euripides, at once puts forward Balaustion, and bids the Syracusans "greet the lyric girl,"—telling them how, throughout the voyage, she has been "falling thick in flakes" of Euripides, "fast as snow in Thrace," (a metaphor, by-the-bye, more seaman-like than elegant, as perhaps it should be). "And so," says the Captain—

> "although she has some other name,
> We only call her Wild-pomegranate-flower,
> Balaustion; since, where'er the red bloom burns
> I' the dull dark verdure of the bounteous tree,
> Dethroning, in the Rosy Isle, the rose,
> You shall find food, drink, odour, all at once;
> Cool leaves to bind about an aching brow,
> And, never much away, the nightingale."—P. 13.

Then Balaustion cries out, professing her willingness to recite, if the Syracusans will save her and her companions—

> "The main of a whole play from first to last;
> That strangest, saddest, sweetest song of his,
> ALKESTIS."—*Ibid.*

And this she does, on three succeeding days,—standing on the topmost step of the temple of Herakles. To the account of this she adds, for the benefit of her four girl-friends, a reminiscence, simple and touching, concerning a youth who has followed her from Syracuse, and is to marry her shortly. Another reminiscence about a "brisk little somebody, critic and whipper-snapper," who interrupted her, "in a rage to set things right," is amusing in itself, and serves the poet as a peg whereon to hang some valuable lines explaining the part the imagination of the audience or spectators should play, in taking up the suggestions of works of art: the last of these lines has much significance, especially in regard to Mr. Browning's own works—

> "Who hears the poem, therefore, sees the play,"

which is a comfortable doctrine for all great dramatists whose plays are not put upon the boards or likely to be put there.

However, Balaustion breaks off what threatened to be a lengthy discussion, and leaves it in artistic brevity and pithiness: "enough," she exclaims—

> "Enough and too much! Hear the play itself!"

The "play itself" we have all of us heard before, in some form or another; and we need not follow from stage to stage

the tale of Alkestis as there given; but the words of Balaustion, that "wind in and out" of the Euripidean theme, include Mr. Browning's invaluable commentary on the original: of this we may not unwisely note the most important parts; and we must also point out what the poet has reconstructed in an anti-Euripidean sense; but it will not be possible, within our present limits, to take account of the several instances in which the sense of the drama has been merely compressed by brief narration of something originally set forth in dialogue or speech. Of the result of this process of transcription, the best example, perhaps, is the opening speech, wherein Apollo unfolds the situation treated in the play. We have no space to quote this (see pp. 22—24); but we may note that Balaustion begins at once a system of interpolation whereby she lessens the distance between the listeners (or readers) and the actors in the tragedy: she describes the palace of Admetos, and Apollo appearing at the portico; and premises that he "hailed the house *as if he knew it well and loved it much.*"

Our readers are, of course, well aware that Mrs. Browning's estimate of Euripides expressed in the words "the human, with his droppings of warm tears," is by no means unquestioned, although it is adopted implicitly in the present treatment of the *Alkestis*. There are many learned people who regard the play as sophistical, and not as the grand, simple, single-hearted setting forth of a human tragedy. How ably Mr. Browning's Balaustion has supported the view of the poetess, those who leave the question to the sole arbitration of logic and scholarship can have no conception. The essence of the character of Balaustion is an enthusiastic, exquisitely sympathetic imaginativeness blended with strong human passions and unusual energy of disposition; and by transferring the almost ungarnished literality of the *Alkestis*, piecemeal, into a monologue spoken by such a personage, the poet has so intimately bathed the whole Euripidean conception in the new light of these chief elements of the narrator's character, that it is impossible, after reading the work through, to contest, at all events for the time being, the simple, intense emotional basis of the whole fabric. Note in the very outset how the ideal, unimpassioned conception of the Greek Chorus steps into immediate fulness of human life in the hands of our "Wild-pomegranate-flower." As soon as the opening contest between Apollo and Death has closed, the Chorus begins its stately questioning as to why Admetos' mansion is "stricken dumb;" but Balaustion transforms

these unimpassioned beings with one stroke when she says—

> "and the God was gone,
> And mortals left to deal with misery;
> As in came stealing slow, now this, now that
> Old sojourner throughout the country-side,
> Servants grown friends to those unhappy here:
> And, cloudlike in their increase, all these griefs
> Broke and began the over-brimming wail,
> Out of a common impulse, word by word."—Pp. 31, 32.

And she intensifies the impression of humanity she has already conveyed, by breaking the chorus with the words—

> "Then their souls rose together, and one sigh
> Went up in cadence from the common mouth."—P. 33.

These and other such slight interpolations enhance the human tone throughout the work, as when the matron who issues from the palace to satisfy the curiosity of the Chorus is said to speak while "her tears flowed fast:" even the simple artifice of always mentioning the Chorus as "the *friends*" of those who are enacting the main tragedy has a great weight in maintaining the purely pathetic character that Mr. Browning wishes to give the play; and even such expressions as "the friends *broke out*," prefixed to a chorus, give to such chorus a more decided vehemence of feeling than it would have if not introduced thus.

The perfect, simple woman's tenderness of Alkestis, as conceived by Euripides, is developed earlier in the play than the point of her appearance on the stage,—in the long speech from which the following extract must suffice:

> "For, when she felt the crowning day was come,
> She washed with river-waters her white skin,
> And, taking from the cedar closets forth
> Vesture and ornament, bedecked herself
> Nobly, and stood before the hearth, and prayed:
> 'Mistress, because I now depart the world,
> Falling before thee the last time, I ask—
> Be mother to my orphans! wed the one
> To a kind wife, and make the other's mate
> Some princely person: nor, as I who bore
> My children perish, suffer that they too
> Die all untimely, but live, happy pair,
> Their full glad life out in the fatherland!'
> And every altar through Admetos' house
> She visited and crowned and prayed before,

Stripping the myrtle-foliage from the boughs,
Without a tear, without a groan,—no change
At all to that skin's nature, fair to see,
Caused by the imminent evil. But this done,—
Reaching her chamber, falling on her bed,
There, truly, burst she into tears and spoke:
'O bride-bed, where I loosened from my life
Virginity for that same husband's sake
Because of whom I die now—fare thee well!
Since nowise do I hate thee: me alone
Hast thou destroyed; for, shrinking to betray
Thee and my spouse, I die: but thee, O bed,
Some other woman shall possess as wife—
Truer, no! but of better fortune, say!'
—So falls on, kisses it till all the couch
Is moistened with the eyes' sad overflow."—Pp. 36, 37.

The character drawn above strikes Balaustion (or Mr. Browning—for the terms are more or less convertible) as not being carried out with evident consistency in the first appearance of the dying woman; and, in elucidation of the seeming lack of consistency, we get one of the best pieces of comment possible. Death has already said to Apollo—

"This woman, then, descends to Hades' hall
Now that I rush on her, begin the rites
O' the sword; for sacred to us Gods below
That head whose hair this sword shall sanctify."—P. 31.

And the almost stern manner of Alkestis on appearing from the palace is explained in connection with this sanctification—

"We grew to see in that severe regard,—
Hear in that hard dry pressure to the point,
Word slow pursuing word in monotone,—
What Death meant when he called her consecrate
Henceforth to Hades. I believe, the sword—
Its office was to cut the soul at once
From life,—from something in this world which hides
Truth, and hides falsehood, and so lets us live. . . .
For certainly with eyes unbandaged now
Alkestis looked upon the action here,
Self-immolation for Admetos' sake;
Saw, with a new sense, all her death would do,
And which of her survivors had the right,
And which the less right, to survive thereby.
For, you shall note, she uttered no one word
Of love more to her husband, though he wept

> Plenteously, waxed importunate in prayer—
> Folly's old fashion when its seed bears fruit. . . .
> She saw things plain as Gods do: by one stroke
> O' the sword that rends the life-long veil away."
> Pp. 42—44.

Some critics, who choose to view this self-immolation as a mere matter of duty and business on the part of Alkestis, cannot, we think, feel in its proper force the pathos of the narration concerning the farewells of Alkestis,—whereof some portion has been quoted above, and which goes on to tell how, having plucked up a sudden resolution to quit the sacred bride-bed, she "goes headlong forth, yet,—forth the chamber, —still keeps turning back and casts her on the couch again once more." Nor is her parting with her children and servants, as narrated in the same speech, a whit less pathetic. In regard to her husband, she has thrown her whole soul into her act of vicarious death; and, apart from Balaustion's beautiful sanctification theory, there is no need that she should waste her remaining breath in protestations of that so evident love,—especially while there remain things that ought to be said. The stipulation that no unworthy successor shall take her place at the head of the King's household (regarded by some as a simple business stipulation) is full of solicitude for those her children who, at once innocent of the good and evil of the transaction going forward, may yet be the main sufferers from its results. This solicitude is clearly enough set forth in the mother's own words: "the boy," she says,

> "has got a father, a defence
> Tower-like, he speaks to and has answer from:
> But thou, my girl, how will thy virginhood
> Conclude itself in marriage fittingly?
> Upon what sort of sire-found yoke-fellow
> Art thou to chance? with all to apprehend—
> Lest, casting on thee some unkind report,
> She blast thy nuptials in the bloom of youth.
> For neither shall thy mother watch thee wed,
> Nor hearten thee in childbirth, standing by
> Just when a mother's presence helps the most!"—P. 50.

Even the affectionate protestations of Admetos, albeit "nowise insincere," have no power to call from her a single word of loving response: there is an earthiness in the passion of his words; and the dying wife and mother is carried above all this by the solemnity of the moment; so that when she commends the boy and girl to their father's care, the words

of the drama have the simple sublimity of a sacred rite,—although she calls the children to witness "their father's only word to purpose *now*," namely the promise never to wed again. "And now at least," says Admetos—

> "'I say it, and I will accomplish too!'
> 'Then, for such promise of accomplishment,
> Take from my hand these children!'
> 'Thus I take—
> Dear gift from the dear hand!'
> 'Do thou become
> Mother, now, to these children in my place!'
> 'Great the necessity I should be so,
> At least, to these bereaved of thee!'
> 'Child—child
> Just when I needed most to live, below
> Am I departing from you both!'"—Pp. 56, 57.

Surely the solemnity of this dying scene is enough of itself, without what has already been noted, to carry conviction of the dramatist's intention to depict a perfect woman; and what perfection of womanhood would there be in an Alkestis dying under a mere dry, hard sense of duty?

To us, then, it seems perfectly clear that, so far as the character of Alkestis in the play is concerned, the poet has but elucidated through the readings of Balaustion, and not reconstructed as some would hold. But from the point where Admetos seeks "the inmost of his house," leaving his friends to bewail the dead Alkestis in the chorus—

ὦ Πελία θύγατερ,

something more than elucidation is brought to bear upon the Greek original; for it is there that Hercules (or, as Mr. Browning gives it, Herakles) comes upon the scene; and it is the modern and very lofty point of view adopted in Balaustion's reading of this character that gives the whole work its most memorable feature.

Among the many Greek renderings of Herakles, that of Euripides is by no means one of the grosser ones: there is a certain amount of rough jollity about the Herakles of the *Alkestis*,—as when he rallies the sour-faced attendant whom his hilarity has offended. According to the speech of the servant (in the original), Herakles had, after Admetos had overcome the hero's scruples about remaining as a guest in the house of grief, behaved in a gross enough manner; but this is only the account of an undiscriminating and offended servitor,

and must be taken *cum grano salis:* the jollity, therefore, of Herakles is not to be considered brutal, as the servant would have it considered; and it would seem that Euripides introduced the character in a jovial aspect to relieve the sombreness of the tragedy. When Herakles learns the real nature of Admetos' grief (concealed by Admetos himself), he becomes a serious demigod enough, but scarcely the grand and consistent embodiment of noblenesses that Balaustion interprets him into. She begins at the beginning:

> "Sudden into the midst of sorrow, leapt
> Along with the gay cheer of that great voice,
> Hope, joy, salvation: Herakles was here!
> Himself o' the threshold, sent his voice on first
> To herald all that human and divine
> I' the weary happy face of him,—half God,
> Half man, which made the god-part God the more." *—P. 65.

From this we are to understand that his mere presence had a power to put the general lamenting in a new aspect; and then Balaustion compares the universal dread of death, that has brought about the present woe, with the utter fearlessness of the newly-arrived hero. Her comment here even goes so far (as it does in some other instances) as to quote what she saw the Chorus *think;* for when Herakles, at the end of a dialogue as to the next feat in his programme, says—

> "But there is nobody shall ever see
> Alkmenê's son shrink, foemen's hand before!"—P. 71.

She adds—

> "'Or ever hear him say' (the Chorus thought)
> 'That death is terrible; and help us so
> To chime in—"Terrible beyond a doubt;
> And, if to thee, why, to ourselves much more:
> Know what has happened, then, and sympathise"!'"—P. 71.

In explanation of the jovial feasting which the servant regarded as brutal, she says the hero—

> "Had flung into the presence, frank and free,
> Out from the labour into the repose,
> Ere out again and over head and ears
> I' the heart of labour, all for love of men:

* A new version of the Laureate's "then most god-like, being most a man."

Making the most o' the minute, that the soul
And body, strained to height a minute since,
Might lie relaxed in joy, this breathing space,
For man's sake more than ever."—P. 109.

And when he comes out from his refreshment to rally the servant, she tells us that—

"There smiled the mighty presence, all one smile
And no touch more of the world-weary God,
Through the brief respite! Just a garland's grace
About the brow, a song to satisfy
Head, heart and breast, and trumpet-lips at once,
A solemn draught of true religious wine,
And,—how should I know?—half a mountain goat
Torn up and swallowed down,—the feast was fierce
But brief: all cares and pains took wing and flew,
Leaving the hero ready to begin
And help mankind, whatever woe came next,
Even though what came next should be nought more
Than the mean querulous mouth o' the man, remarked
Pursing its grievance up till patience failed
And the sage needs must rush out, as we saw,
To sulk outside, and pet his hate in peace."—P. 111.

It is in this little undertaking of gradually mollifying the offended person that Herakles learns the true cause of the general grief; and on his departure on the capital enterprise of wrestling with Death for the dead Alkestis, we get the following beautiful comment:

"So, one look upward, as if Zeus might laugh
Approval of his human progeny,—
One summons of the whole magnific frame,
Each sinew to its service,—up he caught,
And over shoulder cast, the lion-shag,
Let the club go,—for had he not those hands?
And so went striding off, on that straight way
Leads to Larissa, and the suburb tomb.
Gladness be with thee, Helper of our world!
I think this is the authentic sign and seal
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,
And recommence at sorrow: drops like seed
After the blossom, ultimate of all.
Say, does the seed scorn earth and seek the sun?
Surely it has no other end and aim
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,

> Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there:
> And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to joy,
> More joy and most joy,—do man good again."—Pp. 120—122.

Thus the "friendly and flowing" demigod of Euripides, so mere a man in his relations with the other characters of the Alkestis, as well as in the domestic life shown in the first part of the play that bears his own name,*—so complete a pagan god in the mythic feats related of him,—is now in this nineteenth Christian century exalted, by one of the best poets we have, into an Avatar of that noble man-service that is represented, whether in history or in mythology, by the highest and noblest names. This task was better worth accomplishing than that of resolving the hero into a mere sun-myth. And Herakles serves a better purpose than some have supposed Euripides meant him to serve when he brings back Alkestis from the hands of Death—that, namely, of assisting to inculcate a twofold moral. To "keep alive a generous and social benevolence," and to "recommend the virtue of hospitality, so sacred among the Greeks," have been held to be the intentions of the play; and it is very likely that Euripides may have had such a meaning in some corner of his mind. Indeed, the chorus after the dialogue, wherein Admetos misrepresents the nature of his grief, for fear lest Herakles refuse to stay with him,—the chorus,

> ὦ πολύξεινος καὶ ἐλεύθερος
> ἀνδρὸς ἀεί ποτ' οἶκος,—

is very strong on the subject of hospitality; and Mr. Browning's blank verse translation of it is a fair specimen of the delicate "lyric interludes" he has managed to give us in rendering the choric metres in simple iambic lines. (See pp. 80-82.) The whole myth on which the play is founded has a radical and obvious connection with the duty of hospitality, inasmuch as the promise of Apollo to help Admetos in the last extremity was made on account of the king's hospitable treatment of the disguised god; therefore, Euripides could not well, if he had wished it, have eliminated this element in giving the subject a profoundly human and tragic treatment; and the existence of the twofold moral does not shake our faith in the view of our modern poetess and poet, that the ancient dramatist meant rather to appeal to the profounder depths of the heart, that have to do with love and death, than to those

* Consult the *Herakles* of Euripides.

places, nearer the soul's surface, that have to do with hospitality.

There is one scene in the original drama that has been the constant bugbear of scholars and critics from time immemorial, namely the unseemly quarrel of Admetos with his father, Pheres, over the body of Alkestis. In Mr. Morris's *Love of Alcestis** the whole legend is exquisitely rendered as a romantic poem; and, the poet's genius not being of the analytic and explanatory order, he wisely omitted altogether this offensive scene; but Mr. Browning, translating it in full, explains the meaning and object of it in a truly admirable manner, and shows how "the old selfish Pheres" became partly instrumental in that regeneration of the *young* selfish Admetos, which justified Herakles in making him a free gift of his recovered spouse. When Pheres brings his tribute to the dead woman, and Admetos meets him with an angry and scornful repulse, Balaustion sees a reason for this in the feeling the bereaved man might naturally have that this case-hardened old egotist was but a likeness of himself, exaggerated into the unloveliness of a vile old age; and she also points out—

> "How weakness strove to hide itself
> In bluster against weakness."—P. 91.

On the savage retort of the old man, the speech commencing with the lines—

> *ὦ παῖ, τίν' αὐχεῖς, πότερα Λυδὸν ἢ Φρύγα,*
> *κακοῖς ἐλαύνειν, ἀργυρώνητον σέθεν;*

which Mr. Browning has rendered literally enough, but with an awkward obscurity that sorts ill with the comparative clearness of the greater part of this work:—

> "And whom dost thou make bold, son—Ludian slave,
> Or Phrygian whether, money made thy ware,
> To drive at with revilings?" †—P. 93.

On this savage speech, Balaustion comments—

> "There you saw leap the hydra at full length!
> Only the old kept glorying the more,
> The more the portent thus uncoiled itself,
> Whereas the young man shuddered head to foot,

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* See *The Earthly Paradise*, Part II.

† "To drive at with revilings" is splendidly forcible, and amply repays for the obscurity of construction in these two or three lines.

> And shrank from kinship with the creature. Why
> Such horror, unless what he hated most,
> Vaunting itself outside, might fairly claim
> Acquaintance with the counterpart at home."—Pp. 95, 96.

And when the wrangle has died out, as she says, "by degrees in wretched bickerings," she adds,—

> "I think,
> What, thro' this wretched wrangle, kept the man
> From seeing clear—beside the cause I gave—
> Was, that the woe, himself described as full
> I' the path before him, there did really lie—
> Not roll into the abyss of dead and gone.
> How, with Alkestis present, calmly crowned,
> Was she so irrecoverable yet?
> The bird, escaped, that's just on bough above,
> The flower, let flutter half way down the brink!
> Not so detached seemed lifelessness from life
> But—one dear stretch beyond all straining yet—
> And he might have her at his heart once more.
> But, in the critical minute, up there comes
> The father and the fact, to trifle time."—P. 100.

But when he comes back from the burial to his desolate hearth,—comes back certified of his loss, and convicted of the meanness that has led him to desolation rather than death,—Balaustion sees a regeneration commencing in him; and, at the return of Herakles with Alkestis disguised, Balaustion lays a new stress on the firm refusal of the king to take the supposed stranger into his palace. The words of Admetos,—

> "When I betray her, though she is no more,
> May I die!"—P. 143—

call forth the remark,—

> "And the thing he said, was true:
> For out of Herakles a great glow broke.
> There stood a victor worthy of a prize:
> The violet-crown that withers on the brow
> Of the half-hearted claimant. Oh, he knew
> The signs of battle hard fought and well won,
> This queller of the monsters!—knew his friend
> Planted firm foot, now, on the loathly thing
> That was Admetos late! 'would die,' he knew,
> Ere let the reptile raise its crest again.
> If that was truth, why try the true friend more?"—P. 143.

The important point in the comment on the wrangle is that old Pheres is shown to be instrumental in bringing about this noble result of regeneration in his son by showing him how hideous a part he has played in letting another die for him. In carrying out his idea of Herakles Mr. Browning has taken one of the very few unwarrantable liberties with the text of Euripides that are observable in the volume. The dialogue as recited by Balaustion is almost invariably translated from the Greek; so that, when she professes to quote the words of Euripides without comment, we expect, and have a right to expect, the ungarbled sense of the text. We must, therefore, protest against the two lines,—

> "Then, since thou canst be faithful to the death,
> Take, deep into thy house, my dame."—Pp. 143, 144—

being given as the English of—

> *δέχου νυν εἴσω τήνδε γενναίων δόμων.*

"Since thou canst be faithful to the death" is a reason that might well be brought into the comment; but we do not expect to find an anti-Greek interpolation of this kind in what is supposed to represent the text of a Greek author.* The particle *νυν* may have a far greater force than the word "then;" but it cannot fairly be said to carry in itself the whole "Since thou canst be faithful to the death."

The final chorus—which, by-the-bye, Euripides used for no less than five of his plays—does not seem to us to be intended in the somewhat humorous sense in which it is given by Balaustion:—

> "Whereupon all the friendly moralists
> Drew this conclusion: chirped, each beard to each:
> 'Manifold are thy shapings, Providence!
> Many a hopeless matter Gods arrange.
> What we expected, never came to pass;
> What we did not expect, Gods brought to bear;
> So have things gone, this whole experience through!'"
> Pp. 151, 152.

And the last line does not follow the Greek at all strictly.

It would be difficult for the art and intellect of Mr. Brown-

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* Another, less important, instance of over full translation is at page 98:—

> "One thing is certain: there's no laughing now,
> As out thou bearest the poor dead old man!"

for

> *οὐκ ἐγγελᾷς γέροντα βαστάζων νεκρόν.*

ing to be brought to bear upon any subject, however barren it might seem, without at once rendering it full of interest; and the subject of the present work, being in itself of high interest, is rendered still more so by the depth and perspicacity of the comment, the rich quality of the translated portions, and the compactness of the general structure. For the poet to follow out his own tradition of strict monologue form, in giving us an English version of a Greek tragedy, would have been pronounced impossible, had we not seen it done; and, added to this, it is not too much to say, that the translation, merely regarded as such (and we have the play almost entire if we choose to pick it out), is second to no English rendering of a Greek play, unless it be the *Prometheus* of Mrs. Browning. If there is one part of *Balaustion's Adventure* that is less gratifying than another, it is the attempt to reconstruct the tale for the edification of those companions to whom she has recited and explained the play; and even this attempt has its particular value, and serves to enhance the general value of the book. After admitting to her friends that Euripides "failed to get the prize," and that Sophokles got it, she tells them how it is rumoured that Sophokles means to make a new play on the subject of Alkestis; "but," she adds,—

> "No good supplants a good,
> Nor beauty undoes beauty. Sophokles
> Will carve and carry a fresh cup, brimful
> Of beauty and good, firm to the altar-foot,
> And glorify the Dionusiac shrine:
> Not clash against this crater, in the place
> Where the God put it when his mouth had drained
> To the last dregs, libation life-blood-like,
> And praised Euripides for evermore—
> *The Human with his droppings of warm tears.*
> Still, since one thing may have so many sides,
> I think I see how,—far from Sophokles,—
> You, I, or any one might mould a new
> Admetos, new Alkestis."—Pp. 152, 153.

She then proceeds to tell briefly a new version of the tale, the bloodless subtlety of which reminds us a good deal of the least poetical passages in Mr. Browning's *Cleon*. Her new Admetos is a king whose worse nature has been entirely put in abeyance by the "golden tongue" of Apollo, and whose one remaining object is to bring back the golden age through the perfect rectitude of his kingship. The "new Alkestis" shows no very notable love for her husband, but shares his

aspiration; and, when he is about to die, she reveals to him a pact between herself and Apollo, under which the king may live if she will die. This she is determined to do, that the purpose of the gods in Admetos may be fulfilled. Admetos protests—would rather die than be bereft of her; but she has her will, dies, goes to Proserpine (or Korè, as Mr. Browning, adhering throughout to the Greek names, denominates the Queen of Hades), and demands "to become a ghost before the time." Korè's reply is very characteristic of the whole reconstruction, which is full of intellectual *finesse*. "Hence," she says,—

> "Hence, thou deceiver! This is not to die,
> If, by the very death which mocks me now,
> The life, that's left behind and past my power,
> Is formidably doubled. Say, there fight
> Two athletes, side by side, each athlete armed
> With only half the weapons, and no more,
> Adequate to a contest with their foe:
> If one of these should fling helm, sword and shield
> To fellow—shieldless, swordless, helmless late—
> And so leap naked o'er the barrier, leave
> A combatant equipped from head to heel,
> Yet cry to the other side 'Receive a friend
> Who fights no longer!' 'Back, friend, to the fray!'
> Would be the prompt rebuff; I echo it.
> Two souls in one were formidable odds:
> Admetos must not be himself and thou!"—Pp. 166, 167.

And so Alkestis makes the best of her way back to earth, and she and Admetos "lived together long and well;" but, as far as Balaustion knows,

> "the scheme of rule in righteousness,
> The bringing back again the Golden Age,
> Our couple, rather than renounce, would die,"

did not prosper with both king and queen alive "to bring it to effect." So she dismisses her essay in reconstruction with proper sarcasm and contempt:—

> "So might our version of the story prove,
> And no Euripidean pathos plague
> Too much my critic-friend of Syracuse."—P. 168.

So far, however, as Mr. Browning is concerned, the reconstruction is quite the reverse of contemptible; because its subtlety and bloodlessness stand in effective contrast with the

pathos of the Euripidean tragedy, and strengthen, by this very force of contrast, the thesis that the *Alkestis* is pathetic, and not sophistic, in intention. In regard to such a notable *tour-de-force* as this last work of Mr. Browning's being ascribed to a Greek girl of some sixteen years of age, we do not care to be over critical: the poetic license, passing beyond the bounds of probability, keeps within those of possibility, and the reason and result of the license are sufficient. We venture to hope, however, that we are not called upon to picture our "Wild-pomegranate-flower" such a Greek maiden as any one of those affected minxes the "great Kaunian painter" depicted picking up shells last year. Such a maiden as one of those we could not bring ourselves to imagine heartening and inspiring the Rhodians, reciting and expounding the *Alkestis*, reconstructing the legend, and finally turning on the detractors of her darling poet, in contemptuous irony, with,—

> "Besides your poem failed to get the prize:
> (That is, the first prize: second prize is none).
> Sophokles got it!"—P. 168.

But we have not introduced Mr. Leighton's name again with any view but that of dismissing it very cordially as connected with the beautiful close of *Balaustion's Adventure;* for it is in the close that the description of his picture, referred to at the beginning of this article, is introduced. After the final turn on the detractors of Euripides, Balaustion says:—

> "All cannot love two great names; yet some do:
> I know the poetess who graved in gold,
> Among her glories that shall never fade,
> This style and title for Euripides,
> *The Human with his droppings of warm tears.*
> I know, too, a great Kaunian painter, strong
> As Herakles, though rosy with a robe
> Of grace that softens down the sinewy strength:
> And he has made a picture of it all.
> There lies Alkestis dead, beneath the sun,
> She longed to look her last upon, beside
> The sea, which somehow tempts the life in us
> To come trip over its white waste of waves,
> And try escape from earth, and fleet as free.
> Behind the body, I suppose there bends
> Old Pheres in his hoary impotence;
> And women-wailers, in a corner crouch
> —Four, beautiful as you four—yes, indeed!—

Close, each to other, agonising all,
As fastened, in fear's rhythmic sympathy,
To two contending opposite. There strains
The might o' the hero 'gainst his more than match,
—Death, dreadful not in thew and bone, but like
The envenomed substance that exudes some dew,
Whereby the merely honest flesh and blood
Will fester up and run to ruin straight,
Ere they can close with, clasp and overcome
The poisonous impalpability
That simulates a form beneath the flow
Of those grey garments; I pronounce that piece
Worthy to set up in our Poikilé!
And all came,—glory of the golden verse,
And passion of the picture, and that fine
Frank outgush of the human gratitude
Which saved our ship and me, in Syracuse,—
Ay, and the tear or two which slipt perhaps
Away from you, friends, while I told my tale,
—It all came of this play that gained no prize!
Why crown whom Zeus has crowned in soul before?"

Pp. 168—170.

It is difficult to guess how much of this poem we owe, in the way of suggestion, to the painter, how much to the poetess, how much to Plutarch, how much to the Countess Cowper; but one thing is quite clear,—that the conception of the plan and the execution of the details are alike unmistakably Mr. Browning's, and in his best manner. *Balaustion's Adventure* is a book for which the classic student and the reader for delight must both feel grateful to this heart-searching, soul-stirring poet, who analyses with so much depth and keenness, and never fails, after each analytic excursion, to become, like his own Sordello, "in due time, Synthetist."

ART. IV.—*English Art, as illustrated by the Pictures of the Past Year.*

GREAT events, such as those of the last eighteen months, naturally lead to a good deal of national self-examination. The terrible disasters of a powerful and highly gifted people, our rivals in most of the exercises of human activity, our more than rivals in others, a people moreover whose shores are nearly contiguous to our own, and whose friendship we have been proud to cultivate; the utter overthrow of the old state-system of Europe; the sudden eruption of socialistic passions, deluging Paris in blood and flame; the evident crisis through which our own institutions are passing — all these are so many incentives to very serious thought. And though the main tendency of such changes undoubtedly is to give a strong immediate interest to questions affecting the state of our armaments, our foreign relations, and the condition of the poor, yet may they not also fairly lead us to ponder on what really underlies all political considerations, viz. the religious, moral, and intellectual condition of the country, and the literature and art in which that condition finds expression?

Let not the reader be alarmed. We are not about to embark on "the condition of England question." But the present moment, when everything, as the cant phrase goes, is on its trial, seems to us a fitting one to consider what is the present position of English art, both intrinsically and as compared with foreign contemporary schools.

Now if with some such object in view we run in thought through the thirty or forty exhibitions of the past year—and these, of course, contain the best and latest illustration of England's achievements and capabilities — the first thing that strikes us is the amazing quantity of painting which twelve short months have produced. The separate works publicly shown during that period may be counted by thousands, and the number privately sold or remaining unexhibited and undisposed of is probably about the same. Evidently, therefore, there can be no ground for complaint that the British school is not prolific.

If, however, we set ourselves seriously to think of the quality of all this painting; if we try to recall from among these thousands of pictures those which have produced upon us some strong impression of power, originality, nobleness of aim, subtle appreciation of colour, or faculty of harmonious composition, we shall find, or so it seems to us, that the general standard of English art is low. We have no wish to exaggerate; it is scarcely lower than that of its foreign rivals. Every great nation possesses as its heritage characteristics differing from those of its fellows, which may be good or bad according to circumstances, but do, at any rate, give to that nation an individual value, so that the world would be poorer without it; and it is only a very ephemeral school of critics in art and literature which insists on comparing almost exclusively our weaker points with the strong points of others. No, English art has its own right place, and that *comparatively* not a low one. It has its great men, and produces its few great works. Yet, if we look at the art harvest of an average year, we shall find with sorrow that the country has garnered, not perhaps many positive tares, but a vast quantity of nearly worthless wheat.

Now how is this to be accounted for? M. Taine, who has a faculty for explanation, and follows the links of cause and effect in every matter with a kind of complacent certitude, establishes, by a reference to geology, climate, ancestry, and consequent peculiarities of race, that we are quite incapable of art. But as it so happens that during half a century England was the one spot in Europe where true painting found a home—for certainly there are no contemporary names which will bear a moment's comparison with those of Gainsborough and Reynolds—and as, moreover, the greatest of all landscape painters was born in London, we cannot accept the conclusion. A more obvious explanation seems to be that genius is a plant of very rare growth, and that no given clime or age can expect to produce more than a few specimens. The supply, to use the language of political economy, is limited; the demand has increased enormously. With the great development of wealth among the middle classes, there has sprung up a new and large body of patrons, of whom all cannot hope to obtain work of the highest kind, for the simple reason that the requisite quantity of such work does not exist. Some *must*, therefore, be satisfied with what, though still good, is inferior, and many more with what is really rather art manufacture than art proper, with paintings which dealers call "pleasing," guiltless of making any

demand on the thought or imagination of the spectator. And, indeed, there is every evidence to show that, to a large class of purchasers, pictures of this latter kind appeal most strongly. In old days the artist's patron was generally some potentate, or noble, or merchant prince, whose days were spent in learned leisure, and whose mind was enriched with the best culture of his time. His palace was a splendid receptacle of things beautiful, an heirloom, probably, of his race. Neither his taste nor his pride would suffer him to desecrate it for his posterity by the introduction of anything mean or vulgar. Its atmosphere was one of durability, and the work to be enshrined there was done with a view to lasting fame. In foreign countries, at the present moment, the State exercises somewhat the same function; and though much of what is done under its auspices is pretentious and poor, yet all large decorative painting must, at any rate, *aim* at something higher than mere domestic or historical incident. But in England there can be no doubt that much picture-buying power is wasted, owing to mere ignorance. The purchaser is often a busy man, whose practical education in the world's ways has left him little leisure for the cultivation of art knowledge. Good and bad, in his eyes, are pretty much alike. He neither knows, nor greatly cares to know the difference. He feels that his collection will probably be as ephemeral as his prosperity; in any case, it will be dispersed by his death. If he has a preference, it will be for some transcript from nature in one of her ordinary moods, for some domestic scene with an evident story, humouristic or sentimental, for some cleanly painted female figure with a pretty face. And so far as his influence has extended, it has been deleterious.

Nor has it done harm alone to those artists who, whether from some natural affinity with his tastes, or from some unworthier motive, paint the kind of pictures he will buy. His influence has done quite has much harm by the opposition it has roused. Because common-place is so prevalent, there has grown up a worship of eccentricity; because what may be called the master-chords in our nature yield so easily to the touch, and are sometimes played upon by feeble hands, the chord responding through the player's skill is naught, there has sprung up among artists and critics a notion that it is a sign of weakness to make any appeal to a common feeling. Fathers and mothers, for instance, generally love their children, and most men keep a soft place in their hearts for the little folk; therefore the grace of childhood should be

banished from the dominions of art. Mr. Matthew Arnold is full of elegant contempt for paterfamilias and his numerous progeny. Mr. Millais has been sneered at for the beautiful images he has evoked from child-world. M. Edouard Frère's unforced and touching pictures, so evidently the embodiment of tender and loving thoughts, have been assailed coarsely, but that was by Mr. Swinburne, who is not a great critic. Probably the chastened maternity of Raphael's Madonnas has only escaped censure in that it required more than an ordinary share of rashness to attack Raphael. So again to nearly all men there is a pathos in what is the common lot of all, and none can contemplate death unmoved. Therefore the *Saturday Review*, always so genial and full of kindly feeling, fell foul of Dickens for appealing to this source of emotion in his readers. To suit this craze the story of little Dombey should have remained unwritten. Probably, as taste improves, an expurgated edition of the *Newcomes*, with the account of the Colonel's death left out, and a *Tristram Shandy* undefiled by the Story of Lefevre, will be published for the benefit of men of culture.

And in proportion as common sources of emotion have fallen into contempt, so has there been a tendency to follow exclusively the bye-ways of sentiment. Starting from the point that genius is original, many seem to think that mere originality is genius, and that because they are painting subjects hitherto held to be unsuitable for art, or treating old subjects as they have never been treated before, or appealing in some way to a craving for what is strange, abnormal, and novel, they are rightly earning a title to present honour—of course among the few competent to judge—and to everlasting fame. So some try to achieve the desired result by being ugly or grotesque, and some by the embodiment of sickly hermaphrodite feeling, and some, but this to the honour of our painters be it said is rather a literary than an artistic failing, by impurity. And in some sense it must be owned that the members of the eccentric school have their reward. Few critical operations are more difficult and delicate than to discriminate, especially in a young painter or writer, whether his originality be real or spurious. If the latter, which is the case we are assuming, many will certainly fail to detect the tinsel trying to pass itself for gold. A coterie will praise, critics good and bad will decry, and notoriety will be the result —a temporary flicker of notoriety.

For if we look at the history of all art, using the word in its largest sense, it is strange and yet encouraging to see how

fashionable affectations have lived but for a moment, while what was built on the solid ground of nature has "lived for aye." And surely that is an affectation which would dissociate the art of the nineteenth century from its life, and insist that all work to be really great must carry us into the twilight of history, or the cloudland of mere fancy. Let us vindicate the catholicity of art, and the immensity of its sphere. Great work is great work, to whatever subject applied. If all be prose around us, it is because we have not the faculty of seeing the poetry. Mr. Frith's large picture of the *Salon d'Or, Homburg*, for instance, does not fail of being a great picture, because it represents a scene familiar to most travelled Englishmen. It fails, because the artist's grasp of that scene is wanting in power, and his view of it somewhat superficial. He has caught with much cleverness—for even undue popularity and a special railing provided to keep off admiring crowds, must not render us unjust—he has ably caught, we say, the general aspect and distinctive countenances of the motley crew gathered from all the ends of the earth, who worship at Chance's shrine. He has pressed a good deal of pretty obvious story into his canvas; he has pointed a more obvious moral by the introduction of an English clergyman, who contemplates the scene in a spirit of mild thoughtfulness. All this he has done with a clean spick and span sort of brush, and with no very extraordinary power of colour; and the result is unquestionably commonplace. How far it fails we can immediately discover by comparing it in our minds with any similar subject by Hogarth. How that sturdy British bull-dog would have gripped and worried such a theme! With what intensity of contempt, and stern strength! And, if we need a newer illustration of the truth, that it is not because he has been modern that Mr. Frith has been weak, we shall find it in the success of Mr. Walker's really admirable picture *At the Bar*. Here the power is almost terrible. The concentrated agony of the prisoner's face, an expression obtained by the most simple means, entirely without distortion or exaggeration, haunts one like an ill dream. The look is as that of a hunted creature, baffled in all efforts to escape, ringed round by dogs and men, and waiting for its doom—nay it is more poignantly, more deeply pathetic, for here the creature so hunted is human.

She stands on a raised platform in the murky gloom of the Court, crumpling unconsciously a sprig of rue in her fingers, and waiting with life or death on the issue. What is the moment of the trial? Is she listening to the Counsel for the

Crown, piecing together with ruthless ingenuity the evidence of her guilt, serrying link to link in the chain of his reasoning, drawing closer and closer the meshes of the net encircling her soul? Does the horror of her crime flash into her very heart in all its vivid reality as he speaks? Or does she know she is innocent, and yet, as with practised skill he marshals his arguments, masking the weak points, strengthening those that are strong, taking advantage of every little circumstance in his favour, does the theory of the prosecution assume, even to herself, a kind of ghastly nightmare appearance of truth? And yet again has this stage of the trial been passed, and is the moment a still more solemn one? Is she striving to read her fate in the faces of the jury as they re-enter the court? We cannot tell. The woman stands alone in her anguish, save that a solitary figure sits bowed in sorrow at her feet. It only wanted a father's presence to deepen that instant's misery.

Now this, as we have said, is great work, great because it goes to the very heart of its subject, and without any unnatural straining after effect, or sacrifice of truth, at once raises and ennobles it. The same may be said of Mr. Walker's two earlier pictures, *The Bathers* and *The Plough*, though these furnished no evidence of the tragic force to be displayed in *At the Bar*. Equally delightful was a sketch, unnamed, at the Winter Exhibition of the Water Colour Society—an evening scene at one of the boating stations on the river, with its picturesque old red-roofed houses, and light skiffs shooting over the water—the water itself here burnished by the glowing sunbeams, and there transparent in the shadows, and the whole bathed in the golden splendour of twilight, and breathing the very essence of all the aquatic pleasures that haunt the "shy Thames shore."

We have dwelt on these pictures because they mark an era in English art, and are, in our opinion, among its most hopeful signs. Hitherto one of our besetting sins has been vulgarity, not merely of subject, that is little, but of treatment. In the hands of Mr. Walker and Mr. Mason, on the contrary, even the homeliest subjects acquire grace and refinement, without in any way losing verisimilitude. Both these painters, the former with greater range and power, the latter with, perhaps, more delicate sense of harmony, are educing poetry from things common. They are doing for humble life in England what M. Jules Breton—whose classic dignity and nobleness of design, especially as applied to his range of subjects, are most admirable—does with such success for the peasant life of France. In this connection, however, it is

not right that we should forget our old favourite, Mr. Hook. He has not, perhaps, so much of tender feeling for beauty, so much of elegance, as the three men we have named, but then what delicious open-air freshness, what pure delight in the life of the sea-shore population, with its long intervals of reposeful idleness and shorter periods of hard toil and anxiety. Give him a bay in the granite rocks, a space of blue-green water sparkling in the full rays of the summer noon, a boatful of weather-beaten fishermen and brown urchins, or a group of pleasant, honest-looking sailors' wives, and he will bathe it all in the very breath and healthy brine of the sea. Last year, however, his work lay rather among the bright, perhaps rather crude, greens, and ready showers of the short Norwegian summer, and to the eye of "one that had been long in city pent" was as legitimately pleasant as ever.

The International Exhibition contained, perhaps, one of the most miscellaneous collections of pictures ever gathered together, we were going to say under a *single* roof, but the expression seems inappropriate as applied to the queer assemblage of buildings at South Kensington, where there must be at least a dozen. Masterpieces of the past, masterpieces of the present, rubbish of all times, waifs and strays from every land, good works that had already run the gauntlet of all former exhibitions, works that had never been seen in public before, and ought not to have been so seen then, great paintings of good men kindly lent by their owners to illustrate contemporary art, inferior pictures kept unsold in studios for long years—truly a strange *olla podrida*, a chaos rather than a cosmos, the evident offspring of chance, and calculated to produce a very inadequate, if not erroneous impression of the art of England and several other countries. In this agglomeration, however, there were imbedded, like fossils, many interesting art relics. One was *A Scene from the Merchant of Venice*, by Mr. Hook, which shows strikingly how comparatively weak a clever man can be when out of his own province. The work appears to be an early one, executed before Mr. Hook had discovered the proper bent of his genius, and both the public and himself are to be congratulated on his having abandoned history and incident painting. In thus speaking, we must, however, carefully guard against its being supposed that we consider one branch of art as in itself superior to another. Art is not only long, as the good old saw declares, it is incommensurable. Its field can be bounded by no arbitrary limits. Real genius will

overleap them all. There were at the Exhibition, for the benefit of the Distressed Peasantry of France, some pictures of *Water Carriers* by Velasquez, of which the most important features were earthenware jars. Now water-jars certainly are not the highest of objects. Some Mr. Ruskin, with a taste for stronger beverages, might easily expend a good deal of eloquence in showing how petty was the mind that could take delight in so wishy-washy a theme. Yet when the storm had passed, the jars, by mere force of painting, would still be superb. The fact is—we say it sadly and humbly—theories are worth very little, truth overflows them on all sides. We most of us theorise in the direction of our preferences; and the facts, not unfrequently, refuse to follow us.

Far be it from us, therefore, while vindicating to the utmost the rights of contemporary life, to repudiate the claims of imagination when working in the world of history, or literature, or pure fancy. Such a mistake, inexcusable at all times, would be doubly so in the face of a picture like Mr. Leighton's *Hercules wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis*. Distinguished for rare beauty as this artist's work always is, we remember to have seen no production from his easel approaching to this in power, or dignity of thought. As Mr. Walker has, in his *At the Bar*, added high tragedy to the endowments of which he had already given proof, so here Mr. Leighton has shown a vigour which even those who most admired his unfailing elegance, had scarcely suspected him of possessing. We all know the ancient story summarised in the prologue to Chaucer's *Legend of Good Women*, that most vernal of poems, and alluded to in Milton's sonnet to his dead wife, and partly retold in Mr. Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, and told again from Euripides, in Mr. Browning's new poem of *Balaustion*—the story of—

> "The great goodnesse of the queen Alceste,
> That turned was into a dayesie,
> She that for her husband chose to die,
> And eke to go to Hell rather than he,
> And Hercules rescued her pardie,
> And brought her out of Hell again to blisse."

Here, however, following the story as told by Euripides, Mr. Leighton does not cause the hero to descend into the dreary realms of Pluto, thence to rescue the dead queen by an exercise of his matchless force and courage. He wrestles for her in our upper world, striving against Death who has come, armed with all his terrors, to claim his prey. The

object of their struggle lies still and statue-like on a bier by the blue sea. Her attendants cower at the dreadful conflict. And in the meanwhile the hero, not heavy with elephantine strength as in the Farnese marble, but lithe and sinewy as the lion whose skin floats round him, bears back his dreadful antagonist—back, back, till the muscles in the grisly frame seem to crack with the tension, and the cold steely limbs yield to the stronger power of ruddy life.

