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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1877.

ART. I.—*Charles Kingsley, his Letters and Memoirs of his Life.* Edited by HIS WIFE. In 2 Vols. Vol. I., with Steel Engraved Portrait and Illustrations. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1877.

"THAT genius, which implies a wonderfully complex combination of high faculties, tends to be inherited," says Mr. Darwin; and the case of Charles Kingsley is no exception to the rule. Since the time when, early in the twelfth century, Ranulph de Kingsley received a grant of Mara (Delamere) Forest from Randall Meschines, the Kingsleys had several times come to the front. At Naseby and at Minden the family was well represented; and the father of the late Canon, Charles Kingsley of Battramsley in the New Forest, was "a magnificent man in body and mind, said to possess every talent but that of using his talents;" and when, at thirty, he found himself with a young wife reduced to poverty through the wastefulness of his guardians, he sold horses and land, and, having many friends with "livings" in their gift, went a second time to College and read for Holy Orders. At Cambridge he became the friend of Dr. Marsh, who, when he was made Bishop of Peterborough, appointed him his Examining Chaplain. But, as is so often noticed in the case of talented men, Canon Kingsley seems to have owed more to his mother than to his father. She was a West Indian, daughter of that Judge Lucas of Barbadoes to whom reference is made in *At Last* as perhaps the only person in the island who did not go half wild with terror when in 1812 the great eruption of the Souffrière of St.

Vincent spread darkness and ashes for a circuit of more than a hundred miles. Her romantic imagination and intense love of scenery were transmitted to her son; and, though Charles was only six weeks old when the family left Holme by Dartmoor; though, as it happened, he never saw his birth-place again till he was a man of thirty, the charm of the romantic surroundings of that Devonshire home never left him, and he always felt himself to be "a West Countryman born and bred." It does not appear that the patronage possessed by Mr. Kingsley's friends stood him in much stead; he moved from curacy to curacy till Bishop Marsh entrusted him with the rich living of Barnack to hold *in commendam* for his son, then a lad of seventeen. There was a haunted room in Barnack Rectory which had its influence, no doubt, on the delicate and precocious Charles: so precocious was he that he made sermons and wrote poems at four years old. Bishop Marsh, to whom his mother showed them, prophesied great things, and begged that they might be preserved. We cannot think these volumes would have suffered by the omission of those samples of them which Mrs. Kingsley has inserted; for surely no great precocity was needed for a parson's pet child to say: "It is not right to fight. Honesty has no chance against stealing. Christ has shown us true religion.... One day when a great generation of people came to Christ in the wilderness, He said, Yea, ye generation of vipers." To the family it is of course interesting to preserve every scrap belonging to the great man; but if all lives were written on the principle adopted in these two bulky volumes, the world would not contain, and the public would certainly be surfeited of the books that should be written. One trait we must not omit, for it is prophetic of the future observer. Young Charles was saying his Latin to his father in the study; his eyes all the time were intently fixed on the grate, and at last he cried out: "I do declare, papa, there is pyrites in the coal." When Charles was eleven years old his father had to give up Barnack, and moved to Ilfracombe; but the Fen scenery and the strange Fen creatures of the still undrained meres—ruffs and reeves, big copper butterflies, and other rare birds and insects—were never forgotten. In a lecture at the Cambridge Mechanics' Institute in 1867, "West Countryman" though he is, he cannot help a touch of sadness as he reflects on "the extinct birds and butterflies