How far Mr. Leighton intended that the solemn mysteries surrounding us should find an echo in this picture, we cannot tell. But that it possesses the faculty, like all great imaginative art, of causing the thoughts of the spectator to eddy, in ever-widening circles, round the subject immediately represented, there can be no doubt whatever. At the winter Exhibition of the Dudley Gallery was a small picture by Mr. Watts, entitled *Love and Death*, in which a somewhat similar struggle has a different issue. Here death moves on, passionless and resistless, just stooping his pallid head to look at the fluttering, shrinking lad, who strives, O how ineffectually, to bar his passage. Aye, thus it is! So powerless is all mere earthly love to stay for a moment the scythe of the King of Terrors, or to cause the sand in his hour-glass to run more slowly. So is Cupid conquered by Death, and left beaten and hopeless. But if Cupid, not a mightier power. There is a strength of faith against which death itself cannot prevail, or the grave boast of any victory.

It is a thousand pities that work like this, worthy in every way of durability, should bear the marks of premature decay. And yet it seems to us that there are already parts of the picture in which the colour has lost its bloom, or is visibly cracking. In twenty years, unless we are very greatly mistaken, the picture will have become a wreck; and what is that period in the life of a picture? Now this is a very curious phenomenon. No one can for a moment suppose that Mr. Leighton would be indifferent to such a result, or that he has neglected any ordinary precaution against it. He is far too true an artist for that. Nor, must it be added, will his case be by any means singular, though it is rare that a picture newly exhibited should be so glaringly marked out for death. Most modern work starts at any rate with a kind of hectic glow, that may look like health. But see it again after an interval of a few seasons. The complexion of youth is gone; the ashy and cold hues of age have taken its place. It is quite the exception when any English picture of this century

has kept its colour for thirty years. Now, we ask again, how is this? We are fond of boasting of the scientific pre-eminence of the age, of our manufacturing skill, and mastery over the powers of nature. Our ancestors were a set of very ignorant fellows. Their chemistry especially was beneath contempt; their astrological and alchemical jargon a by-word. And yet here, when tried by a practical test, our knowledge and progress turn out to be pure vanity. The men who, we are told, knew nothing, so selected their pigments, and so mixed them, that the chemical action which has taken place, has resulted in permanent harmony instead of mutual destruction. Take for instance—it may serve as one illustration in a thousand—Vandyke's portrait of the *Balbi Children* at the Academy Exhibition of Old Masters. The cloth of gold and silver, and the velvet of the dresses are as rich and magnificent as on the day they were painted; if anything, they have mellowed in splendour. They need fear no comparison with any of Mr. Millais' marvels of skill in the reproduction of texture which were executed yesterday. Or take again Rubens' gorgeously attired portrait of *Spinola*—which in another point of view is a whole page of history in itself. No canker of time has robbed the hues of their full lustre. How are we to account for it? Are the colour-sellers of the present day tradesmen who adulterate? Are our artists, as a body, culpably careless of all except present popularity and gain, or do they not know how to lay on their colours? Can our men of science not master so simple a problem?

To return to Mr. Watts. Notwithstanding the solemnity and high thought that mark his other work, it is mainly as a portrait painter that he occupies his distinguished rank in art. No one possesses a more deeply imaginative insight into character than he does. His portraits are not photography, but interpretation. They comprised last year a rugged Head of Mr. Carlyle, too violent in colour, if we may venture to say so; Mr. Gladstone, weary and jaded looking; Lord Chancellor Campbell, all aglow in his robes of state; the Prince de Joinville; Lord Lawrence; Mr. Leighton's elegant and characteristic head; and Mr. Millais, whose genius seems to sit so lightly upon him. In all there is the same effort to show forth, not merely the accidents of outward feature, if indeed there be such a thing as accident in the human countenance, but the informing soul within. In all there is an unfortunate looseness and want of definiteness in the modelling of the flesh (this is perhaps most apparent in the face of the Premier), and a frequent dirtiness of colour. But

with all drawbacks these portraits are pre-eminent, and Mr. Watts is to be thanked for the design he has apparently formed of giving to future generations a *vera effigies* of most of the leading men of his time. Artists may not like the unpalatable truth, but it is a truth notwithstanding, that, fifty years hence, such works will possess a greater value than all but a most infinitesimal proportion of the fancy pictures of the present day. Nor are such works less wanted as a protest against the commonplace of prevailing portraiture. Mr. Sandys, though his subjects possess as a rule little general interest, can always lift them up into a high region of art by the vital strength and Holbein-like accuracy of his drawing. Mr. Sant, when not hurried and careless, paints children with a very graceful brush. Mr. Wells is sturdy and respectable. Mr. Millais can do pretty nearly anything he likes, portraits of course included. But when we have said this, we have said about all that there is of favourable to say. Take for instance such works as Mr. Sant's Viscount Sandon. It is quite poor and weak. His Lord Russell, again, though clever, is certainly not ennobling. It looks preternaturally small and grotesque. And on the whole we cannot but say that our English contemporaries fare badly at the hands of their painters. Some portraits, however, of foreign manufacture, exhibited this year, deserve notice. Madame Henriette Browne's Père Hyacinthe is as sober and forceful as the subject is interesting, and contrasts very favourably with Mr. Dickinson's portrait of Mr. Binney and Mr. Lawrence's leathery portrait of Professor Maurice, which may be regarded as kindred themes. M. Legros' Randle Wilbraham is thoroughly strong and uncompromising, like all his work. There were also three German portraits, unnamed, and accidentally hung together at the International Exhibition, by Messrs. Verlat and Gussow and the Countess of Kalckreuth, which were very clever. The one by the latter is a pretty sketch of a blue-eyed, fair, thoroughly German beauty. Perhaps, however, the most interesting likeness shown last year, excluding of course those at the Academy collection of Old Masters, was David's *Death of Marat*, executed certainly at the time, and, if we remember rightly, as a commission from the Revolutionary Government in honour of the discreditable deceased. Very sober and very forceful is this picture. The head of the dead wretch, bound round with a napkin, hangs over the side of the bath in which Charlotte Corday's dagger reached him. The ugliness of the face is partly hidden, though not disguised. There is a paper in his hand, and an inkstand on

an upturned box by his side. The bloody knife which found its way to his heart lies on the ground. This is an historical incident photographed as it were. Considering the subject, the artist's evident sympathy is almost as instructive as his record of the event.

Perhaps it is by a character of sobriety, so conspicuous in this picture, though executed under the influence of most passionate feeling, that the best French and foreign art rises most frequently, when it does so rise, superior to our own. French landscape painters seldom attempt to grapple with anything brighter than the gloomier tones of evening, or the most cloudy of daylight; but within those limits their harmony is perfect. MM. Daubigny, Dupré, Diaz, Rousseau and Corot, different in all else, are similar in this, that they never force their effects. So also M. Frère's scenes of humble life are touching by their beautiful simplicity. M. Israels, though he fears not to strike chords of deeper tragedy, does so always without violence or exaggeration. There was a picture of his at the Academy entitled *How Bereft*, a cottage interior and scene of mourning. It is the day of the funeral. The husband is being borne away in his coffin. The widow sits with her head hidden in her hands, weeping. One child, an infant, lies happy in the unconsciousness of sleep. An older girl sits at her mother's feet, and nestles up against her knees with a blank face, weary of grief. Poor things! It is a sorrowful household; and their story—so common in a world where

> "Never morning wore
> To evening, but some heart did break"—

is told quietly, and with pathos. At the International Exhibition, again, there were three of the same painter's works, one a mother playing with her children on the low sand shore of Holland, and two cottage interiors, entitled respectively *The Mother Sick* and *The Mother Well*. These pictures are of analogous subjects to those habitually treated by Mr. Faed, and the comparison between the two artists is an interesting one. M. Israels trusts scarcely at all to facial expression as a means of giving point to what he has to tell. Neither does he make any particular study of character, or attempt to show how the same circumstance variously affects a number of different people. He selects some simple incident, describes it to a certain extent by attitude, countenance and surroundings, and then leaves it in a very great measure to the arrangement of light and shade to supply the requisite

tone of feeling. For instance, in the two last named pictures, the degree of gloom in which the apartment should be left has evidently been most carefully studied. The light is not squandered indiscriminately, but hoarded for use, and thrown with every nice gradation upon the occupants of the sick-room. Now to do this well, delicately and without ostentation, so that the result shall be instinctively felt by the beholder rather than obtruded upon him, is a fine faculty, and one to which Mr. Faed can lay but little claim. His colour, moreover, is altogether wanting in breadth, all largeness of effect being frittered away in details of dress and furniture. But then, on the other hand, how much there is which M. Israels misses, and which Mr. Faed chronicles admirably. Those very details that so interfere with the general harmony, are each eloquent, have each a story of their own—a story it may be of thrifty mending, or of past prosperity. And then there is not a face that is not a study of character, that does not wear for us, besides its expression of the moment, a record of past expressions and experiences. We know these men and women. They stand before us not as abstractions, but realities. If, in the Dutch artist's *How Bereft*, we have a general picture of the sorrow of widowhood among the poor, pathetic quite apart from any grief we may feel for the woman before us, so, in the Englishman's *From Dawn to Sunset*, we have a whole family history, rich with individual detail and portraiture, and appealing to our sympathy, not for any abstract grief, but for feelings into which we can enter because the sufferer is well-known to us. Either is excellent according to the point of view from which we behold it; and again Art, that large-hearted mother, is justified of her children.*

We have said that one of the characteristics of foreign art is sobriety. This statement, however, like all general statements, requires qualification. It is most certainly inapplicable to M. Doré. This artist, who has achieved a world-wide reputation as a cosmopolitan illustrator of the masterpieces of literature in all languages—we use these expressions advisedly, for M. Doré's fame is a "greatest-circulation-in-the world" kind of fame—this artist, we say, also paints pictures. He exhibits not, however, with the vulgar throng. A special temple has been opened in his honour, in Bond Street, and

* M. Tidemand, the Norwegian painter, occupies a place between M. Israels and Mr. Faed. There was only one of his highly interesting pictures at the International, *The Grandparents' Visit*.

there his admirers collect, worshipping with bated breath, and eyes perhaps a little dimmed by emotion. A small service book, consisting mainly of choice extracts from our daily and weekly contemporaries, has been compiled for their use. They are also tempted to put down their names for forthcoming engravings from the objects of their adoration on the walls; and many, carried away by their feelings and the prevailing atmosphere of incense, yield to the temptation. Seriously, however, what are we to say of M. Doré's art? Especially, how are we to say anything in reason without coldly nipping the almost superstitious devotion of these votaries? We say, then, that, in our opinion, he is a man of very great original genius, rather of a powerful than refined type, who has been terribly spoilt by popularity. His first works are by far his best. The illustrations to Dante are most able, and so are those to Balzac's *Contes Drôlatiques*, notwithstanding the disgusting nature of the subjects. But, as he has advanced in his career, traces of haste have become everywhere apparent, and of a reliance on claptrap instead of drawing. His *Bible* is beneath criticism. And so of the paintings, they are to us rather startling than satisfactory. Their excellences and mode of execution remind us often—we really say this with a great deal of trepidation—of the art of the scene-painter. The mastery of everything that gives effect, in the stage conception of the term, is perfect. An instance will explain our meaning. The *Triumph of Christianity over Paganism* may be best described as an illustration, undesigned we believe, of Milton's *Ode on the Nativity*. At the appearance of Our Lord with his cross, surrounded by "helmed Cherubim and sworded Seraphim," the false gods of antiquity, all the denizens of the mythologies of Egypt, Greece, Rome, Scandinavia, and Palestine, sink headlong into the abyss. Now the colour of the lower portion seems to us brassy and disagreeable, altogether wanting in harmony and refinement. But by a dexterous lime-light sort of arrangement behind the figure of Jupiter a striking effect of relief is obtained. So again the *Titania*, with its *aniline dye* kind of colour, looks like nothing so much as a stage scene in a pastoral play. We prefer the *Christian Martyr* to either of these, though even that is not altogether free from a tinge of the melo-dramatic. Night, a clear, transparent, Italian night, has settled over the deserted amphitheatre. Heaped bodies of the dead Christians strew the ground, wild beasts snarl over their feast, and, descending as it were from infinite space, a flock of angels, whose substance seems of starshine, comes to

bear the souls of the departed away to bliss. In the *Paolo and Francesca di Rimini* there is some good drawing, but the face of Francesca is poor, and we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the body would have been so clay-cold of hue in so lurid an atmosphere. *The Neophyte* is a large and, in many respects, very able work, though rather coarsely painted. It represents a young monk's first experience of his monastery: a kind of awakening moment in which flash before him the contrast between his own life and saintly aspirations (he is not unlike the portraits of Lacordaire) and the glaring imperfections of the little world in which he has immured himself. The two rows of monks sitting in the choir stalls, of whom he is the central figure, contain very vigorous studies of character, and by no means of particularly pleasant types—we do not wonder that their aspect impresses the novice unfavourably—but, as usual, it is character exaggerated, and running to grotesqueness and caricature. On the whole, the picture in the Bond Street Gallery that most appeals to our own admiration is the impressive *Evening in the Alps*, a gloomy mountain mass, on which the snows are grey in the evening light, while the summits beyond still catch the rays of the setting sun. In fine, we are far from denying the merit of originality of conception to all these works. They are daring and striking in a high degree. But we look in vain for any traces of care or feeling in the execution, and for any sign that the artist is, in the noblest and most accomplished sense of the term, a great painter.

If M. Doré fails from over haste and want of thoroughness, Mr. Brett fails, if so be that he does fail, from over elaboration. These painters stand at the very antipodes of the art world, and their work is in many ways characteristic of the two nations to which they belong. Everything in the Englishman's landscapes is so clear, so sharply, though delicately defined, that they look like scraps of the world seen through a field glass. Of course this may be due partly to magnificent eyesight, and partly to the selection of exceptional atmospheric conditions. Neither cause, however, could entirely banish all mystery from the field of vision. Mist is as much a fact as stainless sunlight, and quite as pregnant with beauty. It may, indeed, be studied with an attention almost too exclusive. M. Corot, for instance, never travels out of a kind of humid haze, varying more or less in density, but always present, and never devoid of a subtle poetical charm. But the existence of this cloudland does not seem to be suspected by Mr. Brett. He never takes refuge in it from

the too dazzling rays of the noonlight. And yet all honour to him! It is impossible to help respecting a man who resolutely sets himself to draw exactly the scene before him, shirking no difficulty, making use of none of the ordinary artifices of his craft to avoid trouble. We have sometimes been tempted to think that such work was feelingless. It is not so. There is a feeling in its very thoroughness and honesty. Nor is the result incommensurate with the labour bestowed. The *Etna from the Heights of Taormina* is a most beautiful scene of snowy mountain and wooded vale; and the *British Channel seen from the Dorsetshire Cliffs* is a grand expanse of sea with lanes of light and darker colours shining through the green water. It is not, however, in our opinion equal to the *Contiguous to a Melancholy Ocean* of last year, quite masterly in the drawing of the lithe breakers crawling in among the rocks.

In sharp contrast again to Mr. Brett is Mr. P. Graham, who deals in fog as much as Mr. Brett deals in sunlight. Grey mists are settling down over the woods that surround his *Bridle Path;* they mingle with the raindrops, and saturate his *Rainy Day;* they cap the summits and creep down the hill-sides in the *Cattle Tryst;* they break and dissolve, gather gloom, or are pierced by the sunbeams in what still remains the best of his works, the very clever, if possibly a little overcharged, *Spate in the Highlands.* For the rest there is not, with one notable exception, a very great deal in English oil-colour landscape, as represented in last year's exhibitions, to detain us long. Mr. Cooke's seas and shipping were careful and unimaginative as usual. Mr. Vicat Cole was rich and full coloured in his *Autumn Gold* and *April Skies.* The former especially was glowing and clever, if somewhat too similarly handled throughout. Of the art of the Linnells, reproducing as it does the thoroughly English luxuriance of the Surrey hills, among which they dwell, there is nothing to be said that has not been said many times before. Mr. Mark Anthony's *Night and Storm and Darkness,* a lowering forest scene, was too badly hung for careful examination, but looked powerful. Druidical remains and the thoughts that hover round them, inspired Mr. H. Johnson's *Stonehenge*—this artist's water-colours at the Institute were also excellent—and Mr. Hering's *Tormore,* very solemn and impressive, and two or three sketches by Madame Bodichon at the Exhibition of the Society of Female Artists—an exhibition which, as we may observe parenthetically, is quite a mistake. Art knows no distinction of sex. Women paint well or ill. If well, their works find a legitimate place among the works of men; if

ill, they should not be exhibited at all. It would be almost as reasonable to institute a special exhibition for painters who were less than five feet high. The only consequence of such arbitrary restrictions is to foster inferiority; and accordingly, though it seems very ungallant to say so, truth compels us to declare that the standard of art at the gallery in Conduit-street is very low indeed. By far the best work there was Madame Bisschop's *L'Espoir de la Famille*, a broadly handled picture of a mother and grandmother doing what Mr. Anthony Trollope calls "baby worship." The artist, however, takes no part in their devotions, nor does she intend that the spectator should do so either, for the infant is almost invisible. But to return to our landscapes. Mr. Whistler's unrivalled command of tone was shown in some of his river scenes at the Dudley Gallery. Mr. H. Moore, as usual, dealt with the silvery greys, faint buffs, and creamy whites of mountain, sand, and sea-foam. In the works of M. Hémy may be traced the combined influences of Leys and Whistler. His *St. Ives Harbour*, with its fishing boats huddled within the narrow port like a flock of sheep, was sober and forcible in a high degree. All the sweet influences and dreamy beauty that belong to the borderland between twilight and moonlight find an echo in Mr. Davis's studies. So also Mr. Cecil Lawson has sought to catch the very soul of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, and followed with loving hand its varying moods in snow and rain, and summer eve-light.

A few words respecting foreign landscapes. We have already mentioned those of M. Corot. French critics, and the English critics who take their cue from them, admire this artist's work exceedingly, and so far we follow them. But they are also fond of deriding Turner's eccentricities, and some even hold that the room in the National Gallery devoted to his masterpieces is calculated to degrade us in the eyes of Continental nations. Now, we confess that we know of no canon of criticism which would make Turner's golden haze contemptible and M. Corot's watery haze admirable. The one is quite as "eccentric" as the other, and even less like the nature of every-day life. And as regards the range of either's art, and power of accurate drawing, we conceive that there is no room for comparison. Of Daubigny, Dupré, and Diaz, we have also already spoken. These men, in one sense, attempt less than our own painters. They do not strive to grapple with the sun in his splendour, or to reproduce the minuteness of the world around us. Their

attention is concentrated on some one sober aspect of nature, which they know lies within the scope of their art, and the result, within its unambitious limits, is admirable. Some of the Belgian landscapes are also excellent, and less uniformly sombre than the French. M. Clays has a powerful command over the Dutch and Belgian shipping, and paints the lazy, oily, prismatic waters of the broad Netherlands estuaries with a full and very congenial brush. German landscape art, so far as we can judge from the specimens at the International Exhibition, seems at a low ebb. The ambitious Alpine scenes are especially worthless.

We have said that there is one English landscape that demands more detailed notice. This is, of course, Mr. Millais' *Chill October*, the first pure landscape, so far as we know, which he has ever exhibited. The scene is not in itself a very striking one. You may see its fellow on many a reach of the Thames: a stretch of shallow stream glinting silverily in the veiled sunlight; a narrow islet covered with alder and aspen, whose leaves, just turning, but not yet turned warm by the fingers of autumn, shiver in the bleak wind; the water beyond the island shimmering through the tree trunks; in the foreground a rustling bank of feathered reeds bending to the blast; in the distance, against the bend of the river, a low range of blue hills; and above a sky, not, indeed, of unbroken cloud, but chill with recent and coming rain. A flock of birds wings its way through the cold air to a more congenial clime. Such are the material elements of a picture, full, as it seems to us—and if the interpretation be fanciful, why surely fancy has its claims—full, we say, of the melancholy of middle age. Youth, like summer, with its golden dreams and glowing incentives, has gone by. Some measure of what the world calls success has been garnered; and with the novelty of the reaping and first fervour of the husbandry have passed away their delight. Life has lost the glamour of poetry, and the prose seems poor and cold. The world, and all that it can offer, when laid in the balance, seem but as vanity, and the soul echoes the words of that saddest of all preachers who "praised the dead which are already dead more than the living which are yet alive," and concluded that "better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun." This is the season of life's year which Mr. Millais seems to us to have illustrated—a season as yet unwarmed by the mellow influence of autumn, and uncheered by the bright far-reaching clearness of winter.

We cannot tell whether it was by design that the hanging committee at the Academy placed this picture in the situation occupied a few months before, at the Loan Exhibition, by Ruysdael's *Pool*. If so, the thought was a happy one. The works are worthy of such a juxtaposition. Nor are they dissimilar in idea; the feeling of melancholy, so conspicuous in the *Chill October*, is only intensified into settled hypochondria in the Dutch landscape. The dark stagnant water, brooded over by gloomy trees, has a look of mystery and guilt, as if it hid within its bosom some object of terror, the form, perchance, of one who had there sought refuge from ills that proved unbearable.

A picture like *Chill October*, with its wonderful executive skill, and what may be called potentiality of interpretation, might well have served to absorb the best part of an ordinary painter's energies for a year. With Mr. Millais it is not so. The Academy Exhibition contained, in addition to three other works, a masterpiece finer even than the *Chill October*,—*Aaron and Hur holding up the Hands of Moses*. For this picture we are almost afraid to express our admiration, from a fear of seeming to deal in exaggeration. It is no light task now, in this nineteenth century, for a painter to grapple successfully with scenes from the Sacred Books. Scylla and Charybdis await him on either hand. If he follows the example of the great painters of old, who set themselves to render the feeling and lesson of the scene, and cared not at all for truth of local circumstance, he will produce a work which the realism of the age will scarcely tolerate. If, on the other hand, he gives us some mere transcript from Eastern life, he offends all those feelings of awe and reverence that have rightly gathered round the inspired narrative. Mr. Millais has steered clear both of the rock and the whirlpool. This Moses, who sits upon the hill-top looking down into the seething battle, with eyes that see, not that alone, but far beyond into the dim future of his people, is no mere Asiatic Scheik. He is that, but much more. This face, which thought, and time, and care have so furrowed, is not unworthy of the man who had been educated in all the lore of Egypt; had stood before Pharaoh and proclaimed God's judgments on the oppressor; had led his stiffnecked and ungrateful race through the desert and its manifold dangers; had been their lawgiver, judge, ruler, historian, and prophet; and, greatest art triumph of all, if it be conceded to us, this face is not unworthy of the man who had spoken with God "face to face as a man speaketh with his friend."

This achievement is so great; the blending of the natural and supernatural elements so unforced and felicitous; the feeling in our minds that such a man as this Moses may have been, is so strong, that it naturally makes it difficult to bestow due attention on the rest of the picture. And yet there is no falling off. Aaron, who holds up Moses' right hand, beholds the battle with feelings in which age has quenched much of the fire. "The pity of it" is in his heart. Hur, a grizzled warrior, evidently chafes at his own inaction. He follows every incident in the well-fought field. He yearns to strike here, to strengthen that weak point, to parry that danger. And in the meanwhile the day sinks, and the sky is as brass.

This, according to the point of view from which we regard it, may be classed as religious or historical art; and the year has brought forth nothing like it in either sphere. Indeed, of religious art, properly so called, we have scarcely any; nor of historical art in its larger aspects—we mean as illustrating important events, and not mere incidents more or less interesting. The name of Mr. Holman Hunt pretty nearly exhausts the roll of our religious painters. And as regards history, let us take again the year's work: Mr. Ward's *Anne Boleyn at the Queen's Stairs, Tower*, is even more than usually splashing and glittering, and the attitude in which she has thrown herself on the steps, meaningless and undignified. The same tinsel kind of execution is observable in Mr. S. Ward's *Fortunes of Little Fritz*, a scene from the boy life of Frederick the Great. Mr. Horsley's *Mary Queen of Scots in Captivity*, though somewhat opaque in colour, and not by any means extraordinary as a study of character, is better; but history is not Mr. Horsley's forte. He is much happier when unweighted by heavier cares, and able to indulge his fancy in some scene of two hundred years ago—some truant, for instance, hiding behind the skirts of a pretty serving-maid, while his worthy pedagogue searches the gardens in vain; or some gallant with a reckoning to pay. In truth, Mary Queen of Scots has been unfortunate, not only in her life, but in the art she has inspired since her death. The just-mentioned schoolmaster, on finding his peccant pupil, would admonish him with much such a trivial gesture of reproof as is used towards the erring queen by Elizabeth's Commissioner in the picture by Mr. Pickersgill. She fares better, however, in a pictorial sense, in Mr. Pott's painting of the closing scene in her terrible history—that scene which Mr. Froude has, rather ungenerously, described as acted throughout by the chief personage in a merely melo-dramatic spirit.

Histrionic talent, however brilliant, would scarcely, we imagine, be of any avail at the foot of the scaffold. Here the prisoner, with her face pale indeed, but undaunted, walks down the Castle stairs to the place of execution, leaning on an officer's arm. The stairs are draped in black; her attendants follow weeping. The scene is, as it were, repeated in the tapestry on the wall, which represents a deer being hunted to its death. Another tragic scene is Mr. Wynfield's *Death of George Villiers, First Duke of Buckingham.* The murdered man lies on the table in the hall. His wife, in her night-gear, stands shrieking at the head of the stairs. The force of the picture, however, is rather in the painting, which is rich and good, than in the personages.

Mr. Marcus Stone's course has scarce been one of progress, nor have the expectations raised by his picture of Napoleon on his way from Waterloo ever been realised. Its superiority to all he has since done will not be disturbed by the *Royal Nursery*, 1538, showing how bluff King Hal made light of the little Lady Elizabeth in comparison with his heir male, Prince Edward—though the picture is good. Neither will Mr. Pettie, in whose art refinement holds no great place, take higher rank by his Red-and-White-Rose *Scene in the Temple Garden*, in which the expression of the countenances seems to us trivial, and the painting careless. His *Love Song* is much better. Nor can we express much admiration for M. Gérôme's *Cléopâtre apportée à César dans un Tapis*, in which the one thing worthy of unqualified commendation is the carpet. Cæsar is altogether mean. The figure of Cleopatra has no particular elegance or beauty; the painting of the flesh is hard and poor. Use as a term of comparison M. Poynter's *Woman feeding the Sacred Ibis in the Hall of Carnac*, or his *Suppliant to Venus*. In both, but especially in the latter, there is a warmth of ruddy light. The skin is no mere porcelain envelope. It is a living tissue, coloured by the hot blood within. M. Gérôme's *A Vendre*—a white and black slave waiting for a purchaser in an Eastern bazaar—though open, in a modified degree, to the same objection on the score of the flesh drawing, is in every sense a finer work than the *Cléopâtre*—indeed, it is a great work. The sentiment, as usual with this painter, is one of indifference, here amounting to cynicism. Nor does M. Alma Tadema fail from excess of feeling in his *Roman Emperor, A.D.* 41. The incident is thus described:—"When the Pretorian soldiers had killed Caligula, his family, and the members of his household, they were afraid an emperor would be thrust on them

by the Senate. To ascertain whether any of the Imperial family had not been forgotten, they returned to the palace next day, and discovered Claudius hidden behind a curtain. They carried him off to their camp on Mount Aventinus, and proclaimed him emperor to the bewilderment of all the world." The moment chosen is that in which a soldier, with every exaggerated demonstration of respect, is drawing aside the curtain and disclosing the shrinking and bloated form, and the ashy features of the terrified wretch. The corpses of his kindred strew the ground. Soldiers and women throng the doorway. The same painter's *Vintage in Ancient Rome*, exhibited separately, is even a more important work. It represents, with great wealth of archæological detail, a festival in honour of Bacchus. The temple of the jolly god is wreathed with ivy, and perfumed with incense. In the midst stand a sculptured marble altar, a bronze tripod, with a smoking brazier, and a large earthenware amphora crowned with ivy, all superbly painted. A graceful young priestess leads the joyous procession. She is followed by pipe and tambourine players, the latter with a swaying motion very happily rendered, and then by priests and other attendants. The whole is a scene of joyousness, and, so far, of perfect decency. The colour in the variously lighted marbles, bronzes, flowers—in the whole indeed, is rich and good. And so a sunny moment in the past lives again.

As usual there are many of the year's pictures that defy any attempt at very strict classification, and yet are characteristic of our school, and ought by no means to be passed over in silence. They take the place which in Continental art would be occupied by nudities and *boudoir* scenes. Mr. Leslie is always graceful, and his *Nausicaa and her Maids*—

> "Bearing in hand
> Their garments down to the unsullied wave"—

is no exception to the rule. Clothes-washing, even where assisted by the most efficient of new American machinery, has become a very prosaic employment. It was not so in the days when the daughter of Alcinous, urged by Minerva, besought her father for a sumpter-carriage to convey her costly garments to the stream; nor is Mr. Leslie ever likely to vulgarise any description, still less one of Homer's. It is however an obvious objection to the picture that these most pretty maidens, notwithstanding the becoming masquerade dress in which they now appear, are evidently the sisters of those last century girls, whose beauty Mr. Leslie has repro-

duced so often and so admirably. Different times have different types of loveliness; and this damsel, with all her grace, is not Homer's young Nausicaa—

> "In form
> And features perfect as the gods."

Another classic scene, the *Bowl Players* of Mr. W. B. Richmond, fails, as we conceive, because the artist has attempted a task beyond his powers. The error is on the right side, no doubt. But it is not given to every one to dispose harmoniously, and without awkwardness, a number of undraped or partly draped human figures. *Battledore* and *Shuttlecock*, exquisite as they are within their strictly decorative range of graceful form and delicately modulated colour, scarcely show Mr. A. Moore at his very best. M. Prinsep is, as it seems to us, happier in such subjects as his gloomy *Odin, the Northern God of War*, who marches "slow-paced and weary-faced" over the snow—

> "Anxious with all the tales of woe and wrong"—

and attended by his ravens; or again in his *Venice*, 1560, at the International Exhibition—both of which are admirable—than in his slighter themes, where a certain crudeness of colour is often disagreeably manifest. Mr. Armitage's contributions are a portrait picture entitled a *Deputation to Faraday*, containing an excellent likeness of the philosopher, and one of the extraordinarily few pictures suggested by the late war, *Peace, a Battlefield Twenty Years hence*, which might serve as a kind of illustration to Southey's *Battle of Blenheim*. We must beg leave, however, to doubt whether, at the expiration of that time, the plough will still turn up anything like such a number of war's relics. Neither work, perhaps, is quite equal to what we have a right to expect from the painter of *Esther's Banquet*. Nor is Mr. Calderon at his best in *The New Picture*, or in his *On Her Way to the Throne*, a young lady of the court of, let us say, George II., receiving the finishing touch from the hair-dresser's hand ere she enters the august presence. Pretty and graceful as this is, the artist who drew the English Embassy in Paris on Saint Bartholomew's Day is capable of more serious work. Mr. Arthur Hughes, Mr. Poole, and Mr. Herbert must be added to the list of those who have not this year been equal to their reputation or power. In *Lenore*, on the other hand, Mr. Elmore is fully, perhaps more than equal to both. The maiden rides behind her spectre lover, splashing over the

moonlit sea, which, like the air, is full of ghostly phantoms. It would be unjust to pass without a word of commendation to K. Halswelle's group of Contadine overpowered by the contemplation of the grandeur of Saint Peter's at Rome, or Mr. Stanhope's solemnly impressive and richly coloured *Wine Press* ("I have trodden the wine press alone"), though it wants air, like most of the work of the Mediæval school. Mr. Simeon Solomon's rendering of the text—"the law is a tree of life to those who lay hold upon it; the supporters thereof are happy," is curiously infelicitous. The young priest who holds the roll of the law in his hands, is far from looking as if he had been bettered thereby in body or mind. He looks remarkably sick. But then Mr. Solomon is nothing, if not morbid.*

There are, as usual, many absentees from the year's exhibitions besides those who, like Mr. Rossetti and Mr. F. Madox Brown, never condescended to exhibit at all. And first and foremost among the names "conspicuous by their absence," is one which we suppose has never for the last forty years failed to find a place in the Academy catalogue—the great name of Sir Edwin Landseer. The sickness which, during twelve months, robs his hand of its cunning, is a public loss. There is no one who in this matter may not echo the prayer of private friendship. It is not merely that he is a great animal painter. He is an animal painter of an altogether exceptional kind, just as Turner was a landscape painter *sui generis*. Others in ancient and modern times have dealt successfully with the brute creation. Rubens and his friend Snyders found congenial themes in the fierce energies displayed at a lion or boar hunt. Velasquez and the Venetians did not disdain to draw the hound as well as his courtly master. The cattle of Paul Potter and Cuyp—the former especially, are admirable. Nor if we come to modern days do we find this branch of art neglected. The works of Messrs. Cooper and Ansdell are eminently respectable. Those of Rosa Bonheur are entitled to even robuster praise. There were some dogs by Mr. J. Stevens in the Belgian department at the International Exhibition, and by that great artist, Decamps, at the French Gallery in Bond Street, which are marvels of forcible painting, and would do no discredit to the hand of Velasquez himself. But none of these have entered into the beast's mind as Sir Edwin has done, or delineated with anything approaching to such sympathy his points of

* It is but just to observe that Mr. Solomon's picture at the Dudley Gallery of the *Synagogue at Geneva* belongs to a much higher class of art.

fellowship with man. It is very well to say that he has done this by a kind of transmigration, in which it is a human soul that looks through the eye of the brute. It is not so. His animals are only "anthropomorphic," in that man, by a part of his nature, is an animal. Look, for instance, at the *Diogenes and Alexander*, or, indeed, at any other of the wonderful series of dog pictures at the South Kensington Museum. The combinations in each of several animals all wearing at one time the requisite expression of countenance is, it may be granted, unnatural. But all art has to do homage to conventionality, and therefore to the unnatural, at some point. It is by no means probable that any individual shall be looking his best while his portrait is being done—photography proves the contrary—or that any group of persons taking part in some historical event shall be disposed with symmetry. And yet the portrait or historial painter rightly disregards the rules of probability, in accordance with the conventional laws which are the indispensable groundwork of his art. So, also, Sir Edwin's dogs are each in itself a very dog. You may, at any time, see its fellows, with the self-same expression of countenance according to circumstance, and this is enough. Their combination must be conceded as a necessary sacrifice to improbability. And, for the rest, if the *Shepherd's Chief Mourner* grieves like a man, it is because his grief is no less poignant than would be that of a dear friend,—nay, because he was a dear friend. He does not sorrow more than dogs have been known to sorrow, nor differently. Further, we conceive that in the poetical combination of things human with things bestial, never has anything finer been done than the *Man proposes and God disposes*, with its polar sea and wreckage of man and shipping, and horrible white bears.

Besides Sir Edwin Landseer, there are absent Messrs. Lee and Lewis—whose miraculously detailed views of Eastern life are a great loss—and Mr. O'Neil, whose absence would be more regretable if he always painted such works as *Eastward Ho* and *Home Again*. Mr. Burne Jones has had some difference with the Water-colour Society, and withdrawn, like Achilles, to his tents. We hope he has no permanent intention of keeping his works from public exhibitions. He occupies a distinct place in art—a place very similar to that occupied in poetry by Mr. Morris, both viewing antiquity through a mediæval atmosphere—and the public would be the poorer for such a determination. Even if our generation be, as his friend Mr. Swinburne holds, infusorial, that is no reason for

depriving them of the sight of what might make them better. Nor do we think anything has been gained by those artists who have elected to withdraw entirely from the open daylight of the world's admiration or criticism into the perhaps richer, but certainly more dim esoteric twilight of art coteries.

Humour in painting is almost indigenous to England, and occupies but little place in the productions of foreign schools. There was indeed an *Acrobat's Family* by M. Doré at the International Exhibition, inclining to the grotesque, as all his comic work does, but none the worse, perhaps, on that account; and there was also more than a suspicion of humour in Delacroix's historical picture of the *Marquis de Dreux Brezé*—called serio-comically Mercurius de Brezé, by Mr. Carlyle—being thundered at by Mirabeau, and told to go inform those who had sent him, that the people's representatives stood in that hall by the will of the people, and would go forth by no compulsion short of bayonets. Surely a roar from the lion voice calculated to make poor shivering court etiquette quake in its shoes, especially as democracy had never so spoken before. But independently of these two examples, there was, as we have said, but little of the ludicrous in the Continental art exhibited in London during the past season. Our own school, on the contrary, may be fairly said to be rich in this particular field. Mr. Webster is a host in himself. We are not, perhaps, prepared to affirm that he is a very great artist in the purely technical sense of the term. But that he is a remarkably great humourist, there can be no doubt whatever. His command over what may be called the comic range of expression in the human countenance is unequalled. His school children are always admirable—see the frightened group firing off their mimic cannon in the *Volunteers at Artillery Practice*. So also are his village gossips, male and female. Each face is an amusing study. The difficulty of being at the same time merry and wise is proverbial; but Mr. Webster's mirth is always restrained within due bounds, his fun always unforced. The same cannot invariably be said of Mr. Nicol, whose Irishmen, clever and characteristic as they are, seem to suffer occasionally from an aggravated attack of humourous wrinkles, and an exaggeration of rags and tatters; nor of Mr. Pettie, when in his lighter moments he throws off, as in *The Pedlar*, some smiling scene from humble life. Mr. Marks' wit is of an altogether drier kind, and without so much as a temptation to lack refinement. It is to that of M. Doré, for instance, what Addison's humour is to that of Rabelais. His subjects too have a graceful piquancy

of antiquity. We are too much accustomed to consider our ancestors as always encased in cloth of gold and brocade. They had their morris dances, as well as state pageantry. England called herself "Merrie England" in old days, and though according to Froissart, the enjoyment was "*moult triste*," yet, perhaps, he was only a jaundiced foreign observer. In fine, Mr. Marks' *Bookworm*, poring shortsightedly over his tome, and surrounded by all the paraphernalia of learning, is as pleasant a work as one need wish to look upon. Mr. B. Rivière, in his *Circe and the Friends of Ulysses*, has found not exactly sermons in stones, but most certainly exquisite amusement in pigs. The graceful enchantress sits white robed before her victims, who wallow at her feet in every variety of porcine contortion. Never was there a more exhaustive study of the pig, amorous, self-satisfied, and filled with bestial content. Excluding the foliage of the background, which is inferior, Sir Edwin Landseer himself need not have been ashamed of this work. Humour again, but this time of a very melancholy cast; humour at which you must smile that you may not cry, has been evolved from animal life in Mr. MacWhirter's picture with the motto:—

> "A great while ago the world began,
> With hey, ho, the wind and the rain."

A poor patient donkey, "contiguous" indeed "to a melancholy ocean," stands looking out to sea, shelterless, and with back and sides lashed by the pelting pitiless rain. Oh, Mr. MacWhirter, is this your notion of humanity afflicted by all those keen ills to which our flesh is heir, and peering out into the unknown darkness?

We have left ourselves scant space in which to treat of English water-colour paintings. It must be our excuse that water-colour drawings are produced with such comparative rapidity as to make any detailed notice of the several works which each painter can crowd into a year almost impossible. Moreover, and this is true specially of the Old Society and the Institute, there is generally a similarity of subject and treatment in each painters' work year by year—he has so almost universally reached a high degree of manipulative excellence from which he seldom either advances or recedes—that any such detailed notice would be monotonous We are far from complaining of this. It is almost inevitable. But do we not, as a fact, know pretty well, on entering one of these exhibitions, what we shall see there? We shall have—we are instancing almost at haphazard—

from Mr. Hine a fine sweep of chalk down, with the chalk showing here and there in ruts through the short brown herbage, perfect so far as its range extends; from Mr. Boyce some bit of English scenery, a red roofed homestead, or a few trees by the river, or, it may be, a regular brick and mortar town scene, always under a grey sky, and always with a quiet force and harmony truly delightful. Mr. Danby will have invested some mountain lake with trembling and tender light. Messrs. McKewan and J. M. Richardson will bring us some Welsh pool or Scotch ravine; Mr. Vacher a reminiscence from Egypt; Mr. Rowbotham from that sunny Italian land,"—

"In which it always seemeth afternoon;"

Mr. S. Prout a stack of picturesque Normandy buildings; Mr. Read the gorgeous gloom of a foreign cathedral; Mr. Duncan a spirited piece of shipping. Nor is it only among the landscapes that we know pretty nearly what we may expect. Did we ever enter one of these exhibitions without finding some dashing scene of march and counter-march from the brush of Mr. Gilbert, rich with all the pomp and circumstance of war; or some bit of Arab life firmly and skilfully executed by Mr. Carl Haag; or a female group by Mr. Tidey, generally dabbling in water, the chief peculiarity being an almost universal absence of shoes and stockings; or a full-blooded and full-painted damsel by Mr. Jopling, generally with an inappropriate name; or one of M. Louis Haghe's clever mediæval interiors; or Mr. Houghton's able, if ungraceful, eccentricities? But why should we go through the catalogue, when we can do so little justice to it? Suffice it therefore to notice, that among the men whose work shows a laudable restlessness and striving for greater compass and power, is Mr. A. W. Hunt; of him we can *not* predicate what he will do next. We must also notice that the Institute has lost by death one of its foremost members, whose art also was of a progressive character, and of a broad and robust type, reminding one rather of the days of Cox than of the days of Birket Foster—days, we are sometimes afraid, in a twofold sense, "of small things." It is touching among the last works from the easel of William Bennett to come upon a *Highland Burial Ground* lying lone on the side of a hill, with a valley full of mist below, and a frowning crag above, and a gentle, tearful, hopeful shimmer of moon-light falling on the humble graves.

The General Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings at the Dudley Gallery, though falling, perhaps, below its older rivals

in general average, reaches, occasionally, a higher level in individual works, and possesses in a much greater degree the charm of unexpectedness and novelty. It contained this year some admirable portraits by Mr. Poynter, especially one of Lady Wensleydale, not unworthy to stand beside Mr. Sandys' *Mrs. Barstow* of three or four years ago—more we cannot say. It contained, moreover, one of Mr. Marks' clever antique caricatures—a monk looking forth complacently upon his pigs, and thinking of a merry Christmas to come; also an able picture by Miss Madox Brown of Romeo contemplating the seemingly inanimate body of Juliet in the tomb—perhaps a little melo-dramatic, but that was almost inevitable. Also, some landscapes by Mr. H. Moore, containing more notes in the gamut of colour, if we may be allowed the expression, than he usually indulges in. Further, a most rich and glowing piece of garment painting by Mr. S. Solomon; one of Mr. Burton's graceful female studies of a sunny-skinned Roman girl; and a very spirited head in red chalk by Miss Spartali. Nor, among several pictures which we should like to linger over, must we forget a very happy effect of mountain scenery, well caught and well rendered, by Mr. Harper, the topmost range of the Glyder Vawr, all fervid and glowing in the light of the setting sun, while the valleys and nearer hills are sunk in shade.

The collection of French pictures at the International Exhibition was interesting on every account. It was highly interesting in itself, in that, owing to recent disasters and the consequent removal of objects of value, it contained many masterpieces of art which would certainly not otherwise have found their way to England. Indeed, in this respect, the Exhibition of 1871 offered a great contrast to that of 1862; for while in the latter the sum total of England's art was pitted against the contemporary art of the Continent, in the former the tables were turned, and the French art of more than a generation confronted our own of to-day—and our own, be it said, not over well selected. But there was another interest, besides its purely artistic value, attaching to the collection. Many, as they walked through the two long galleries in which it was enshrined, could scarcely fail to ask themselves how far it was possible in that world of paint to discover any traces of the influences which have led to the terrible and unexpected humiliation of a great people. And to all, whether studying the work from a technical or moral point of view, or even as the merest sight-seers, it must have happened to find their attention arrested by Regnault's *Execution in a Moorish*

Palace. The scene is ghastly in the extreme, and painted powerfully, and with a perfect indifference to its horror. The dead man's head lies on the ground with glazed eyes distinctly visible. A little above lies the trunk. The blood is still welling from the great arteries in the neck full in front of the spectator. It flows in thick, oily streams down the steps, and is dashed in little droplets all round. The headsman wipes his sword. He feels for his victim about as much and as little as the painter. Now this is art in a state of decadence. It is art that has lost the natural tastes of health, and for which things of simple beauty are losing their pleasure, and things hideous their hatefulness. It is art indifferent to all but itself, and liking blood because of its rich redness; if anything preferring it to other objects of similar hue, because it is disgusting. It is art—we are not without its poetical counterpart in England—which can only be thoroughly enjoyed in a society radically diseased.