(*Lycæna dispar*, the 'great copper,' gone from the whole world) which haunted that great Fen, that has now been turned into a Garden of the Lord. There the coot clanked, the bittern boomed, and the sedge-bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around; while high overhead hung motionless hawk beyond hawk, buzzard beyond buzzard, kite beyond kite, as far as eye could see. No longer do the ruffs trample the sedge into a hard floor in their fighting rings, while the sober reeves stand round admiring the tournament of their lovers, gay with ruffs and tippets, no two of them alike." Here were sown the seeds of the story of *Hereward the Wake*. Even Clovelly did not wear out the impression, though Clovelly opened out a new world in which henceforth a great part of Kingsley's inner life was spent. There is not a grander page in *Prose Idylls* (and that is saying a good deal) than the descriptions of a storm and wreck at Clovelly, and of a fleet of herring-boats fleeing from their nets right for the breakers, "hoping more mercy even from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them as the bay was darkened with the grey columns of the water-spouts, stalking across the waves before the northern gale; the merry beach covered with shrieking women and old men casting themselves on the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child" (p. 291). How vividly such scenes are reproduced in the Canon's novels and poems; and how well we can understand the growing up in his mind of the oft-repeated dictum that death cannot be an evil, for God's love does not show itself in care for human life. Before long, another equally striking scene printed itself indelibly on his young mind, shaping it socially just as Fen and North Devon scenery had shaped it æsthetically; he was at school at Clifton during the Bristol riots of 1831. "Right behind Brandon Hill (he says, in a lecture at Bristol in 1858)—how can I ever forget it?—rose the central mass of fire, till the little mound seemed converted into a volcano, from the peak of which the flame streamed up, not red above, but delicately green and blue, pale rose and pearly white—a rainbow not of hope, but of despair." No wonder he remembered all his life through what he calls his first lesson in social science.

Then came the years at Helston Grammar School, of which Derwent Coleridge was then head master, and the

Rev. C. A. Johns, a well-known lover of physical science, second master. There had been talk of a public school, the want of which was felt in a shyness never lost in after-life; but Helston life had its value in forming the man. When Derwent Coleridge paid him a visit in 1874, in his canon's rooms at Westminster, Kingsley flung his arms about his neck, exclaiming, in his impetuous way, "Oh, my dear old master, my dear old master." A schoolfellow gives an instance of his strength of will: "Once having a sore finger, he determined to cure it by cautery. He heated the poker red-hot and calmly applied it twice or thrice till he was satisfied his object was attained." Yet, though stoical enough when himself was in question, his heart was as tender as his conscience; he was full, too, of pure and manly courtesy, and popular alike with masters, schoolfellows, and servants.

Of his poetry and prose at this period Mrs. Kingsley has given us several specimens. His letters to his mother are full of botany and geology. "Psyche, a Rhapsody," is a strange thing to have been written by a boy of sixteen; so is a set of verses which he called *hypotheses hypochondriacæ*, and from which we extract a few lines strikingly illustrative of the twofold character which was his to the last.

"My mind
Too often strangely turns to ribald mirth,
As though I had no doubt nor hope beyond;
Or brooding melancholy clogs my soul
With thoughts of days misspent, of wasted time,
And bitter feelings swallowed up in jests.
Then strange and fearful thoughts flit o'er my brain,
By indistinctness made more terrible . . . .
And incubi mock at me with fierce eyes
Upon my couch; and visions crude and dire——"

And then follows the description of a dream which might have been written by a confirmed opium-eater.

In 1836 began London life with its wholly new experiences. Mr. Kingsley got from Lord Cadogan the rectory of St. Luke's, Upper Chelsea, perhaps the finest example of "carpenter's Gothic," a huge church standing in the midst of a now densely-filled churchyard. A letter to a schoolfellow describes the change: "the girls have got their heads crammed full of schools, and district visiting,

and baby linen and penny clubs. Confound!!!"—an ejaculation repeated a few sentences further on when he contrasts with the Helston ladies "these ugly splay-footed beings with voices like love-sick parrots, who fall in love with the dapper young-ladies' preacher instead of his sermons, and with his sermons instead of the Bible." While in London he went to King's College, and is still remembered as having been "gentle, and diffident even to timidity." Here he read very hard, and laid the foundation on which, despite great idleness in his early college years, his degree was built. Cambridge followed; he soon got a scholarship at his College (Magdalene), cured himself of nervousness by taking to smoking, and met his future wife during his first long vacation.