We were almost going to add that it was art which could only be produced by a tainted mind, but here we stop. Human nature is full of surprises, and it was not so. Among the sources of interest attaching to this picture, not the least is that, out of the purifying fires of national affliction, its author, whose work had so large a mixture of alloy, came out himself pure gold. At the first intimation that France stood in need of all her sons, he flew home from Rome, where he then was, and joined the army forming for the defence of Paris. During the whole siege he was assiduous at his military duties. On the 19th of January he took part in the last sortie, and refusing to retreat at the urgent request of his comrades, was found dead on the following day—dead at the age of twenty-seven, on the eve of his marriage, with life offering her most enchanted cup to his lips, for his genius was certainly great, and his social qualities, we are told, not inferior. Nor do his actions alone speak for him. Four days before his death he had written, in a private memorandum—"To live for one's self alone is no longer tolerable. Selfishness must vanish, and carry away with it that fatal mania of contempt for what is good and honest. Even yesterday it was still customary to have faith in nothing, or only to believe in immorality, and in the rights of all evil passions. But now the public good requires of all a life pure, honourable, and earnest." These are good words. Their contrast to the picture is startling. And yet the same teaching may be extracted from both, and it is teaching which there are many signs that England requires as well as France. The

picture warns us that the art which divorces itself from the healthy feelings of humanity, and, in a spirit of cynic indifference, seeks for its inspiration in what is offensive, impure, abnormal, or vulgar—for Bohemianism has its vulgarities as well as Philistinism—that such art is the art of disease and decay, bad for the artist and his public, and a sign that evil days are in store for both. While the words show that to a man of great ability, whose experience entitled him to a hearing on the subject, it did not appear that art required her votaries to starve their moral nature, or that goodness was so prosaic as to be desirable, perhaps, in shopkeepers, but not in men of genius.

We say that these lessons are required in England as well as France. We have also said that in our opinion the average standard of English painting is low. And yet it is not with words of discouragement that we would conclude our survey. Everywhere there are signs that the love of art is increasing, and that the circle of those who can bring an intelligent appreciation to bear upon it is growing larger. And while to feed the sacred flame England can still trust to such a body of contemporaries as Millais, Poynter, Walker, Mason, Watts, Leighton, Holman Hunt, Sandys, Landseer, and Whistler, there is no need to consider that our light, though its hues may be different, burns more dimly than that of other nations, or to look forward to the future with doubt and anxiety.

ART. V.—*The Life of William Cunningham, D.D., Principal and Professor of Theology and Church History, New College, Edinburgh.* By ROBERT RAINY, D.D., and the late Rev. JAMES MACKENZIE. London: T. Nelson and Sons. 1871.

THE history of the great Scotch Secession of 1843 has yet to be written in such a manner as to command the attention of average Englishmen, to teach them its significance, and to impress on them its lessons. Dr. Buchanan's luminous and exhaustive narrative of *The Ten Years' Conflict* is, of its kind and for its purpose, perfect; but it assumes that the reader has the instincts and information of a Scotchman; and, though it is rich in facts and documents, and an able vindication of the successive stages of the movement, leaves much of its philosophy and sentiment to be developed by other writers. The copious biography of Dr. Chalmers has supplied much that was wanting. That of Dr. Cunningham is another important contribution. May it be long before similar memorials of the great men whose names are identified with the disruption, and who still survive, come yet further to our aid.

Dr. Hanna's life of his distinguished father-in-law has one especial merit, the absence of which we have indicated in the case of Dr. Buchanan's history, which we regret is wanting also, and even more noticeably, in the book before us. Dr. Chalmers belonged to the entire Christian world, and that not less by the very necessity of his nature, and by his hearty choice, than by its affectionate recognition and claim; and his biographer has caught the tone and spirit of both. A Scotchman, though of all men the most cosmopolitan in his aptitudes, is, perhaps, the least so in his secret sympathies; and, for this reason, Chalmers stood out all the more conspicuously. Cunningham, had he been endowed with equal genius and enthusiasm, would have been equally illustrious. Even without these in any large measure, he educated himself into breadth and beauty of opinion, character, and aim. He looked on men and things with a keen and honest eye, and so became a large-minded and large-hearted man. We find, indeed, in these pages some traces of a

transitional period; there is at least, one disparaging reference to the assumed ignorance and incapacity of Englishmen. But this was not Cunningham's best and latest habit of thought, and so far, perhaps, the picture before us is not a perfect portrait. Yet none can wonder that men like these biographers, of Scotch training and temperament, cradled under the open sky, and bathed in the dazzling sunrise, of the morning of their Church, write—seldom, we gladly admit—as though there were no other Church or country than their own, in which to tell the stirring story of their departed heroes.

With but one observation more do we qualify our very hearty encomium of this volume. There are some portions of it which will not possess any permanent interest for even the members of Dr. Cunningham's own community. To the general reader now, to any reader thirty years hence, what possible use or pleasure in the wearisome details of what was called the college controversy? What does it matter who was right or who wrong, as to a question of mere management and detail? We fear the general impression will be that it occupied far too much and too long the prime of Dr. Cunningham's days and energies, and perhaps it did; but, if so, we think that a weakness like this, which could not, indeed, be entirely ignored, should have been treated with a reverent suppression of all that it was not absolutely necessary to disclose. This great man should be painted for posterity in state apparel, covering with its ample folds, if not quite concealing, any temporary infirmity or lack of gracefulness. But we pass on to a brief sketch of his career.

William Cunningham was born at Hamilton in 1805, and, within about five years afterwards, became the eldest of three orphan sons, dependent upon a mother with a scanty income but of a brave and independent spirit. He took early and readily to his books, and was soon at the top of his school, carefully hiding, however, at home, the stories of the ovations given him by his schoolfellows. It is told how, when a very young boy, and regaling with his companions on the Duke of Hamilton's turnips, that awful personage came suddenly upon them, and demanded their names; and how, frankly giving his own, no threat could extort more from him. He was much liked by other boys, went for some time to a village school kept by a discharged Peninsular soldier, and acquired an insatiable love of reading about battles. "I'll tell you what, Willie," said his mother, one

day; "there's no book that has so many battle stories as the Bible." "On this inducement, he fell to, and read the whole Bible through, from Abraham's fight with Chedorlaomer to the battle of Armageddon." He was fond of speechifying and of telling tales he had himself composed, and was an eager student of the one weekly newspaper which came within his reach. By the time he had reached his twelfth year, he was fortunate in being transferred to a school where boys were prepared for the Universities, and where he added greatly to his attainments in classics. Here he seems to have inaugurated at least one life-long friendship by administering a sound thrashing to its subject, and indeed to have been the general vindicator of the rights of the feeble. He grappled resolutely with any difficult passage of the book in hand, "while his fine, mild, but penetrating blue eye was lifted to his teacher, from time to time, appealing for the truth and correctness of his translation." He wore no clothes but of his mother's making till he went to college; but she never accepted the gift of a shilling from friends, though she had those both able and wishful to help her. He was thirteen years old, when one evening, as she took down the Book for the usual family worship, he said, "Mother, I think I can do that for you." He read and then prayed, and was thenceforth the priest of the household until he left home. Even thus early he determined to be a minister, and, searchingly probed by his mother as to his knowledge and sense of the responsibilities of the office, simply said that he knew and felt all that, "but still he felt he must go on." There is no evidence that at this time he had come under very decided religious impressions; and indeed, long afterwards, when he had become a mature Christian and minister, he does not seem to have attached much, if any, importance to the doctrine of a special Divine call to the pastoral care.

By the time he was fifteen, he had entered the University of Edinburgh, where he went through the usual curriculum with signal honour and advantage. He was here occupied with the Greek and Latin classics, mathematics, logic, and natural and moral philosophy,—of this latter John Wilson being professor. Later on came the theological course, including Hebrew; but the picture of the professors in these departments, before Chalmers, quite at the close of Cunningham's student-life, was appointed to the Divinity chair, is anything but flattering. "An old gentleman with a great, squab, bald head, fat, pinkish-white cheeks, portly and punctiliously clean in general appearance, and very fat calves neatly

encased in black stockings," "placid," "inutility personified," —such was the clergyman who was expected to teach the sacred language. The divine who lectured on theology has been described by Thomas Carlyle as "simply raying out darkness for a quarter of a century;" whilst he to whom Church history was entrusted, "was a large jolly man," much given to yawning. But Cunningham made the best use of what helps he had. There is a journal of his course of reading, during six of the eight years of his college career, the books classified under various heads, comprising 530 distinct works, besides pamphlets and magazines. It mentions Greek, Latin, and French books in great quantities. Metaphysics abound, but, gradually, theology prevails. When he has just finished his fourth session, he buys Bishop Hoadly's *Discourses* "very cheap;" "St. Chrysostom on the *Priesthood*, with a discourse of St. Gregory of Nazianzen on the same subject, with notes and a Latin translation for sixpence; the whole works of Lactantius, in excellent order, for the same sum;" Clement's *Apostolic Constitutions*, "for twopence," not to name more. So much truth was never bought so cheaply, and it was never sold. The standard English theology stands prominently in the lists, for Scotland has not been fruitful in that class of literature. The English classics, too, are there in what, considering the character of his mind, may be deemed a fair proportion.

But he owed most to influences other than these. He got at once "into a good set" of fellow students, who roused all his powers by generous competition and hearty appreciation of his talents. It was a stirring time too. The struggle between the Moderate and the Evangelical parties in the Church, soon to be waged so fiercely, had now commenced in earnest, Dr. Andrew Thompson still surviving and being the recognised leader of the latter. The long rule of Toryism also, in Scotland as in other parts of the Empire, was, for weal or woe, about to end. The Apocrypha and the Voluntary controversies sprang up. The University itself was busy with internal contests. In all these matters, Cunningham took lively interest and part, equipping himself by such reading as we have indicated, and practising his powers of debate at a society whose main purpose was the discussion of the topics of the day.

He started life as a fierce Tory, and Theodore Hook's *John Bull* was the only political food he would taste. It was as though Paul had sat at the feet, not of Gamaliel, but of Gallio. If, as we gather, he ultimately favoured what, for

want of any proper description of an unintelligible thing, have now come to be called Liberal views,—rude, red, rabid Radicalism, was an intellectual and a moral impossibility in the case of a man like this,—he never quite lost sight of his earliest convictions, nor of the habits of mind which it is their useful tendency to foster. But at this time he was a Moderate also, siding vigorously with the then majority in the Church. This "old thing" passed away from him. And here begins the history of the development of his religious life,—very well and simply recorded in this volume, and without any of those wretched attempts to ignore or gloss it over, of which we have had so many specimens in recent biographies of men, otherwise distinguished, who happened, it would seem, to be very religious also.

It was during his fourth session that he came within the sphere of Evangelical preaching. Dr. John Bonar, now of Greenock, one of those elect brothers for whose memory or still ever influential presence the Free Church has so much reason to be thankful; Dr. Nathaniel Paterson, afterwards of Glasgow, then a young man of great excellence, grace, and charm; and, still more intimately, his brother, John Brown Paterson, cut down, not before the fruit was ripe, but before there had been time to gather it; these were Cunningham's devoted college friends, and, though the biographers do not trace the connection between their influence and his awakening interest in religious things, there can be no doubt of it. He began to frequent the ministry of Dr. Gordon, a ministry singularly full, satisfying, and impressive, and to hear occasionally the two most earnest men of the period among the Scotch Dissenters, the learned historian, McCrie, and the great expositor, Dr. John Brown. The last-named was the leader of those Voluntaries whom Cunningham, at an early stage of his career, so vigorously encountered, but, as time rolled on, was held by him in all possible veneration.

We can imagine what it cost Cunningham's moderation to listen submissively to Gordon, and his Toryism to seceders from the Church. And he tried his own physicians first. "He earnestly waited, Sabbath after Sabbath, on the ministers," whom he had been in the habit of attending, "with the view of hearing how a lost sinner may be saved. To that first of questions, however, as he used to declare, 'not one of them gave him an answer.'" Then he sought other instruction, and "from the Bible," its meaning opened to him by the blessing of the Holy Spirit upon clear and faithful preaching, "and on his knees," he learned the great

secret of salvation. None who knew him subsequently ever doubted the reality of the change thus wrought.

Yet the constitution of his mind was not altered. He never saw a contest in which it was not his instinct to engage. Before he left the University he had remarked to a friend, "If my life is spared, it will be spent in controversy, I believe." And he qualified himself for what he had sagacity to foresee would be the main discussions of his time. A "Church-Law Society" was formed, and he spoke and wrote vigorously on the vexed questions which came before it. An "Essay on the Constitution of the Church of Scotland," from which an extract is given, shows that he had already taken firm grasp of those principles, as to the relations between the Ecclesiastical and Civil powers, of which afterwards he was to be the conspicuous champion.

Some other particulars of his college course are worth noting, as illustrating the mode in which many a poor Scotchman pushes his way through all possible disadvantages to the mark of competency and influence at which he aims. We have seen at what prices he contrived to buy good books. But even the pence thus laid out would have ruined him, had he drank any better "coffee" than that made of roasted oats, and had he not procured the means of subsistence during his vacation, and some provision for term-times, by the drudgery of private tutorship.

In December 1828, he was licensed to preach. On his way to the meeting of the Presbytery for the usual prior examination, he was greatly agitated.

"I have been so much occupied of late with business," he writes, "that I am afraid I have not devoted sufficient time to the proper and peculiar preparation for this interesting transaction, to meditation and prayer, and to the serious and careful examination of those doctrines to which I have expressed my solemn assent. How very imperfectly do we often employ, for the purposed deepening of our impressions of Divine things, even those dispensations which are best fitted in their own nature to produce this! With regard to the Confession of Faith, I think I can say sincerely that I believe in the whole doctrine contained in it. I believe to be true every doctrine which is really and expressly asserted in it, though I do not feel myself called upon to maintain that all its statements are expressed in the most strictly correct and appropriate language."

We like the ring of this, and it suggests one of the most necessary lessons for our times. What agonising doubts, what wretched compromises of conscience, would be avoided, if novitiates for the ministry would weigh well the responsi-

bility of undertaking to profess and preach, probably for a lifetime, the tenets of the Church whose commission they receive; would, on the one hand, definitely understand the stringency of the obligation they assume, and, on the other, its necessary limits. As it is, creeds superficially studied, and then carelessly held, either in blind dependence on authority, or for abject purposes of convenience, by a just retribution, instead of feeding and freeing intelligent and honest thought, starve and imprison it; and vigour and emancipation, if ever achieved, are purchased, sometimes after fearful struggles with legions of devilish doubts, sometimes at the expense of all conscience and self-respect. So creeds often end in creedlessness, and this associated, almost every day, in the sight of pitying Christians and of contemptuous unbelievers, with manifest greed after the pelf and position which it is so hard to lose. There have been martyrs for Christianity and for science, but where, in this age of impudent apostasy from truth, are the willing martyrs either for revived superstitions or for dead beliefs? And surely the Churches should look about them. Articles of faith may be preserved intact, and tests may be rigorously imposed. Tests *are* imposed even by what are considered the most liberal of Nonconformist communities, as the conditions of a settled pastorate; and we have no more sympathy with a dissenter who preaches against creeds in the very pulpit which he occupies on condition that he holds and will propagate, it may be the narrowest of them all, than we have with men who, in defiance of all law, ecclesiastical and moral, retain dignities and emoluments in the English Church, while denying its doctrines both in their form and power. But, we repeat, let all faithful men, those most who think themselves safest, watch the door of the ministry. Is not too much taken for granted? Are not an easy acquiescence in theological systems, and a glib profession of them much too common? Are young men, in their very first, and during their subsequent, stages of preparation, sufficiently urged to honest inquiry, and warned against indolence and carelessness. For our own part, we shall estimate more highly the value of theological seminaries of all kinds, when we find that candidates are thus invited and warned, roused to serious investigation, and sometimes startled into the conviction that they have mistaken their Church, if not, indeed, their vocation. Not a word do we say against creeds themselves, as such. The old orthodox formulas, more or less precise, shorter or more comprehensive, have always and everywhere been the guardian angels of the Church, "filling

the hungry" for truth "with good things;" curbing the heady and high-minded; sheltering the weak; and, as ever and anon, the fire on its altar has been well nigh out, fanning, with their "wings of fire" the flickering of spiritual life into fresh warmth and power.

In January 1830, with Chalmers's enthusiastic *exequatur*, Cunningham received his first charge, as assistant to Dr. Scott, of Greenock, in the care of a very large and influential congregation,—soon largely increased by Cunningham's preaching. People said that there was "a great *outcome* in that young man." He was in due time installed as colleague and successor, and then, after the wont of Scotch Presbyterians, was formally ordained to the ministry. The intercourse between the two pastors was of the most pleasant kind. "Every Saturday, he spent an hour or two with the old divine, in talking over his intended subjects of discourse." And every Monday, he breakfasted at the manse, and the Sabbath services were discussed. If called away from home, the first thing he did, on his return, was to call and tell the news. "He lectured and preached every Sabbath, according to the wise old custom of Scotland, which requires the combination of textual with expository preaching." A lecture and a prayer-meeting during the week, an elders' "fellowship meeting," *alias* an office-bearers' class meeting, and preparation for a Bible-class of young men, and for another of young women, filled up the routine of more public duties. He diligently exercised himself in the pastoral visitation of his numerous hearers, and, if he found a poor mother had gone an errand, would rock the cradle of her discontented babe until her return. Once, when he had forgotten, though but for a few hours, to visit a dying man, and the visit, when paid, was too late, he took it very seriously to heart, and confessed to the new-made widow his forgetfulness as a fault, with strong words of self-condemnation. One surviving friend tells how he was the beloved of children. There was a funeral; Cunningham conducted the usual service at the house; the company moved out, but the minister and a boy just made fatherless were left the last in the room, and the latter never forgot the inexpressibly kind and pitying look which was cast on him, nor how, without a word spoken, strong arms were thrown around him, and he was pressed to a bosom which throbbed with sympathy.

In Scotland, the Sunday School Institute differs considerably from that common in England. Instead of one or more school-rooms, frequented by a large number of children, comparatively small schools are distributed amongst the popula-

tion, taking religious instruction to the very doors of the ignorant, and asking entrance. Cunningham worked hard in the administration of this system. Dr. Scott, appreciating his gift for the systematic treatment of theology, advised him to preach a course of sermons on the Shorter Catechism, and he did so. His diary of this period tells also of Board-of-Health Meetings, in the dismal times of cholera; of Bible-Society and Anti-Patronage Meetings, these latter held for the purpose of promoting a great scheme, which failed, for buying all proprietary rights to present to livings; and of lectures on Popery. None of this work interfered with his habit of enormous reading, and of the most formidable books. Think of a man thus occupied encountering authors with names like that of Cloppenburg!

It was at Greenock, too, that he first began to frequent Ecclesiastical Courts. The heresy of John Campbell, Minister of Row, never made very much noise in England, though it had much to do with Edward Irving's vagaries in London: at least in this one respect, that people who go a-gipsying in religious thought become very careless where they either wander or camp. In Scotland it excited the greatest interest, and, amongst good men, considerable alarm. It was substantially the teaching by which Thomas Erskine's writings acquired, for some time, a very wide popularity in all parts of the Empire,—a revulsion from a repulsive Calvinism into an intolerable travesty of the rival system of Theology; and it is curious to note how very recently that section of the clergy of the Established Church of Scotland which chafes under the yoke of the Presbyterian Standards has united in public testimonials of respect for Campbell, who still survives, and in expressions of their regret at his deposition from the ministry. But some of Irving's special tenets were embodied in the new Gospel. Our Blessed Saviour's second advent was to be expected daily, and women longed again to minister to Him, and prepared for Him tables, spread with bread and wine, in rooms whose windows were opened to the East. In this expectation, miraculous powers were claimed, and, to the satisfaction of thousands of religiously-trained and really good Scotch people, were actually exercised. A certain Mary Campbell spake with tongues. Those who want to know more of the story, as told by a cynical latitudinarian, may read it in the life of Mr. Story, by his son, the present Minister of Roseneath.

Greenock was placed in the very centre of the district which was infected by these delusions. Dr. Scott's own son, Alexander John Scott, was Irving's assistant in London, and

there now can be but little doubt, was not so much the pupil of his distinguished colleague, as his instructor in many "divers and strange doctrines." Of his opinions and course no record has, so far as we are aware, been published; but he became for some years a religious teacher in London, was anything but a fanatic, and, though he did not, to ordinary eyes, present any system of faith at once intelligible and complete, yet took firm hold of those who thought they understood him, and perhaps did. Some of these in their turn—Mr. Baldwin Brown is one of them—have equally enlightened their immediate disciples, and perplexed, sometimes pleasurably, those who watch the ebb and flow of religious thought.

This younger Scott being a licensee of Cunningham's presbytery, it became the duty of the father's colleague to sit in judgment on the son's case, and to concur in depriving him of his license, Dr. Scott meekly concurring in what was obviously the only possible decision. But this was not all. The son of an elder of his own parish adopted the Row Heresy, and, though sustaining no ecclesiastical office, had publicly lifted up his testimony for his opinions, and for this offence was cut off from connection with the Church; the father, in this case, assisting in the execution of the sentence. Dr. Andrew Thompson had said, when Cunningham went to Greenock, "Good, he'll be a capital fellow for knocking the Row Heresy on the head;" and the prophecy was amply fulfilled. In the ecclesiastical courts, but chiefly and most wisely, in the pulpit, the young minister set himself for the defence of the truth as he held it. During a course of lectures on the Gospel of St. Mark, he dealt with the whole subject of miracles in relation to prevailing pretensions. Now-a-days, one is half-tempted to wish that such pretensions were revived. Anything rather than the flat denial of the possibility of any miracles at all! Who knows but that even Spiritualists may have a certain use?

He continued at Greenock until the commencement of 1834, and was then translated to Trinity College Church, Edinburgh. Meanwhile the people at Old Kilpatrick had become anxious that he should be removed to that parish. He heard of this, and, entering the shop of an anxious elder one day, he slapped the counter with his glove, and exclaimed, "Well, I'll take Kilpatrick, if I can get it, to keep out a moderate of the name of Candlish, assistant at Barhill." Some years before this, Chalmers had called Cunningham himself a "red-headed moderate." It is interesting to remember how these three afterwards led the councils, and worked together in the boldest movements, of the Evangelical Party.

There can be no doubt that Dr. Cunningham's preaching at Greenock was alike powerful, popular, and successful. In subsequent years it lacked at all events the second of these elements, and became to the crowd generally, and even to the greatest admirers of his eloquence in Church Courts and on the platform, comparatively tame and uninteresting. It seems that his practice, during a considerable period of his Greenock ministry, was to preach "without the paper," and to "mandate," as it is called in Scotland—that is to learn off by heart, and then deliver, elaborately prepared sermons. But this worst of slaveries became too much for him; and, not gifted with that rare and wonderful faculty possessed by preachers such as Chalmers, not to mention other names, of throwing all the force and fire of extemporaneous eloquence into a composition obviously read, no sympathy was created between the speaker and his audience. It is a mistake which we on this side of the Tweed may as well rectify, that merely intellectual preaching—we mean, accommodating ourselves to common apprehensions on the subject, preaching addressed merely to the understanding of the hearer—is, or ever has been, highly valued by our northern neighbours. That wonderful people, so cool and calculating in the affairs of ordinary life, are emotional and susceptible as children, when stirred by the great impulses of patriotism, still more of religion. All their history, and the most cursory observation of what takes place amongst them every day, supplies evidence of this. The centenary of Scott's birth excited far more enthusiasm in Scotland than any commemoration of Shakespeare ever called forth here. The extraordinary popularity in the pulpit of such preachers so various in their gifts and methods, as Chalmers, Candlish, and Guthrie, confirms our position. Not the sweep and brilliancy of the first; not the profundity, subtlety, and exhaustiveness of the second; not the strong sense—if we may make and adapt a word, the *obviousness*—and power of illustration so characteristic of the third, have made them, in the estimation of their countrymen, and scarcely less amongst ourselves, the prince-preachers of their time; but their glow, energy, and freedom, and their despotic sway over the hearts of men. It may prevent dogmatism as to styles and habits of preaching, if we point out, in passing, that of these three masters, two have confined themselves closely to their manuscripts, and one of them, now in his mature mental and spiritual strength, still tells irresistibly upon all classes of people; while the third, if we are not mistaken, neither reading nor "mandating," but resorting to short memoranda only

of the substance of painstaking preparations, produces an impression equally deep and universal. We heartily concur in the dread lest reading in the pulpit should become an ordinary, or even frequent habit, but we deprecate the mechanical "mandating." The pulpit is the chair and throne of the most solemn truth, the preacher himself ought to be the truest of men; and there is every danger lest he should attempt to pass off carefully prepared phrases, and what have come to be called "grand passages," as struck suddenly, and as if by inspiration, out of the brain and heart. We fear that sensationalism of this kind is on the increase. In course of time, it is found out by those in the first instance most easily deceived by it; or, worse still, since all shams are hateful in the eyes of God and all good men, succeeds in permanently cheating the multitude. In Scotland, this imposition is but rarely attempted. Where the preacher does not read, it is almost assumed that he delivers himself of matter very carefully elaborated and packed into the memory. In England it may, and sometimes is, otherwise; and some people, and we fear some sects, have a notion that if a discourse be but from the heart, the added labour of the brain is superfluous. Unguarded statements to this effect may be found in some vehement denunciations of the practice of reading; and it is time that it should be clearly laid down that not every preacher, and at every time, whatever his aptitude for speaking from a manuscript as effectively as though his utterance were extemporaneous, is to be debarred from the best use, in his own way, of his best gifts; that "mandating" is always an unmitigated serfdom, and a snare, and sometimes the occasion of mischievous pretence; and that, on the other hand, as a rule, with but rare exceptions, he will be the best and most effective persuader of men who grasps his subject all the more firmly, and deals with it all the more impressively, because unfettered by precise modes of speech, or even of thought, from which he dares not deviate, and which, when his heart seeks its freest play, cramp, if they do not paralyse, all his powers. Be all this as it may, Cunningham gave over "mandating," took exclusively to reading, could not give to reading the air and animation of off-hand speech, and failed as a preacher to retain his hold of the Scotch mind. Strange as it may sound in the ears of Scotchmen, we believe that some of our larger English populations would in time have furnished him with audiences worthy of his wonderful gifts. His power of subtle analysis and of clear exposition; the completeness and exhaustiveness of his discussion; the tre-

mendous force of his argument, all so signally displayed in other arenas, and never failing him in the pulpit, would, even in the absence of all purely oratorical or rhetorical ability, have commended him to a class of cool and unimpassioned persons whose hearts cannot be reached until they see to a demonstration what it is to which it is sought to lead them, and never begin to feel until long after processes of thought. Such are many of the young thinkers of this present age; men who never hear a sermon without an almost inevitable tendency to tear it into shreds; and they must be wrestled with inch after inch, if ever they are to be conquered. We cannot but regret that Cunningham did not become an apostle to some of these. Better still, if, amongst his own people, and with such admitted and admired powers, he had learned to trust himself more implicitly, and, encountering the glorious hazards of the pulpit, had won its more splendid prizes. "Would," said Hugh Miller, "that Cunningham would preach a speech." But he meekly acquiesced, and even taught himself to justify the general verdict. A very amusing story is told (pp. 383, 384) of the way in which he demonstrated, to an applicant for his services at a great metropolitan anniversary, how ridiculous was the proposal, and sent the deputy home again self-convicted of having done an exceedingly foolish thing. We wish this all the more because he was capable at times of producing the most powerful effect by addresses which were, in the very strictest sense, extemporaneous—the outburst of a strong soul, incapable for the time of all restraint.

Before he was thirty years of age, as we have seen, Cunningham commenced that conspicuous career in Edinburgh which, lasting about a quarter of a century, was terminated only by his decease. This was the period during which his name became familiar to the hosts of friends and foes alike in his own country, and increasingly known in other lands also. It is identified especially with the history of the Disruption, and of the earliest fortunes of the Free Church of Scotland; and, accordingly, this volume is substantially the story of the events of his time, and of the part he took in them. We can but imperfectly deal with the topic.

The causes and character of the Disruption were never very distinctly understood in England; and, even now, when with a rare and rapid revolution or enlightenment of opinion, statesmen confess that it was their own ignorance, self-conceit, and blundering that led to the catastrophe, and when

its lessons are so suggestive in relation to present and coming controversies, its results, rather than its occasions, excite the general interest. But it is important to understand these.

The Church of Scotland, Presbyterian in constitution, really dates its establishment as the Church of its people from the epoch of the Revolution. It is one of its settled and universally admitted principles that no minister shall be appointed to a congregation against its will: a principle quite compatible, it will be seen, with the equally acknowledged principle that, previously to the appointment, the Presbytery—that is, certain already ordained and acting ministers resident in the neighbourhood—shall be satisfied as to the competency of the proposed appointee. There was a period in the earlier history of the Church when, prior to any action taken by the Presbytery, the Crown, or certain proprietors of property within the district, claimed the right to nominate the presentee. This right, known as lay-patronage, was abolished at or about the epoch we have just indicated, and, down to the reign of Queen Anne, was in practice unknown. Two features marked this later period. It was a time of spiritual decadence. Into the reasons of this we have not time here to inquire. It is enough to say that the mingled piety and patriotism which led to and sustained the contests of the Covenanters were cooled by the very triumph in which they ended; and to suggest that all excitements, and the intenser all the more quickly, end in more or less of reaction, and that the semi-political character of this particular excitement, and the agencies of war and diplomacy employed in it, were in their very nature perilous to religious interests. The second feature to be noticed is this: the Church, which owed its establishment to the Revolution, was firmly attached to its principles, and to the course of legislation, particularly as to the succession to the Crown, which was intended to maintain them, and became the main bulwark in Scotland against Jacobite views and plots. A considerable portion of the inhabitants of that country, it must be borne in mind, including, in its northernmost parts, their leaders in rank and property, were either obstinately Roman Catholic or Episcopalians of the school of Laud. When, during Anne's reign, the interests of the Pretender were favoured by a large section of English statesmen, and intrigues of every kind were set on foot with the view of his succeeding her, the weakening of the Scottish Establishment by the destruction, so far as might be, of popular control and influence, became an object of great

importance. Accordingly, under the High-Church influences then prevalent, an Act of Parliament was passed restoring lay patronage. The enervated Church protested, but submitted. Even this pugnacious and pertinacious people would not encounter again, and so soon, another religious war.

But though the Church, as such, had not the spirit to resist, large numbers of its adherents could not bear the yoke. With them, it was of the very essence of Presbytery that ministers should not be forced on reluctant congregations. So, within a generation, and as the new system got into full play, secession after secession, originated by this specific and exclusive cause, took place, and secession from secession followed, until Scotland was divided into a multitude of sects; all adhering, professedly, to the theological standards of the Church, and substantially to its ecclesiastical platform, but differing from it and from each other on minor questions such as never yet vexed the English mind, and in spirit, sympathy, and aim. Religion itself was frightened away by a ceaseless hubbub about trifles, or, where it still lingered, hid itself meekly in country manses, seldom disturbing the quiet of ecclesiastical courts, or found a home among the more spiritual of the sectaries. All this mischief, so far as we can see, is to be attributed to an Act of Parliament, passed to favour the view of "that old enemy," the Church of Rome.

Better times came. The lively Methodism of England leaped over the border at a bound. Wesley, indeed, and his precise creed and system of Church order, even as the latter gradually took more and more of a Presbyterian form, never laid any firm hold of the Scotch people. But Methodists of other creeds, who cared nothing about Church order, were welcomed, not only by Dissenters, but by the struggling minority of godly men who remained members of the Church. They lit a fire which will never go out. John Erskine, and Moncrieff; then Andrew Thompson, himself a host; then Chalmers, like "twelve legions of angels;" rallied round themselves, in numbers ever growing, what had long been a discomfited and despairing party. The Evangelicals seized the helm of the Church, and its crisis came. How many a crisis germinated in that little room at Oxford, where a few young men met to read and pray, and, simply anxious to do God's will, were taught "His ways," and revived Christendom!

The crisis came, we say; and in this manner. Chalmers,

very soon after that entire revolution of his opinions, of which he has himself told with matchless simplicity and beauty, —and since the days of St. Paul there has been no nobler record,—Chalmers at once opened his eyes upon the state of the Church, and surrendered himself to the impulse to reform it. Lay patronage was soon seen to be the prime evil to be corrected. In 1833, accordingly, for it was then that "The Ten Years' Conflict" commenced, he moved in the General Assembly, the Supreme Court of the Church, for an Act of that body declaring the old principle, that no minister should be settled in a parish where the majority of the male heads of families formally signified their disapproval of him. This motion was unsuccessful. It was during the discussion of it that Cunningham, just twenty-eight years old, made his first mark as a debater.

"Early in the day," say his biographers, "the debate began, and continued until the evening was wearing late. The house was thin. Members who wished to slink away and shun the vote had left. Many who meant to vote had gone out for a breath of cool air. The debate was at that languishing stage when all the arguments had been used up, and the threshed straw is threshed over again. A tall young man, with an immense curly head, arose under the gallery, beside a pillar, and began to speak. 'Who is that?' ran in loud whispers about the house, and the answer was not at once forthcoming—'Cunningham of Greenock.' The attention of the house was roused in a moment. The loungers in Parliament-square crowded back to their places. It required but a few minutes to show that a man had stepped into the arena."

The speech was a comment on the whole previous debate; specially an answer to the arguments advanced by Chalmers's opponents, and so must have been, to a great extent, unpremeditated. It was two hours long. Andrew Thompson had recently died; and Dr. Macknight, son of the commentator, and a magnate among the moderates, looked over to Dr. Cook, another magnate, and said, "That's Andrew come back." The Lord Provost was a member of the Assembly. He heard the deliverance, and declared that young man should have the first city charge which fell vacant during his term of office. This led to Cunningham's translation to Edinburgh.

Lord Moncrieff was chosen by the Evangelical party to revive the Veto question in the Assembly of 1834; and his resolution, substantially that proposed by Dr. Chalmers, the previous year, was carried by a majority of forty-six. Thus, what was called the Veto Act was supposed to have become

the established law of the Church. It will be seen that, without destroying the system of lay patronage, it imposed, in the interests of the congregation, a certain stringent limit on it. The principal leaders of the movement preferred taking this course, not as being the better, but simply because they thought it more practicable. Nor did they act rashly. Lawyers of the highest eminence advised them that the enactment of such a law was within the competency of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Court.

This question, however, was very soon put to the test. Lord Kinnoull was the patron of the parish of Auchterarder, and the living became vacant. He presented to it a Mr. Young, a son of his own steward and agent. The law required the presentee to preach several Sabbaths in the Parish Church, and he did so; but the people did not call him to the pastoral office. Seven-eighths of the voters dissented from his settlement. The Presbytery, acting on the new Veto law, declined to ordain him, and the patron and Mr. Young brought an action against the Presbytery, demanding that it should be declared that the presentee was entitled to the profits of the living, or, failing this, that they should be paid to the patron. The answer of the Presbytery was that, as they did not set up any right to the stipend, they had nothing to do with the case. The form of proceeding was forthwith changed, and the Civil Court was asked to declare that the Presbytery was bound to take Mr. Young on trial for ordination, and, if he passed, to ordain him to the parish, and that the Presbytery had acted illegally. In fact, the Civil Court was asked to review and reverse the decision of the Ecclesiastical Court. This was the gist of the whole subsequent controversy. Cunningham, when he saw what the struggle was to be, was profoundly moved: "The thing is of the Lord," he said, "and we shall know more about it a few years hence."

The Presbytery sought the advice of the General Assembly, and were instructed not to take any step until the action should be decided. There was a law of the Church which enacted the deprivation of any man seeking any ecclesiastical function or benefice by aid of the civil power without the authority of the Church; and, under this law, Mr. Young might have been deprived of his license as a preacher, and so at once and summarily disqualified to hold the living. In England, probably, this course would have been taken; but, in Scotland, when a principle is involved, the battle must be waged to the end. The Civil Court, said the Church, has a

right to adjudicate on the question as to the stipend, but it has no right to command or forbid ordination. For the purpose of trying the right to the stipend, but for that purpose only, we submit to the jurisdiction of the Civil Court.

Before this tribunal made up its mind, Cunningham, in the General Assembly of 1837, boldly raised the question of patronage itself. The principle involved, he contended, was not so much whether a power of this kind should be lodged in any one, or in more than one man, but whether the Church had, or had not, the right to regulate the whole matter of the appointment of ministers, as part of her own proper jurisdiction. We have in this volume notices of the great speech he made on this question, and they furnish us with the mode in which he always prepared for such occasions. Three note-books comprised his preparations for all the speeches he ever made. They contained the barest outlines of the course he meant to follow. "Very thumbed and brown they are," but the very sight of one of them frightened an opponent. "He held it in his left-hand, with his forefinger between the leaves;" but a very few glances at it was all the use he made of it. Indeed, once on the right tack, and having warmed himself into facility and force, he could not go wrong. His resolution on patronage was, for the time, lost by a large majority, most of the older leaders of his own party voting against it.

The Auchterarder case ripened to a decision. Thirteen judges declared their opinions; eight of them against the Church. But up to this point, the Court only held that the Presbytery had no right to withhold ordination from Mr. Young. It did not assume to order it to ordain. Mr. Young demanded to be taken on trial—that is, to be subjected to the usual examination as to general competency. The Presbytery referred the case to the Synod, an intermediate court between that body and the General Assembly. The Synod passed it up to the supreme body. There a very young man was selected as the champion of the party now in the ascendant. Robert Buchanan, a minister of Glasgow, in a speech of wonderful breadth, clearness, and gravity, the first of many of the same high order, proposed and carried the famous "Independence Resolutions." They were brief but comprehensive, asserting the principle for which the majority contended, and declaring that obedience to the spiritual jurisdiction would be enforced upon all ministers and members of the Church.

New complications soon arose. The minister of Lethendy

became infirm; the Crown was the patron; it presented a Mr. Clark to be assistant and successor. The people, exercising the right given them by the Veto Act, declined his services; and, for a while, he retired. But the old minister died, and the Crown, recognising all that had been done under the Veto Act, presented Mr. Kessen,—the father, we may mention, of the learned and excellent Wesleyan minister of that name, who was for some time head of the Education Department in Ceylon. All was ready for Mr. Kessen's ordination, when, at Mr. Clark's instance, the Presbytery were served with an order of the Civil Court, prohibiting them from proceeding with it. The General Assembly directed the Presbytery to proceed, notwithstanding. The Church said it had a perfect right to ordain, even though it might turn out that Mr. Kessen had no legal right to the profits of the living. The Civil Court again issued its prohibition, including Mr. Kessen in its order. The Presbytery, however, ordained him. The Civil Court, in vindication of its decree, summoned to its bar all who had defied its authority. They appeared, and the senior of the culprits calmly vindicated their cause. Five judges were for imprisoning them, and six for simply rebuking them, while the chief did not vote at all. They were rebuked accordingly, and ordered to pay costs.

In May 1839, the House of Lords, to which the Church had appealed in the Auchterarder case, unanimously confirmed the decision of the court below; and, fourteen days afterwards, the General Assembly met, and Dr. Chalmers himself proposed a resolution, which was carried by a large majority. The Moderates anticipated it by one declaring that the Veto Act should be held to have been null and void. The successful counter-motion admitted that the judgment of the Civil Court settled all questions of civil right; but it declared that the principle that no presentee should be forced on a parish contrary to the will of the congregation, could not and would not be abandoned. It further proposed the appointment of a committee to confer with the Government. It was during this discussion that Dr. Candlish, another very young minister, first displayed his remarkable powers in debate. Dr. Buchanan had urged him to be ready for the occasion, and the reply was that he was no speaker, and would be of no use, concluding with "*Novus homo et inexpertus non loquor.* It was very shortly after this, that Dr. Chalmers, in a letter to Dr. Bunting, described him as the "most eloquent of my brethren."

There are some notices of Hugh Miller, about this time, for which we have small space. But we must record a frequent petition of his at family prayers, uttered in "yearning tone" and with "soft voice,"—"Lord, preserve us from hollow-heartedness."

But now came the difficulties at Marnoch, in the Presbytery of Strathbogie. In this parish, the patron's presentee only mustered one supporter out of three thousand inhabitants. The Presbytery, acting under the Veto Act, rejected him. The Court of Session directed them to proceed with his ordination. After some delay, they did so. The General Assembly suspended the seven ministers who formed the majority in this act of rebellion against the Church. The seven applied to the Civil Court, which interposed accordingly. The sentence of the Church must, according to its laws, be publicly notified, but the Civil Court prohibited the publication. Ultimately, it forbade any but the suspended ministers to preach within the bounds of the Presbytery. The Church defied this prohibition also, and sent its ablest preachers, Cunningham amongst them, to preach, when and where they could, throughout the district. Each of these, as he entered it, was met with an order of the Civil Court, forbidding him to preach; and all disregarded it. The Civil Court took no notice of these contempts.

Everybody had begun to see that the only hope of settling these serious differences lay in the prompt and judicious interference of the Legislature. But public men were very shy of the question. Of Lord John Russell, Chalmers wrote: "Such a feckless and fashionless entertainment of the whole matter I never witnessed in my life." Peel was bland, courteous, and cold; Sir James Graham frank, outspoken, and cordial; Lord Melbourne "chaffed" the anxious deputation which waited on him. Lord Aberdeen, himself a Presbyterian elder, thought more seriously of the matter, and tried hard to settle it. He brought in a Bill which gave no satisfaction. It recognised the parishioners' power to object, if they stated definite reasons for their objections, but of the weight of these the Presbytery were to be the judges; thus practically transferring to Church Courts the rights of particular congregations. Cunningham blew the Bill to atoms by a powerful speech, to which Lord Aberdeen gave a harmless rejoinder in the House of Lords, and ultimately withdrew his Bill. Hugh Miller, in describing this speech, spares us the trouble of any attempt of our own to describe Cunningham's characteristics as a speaker:—

"Mr. Cunningham opened the debate in a speech of tremendous power. The elements were various—a clear logic, at once severe and popular; an unhesitating readiness of language, select and forcible, and well fitted to express every minute shade of meaning, but plain and devoid of figure; above all, an extent of erudition, and an acquaintance with Church history that, in every instance in which the arguments turned on a matter of fact, seemed to render opposition hopeless. But what gave peculiar emphasis to the whole was, what we shall venture to term the propelling power of the mind; that animal energy which seems to act the part of the moving power in the mechanism of intellect, which gives force to action, and depth to the tones of the voice, and inspires the hearer with an idea of immense momentum."

The controversy waxed yet hotter during the ecclesiastical year 1840-41. Cunningham's principal share was the publication of a volume in reply to Robertson, of Ellon, an able leader on the other side. Lord Aberdeen brought Robertson's pamphlet before the House of Lords, and for once, and for a whole night, that House occupied itself with the subject in dispute. In the General Assembly of 1841, Cunningham again moved a resolution against lay patronage altogether, and almost succeeded in carrying it. But he still pursued the course as to which his party was unanimous, and, carrying out their consistent policy, seconded a proposal to depose the refractory members of the Strathbogie Presbytery, which was passed. The biographers are indebted to Mr. Hugh Martin for a striking sketch of the discussion. He, a student and a Moderate, had been "spell-bound" some years previously, under the teaching of Chalmers, as, one Saturday night, that great speaker, after discoursing on non-intrusion and its kindred topics, would not dismiss his audience, "so near was it to the Sabbath of the Lord," without reminding them of their own individual religious interests. Still a Moderate, however, as to his ecclesiastical views, Mr. Martin went to Edinburgh to see the great contest of 1841. Cunningham's speech made him into a Free Churchman. He, too, gives us the characteristics of Cunningham's oratory in Church Courts. "Intellectual simplicity, directness and power; unaffected moral earnestness; the manly courage which springs from strong dutifulness, combined with self-oblivion; the clear stating of the question; the rejection of irrelevancies; the total absence of all side-thoughts, which would retard or perplex; the adducing of precisely what was requisite; the holding of it in the unmistakable light; the insistance until this was accomplished, and no more; and then on, in the

work of cumulating his materials, until all he promised at the outset was achieved." "All this in sentences of most direct construction, and perfect transparency of meaning, serving his thinking like mirrors, and bodying forth his facts and arguments like instant incarnations of them; here was *demonstration*." "It was not a treat; it was not a display; *nor was it possible uprightly so to deal with it*. It was a direct, immediate, exclusive, transaction of one intellect with other intellects."

Cunningham preached that year before the Lord High Commissioner. His text may be guessed from the first passage in his sermon: "You all know who Jesus Christ is, and you all know what it is to be the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. It is not explanation that the text needs, it is application."

In 1842, the Assembly made its final appeal to the Legislature on a document carried by an overwhelming majority, called "The Claim of Right;" and, so clear was the prospect of coming events, that Cunningham carried also, and at last, his twice defeated motion against lay patronage, Dr. Chalmers himself supporting it.

It was now plain that matters must come to an immediate issue, and Mr. Young, the Auchterarder presentee, gave the last blow. He sought from the Civil Court a decree, directing the Presbytery to examine him, with a view to his ordination to the parish, or for damages, laid at ten thousand pounds, in case of refusal. He got his decree, and the House of Lords, on appeal, sustained it, Lyndhurst presiding, and Brougham, Cottenham, and Campbell concurring in the decision. Four hundred and sixty-five ministers—for it was they who were to bear the pecuniary losses of the expected secession—met in Edinburgh, and passed resolutions protesting against the invasion by the Civil Courts of the Church's jurisdiction, "and declaring their determination to separate rather than to yield." Everybody knows how this determination was carried out, when the Assembly of 1843 met for business.

Our notices of Cunningham's career after this memorable period must necessarily be few. When the Free-Church College was founded he was, as of course, appointed to one of the chairs of theology. The question rose how the expense of the new undertaking was to be met, and it was proposed that the fees payable to each professor should be made up to an annual stipend of £500. Cunningham resolutely withstood this, "when so many country brethren were

suffering," and insisted upon being satisfied with what, for some time, turned out to be a salary of £350 only.

In 1845, he succeeded Dr. Welsh in the chair of Church History, and, on the death of Dr. Chalmers, became Principal of the College. He occupied these positions during the remainder of his life.

Of his qualifications as a Professor the Biography contains copious and most suggestive notices. Students—Dr. Rainy himself, his most distinguished pupil, being one of them—rival each other in terms of admiration. "I mention only one impression," writes Mr. Martin, "he produced on my mind—the impression, namely, of his splendid combination of *largeness* of views with *definiteness* of views. He had manifestly a great dislike of narrowness, combined with an equal or almost greater contempt of the idea that narrowness can be avoided by indefiniteness." He took his own view of the study of Church History, as forming part of a system of theological education. The history of theology itself, and especially of theological polemics, was his idea of what, in this connection, was principally to be dealt with. "Acquaintance with the outlines of Church History," commonly so-called, was secured by one weekly lecture, with the aid of a text-book, and by private reading. One other day in the week was occupied with notes on books which must form the subject of this reading. The remaining three days "were concentrated on the work of surveying the nature and the result of the doctrinal movements which have affected successively the apprehensions of the Church concerning the Faith. It was, in short, a course of doctrine-history, but conceived in a peculiar manner, and guided by a special object."

"We could not but admire," says another student, "the clearness with which he saw the limit of human knowledge. When he arrived at the boundary line,—the line where insoluble mystery begins,—he plainly told us that it had not been crossed, and that, in all probability, it never would be, with our present imperfect faculties. He never attempted to explain the Trinity. He gave no encouragement to expect any solution of the awful mystery of the origin of evil. He warned us against supposing that we could fully comprehend the problem of moral inability coupled with responsibility. He insisted that the doctrine of a vicarious atonement is to be found in Scripture, but that, whilst it gives a more rational explanation of human depravity than can be found in the system of those who deny it, the doctrine is nevertheless enshrouded in deep and inscrutable mystery. It was obviously his conviction that the full apprehension of what lies either side the veil ought not to be hindered, because at the veil difficulties arise that are insoluble."

The Free Church discussions and Dr. Cunningham's share in them, are the special topics of interest in this volume. Ardent and instructed Presbyterian as he was, and greatly as they served to develop and strengthen his early views, their conduct and issue, himself as much as any man responsible for both, opened his eyes and heart, and made him wiser and more catholic. Nothing strikes us more than the original honesty and candour of his nature, except it be the perfection to which he ultimately educated these priceless qualities. A reference to the table of "contents" shows at a glance how many and various were the subjects, some closely affecting his own Church only, others bearing upon the common interests of Christendom, on which he was called to exercise his clear and vigorous intellect; and we see how, one after another, and specially in their relations one with another, this faculty of fair-play led him to sound conclusions, and gave him power to demonstrate them to be such. Again and again, he got himself into temporary trouble by the straightforwardness and vehemence of expressions used in debate; and mistakes of this sort were occasions which illustrated his habitual meekness of temper, sorrow if he had spoken unguardedly, anxiety to make all possible reparation. But none accused him of shallowness, speciousness, inexhaustiveness, of the aim at victory purely for its own sake. He himself had looked at the subject on all its sides, had formed his own convictions, and, casting on it all the lights he had, very generally helped others to see it as he did. Of this passionate candour we had noted several illustrations for reference, but must content ourselves with referring to a signal specimen of it in pages 241—243.

What position he will retain as a Theological writer, it is difficult to estimate. His name and the history of his services will sustain it perpetually in his own Church; and, as to those difficult topics which border the strict line, if such there be, between Theology and Ecclesiastical Polity, his opinions will probably carry universal and lasting weight. His formal definition of the Calvinism he professed and fought for, after he had sifted it with the thoroughness which, as we have seen, was his essential nature, comes to this:—

"Calvinism is really nothing but the distinct and definite expression of those great principles, that the salvation of sinners is to be ascribed to the sovereign mercy of God; that man can do nothing effectual, in the exercise of his natural powers, for escaping from his natural condition of guilt and depravity; and that he must be in-

debted for this wholly to the free Grace of God, the vicarious work of Christ, and the efficacious agency of the Spirit. All men of all schools who have furnished satisfactory evidence of generous piety have proposed and believed this. Calvinism is just the consistent and doctrinal embodiment of it."

He took plenty of pains in the effort to demonstrate the position embodied in the last of these sentences. In two remarkable papers, which he inserted in the periodical he long edited—*The British and Foreign Evangelical Review*—he argued it in special reference to the writings of Wesley and of Richard Watson, but argued it under the stress of his own impulsive and inevitable candour. Yet he feared his precise language had not done justice either to them or to himself. A very few months before his decease, meeting a Wesleyan from England at the house of a mutual friend, he earnestly invited a call. The summons was heartily obeyed; and the two sat in the Principal's study: he, after his wont, constantly moistening his lips with his tongue, and, with rapid change, placing first one, and then the other, knee upon its fellow. "I wished to see you, before you left Edinburgh," said Cunningham. "I have been publishing these articles" (placing those just mentioned in his friend's hand). "I should not like you to read them unless I myself gave them you. My bark was always worse than my bite." It was their last interview, and left the impression, which frequent intercourse had indelibly created, of the meekness, modesty, half-shyness, tenderness, and general benignancy and loveliness of character, of this great and learned Christian Divine, Ecclesiastic, and Polemic.

Our space warns us to conclude these very imperfect notices. We earnestly recommend all students of the ecclesiastical history of their own time, and especially those likely to take any part, however humble, in the solution of existing and coming ecclesiastical problems, to make themselves masters of Dr. Cunningham's opinions and modes of thought. It is only fair to add, though we dare say Dr. Rainy will scarcely thank us for doing so, that it is not until, in the latter portion of the volume, he takes the pen in hand, that we feel that anything like justice has been done to the subject of this joint biography.

He died as he had lived, a strong, real, humble man. The story of his last days is inexpressibly interesting and affecting. His latest lecture was delivered on the 4th December, 1861. One of his latest utterances was: 'I have done with all con-

troversies and all fightings now, and am at rest for ever." Then, raising his hand, he very emphatically said twice, recalling words of Melancthon's, "From the rage of the theologians, good Lord, deliver us!" Seeing all his family round him, he said, "I suppose you are all waiting till I enter the kingdom?" Very soon, his last articulate remark was this: "I am going home quietly." And home he went.

The loss of such men seems, at first sight, irreparable; but it is not all loss. The direct results of William Cunningham's services will be distinctly traceable in the future fortunes of his own Church; and our best wish for it is that his worthy successors may contend and labour, as God may call them, with like courage, moderation and wisdom, discerning things that differ, and valuing contest and victory only as these tell lastingly on the final objects of all ecclesiastical organisations. Other Churches also, in the days that are coming—have, indeed, already come—as days of dispute, rather than of doubt, about everything that is sound in the faith, and dear to the hearts of Christians, will walk in the light of this great example, to their lasting invigoration and joy.

ART. VI.—*The Athanasian Creed Vindicated from the Objections of Dean Stanley and other Members of the Ritual Commission; with an Appendix on the proposed Revision of the Present Version.* By J. S. BREWER, M.A., Preacher at the Rolls, and Honorary Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford. Rivingtons. 1871.

LIKE every other ancient and reverend document, the Athanasian Creed is undergoing its ordeal: a stern and unrelenting ordeal, at which the friends and the enemies of the Christian faith alike assist. Among the many publications which show how the question is going, we select one only, that of Mr. Brewer: partly, because some of the others have been already noticed in our pages, but chiefly because this little book ably represents and reflects almost every shade of opinion. There may be said to be four classes of its Christian critics: to three of these Mr. Brewer does ample justice. The fourth is a small class unrepresented in his volume; and for that class we shall ourselves speak.

First, there are those who reject the Creed altogether, as being a human intrusion into "things not seen," and no better than a desperate effort of dogmatic theology to formulate in words what neither reason nor revelation brings within the range of finite conception. To this class belong great numbers of theologians, preachers, and private Christians, who own no theology but the "Biblical;" and their ranks are reinforced by many who believe what the Creed says, but recoil from its statement in words. The second class is composed of those who accept it in its integrity, as a sacred deposit or tradition from antiquity, containing the final expression of a doctrine developed under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and reduced to a formula which, composed by some individual, was received and ratified by the universal Church. They regard it as the last word, whether positive or negative, on the most sublime of all mysteries and the most fundamental of all verities; and, so regarding it, the stately sentences come to have a fascination that no other uninspired language possesses, and an authority closely bordering on, if it does not coincide with, that of inspiration. This being the case, it is not to be wondered at that they feel no mis-

giving about the "excluding clauses"; for Scripture throws around its own teachings precisely the same sanction.

A third class is composed of those who reverence the Creed, and find no fault in it save as concerning the damnatory sentences, and the touch of heresy that its language has derived from the exigencies of translation into modern forms of speech, which cannot adapt themselves to the requirements of the subject. They would retain the formula in the services of the Church, after some revision—the more thorough the better; and, if the severe introductory clauses are retained, they would append a very clear and uncompromising disavowal of any such meaning in them as now seems to offend against Christian charity. Mr. Brewer's book gives a fair representation of these three classes. According to his showing, we must needs set down Dean Stanley, with the bulk of the Broad Church, amongst the first; for, if half the hard words used by the Dean are meant as the sober expression of his sentiments, he ought to labour hard, not for the amendment, but for the very extinction of the Creed, or at any rate for its abandonment to the shelves of obsolete theology. The second class is well represented by Mr. Brewer himself. The third class would number Dr. Swainson and the Bishop of Gloucester, among those who have written on the subject, and perhaps a large majority of Christian ministers in the Establishment, whether in or out of the Commission, "to report upon the desirableness of revising the existing translation of the Athanasian Creed."

The modern literary history of this ancient document is one of remarkable interest. Down to a time considerably lower than the Reformation there was no such history. There had never been any formal discussion of its origin, or of the variations it had undergone; and when, at the revival of letters, learned men began to investigate this in common with every other literary and ecclesiastical relic of antiquity, the materials were exceedingly scanty. Gerard Vossius, in his book *De Tribus Symbolis*, was the founder of the modern literature of the subject. Until his time most writers had referred to it only in an incidental manner, and with the foregone conclusion that it was written by Athanasius. Vossius sifted the question thoroughly; produced unanswerable arguments against the authorship of Athanasius; and satisfied the critical world that it was originally written in Latin. He leaned to the opinion that it was of French origin, and that it was the work of an individual writer; and that it was not received in the Christian Churches generally much before the

year 1000, having been composed probably not before the year 600. Our own Bishop Pearson, though he devoted no special monograph to the subject, has left his opinion on record that it was written by a Latin author before the beginning of the seventh century. About the same time the French divine, Paschasius Quesnel, hazarded the opinion that Vigilius Tapsensis, an African, was the author. Another French divine, Antelmi, wrote a dissertation which ascribed the Creed to Vincent of Lerins, about 434. Muratori, an Italian writer of the same age, set up Venantius Fortunatus, of the fifth century, as a candidate. A long series of other writers devoted time and much research to the subject, but without adding anything of moment. About a century after Vossius opened the question, Dr. Waterland, in his *Critical History of the Athanasian Creed*, may be said to have given a perfect and final summing-up of the whole mass of historical evidence, though his own hypothesis, that Hilary of Arles (420) was the author, may certainly be dismissed as a slenderly supported hypothesis. It is a pleasure, however, to refer to this treatise, as well as to others of the same massive and thorough character, upon the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ, to be found among Waterland's works. The work we are now referring to, in particular, is the model of a critical commentary. No English reader will understand the bearings of the question without reading it; and no one who reads it thoroughly will be insufficiently informed, though he read nothing else.

After weighing with patience the evidence adduced in favour of the several names that have been connected with the Creed during the last three hundred years, it seems plain that the writer, for some reason or other, suppressed his name. Possibly he was only the scribe or amanuensis of some synod which used his pen; possibly he had some private motive for securing the diffusion of a production which, as anonymous, would have more favourable acceptance; possibly it was put forth during some period and in some other region of Arian ascendency, and its connection with any one name would injure the writer, and at the same time defeat the purpose of the writing; possibly it was issued by some most accurate and well-disciplined disciple of the school of Augustine, whose spirit of self-abnegation rose to a pitch rarely attained. Of such self-forgetfulness there are a few instances in Christian literature; but, on this theory, that of the author of the Athanasian Creed would rank among the most remarkable.

The truth may be, however, that in the strictest sense it

had no individual author, any more than the two other Creeds. It seems to us somewhat remarkable that so much anxiety has been shown for the discovery of the source, especially the individual source, of this ancient confession. Whatever dignity, or value, or authority, a document of this kind can have must needs depend upon its being the deliberate utterance of the Church, either as universal or as represented by some important section. To trace it to an individual mind is at once to ruin it as a creed, and to place it among the theological writings which we reserve for the study, but keep out of the Divine worship. There never lived an uninspired saint whose confession of faith could, as such, have any validity in the Church; nor in the earliest times was this confession recognised as the work of any one man, or imposed upon the clergy or laity as the voice of one speaking in the name of all. In the nature of things, any document containing a systematic view of truth must bear the impress upon it of one mind; but when accepted by the convocation of the Church, and shaped according to its decisions, the responsibility and the authorship of the individual has ceased. It may be confidently asserted that this confession of faith would never, as the avowed composition of Athanasius, have been so current as it was in the Christian Church. Dr. Waterland seems to be impressed with this in the following sentences, which, however, are written on the common theory that the Creed had an "author" or "compiler:"—

"As to the creed being none of Athanasius', which is certainly true, it is to be considered that our Church receives it not upon the *authority* of its compiler, nor determines anything about its *age* or *author;* but we receive it because the truth of the doctrines contained in it may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture, as expressly said in our Eighth Article. I may add that the *early* and *general* reception of this Creed by Greeks and Latins, by all the Western Churches, not only before, but since the *Reformation*, must needs give it a much greater *authority* and *weight* than the single name of Athanasius could do, were it ever so justly to be set to it. Athanasius has left some creeds and confessions, undoubtedly his, which yet never have obtained the esteem and reputation that this hath done; because none of them are really of the same intrinsic value, nor capable of doing the like service in the Christian Churches. The use of it is, to be a standing fence and preservative against the wiles and equivocations of most kinds of heretics. This was well understood by Luther, when he called it *a bulwark to the Apostles' Creed;* much to the same purpose with what has been cited from Ludolphus Saxo. And it was this and the like considerations that have all along made it to be of such high esteem among all

the *Reformed Churches*, from the days of their great leader."—*Waterland's Works*, Vol. III. p. 246, Ox. Ed.

The framers of the Anglican Prayer-book believed, in common with the rest of Christendom at that time, that the Creed was the genuine production of Athanasius. So thought also the Continental Reformers. The secret history of the various headings given to it, "The Creed of St. Athanasius," "The Creed commonly called the Creed of St. Athanasius," will be very interesting to those who care for such matters. But it is certain that, as Waterland says, the Reformers, whether of England or the Continent, laid the stress upon the fidelity of the Creed to Scripture. For that reason Luther regarded it as the most weighty and grandest literary production of the Church since the time of the Apostles. He called it, as we have just seen, a *propugnaculum*, or bulwark, of the Apostles' Creed; Calvin, in like manner, thought it a most excellent exposition of the Nicene; and, without any dissentient, the Reformed Confessions honoured it as giving a true human form, not to the belief of any man, but to the doctrine of the Holy Scripture which was not so clearly formulated in the Holy Writings themselves.

That Athanasius was not its author, may be regarded as certain. The champion of orthodoxy had too much reverence for the one theological Creed which a Council of the whole Church had prepared; the Nicene Confession he received as a young man, even if he did not take part in its preparation, and he always avowed himself averse to the addition of any other symbol of faith. More than one Council decided that no other formulary should be elevated to the place which that of Nicæa held; and it cannot be supposed that Athanasius would have violated this decree and his own expressed convictions. And the term which had so unlimited a value to him —that of *Homoousion*—would not have been wanting in any production of his; but it is wanting in the *Quicunque*, and wanting precisely at two points which irresistibly suggest it to us, and where, had the document been composed in the Arian century, it certainly would not have been omitted. Other phrases and distinctions are found in it, the presence of which is equally decisive against the Athanasian authorship. The Person of Christ in the unity of His two natures is set forth in a manner of which Athanasius was incapable. External evidence—whether negative or positive—runs the same way. No contemporaneous writer mentions him as the author; neither his name, nor the Creed itself, is introduced through-

out the long series of the Nestorian and Eutychian disputes, a silence absolutely incompatible with his authorship. The first record of any public reference to it is in the seventh century, at the Fourth Council of Toledo (633), but the writer was evidently unknown: one or two doubtful private references need not be alluded to. By degrees the name of Athanasius is found linked with it; but obviously rather as indicating that it unfolded his faith, than that he was the composer or compiler. Orthodoxy in relation to the doctrine of the Trinity, and especially the consubstantiality of the Son with the Father, was in the West for a long time designated Athanasianism.

The name of Athanasius being dismissed, no other reputed author can be pitched upon whose claims will stand the test. Vincent of Lerins has been often referred to, on the ground of certain resemblances of style; but it is enough to repeat that, if he or any other man in the fourth century had been the writer, the Creed would have been quoted in the controversies on the union of our Saviour's two natures. This, then, sweeps away the hypothesis, so elaborately worked out by Waterland, that Hilary of Arles was the writer. But it does not absolutely preclude the possibility that Vigilius Tapsensis, whose claims have been urged for nearly three hundred years, compiled it. He lived down to the very end of the fifth century, when the theological atmosphere was impregnated with the elements of the doctrine of Christ's Person, and theological diction was already familiar with the exquisite phraseology devised for the necessities of that doctrine. But nothing in the writings or character of this African bishop would warrant us in assigning to him a production that would have raised his name to a level with the highest of the North African writers, before and after. Venantius Fortunatus, a half-century later, has also been named, but without any even plausible evidence being brought forward in his favour. The more thoroughly the evidence is sifted, the more clear does it become that the writer can never be determined. But the document itself indicates plainly enough that it was brought into existence about the end of the fifth century. Then the minds of theological writers were prepared for the formulæ of the Person of Christ occurring towards its close; while the absence of distinct reference to the later Monothelite controversies shows that it must not be assigned to a later date.

The subsequent history of the Athanasian Creed is a deeply interesting one. Of uncertain origin—to be traced indeed to no man and to no particular country of Christendom—it won

its way somewhat slowly, but surely, into a place in the confidence of the Western Churches which no other document, save its predecessors and companions, the Apostles' and the Nicene, has ever held. For a time it was literally an œcumenical creed, accepted of all the world, but especially in the West; and, although it was never adopted generally in the East after the great Disruption, it survived as an œcumenical Creed the division introduced by the Reformation, and was accepted by the Lutheran and Reformed Communions with almost the same respect that the Tridentine theology accorded to it. The following is Waterland's summary of an elaborate dissertation on this subject:—

"To sum up what hath been said of the reception of this Creed: From the foregoing account it appears that its reception has been both general and ancient. It hath been received by Greeks and Latins all over Europe; and, if it hath been little known among the African and Asian Churches, the like may be said of the Apostles' Creed, which hath not been admitted, scarce known, in Africa, and but little in Asia, except among the Armenians, who are said to receive it. So that, for generality of reception, the Athanasian Creed may vie with any, except the Nicene, or Constantinopolitan, the only *general* creed common to all the Churches. As to the antiquity of its reception into the sacred offices, this Creed has been received in several countries, France, Germany, England, Italy, and Rome itself, as soon, or sooner than, the Nicene; which is a high commendation of it, as gaining ground by its own extreme worth, and without the authority of any General Council to enforce it. And there is this thing further to be said for it, that, while the Nicene and Apostles' Creeds have been growing up to their present perfection in a course of years, or century of years, and not completed till about the year 600, this Creed was made and perfected at once, and is more ancient, if considered as an *entire form*, than either of the others, having received its full perfection while the others wanted theirs. No considerable additions or defalcations have been made to it (it has needed none) since its first compiling till of late years, and in the Greek only; which yet are so far from correcting or amending the form, that they have rendered it so much the less perfect, and the only way of restoring it to its perfection is to restore it to what it was at the first."—*Waterland's Works*, Vol. III. p. 197.

This comparison with the other Creeds provokes comment. It takes several things for granted which might very fairly be contested, were the controversy waged with any less name than that of Waterland. The Apostles' Creed, undoubtedly, was the result of a gradual series of accretions round the baptismal formula; and, possibly, some of its articles may be

referred to a date as low as the Athanasian. But then it should be remembered that, in all that the two Creeds have in common, the first was in authoritative use everywhere before the third was heard of: those few articles which were subsequently added to the former, are not found in the latter. If it is said that this is to the advantage of the Athanasian, we should deny the conclusion: the Creation, the Descent, the forgiveness of sins, the Church, eternal life, are elements of a public confession that might well be waited for from generation to generation. Like the full tale of the Canonical Scriptures they were tarried for, and came only with the fulness of time. Their absence from the last of the Three Creeds—*perfected at once*—is not by any means to its advantage as a creed. As to the Nicene Confession, it cannot be said to have reached its consummation in a "course of years;" what addition was made to it came within the century, save that solitary word *Filioque*, which so much disturbed the Church, and which, however true in itself, was never a strictly œcumenical article of faith. This second confession is in all respects more complete than the Athanasian as a creed; whatever advantage the latter has is only its fuller amplification of two specific doctrines. And it is a bold thing to say that the *Quicunque vult* was achieved at a single stroke. No one will ever know what variations passed over it during its construction,—or by what slow processes it reached the rhythmical precision of its antithetical statements. As to its never having been enforced by Councils, that, if true, would seriously weaken the modern defence of it. It is a strong point that the propositions of the Creed are in harmony with the teachings of Scripture as they were interpreted by the Church in its early struggles with error. Certainly it is not enjoined among the decrees of any of the Synods or Councils that were held in Europe or Africa during the period to which its origin is to be assigned. But that is scarcely to its advantage. And, at any rate, as years rolled on it came to be acknowledged from province to province, until the very highest sanction—according to the estimate of sanction in the Christendom of those days—was given to it.

We may venture to give another kind of summary of Waterland's learned disquisitions. It will appear that the Athanasian Creed exerted a mighty influence on the theology of the West during all the ages that are generally reckoned as belonging to the twilight and darkness of Christian theology, and in fact was a main instrument in the hand of Divine Providence for the preservation of belief in the most funda-

mental of all truths. We take some instances in illustration. At the Council of Autun in France (670), it was decreed that "If any presbyter, deacon, sub-deacon, or clerk, doth not unreprovably recite the Creed which the Apostles delivered by inspiration of the Holy Ghost, *and also the faith of the holy prelate Athanasius*, let him be censured by the bishop." It is obvious that the darkness was at hand when the Apostles' Creed could be thus spoken of, and the *Quicunque* could thus without hesitation be ascribed to Athanasius; but it is also obvious that the educational influence of this formulary of faith must have been very great throughout France. The important Council of Frankfort (794), summoned for the condemnation of the Adoptionist heresy, which made the Saviour in His human nature only an adopted Son of God, ordered that "the Catholic faith of the Holy Trinity, and Lord's Prayer, and Creed, be set forth and delivered to all." These are but specimens of what became soon an almost universal prescription. In the beginning of the ninth century, Bishop Hatto, of Basil in France, makes this one of the regulations in his *Capitular*, or Book of Regulations for his clergy, "that they should have the Faith of Athanasius by heart, and recite it at the prime (that is, at seven in the morning) every Lord's Day."

Soon the evidences accumulated by Vossius and Waterland begin to show signs that the Creed was referred to or quoted as if it settled doctrine. Hincmar, Archbishop of Rheims, proves, by his abundant use of it as a standing rule of faith, in what estimation it had come to be held, and how entirely it shaped the doctrine of those times—the heart of the ninth century. He directs his presbyters "to learn Athanasius's Treatise of Faith (beginning with '*Whosoever will be saved*'), to commit it to memory, to understand its meaning, and to be able to give it in common words;" that is, in the vulgar tongue. He does not mention the Nicene Creed, which seems to have been merged in the more elaborate composition, and for a long time was comparatively obscured, until a brighter day elevated it to almost the unshared place in the Creed of the whole Church. It is to be observed that Hincmar here gives the Creed the name that it had usually borne, that of a Treatise of Faith: but it was in his day, and mainly through his instrumentality, that it became a professed Creed. And, as such, it of course gradually assumed the character of a Divine teaching.

In the Middle Ages this highest possible sanction was accorded to the symbol, although its difference from the other

Creeds was acknowledged. It began to be regarded as a psalm, and notably among English ecclesiastics. Walter de Cantilupe, Bishop of Worcester, in his *Synodical Constitutions* (1240), exhorts his clergy to become familiar with the psalm called *Quicunque vult*, and the greater and smaller Creed (the Nicene and the Apostles'), that they might be able to edify the people committed to their charge. In other documents it is called a hymn, and placed amongst the Canticles of the Church, being sung antiphonally in the service. The Lord's Prayer sometimes received the same name of psalm or canticle, from the fact of its being sung. Thomas Aquinas gives a remarkable testimony to the position occupied by the third of the symbols, when he says: "Athanasius did not compose this manifestation of the faith after the manner of a creed, but rather in a doctrinal form; but, inasmuch as it briefly contained in its teaching the complete truth of the Christian Faith, by the authority of the Supreme Pontiff it was received, in order that it might be held as it were to be a *Rule of Faith, fidei regula.*" Here we have in few words the pith of the history of general opinion in the Western Churches.

In this same century occurred the remarkable embassy of Gregory the Ninth to Constantinople. His legates, in their conferences with the Greeks, quoted the Creed, which they asserted to have been composed by Athanasius while he was an exile in the Western parts, and therefore penned in the Latin tongue. As Waterland remarks, they had not assurance enough to pretend that it was a Greek composition: there were too many and too plain reasons to the contrary. But the Greeks, neither then nor at any later time, felt any complacency towards a document that was of Latin origin. The orthodox faith of the Church, they thought, was Greek in its origin, progress, and consummation: that a treatise or a symbol, giving the most perfect and subtle and comprehensive analysis of that high mystery which had always been pre-eminently the care of the Greek mind, should exist as the work of a Latin, was an offence. Of course, if they could have proved that their great champion, Athanasius, was its author, they would have done so. But that was impossible.

Another point raised by our quotation from Waterland has reference to the changes introduced by the translation of the formulary into Greek. There is something very striking—almost unique—in the fact of any document of great theological significance travelling from Latin into Greek. It seems

like an inversion of the necessary order of things. So it is, however, in this case. The greater is blessed of the less. But it is difficult to believe that the process of translation into the flexible and all-competent Greek could have resulted in any injury. Nor has it. The omissions in the ancient versions of the Double Procession are nothing to the point. Passing them by, as variations which the later Greek versions do not exhibit, it may be said that the rhythm and precision and force of the Creed lose nothing when read in the version which Canon Swainson gives us in its integrity. This translation has been elevated into considerable importance of late by the advocates of suppression or revision. It has been asserted that a Greek text imported from the Continent influenced our Reformers in the translation which has been used in the English service. Dean Stanley, for instance, makes a loud complaint, following in the wake of Dr. Swainson, who again follows and exaggerates Waterland, against the English version. "It has been presented to the English public in language which is sometimes inaccurate even to heresy. Some of these errors result from the compilers of our Liturgy having been deceived into acceptance of a Greek version of the Creed, as the original; such, for example, as the substitution already noticed of 'incomprehensible' for 'infinite,' the substitution of 'believe *rightly*' for 'believe *faithfully*;' the insertion of the heretical words '*every Person by Himself* to be God and Lord;' the use of the word '*dividing*' for '*separating*' the substance. Some have crept in from the preponderating influence of Luther, such as the word '*must* thus think' for 'let him think,' and '*none is greater or less*' for 'nothing greater or less,' an expression which, if less intelligible, is *more Biblical*. To these must be added the grossest of all—the use (as we have seen) of the modern word 'Person' as the equivalent of a phrase of essentially different meaning. Whatever may be the use of the Creed in the future of the English Church, it seems difficult to defend in the past the public recital of a document confessedly calculated, by these numerous errors, to mislead, in almost every verse, on subjects which are pronounced in the Creed itself to be of the most tremendous significance."

These objections are common to Dean Stanley and Dr. Swainson. Mr. Brewer comes to the rescue of the English Version with argument and satire, sometimes rather undignified, sometimes rather unfair to his opponents, but always vigorous and successful. Nothing can be more idle than the majority of these strictures; the two which demand atten-

tion, and from which to defend the Creed is a task worthy of the theologian, are that which terms it heresy to speak of every person being separately confessed to be God and Lord, and that which protests against the use of the "modern word Person."

The Latin sentence is, "*Quia sicut singulatim unamquamque Personam Deum et Dominum confiteri Christianâ veritate compellimur.*" Dr. Swainson's translation, "make a separate confession," does not seem to lie open to Mr. Brewer's severe stricture: he certainly does not combine "*singulatim compellimur*," and say "we are individually compelled;" his rendering is no improvement on the English version, but it is not really opposed to it. As in the case of "is to be worshipped" for "may be worshipped," "incomprehensible" instead of "unlimited," "separating" the substance instead of "dividing" the substance, Dr. Swainson's emendations may possibly be a return to the stricter Latin version, but they are no real improvements; they do not, any more than his endeavours to soften the excluding clauses, remove any difficulty, but leave the Creed precisely where it was before. But let Mr. Brewer be heard. The following sentence closes a specimen of a style of controversy unbecoming the transcendent solemnity of the subject:—

"The Dean, I admit, is not exclusively accountable for this nonsense. Grossly heretical as it is, he is as incapable of consciously talking heresy as M. Jourdain was of talking prose. He derived these and other notions from Dr. Swainson. In criticising our authorised version of the Creed, Dr. Swainson affirms that it 'savours of heresy to confess every Person by Himself;' and, he adds, 'We may speak of "a separate confession" in regard to One or Other; but it is wrong to speak of One or Other as being "by Himself."' By which, I suppose, he means to say—for he speaks so very gingerly that I am not sure whether I grasp his meaning, or whether there is any meaning to grasp—that to 'divide the substance,' by speaking of any one Person of the Trinity as existing apart or by Himself, has a savour of heresy. Of course it has, and something more than savour, for it is heresy itself. But the Creed does not speak of any one Person of the Trinity being 'by Himself,' One, as Dean Stanley honestly enough quotes the clause, 'being by Himself both God and Lord.' If Dr. Swainson denies this, if he thinks 'this savours of heresy," he must have a superlatively delicate appreciation of error and heresy, and the most orthodox divinity would fail to satisfy his theological palate. I will not contest the point with him whether it be right, as he says it is, to speak of a separate confession 'in regard to One or Other,' and 'wrong to speak of One or Other as being by Himself;' for with that I am

not concerned. I shall only protest against his reproduction of that old logical fallacy, *a bene compositis ad male divisa*."—P. 33.

Mr. Brewer quotes a few sentences from the Fathers to show that there is no heresy in the doctrine expressed in the Creed. But he is rather hard on his opponents. The extracts he adduces do not sustain that peculiarity of the translation which Dr. Swainson demurs to—" every Person *by Himself*." Augustine's " *Hæc Trinitas unius est ejusdemque naturæ atque substantiæ non minor in singulis quam in omnibus*," is very far from saying that each Person is *by Himself* to be acknowledged God and Lord; though when he goes on " *nec major in omnibus quam in singulis*," we certainly hear that in this Trinity none is greater or less than another. The demur of these divines is undeniably needless; but they impute the touch of heresy only to the translation, and only then a shadow of heresy. They mean that the translation might be so amended as to preserve faithfully the spirit of the original, and at the same time obviate the appearance of evil. For ourselves, we should reply by showing that the sentence in the English version is incomplete until its counterpart or antiphonal verse is taken in. The one clause meets the Sabellian, and perfectly meets him; meets him and his doctrine with most satisfying precision. The other clause, which in importance is like unto it, meets the never absent Tritheist —a heretic not so often mentioned as the Sabellian, but one almost equally to be dreaded in Christian theology. It is unfair to criticise the one sentence save in the light of the other; taken together, they are impregnable; and the happy boldness of the English version is what every true Trinitarian will be thankful for. Here is the very pith and essence of the Creed; and whoso violates this double clause loses the whole. No Nicene divine would have objected to " every Person by Himself," because he would have understood the expression according to his own technical apprehension of the word *person*, and in harmony with his doctrine of *περιχώρησις*, that immanent, internal, eternal circulation or interaction by which each Person coinheres in the others, and all in each, and each in all. The Trinity was to the Fathers a living Unity; a soleness in which there was abundant fellowship; a plurality in oneness; a unity of essence that was presented in the Person of each member of the Trinity in its perfection. Had the Creed used the word just suggested, or any reproduction of it, it would have given no certain sound to any but the educated few. Many expedients

have been adopted by later theologians; but none so aptly as this tells the full truth. "Every Person in the unity of the two others" is a familiar formula; but it only applies to the language of worship the same idea. "Circumincession," "permeation," "general essence and singular essence," are phrases that occur to the memory, as sometimes to be met with in our divines; but how grand in comparison are the two sentences, one of which faces the Sabellian—*Every Person by Himself, God and Lord;* and the other confronts the Tritheist—*We are forbidden to say, there are three Gods or three Lords.*

But, of course, all this depends upon the propriety of the word *person.* Mr. Brewer discusses this most sacred question in a manner that scarcely comports with his sense of the gravity of the issue; but his remarks are very forcible, and we shall borrow from him an interesting extract or two. The question, however, should first be brought to its own bearings. It is first, as to the propriety of using the term in modern English theology; and, secondly, as to the adequacy of the term to express the ancient theological distinction.

As in the former point, the word person is the simplest and the least easily misunderstood by the terms which are used to express the everlasting fact which the Creed proclaims, that in the mystery of the Holy Trinity there are three individual intelligent agents who can use the term *I*, and yet, in a sense transcending human thought, are in the essence of Divinity, *One.* Supposing the doctrine held—and with deniers of the doctrine we have nothing to do—what better word can be thought of? The misapprehension which our divines dread, or the perversion which they suppose must result from the use of the term, will turn out to be no misapprehension and no perversion at all. Theology intends that the common people, that all people, should understand precisely what these sensitive critics of the Creed deprecate, but deprecate without reason. Surely there is an *I* belonging to each of the Three that in an unspeakable sense is His alone. And no other term that can be imagined, or that has been employed, will vindicate its claims to supersede the ancient term person.

There are in this Trinitarian doctrine three pairs of terms that we may ascribe to the conventions of theological language. Conventions they undoubtedly are. They establish distinctions that are not grounded in the roots and derivations of the words themselves: distinctions which have been, as it were, arbitrarily made; which in fact are distinctions without differences, so far as etymology goes; and, yet, being esta-

blished in the words, the theological convention holds good, and popular use confirms it. As to the essential Being, who is God in His Triunity, three terms are used which theology does wisely to reserve for that purpose: Substance, Essence, and Nature. From the time when Christian divines first began to discuss these problems, and shape their vocabulary, these terms have belonged not to the Three within the One, but to the One Being itself. As to the Three within the One, yet three other terms have been conventionally employed, by a silent convention, it is true, but an effectual one: Subsistence, Hypostasis, Person. We are speaking now of the English theological language, which is immediately concerned in the challenge of our critics. A third trio of terms has been conventionally used to express something that transcends but does not defy reason, that is, the great whole made up of the other two systems of words:—Three-One, Triunity, Trinity. Theologians and common people alike understand what the Christian religion means when these words are put into their lips or into their pens. The educated and uneducated alike would rebel against substance, essence, or nature, applied to either of the Three individually; they would equally feel the language to be unfamiliar that should use person, hypostasis, or subsistence of the Divine Being as such, or of God in any other relation than that subsisting internally between the individual Three. The substance, the nature, the essence or being of God; the subsistence, hypostasis, or person of the Holy Ghost. Now of these pairs the two most familiar words—those which one may say are best understood in their incomprehensibility—are Nature and Person: everyone understands what is signified by the Person of the Son in the Divine Nature. There are not many congregations of Christian people among whom the inversion of this habit of speech would not produce a sense of discord immediately. This is all we have to say about the new translation of the words that are rendered respectively Person and Substance.

The other question is one of another kind, and belongs to a department of inquiry for which these pages are hardly appropriate. A few remarks only may be permitted here. The slightest observation of this series of terms just introduced will show that their distinction is really technical, or, as we have said, conventional. For instance, between the terms substance, subsistence, hypostasis, in the original Greek and Latin, there is literally no difference. They all signify the underlying essence of which any individual person may be a representative. Again the person, translated

back into the Latin and Greek, signifies something quite different from the intelligent self-conscious agent that the word now signifies. But the conventions ruled very early in the language of the Christian Church. The necessity of fixing some terms for the essence of the Godhead, and some for the eternal existences in the Godhead, was felt both by Greek and Latin theologians; and neither of the two languages was unequal to the emergency. Both rose simultaneously to the demand: the Greek wavered between *hypostasis* and *prosopon*, with a preference for the former, as giving more emphatically than the other the idea that would most effectually confront Sabellianism. By *hypostasis* the Greeks gradually came to understand precisely what we mean by person, supposing the idea of separation from others excluded from it. At first, and even at the time of the Nicene Council, it had not shaken itself clear of *ousia* or substance; but, in due time, it was a fixed convention, never more to be challenged. It is well known that Basil first formulated the distinction: "Ousia and hypostasis differ as the common differs from the individual; as animal differs from the individual man." Meanwhile, the Latin *persona* had always kept its own meaning. Like the Greek word *prosopon*, or face, it originally meant a mask, or character. "As applied," Dean Stanley says, "to the Deity it meant the outward manifestation as distinct from the inward essence of the Supreme Being. By slow degrees the word was transformed into the modern, but now almost universal, meaning of a separate individual." This, however, is not true as to the noble old Latin word *persona*. It was used very early to distinguish precisely the difference between the Father and the Son; and that by Tertullian, who was most anxious not to make the Son merely an outward manifestation of the Supreme Being, as the slightest glance at his controversial writings shows. That great coiner of theological terms rendered good service in making the word current. Augustine, whose treatises on the Trinity furnished almost all the elements of the peculiar language of the Athanasian Creed, uses the word in precisely the same sense that we use it.

The term person, when combined with the two other terms now commonly used in English theology, keeps just enough of its original meaning to enrich and complete our notions. Every one of the Sacred Three is a subsistence in the common Divine Being or Essence or Substance. Each is a hypostasis, having His own individuality, and to be honoured

by Himself; but each also is a Person on whom the eye of faith—there is no other eye in this region—beholds a manifestation of the Eternal God. And happy are we in our theology that each of these terms has become so familiar; and that all are combined in their several proprieties in "even our common diction." This can scarcely be said of any other language with the same confidence.

The word Person has another remarkable prerogative in theology, as represented by the Athanasian Creed. It mediates better than any other term could between substance and attributes. The Person in the Trinity is not identical with the essence or substance; for there are not three independent substances. Yet it is not to be regarded as synonymous with attributes, for the three Persons are "each by Himself" possessed of all that is called God. Each Person is a subsistence sustaining all the perfections of the Godhead; while each is but the same God in an unbroken unity. Now this is a region in which all analogy fails. We are shut up to the use of such terms as shall avoid two opposite extremes, neither of which is consistent with the plain Word of God. The Deity is one; the distinction is therefore not that of substances but of persons. The Father and the Son and the Spirit mutually bless and act and speak in man's salvation; the distinction must therefore be one of personal intelligences. The mystery is unfathomable. No definition can explain it. Every definition and every word must only, like the sword of the Cherubim, keep the way against the access of error; the insufferable brightness of the mystery within by its very glory baffles man's reason. It is the joy and the safety of the believing Christian to use this word, as it has long been sanctioned and as it were sanctified to express the negation of every error that Christian faith must shun.

Here we cannot resist the temptation of borrowing a remarkable extract from an old Catechism of Alcuin; though we must quarrel—however ungrateful it may seem—with the manner in which Mr. Brewer's irrepressible bantering introduces it. It is the pattern of what a good catechism should be.

"*Q.* In what way is it that God is truly Unity and truly Trinity? *R.* He is Unity in substance and Trinity in the Persons.

"*Q.* What is peculiar to each Person in the Holy Trinity? *R.* It is peculiar to the Person of the Father that He alone is the Father, and is of none other but Himself. It is peculiar to the Son that He is the begotten of the Father, God of God (*solus a solo*), coeternal and consubstantial with the Father. It is peculiar to the Holy Spirit

that He is not unbegotten [like the Father] nor begotten like the Son, but proceeds equally from the Father and the Son.

"*Q.* Ought the Father by Himself (*solus*), or the Son by Himself (*solus*), or the Holy Ghost *per se*, to be called full and perfect God? *R.* Yes; the Father is of Himself perfect God; similarly the Son is perfect God; and the Holy Ghost is perfect God.

"*Q.* If every Person by Himself can be said to be perfect God, why do we not call the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, three Gods? *R.* Because the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit are one substance, and not three substances. Accordingly, the unity of the substance forbids us to say we believe that there are three Gods.

"*Q.* Are the works of the Holy Trinity (*i.e.*, as such) inseparable? *R.* Yes; for whatever the Holy Trinity works, it works inseparably; for there is one operation of the Trinity, as there is one substance, essence and will.

"*Q.* Is the Holy Trinity, in reference to the Three Persons, to be called inseparable or separable, seeing the Father is one, the Son another, the Holy Ghost another? *R.* In Person the Father is truly another than the Son, as the Son in Person is another than the Father, and the Holy Ghost is another in Person from the Father and the Son."

The introduction of this piece of catechism is needlessly provoking, but the following words are earnest and true:—

"I know not how this explanation will appear to the Dean, or whether he will still contend that it is impossible to draw from it a plain and consistent meaning, comprehensible to ordinary minds. If the Dean says it is still obscure, and difficult to be made so clear and precise as that no one shall mistake it, so, I answer, is everything that relates to so high and mysterious a subject. So is the Apostles' Creed, so is the Catechism, so is that answer in the Catechism which the Dean does not object should be put into the mouth of every Christian child: 'What dost thou chiefly learn in these articles of thy belief?' *Answer:* 'First, I learn to believe in God the Father, who hath made me and all the world. Secondly, in God the Son, who hath redeemed me and all mankind. Thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost, who sanctifieth me and all the elect people of God.' These are the several operations of the Three Persons in the Holy and undivided Trinity. Will Dean Stanley say they must be placed 'in the list of notions "unsound," "not clear," "fantastical," and "ill-defined"'?"

We are bound to believe, with Mr. Brewer, that the secret of all such opposition to the terms is opposition to the doctrine. Whosoever believes with all his heart in the glorious doctrine of the Triune Fulness of the One God, whose eternal unity is not after the manner of unity among men, but a Tri-unity which is no more contrary to reason than the notion of

an Omnipresent Spirit, or any other notion of the Divine Being, will feel no hesitation at receiving the Athanasian Creed, and will thank the Supreme Providence of Christian literature that such words were prepared to express and to defend the doctrine of the Three Subsistences for ever. We cannot help repeating that it is of the special favour of that Providence that our English theology has established in its vocabulary the trios of conventional terms that so aptly express, taken individually, and with such wonderful precision when taken together, all that the mind and heart of the believer need when speaking of the Supreme.

There is one more observation we have to make. It does not seem to have struck our critics what a remarkable part the term Person plays in the Athanasian Creed as it is common to the two doctrines of the Trinity and the Person of Christ. Let the thoughtful reader glance over this marvellous work of art with express reference to this point; and he will not fail to be struck with the remarkable fact that the Person of the Eternal Son is continued into the Person that results from the union of the Divinity and the human nature in the God-man. The meaning of the word has seemingly changed; without any warning, the Person of the Eternal Substance in the Trinity begins to subsist in the hypostatical union of the Divine and human in the Mediator. Here, again, is a sacred convention. The personality of Him who took our nature remains Divine for ever; but His union with our flesh and blood gives Him a new Person: "One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of Person." There is no other such phenomenon as this in Christian literature. The word descends and becomes incarnate; and, as serving to express the all-important fact, that the Mediator is not other than, or less than, God in consequence of His condescension to the flesh, the word Person, linking the second of the Trinity with the Incarnate Christ, should be sacred from all innovation.