His wife thus describes his appearance in July, 1839: "He was then full of religious doubts, and his face with its unsatisfied hungering look bore witness to the state of his mind. It had a sad longing expression, too, as if he had all his life been looking for a sympathy he had never found. His peculiar character had not been understood hitherto, and his heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, and never slept again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and met with answering sympathy. And gradually as the new friendship (which yet seemed old from the first, more of a recognition than an acquaintance) deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every failing, every sin, as he would call it, was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given, . . . and as new hopes dawned, the hard defiant look gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness, which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day." We have quoted in full, because this was the veritable turning point of his life; and though at first there was little result,—"when he got back to Cambridge the conflict between faith and anti-belief was so fierce and bitter that he became reckless, and nearly gave up all for lost,"—still the seed was there sown which afterwards bore fruit unto life eternal. We can believe that "the originality with which he treated a subject was startling, and his genius illuminated every object it approached;" and we are sure that the circumstances under which the *Oxford Tracts* were discussed helped him to the clear perception (afterwards expressed in the preface to *Hypatia*) that Tractarian principles must sap the very foundation of the two Divine roots

of the Church, the ideas of family and national life.* At Cambridge he was very popular amongst all sorts of men, mixing with all classes, with all a most agreeable companion, showing always that double nature which made him "at one moment brilliant and impassioned, the next reserved and unapproachable, by turns attractive and repelling." Mrs. Kingsley gives us various glimpses of him, at one time sitting on the subscription coach which "whips" like Sir Colman Rasleigh used to drive into the Fens when Whittlesea Mere was full; then riding with Professor Sedgwick on his geology trips; then getting boxing lessons of a negro prize-fighter; boating of course, walking from Cambridge to London, and withal reading furiously at the last, crowding into six months work which should have been spread over three years, and getting a classical first besides honours in mathematics. Towards the close of his Cambridge career he had doubts about the Trinity, revolting from the "quibbling cruelty and bigotry" of that Athanasian Creed which in after years became his stronghold. The clergy gave him scant help; this is how those with whom he came in contact impressed him: "From very insufficient and ambiguous grounds in the Bible, they seem unjustifiably to have built up a huge superstructure whose details they have filled in according to their own fancies, or alas, too often according to their own interest." More blessed was the influence of the lady that was to be his wife. She lent him Coleridge's *Aids to Reflection*, several of Carlyle's works, and Maurice's *Kingdom of Christ* —and some six months before his degree a gradual change passed over him, which he, who was no quibbler about words, would not have hesitated to call conversion. "Saved (he writes)—saved from the wild pride and darkling tempests of scepticism, and from the sensuality and dissipation into which my own rashness and vanity had hurried me before I knew you. Saved from a hunter's life on the prairies, from becoming a savage, and perhaps worse. Saved, and able to believe; and I do believe firmly and practically as a subject of prayer and a rule of every action of my life."

* "Whether wilful or self-deceived, these men are Jesuits, taking the oath to the Articles with moral reservations which allow them to explain them away in senses utterly different from those of their authors" (p. 56). From this surely one-sided view of Tractarianism Kingsley amid his many changes never swerved.

The change, the *μετάνοια*, is soon reflected in his letters; impetuous they still are, but there is a sweetness of tone in several at this period which makes them in some respects more touching than anything he ever wrote; there is less about rocks and jelly-fishes, and more about the feelings of a heart in which the fount of grace was still springing in young freshness. We wish every one could read the two letters to an Oxford friend (i., p. 58, *seq.*): "University education (he says) is a discipline which shall enable us hereafter to make ourselves and all around us wiser, better, and happier—or it is nothing." Yet "honours" are to be sought, for "all through life we must more or less use earthly weapons, if we would keep ourselves in the station in which alone we can do good. But these weapons should be used only as the student uses bodily exercise, to put his animal health into that soundness which shall enable him completely to employ his mental vigour. The tangible proof of talent and application and claim to attention implied in a good degree is a weapon which the world can feel and appreciate; and by using it aright a man is able to exert successfully a nobler influence." To him a degree was an essential; for the course of his love did not run smooth; and he had (as he expresses it) "a bride to win as a penniless adventurer from rich relations." Take this, again, written while he was reading for his degree: "The woman's part should be to cultivate the affections and the imagination, the man's the intellect of their common soul. She must teach him how to apply his knowledge to men's hearts. He must teach her how to arrange that knowledge into practical and theoretical forms. In this the woman has the nobler task. But there is one nobler still—to find out from the notices of the universe, and the revelations of God, and the *uninspired* truth which He has made His creatures to declare, to find out from all these the pure mind of God and the eternal laws whereby He made us and governs us. .... For this the man must bring his philosophy, and the woman her exquisite sense of the beautiful and the just. .... That awful word to *know* includes in itself all others; .... knowledge and love are reciprocal. He who loves knows, he who knows loves. St. John is the example of the first; St. Paul of the second" (p. 68). Here again: "When I watch the workings of the ancient minds, weighed down with the sense of the mystery of life, and