We have said that our view of this Creed somewhat differs from that of its undiscriminating defenders on the one hand, and that of the destructives on the other. The following sentences of Mr. Brewer will give us an opportunity of explaining our meaning:—

"I regard the great verities set forth by this Creed as the foundation of all order in earth and heaven—of all order especially in theology. I know of no question affecting our spiritual life and our relations to God that is not in some way or another connected with it. To me it appears to have summed up clearly yet completely all that the pro-

foundest intellects have laboured to express in every age, of the most mysterious of all doctrines; to have left nothing unsaid that ought to be said upon the Trinity, and to have recalled and repeated all that had been rightly said. . . . .

"Nor let it be imagined that we can part with the Athanasian Creed, and retain in their comprehensiveness and exactness the truths that are taught by it. With the loss of the Creed, the doctrine of the Trinity will vanish, if it be not already fast disappearing from English theology at the present day, whether oral or written. Much I hear of the Fatherhood of God, much of the humanity of the Son, much of the beauty and holiness of Christian brotherhood; but of that which is the foundation of them all—the ground upon which they must all stand—by which alone, excellent as they are, they are true to us, and cease to be notional—the Eternal Trinity, the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end—scarcely a vestige is found in the thoughts of preachers or their flocks, of writers or their readers.

"Yet that Creed sweeps through all creation—it embraces all that was before creation; it anticipates all that is to come—not as a Divine speculation or prophetic vision, but it ties and connects the eternal and ever blessed Trinity in their undivided operations with the most commonplace and indifferent arts and duties of men."—*Brewer, Preface,* pp. ix., x.

This is the language of high and reverent enthusiasm; and it commands, so far as its spirit is concerned, the sympathy of every believer in the Christian revelation. Because all this is true, we profoundly reverence the Athanasian Creed, and its wonderful sentences find their response in the depths of our nature. We regard it as one of the most precious treasures in what may be called our Confessional Theology,—that rich repository of theological truth which is to be found in the Creeds, Confessions, and Catechisms of the Christian Churches. But because we so entirely accept the doctrinal statements of this formulary, we find it impossible to accept the excluding clauses, which seem altogether unsuitable to the tranquil tenor of such a confession. While the Nicene Creed was a solemn protest against an Arianising world its sentence of denunciation was excusable; but the true instinct of the Christian Church soon recovered its tone, and the Nicæno-Constantinopolitan Creed dropped the anathemas of the Nicene. But on this subject we shall not dwell. The matter is still *sub judice* in the Church of England,—where alone these severe sentences are heard. We shall not dwell on the many reasons which might be urged in favour of a qualification of the severe tone of the opening and closing sentences. One, however, must have a remark,

as it will give an opportunity to hint at the peculiar view alluded to at the outset.

The declaration that salvation depends upon the holding inviolate the Creed should surely be reserved for such a Confession as includes the whole truth most explicitly stated on which the salvation of every man depends. Now the Athanasian Creed does not contain, does not profess to contain, an explicit and formal statement of the terms and method of salvation. It is limited to an exhibition of the absolute and immanent Trinity, and of the Person of the Incarnate Mediator. Having dilated upon these, in a manner, it is true, bordering on inspiration, it hurries through the simple facts of the redeeming work and the historical Articles of the Christian Faith. Why should a tremendous sanction be attached to it which is not appended to the Apostles' Creed, and which was shaken from the Nicene?

The absolute Trinity—or, to use the terms sometimes employed by scientific theology, the immanent and ontological Trinity—exhausts this confession of faith, so far as it is a confession of faith in God. The redemptional and œconomical Trinity, which lies at the basis of all life, and salvation, and hope, is not touched upon. While reading Mr. Brewer's flowing words, we could not help thinking how much more true they would have been if the great Creed had contained a few more clauses in the same strain to set forth the relations of the Holy Three to the work of redemption. How a few well-arranged antitheses would lighten and vivify what is even now perfect, so far as it goes, and yet incomplete in its perfection! No one will deny that the faith of a Christian man is claimed more expressly for the redeeming relations of the Trinity than for definitions of the relations of the Eternal Three *ad intra*. The same may be said of its most gracious exhibition of the Person of Christ; of that wonderful Person who, in the keynote of this Creed, is neither God nor man, but One Person, God-man. We care for no imputation of irreverence in our criticism, being armed with the consciousness that we honour the Creed in our private studies as much as those who use it in their public services; and that, in fact, none can respect its theology, so far as it goes, more than we do. But the link between the One Person and the Atonement is not set forth; the specific object of human faith is not exhibited. Definition gives place to historical fact as in the former creeds; and the Athanasian, like its predecessors, fails to be a full confession of the Christian faith as it is connected with the personal conditions of salvation. Our ideal

of perfection would be the suppression of the sanctional clauses—leaving them to the volume of inspiration—and a few additional sentences connecting the Trinity and the Person of the Mediator with the world's redemption and man's faith in such a manner as should more fully verify Mr. Brewer's words as quoted above. Without them it is hard to vindicate the threatening of the Creed; with them it would be equally hard. There is no argument that can defend this hedge "about the law," this fearful sanction of so tranquil and intellectual a Confession of faith.

But we shall not close by recommending any excision or any interpolation. The latter is not possible. As to the supplementary clauses, let any one make the experiment: the only result will be the discovery of the unapproachable perfection of a document that defies imitation. As to the excision, the document seems to us to have by the prescription of ages acquired personal rights, and among them immunity from the hand of change. But that question it is either too late or too soon to discuss.

ART. VII.—1. *Etude sur l'Art de Parler en Public.* Par M. L'Abbé BAUTAIN. Deuxième Edition. Paris: Hachette & Cie.

2. *Observations Pratiques sur la Prédication.* Par ATHANASE COQUEREL. Paris: Cherbuliez. 1860.

WE have many works in our own language on the theory and practice of preaching. But the two little volumes which we now introduce have a special value in relation to the subject of extemporising in the pulpit. The title of the Abbé Bautain's volume literally translated into English would mislead the reader as to its object. It is not a treatise on eloquence, whether of the Senate, or of the Bar, or of the Pulpit. The world, the author thinks, and we agree with him, has had enough of them from Aristotle and Quintilian downwards. It is a treatise on the art of public extempore speaking, or improvisation, as opposed to public reading from a manuscript, or recitation of what has been committed to memory. There is something novel in the idea of such a work as coming from an eloquent French priest; especially as his object is evidently to instruct the young aspirants of his own order in the art of pulpit utterance, and, if possible, to wean them from a kind of preparation which he condemns. The sacred orators of France—as Bossuet, Bourdaloue, Massillon, and many others only less illustrious than they, bear witness—has been of the most rigidly memoriter and recitative kind. The fact that our author has shone forty years in effective pulpit improvisation, and now undertakes to plead for his own style, and gives hints for its cultivation, is sufficient to draw attention to his book. It has been current for some few years, but has, in the last edition, all the charm of freshness. It is a thoroughly readable work—clear, lively, piquant, abounding with apt illustrations, and, above all, enthusiastic as coming from the writer's heart, and meant to reach the hearts of his readers. We shall give some of its salient points, and a few extracts which will have no small interest or many of our readers.

First, it must be ascertained what the Abbé Bautain means by an extempore discourse. His term is "improvisation," a word which has almost the same signification as extempore

composition, but with a certain touch in it of the old professional versifier or dramatist. An improvised or extemporised discourse is one that has not been committed to memory, not even necessarily been written, and the phrases of which have not been arranged beforehand. It is the form which thought is made to assume on the spur of the moment: the form only, for the thought is supposed to be already present, either in an orderly or, what is called rather unphilosophically a latent state. Now it is evident that, according as the thought is pre-arranged or only latent, there are two kinds of improvisation. In the latter case, it is the explosion of passion or genius; neither the thought itself nor the form it is to take has been studied beforehand; and there can be no laws for the regulation of such utterances. The man of genius sometimes rises despotically above preparation, and therefore above the rules of preparation; and such rules could be of no use to the uneducated intellect that is raised for the occasion to an unwonted and irregular passion of eloquence, not amenable to laws. In the other case, the improvisation may be prepared for, just as the recited oration is prepared for. It is of the preparation of this improvised public speaking that the author speaks; and a more important subject, so far as concerns the proclamation and teaching of Divine truth, cannot be discussed.

M. Bautain does not enter into an elaborate comparison of the relative advantages of the two methods—that of recitation and that of extemporised utterance. Discoursing on public utterances generally, he can, of course, affirm the absolute necessity of being able to speak impromptu when a sudden demand arises either at the Bar, or in the Deliberative Assembly, or before a Christian audience. But, apart from the provision which every public man is bound to make for such occasional calls, our author is disposed to plead for extemporaneous speaking, or speaking more or less extemporaneous, at all times, as securing for the utterance more life and vigour and power. He thinks there is a double advantage; first, in the increased vigour given to the conceptions from the very effort of mind to clothe them in their necessary forms, and, secondly, in the vivid sympathy of the audience with the orator's effort. This latter advantage seems a very questionable one; the former is undoubtedly real, and to it may be ascribed the supreme finish of some of the grandest achievements of human eloquence. But M. Bautain is a Frenchman, and, remembering that most of those to whom he would point as the very noblest examples of modern eloquence were

in the habit of delivering, with unswerving precision, discourses written beforehand, he must needs speak hesitatingly on this subject. He shrinks from comparing these two methods of public discourse, or balancing their respective advantages and inconveniences. Both methods may have the best results; every man ought to aim at discovering that which suits him best, and to adopt those plans which his nature, his gifts, and his position recommend to him, or by which he may do most good, and most efficiently instruct and win. What may suit one may not suit another. "God distributes His gifts as it pleases Him, and every tree bears its own appropriate fruits. The most important thing is to discern our own gift, that we may turn it to best advantage, and faithfully respond to our vocation from above. *Fiunt oratores, nascuntur poetæ*, was a dictum of Quintilian, signifying that poetic genius is a gift of heaven, and that the talent of oratory may be acquired. This is only half true; for, if teaching and labour contribute to form the orator, neither the one nor the other will give him the germ or the power of eloquence. They may excite and nourish this sacred fire; light it they never can."

This seems discouraging, since those who have the gift of eloquence are few. But much depends upon definition of terms. All the oratory that the service of Christianity demands—and it is with that we have to do—may be acquired and therefore may be taught. The highest order of genius is not necessary for the impartation of Christian truth and the zealous and effectual enforcement of Christian precepts: that higher oratory is only a species of a wider genius of which all Christian teachers are by their very vocation partakers. In other words, it is not with that our subject is concerned. The most glorious gifts of eloquence may be disciplined by human art, and sanctified to Himself by the Divine Spirit; but they are, after all, accidents, brilliant and rare accidents, of the Christian orator, whose business is to educate and use such faculties of public utterance as are denied to none, certainly to none who are called to the Christian ministry. We believe that the great teacher of antiquity was absolutely right; and that the orator to all intents and purposes is made by discipline and practice. Whilst the majestic master of eloquence must be made perfect by art, there is no one who can speak consecutive sentenc s to his fellows who may not by rules be formed to more or less effective address. Perhaps the following sentences will indicate the point of divergence between the author's

theory and ours. It must be premised that he thinks "the Divine virtue of words" twofold; and that some are called to the eloquence of the pen, others to the eloquence of the tongue. We think that a profitable talent for both is given to everyone; that the cultivation of the two gifts may be united or be separated, and that in the exercise of the Christian ministry both are more or less necessary, the latter pre-eminently so.

"But among those who have received this Divine virtue of words, some can exercise it only through the pen, and it sometimes happens that those who are most eloquent in writing are incapable of presenting in public what they have been able to prepare; they are troubled and embarrassed before every auditory, even the least imposing. J. J. Rousseau never could speak before an audience; and the Abbé de Lamennais, whose style is so vigorous, never ventured to go into the pulpit, and could not deliver public instruction even to a company of little children. Others, on the contrary, have the faculty of expressing with facility in public their sentiments and their thoughts. The presence of a congregation stimulates them, and strengthens the spring of their minds and the vivacity of their diction. It is to them that we address ourselves now; for it is thus that we have spoken all our own life, and we have never been able, in fact, to do otherwise. Many times, indeed, have we endeavoured to do otherwise, by preparing an exordium, a tirade, a peroration, in the hope of speaking better and of making more impression. Never have we succeeded in reciting well what we had prepared, and in delivering it as it was elaborated. Our effective *morceaux* have always given way, and thrown us either into embarrassment or into obscurity. We were so constituted, it would seem, and must needs follow our nature."

After this, it will be obvious that our author must limit his function to the suggestion of certain principles for the guidance of those fortunate persons who are endowed with an aptitude for public speaking. We shall take the liberty of enlarging the range of his constituency, and make it include all who are called to instruct the public, whether or not they have specific natural aptitude that way. The notion of a special talent for speaking before an audience may be, to some extent, based upon a truth; but it is very often perverted, to the great injury of the Church and the public. Many who have never given themselves the slightest trouble to discover, much less to improve, any faculty that might be undeveloped within them, yield to a constitutional timidity, or less pardonable indolence, and cut themselves off from a thousand opportunities of influencing their fellow-creatures for good. That is a great evil. In these days, when the

instinct of public assembling is so strong, and people will be taught by the living voice on every imaginable subject, it becomes everyone who has talent and influence to hold himself in readiness for any and every service. As things are, the ability to speak with acceptance in public has become almost a necessary accomplishment of the Christian man. And it were well if intelligent men would count it part of their duty to stir up and cultivate what they have of this common gift without embarrassing themselves by the question as to their special endowments for swaying large audiences. Our author, however, cannot be expected to sympathise with our peculiar views—he seems to have no place for the lay speaker among the ministries of the Christian community.

The same delusion has a still more disastrous effect upon many who are set apart for the public service of the Church. They have persuaded themselves, after many failures, and under the impression of their general feebleness in oratorical effect, that the Head of the Church has not given them the "divine virtue of words," and that, therefore, they have nothing to do but to deliver as best they may their laborious message, and, leaving to others the honour and the fruits of eloquence, find their compensation in the more private functions of the ministry. If their position allows them to take refuge in the manuscript, they read their discourses. Should their lot be cast among a people intolerant of that practice, they either submit to the intolerable drudgery of committing all their utterances to memory, or reconcile themselves to an ineffective style of delivery, which may or may not more or less improve as time rolls on. They are the victims of a rooted conviction that God has not given them a special talent for public speaking. But that conviction was produced, in the great majority of such cases, by a series of comparative failures in early life before any instruction had been received; and nothing has been done since systematically and by scientific discipline to remedy the defect.

Much as we esteem M. Bautain's general principles, we think ourselves sounder advisers on this preliminary point than he is. We should be disposed to say to the young probationer for a career of public instruction that he should at once and for ever throw away the idea that he has no gift for efficient utterance. He need not go to the opposite extreme. He may without danger renounce the thought that he was born to distinguished eminence in this sphere; but he should by all means cherish the conviction that he

has it in his power to reach creditable efficiency and good success. He should believe, in spite of any appearance to the contrary, that nothing in the world need hinder his getting rid of every impediment, correcting every bad habit, overcoming every obstacle, and making himself to all intents and purposes "apt to teach." For him, and with regard to the Christian ministries, Quintilian's terse saying is true, *Orator fit.* He has the formation of his manner and style, and even of his efficiency, in his own hands. In his own hands, that is, under certain obvious conditions. First, he must be in his vigorous youth, or at least not so old as to have contracted inveterate habits; though this condition is a flexible one, as a strong determination will unwind the coil of habits wound around the speaker by half a life. He must be in circumstances which allow him the benefit of some kind of discipline and training, for there is no art that more absolutely demands study and the persevering observance of certain rules. This condition is not a formidable one. Most young probationers for the ministry have a certain term of probation, part of the curriculum of which is their preparation for public exercises; and those who have not that advantage can command good books, and the advice of living instructors also, if they will take the pains to seek it. And, lastly, he must have a firm and enthusiastic determination to make himself as perfect a medium of the Spirit of God speaking to the souls of men as his nature is capable of being.

Now, this last condition touches the secret of the want of success in many of our public speakers. Our young men are not sufficiently impressed with the immense importance to their future success and usefulness of a thorough cultivation of their faculty of public speaking: that is, of the art of clothing in impromptu words, graceful and vigorous, the thoughts which they have prepared beforehand. Some of them set out in life with the notion that the Holy Ghost will always use and honour their earnest zeal; and that the only or the chief thing they need care about is to keep their minds intensely earnest in aspiration for usefulness. Others entertain the idea that the essential is to prepare carefully the substance of their discourses, and that the main thing they have to guard against is the hesitating utterance of one who is not sure of his subject. Still more there are who act on the latent conviction that practice will, in the natural order of things, bring their manner of speaking to its decent acceptableness; and that all they have to consider is how to avoid glaring faults and supply glaring defects.

There are not many who are from the beginning alive to the great importance of studying how to use that magnificent organ, the human voice, to perfection; and how to mould to its highest capability and effect that wonderful instrument, human discourse. The theory of preparation for the Christian ministry is very far from what it ought to be in relation to this matter; and the practice is generally worse than the theory.

Altogether, apart from pulpit instruction, which is, of course, the highest function of the Christian teacher, there is a constant demand upon the minister for the talent of extemporary speaking. Were he required to utter only his sermons before a congregation, he might take refuge in the practice of recitation, and depend through life upon his memory. But he must of necessity—and in the present day more than ever—be always ready to stand before audiences who are to be pleased, or edified, or stimulated to good works, by what he says, and by the manner in which he says it. They throw away an instrument of wonderful power who, as Christian ministers, neglect to acquire the art of graceful and effective impromptu address. And they incur a grave responsibility. We are not now speaking of the innumerable occasions on which the representative of the community has to speak literally *impromptu* for a few moments. No account need here be taken of these. They are merely the conversation of society in a rather louder key, and belong only to the amenities of the pastoral office. We speak of those constantly recurring occasions when the minister is required to give a profitable direction to the thoughts of miscellaneous congregations, gathered together on all kinds of occasions. Generally speaking, he is expected to be present, and to address the audience. And his wisdom is so to cultivate the faculty of improvisation that it may be in his power, having carefully considered what topic he has to speak upon, to discourse simply, gracefully, and effectually upon it. It is impossible to over-estimate the amount or importance of this kind of influence in the course of the labours of a modern pastor. He never stands up on such occasions as these without doing either good or harm. He makes either a good or an evil impression upon those whom it is his highest interest to conciliate, and whom he ought to seek in every possible way to convince of the value of all his words, and to interest in his manner of uttering them.

To return for a moment to M. Bautain's remark as to the gift of eloquence being in some cases confined to writing.

It is true that God sometimes gives a vocation to use the pen rather than the lips in His service; and there are many volumes of "unspoken sermons" that are contributed for the instruction of the flock by those who are not called to oral ministrations. These instances are not rare. It is equally true, however, that in a great number of cases the two functions are in these days combined. A large proportion, and an always increasing proportion, of our modern preachers are our teachers also through the Press. The fact that the number of those who thus exercise a double mission grows constantly larger is not one that we view with much dissatisfaction or suspicion. It doubtless brings with it some serious dangers. It tends to pour upon society a flood of commonplace and empty religious literature, which, on its way to oblivion, often leaves an injurious sediment. The "survival of the fittest" is here a consoling principle; but it is a principle which notoriously takes time for its operation. And the desire to write good books often distracts the preacher from those arduous endeavours to reach perfection, his perfection, in the other branch of service: in the effort to reach an unattainable skill or success in literature, he sacrifices whatever chance there was of becoming efficient in a more appropriate sphere. But, with all deductions, the immense amount of written eloquence that our age gives us, must be thankfully acknowledged. Some of the most distinguished preachers of the day appear again through the press almost before they have left the pulpit. In their case the double vocation is an advantage to themselves and an advantage to the world. And, generally, the preachers whose minds during preparation are, consciously or unconsciously to themselves, dwelling on the thought of meeting the eye as well as the ear of the public, will be much more likely to write clearly what they clearly understand. But M. Bautain would say that their practice is fatal to the highest excellence in improvisation. That may be so; but absolute perfection enters much less into our scheme than into his.

The study of improvisation ought not, however, to be carried on in such a manner as to wean the preacher from the habit of carefully writing his sermons. Here we decidedly differ from our author. He thinks that the freedom of thought and utterance which is the charm and the strength of extempore preaching is in great danger of being lost if the entire sermon or prominent sentences or paragraphs are previously written. But there is no ground for fearing such a danger, if it be thoroughly understood that the discourse is not to be delivered

precisely as written. Our ideal of preparation is this. The sermon should be thoroughly sketched from end to end first. Then it should be roughly written, and delivered or talked over to the hedges and under the trees. Then it should be written thoroughly, with the congregation that is to hear it constantly in view: the preacher should try to keep up a double consciousness, that of the writer who is penning the manuscript, and that of the preacher who is in the pulpit with an audience, whose character and wants he tolerably well knows, before him. This done, instead of the patient, laborious, and somewhat undignified committal to memory, let him betake himself to the open air with his manuscript, and practice the art of decomposing and recomposing his sentences. There lies the secret of thorough discipline in extemporary discourse. Let him recast his introduction, changing again and again the sentences, but retaining the thoughts, or rather the thought, for an introduction is not supposed to have more than one. Let him make an impromptu *précis* of the whole sermon, as if giving an account of it to a friend. Let him carry the same process from paragraph to paragraph, spending a double portion of his care on the peroration. Let him note in his wide margin any improvised improvement. Such a discipline as this, occupying an hour or two in the case of every sermon, would infallibly result in such a practised ability as would soon render the recitation a needless thing.

An argument often used in favour of recitation and against extempore speaking—the strongest argument, in fact, that can be used—is the guarantee which every congregation should have against the infliction upon them of crude and undigested thought, and language ungraceful and ill chosen. This is an argument, not against improvisation, but against bad improvisation. It is certain that no man can speak well upon a subject that he does not thoroughly understand. Cicero tells us, though the dictum is one that needs no authority to establish it, that there can be no true virtue of speech where he who speaks does not clearly understand what he is speaking of: "*Dicendi virtus, nisi ei qui dicit ea de quibus dicit percepta sint, exstare non potest*" (*De Orat.* i. 11), and Cicero goes on to show that Socrates was wrong in his manner [of putting it, that "we have always eloquence enough to express the things that we know;" it is more true to say that "we are never eloquent in talking about things that we know not." Perfect extemporisation is the art of clothing in acceptable words the thoughts which have been studied in their order and connec-

tion: not only is the subject generally supposed to be understood, but the articulation of the whole discourse to be completely framed in the thoughts and present to the mind. Improvisation or extempore preaching is not what the words, etymologically considered, might indicate. It is not the utterance, on the spur of the moment, of the thoughts which then and there arise from reflection on a certain text. The words improvise and extempore are, perhaps, ill-chosen, but they are the words which are now habitually used; and nothing more is necessary than that we should carefully bear in mind what, in relation to the pulpit, they really signify. It should always be remembered that improvisation means this: that the preacher knows perfectly well what he is going to say, but does not know how he will say it.

There can be no doubt that one of the ordinary and obvious faults into which extempore preaching is liable to fall, and does actually fall among ourselves as religious communities, is that of insufficient preparation. And this may happen in cases where carelessness cannot be imputed to the preacher. It is exceedingly difficult in fact to know when the preparation is complete. On the theory of full written preparation, or memoriter preaching, the preacher knows when he is perfectly ready. He recites his discourse to himself, or to an imaginary audience; and, being on good terms with his memory, awaits his hour with confidence. But with the improviser it is very different. The order of his discourse may be exact in his mind; he may think himself full of his subject; but may all the time be mistaken, and find out, when too late, that some weak points throw him off his track and mar the general effect. In very many cases, especially among those who preach on Sunday after a fully occupied week of labour or commerce, the results of extempore preaching are lamentable in the extreme. It would be wrong to condemn too severely the rough impromptu outpourings of zealous men who sometimes supply the deficiency of those who despise them. The country has been much indebted to those rough outpourings. Passing them by, we would reserve our censure, or rather lamentation, for those young ministers whose theory of extempore preaching has led them into the habit of trifling with the meaning of God's Word and with the intelligence of their hearers. How many of them are there who, Sunday after Sunday, stand before Christian congregations with nothing prepared beyond a text and what they call a skeleton, and trust to a facility of superficial declamation which unfortunately never fails them. If anything could

induce us to approve of the recitation or reading of a sermon it would be this particular abuse of the extemporising practice.

Here we may introduce our second authority. M. Coquerel has some forcible remarks on this subject, which come with peculiar weight from him as he was a convert to extemporaneous from memoriter preaching. He thinks good improvisation extremely difficult, and that it is one of the strangest delusions that it should be thought to be otherwise. Contrary to his earlier prepossessions, he at length came to the conclusion that every preacher should aim finally at improvisation. He is not the only one who has quietly come round to the conviction that extempore preaching is the highest style of preaching; and that the art should be acquired by all in case it may be necessary to use it. He mentions the example of Fénelon, who, in his *Dialogues on Eloquence*, went far in advance of his own time in giving the preference to good improvisation when the practice was extremely rare. He mentions also the Jesuit Claude de Lingendes, one of the most celebrated preachers of the seventeenth century. To addict himself to the true style, and to make it necessary to improvise, he composed in Latin the sermons which were to be delivered in French: after his death, many of them were found written in the former tongue. Louis Wolzogen was another famous instance of a man who, after having written and recited his sermons down to advanced age, astounded his hearers by beginning to preach *de méditation*, having stealthily cultivated the gift until the hour should come to display it. Ostervald was an instance of the wise cultivation of a gift which, however, he never used unless absolutely driven to it. In fact, it is said that he never had occasion to use it but once, when he was obliged to leave his seat in the congregation and take the place of a preacher who failed to appear. He held it to be a sacred duty to write every sermon, and preached with vigour down to his eighty-third year. Doubtless his extemporising abilities aided him greatly in the easy delivery of his written sermons.

M. Coquerel's conversion is pleasantly described by him in his work. He shelters himself behind another maxim of Quintilian, which is one well worth engraving on our memory: "*Maximus studiorum fructus est, et velut præmium quoddam amplissimum longi laboris, ex tempore dicendi facultas:*" "The noblest fruit of the orator's studies, and the most ample recompense of his long labour, is the faculty of speaking extempore." And then he gives an account of the

process through which he passed. But before referring to it we must quote his satire on the careless improvisation which we should be as earnest as he is in condemning:—

"The first condition, the inexorable condition, of improvisation, is a sufficient provision of ideas, and, when we speak of the pulpit, of religious ideas; without which, though a man might have all the finest interior elements of an orator, such as voice, gesture, attitude, countenance, expression, imperturbable boldness, he only improvises words, one of the most cruel punishments that the human language imposes on intelligence. Lack of ideas makes him return again and again to the one exhausted idea; he gets accustomed, unconsciously, to this sterile abundance of repetitions; he drains the dictionary of synonyms, and his discourse produces the effect of a clock which gives out always the same sound: it is, in very deed, the *glas funèbre* of eloquence. . . . I have heard, in London, improvisations of just such force as the following:—'My brethren, every man is a sinner; the sin is within us; who does not feel sin in himself? It is an illusion to think ourselves without sin; no one escapes being a sinner; we always find sin in ourselves when we look for it, and it is sinning to think ourselves without sin. No, the race of Adam is a sinful race.' Now, we may defy anyone to give a sufficient reason why such improvisation as this should ever come to an end. Change the terms, and in the words transgression, iniquity, faults, deficiencies, disobedience, perversity, rebellion, corruption, misery, and many others, nothing is, after all, gained. If I have chosen an example that seems ludicrous, it is still the fact that a great number of preachers imagine they vary their ideas in varying their terms. The auditor hopes for a new thought; he gets a repetition. I therefore return to the assertion, which seems to me not too strong, to take up a resolution to improvise before the provision of ideas is made, is to ruin by anticipation the whole future of one's career."

We should not translate these sentences if we did not believe that there is some truth in the charge against the common practice of improvisation. At the same time it is hard to tell why London should be chosen by our satirist as the scene of his illustration; since, by his own showing, the fault he condemns is extremely common among the less educated probationers of the Protestant ministry in France. We can somewhat better understand why the preaching of Original Sin should be selected, or, rather, why this instance tarried so long in M. Coquerel's mind: it is not a doctrine that he loves. Had his theology been attuned to it, perhaps the words of the London preacher, after all, would not have been so great an outrage to his taste. But to return. M. Coquerel describes how he came round to more indulgent

views of improvisation. His testimony is so remarkable, and the words in which he gives it so striking—at least in the original—that we must quote them. At the outset he avows that he only protests against the inexperience which imagines that the habit of good improvisation is to be attained without exercise and labour, and special study; against the temerity which dreams of attaining, at a leap, what it takes much discipline to acquire. He would have no man, no young man, think of practising it at the outset of his ministry. But, on the other hand, just as it seems to him imprudent, and, in many cases, absolutely wrong, to renounce, as soon as weariness comes, the habit of writing and committing to memory, so it seems to him that the time does come when it is expedient to make the attempt at pure improvisation. It happened thus to him:—

"So terrifying was the idea I had conceived of the difficulties of true improvisation, that, by dint of brooding over them, I had succeeded in persuading myself that I should never be able to extemporise a sermon. This conviction was so sincere that, during the twelve years of my ministry in the church of Amsterdam. I never on one occasion improvised. Called to occupy the pulpit every other Sunday at least before one of the most difficult audiences of Protestant Europe, composed almost exclusively, in a capital of 300,000 souls, of the elevated class which alone understands and speaks our language, the trial was severe. I wrote and committed to memory about 250 sermons. In the churches of the Refuge, repetition of old sermons is not tolerated; and I quitted Holland, always persuaded that the improvisation of a sermon was an experience which I durst not even essay. Under the same impression I have long sustained the burden of the ministry in Paris, reciting sermons committed strictly to memory."

M. Coquerel is teaching others by his own example; he takes no pleasure in speaking of himself save as he may serve others. So, before describing his emancipation, he suggests the method by which he prepared for it. First, he counts his long apprenticeship to writing and committing to memory to have been an absolutely necessary preparation. It gave him facility of style; he learnt to write quickly without writing ill; his words arranged themselves, under a pen rapid but practised, in the order that syntax required, that taste approved, that eloquence demanded, and that was best adapted to the impressiveness of delivery. Then he found that improvisation, when he dared to undertake it, was only, so to speak, a higher degree of rapidity. Having been severe towards his own style, having interdicted to himself all negli-

gence, all dilutions, all repetitions, he was ready for the habit of impromptu ready writing. As Quintilian says again, "*Citò scribendo non fit, ut bene scribatur; bene scribendo, fit ut citò:*" "We attain not to write well in writing quickly; but we attain to writing quickly by writing well."

This is a striking way of exhibiting the true strength of improvisation: that is, the habit of swift writing without the pen in hand. But we take exception to this theory on many accounts. First, it does not seem right to regard fast writing as in any sense a good habit: instead of encouraging the habit of writing good composition swiftly, we should deprecate it. Correct composition may flow rapidly from a practised pen, but very seldom is this attainment reached without the sacrifice of something else of great importance. The first thoughts are chosen, the first order of these thoughts, and the first ready-made investiture in which to clothe them. Better by far is the rough writing that shuns inspection, and hides itself till another edition shall make it less imperfect, and a third bring it nearer to perfection. How many thousands of vapid and pointless sermons are read or recited on Sunday mornings in broad England as the result of the Saturday's desperate facility of correct composition. The most consummate artist cannot produce a work of art worth hearing or looking at as the first fruits of his ready thought and pen. Hence, to return to the point touched upon a little earlier, the two departments of written composition intended for the press, and public improvisation, should be kept distinct. The style that suits the pulpit is not the style that suits the press. The *reader* may suspend his thought, and retrace the sentence, and linger upon the meaning before he goes on; and the book he is reading ought to require this at his hands. It is a popular notion that composition, on whatever subject, should have all its meaning on the surface, as if it were the perfection of writing that he may run who reads it. Doubtless, very many writers toil hard, and with perfect success, to attain that standard. But we never wished to read a book the second time that could be perfectly understood the first. In improvisation it is otherwise. The *hearer* cannot retrace the sentence; cannot make the speaker suspend his utterance while he meditates, and bid him go on at his will. The preacher's style of improvisation should not be formed on the model of his writing, unless he writes with special reference to the pulpit, and then, of course, he is in danger of reciting what he has written. If he utters in the pulpit what he has prepared for the press, it should be with a

certain change, or as one who quotes his other self. Perfect improvisation must have a style of its own, acquired, no doubt, by exercise in writing, but not formed on that model.

M. Coquerel thinks that slowly and surely—only by very slow degrees—the other conditions of good improvisation are attainable as habits. First, the rich fund of ideas becomes only after long study the property of the preacher. But we cannot understand how this is a necessity of the improviser more than of the memoriter preacher: the theory of improvising supposes that a sufficient stock of thoughts is provided for the occasion. If extempore preaching were the abundant outpouring of impromptu eloquence on a topic only studied in the general, his canon would be a sound one. No young preacher should dare to extemporise until his theology had become very ripe and full. The same may be said of the second condition, a profound and comprehensive study of Scripture. The value of a preacher will always be proportioned to the measure of his habit of exploring the Bible. But this is a gift for which improvising need not wait; indeed the preacher himself need not wait for it; it may be his at once, if he gives himself up with all his heart to become a good steward of the manifold treasures of the Word of God. His third condition is to be disposed of with equal ease; it is that of having broken oneself in to a sure and prompt use of language. That need not be waited for. Words enough, and sound words also, are readily at the disposal of most young preachers; time will make the words more chaste, take from them some of their tinsel, borrow them from a more select vocabulary, and in many ways add to their simplicity and strength; but, as a rule, young preachers soon acquire words enough for all the purposes of good improvisation. The fault is rather that of redundance than of defect.

Thus, all the requisites which are regarded by this theory as the fruit of long study may be shown to be available at the outset. Extempore preaching is not the goal of long aspiration, the termination of many struggles, and the final reward of a life of labour. Quintilian's maxim holds good of perfect speech in the senate, or in council, or at the bar, where in the nature of the case there can be but slight preparation for what is often the very crisis of eloquent effort. It holds good also of supreme excellence in extempore preaching. But it does not apply to the ordinary ability to preach well which every minister may cultivate from the very beginning. On this point we have already expressed our opinion. The time comes when the preacher reaps the full reward of his efforts

in the ability to deliver a discourse, from an outline deeply meditated on, with all the accuracy that the press would require. But he may start with a very fair approximation towards this result, if he uses the right plans. Instead of adopting the method of M. Coquerel, and taking the sudden leap from memoriter preaching to improvisation, we should recommend the gradual emancipation, always remembering, however, that the perfection to be aimed at is entire independence. Until then, the very sentences containing the outline may be committed to memory, as well as the introduction and the peroration, and some of the more critical parts of the discourse. On some occasions it may be expedient to make very large written preparation; and to leave for impromptu effort little more than the occasional exhortations which the particular audience rather than the structure of the sermon may render necessary. This is the ordinary method of English preachers, and on the whole it is very efficient in their hands, notwithstanding its obvious dangers.

The theory of our French preceptors is a very rigorous one. The preparation for improvisation must be so perfect, that the speaker shall, when his hour comes, need no props, aids, or supports whatever. The form must be given to the deliverance then and there out of the stores of a ready and disciplined mind. The memory must be responsible only for the order of the thought. But for that order the memory, pure and simple, is to be responsible. No adventitious succours, no notes and catchwords that may lighten its burden are permitted: for, either they are visible to the audience, and abate their feeling of complete dependence on the speaker, or they distract the speaker's own attention, and prevent the concentration of all his faculties on the business with which he is concerned. Very many will go with them thus far. But there are not many who will be disposed to accept their instruction when they inculcate, as they seem to do, an absolute independence of every kind of interior and invisible assistance to the memory. Few public speakers can understand that complete independence, that absolute forgetfulness of all the material processes of preparation. Most preachers would think it very hard to be obliged to detach their minds from the invisible manuscript, and to conduct the workings of their faculties in the sphere of this pure abstraction from all artificial aids. Such, however, is the high theory of perfect improvisation: an adequate mental view of the whole discourse, a clear apprehension of the line of thought from beginning to end, an internal adjustment of all the illustrations and ornaments,

and nothing more. For the impromptu composition, no aid whatever but the simple art of extempore utterance. No imaginary manuscript, no catchwords, no hints for the law of association to work. The prepared thought must be put into language at the moment as if it was then and there begotten in the mind. Doubtless this is the perfection of extempore discourse; but it is too high for the attainment of all but a few.

"The true virtue of improvisation is this, that the orator should forget himself in the presence of what he has to say; and that his subject should bear him away, and transport him out of himself: this gives access to the Spirit from on high, who can then manifest Himself more fully and in ways beyond all limitations of conventional forms.

"Alas, however, in this also the human may enter and spoil the Divine work. There are among us distinguished orators who are subject to the weakness of aiming to strike and even to astonish their auditory by tirades of eloquence, by artificial and studied phrases, by brilliant passages which in the tirades are called *traits*. When these *traits* come spontaneously, naturally, they raise or delight the people, and then may be witnessed a certain thrill or murmur of admiration, which is called a sensation. Now, simply because these things have an effect so powerful, the orator is induced, in the interest of the success of his discourse, to prepare beforehand those ideas which astonish, those expressions which strike, those phrases which move and excite vivid response. This preparation is not made without writing; and therefore, to be more sure of effect, the part that is elaborated must be committed to memory and intercalated in the preparation; and it becomes necessary so to guide the thread of the discourse as to afford every advantage to the brilliant passages. It results from all this machinery, the end of which is to give effect to certain *tableaux*, or to unmask suddenly a splendid decoration, very much as in a theatre or a display of fireworks, that a part of the sermon—that part, namely, which is really improvised—is of necessity sacrificed to the written and recited part which it has no other office than skilfully to introduce."

These are the words of the Abbé Bautain. He began life on this theory. He never allowed himself to carry a single sentence into the pulpit with him as a passage prepared. He detached his preparations from every prop or bond of connection with his study; and made it his care to give his utterance the freshness of impromptu composition. Of course the texts, and illustrations, and similes, and all the minute material of the sermon were supposed to be ready in his mental preparation. But the rigorous rule was that no composed sentence was permitted. M. Coquerel aimed at the same perfection, as we have seen, towards the close of life. It is almost amusing to hear his frank confessions of the process

of his weaning, and the wonder with which he found himself free.

Two experiments sufficed for his emancipation. During his residence in Holland, he preached regularly every year a certain number of times in the two university towns of Leyden and Utrecht, where were churches of the Refuge. One Saturday evening he arrived at Leyden, and learned that on the same morning the Consistory had determined that a special discourse should be addressed to the flock to recommend to it the foundation of a Protestant hospital in the valleys of Piedmont. The facts were sent to him. His sermon had not the shadow of relation to the Vaudois, their maladies, or their new hospital. For the first time in his life he improvised a discourse of half-an-hour from the pulpit. His friends who knew his scruples about extemporising very soon rallied him upon the effectual arguments he had furnished for the refutation of his own theory. The second time was in Paris. He was assisting at a general assembly of some benevolent society, where a medical man expressed in his report certain views that were anti-Christian. The orator was fired, and delivered a defensive address, which was very effective, though altogether improvised. Thus encouraged, M. Coquerel began to study the art in good earnest.

"I began to think that improvisation was by no means impossible, and I set to work upon it as a serious study; according to principles which, I hope to show, are more simple than is generally thought. This avowal and exposition may be useful to a great number of my colleagues; for it is not needful to wait as long as I waited before dedicating one's energies to extempore preaching. I think I have proved by my example that no man has a right to say *I will never improvise*. I remember a convocation in Geneva, at which a discussion was held on this very subject. One of the most eminent members argued his own absolute incompetence to improvise in a speech so connected, elegant, easy, and animated, that all who were present felt that he could not better have refuted his own arguments."

M. Coquerel devotes a chapter to certain counsels for improvisation. It is hard to understand his first advice concerning the full composition internally of every part of the discourse: this is an achievement possible to a very limited number, desirable in none. So far, however as his canon is directed against carelessness in preparation, it is well worthy of consideration. There are some forcible words here:

"Looked at in relation to the pastor's duty and responsibility, or in relation to his success as a mere orator, it is an inexcusable fault and

utter rashness to ascend the pulpit without preparation, furnished only with a good sketch, with some disconnected notes, or the superficial study of a text. Examples of this would accumulate under my pen if it were not too painful to cite them. Who knows not that, by dint of abusing or forcibly acquiring by long exercise, and carrying to excess what may well be termed the *sans-gêne* of preaching, many a reputation, justly acquired in the strength and vigour of life, has sadly died out long before that vigour was exhausted!"

Much stress is laid on the careful observation of the final points, and the transitions of the discourse as aids to presence of mind. In this M. Coquerel is more tolerant than M. Bautain. However the sermon is divided, every part of it, every group of ideas, ought to have its close firmly fixed in the mind. In that case, improvisation goes on from idea to idea, makes bold with more or less of *abandon*, hurries onwards with more or less of *élan*—these are untranslatable French words—towards each successive end that the orator has in view. Having reached that point, he knows that he is at the end of this series of developments, and that then he will have a breathing space and time for change of tone. But the point that ends must also be made the transition point to the strain that follows, and by sure concatenation and suggestion lead him to it. An improvisation of any length is a maze the way through which must be traced by such threads as these. But this suggests the danger of digressions. It is always imprudent to change an ending or a transition, even if the progress of the discourse should suggest a more happy idea or image. This would be to let go the guiding thread, and to run a risk of losing the road. "The runners in the Olympic race laid themselves under obligation never to look to the right or to the left: they kept their eyes fixed without the least deviation on the judge seated at the end of the *stadium*. The Epistle to the Hebrews contains an admirable allusion to this practice of the athletes (ch. xii. 2). The improviser, running towards his goal, should imitate this prudence; and keep in view from theme to theme each successive goal to which he aspires, the finale of what he is saying, and the transition to what he will go on to say."

Some further hints we must give as M. Coquerel gave them:—

"These last words lead me to another detail, which may seem strange, but is, in reality, very simple. The improviser must acquire the habit of thinking of two things at once, of the thing he is saying and of that which he is going to say. Without this double attention, which would not be perceptible to anyone but himself, he will fall

short. He will place too marked an interval between his phrases; he will be seeking still where he ought to have found. Those hesitations which are so painful to the hearer, that slowness which is not less irksome, spring mostly from this defect. It is said, in such a case, that 'the orator drags;' and it must needs be so, since every time he touches the end of a period, he is more or less ignorant how he is to fill up the sentence that is coming. The preacher cannot too diligently exercise himself in that kind of artifice which consists in forcing the thought to go forward and carry on the attention, leaving the words of the sentence that is accomplished, even before it is actually uttered, to the first words of the sentence that is ready to begin. It is a marvellous thing that the Creator should have endowed the human thought with the rapidity necessary for these successive and swift operations of the understanding: electricity and light are slow in comparison."

Every public speaker will understand this. But not every one is aware how much this celerity of transition is matter of practice, and to what extent the mind may be trained to it in the preparation of the study. But, however studied, nothing can be more certain than that much of the success of the purely extemporaneous utterance may be said to depend upon it. M. Coquerel passes, however, from this subject to one or two other suggestions of great importance, to which we will briefly refer.

One is the necessity of never allowing emotion to transport the speaker beyond the region of submission to law. "I never speak so well," said an eminent preacher, "as when I am so much moved that I cannot speak." There is a point—the oftener reached the better—when prudential measures and regulative restraints vanish: such moments, occasional and precious, must be left to take care of themselves. Yet not altogether. "The conclusion to which these remarks point is that the improviser, even at the moments when he seems to forget himself, should never abdicate his presence of mind. He should be master of the word even when he seems no longer to be so, and to rule well himself that he may rule well his auditory. I am convinced," adds M. Coquerel, "that Massillon, when computing the small number of the elect, Bridaine in his grand exordium, Saurin praying for Louis XIV., did not allow their emotion to distract their memory, and that their eloquence was always conscious of itself." His arguments are sound, but we cannot refer to them. One is the importance of the orator's respiration, on which so much depends. "We must never engage in a contest with the larynx; it will always have the victory; the attempt to do it violence only makes the evil

worse; it must have time, and very little time is needed to take breath. Talma said, concerning his pupils imitating his prodigious declamation of the furies of Orestes: '*They know how to declaim, but they do not know how to breathe.*'"

Before closing these remarks on the preparations of extemporaneous preaching, a passage may be translated which every young preacher would do well to ponder:—

"Whatever opinion the readers of this Essay, and especially my colleagues, may form of the theory of improvisation laid down in the preceding pages, they will acknowledge at least that it is a very serious one, and leaves extempore preaching with all its responsibility, with all its full obligation of reflection, study, labour, and effort in sustained progress. I will try to imprint all by indicating two evils to which the habit sometimes leads, oratorical risks and *tours de force*. In preaching it is not permissible to leave anything to chance; no one has a right to trust to that in anything. The following conversation will explain my thoughts; it really took place. 'You preach to-day?' 'Yes.' 'Are you prepared?' 'Not perfectly as yet.' 'How is that?' 'My peroration is wanting.' 'What will you do then?' 'Something will doubtless turn up.' Now, this confidence without foundation, this hope without provision, is in a preacher more than an imprudence, more than an oratorical fault; it is not religious to treat so lightly a duty so sacred. Is it in the pulpit that we may rely on the pagan deity, Fortune? *Tours de force* deserve a yet severer censure. Who can fail to see that they ought never to be attempted in the pulpit? It is profanation, and a prostitution to the satisfaction of vanity of the faculties which the Lord has given us for the service of His cause.