giddy with the ceaseless whirl of matter and mind through infinite obscurity, then I feel how safe we are. Such a man as Lucretius or Pyrrho, seeing nothing but eternal change, heaven and earth one vast, dreary, all-devouring vortex, sucking in to destruction all beauty and life and goodness, and reproducing it with that horrid change—destroyed consciousness. Men like these, to whom the universe seemed one everlasting fiend-dance, infinite in its dreariness, eternal in its howlings; hero-minds, bowed down with the terror of helplessness, and the degradation of ignorance; phantom-builders, trying in vain to arrange the everlasting chaos round them—these were the wise of old. And we by the alchemy of God's Spirit can by prayer systematise the chaos, and walk upon the rolling mists of infinity as upon solid ground." A grand instance that of what was more his *forte* than purely original thought, viz., of the power of so dressing up in his own style a commonplace that it almost seems original. And this, too, is beautiful, though, in the phrase which we have italicised, Kingsley was, after a fashion too common with his school, setting up a man of straw for the purpose of knocking him down. "Thank God, your religion depends not upon assurances and states of feeling and emotions, and all the other modes of exciting self-worship *in which the Dissenters put their trust;* nor again on outward formularies, which may be omitted through sickness or weariness, as that of Papist and Tractarian does; but on faith and holiness, that which is in the power of a little child. How much less exacting is God than man! Men will often not accept love which is grounded on insufficient or illogical reasons; and rightly so in the present state of our knowledge and constitution. But God says: 'Only love Me even for the least of My attributes. Love Me blindly if you will, but strongly enough to act upon your love; and I will requite it utterly.'" It is a pity that the Kingsley pugnacity should have introduced elements of discord into a passage worthy of Fénélon or Madame Guyon. On his ordination day he writes: "Night and morning, for months, my prayer has been, 'Oh God, if I am not worthy, if my sin in leading souls from Thee is still unpardoned; if I am desiring to be a deacon not wholly for the sake of serving Thee; if it be necessary to show me my weakness and the holiness of Thy office still more strongly, reject me.' .... It is an awful thing, for we

promise to renounce not only devil and flesh, but world, to do nothing, to know nothing, which shall not tend to the furtherance of God's kingdom and the setting ourselves in our proper place in that great system whose harmony we are to labour to restore. And can we restore harmony to the Church unless we have restored it to ourselves? If our own souls are discords to the celestial key, can we restore the concord of the perplexed vibrations round us?" With feelings like these Kingsley settled down in 1842 to the curacy of that Eversley (eofor's leah, wild-boar's glade) which was to be his home for thirty-three years. It was a wild place, on the borders of Old Windsor Forest; a village of "heth-croppers" and poachers, remarkable for the forests of self-sown fir-trees, and which are noticed in *My Winter Garden*. Bramshill, the great house of the place, was built by James I. for Prince Henry; and in the Park still stands the tree from which Archbishop Abbot's bolt glanced off and shot the keeper. The country here, so different from any that he had been used to, impressed him strongly. "Every day (he writes) I feel more and more that all symmetrical natural objects, nay, all forms, colours and scents which show organisation or arrangement, are types of some spiritual truth or existence. When I walk the fields I am oppressed every now and then with the feeling that all I see has a meaning if I could but understand it. Everything seems to be full of God's reflex, if we could but see it. Oh, how I have prayed to have the mystery unfolded, at least hereafter; to see, if but for a moment, the harmony of the great system, to hear once the music which the whole universe makes as it performs His bidding. Oh, that heaven! The thought of the first glance of creation from thence, when we know even as we are known, and He shall be justified in all His doings." In a parish which had been utterly neglected, where the rector, if he had a cold, would send the clerk to the church door at eleven to tell the few who attended that there would be no service, he began at once preaching repentance in the same form in which he preached it to the last: "I say, you *have* had the grace of God given you, you *are* a Christian whether you like it or not; you have taken vows upon you, and your guilt is the greater because you have thereby swindled heaven out of so many blessings by promising what you have not performed. You have the Holy Spirit in you striving with you; you have nothing to

do but to rise and walk, and if you do not, so much the greater will be your condemnation" (p. 79).