"Two fellow students in a northern college, one of whom was presumptuous and volatile, the other modest and firm, formed, nevertheless, a close friendship, and became pastors of two neighbouring churches. They once exchanged defiance as to who would have most courage in improvising without any preparation: the wiser of the two had accepted the challenge in the hope of teaching his friend a good lesson. They agreed to occupy by turns one of the pulpits, and each preacher was to have his text given to him at the vestry door in a folded paper. The one who allowed himself in this reprehensible hardihood with an intention that justified it in some measure did as well as he could on a text held indifferent. Eight days afterwards, the second, on opening his folded paper in the pulpit, read these words, '*Pride goeth before a fall* (Prov. xvi. 18).' He was unable to preach, and gave up the pulpit to his friend."

Many anecdotes better than this are current among us to point the same moral. Undoubtedly, all such trifling with the holy office is to be condemned; indeed, no man with a true sense of responsibility would be a party to such an irre-

verent compact, or as a rule allow himself to enter the pulpit with a text unprepared. Yet this principle must not be exaggerated. Multitudes of admirable sermons, which are rather expositions and exhortations, have been delivered without much more preparation than an hour's thoughtful pondering; but they have been preached by men whose minds were full of the truth, their hearts always ready, and their faculty of extemporising trained to perfection. Their success ought not to encourage a practice that is only too common, of inflicting upon country congregations the produce of the road that leads the preacher to them. This is a mistake on every ground. To take the highest: those congregations it may be almost entirely depend upon such visits for their instruction, and they ought to have the best their ministers can give them. And to take inferior ground: these lower exercises are the best training for greater efforts; while, on the other hand, habits of carelessness contracted in a negligent style of country preaching are seldom eradicated, and can hardly ever be concealed elsewhere.

We must now, however, return to the Abbé Bautain, who is the better preceptor of the two, and enters more thoroughly into the subject. Space forbids our inserting several extracts noted for comment. The following shrewd observations on the art of gaining the attention of the audience are specially applicable to the extemporiser:—

"To seize the hearer is to fix his attention in such a way that he shall listen without effort and even willingly to what is said; and, turning his whole mind towards the orator, open it, so far as depends on himself, to receive his word, to absorb it, to the exclusion of every other thought, image or sensation that might interfere. Now this absolute possession of people's minds is not an easy thing; sometimes long and sustained efforts are needful to attain it. Sometimes, again, it is reached immediately, from the very first words, whether on account of the confidence that the orator inspires, or the vivid interest of the subject and the curiosity it excites, or some other reason. It is difficult to give any advice on this head, considering the wide variety of circumstances that may aid or hinder in this matter; but this much may be affirmed, that this must be attained if we would produce any effect by our discourse.

"There are not many men who know how to listen. For that supposes a great desire of being instructed; and, consequently, the consciousness of ignorance and a certain distrust of self, which, as springing from modesty or humility, are very rare. At the same time, listening requires a force of will that concentrates attention on a certain point in spite of all distractions. Even when one is alone with a serious book, what difficulty there is in riveting the attention so as to under-

stand what one reads. But, in the crowd, everyone comes with a different disposition, with various preoccupations and prejudices, arising from age, condition, or antecedents. Everyone is thinking of something or other, has some wish or other, has such and such preliminary obstacles to attention; when, suddenly, in the midst of all these divergences and contradictions, a man rises up whose business is to make all listen in order that they may all come to think and feel and will in harmony with the speaker. In truth, it is a prodigious task, and one that cannot be accomplished but by a power almost superhuman. It is the triumph of eloquence, but it is not attained without great difficulty."

Here we may suspend our quotation, and congratulate ourselves that this preliminary difficulty is not to such an extent experienced by the preachers of our country, especially by those whom we have in view in making these comments. The people congregated in most of our churches and chapels are, generally speaking, if not predisposed in favour of the preacher, certainly not prejudiced against either him or his doctrine. The ministers of religion among us have not the disheartening consciousness that they are preparing their sermons for reluctant, infidel, or even indifferent hearers. The difference between the average congregations of this land and those which haunt the mission preachers of France is very great. Those audiences to which M. Bautain refers must have excitement and the charms of rhetoric, and the oratorical effects which they seek, or they are indignant, and scarcely wait for the close of the Divine service to show their indignation. Among us there is usually the utmost decorum under all circumstances; and a very moderate amount of intellectual vigour and evident moral earnestness will suffice to secure at least all the outward appearances of attention. These remarks apply to the congregations of our places of worship generally. But they apply with special force to those congregations which assemble under what may be called especially earnest religious influences. There are many thousands of such congregations meeting constantly in this country, which literally bring with them the most entire preparation that any orator could wish: a docility and favourable prepossession and disposition to accept the truth which many a pulpit orator on the Continent would give a great deal to be able to calculate on. And this is an element of strength which our young preachers do not estimate as highly as they ought. Their way has been prepared for them by generations of predecessors, to whose labours they owe this, among countless other advantages, that they have not to enforce attention to their words.

Next to making a good beginning in importance, perhaps before it is, the making a good end. Here again English readers may be interested in our Abbé's experience :—

"Sometimes the orator, and I humbly confess that I speak from experience, is even yet more unfortunate, if that be possible. He wants to finish, but cannot tell how; like a man who would leave a house in danger, but finds all the doors shut. He runs to right and left for êxit, and strikes here and there against all the walls. Time meanwhile, is passing, and the impatience of the public betrays itself by a dull agitation, some rising to depart, others restlessly moving in their seats to console themselves, and a confused murmur rises even to the speaker, too certain sign that he is no more listened to, that he is speaking to the air, which troubles him much more, and adds to his perplexity. At last, as everything in this world must come to an end, he finishes in a somewhat feeble manner, either by the trite conclusion of life eternal, and under all other circumstance by some high-sounding periods which appear to clothe a sentiment or a thought, but which more often fill the ear with sonorous but empty words.

"And the poor orator, who could have done better, and who has the consciousness of failure, goes away, his ear heavy and confused, *vowing, but too late, that he will not be found in that position again.*

"Alas! he is found there again, perhaps, and after the same laborious preparation, for nothing is so fickle as speech. A moment of forgetfulness, a single distraction, cuts the thread of his ideas; he is hurled into space, or into the darkness; he scours the country, or rather is tossed about in chaos. 'Tis a veritable defeat; and I have remarked that this occurs oftenest when one is sure of himself and hopes to produce the finest effect. These are lessons which He who exalts the humble, and abases the proud in heart, is pleased to give sometimes to 'men of words,' always ready to exalt themselves through success, and to reserve to themselves the merit and the glory. Happy are they if they profit by them!"

There is hardly a topic that concerns effective improvisation which M. Bautain has not touched upon. His thoughts are, generally speaking, full of common sense, and of a certain matter-of-fact simplicity that seems much better adapted to English readers than French. We do not hesitate to say that no book extant is more safe as a guide in most particulars. We shall notice a few very subordinate points.

"To avoid distractions as much as possible, I would suggest a practice that has always succeeded with me; and that is, not to consider the individuals who compose the auditory, and thus not to place yourself in any particular *rapport* with any one of them. Those who have short sight must needs take my advice; but it would be very useful to those who see afar off, and whom a sudden movement or a special expression might trouble. For myself, I carefully avoid all

contact by the eyes with anyone whatever; I limit myself to considering the congregation as a whole—sweeping my glances over their heads indiscriminately. In this way I see everybody and perceive none; thus giving the full attention of my mind to the plan and to the ideas. I do not however, recommend Bourdaloue's practice, who is said to have shut his eyes while reciting his sermons, in order that his memory might not fail him, and that no distraction might deprive him of part of his discourse. It is certainly a very embarrassing thing to close the eyes while speaking; the glance of the eye, with its various movements, is one of the most powerful instruments in oratorical action."

Both the Abbé Bautain and M. Coquerel plead earnestly for good instruction at the very outset. But they attach comparatively little value to the professional trainer: as we think, too little value:—

"Generally speaking, the teachers of declamation and of elocution are something like M. Jourdain's professor of philosophy, who teaches him to do with difficulty and to do badly what he did well enough by nature. We all begin by talking prose without knowing it, and that is not always of the worst kind. So it is with the delivery of our discourse, the pronunciation, the accent, and the management of the voice. The best guides in these matters are—always presupposing original fitnesses—nature and the inspiration of the moment; and example is the most profitable of all teaching. He who has a gift of oratory will learn how to speak while he hears good speaking. They are the orators who form orators."

All epigrammatic sayings must be narrowly watched; and this is one of them. It is certainly true that the young speaker whose privilege it is to form himself on the best model will almost infallibly contract good habits; and, as it were by a necessity of instinct, forsake bad habits, and make better and surer progress than under the instructions of a professional teacher. M. Bautain's readers could take his advice if they happened to be where such fine models could be habitually studied. And some few of our young readers may have the high privilege of listening to pure Christian eloquence. But they are very few. The majority of those to whom we refer have to learn their art by practising it; and at the best there must needs be something empirical in their training. They very seldom indeed hear any voice but their own, from the pulpit at least; and, the preachers whom they do hear are not themselves in all cases faultless models.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. CONTINENTAL THEOLOGY.

Martensen's Ethics.

Die Christliche Ethik [Christian Ethics]. Von Dr. H. Martensen, Bischof von Seeland. Besser: Gotha.

Dr. Martensen, the Danish Lutheran Bishop, is well known as the author of *Christian Dogmatics*, one of the best of the modern compendiums which Lutheranism has produced. Philosophy and mysticism give just enough of their tone and colouring to that work to remove it out of the reach of common readers; while those who study it are obliged to make great allowance for its high Lutheran consubstantian doctrine, and to shrink, many of them, at least, from an eclectic and speculative tendency, especially in regard to the Last Things. But the beautiful system and the reverent spirit of Martensen's *Dogmatics* have always commanded for it deep respect. Unless we mistake, the present work on *Christian Ethics* will be unaccompanied by the disadvantages, and at the same time have all the attractions, of its predecessor. Many years ago, the author wrote a *Sketch of a System of Moral Philosophy*. This he has now expanded into a large work, the first part of which, containing the general principles and preliminaries of ethics, is here presented in its German translation. It can scarcely, however, be called a translation. The writer is, in a sense, bilingual, and the volume before us has been issued under his own eye and care. A hasty reading has given us great satisfaction. Some of the contested points in the borderland between psychology and theology, or rather in the region common to theology and ethics, are exhibited in a very striking manner; some of them with a remarkable freshness, and with an evangelical odour most acceptable. No doubt, our indefatigable purveyors of German theology have already fixed their eyes upon this book; but it must be some time before they can furnish the whole work, and a rough translation of a few sentences may give our readers a notion of what they may expect.

"*None is good save One, that is, God.*—But God could not be the alone good if He were not the perfect *personality*. We acknowledge personality only where a being says I to itself and asserts itself self-consciously, or *wills*. This is the highest form of existence, and

therefore must belong to the highest Being in an eminent sense, if that Being is to be thought of as existing generally, without the limitation that is proper to every created I. However, many attempts have been made to think of God as a *super*-personal Being,—by those, that is, who have thought the idea of personality too limited and too anthropomorphic, and have *transcended* it. All these attempts have led to no higher and better result than to apprehend the Supreme as a *subter*-personal Being, as an essence which, in its significance, stands deep below every personality: whether as a *logical* essence, an unconscious reason, a blind wisdom; or as a *physical* essence, a blind power of nature; or as a combination of the two, an indefinite ideal-real principle, and so forth. . . . The good in the ethical sense is nowhere found outside personality and its domain. If there is anything which in the absolute sense may be called good, if there is anything unconditionally valuable, and the irrepressible demand and testimony of the human mind and the human heart are in favour of it—this can only exist in an absolute personality, which, in the infinite riches of its contents, in the perfect unity of its essence and existence, determines itself as perfect freedom, and makes the end of its free willing the supreme good. The fundamental presupposition, therefore, without which ethics must renounce their function, is the *ethical idea of God*, which does not exclude the logical and the physical, but includes both as its elements. For the perfect Godhead bears in itself as its attributes both perfect knowing and perfect power. God, the perfect Willing One, is at the same time the perfectly Knowing and the perfectly Able. . . . It has been asked whether the good is good because God wills it or because it is *good in itself*. The Scotists in the middle ages maintained the former, Plato and Thomas Aquinas the latter. To both of these propositions alike many misunderstandings have been attached, and the right answer of each question is to be derived from the idea of personality itself. The Scotists taught that good is good because God wills it, since He in His omnipotence, His supreme sovereignty, determines what shall be accounted good; and that, should He declare the opposite good, this also must be good, since God's majestic right, as it rests upon His eternal perfection of power, consists in this, that He confirms the good according to the royal pleasure of His will. . . . But this is to deny God's ethical personality. If omnipotence is regarded as that supremacy in God which rules over the ethical as something subordinate to it, so that it might arbitrarily determine all,—we are then landed in a *physical* notion of God. God's personality, then, hovers over the ethical as a despotic nature acting arbitrarily; and the good loses all necessity, as no internal goodness maintains no absolute value in itself. Opposed to this is the other view, according to which God wills the good because it is good in itself. But even this view has been not seldom perverted. Sometimes the good is thought of as an idea which, outside God and independent of Him, is an object of His acknowledgment, or as a law existing beyond and over Him, as a

universal rule which subjects His will to itself. But equally self-contradictory as the thought that God is determined by anything outside Himself is, that other thought that there is anything absolutely valuable apart from, or, as it were, over Him; any absolute end, while all things which have value have it only for an intelligent will, which determines that value, and finds in it its complacency, and every final end, presupposes a personality which proposes it to itself and makes it its aim. The solution of these difficulties must be sought in the idea of personality, and those two propositions must be acknowledged to be merely two sides of the same absolute personality. Personality in itself is in its totality the good itself. God wills, therefore, the good because it is in itself good; not as something existing out of Himself, but because the good is His own eternal nature. God can will nothing other than Himself—than His personal nature—which is in Him an everlasting necessity of good, in which there is no variableness nor shadow of turning; which God Himself cannot change, because His will cannot possibly fall away from His own nature."

No system of ethics with which we are acquainted connects moral excellence with the person of Christ as its standard in a manner so impressive as Martensen bids fair to do. Take the following passages as earnest:—"The One who should be a Redeemer and Pattern for all must be in history and in the human race *unique*. On the one hand, He must be like us all, a veritable man, subjected to human development and human conditions of life: for otherwise He could not be our Pattern, our Redeemer. On the other hand He must be distinguished from us: for otherwise He could not be He to whom we all aspire, and out of whose fulness we all may receive. There are modern characters of Jesus which in a supposed ethical interest emphasise the actual and perfect humanity of Christ, but only to degrade Him from His divine dignity, and reduce Him to a level with us, thus without acknowledging the essential distinction between Him and us. But if Christ is to be our Redeemer and our Example, He must even as man be distinguished from us. And the recognition of this essential distinction from us forms the first stage of the knowledge of Christ, the first step in the way which leads to the acknowledgment of Him as also the only-begotten of the Father. That Christ even as man is distinguished from us, that He as man stands alone in history, is a fact which must force itself upon every earnest thinker, whether the glance is directed to the work which He has accomplished, and the influences which have proceeded from Him, or whether we linger with His person itself. A naturalistic view has been disposed to assign to the Lord Christ a place in history among the 'great men.' But every comparison of Christ with those 'great men' must lead to the conviction that His greatness is of an essentially different character from that of others, and finds its explanation in no principles or impulses of ordinary human nature."

The following of Christ is set forth in its connection with all parts of Christian duty; but what constitutes the idea of the following of

Christ is exhibited in a new and original manner:—"The ordinary and obvious notion of the imitation of Christ is that of a copying of His life. But the following pre-supposes a way, which is to be trodden in the footsteps of the Lord, therefore the point from which it proceeds, a goal which the eye is fixed upon, and finally the movement itself and process from beginning to end, from the outset to the goal. The point of departure is faith in Christ, the end is everlasting blessedness in the kingdom of God, the process is the Christian life in which the pattern of Christ precedes us. As preliminary, we lay down therefore this proposition: that the following of Christ is a life after Christ's *example*, and in Christ's *strength*. For no man can follow his pattern save he who has previously found the Reconciler and Redeemer in Christ by faith, and has been armed by His saving grace with strength to accomplish the imitation of His holiness. The following of Christ is not a direct imitation and copying; for it cannot be the problem for His disciples that they should make themselves Christ, that is that they should solve the same task which Christ solved. One only is the Redeemer and Mediator. No, not the task of Christ, but yet his own task must every one fulfil in the kingdom of Christ, and such an one as is determined for every one, partly by his place in Christ's kingdom, and partly by the individuality and special endowment which is to be carried into the service and spirit of Christ. The example in Christ that we are to follow is that in Him which was to be continued in all, and assume its form according to the peculiarity of each. And this example we are not to seek only in His life and actions, but in His word and His commandments, since He 'as Redeemer and as Pattern' is at the same time our Master and Teacher."

Once more we must translate some excellent observations on the cardinal virtue of Christianity. After discussing the relation between faith and love, and attempting to establish an impracticable unity, and at the same time an unessential difference between them—making the two graces fundamentally one, faith being the mother of the virtues and love their root—the author proceeds:—"Accordingly, if the Christian cardinal virtue is love to God in Christ, so, rightly understood, it may be defined as *love to Christ*. As our Lord established the first and great commandment, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' so also He demands that we love Himself above all, that we leave all and follow Him; a requirement which He could not have imposed if love to Himself had not embraced the fulness of all love in itself. If we truly love Christ, that must be because we, partakers of the grace of our Lord Jesus, are at the same time partakers of the love of the Father, and of the fellowship of the Holy Ghost. Love to Christ is therefore love to the three-one God in His manifestation to the world, yet so that in the person of Christ it has its centre and its rest; and as the true love to God it is also love to man, for to love the Lord Christ means to love His work and kingdom, which embraces the whole human race. The two are inseparable, for the whole race of men were made and ordained for Christ as the Firstborn before every creature, and is

destined under Christ as its only Head to be gathered up, and therefore only in Him can be rightly understood and truly loved."

This is very beautifully and exhaustively followed out into its manifold applications, but we must forbear to pursue them. Taking up the work at a later point, we are much interested in the treatment of perhaps the most important idea of Christian ethics, that of conscience, its nature, jurisdiction, and relations. As might be expected, Dr. Martensen shows himself familiar with all the theories, which have each their several interpretations of this touchstone of all ethical systems. Here is a brief epitome of his views:—

"God alone can oblige us in the conscience. If, however, we would connect a clear conception with this word, we must not linger upon the variously imperfect phenomena of the conscience, but must understand what its nature is. The conscience is not alone an impulse,—that is, an impulse to obedience and subjection in relation to God and His kingdom; still less is it a mere instinct which tells man what, in the ethical domain, is serviceable to him, and what he must avoid in order to his spiritual preservation, just as instinct tells the beasts what belongs to their self-preservation, and bids them avoid what tends to the opposite. It is before all things a consciousness, a knowledge, the 'self-knowledge or privity of a man with his I and with God, the immediate essential consciousness, distinct from every result of reflection, of our dependence, not only on the law itself, but especially on the obliging and judging authority which speaks to us by means of the law. The system of autonomistic ethics knows of no other conscience than man's knowledge of himself; and without doubt this is one and an essential aspect of the matter. The voice of conscience is regarded as proceeding from the inmost nature of man. Accordingly it is the idea of man, or the ideal man in us, who gives his utterance, commanding or judging, in his relation to the empiric man or the imperfect man of actuality. The idea demands what is universally valid, and lifts up through the conscience its protest against the actions that owe their origin to egoism, lust, or passion. It demands unity and totality in the moral life of the individual; and in the rebuking conscience we hear the reaction of the *whole man* against the egoism of the desires and passions which substitutes an individual side of man, a special interest, a part instead of the whole. . . . Sensualism also explains conscience from the nature of man himself. It is not distinguished from the I. It is the whole — but not the ideal—I; the empirical, as it partly results from the physical organisation and partly is formed by those influences which we have received from the surrounding world, and the age, and civilisation. What agrees with this empirical I in its integrity we call good and right, and all opposed to it evil and wrong; whence it may be understood how moral ideas differ so much among various nations and at various times. Of this empirical explanation of conscience, which is supposed to be based upon 'exact science,' it may at once be said that it flies in the very face of all true empirics, all true experience. . . . When we

say that we hear in conscience the voice of God, we are far from intending to speak of specific revelations and inspirations. We rather mean that we have in conscience an irresistible witness, independent of ourselves, of a *permanent* relation of dependence in which we are all placed; a witness which makes man conscious, in his inmost soul, of the presence of a superhuman, supernatural, supercreaturely principle, which testifies of a light shining in the darkness, though the darkness comprehendeth it not, and gives assurance to man of this, that his consciousness of an invisible authority in his inner nature arises not out of himself, not out of the world and his consciousness of the world, but that it is wrought in him by that authority which teaches him that not alone he knows of the law and his relation to it, but that he and his relation to the law *is known* by Another, by a Higher, that is, by the Creator Himself. . . . Had not sin entered the world, the relation of the law to human consciousness, and thus also the signification of conscience, would have been totally different from what it now is. Then would our conscience have been a peaceful consciousness of life as a continuous life in God, in which the demand of the law and the fulfilling of the law went on together in everlasting rhythmical harmony, in which the conscience would have been only latent, but not manifest. On the other hand, it is now a consciousness that our life has its roots in God (in Him we live, and move, and have our being), but at the same time testifies that it has become a life out of God, and no longer in a normal condition."

But we have overstepped our limits, and can do no more now than recommend Messrs. Clark to make haste with their translation, and our readers thoroughly to study it when it comes.

Julius Müller's Theological Essays.

Dogmatische Abhandlungen [Dogmatic Essays]. Von Dr. Julius Müller. Müller: Bremen.

The most important of these essays has already occupied our attention: namely, that on the question whether the Son of God would have been incarnate independently of human sin. The other treatises deserve more than merely passing notice, especially as they are essays of his literary strength during past years, which the author has recast, and stamped with his final approval. The work is dedicated by this distinguished theologian of Halle to his ancient friend, Dr. Tholuck, on occasion of his Golden Jubilee, and as a memorial of a half century's friendship. Scarcely could a parallel be found of these two worthy defenders of the Christian faith.

The first treatise is on the never-exhausted question of the relation of faith to knowledge. This question was introduced by Christianity, for in it religious faith first finds its absolute and perfect object, in the appropriation of which or of Whom it becomes an independent power over against all mere knowledge; while from the consciousness of this

possession is kindled an impulse to develop so precious a faith into a complete circle of systematised knowledge. The object of faith is Christ Himself, in His ever-living and self-communicating Personality; faith is in itself both surrender and appropriation, a being drawn by Christ, and a gift of God, an anticipation of a future and perfect manner of possessing Christ and God in Christ. Is then knowing a higher stage of this? It might seem so, if the primary object of faith is a systematic doctrine, since this has knowledge for its correlative idea. Hence Clement of Alexandria so regarded it, and Augustine, who held faith to be perfect subjection to Divine revelation in Scripture and Church, described knowing as the higher stage in his earlier writings, and beholding in his later. Anselm regarded knowledge as independent of believing: faith intrusts to the reason only those questions which it may solve in the way of demonstrative knowledge; and it becomes of no importance in the province where reason executes its function. The great theologians of the thirteenth century improved on Anselm, but they made faith an imperfect and knowledge a perfect apprehension. The Reformation raised faith to a higher level. Müller shows very clearly that, if in our investigation of the nature of faith we estimate it merely according to its relation to knowledge, we are likely to be entangled in a one-sided intellectualism. Faith has its dignity in itself; its object is the highest and freest act of the Divine love, a Divine event. The powers of the human understanding, which Christianity appeals to as the points of contact for its new message, are the ideas of God and of good in man, through which a new moral creation may be effected. The knowing which is built up on believing is not in the strictest sense a science, though it is a gnosis; but, inasmuch as faith effects a real union with God, this gnosis is no higher stage merely of religious development, any more than love, which grows also out of the root of faith. But here we will translate a few sentences.

"The knowledge which is unfolded from believing, cannot share that prerogative with it. It is not a new stage, as faith itself is in relation to the natural life, and as seeing is in relation to believing, but it belongs to, and is part of, the stage of faith. The relation of faith to the true gnosis is a fleeting and transitional one. On the one hand it is the source from which flows all knowledge of the object of religion: the abiding and ever-present source of this knowledge at all points. Never and in no element of doctrine can gnosis reduce faith to a past and outlived stage; it ever abides conscious that it rests entirely on faith, that its truth in the last reference has no other positive guarantee than faith. Raimund Lully shows beautifully, and with truth, that faith communicates to the knowledge of reason its own wings, and carries it up to regions which would otherwise have been interdicted. Hence, with faith vanishes its object from knowledge, and it is quite in order that he who has not faith regards all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge which are hid in Christ as an imaginary domain which fades to nought when we awaken to the

daylight of natural understanding. He therefore who thinks he can, by speculative teaching on the Trinity and the Incarnation, demonstrate to an unbelieving irreligious thought the Christian truth, and thus help unbelief out of its weakness of perception, does it at his own peril: to us all such attempts of Christian science seem only attempts to carry the Christian faith beyond its province. But we must vigorously distinguish from such an attempt the endeavour to show from the idea of a personal God and of moral good that no one can honestly yield himself to these ideas without believing in the revelation of God in Christ when presented to him. . . . On the other hand, in Christian faith itself, which is not a faith without object, the fundamental elements of Christian knowledge are already contained; and it is not possible that even the simplest member of the Church should possess the faith in truly living appropriation—according to the idea of *justifying* faith—without the development of these elements to a certain extent in his consciousness. But that these should develop into a comprehensive and definite system of Christian knowledge, must needs depend upon a specific charisma and therefore a specific vocation in the Church of Christ. This gift and its exhibition has in the Church its distinctive right and dignity; but it is not higher than other charisms, such as practical wisdom, prophetic eloquence, &c., and, like these, it is consecrated to the service of the Church. There is, indeed, according to Scripture (John viii. 32), a delivering and redeeming knowledge, as there is a redeeming and justifying faith; but that is the knowledge which strictly coincides with the faith and is one with it. That gnosis of which we have spoken, as unfolding itself from faith, cannot be the redeeming power as such, because it is essentially the knowledge of one who is already redeemed." But we despair of giving anything like an adequate view of this profound and evangelical essay on the great question of all Christian ages,—the relation of faith to knowledge. We should like to see it carefully translated, with one or two of the other disquisitions in this volume.

The sixth article is a comparison of Luther's doctrine of the Eucharist with that of Calvin. Dr. Müller shows that an actual difference in the two doctrines as to the nature of the heavenly gift cannot be established from their respective views of the terms of institution: Luther taking them synecdochically and Calvin figuratively. Like Calvin, Luther ascribed the pre-eminent influence of the Supper to the word of the Gospel accompanying it; but the notion that an effect tending to the resurrection of the body belongs to it Luther once held, but afterwards renounced. He points out that it will not suffice to say that Luther subordinated the thinking to the reality, and Calvin the reality to the thinking, in that he removed Christ's presence from the sacrament by vindicating a sacramental participation of Christ to the saints of the old economy. As it regards the faith of the recipient, there is this difference however: Luther, taking for granted the presence of the body and blood of Christ, asserts that faith rests simply

on "the promise" of Christ, while Calvin adds to confidence in Christ's promise a special movement of the personal feeling by which it is borne above to the exalted Christ. Calvin and Luther are one as to the effect of the sacrament; according to Calvin, the heavenly substance of the Holy Supper is that life-giving power of the glorified flesh of Christ which penetrates in the Holy Ghost the souls of believing communicants, but not the bread and wine itself; while, according to Luther, this heavenly substance is the body and blood of Christ itself, and most internally and inseparably bound up with it. Thus, on Luther's theory, something is communicated which the receiver makes, according to his free will, either holy or profane; on Calvin's, that which is communicated is a quickening energy, and there is nothing without that. Luther, however, vacillates somewhat in his views, since he also regards Christ's body and blood as life-giving, and for ever enthroned in heaven. It is easier, however, to extend these parallels and antitheses than to establish them. Neither Luther nor Calvin ever attained to a perfectly clear conception of the sacrament.

The Divine institution of the ministerial office is the subject of the last article. It is peculiarly valuable, especially at the present time, whether in Germany or to the English reader of German. There is a sketch of the idea of the universal priesthood of Christians, from the first promise of it in the Old Testament through Scripture and all ages of the Church. Stress is laid upon the necessity of Christ's own absolute authorisation of a Christian ministry, as distinguished from any subsequent historical institution. The power of the keys is shown to have been committed, after the departure of the Apostles, to the Church, and not to the pastoral office as such. As to absolution, the writer shows its value as tending to release timid minds from their doubts of God's grace; in this respect it is effective, but declarative and annunciative to those who are thereby confirmed in their confidence. Private confession is by no means a condition of forgiveness, however wholesome a discipline for the relief of conscience. Generally, however, the power of the keys lodged in the Church, and made effective through the ministry, can never go beyond a strictly conditional absolution.

The author enters at some length upon the construction of ecclesiastical offices. The Apostles, as he shows, had the Gospel to announce, and to govern the Churches; and it was by no means the exclusive function of their office even to administer the sacraments. After the pattern of the Jewish synagogue, presbyters were placed over the community in Jerusalem, although not intrusted with the strictly spiritual offices, and the Apostles with them exercised a kind of oversight over all instruction in the land. St. Paul exercised this office among the Gentile Christians, without excluding the religious activity of those called to the vocation of teaching. In the course of the two succeeding centuries the teaching office in the worship became a distinct calling. The administration of the sacraments was the

prerogative of presbyters and bishops. Müller lays down the position that Christ formally instituted with His blessing, not the spiritual office as including all the several functions which were assigned to individual persons, but the spiritual activities themselves rather which go to make up the office, whether constituents of an office or exercised apart from it. Into the elaborate reconciliation attempted between the idea of the universal priesthood and the specific pastoral authority we shall not enter: it hardly suits our ecclesiastical latitude. The following stirring sentences, however, are worth reflecting on: they are a free translation.

"Let the defenders of those ecclesiastical notions which we have been challenging permit us a free brotherly word. If they are no longer young men they have, with ourselves, outlived a great revulsion of revolution in Germany, which has been wonderful enough for ever to cure us of all petty and narrow cares about the interests of Christendom. Fifty or sixty years ago, did not the Gospel seem swallowed up by the waves of a God-estranged and purely worldly culture? Was not the time which remained to Christianity measured, mournfully on the part of some and scornfully on the part of others, by years? Had not a flippant illuminism erected its throne over the ruins of the faith of a thousand years, and from it loudly boasted that the ancient darkness would never prevail against it any more? Such a time, indeed, would not honour an office which in its very idea is a servant of the Divine Word. Its learned and cultivated men thought they honoured the ministerial office enough when they regarded it as affording to the lower classes of the community something like a substitute for what they in their wisdom could furnish in a higher style for the upper classes. Ministers were, forsooth, *teachers of the people*, preachers of the Gospel, of morality, and good life for those who, unhappily, could not draw their ethical culture from literature and the theatre. We do not disguise the great evils under which our religious life and ecclesiastical discipline suffer at the present day. But then it has certainly, through God's guidance, come to pass that Christ is now once more a sign of contradiction, and the question of faith or unbelief in Him is the life-question in the consciousness of all the cultivated, whether of those who gather or of those who scatter. It is come to pass that no one imagines now that he can exhaust the meaning of the ministerial office by those old, effete, and impotent notions; that everyone is constrained to connect a vocation to the office, whether he extols or reviles it, with that Supreme Power which presses men to the great decision, and, until the world's history passes into the world's final judgment, will still continue to press men to it.

"Now, has Church and theology brought about this marvellous change through the teaching and practice of the *power and authority of the clerical office?* Nothing less than this: everyone knows that the prominence given to this teaching belongs to the last few decades. Not first in the domain of external institutions, but in the still king-

dom of the spirit, did the royal form of religion rise up from its shame and depression into unconquerable power. It was the inward and living power of the Gospel which seized the hearts of many laden with sin and worldly care, and longing for everlasting rest. And will any now make us believe that the Evangelical Church must fall into ruins if the external authority of the spiritual office is not erected as a standard! This may be a doctrine garnished with beautiful words, as the necessary process from the internal to the external, from subjective devotion to objective assurance, from Pietism to Churchliness,—after all it is nothing more nor less than the finishing in the flesh what had begun in the spirit.

"And all the more certainly because this outward authority is only an accommodation to the standing-point of the world and its supposed demands. For how should he who has only a presentiment of the power of the Gospel fail to bow in spontaneous reverence before the dignity of an office which is established for the express purpose of planting this saving Gospel in our souls, and of nourishing the development of the seed within us that grows unto eternal life?—of an office in the administration of which the Son of God preceded all who have ever borne it? He who scorns here, scorns not men but God. And in this matter there is no distinction between learned and unlearned, between the wise and the simple. Only lay open God's Word truly and faithfully, so as to show all in the mirror what the human heart is, and God's holy love in Christ is, and how it is able to transform that heart, whether in the individual or in the world's history, and the wise and learned would humbly sit at your feet, and no longer be ashamed to be taught by you. And if the world should not recognise the heavenly treasure in the earthen vessels, and should declare your office to be a luxury of human society which popular education and popular literature have made superfluous—yet in the sight of God it is of great price, and His holy hand of benediction will not fail to be in your work. Should you, however, desire to lay all the stress upon a visible and palpable authority, to which the Churches must submit themselves, then be not astonished if all your labour is in vain; yea, if sowing the wind, you reap the whirlwind: for in that case you have not merely the world against you, but God also. A Church of law we have already, as a mighty ruin from a time in which the Christianised nations stood in need of an education and of a moral curb and discipline through a Church of law: to *make* a second from the Evangelical Church is a thing that ought to be and will be impossible."

These words have been for many years ringing in the ears of the reviving Protestant Churches of Germany; and they have done their part towards the continuance of that improvement of which they so eloquently speak.

Lectures on Christian Faith.

Vorträge über den ersten Artikel des christlichen Glaubens, im evangel Verein zu Hannover Gehalten [Lectures on the First Article of the Christian Faith, delivered before the Evangelical Union of Hanover]. Hannover: Carl Meyer.

Simultaneously with our own combinations of Lectures in defence of the Faith, our German evangelical Christians are adopting the same mode of vindicating Christian principles, and with great effect. We directed attention not long since to some Bremen Lectures of considerable value: we have now a smaller collection to introduce—six lectures on the first elements of faith in God. Pastor Freitag treats of faith after a very striking fashion, though in a rather indeterminate style, and with a resultless conclusion. He lays it down that in matters pertaining to religion the same demonstrative evidence must not be expected that reigns in the world of sense and perception. God cannot be embraced, or conceived, or demonstrated. But, if we believe on Him, the Eternal, the Absolute, the Almighty, as He has manifested Himself as Life, Light, and Love, then none of His works, however they may transcend our powers of apprehension, ought to be incredible. Why then does not every honest heart yield itself up to this consolatory faith? This the lecturer regards as the deep mystery of sin. But he does not pursue the subject into that high domain where reason and faith in Christ through the Spirit become one.

Dr. Düsterdieck lectures on the idea of God. He shows that while Pantheism maintains the immanence of God without His transcendence, and conversely Deism maintains the transcendence of God without His immanence, our theistic conception of God asserts both the immanence and the transcendence. But we did not invent this idea of God; the "unknown God" has made Himself known to us through Revelation. The Scripture declares that God is Spirit, and Life, and Love. Jehovah calls Himself, "I am that I am," or "I will be that I will be." In this idea is found first and supremely the glory of absoluteness and unconditioned being; it shows us a God who can create a world, measure out to the creature its freedom, who abides Master of the sin of the world, effects the processes of salvation, and conducts all things surely to their final end. The essential propriety of the New-Testament idea and knowledge of God lies in this, that all—knowledge, energy, hope—is conditioned by the Person of the Mediator, and bound to Him. The New-Testament notion of God is altogether Trinitarian. The manifestation of the Son of God in our flesh and blood; the authority of the Spirit—both accomplished by the Father—are the great fundamental facts in which the Triune God has revealed Himself.

Dr. Uhlhorn's essay is on the creation. The Bible, he shows, does not impart the knowledge that belongs to physical science, but revelations made to faith. God did not at once call the world, as it now is, into existence; but in successive periods, leading it onward to ever higher development through ever repeated Divine "Let there be." God created the world as chaos, and not at once the ordered world that now is. The formation or construction of matter took place in six periods: (1) The light; (2) The firmament, as the distinction between the waters above and the waters below; (3) A double work: water and land are divided, and the plants are created for the dry land; (4) The lights are formed in the firmament of the heavens; (5) In the waters were created the fishes, and in the air the birds; (6) Again a double work: the creation of the animals and man. Thus there is a process given from the lowest to the highest. The first day's work corresponds with the fourth; the second with the fifth; the third with the sixth. All this cannot be mere accident. Pantheism and Materialism are entirely driven from the field.

Pastor Büttner's lecture deals with the creation of man in the image of God. The insoluble difficulty as to His creation from nothing is placed on a better foundation for thought. "Because the heart of God finds no created heart to whom He may impart His blessedness, He creates hearts that shall be susceptible of His love." The pre-existence of human souls is repelled. It is made emphatic that corporeity was the first thing in the creation of man, into whom then God breathed His Spirit. "It was given to man to enter into the world as a creator after the image of the Creator. When he was commanded to cultivate and keep the land, his task and his prerogative went further than merely conserving what actually existed; it was for him to construct out of present materials something of his own. Though man cannot create any matter, he can intelligently fashion matter." "The eternal image of the Father, proceeding from the glory of the Divine essence, is the Son." For He is the Truth, the Holy One, the Love, because He has the absolute power of knowledge, and will, and act. "What can the image of God in man be, other than that he has all this as creature and in creaturely form!"

Dr. Nieman is the fifth lecturer, and his subject is "Sin." He shows that the original condition of man was not in itself that of a development; sinlessness was not yet the holiness which excludes the possibility of sinning. "It was necessary that man should bring out into actual realisation the idea of personality which was essential in his creation; that he should by his own act approve himself what he was; and assert the truth of his being a reflection of the Divine image by obedience towards God." Hence, the Creator subjected him to test. He traced the limits which surrounded his freedom, and thereby prescribed to him the path which, apart from a fall, would leap upwards,—the path that our Saviour trod for our example in the new obedience. In the little narrative of the fall, truths are revealed to us as vast as any which the world's history discloses. We see from it

that sin had its beginning in time, and came in from without; that temptation was not in the commandment itself, and was not appointed of God, but only by Him permitted, its instrument being the serpent.

Pastor Evers discusses the doctrine of Providence. The dangers that beset a faith in providence may be observed by the thoughtful and inquiring spirit in the very first pages of Holy Writ. As creature, man is perfectly dependent on God, but the image of God consists in the reason and holiness of men. But how may the two concur—freedom and perfect permanent dependence? Freedom is essentially the power to decide out of ourselves upon a course of conduct, for which we are therefore responsible. Again, it is said that God saw all to be very good, while the Bible teaches that the whole world liveth in the evil. Our lecturer has no other solution of these everlasting difficulties than the faith of Christ. He who lives in the knowledge and faith of the Lord Jesus will be victorious over every assault upon his trust in a Divine Providence.

It is interesting to observe how perfectly the same are the conflicts and trials of orthodoxy everywhere. There is one faith and one infidelity in every part of Christendom. May an abundant benediction rest upon all apologies and vindications of Christian faith that end in the conclusion to which the last lecturer in Hanover brings us!

Richter on Immortality.

Die Hauptformen des Glaubens an Unsterblichkeit, und die Gründe dieses Glaubens [Forms of Faith as to Immortality, with the Evidences of that Faith]. Von Dr. Hermann Richter. Zwickau: Richter.

This short essay is remarkable, not for anything positively new, but for its original and suggestive arrangement of an old subject. It is divided into two parts. The former contains the leading types of faith in immortality; and these are exhibited as three. First comes the Pantheistic faith, in which the individual soul is not supposed to have anything like a conscious continuance in being. Of course this can hardly be called a faith in immortality; and we avoid a paradox by the translation given of the author's title. In ancient times the Indian and some Greek philosophers held this Pantheistic absorption of the spirit into the great Soul of the Universe, the return of myriads of personal existences into that vast central being which gives birth to endless personalities but has no personality of his own—and to whom, therefore, such terms as *whom* or *his* are really inapplicable. This doctrine passed through Neoplatonism to some of the mediæval Pantheists, and is reproduced in some modern German thinkers and systems of philosophy. Indeed, it is hard to understand how either Spinoza, or Schelling, or Schleiermacher himself can be vindicated from the charge of holding it. Secondly, there is the faith in immor-

tality which holds a personal continuance on certain conditions, which conditions, however, are not of necessity permanent. Many eminent German divines assert that Christ never taught the immortality of the soul as a necessary and self-understood truth; but that He promised immortality only to those who should hear His Word and believe in Him. Dr. Weisse has very ably vindicated this doctrine, which has been prominent in England of late, and has many specious arguments ready for its service. Thirdly, there is the absolute faith in a personal, individual, continuance of the soul as such in conscious existence. The mythology of Homer is based upon this assumption; and it may be shown that the Hebrews, the Chinese, and the ancient Germans held such a faith. The Egyptians also, and the followers of Zoroaster, and the schools of Greek philosophy which had their representatives in Socrates and Plato, believed in it. It may be said that this is the doctrine which has had the Supreme sanction. Christ taught an absolute personal immortality, as Mark xii. 18 *seq.*, Matt. xxvi. 29, John v. 28, prove; while His own resurrection is the most ample proof. Hence, the Apostles have taught it, and the greatest Christian theologians have followed them.

The second part of the Essay treats on the evidences that sustain the faith in a personal individual continuance in being. These are exhibited in the following order:—First, there is the historical argument; that is, the concurrence of all nations throughout the world's history in this faith; this comes first, to lead in arguments stronger than itself. Then there is the argument from analogy, derived in abundance from the kingdom of nature. Thirdly comes the cosmological argument, which, however, is a feeble one: it is based upon the notion that the multitudes of heavenly bodies are the dwelling-places of higher and perfected beings. Surely our Lord did not mean this in John xiv. 2. Fourthly is introduced the teleological evidence. As in this life the capacities, tendencies, and powers of the soul find not their full development, there must needs be an after state of being to give scope to that development. Kant laid great stress upon this demonstration, which is, in the class of moral evidences, indefeasible. Fifthly, there is the moral argument, which also Kant used, as based upon the necessity that the disharmony now existing between virtue and happiness should be removed and atoned for. Sixthly, the theological argument, which is founded on the belief in God, His perfections of goodness, power, and wisdom. Seventhly, the metaphysical demonstration, which starts from the assumption that the spiritual life is necessarily one unbroken and indestructible, having in it no elements of division or decay. Lastly, add the facts of experience; which show that often in the very presence of death the strength of the spirit's life is most clearly manifested, all the attributes of mind being retained in their unabated vigour, and endowed sometimes with an evidently augmented insight into the mysteries of another world. All this variety of arguments, however, derive their crown and final demonstrative power from the Christian Revelation, and the Gospel which

has brought immortality to light. It is doubtful whether, apart from the testimony of our infallible Teacher, the materialistic arguments can ever be reasoned away. It seems that the later New Testament lays the utmost stress upon the resurrection of our Lord, and the testimony that He gave, and thus supremely confirmed by appearing alive from the dead—the same Jesus. Human nature is begotten again to this lively hope. A merely philosophical faith or opinion has never silenced the hesitations of men oppressed by the shadow of death, or afraid to think themselves doomed to live for ever. The Pharisee has never converted the Sadducee, without some better weapons than any of his own. The eternal life that men find in the Scriptures is found only in Christ. He has obtained it; He has announced it; and in fellowship with Him it is verily and indeed *eternal life.*

The Pre-Christian Doctrine of Immortality.

Die vorchristliche Unsterblichkeitslehre [The Pre-Christian Doctrine of Immortality]. Von Wolfgang Menzel. In 2 Bänden. Fues: Leipzig.

These two large volumes are scarcely what we expected to find, when the title tempted us to read them. They cover almost the entire ground of ancient mythology,—taking the idea of the future life as their keynote. Consequently, there is very much that is strained and forced mixed with much that is profoundly interesting and suggestive. The first volume contains the symbolism of the solar year as the basis of the notion of immortality among the heathen, and a brief glance at the Oriental doctrine. The second volume follows with the earliest Greek doctrine and that of the ancient Germans, upon which the author has spent much of his pains. The following sentences disclose the fundamental principle of this very learned work:—

"Not the observation of external nature, but an internal feeling, led men to the construction of their doctrine of immortality, in which all the mysteries of the ancient peoples had their common root. How could men, amidst their deep sorrows, fail to think of their own death, when the summer departed, with which they connected the idea of a dying god? And, when they saw that the sun rose again after every dark night, and that there was a resurrection in the warm spring after the frost and death of winter, how could they fail to indulge the hope that they also, as they daily awoke from sleep, would one day awake also from death? In the breast of every man lies deep the longing for resurrection from death and for immortality. Hence the primitive symbolism of the seed-corn in the mysteries. As the grain sinks into the grave of the earth, and then lives again under a new sun, so, taught the Eleusinian mysteries, will man also rise again out of the grave."

The contrast between the stern simplicity of the Old Testament

doctrine of another world and the mythological fantasies of East and West, will strike the reader of those volumes very forcibly. The innumerable forms assumed by unenlightened presentiments establish a strong presumption of the truth of the doctrine of immortality; but they at the same time show plainly that, in the mystery of the Divine government of the world, the doctrine was never to be brought to light until Christ came. It was to be His prerogative to open the kingdom of heaven to the minds, as well as to the hearts, of His people. Looked at in this light, the literally endless varieties of ancient speculation and symbol and esoteric teaching are among the most strange phenomena of the past history of the world. Their infinite diversity speaks for a universal presentiment and expectation. It does not seem as if they could have sprung from any original revelation to mankind which the heathen may be supposed to have distorted; nor was there among them any such marks of unity as would have been the result of a Spirit of inspiration anticipating the revealed doctrine of the Gospel. They seem to have sprung up in all nations, according to their essential characteristics, varied with the varieties of all, but absent from none. The faith in another world may be traced through every system of ancient mythology, but every system has created its own.

As remarked before, the work has disappointed us. It is boundless in its induction of facts, and sweeps the whole range of the world's unguided religions. But it is mastered by one too despotic idea, and lowers the dignity of the truth by making it too common. Some of the illustrations of ancient symbolical teaching are gross and offensive; others are fanciful in the extreme. A better book with the same title might be written by an earnest Christian, which should satisfy a great want in theology. What distinguished the ancient Scriptural doctrine from that of the mythological, as well as what distinguished it from the Christian, would occupy a prominent place in such a work. All that our author says about the Jewish faith is contained in the following unsatisfactory lines:—"The Jewish doctrine of immortality sprang confessedly from those simple and natural presuppositions which the Christian doctrine, proceeding from its bosom, retained. It rejected, that is, the fantastic pre-existence of the Egyptians, and took it for granted that the only and Almighty God, the Creator, made every man as an altogether new being at birth; that man undergoes here a probation, but comes after death into heaven or hell, according to his obedience and holiness or otherwise. So teaches the Old Testament. In the later fables of the Talmudists there are, indeed, many traces of the doctrine of transmigration; but these were borrowed from the heathen."

A clear exhibition of those elements of ancient religion, whether natural or revealed, which were undoubtedly connected with man's deep hope of immortality, is yet a treatise to be desired.

II. ENGLISH THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Griffith's Fundamentals.

Fundamentals, or Bases of Belief concerning Man, God, and the Correlation of God and Man. A Handbook of Mental, Moral, and Religious Philosophy. By Thomas Griffith, A.M.

THIS book is intended as a guide to men who are bewildered by the pragmatic philosophising of modern scepticism, which summarily despatches all older faiths, pronounces a new shibboleth that opens all secrets and explains all processes. This shibboleth, with whatever gloss, with or without a nebulous envelope of pantheistic feeling, is the old dogma of materialism. Certain tendencies of our age give it wondrous influence, and have clothed it with specious form. Its force, however, now, as always, has been in its aggressive, destructive criticism. And multitudes are disturbed by its bold assertions. To them, this book offers needful counsel. It consists in a series of letters to a friend, who is thus addressed:—"You are perplexed by the contradiction between reason and faith, between the novelties of science and the traditions of theology, and especially between the cheerless creed of a material philosophy and those beliefs of a spiritual world which are so precious to you, and you ask, 'How shall I attain to firm convictions on such points? Are there no foundation truths on which to plant my tottering feet?' Now, I think, there are such truths. I seem to myself to have found them. And hence my present response to your complaint; hence the endeavour I am going to make to help you to grasp them for yourself."

In fulfilling his task, Mr. Griffith has written a work which shows much familiarity with the deepest controversies that are now open, and with the best modern literature, both continental and English, dealing with the questions at issue, and which, moreover, is itself independent in its research, thoughtful and well-reasoned, and polished in style. It is a book that many, being perplexed and troubled like the friend to whom it was written, will find helpful. It is also valuable to all, by reason of the richness of its quotations, especially those drawn from Herbart's and J. H. Fichte's works, that are evidently favourites with the author, though little known in England.

We should not do justice to Mr. Griffith or to our readers, if we did not criticise three positions in this book, which Mr. Griffith will regard as fundamental, but in regard to which his own thought is ill-defined and incorrect. 1. We note an error and a contradiction.

Mr. Griffith says, "Our soul or self is distinguished, not only from this world at large, and from our own body in particular, but from even what we call our *mind*, i.e. from the phenomena of consciousness. For we say, in common parlance, not only 'my body,' 'my brain,' but 'my *mind*,' (do we not also say *my-self?*), as a something not constituting our proper self, but belonging to this self." "A man is one thing," says Professor Rolleston, "his mind another, his body a third. Although they both belong to him, they are no more the man himself than his horse or his dog."

Now Mr. Griffith himself afterwards contradicts and confutes this statement, which yet he enlarges and sustains very dogmatically. "Thus," he writes, "we could not feel ourselves responsible persons, or treat others as responsible, *if* we were not instinctively conscious that *all the variations* in every man's mind and will must bear their centre and source in one and the same thinker and actor." And again: "Here we have reached the solid conviction of a *real substance* as the base *of all our phenomenal consciousness*—(i.e. of all sensations, thoughts, volitions)—we affirm for the phenomena of thought a substance non-phenomenal as their base, in precisely the same sense and with precisely the same right and validity as we affirm for the phenomena of the bodily frame various 'elementary substances' as their base, as we affirm for each kind of these phenomena their distinct base."

If man's mind be not himself, is his *will?* Mr. Griffith forgets that all thought, feeling, volition, are only various states of the personal soul. They do not exist apart from a man's self: they are himself, thinking, willing, feeling. Self cannot exist, save in some state of being. It must be thus or thus; but to make these states of the soul, which we call mind, to be a *something* different from the soul, as the body is, is a strange blunder. Mr. Griffith and Professor Rolleston have been misled by not distinguishing two elementary principles in the mind—one that acts according to law, and is more or less independent of will, though always related with will; and another which is the free, self-determining and controlling force of will. These blend in the one person: self is not abstract will—*in vacuo*.

On this subject let Mr. Griffith consult E. S. Narville's edition of *Maine de Biran*, or an article on Maine de Biran, in the *British Quarterly* of January, 1868.

2. Mr. Griffith introduces a new word into our philosophic vocabulary —noerogen: a peculiar elementary substance generative of thought as oxygen is generative of acidity. "Each man is a particle—an atom of noerogen, and this atom of noerogen, working in correspondence with the other atoms which lie at the base of the chemical and vital phenomena of body, is the seat and source of the specially mental phenomena." Now we prefer the older phraseology of the schools to this innovation, which is charged with materialistic colour. "An atom," "a particle." Does it then occupy certain space? Is it mentally, if not

actually, divisible? or is it, as the older philosophy has taught us, incapable of subdivision, even ideally, or of location in any given point or points—therefore, transcendent and out of space itself, though it energises within a limited sphere in space, viz., the body. Is it of the nature of God, who energises in all space, but occupies none of it, so as to be divided or measured in it? or of the nature of matter, which occupies space, and is, therefore, capable of mensuration and division? Leaving this question: Is it a proper scientific classification to arrange the soul alongside of the other elementary substances, as one with them, when all the others have *generic* likenesses with each other, and agree in fundamental nature, and when this elementary substance contrasts absolutely with them in those generic points in which they agree? They occupy space, and energise in it according to fixed physical law. They have no principles of movement in themselves, but are only susceptive and transmissive of influence. On the contrary, the soul has no place—is self-originative of motion, and is free; and further, all its phenomena are phenomena to which the action or manifestation of the other substances have not the remotest analogy. No, here we have, indeed, a Being which is the root and cause of all phenomena of consciousness; but it is unphilosophical to class this Being as on a line with the elementary substances of the material world.

8. Mr. Griffith is a Universalist. We cannot say that his doctrine is that of universal redemption, because he asserts that God could not create a world in which evil has a lasting place. There is, accordingly, we think, no need of redemption. Evil is transitory of its own nature. By the original tendency and the fatal necessity of all mortal beings, they must reach the final goal of good, and of their self-perfectionment (to use one of Mr. Griffith's words). Thus we have these passages: "Evil, according to Herbart, lies in the making of things; it is a transition state. It is with good and evil as with the metals, whether precious or vile: these you do not find in the primitive rocks or in the upper clay, but only in the transition strata. Evil is used in the hands of an all-bonifying God as a stage of transition, a moment of development of the very purpose which it seemed to retard and hinder, the discipline, education, and perfectionment of humanity." And Henry Holbeach is quoted approvingly:—"It is a part of the very definition of evil that it is a thing to be removed. There is no other meaning in the word. Unless wrong be evanescent, there is no right to be worshipped. . . . The Maker of all that is must have a perfect control of the tendency of things. In other words, it is His will there should be no evil. This is the absolute, to which all schemes must be relative." These passages, to which many others may be added, show Mr. Griffith's views. The theme is a solemn one, about which few men should write so confidently as Mr. Henry Holbeach, Mr. Griffith, and others. But we venture to indicate to Mr. Griffith some considerations that he has lost sight of: 1st. We cannot, as he and others,

so easily explain the cause of the existence of evil in its relations to the moral development of humanity.

The origin of sin is not to be thus accounted for. Is humanity such—that it cannot be developed without sin; that sin is a necessary part of the educational history of mankind; that God created humanity for such development by such a process? Then sin is not evil—but good. And God is its author, and is to be praised for His superinducement of sin on that race which otherwise would have remained rude and imperfect. No! there is a mystery in the origin of sin which such writers have not felt, simply because the true notion and real end of sin is not appreciated by them. But our wonder is that such philosophers find it so easy to explain the origin and long-continued existence of sin, and to find these to be a good, and yet find it impossible that that which is and has been so long in existence should continue to be; and further, that that which is advantageous to the universe now, may not also have its needful place and its disciplinary results for good in the universe throughout all the future. Why that which is should cease to be? and why God, who has not used His power to prevent its being, should and must use it to destroy its existence, after He has allowed it to be? and why that which has served, according to them, a good purpose always hitherto, may not, according to their views, serve a good purpose always hereafter?—are questions to which we have no answer.

2dly. All these views, though they profess to magnify the free choice of man, actually nullify it. Has God perfect control over the free activities of man? Mr. Holbeach says He has perfect control over the tendency of things. Is will a thing whose freedom is a mere tendency or bias to be controlled by external authority? That all men must become good, flatly challenges and contradicts that awful prerogative of freedom in man who owns no such necessity, and asserts his power to be bad, and grows, by long continuance in evil, not better but worse. Much more probable to say—all men must at the commencement of their lives be good. Yet we know they are not. Even if it were a tendency in human nature to improve by discipline and experience in sin, still, the fact of human freedom must always forbid the necessity being declared that everyone *must* improve unto perfect holiness. Man, when created holy, fell into sin. Man, being sinful, has no necessity constraining him to rise into holiness. We have often wished that modern Universalists would modify their bold declarations, and temper them to Burns's kindly wish for—

> "Auld Nickie-ben
> That he'd tak a thocht and men.'"

Here repentance is optional. But it is now asserted by those who have little ground for their assurance, that all will, must repent, reform, and grow into perfect goodness.

3dly. Alas, the experience of individual men and of society is against this theory. Men grow worse. Sin hardens into habit and becomes

tyrannous; an evil character becomes fixed; the desires for good diminish; the conscience even is depraved and the will grows powerless. Societies in like manner sink more deeply into vice. Where, in all this too familiar experience, have we any ground of hope, much less of the assurance, that all men shall—not be saved (for that supposes an interference on their behalf which delivers them from the law of sin in their nature)—become perfectly good? There is a final test of judgment, as there is one ground of salvation, even faith in Him who is the Revealer of God and the Saviour of men. More we may not affirm. They who believe in Him shall be saved. If He who is "The Absolute Good," the "Truth of God," and "The Life of Men," is not accepted, not loved or trusted, the soul that hath not Him hath not life. No delusive dreams of our own imagination should betray us into assertions which may ensnare and mislead our fellow-men.

Manning's Evils of the Day.

The Four Great Evils of the Day. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Burns and Oates.

These are the revised notes of Four Lectures delivered in St. Mary's, Moorfields. It appears that a sequel on "The Fourfold Sovereignty of God" will soon follow—has followed indeed—which will complete Dr. Manning's last version of the anti-Catholic tendencies of the times. These first lectures are on "The Revolt of the Intellect against God;" "The Revolt of the Will against God;" "The Revolt of Society from God;" and "The Spirit of Antichrist."

The first lecture deals with a noble subject; one of the most profound and most important that a public teacher can discourse upon in the present day. Very much of what is said as to the conflict of reason and faith is well said, and carries with it our full approbation. To wit: "One credulous superstition of these days is this; that faith and reason are at variance; that the human reason, by submitting itself to faith, becomes dwarfed; that faith interferes with the rights of reason; that it is a violation of its prerogatives, and a diminution of its perfection. Now I call this a pure superstition; and those who pride themselves upon being men of illumination and of high intellect, or, as we have heard lately, in the language of modern Gnosticism, 'men of culture,' are, after all, both credulous and superstitious." But the principles held by the advocates of a supreme human interpreter of the will of God, are fatal to a fair consideration of this question. They throw a preliminary stumbling-block in the way, which effectually repels scientific thinkers from considering what Revelation has to assert for itself. Those pleaders can incomparably better deal with the modern enemy of revealed truth who discuss with them temperately the grounds on which theology, including the evidences of Revelation, claims to be an inductive science; having an infinite variety of facts

recorded in the Scriptures, and facts observed in the physical and ethical world, and facts in human consciousness, all harmonious in themselves, and submitting to the strictest principles of classification and proof. But such vague and unreal declamation as the following, cannot do much good :—

"There have been three periods of the human reason in the history of mankind. The first period was when the reason of man wandered alone, without revelation, as we see in the heathen world, and most especially in the two most cultivated races of the heathen world; I mean the Greek and the Roman. The second period was that in which the human reason, receiving the light of Revelation, walked under the guidance of faith; that is to say, by the Revelation of God of old to His prophets, and by His Revelation through the incarnation of His Son in Christianity. Lastly, there is a period setting in—not for the whole world, not for the Church of God, but for individuals, races, and nations—of a departure from faith, in which the human reason will have to wander once more alone without guide or certainty; not indeed as it did before, but as I shall be compelled hereafter to show, in a worse state, in a state which is in truth a dwarfing and a degradation of the human intelligence." (Pp. 4, 5.)

It is scarcely possible to imagine anything more unreal, less philosophical, and therefore more ineffectual, than such generalisations as these. We are not, most certainly, living in an age which has departed, or is departing, from the faith of the Gospel. Unbelief there is, and unbelief of the worst kind, because found within the nominally Christian Church, but never was there a larger amount of honest faith in the Word of God than now exists among the Protestant communities. He must be either very ignorant, or very much prejudiced, who can watch the evervarying developments of Biblical literature of all kinds, critical, expository, and apologetic, without feeling, or at any rate strongly hoping, that a very bright day has begun to dawn. Dr. Manning dates the revolt from God, of course, at the Reformation; and thinks that Atheism and Rationalism and Positivism are its fruits. But he forgets that all the Atheism that the modern Church has to mourn over, is but the expansion of germs that were abundantly sown in the mediæval time; and that much of the scepticism of the present day is the simple rebellion of human reason, not against God, but against "the erection of a self-constituted authority in His place." Thus we may turn the weapon of an assailant against himself.

The lecture on "The Revolt of the Will," like its predecessor, contains much that is excellently and forcibly put. After showing that the fall of man was the separation of man's will from the will of God, and redemption the recovery of the will, he goes on :— "Every regenerate soul restored to friendship and union with God, by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, is compacted in the body of Christ: 'unto whom coming,' as St. Peter says, 'ye also as living stones are built up, a spiritual house!' And as every stone is shaped and squared, and fashioned and fitted to the place that it is to occupy, so

every Christian soul, built up into the unity of the Church of Jesus Christ, grows into a temple in which God dwells by His Spirit. In this kingdom the will of God is supreme, and the Holy Spirit perpetually dwells, pervading the Church with sanctity. The Church incorporates the will of God, and makes it visible among men. The sins of individuals notwithstanding, the Church is conformed by its interior subjection to the will of God, because it is a spiritual society made up of individuals, called from all races and languages, compacted and built together in indissoluble unity, as they subject themselves, one by one, to the wisdom of the Spirit, who dwells in the Church for ever. But the Church has a twofold mission. The first part of its work—the highest and the noblest—is the salvation of individual souls, as I have described. But it has another; the second part of the mission of the Church to the world is the sanctification of the civil society of the world, that is, of the households and families of men; then of peoples, nations, states, legislatures, kingdoms, empires, and the whole civil order of mankind." (Pp. 43, 44.)

Now here there is the direct recognition of a truth which it has become the fashion to deny, and which Romanist and Romanising theologians strive to ignore, that the will of the believer is under the internal and personal influence of the Holy Spirit given to the individual man as an indwelling God. True, it is here swiftly passed over, and soon lost in the doctrine that the Church is the special or only abode of the Spirit. Still, it is there; and the opening sentence in our quotation is a remarkable admission: one, in fact, that may be sought in vain in the lecturer's "Temporal Mission of the Comforter." Examining the sentences that follow, we find much to except against. It seems to be taken for granted, as if no proof were needed, that the mission of the Church is to reform the nations of the world and sanctify legislatures and kingdoms as such. But that is nowhere stated in the Scripture. And supposing it the will of God, we are never told that the sanctification of the civil society of the world is to be effected by its submission to the Church as another and co-ordinate form of government, which is not so much co-ordinate as rival and superior. Again it is said, again and again, that the great rebellion of three hundred years ago began in the individual audacity of some men who worked "in the sphere of private judgment, or of their private conscience before God," and so spread from nation to nation till the whole world is verging on apostasy. Passing by the question of private judgment, we deny that the revolt began with individuals. It was the general and profound and irresistible conviction of the Christian world, which took two forms: one the Reformation, the other the Council of Trent.

The Romanist Archbishop, however, is on this point faithful in his application to his own people: "You will not misunderstand me, then, when I say that the spirit of the world will often enter into the splendour of the sanctuary, and that the sounds which fill the ear,

and the beauty which fills the eye, may take away the heart and the mind. Unless there be the spirit of prayer and union with Our Divine Lord in the heart, men may come and go without worshipping God in spirit and in truth. This is one of the most subtle dangers. Satan knows well how to pass off the intellectual simulation of religious opinion for Divine faith; how to pass off imaginative dreamings about the perfection of saints for practical obedience; how to fill men's imaginations with ideas of asceticism while their lives are self-indulgent; and to make even the splendours, sweetness, beauty and majesty of Catholic worship a fascination of the sense and a distraction of the soul. The tempter is always busy, and nowhere changes himself into an angel of light so easily as in church. Now, I ask, have you been enough on your guard against this? The Catholic Church, lavish as it is in all splendours, because all things are due to Him who is the Giver of all, has sure and deep correctives to recall its children from the mere fascination of sense by the eye, or the ear, or the imagination, to the presence of God. Where Jesus is present in the Blessed Sacrament, no splendour can easily withdraw the mind from Him; or if any become lukewarm, there is a prompt and sure remedy in the confessional. They who live in spirit and in truth will adore in spirit and in truth, as well in the majesty of a basilica as in the austerity of a catacomb. The interior spirit vivifies all exterior forms. Ceremonies are a mere mask to the unbelieving and the undevout. They are the folds of the Divine Presence, the countenance of the unseen Majesty, to those that believe and love." (Pp. 63—65.)

We have quoted these words, as showing how those outrages on the simplicity of the Gospel service which we observe with sorrow affect the minds of those who are in the midst of them. And we venture to think that such words as the preceding are only an index of a deeper unexpressed sense of the utter inconsistency between the ceremonial of modern Romish sense-worship and the pure and stern principles of the New Testament. This worldliness within the precincts of "Catholic worship," is but one form of worldliness which our censor condemns. The condemnations are mostly just, falling upon Romanists and Protestants alike. We appropriate our own share; none can be more sensible of the enormous evils that infest society than we are. But we insist upon it that the Catholic Archbishop and his people should distinctly acknowledge the plain fact that the worst contributions of every vice that he denounces are found among those populations of Europe that have never known, or but slightly known, the influence of the "modern rebellion."

To return, however, to the subject that has so strong and subtle a fascination at the present time—the rights of dogmatic theology. There is much that is truly and eloquently said by Archbishop Manning on this subject, as against the enemies of the Syllabus. But we cannot help feeling that there is a mistake running through the treatment of the question. The adherents of Protestantism, or

of private judgment in opposition to the absolute surrender of thought, are always classed with the extremest Rationalists and deniers of inspiration. This combination or collocation is not always stated, but it is always implied. Now no writer knows better than our author that there are no more vehement, and thorough, and effective opponents of Rationalism than are to be found in the number of those who resist the pretensions of the Infallibilist. We have one more extract:—

"It is commonly said, that what is called 'dogma' is a limitation of the liberty of human reason; that it is degrading to a rational being to allow his intellect to be limited by dogmatic Christianity; that liberty of thought, liberty of discovery, the progress of advancing truth, apply equally to Christianity, if it be true, as to all other kinds of truth; and therefore a man, when he allows his intellect to be subjected by dogma, has allowed himself to be brought into an intellectual bondage. Well, now, let me test the accuracy and the value of this supposed axiom. The science of astronomy has been a traditional science for I know not how many generations of men. It has been perpetually advancing, expanding, testing, completing its discoveries, and demonstrating the truth of its theories and inductions. Now, every single astronomical truth imposes a limit upon the intellect of man. When once the truth has been demonstrated there is no further question about it. The intellect of man is thenceforward limited in respect of truth. He cannot any longer contradict it without losing his dignity as a man of science—I might say as a rational creature. It appears that the certainty of every scientific truth imposes a certain limitation upon the intellect; and yet scientific men tell us that, in proportion as science is expanded by new discoveries and new demonstrations, the field of knowledge is increased. Well, then, I ask, in the name of common justice and of common sense, why may I not apply this to Revelation? If the possession of a scientific truth, with its complete scientific accuracy, be not a limitation, and is therefore no degradation of the human intellect, but an elevation and an expansion of its range, why should the defined and precise doctrines of Revelation be a bondage against which the intellect of man ought to rebel? On the contrary, I affirm that every revealed doctrine is a limitation imposed upon the field of error. The regions in which men may err become narrower, because the boundaries of truth are pushed farther and the field of truth is enlarged. The liberty of the human intellect is therefore greater, because it is in possession of a greater inheritance of certainty. And yet, if there be one superstition which at the present day is undermining more than any other the faith of men, it is the notion that belief in the positive dogma of Christianity is a slavish limitation of the intellectual freedom of man." (Pp. 111—13.)

Here is fallacy following upon fallacy. Space will allow only of a solitary remark. "Every revealed doctrine is a limitation imposed upon the field of error." This we grant; but what is doctrine, and

what is Revelation? We hold that the definitions of doctrine are in the Scriptures alone, and that there are no revelations outside the Bible. "Dogma" is constructed and presented by the Church to her members; but not as Divine doctrine, nor as new revelation. Again, though we are thorough and even bigoted advocates of dogmatic theology, we join with the most energetic of the scientific remonstrants in denying the right of any Council to define truth that the Spirit of inspiration has in His infinite wisdom left free. We rejoice in our heritage of freedom as much as our heritage of fixed truth; that is, the possession of the one makes the other all the more dear.

But we must end. Dr. Manning has a charm in all he writes that nothing can take from him. But this volume contains nothing that has any power to make us dissatisfied with our "Fragmentary Christianity," or to induce us to regret that we are the children of the great Revolt.

Jacob's Ecclesiastical Polity.

The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament. A Study for the Present Crisis in the Church of England. By the Rev. G. A. Jacob, D.D. Strahan and Co.

This is a seasonable and useful work; one which may be made by most Christian communities a text-book for their theological studies; and one which, if dispassionately studied by the author's fellow-clergymen, would perhaps tend to lessen the spirit of division that exists. The first lecture treats of the Apostles and the Christian Church. The "Kingdom" is assigned to Christ, and the "Church" to the Apostles; but we fail to see the propriety of the distinction as laid down here. "The two names of a Kingdom and a Church, although sometimes apparently used as synonymous and interchangeable, yet represent the Christian body under different aspects, and correspond respectively with the *moral* and the *religious* portion of Christ's disciples." That the Kingdom was fore-announced first there can be no doubt, but it seems to us that both Kingdom and Church are prospective titles of the one community. The Kingdom it is, as He is the King and His laws supreme; the Church, as gathered out of the world; and the Communion of Saints in relation to the individuals who compose it. A great principle in this chapter is the high and, as it were, absolute authority of the apostles under Christ: their functions were of the very highest, and the Church was to take the form which they should appoint. Their authority and their power were co-equal; combined, as Dr. Jacob thinks, in that much misunderstood passage, Matt. xvi. 19. We heartily agree with him in his note on the "rock" in this text, that it means Peter himself—"not to the exclusion of the other Apostles;" but we demur to the interpretation of the latter part of the passage, which makes the binding and loosing mean that the Apostolic authority was infallible,

and makes the Apostles' word of command, or solemn instruction, *the Word of God* to men. It does not seem right to separate the Apostles so rigidly from the Church of future times. Peter's confession continues to be a living utterance in the Christian community, and the Apostolical authority must surely in some form be continued. "Romanists are consistent in their error when they use this text as a foundation for the pretended infallibility of the Church, for the words addressed to Peter distinctly speak of an infallible authority; and if they applied to successive ages of the Church, they would justify ecclesiastical pretensions of the Papal type." This is doubtless true; but we are bound to maintain that the disciplinary authority committed to the Apostles is continued, under certain necessary restrictions, in the Church. The community of Christ's people has the Apostolical infallible truth in its keeping, and so also the keys to all intents and purposes. The great gulf which this book, and similar books, places between the Apostles and the living Church of subsequent ages, is unnatural and contrary to the analogy of God's dealings with men.

The principle we appeal to is admirably illustrated in this same introductory lecture. The Apostolic Church is shown to have an *inward* aspect, derived from the doctrines taught by the Apostles, and an *outward* aspect, derived from Apostolic institutions and laws. These were not in the beginning independent of each other. Dr. Jacob would direct the thoughts of men directly to the earliest age, to find there those doctrines which are the abiding life of the Church, and those ceremonial ordinances which are essential to its existence. "Outward forms and ordinances are not, indeed, the life, yet they are necessary as means and instruments of the life's powers and influences. They stand related to the real life and spirit of a Christian Church nearly as the organs of the human body do to the soul—dead and powerless by themselves, yet requisite for the soul's contact with the material world."

One of the greatest difficulties besetting the question is that of accounting for the very early introduction of doctrines and ecclesiastical principles which seem alien to the New Testament, but, with singular persistency, have been retained in all succeeding ages by a large portion of the Christian community. Dr. Jacob very soon approaches this subject. "Notwithstanding the still generally acknowledged supremacy of Holy Scripture amongst us, the main current of Church opinion on all questions of polity and practice (to say nothing here of doctrines) has for a very considerable time been setting strongly towards the ecclesiastical system of the third and fourth centuries, to the neglect, in this respect, of the New Testament; and many are carried quietly along with the tide, knowing little or nothing of the shore to which it is wafting them. The movement, which was commenced in our Church nearly forty years ago, and which has gradually extended its influence under various forms and phases, until it is now felt throughout our ecclesiastical life, was begun and carried on by men who diligently and perseveringly

brought to bear upon the public mind their stores of learning, gathered, not from the Apostles, but from the post-apostolic Fathers; not from the Divinely-taught Church of the New Testament, but from the humanly-deteriorated Church of a later time. The opponents of this Oxford school of theology cried out against what seemed to be the Romanistic nature of its teaching; a considerable number of its teachers and disciples ended their career in the Church of Rome, and Romanising predilections and practices are still plainly seen in some of its adherents. Yet it was a mistake to suppose that Rome was the proposed object of the Oxford Tractarians' aims or wishes. The accomplished leaders of that movement were no doubt perfectly sincere when, at an early period of their course, they denied the charge of Romeward tendencies which was brought against them. It was not into conformity with the Church of Rome, but into conformity with the Church of the fourth century, that they desired to bring us. It was only at a later time that some of them, discovering the end to which their accepted principles naturally led, but which they had not at first perceived, honestly went over to the Romish Communion. And even now, after the long, and, for the most part, triumphant, career which this Church party has pursued, it is only the very advanced members of it who distinctly hold Romanistic tenets, and long for an actual reunion with the Papal See. The greater number, the more moderate and less deeply imbued portion of the High Church or Anglo-Catholic School, who do not denounce the English Reformation as a blunder and a crime, desire still, with a consciousness more or less indistinct, to draw as near as they can, in doctrine and in practice, to the model of the Church, as it existed before the supposed commencement of the Papacy; or, at any rate, they entertain a great reverence for the Nicene period, as if the true Christian system had then reached its perfection, and as if the doctrines and practices then in force were in some way or other binding upon Christians now. Yes, and even with some who do not by any means belong to the High Church school, there may be found a vague feeling that the Nicene period enjoys a kind of authority in the Church of England beyond that of any other time. And so when 'Church authority' or 'Church principles,' instead of the teaching, or as supplemental to the teaching, of the New Testament, are urged upon our acceptance under the penalty of our being considered untrue to the Catholic Church, if we reject them, the Church, as it was in the fourth century, is intended." (P. 20.)

This is very strikingly put; and will give the reader a clear idea of the kind of book that we recommend to him. It boldly appeals, though written by an English clergyman, from all ages, and from the ante-Nicene age in particular, to the New Testament itself, and seeks to determine, by its guidance, what the true "Church principles" are. In determining these, the present volume adopts a rather latitudinarian tone, and scarcely does justice to the New-Testament exhibition of an order of men who entered into the Apostles' functions of guarding

the faith and teaching the flock, unfolding the mysteries of truth, and watching for souls as those who must give account. The sacramental theory is shown in its true character, whether as a perversion of Scripture or as the fruitful source of every kind of error. So thoroughly well is this question handled, as against the notions of priest and sacrifice imported into the ceremonial, that we are disposed to suppress a slight feeling of disappointment on other grounds of which we are conscious. In the anxiety to defend the Eucharist from erroneous and superstitious abuses, it seems to us that some very precious elements are almost explained away. Its peculiar relation to the Christian covenant is not insisted upon as it ought, and it is going too far to say that there is not the slightest intimation in Scripture that the Lords "presence in the believer's heart at this service is different in kind from His presence in Him at prayer, or in any other spiritual communion." It is the argument from the "omissions" of Scripture that Dr. Jacob, following his master, Archbishop Whately, insists upon. We think that the omissions of his own remarkable volume are its only defect.

The whole volume, and the Appendices in particular, make it abundantly plain that many doctrines and practices commonly supposed to be characteristic of Romanism, really existed in the Church before or at the end of the fourth century. Mr. Isaac Taylor's *Ancient Christianity* has supplied some of the material; a book which, as Dr. Jacob says, has not had so much attention paid it as it deserves. His own work we heartily recommend, as a clearly and honestly written account of *The Ecclesiastical Polity of the New Testament*. It is rather too latitudinarian at some points for our taste, though this is rather in tone than in statement; but as a contribution to the settlement of the pressing questions of our own time, it is a most able and valuable production.

Christian Sacerdotalism, viewed from a Layman's Standpoint, and tried by Holy Scripture and the Early Fathers. With a short Sketch of the State of the Church from the End of the Third till the Reformation in the Beginning of the Nineteenth Century. By John Jardine, M.A., LL.D. Longmans.

A SERVICEABLE contribution to a subject which becomes more and more prominent from year to year. The idea is a good one, that of tracing the growth of the Sacerdotal idea, as opposed to the Ministerial, in the Christian Church. The execution of the plan is good also on the whole, though a little more discussion of the reason of this development would have made it still better. Had the author given a catena of evidences of advancing error from century to century, taking severally the ministry, the sacraments, and ecclesiastical centralisation as his centres, the work would have more fully

accomplished its end. As it is, the argument is not so cumulative and concentrated as it might be. Such was the impression which a careful reading of the successive testimonies from the Apostolic Fathers and the ante-Nicene writers generally produced in our mind. But the summary of ten pages which follows goes far to give the unity which we found lacking. The summary very fairly presents the precise amount of the early Fathers' divergences from the New Testament; and at the same time takes care to specify what errors of a later time were without this early sanction. The confusion that reigned even in the second century is very well exhibited in the following comment on Irenæus, which is a perfectly fair representation:—

"Irenæus, in reasoning with the heretics, maintains that, after the invocation, the bread was not common bread, but the Eucharist, consisting of two realities, earthly and heavenly; so also our bodies, when they receive the Eucharist, are no longer corruptible, having the hope of resurrection to eternity. It is difficult to understand what meaning Irenæus attached to the word 'corruptible;' but surely the baptised Christian has the hope of the resurrection to eternity, even though he may not have received the Eucharist. We see, however, that by attributing some mysterious powers to the elements after consecration, just as in the water of baptism, the sacerdotal theory arose, till it culminated in the real or corporeal presence. Irenæus, therefore, however, goes on to argue that our bodies are nourished by His body and blood, quoting St. Paul's words, 'We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones,' not saying these things of some spiritual and invisible man (for the spirit has neither flesh nor bones); which is very inconsistent with his saying that after the invocation it is no longer common bread. In another passage he says, 'The oblation of the Eucharist is not a carnal, but a spiritual one.' We confess that these passages referred to are apparently confused and contradictory."

There are several theories which may account for these and such-like undeniable germs of Sacerdotalism in the early fathers; either these passages are interpolated, or they are exaggerations of phrase which must be supposed to be consistent with a substantially sound meaning, or they are the plain evidences of a corruption that began very early in the holiest place, at the very Table which the Lord had just consecrated, and at which His Apostles had just ministered. All these theories may be united, neither is sufficient alone.

Dr. Jardine has added a deeply interesting and useful sketch of the long interval during which the Church was maturing its errors: "ages of faith," falsely so called. It is like the rest of the work, sketchy and miscellaneous, but faithful to the truth, and fortifies its positions by quotations. On the whole we think this work of a layman may be read to their advantage by all Christians, whether ministers or laymen, who have learning enough to appreciate the evidences it honestly adduces.

Scripture and Science not at Variance; with Remarks on the Historical Character, Plenary Inspiration, and Surpassing Importance of the Earlier Chapters of Genesis. By John H. Pratt, M.A., F.R.S., Archdeacon of Calcutta, Author of "The Mathematical Principles of Mechanical Philosophy." Sixth Edition. London: Hatchards. Calcutta: Barham and Co. 1871.

THE first edition of this book was written some fifteen years ago, in reply to the late Professor Baden Powell's assertion that "all Geology is contrary to Scripture." During that time many works have appeared in support of this and similar views. In no inefficient way our author has striven to keep pace with this rapidly increasing literature, and to bring his treatise down to the latest phase of the controversy. It were marvellous indeed, if the first pages of the earliest book we possess did not seem to be at variance with the most recent scientific formula of these latest days. Mr. Pratt aims to show that the discrepancy is only apparent and not real. He takes his stand on the proofs of the inspiration of the writers of Holy Scripture, assuming that therefore it is free from error of every kind; and he demands to be dislodged from his position by arguments and real facts. It is no part of his purpose to reconcile Scripture and Science, but to show that nothing has yet been advanced and established by Science which is really contradictory to Holy Scripture when rightly interpreted. It is an argument borrowed from history. He challenges Science "to produce one instance in which the statements of Holy Scripture are proved to be wrong, except in as far as minor errors have crept in through the mistakes of the most careful copyists. I do not aim," he says "at reconciling Scripture and Science, though this is often the result of the investigation; but at demonstrating the fact which is involved in the title of my book, namely, that Scripture and Science are never at variance." Inasmuch as the two great records emanate from the same infallible author, apparent discrepancies must be due to an erroneous interpretation of one or the other by the fallible interpreter.

The harmony of Scripture and Science is vindicated by an appeal to the earlier and later histories of scientific discovery; in the former of which Holy Scripture has been relieved of many false interpretations once current, but at which now a school-boy would smile; and in the latter, new light has been thrown upon Scripture by the discoveries of Science, guarding it against further misconception. It is also further indicated by examples in which Science has been delivered from the false conclusions of some of its votaries, and thereby shown to be in entire agreement with Scripture.

When we say that theories are examined on the antiquity of the earth, and the question of the six days' creation;—on the presence of death in the world previous to Adam's fall, on the Deluge, on the

common origin of man; on the differences of nations since the flood; on the original unity of language and the age of the human race; also on the origin of species, the origin of man, and the origin of life; and on arithmetical objections to the Pentateuch, together with several others—we sufficiently indicate the interesting ground traversed by this treatise. These delicate questions are approached by a mind devoutly reverent towards the Sacred Volume, and not lacking in scientific culture and acumen. The result is a volume calculated greatly to reassure the confidence of timid believers, and to dissipate fears which many have felt in presence of difficulties they did not feel competent to resolve. The author has well illustrated his own accurate assertion that apparent discrepancies invariably prove the germ of new agreements. He has well prepared the ground for his brief but fearless defence of the historical character, plenary inspiration, and surpassing importance of the first eleven chapters of Genesis.

Not the young only, within the scope of whose comprehension the book is advisedly written, but more mature Christians also, may derive great advantage from this defence of their faith; nor can they rise from its perusal without having arrived at the conclusion to which the whole argument tends, that no new discovery, however startling, need disturb our belief in the plenary inspiration of Scripture, or damp our zeal in the pursuit of Science.

A Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. By the Rev. W. A. O'Connor, B.A., Trinity College, Dublin, Author of "Faith and Works," "The Truth and the Church," &c. London: Longmans. 1871.

THIS Commentary, more properly described as an Essay, is at once a paraphrase and an analysis of St. Paul's argument in his Epistle to the Romans; and was originally intended to appear as an introduction to a body of exegetical and doctrinal notes on the Epistle, of which a few have been appended. The Essay embraces four very important topics, namely Justification, Life, Perfection, and Election, which are treated with a penetration and freshness of thought which is very pleasing. A consistent and intelligible view of this difficult Epistle is opened in a line of argument as ingenious as it is vigorous. It combines the freedom of an essay with the fidelity of an exposition. It is enriched by some examples of careful and delicate interpretation, presented in terse, energetic language, and cannot fail to awaken new and profitable thoughts in the mind of the reader, whose attention it will amply repay. It is evidently the product of honest labour. In reading it we could not help the reflection that many hours of patient thought have been distilled into this little volume. Of particular interpretations we forbear to speak. The whole hangs together in a consistent and orderly manner.

A single extract will illustrate all we have said. "Not only can we 'reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be

compared with the glory which shall be developed in us,' but moreover there is in every human being a latent willingness to forego pleasure and endure pain for the sake of some ultimate unexperienced good. "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.' Man is not finally happy in ease and self-indulgence. His very sin is the ignorant struggle of a dissatisfied condition. Adam's fall was the first step in the progress from the sonship of creation to the sonship of perfect spiritual affinity. It was a false step, but it initiated the movement. It was motion in the wrong direction, but it aided God's purpose, in so far as it was a departure from a state in which man was not intended to continue. Adam was not created absolutely and immutably perfect, because absolute and immutable perfection is formed and disciplined, not created. His liability to fall was only the accident of his capacity to rise to a state of permanent holiness. This was the end for which God created our nature. It was made subject to vanity and error, but it was not meant to remain satisfied and contented with this condition, because by virtue of the very touch of the Creator's hand it was inspired with an instinct of hope that clings to it even in its fall, and points out to it unceasingly its true destiny. Our nature itself struggles for deliverance, not drawn on by the superficial attraction of an external object, but stung into exertion by the transforming power of an inward expectancy. The groans and pangs of all past time were the travailing of mankind towards regeneration, and even we Christians, in whom this regeneration has commenced, have still much to hope and to labour for; because this vague, unsatisfied hungering and thirsting after righteousness, this striving after an attainment that always grows beyond our grasp, this moral restlessness that chafes under every remaining infirmity, and strains with a deathless desire after an undefined ideal, has ever been the God-given element within us that is working out and urging us towards that invigoration and maturity of virtue to which alone eternity can be safely entrusted, because then the tendency is fixed for ever and a fall is impossible. If any near or definable or external standard were set before us, our salvation would hang suspended. The very Spirit of God that comes to aid our struggles does not suggest a definite object; but intercedes for us in a voice as inarticulate and with a purpose as unexpressed as our own aspirations. This sightless longing of the human heart, and this dumb pleading of the Divine Spirit, are in accordance with God's method. The traveller towards God's perfect reign sees no boundary, imagines no termination to his journey. Only the hope that hits no mark draws us on. The prayer that is echoed back arrests our progress. God allows our best prayers to fly past. Our pursuit is characterised by its object. If we sought repose in a throne, or a rapture, or a vision, or a heaven piled on countless heavens, it would reflect immobility in our spirits. A fixed object or period in the future would dam the flow and stifle the spring of our longings. The living waters have neither shore nor

sea, but flow on for ever. The Christian does not seek repose, but greater power for boundless exertion. This is the rest, the equilibrium of his soul. God clears the spaces of eternity as his path, and unfolds infinity as the paradise he is to till, and endows his soul with a ceaseless motive."

We recommend the volume alike to occasional readers and closer students of the Apostolic Epistles.

The Old Catholic Church; or, the History, Doctrine, Worship, and Polity of the Christians, traced from the Apostolic Age to the Establishment of the Pope as a Temporal Sovereign, A.D. 755. By W. D. Killen, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Dr. Killen briefly goes over the ground which he trod with firm and vigorous steps some years ago in the *Ancient Church*. Having done so, he enters fully into the history of the Catholic Church proper: that is, in fact, the most important period of ecclesiastical history. The author shows that he has some of the most necessary qualities for the discharge of the duty he has undertaken. First of all, he has a deep sense of the importance of seeking in that early period for the germs of subsequent error, whether of doctrine or practice. It is a mistake of many writers that they paint a picture of the past Christian ages which is rather the representation of what they think it ought to have been than of what it really was. They altogether ignore the fact, that the latest documents of Revelation plainly indicate the speedy coming if not the actual presence of anti-Christian tendencies; and that the current of history, as it flows onward from Apostolic times, presents precisely the characteristics which the sure predictions of Scripture prepare us to expect. It is scarcely to be wondered at that this error should be committed by superficial compilers and essayists. It does seem an anomaly, and almost a thing incredible, that the most sacred doctrines and institutions of Christianity should be perverted while the very voices of the Apostles are echoing in the Church's ears. But so it was. The tares and the wheat are mingled in the field of doctrine, as well as in the field of morals, from the very beginning; and it might almost be thought that a High Voice had said of the former, as well as of the latter, "Let both grow together until the harvest."

Then, again, Dr. Killen has a remarkable faculty of dramatic presentation and vivid historical writing. He is a thorough artist. Not that his style is elegant, or his taste unimpeachable—witness his calling one of the good old Fathers a "gentleman"—but he groups his facts in a most interesting manner, and almost makes one forget that he is reading history, and not a modern reproduction of ancient chronicles. The effect of this can hardly be estimated, save by comparison with other histories. Many might be named what are more

complete compendiums of the history of these times; many which are more learned books of reference; many which are more fascinating as mere essays; but we cannot point to one which combines such varied excellences—which more aptly unites the fidelity of the annalist with the living interest of the narrator of events in which every man that bears the name of Christian ought to feel deeply.

Another excellence of this book is the skill with which it interweaves with its immediate purpose the history of Christian doctrine. The only book we know comparable to it is Ebrard's untranslated German work, which, however, no translation could possibly make so interesting as Dr. Killen's. This judgment is a dispassionate one, and is all the more trustworthy, perhaps, because we differ very widely from Dr. Killen's estimate of the theology of ancient times in regard to some doctrines—for instance, as it respects General Redemption.