Here is a thorough change from the scepticism of Cambridge, which had taken a sadly practical form. Kingsley was always thorough in everything, and could not be dilettante as a sceptic. His new life began from that 6th July, 1839, "my real wedding day," he always called it; thenceforward he had a purpose and a hope; and she to whom he was thenceforward bound for life gradually moulded the purpose and guided the hope, so as to make him what he became. Mrs. Kingsley does not say a quarter enough about her work in this matter; we gather it from stray expressions in his letters all through these volumes, and from the strong, chivalrous affection with which he always regarded her. Through her his position as Curate of Eversley became possible; she taught him that instead of being a born sceptic or backwoodsman (for he had often meditated going off to the Far West), he had a real call to take Orders, and so to put himself in a position for moving men to do the right thing for God. From the beginning of these volumes to the end the reader is haunted by the thought that, with a wife less suited to his special temperament, Kingsley's life might, almost certainly would, have been a sadly different one. Personal influence was his great lever in working among the Eversley folk. A parson who would take brush in hand and whitewash a cottage; who would seize an auger and bore air-holes over the bed of a fever patient shut up as usual in a close little room; or who, when one of his young ploughmen missed church on Sunday morning, would stride across on Monday evening to his cottage and tell him he ought to know better—"his wife didn't want him lying abed half Sunday; his place was to get up and go to church, and leave the house to her to get dinner, and then to stay at home with his children in the afternoon whilst she went to church"—such a parson would do more by his presence than even by his sermons. No wonder that, without any proselytism, he brought "every man-jack" of his wild, poaching parishioners, to be decent church-goers, swaying them as he afterwards swayed his science class at Chester, and his history class at Cambridge, by force of personal character.

Here came out that hereditary talent of which we have already spoken. The Kingsleys had been soldiers for generations; some of them, as we said, had led troops

at Naseby, Minden, and elsewhere; Kingsley's regiment was a famous one under Marlborough. Hence the vigour with which he attacked an abuse, and threw himself into what he held to be a good cause. His love of science came from the mother's side. We remarked how her father, the Barbadoes judge, detected at once the cause of the great earthquake wave, and the sudden darkness, which in 1812 struck terror into the inhabitants. "He opened his window, found it stick, and felt upon the sill a coat of soft powder. 'The St. Vincent volcano has broken out at last,' said he, 'and this is the dust of it.' So he quieted his negroes, wild with the thought that the end of the world had come, and went back to his books." His own early training too, was, as we have shown, of the kind to bring out his talent, and the firm, yet gentle and loving hand of a woman, bound the two—the impetuosity and the patient faithfulness in detail—so deftly together, that he who was thus doubly gifted became well-nigh irresistible when he set himself either to win a parishioner or to influence a wild young officer or undergraduate. His first feelings when introduced to this New Forest curacy are evidenced in several poems, like "The Bad Squire" ("The merry brown hares came leaping," &c.); and they force on us the question (which every thinking reader of this volume may help asking), is Kingsley to be called a trimmer,—one who, having at first gone in hotly for social reforms, gradually cooled down as his own position became more recognised,—or was the change which undoubtedly came on simply due to acquiescence in what he grew to feel is inevitable in the existing order of things, combined with the conviction that the gradual spread of intelligence is a surer remedy than special legislation. We leave the question, a most important one, in our reader's hands, and return to his life.

Two years after he had accepted the Eversley curacy, the living became vacant. The condition of the parish, the miserable state of decay into which things spiritual and temporal had been allowed to fall, the ruinous neglect of rectory-house and grounds, typifying the neglect which for years had left the place not simply shepherdless, but with a wolf instead of a shepherd, are, we would fain hope, impossible in the present state of the English Church. That Gilgal, they tell us, is for ever rolled away; and yet the independence, so valuable when he who wields it is worthy,