Dr. Killen is very much to our taste as giving the Presbyterian view of the *Origines* of the Church. The following selection of topics in one of the chapters will show what manner of guide we have. It will also serve to indicate in other respects the character of the work:—"*Constitution of the Church.* Extraordinary and Ordinary Office-bearers; the Churches of Jerusalem, Antioch, and Ephesus; Elders in every Church and Popular Election; Timothy, Titus, and the Angels of the Seven Churches; Presbyterian Government supplanted by Prelacy; the Rise of the Hierarchy and the Catholic Church; the Forerunners of Anti-Christ; Prelacy begins at Rome; Date of its Commencement; the change at first not very striking; Presbyters for a time continued to ordain; Prelacy led to Popery; the Catholic Church; the Rise of Metropolitans; Danger of tampering with Divine arrangements; Babylon a Type of Papal Rome."

This work has made us look up the author's *Ancient Church*. We recommend both books to our readers; not, of course, as their only texts on the early Church, but as well worthy to take their place with other authorities on the most select shelf.

Modern Scepticism. A Course of Lectures delivered at the request of the Christian Evidence Society, with an Explanatory Paper by the Right Rev. C. J. Ellicott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

We have more than once called the attention of our readers, especially our German readers, to collections of apologetic lectures delivered at Hanover, Leipzig, Bremen, and elsewhere. One such volume we notice in the preceding sheet. It is with much satisfaction that we receive this first instalment of the labours of the English Christian Evidence Society in the same direction. This volume is one which on the whole will sustain comparison with any of those

issued on the Continent; it is not inferior in adaptation to the wants of the times; it surpasses them in directness, and more especially in clearness of statement, and eloquence of diction. Its has one fault in common with the foreign works, but it is one that succeeding series will mend,—the want of specific reference to the shades of sceptical opinion to which current literature bears witness. Each Lecture seems almost to require that it should be followed by another, containing a special application of its topic to some of the more notorious works of the time, and such a continuation might with advantage be intrusted, generally speaking, to the same lecturer, at least for another season. His mind, and heart, and pen are, as it were, ready prepared for the service; indeed, it is sufficiently obvious that each lecturer has given up his subject with reluctance.

It is not necessary to refer in detail to the several subjects of the volume. It has established itself as a classic in our contemporaneous evidential literature; and edition after edition shows that it is well circulated among all classes. We do not wonder at this. The papers are of a high order of merit; not all of them of the highest, but all of them containing individual passages of true eloquence and singular beauty of illustration. This is the case literally with every Lecture; we have marked, if we thought it right to quote them, a passage or two in each that deserves to be read again and again.

As hinted before, there is a certain lack as yet of precise reference to the shades of sceptical thought. The Atheism of Materialistic theories which complacently omit the idea of God—Atheism not Anti-Theism—affects in many cases to deplore the necessity to which it is driven, of accounting for all the most subtle phenomena of things by the mere combinations of matter. The first Lecture gives the generalities of this question well, but it does not pursue the subject into all its phases as the scientific man exhibits them, to his own perplexity and the perplexity of others. The scientific materialist is by turns in two moods. Now he watches the unspeakably subtle agencies which seem like spirit in matter, which no spirit could surpass in their swift and instantaneous movements upon earth; and he quietly exults in the confidence that the secret of life and what seems to be independent spirit will be detected soon in the molecular physics of the brain. He is an Atheist, and finds no God necessary; he is the Sadducee of Science, the Materialist or Positivist, or what else. But that is not all. He is sometimes in another mood. He turns against the idea of God. He reasons against the possibility of the existence of a Being, clothed with the perfections that we ascribe to the Supreme Being. If such a Being exists, what means, he asks, the cry of defiance, or of misery in His universe? A Sceptic is not a mere Atheist. He is an Anti-Theist; and will listen to no argument that does not deal with the enigmas and the inconsistencies of the moral universe. To such a man it is altogether useless to dilate upon the arguments of design, and the proofs of the existence of one controlling mind. The Lecture on Pantheism contains a passage

of rare skill which we recall to memory while writing. It indicates the only way of dealing with such a chaos of thought. But this desperate Anti-Theism, which seems to belong to the present age, must have a special treatment.

There are forms of opposition to the Christian Revelation which are not to be met by the common evidences of Christianity, external or internal. Those who represent them, persistently deny the possibility of such a kind of intervention as the Christian faith reveals. And no amount of argument to recommend the system of Christianity, or to reduce to absurdity every human solution of its facts, will avail to win their attention to the subject. There is a desperate *à priori* repugnance which must be dealt with. And this is not altogether prominent enough in this first volume.

There are some things absent, however, the absence of which we rejoice in.

It is impossible not to observe the marked absence of the sectarian feeling. Dignitaries of the Establishment and Nonconformists unite in this work of faith in the most Catholic manner; and the union is not offensively celebrated as something noble. This of itself is one of the Evidences of Christianity. Vain are all other arguments with a large class of sceptics so long as the unhappy bigotry of Sacerdotal Christianity reigns; and where elaborate apologetics are issued by defenders of the common faith who make uncertain doctrines and undecided questions the 'ground of irreconcilable differences with a large proportion, if not the majority, of their fellow Christians whose characters are in all respects as good as their own, what can be the result but a sense of unreality and absurdity that must blunt the edge of every argument. Hence it seems to us that all public and systematic defences of the Christian faith should be conducted by the united Christian bodies.

Again, it is pleasant to observe throughout this volume the cordial sympathy of the writers with every kind of sceptic, and their compassion for every form of scepticism. There is no evidence of a certain tone of contempt which regards doubt as simply a malignant temper of mind that may most fully be met by mockery, and makes Elijah on Mount Carmel its model. The prophet, moved by the spirit of inspiration, poured out his holy sarcasm on the prophets of Baal, but he aimed only to exhibit in its true light an alien worship with which God was weary, and which He had determined to root out of the land. It is a perilous thing for Christian apologists to deal thus with the enemies of Revelation. Multitudes of them are, especially in our own land, struggling with a scepticism which is rather a disease than a crime, which they mourn over while they indulge in it, and which they would, at a very great cost, renounce were their own free volitions consulted. We think that there is something in the tone of this volume that must conciliate such minds, and lead honest doubters to consider what may be said on the other side. Sincere sceptics, who read these lectures, will not be offended by any flippant under-

valuation of their scruples. They will not hear the old cry reiterated that such and such objections have been answered a thousand times, as if objections were not all the more formidable for having recovered from generation to generation. We do not remember any such superficial remarks in this book, which deals soberly and dispassionately with every form of objection, whether old or new, and all the more anxiously if it happens to be an ancient and irrepressible doubt. May this spirit of tenderness continue in the succeeding courses.

On the other hand, our lecturers have, one and all, maintained the dignity of their cause. They speak as dealing with men labouring under most melancholy delusions, delusions into which they would not have fallen, and in which, at any rate, they would not continue, if, with all their hearts, they were willing to do the will of God. Surely the Saviour's Word must eternally hold good, and hold good in every new development of opposition to His truth. There is no persistent and radical and lifelong error which has not some connection with moral obliquity—either carnal sin or intellectual. It is true that we find occasionally sincere and upright persons of irreproachable life who cannot accept the truth. They are, for a season, a marvel to us, and we feel a conviction that with them all will ultimately be well. But the majority of those who are writing, lecturing, and "prating" —this is the Scriptural word—against the truths of Christianity are men of flippant and undisciplined minds, who are puffed up by a Science which they know against a Theology that they do not know, and can declaim against the ancient faith of their fathers and of their fellows as if none but fools could maintain it in these days. Our Christian Evidence Society maintains its dignity against such men; and we hope that it will hereafter be encouraged to maintain it yet more effectually.

There is no lecture devoted to the latent modes of scepticism. But this, we are persuaded, would be a very important and a very useful paper, if well and discriminatingly written. There is a great deal of unpronounced and inarticulate doubt among our young people especially, about which their guardians cannot be too solicitous. This is in a great measure the result of the wide diffusion of a sceptical element in the common literature of the day. It would be an invidious, but a salutary, occupation to look over the reviews, and monthly, and weekly, and daily serials of the time, and note how many there are, or rather how few, which are rigorous in the exclusion of everything that would tend to weaken faith in the Word of God. It has become a fashion to include a multitude of subjects that ought never to be thought of or written of but as settled, as "open questions," which may be dealt with in the style of playful banter or "still conjecture."

However, we must not forget that this most energetic society has only begun its course. May its lectures, and every other part of its work in defence of the Faith, be encouraged abundantly.

Phœnicia and Israel. A Historical Essay. By Augustus S. Wilkins, M.A. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1871.

This very comely little book is the Burney Prize Essay for the year 1870. Treading swiftly on the heels of the same author's Hulsean Prize Essay for the year 1868, it bears witness to the scholarly industry of Mr. Wilkins while occupied by the pressing duties of the Professorship of Latin at Owen's College. The subject of the Essay, proposed by the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, is "The influence of the Phœnicians on the Political, Social, and Religious Relations of the Children of Israel." We can heartily recommend to the student this monograph on a singularly interesting topic, the more so as it is scarcely probable that he would know where to lay his hand upon any other work of the kind. It is not that Mr. Wilkins is an original investigator in the field he has selected, but he has added to a careful study of the Old Testament a sufficiently independent examination of the best authorities on the languages and early history of the East, and brought from many quarters whatever would contribute to the elucidation of his subject. Like most recent writers whose work has led them that way, Mr. Wilkins pays his tribute of admiration and respect to Renan's *Histoire des Langues Sémitiques;* but more than to any one else he expresses his obligations to Mövers, "whose great work is a complete repertory of all that up to the date of its publication (1841—1865) had been learnt about Phœnicia." The references to Ewald are also numerous, and we are glad to see that the tyranny of that illustrious name does not rest upon Mr. Wilkins as it does upon so many Biblical students and critics.

After tracing the historical relations between the Phœnicians and the Israelites, as they may be seen in occasional glimpses from the Conquest under Joshua, to the time when both were absorbed into the Babylonian Empire, the author examines, in two interesting chapters, the political, social, and religious influence of Phœnicia upon Israel. This is a kind of inquiry to which it is to be hoped a good deal of attention will by-and-by be given; for the ultimate and most important questions with regard to a nation's history are to be found along the line of its contact with other nations. When the materials are in hand for judging what the life of any people really was, the larger question of its relation to the world's life, to humanity in its progressive development, will present itself. Nothing is easier than to give some answer to this question, at least with regard to the better-known peoples of the earth; nothing, perhaps, more difficult than to answer it thoroughly and well, tracing the subtle flow of influences which pass from nation to nation, through the many-branched arteries of social, intellectual, and religious life. It is plain that the Phœnicians and Israelites could not live side by side for something like a thousand years, during part of which their relations were intimate and friendly, without telling upon each other in many ways.

What Israel did for Phœnicia can never be told. It belongs to the unwritten history of the Kingdom of God amongst the heathen. Who can say whither "the law went forth from Zion, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem?" Surely some light from her sanctuary, some echo of her prophets' voices, reached the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, long afterwards to be entered once, at least, by the Son of Man. But of the influence of Phœnicia upon Israel something may be ascertained. In arts and commerce, and also in shameful idolatries, the Phœnicians were able to teach, and the people of Israel not unwilling to learn. We refer our readers to the Essay of Mr. Wilkins, as containing much information in small compass, the whole being dealt with in the same reverent spirit which characterised Mr. Wilkins's former Essay, which we have already noticed.

The Purchas Judgment; a Letter to the Right Hon. Sir J. D. Coleridge. By H. P. Liddon, D.D., D.C.L. London: Rivingtons. 1871.

Although Canon Liddon's Letter is dated Easter-tide, 1871, it may not be too late to notice it here. By-and-by it will be wanted by those who are watching the course of events within the Anglican Church, and desire to have the materials for modern ecclesiastical history in their hands. And, indeed, that history is being made pretty rapidly at present. Not to refer to matters which, while they affect the Church, take their rise rather in the sphere of politics, it cannot be said that the year has been ecclesiastically uneventful, which has seen Mr. Purchas, Mr. Voysey, and Mr. Bennett before the Court of Arches and the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The decision of the Judicial Committee in the case of Mr. Purchas was felt as a severe blow by the High Church party throughout the country, as it was against ritualistic practice in three particulars: viz. the mixing of water with the wine in celebrating the Holy Communion; the position of the celebrating priest in the Communion service; and lastly, the use of vestments. Those of us who feel that much of this eager controversy is disastrous trifling, might be tempted to make merry over the legal defeats which the Ritualists have lately sustained, but upon the whole we prefer not laughing at Dr. Liddon, however mistaken we may count him. To him, at least, no trifles are at stake; nor is it a silly vanity or narrow-hearted priestliness which lies at the bottom of his claim for altar-ritual and the rest of it. Dr. Liddon believes in his heart that holy doctrine is obscured, the Church's catholicity imperilled, and Christ dishonoured by refusing leave to the clergy to wear Eucharistic vestments, mix water with the wine in Holy Communion, and make genuflections before the table on which the elements are placed. In our heart we believe none of these things, and we marvel at Dr. Liddon's anxiety and distress. But they are the anxiety and distress of a devout Christian mind, and

thus appeal in some sort to our sympathy, while failing to approve themselves to our judgment.

Each of the three decisions referred to is contested by Dr. Liddon with a good deal of argumentative skill, though once or twice a trace of casuistry appears which we do not think quite worthy of him. Their relative importance is thus described:—The prohibition of the mixed chalice is the most direct contravention of the Church of England's profession of conformity to the practice of the Primitive Church. The decision as to vestments is the least reconcilable with the actual law of the Church and the Realm; while the ruling that the priest's place is at the north side of the table and not in front of it, is "practically of the greatest importance; it is, by widespread consent, in the popular apprehension, more closely connected than the other two with the maintenance of Eucharistic truth." Here, then, precisely lay the tug of war, as was well understood by the Ritualistic clergy, and those who differed from them, *toto cælo*, as to what the "Eucharistic truth is." Further on Dr. Liddon admits that liturgical and ceremonial accessories of dress, posture, and the like, have nothing whatever to do with the essential completeness of the Sacrament, "that most real transaction between earth and heaven." "The question," he adds, "is really one of degree, to be regulated by considerations of spiritual expediency." With this statement most of his opponents would agree, and would have, as it appears to us, a very strong case against him, if "considerations of spiritual expediency" be fairly entertained.

One result of the judgment has been to call forth strong protest against the present constitution of the Court of Final Appeal. "It is, indeed, a serious source of weakness to our Church at this moment that we have a Supreme Court which fails to touch the conscience of a large body of the clergy." The dilemma which Dr. Liddon forces upon us is this: if it be right that the Anglican Church should continue to be an Established Church, 'the conscience of a large body of the clergy' will require to be enlightened with regard to the duty of submission to authority; if, on the other hand, the clergy-conscience be right in depreciating the moral authority of the Judicial Committee, then they must either separate their Church from the State, or themselves from the State Church. A short time will probably show which it is to be.

An Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews. By the Rev. Henry W. Williams, Author of "An Exposition of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans," &c. London: Wesleyan Conference Office.

ABUNDANT as are our Commentaries on the two great theological epistles, there is room for the kind of works Mr. Williams has furnished. Most of our recent expositions, original and translated, have

been either too ponderous and learned for the general reader, or too much limited to Sunday-school and devotional use. We are not making a very original observation in saying that there is nothing rarer than a commentary, a monograph commentary, which hits the precise medium: introducing all the results of textual criticism, recent philology, and profound exposition, while making all subordinate to the simpler unfolding of the mind of the Spirit. Few readers of such a commentary as this are aware how exceedingly difficult it is to write well the kind of commentary that Mr. Williams has attempted. It is easier to extract and arrange the substance of a number of learned expositions. It is easier to collect a catena of various opinions, and illustrative facts and anecdotes. This book we think a great success. It is very clear; it is faithful to the theology that we at least love; and, more than that, it is true to the exact meaning of the Scripture itself. The "general outline" is admirable, and ought, as the writer observes, to be read consecutively as a preparation for the work: still more admirable would it have been if the arrangement of the chapters had not been adhered to so closely. No book of the New Testament has more difficult places: to these we first and instinctively turned when this new exposition came to our hands, and were seldom disappointed. The only instance in which Mr. Williams has seemed to us to glide round a difficulty, is to be noted in the passages which refer to Our Lord's sinlessness, or rather, for that is amply defended, the question of the precise nature of His possible temptation to sin. By way of reparation, there are some knotty points which have a rich light thrown upon them: such as the severe sayings of chapter vi., and the account of faith in Heb. xi. 1, and the wonderful passage at the end of chapter xii., and many others.

The young Methodist preacher ought to value this book. Mr. Williams, as a clear and straightforward expositor of Methodist theology, is surpassed by none. His style is plain and at the same time scholarly; his analysis is not subtile; he is never sentimental, never intense and enthusiastic, indeed scarcely enough of either; and he knows well when the limit of possible exposition is reached. We value this work ourselves, and hope it will be as widely appreciated as its predecessor has been.

A Compendium of Biblical Criticism on the Canonical Books of the Holy Scriptures. By Frederick Sargent. London: Longmans. 1871.

This is a most amazing book. After a careful examination of the ponderous volume we are able to say that we know of no work upon the subject with which it can be compared, of no labourer in this field who bears the least likeness to Mr. Sargent. We have endeavoured to make out from his introduction the precise aim which

the author set before him—"since none can compass more than they intend"—but, shall we blush to say that we have failed to find it? The sentences which gave us the most hope, and finally left us in the completest despair, are the following: "Criticisms have been written on detached books of the Hebrew text; and that of the Greek Testament has been sifted by German bibliographers. What is required, is a more concise adjustment of parts, and digest of the whole; a more judicious reconcilement of differential opinions, and attainable certitude of dubitative conclusions." After this specimen of the author's style it will hardly be believed that in the same page he goes on to say that those "who engage in the undertaking of Biblical superintendence ought not to be mannerists in the art of composition!" Another illustration or two may enable our readers to judge whether Mr. Sargent be a mannerist or not. "The right definition of a Church is only an earthen vessel which contains pure water, and there is no danger to the stability of the one from the irrigation of the other." The critics of the Sacred Text are said to be "pioneers who have laid bare *valuable tracts of metalliferous veins*." He speaks also of "*the progress of dormant knowledge*"! This is a bold figure indeed, Knowledge walking in her sleep; we commend it to our more imaginative readers for further elaboration. After getting through the preface, we thought it impossible that the author could give us any further surprise. We imagined ourselves proof against everything, and in our own mind defied Mr. Sargent to astonish us. But he did, and it was thus. Of the Epistle to the Hebrews he writes: "Though its anonymous authorship has been much canvassed of late by Dean Alford, and attributed conjecturally *to several contemporaries*, it is generally acknowledged, from internal and external evidence, to have been the composition of Paul, having all the raciness, unction, and spirituality of a converted Pharisee." Let this wonderful sentence speak for itself, and for its author.

Synonyms of the Old Testament: their Bearing on Christian Faith and Practice. By the Rev. Robert Baker Girdlestone, M.A. Longmans.

Those who have profited by Archbishop Trench's *Synonyms of the Greek Testament* will hail this work as likely to supply a complementary volume, the need of which every page of its predecessor suggests. The New-Testament theological phraseology is not understood save through that of the Old, and the present work is really a mere introduction to that of Dr. Trench. It is giving it high praise to say that it is a worthy introduction. This is our judgment, after a hasty consultation. Some maturer thoughts upon it will be given in the next number. Meanwhile, the theological student will do well to form his own judgment by a careful reading. He will find Mr.

Girdlestone's volume, unless we greatly mistake, the most valuable contribution to "Biblical Theology" that has appeared in England for many years. When the second edition is called for, we would recommend the author to be much less sparing of the Hebrew: plenty of Hebrew, in large type, and fully pointed, would amply repay the reader for his extra expense.

What is Matter? By an Inner Templar. London: Wyman and Sons.

This little book is a vindication of Boscovich's theory of matter—as nothing but an assemblage of myriads of separate forces, each with their proper centre, upon which certain propositions are formulated, and proclaimed as "a criterion of truth." We give two of these:—"1. That matter acting on matter is force acting on force, giving a resultant force. 2. That finite mind is essentially such a resultant force." We are not competent to judge of some interesting formulæ, by which he attempts to show that compound spheres of force, or atoms of matter in his definition of them, may be changed from one to another, by causing the spheres to separate more and more. We commend them to natural philosophers. On his metaphysical views, we remind the author that *a sphere of force* has these elements: extension, resistance, and power of creating motion, for force is that which resists and produces motion. Well! what other definition is ever given of any nucleus of matter than a limited space occupied by that which passively resists and actively energises. It is a mere dispute about words. A force must be something or nothing. Force itself is a mere term. It denotes that unknown something that produces or resists movement, and it has a sphere of existence. Well, that is matter. But it is not mind; and the Inner Templar must study metaphysics in another school than physical science before he discusses the doctrine of mind, or calls it a resultant of *forces*.

The Gospel Church: Delineated from the New Testament, in its Constitution, Worship, Orders, Ministers and Ministrations. An Exhibition in Detail of the Special Privileges and Authorised Duties of Christian Fellowship. By Henry Webb. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1871.

The title of this book sufficiently indicates the comprehensive range of topics embraced in its pages. The whole work is written under the control of a reverent regard for Holy Scripture. It displays very patient preparation; and an intentional fidelity to the words of the sacred text. The application of the inductive method to the discovery of the principles of New-Testament teaching, which

is adopted, we very cordially approve. Though it is here, perhaps, our only complaint need be raised. There is not, in our judgment an entire freedom from the bias of prepossession, especially one or two instances. With this slight abatement we commend it to the students of ecclesiastical subjects.

Darwinism Refuted. An Essay on Mr. Darwin's Theory of "The Descent of Man." By Sidney Herbert Laing. London: Elliot Stock. 1871.

THESE few pages illustrate with how much ease the difficulties and contradictions of Mr. Darwin's theory may be exposed. Darwinism is here "refuted," not by counter evidence, but by an exhibition of the weakness of Mr. Darwin's argument. It is another example of the ridicule to which the theory is fairly open. It is, however, too slight and sketchy fully to justify its title.

Within the Gates; or, Glimpses of the Glorified Life. By G. D. Evans, of Grove Road Chapel, Victoria Park. London: Elliot Stock. 1871.

A GOOD and beautiful book, as free from the vapid sentimentality as from the fruitless speculation in which this sacred subject is so often hidden. It is a devotional treatise, fitted, as it is evidently intended, to aid the meditations and to inspire the hopes of earnest, simple, practical Christians. To the careworn and afflicted we may especially commend it.

Sermons chiefly on Subjects from the Sunday Lessons. By Henry Whitehead, M.A., Vicar of St. John's, Limehouse, Author of "Sermons on the Saints' Days." London: Strahan and Co. 1871.

THOUGH too greatly wanting in form to be strictly sermons, these meditations are commendable for the good and beautiful sentiments which are so aptly and harmoniously expressed in them. Quiet waters of truth, they are spiritual, instructive and corrective, without pretension, but not devoid of power.

Leibnitz and Newton. An Investigation into the Primitive Causes of the World, on the Ground of the Positive Results of Philosophy and Natural Science. By Joseph Durditt.

This is a well-reasoned and profound little treatise, which collates and seeks to unify the great conceptions of the two eminent philosophers here brought together. We are pleased to see this little treatise, by a young philosopher, appreciated at its proper value by his countrymen.

III. MISCELLANEOUS.

Report on Spiritualism of the Committee of the London Dialectical Society, together with the Evidence, Oral and Written, and a Selection from the Correspondence. London: Longmans, Green, Reader and Dyer. 1871. Pp. 412.

This volume is the result of an inquiry instituted by the London Dialectical Society into the phenomena of Spiritualism. At a meeting of the Council of that Society, held January the 26th, 1867, a Committee was appointed to conduct the investigation. It consisted of a Doctor of Divinity, four gentlemen connected with the medical profession, two of whom were Doctors in Medicine, a Serjeant-at-Law, and a Barrister-at-Law, an F.G.S. and an F.R.G.S., besides minor celebrities, including four wives of members. This Committee, thirty-three in number, divided into six sub-committees, which proceeded to hold *séances*, both with and without the presence of professed mediums, for the purpose of inviting spiritual manifestations. In addition to this, sessions were held for the reception of evidence, or rather testimony from spirits not yet disembodied, whose communications, oral or written, occupy nearly three-fourths of the large octavo volume before us. The remainder is devoted to the reports of the General Committee and its various sections.

We are bound to say that the existence of spiritualistic phenomena has been alleged in so many quarters and with such pertinacity as to make it rather desirable than otherwise that they should receive a cool and impartial investigation on the part of a competent and respectable body of men. If the spirits have anything to say, by all means let them say it; but let them be delivered from the hands of adventurers who make merchandise of their visits, and of enthusiasts whose brains give way under their revelations. If the manifestations made in the presence of the gentlemen chosen for the purpose be a little disappointing, we cannot blame their candour or their patience in research. Indeed we cannot but think that to these qualities they joined a high degree of courage. True, they were to hold their sittings in the 19th century, and were in no danger of being burnt like witches of the olden time for dealing with the Evil One, or imprisoned for life like Friar Bacon on the barest suspicion of meddling with the black art. Moreover, it was not necessary that they should rise at dead of night or retire to horribly desolate and haunted places in order that they might cultivate acquaintance with the supernatural. Nor was any preparatory course of training

requisite under solemn oath of secrecy, like the initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries. Nor were any revolting rites to be practised such as were familiar to their predecessors in this line. The old "ghosts" have altogether changed their character of late; the well-lighted rooms of the upper and middle classes are their favourite resort; gentle taps, undulating movements of pieces of carved and polished furniture, strains of music, agreeable perfumes, the pressure of warm hands, and the momentary appearance of shining countenances, these and such-like phenomena have taken the place of the deep groans and lurid gleams and sulphureous smells that were formerly in vogue. Notwithstanding, we say, the enterprise of the Committee was one that demanded a high degree of courage.

What they meditated was no less than a formal invasion of spirit-land. Its territory was to be explored from end to end: its ghostly armies were to be assailed on their own chosen field, and summoned to surrender at discretion; all their secrets were to be dragged to light, their mysterious movements explained, and their spiritual forces either demonstrated to be so much jugglery, or else reduced to subjection, and made subservient to the purposes of this utilitarian age. Men of science were to be invited to assist at these operations, which, if successful, would add a very wide margin to the fields of human inquiry, and place in the hands of man powers compared with which steam and electricity would sink into insignificance. Who could tell what might be the result? Would the spirits resent this summary mode of treatment as disrespectful to their dignity, and savouring too much of mere earthly motives to admit of any co-operation on their part? Would they begin to make some new use of their marvellous powers, and overwhelm the detachments of the invading army with such manifestations as should doom them henceforth to the padded cells of the lunatic asylum? Or would they perceive the real character of the opportunity now afforded of making the most friendly advances, and, by a feigned submission, secure a real victory, viz. first, the adherence of the influential committee, and then, as a natural consequence, the indoctrination into the same views of the whole of the literary and scientific classes in one of the foremost nations of the world? It seems a pity that this last view of the real meaning and importance of the investigation does not seem to have occurred to the sagacious minds that, freed from the trammels of the flesh, have gained such developments of intelligence, and are so anxious to impart the same to the friends they have left behind. It must be acknowledged to have been a great mistake. Even with the present imperfect knowledge of Spiritualism, only one person in a thousand being reckoned to be even fit to become a medium, so many benefits have been bestowed upon mankind, so many cures effected, so many evils discovered, the seclusion of which kept property from its lawful owners, so much knowledge of particular vocations conveyed by which there has been achieved a tolerable degree of success in life, so much information given as to the whereabouts and welfare of dis-

tant friends; so many sorrowing relatives comforted by messages from those whom they have lost, and, above all, so many individuals reclaimed by these means from materialism, that we cannot but wonder that a better use was not made of this opportunity.

But this is not to be. Out of the six sub-committees, two obtained no results at all, and the remainder were favoured only with the most common and ordinary experiences. The presence of the doctors did not bring up Galen and Æsculapius, nor even any modern men like Abernethy and Dr. Jenner, although one might well imagine that the latter must needs be disquieted at the indignity done to him by the general repudiation of the vaccination theory. The barrister-at-law and serjeant-at-law did not call up the authors of the *Codex Justinianus*, nor the Blackstones and Eldons of former times, though they might have given valuable advice as to the improvement of legal education. The doctor of divinity was powerless to evoke any manifestations from the great teachers of former times, either as to the credibility of the creeds they helped to form, or as to the issue of the sceptical tendencies of the day. Nor did the other eminent men unsphere the spirit of Plato so as to ascertain whether he approved of Mr. Jowett's translation of his works, nor of Socrates, his master, though so fond of putting questions to everybody himself during the period of his incorporation in the fifth century B.C. They did succeed in obtaining visits from an "infant grandnncle," a Mr. Henry K——, and the spirit of Jem Clarke! The first of these personages bore the specified relationship to one of the party present; the second brought a charge of misappropriation of property against a Mr. X——; while the third, by his heavy, lumpish knocks, could only make it doubtfully apparent that he was some distant relation of a housekeeper of one of the ladies present, who was about to leave her place. Henceforth, let heads of houses beware; warnings to servants may, in addition to all the other inconveniences they entail, be followed up by "warnings" from their deceased relations of another kind.

It is time to inquire what impression was made upon the minds of the members of the committee themselves. Collectively, they advance no opinion as to the source of the manifestations, but confine themselves to the recording of facts. Individually their views vary. Some, from being totally sceptical on the subject, incline to the belief that there must be some occult natural force at work, which has as yet eluded the observation of philosophers, but which may be in some way connected with the unconscious action of the brain. Others ascribe the whole, or nearly the whole, of what they have witnessed to imposture.

The letter of Dr. Edmunds, the gentleman on whose motion the committee was appointed, seems to lean this way. A flattering delineation of his character, drawn by means of spiritualistic influence, failed to convince the sceptic. The presence of certain gentlemen was always sufficient to stop the manifestations; and from their mode

of exercising this power—viz. by abjuration in the name of the Trinity, it is clear enough what explanation of these mysteries had commended itself to their minds.

Into the mass of evidence accumulated in this volume in the shape of communications from non-members, it is not our purpose to invite our readers to accompany us; suffice it to say that they all bear witness to the occurrence of phenomena such as those we have already described, and such as are familiar to many by report, if not by actual experience. If the old rule be applied, the one laid down by Our Lord Himself as always applicable to false prophets, "By their fruits ye shall know them,"—then we know at least what attitude to observe towards such doings.

A Christian needs not such evidence of the existence of a spiritual world. His communications with it are more practically beneficial and ennobling than can ever be any attempts at intercourse with the dead, which, whether successful or not, are forbidden to him. Neither do these lying wonders shake the stability of his faith in those genuine "works" which accompanied the words of eternal life at their first proclamation to mankind. The two have very little in common; and, even if they had more, we know that Satan himself may be transformed for a season, and for purposes of his own, into an angel of light.

The "philosophy falsely so-called," with which some "spiritists" would replace, Christianity, is dreary enough; witness the letter received by this committee from Miss Anna Blackwell, extending over fifty-four pages. Innumerable transmigrations of souls, and no prospect even of the Hindoo's final incarnation in a white elephant! We are constrained to say of it, as John Wesley did of some earlier speculations (showing that he was not so credulous as some men have supposed), "Behmenish, void and vain!"

Although we have adopted a tone of banter in the above remarks, we are bound to admit the occurrence of facts which no science at present recognised can account for; and so long as investigations into them are conducted in the same manner as those reported by this committee, no harm can possibly result from them, and they may lead to the discovery of some unknown but highly important natural force which man may be able to turn to some more practical uses than the entertainment of an idle hour.

The Student's Hebrew Lexicon. A Compendious and Complete Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon to the Old Testament. Chiefly founded on the Works of Gesenius and Fürst; with Improvements from Dietrich and other Sources. Edited by Benjamin Davies, LL.D. London: Asher and Co. 1872.

The author of this work is Professor of Hebrew in the Regent's Park College, London, and a member of the Old Testament Company

for the Revision of the English Bible. Many years ago he conferred an inestimable boon upon students of Hebrew in this country, by his admirable translation of Rödiger's edition of Gesenius's Hebrew Grammar—a volume which, as published by Messrs. Bagster, is still, in many most important respects, the Grammar of Grammars for Englishmen who wish to obtain a scientific acquaintance with the language of Moses and the Prophets. We are thankful now to meet Dr. Davies in the character of a lexicographer. Two Hebrew lexicons are in ordinary use among Englishmen who do not read German: Gesenius's, as translated by Dr. Robinson of America, and Fürst's, as translated by Dr. S. Davidson. Both these lexicons are of a high order, though their merits are not identical. Fürst has the great advantage of coming after Gesenius, and he writes with more lamas upon his table than his predecessor could command. His Aramæan learning, too, stands him in good stead; and, in the departments of comparative language, of geography, and of natural history he is fuller and riper than Gesenius. But he wants Gesenius's genius and judgment; he is led astray by an excessive desire to be original; he is fanciful, crotchety, sometimes crude, often over-positive; and the facility with which he creates roots for the nonce is a serious drawback upon his credit as a critical oracle. Taken for all in all, Gesenius is a safer guide than Fürst; yet both are precious, and every young Hebraist should have them both at his elbow if he can. One fault the two works have in common. They are costly. And partly because of this, partly because a lexicon of a different class was a desideratum—a smaller, handier, simpler, less elaborate book, one that might serve the learner for the first year or two of his studies better than either Fürst or Gesenius, Dr. Davies undertook the preparation of the volume above-named. We have not had time to examine Dr. Davies's *Lexicon* in detail; but we have seen enough to warrant our affirming that it exactly meets the want which it was intended to supply. It is built mainly upon Rödiger's and Dietrich's editions of Gesenius, together with the German and English Fürst, but their material has all been recast in the mould of Dr. Davies's own learning and judgment; and persons familiar with Hebrew lexicography will perceive that the work is not unfrequently enriched throughout with the results of the editor's own reading and criticism. Altogether Dr. Davies seems to us to have hit the golden mean between the too much and the too little, both in quantity and kind; and we strongly recommend his volume to all intending or actual students of the leading Old Testament language, as the proper connecting link between their elementary books on the one hand, and that minute grammatical and exegetical acquaintance with the sacred text on the other, for which not only Gesenius and Fürst, but many other and stronger lights besides, are indispensable. And now we cannot conclude without referring to the form of Dr. Davies's *Lexicon*. It is simply perfect. The paper, type, size, everything is just what it should be. And if the uninitiated, on turning to the end of the

book, are not amazed when they see the words, "Leipzig. Printed by W. Drugulin," we shall begin to fear that it is not a slander upon our modern civilisation to say that the principle of "nil admirandum" belongs to its essence.

The Thorough Business Man. Memoirs of Walter Powell, Merchant, Melbourne and London. By Benjamin Gregory. Strahan and Co. 56, Ludgate Hill, London.

To our own mind the title of this book (which for its purpose is apt though not graceful) conveys a certain amount of unpleasant associations. We have no objection to a man's being "a man of business"—still less to his being "thorough"—but the whole title and the sentiment generally attached to it has assumed in these days a fictitious ring and a morbid value. It generally means that a man is bent on one object in life, viz. *the getting of money;* that he has no tastes whatever besides which are not personal and selfish; that he has few "bowels and mercies;" that with hard, eager, unscrupulous eye, he sees nothing in all the vast frame and glory of the universe but possibilities of turning them into coin and of drawing up a triumphant balance-sheet of the results. Such men—in England, and especially in London—are plentiful enough. They are far too much respected and deferred to on that ground alone. It is no honour to know them—no pleasure to meet them. They have no necessary worth, no diploma of extraordinary gifts; for the range of gifts required for even large success in business, though marked and forcible in quality, are limited in extent. While it is obvious that what is called "business," affords, by possibility, a field for the display of almost every gift; the work in itself is largely over-rated, but more especially its results. A false standard of success has prevailed in our country. The powers of mere *appurtenance* have been exaggerated, and the advance of society is being indefinitely postponed by the low conceptions entertained on this question.

If Walter Powell's claims to notice had been based on such foundations alone—had he been tenfold more successful in business—his biography would probably never have been written now, to be thus "had in everlasting remembrance;" or, if it had been written, it would only have raised one more barrier in the way of real progress. It is because of something far more deep and high in his aims and endeavours that we welcome this able and eloquently written record of a career more than usually pure and lofty. It is true that he had in his very grain the characteristic faculties of the man of business—the natural instinct of acquisitiveness, which in some natures is like the scent of the sleuth-hound or the eager sight of the grey-hound after game. This instinct is neither to be praised nor blamed. It is a part of "the measure of the stature of the man" (not necessarily of "the angel"). He had also the clear, cool, practical head, undisturbed by daydreams; the combining power; the love of

"doing" and "going"—the secretiveness which hides counsel as in a deep well; the power of holding himself together under reverses, and of bridling the impulsive effects of rapid prosperity by caution and foresight; the mixture of audacity and prudence, which knows the hour and the man, the tide and the time; all these, in a high degree and braced to a wiry strength by early severities of circumstance. These qualifications were turned to full account and with very marked results. The powers which in the last century brought to the merchant his "plum," and in these days raise the man to "the millionaire," too often leaving him high and dry on a flinty peak "alone in the midst of the earth," were all put forth.

That which, however, really attracts in this lovable merchant-man, is what in fact is quite separable from either his business ability or his business success, though both become instruments of its wide-spread manifestation. He exhibited from early life a spiritual force and a moral grandeur which quite prevented his ever becoming the slave of his instincts or the victim of his pursuits. His nobility, generosity, affection, and tenderness kept pace with his acquisitiveness till it was transfigured by them, and he lusted to have that he might be "ready to distribute." His love of thought, contemplation, observation, and culture, which against great early disadvantages led him, even late in his career, to efforts (quite fascinating and touching in their simplicity and earnestness), for the acquisition of knowledge of the higher kinds,—this love beat small the narrowing influences of his working life. But above all a supreme regard to God's glory in all things raised him far above the mass of his fellows, "above the smoke and stir of this dim spot which man call earth."

This volume will do good, as we hope, not by showing the ambitious how to become prosperous, but by showing those who are men of business that which alone will secure to them esteem and love, reward and remembrance.

There are three men of the old time, who, by the most significant eulogium of Jehovah Himself, stand excellingly "high in salvation." Noah, Daniel and Job, were all "thorough business men;" but that which signalises them in the City of God is not that they were able administrators and arbiters, and prosperous gentlemen, but that, against overwhelming currents of worldliness, they each stood up a witness for God: that Daniel descended to the very mouths of the lions for his faith, and sublimely watched the patient angel "watchers" over the sea of time; that Noah prepared an ark for the saving of his house, and was "a preacher of righteousness" among the athletes of sin; and that when the eye saw the patient form of Job it blessed him, not for his wealth, but for his wisdom, love, and justice, seeing that "the cause he knew not he searched out," and that he "made the widow's heart to sing for joy."

This book is not only written, as to its literary elements, with a taste and simplicity which are unexceptionable, but it has embedded in its substance that quality without which genius and taste are cold

and ineffective, viz. an absolute *earnestness*. The author has evidently had in view throughout his book the welfare of his countrymen, and no one constituent of their circle of interests has been forgotten or unfairly insisted on. The great explorer of Nineveh, Austin Layard, wrote of Walter Powell, on the day of his death, that he was "a good man, religious without hypocrisy [a rather curious way of putting that point, by the way], charitable, without ostentation, bearing his riches without arrogance, in all his actions consistent. I greatly respected him." The volume will be found to be an expansion of these valuable testimonies to his character, with the addition of an exhaustive analysis of all the business qualities which carried him from the early "uses of adversity" to a more than ordinary success, and of the finely balanced moral and religious forces which dictated a truly noble use of his acquisitions. Indeed all this is so well treated, with such a winning fairness and with such pleasant touches of poetry, piety, and humour, that no better book of this order could be put into the hands of a young man entering the world of business. We hope and believe that many a man of the future will, from the summit of a true success, cast his eye back with thankfulness on the days when by its perusal he was led into the way of wisdom and peace. To one thing we would call a solemn and careful attention. Chapters II. III. IV. and V. *give the true secret and clue to all the subsequent life*. In his young days, with no premonition that he was at last to become the theme of an interesting biography, in the ends of the earth, among a host of disadvantages, Walter Powell "*digged deep* and laid his foundation on a rock." And it was this *alone* which made his house finally so firm. The storms of prosperity beat more heavily on the spiritual house than those of adversity. For ten who weather out the storm of adversity with souls untouched by evil, scarce *one* knows how to steer clear of the evils of prosperity, or even to follow the advice of Horace the heathen, as translated by Cowper :—

> "O, when Fortune fills thy sail
> With more than a propitious gale,
> Take half thy canvas in."

Blade-o'-Grass. By B. L. Farjeon, Author of "Grief" and "Joshua Marvel." Christmas Number of "Tinsleys' Magazine." London: Tinsley Brothers, 18, Catherine Street, Strand. 1871.

This is a very creditable "Christmas number," one of the best we have seen at all, and more resembling some of Mr. Dickens's Christmas tales than any other composition we know of. "Blade-o'-Grass" is a girl, one of twins, whose fortunes are traced side by side, so as to indicate the different results of bringing up properly, and leaving to the unchecked effect of evil influences, two natures starting fairly with equal capacities for good and ill. The style is realistic, earnest, and at times amusing, and is the vehicle for a great deal of genuine

feeling towards the poorer class and those who become criminal through neglect. The tale is interesting, and well worth reading; and, when read, whether the reader be young or old, he will probably be duly impressed with the motto, "Man, help the poor!"

Friends and Acquaintances. By the Author of "Episodes in an Obscure Life." Three Volumes. London: Strahan and Co. 1871.

A NUMBER of well-told and touching stories of brave patient hearts struggling amidst poverty and suffering. They are written in a good moral tone, and the pathos is sometimes exquisitely tender. Character and scenery are both well depicted; and even where a fault in writing is apparent, it is amply redeemed by the good and worthy purpose which inspires the whole work.

The Leisure Hour for 1871. The Sunday at Home for 1871. Religious Tract Society.

THESE periodicals keep their place at the very head of this class of useful and interesting literature.

Short Reviews of the following works and of some others are in course of preparation, and will appear in the next issue.

Handbook for the Study of Chinese Buddhism. By Rev. E. J. Eitel, of the London Missionary Society. London: Trübner and Co. 1870.

Three Lectures on Buddhism. By the Rev. E. J. Eitel, Hong-Kong: at the London Mission House. London: Trübner and Co. 1871.

The Attanagalu-Vansa, or the History of the Temple of Attanagalla. Translated from the Pali, with Notes, &c. By James D'Alwis, M.R.A.S., Colombo. 1866. London: Williams and Norgate.

System of Logic and History of Logical Doctrines. By Dr. Friedrich Ueberweg, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Königsberg. Translated from the German, with Notes and Appendices, by Thomas M. Lindsay, M.A., F.R.S.E., Examiner in Philosophy to the University of Edinburgh. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1871.

The Holy Bible, According to the Authorised Version. Arranged in Paragraphs and Sections; with Emendations of the Text; also with Maps, Chronological Tables, and Marginal References to Parallel and Illustrative Texts. London: The Religious Tract Society.

Journals Kept in Italy and France from 1848 to 1852, with a Sketch of the Revolution of 1848. By the late Nassau William Senior, Master in Chancery, Professor of Political Economy, Membre Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c. Author of a Treatise on Political Economy, &c., &c. Edited by his Daughter, M. C. M. Simpson. In Two Volumes. London: H. S. King and Co.

The National and Domestic History of England. Describing not only the Growth of the Empire, Affairs of the State, Civil and Foreign Wars, Political and Diplomatic Events, but also and especially the Social Condition of the People, their Dwellings, Costumes, Habits, Trades, Implements, Armour, Conveyances, and Sports. Illustrated with Steel Plate and Wood Engravings. By W. H. S. Aubrey. J. Hagger, London.

Faust. A Tragedy. By John Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated in the orignal metres, by Bayard Taylor. Two volumes. Strahan and Co. London.

The Drama of Kings. By Robert Buchanan. Strahan and Co. London.

Cues from all Quarters; or, Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

Passages from the French and Italian Note-books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Strahan and Co.

The Iliad of Homer, faithfully translated into unrhymed English Metre. By Francis W. Newman, Emeritus Professor of University College, London. Second Edition, Revised. Trübner and Co. London.

John of the Golden Mouth. By Walter MacGillivray, D.D. London: Nisbet and Co.

Etymological and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language. By the Rev. James Stormouth. Blackwood and Sons.

Rays from the East, or Illustrations of Holy Scripture. The Religious Tract Society.

Ecclesia. A second series of Essays on Theological and Ecclesiastical Questions. Hodder and Stoughton.

END OF VOL. XXXVII.

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INDEX

TO

VOLUME XXXVII.