always involves the fear lest a man like Kingsley's predecessor should misuse it. In 1844 the future canon was made rector of the place where he had been curate, a circumstance far too rare in the English Church. In the same year he introduced himself to Mr. Maurice, in a characteristic letter, begging for advice in his parish work (vol. i., p. 127). This letter led to a friendship of the greatest value, not to him only, but to all his readers; for he soon became the interpreter of that great, but somewhat puzzling, writer, whom he delights to call his spiritual father. With Mr. Maurice, he started Queen's College, for the higher education of girls, a matter which interested him to the last; with him, as "Parson Lot," he wrote in the *Christian Socialist*, and set going those various co-operative societies (the Co-operative Tailors, &c.), which seemed to offer a safeguard against the cruel selfishness of the middlemen. This is the period of *Yeast*, and *Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet*,—the period of effervescence, his subsidence from which by-and-by caused him to be hardly spoken of by many; the truth being, we take it, that he continued to the last an ardent reformer, but got, as time went on and experience grew, truer notions of what is to be attacked—not matters which are mainly dependent on the laws of supply and demand, but those matters with which we certainly can cope—ignorance, dirt, drunkenness, preventable disease. He began to see that if the workman is in a bad position, it is often mainly through his own fault, his improvidence, his blindness to the simplest laws of life. Hence the wish which was ever growing stronger, and the effort which was ever increasing, to speak on sanitary and educational subjects in such a way as to move men. And he did move men by what he said. No one who reflects on the subject can help realising the vast change in the way in which people have come, within the last twenty years, to look at questions of health. We do not yet do all that we ought, far, indeed, from it; but the supineness which came of ignorance, the taking fevers, and so on, as matters of course, is gone for ever. Moreover, even at the red-heat of his Christian socialism he always spoke out plainly, telling working-men the truth. Thus, in a sermon to working-men, in 1851, *at the close of which the incumbent rose up, just as the blessing was going to be given, and said it was his painful duty to declare much of what had*

been spoken dangerous and untrue, he warned his hearers that "there are two freedoms—the false, when a man is free to do what he likes; the true, when he is free to do what he ought. Two equalities—the false, which reduces all intellects and characters to a dead level, and gives the same power to the bad as to the good, to the foolish as to the wise, thus ending, practically, in the grossest inequality; and the true, wherein each man has equal power to educate and use whatever faculties or talents God has given him, be they less or more." Here is all theology in a few lines: Self is not evil, for self is you whom God made, and each man's self is different from his neighbour's. Now, God does not make evil things, therefore He has not made self evil or wrong; but you, or self, are only wrong in proportion as you try to be something in and for yourself, and not the child of a father, the servant of a lord, or the soldier of a general." His last advice as "Parson Lot," is: "Let us say little and work the more; we shall be the more respected for it. People will begin to believe that we really know what we want, and really do intend to get it, and really believe in its righteousness." Meanwhile, sanitary and social work did not exhaust his many-sidedness. He wrote his longest poem *Andromeda*, corresponding most dogmatically—not, perhaps, over lucidly—with his friend, T. Hughes ("Tom Brown"), on English hexameters; he wrote *Hypatia*, entering deeply into the theology and external aspect of the schools of Alexandria; he wrote his *Glaucus*, and his wonderful *Westward Ho!* and, by way of relaxation, *The Heroes*, intended for his children, and illustrated, for he was an admirable sketcher.

In 1854 he first visited Scotland, and was struck with Scotch farming, and with the grandeur of Edinburgh. "Arthur's Seat is perfectly magnificent; a great wild volcano peak, hanging over the city, with Holyrood at the foot." In 1859 he preached before the Queen. The next year he was made History Professor at Cambridge, where the Prince of Wales attended his lectures. Then came sermons and work at Wellington College, where the boys worshipped him, and letters about physical science, and penny readings—work of all kinds, all done with the same energy, and with a *perfervidum ingenium*, which makes him seem like an old Scot. Then the Chester canonry and scientific work there, and correspondence about the medical education of women (for which he was most anxious, while content to leave

their title to the suffrage in abeyance). Then a run to the West Indies, out of which came *At Last*. Then more sanitary work—notably a lecture for the Kirkdale Reformatory on "Human Soot," in which he compares the city Arabs and "dangerous classes," produced by our too hasty civilisation, to the soot made by factory chimneys, because it "doesn't pay" to use up all the carbon of the fuel. The work has to be done rapidly and roughly, and so all this is wasted. The analogy is strikingly worked out, and we are astonished to hear that this, one of his most telling addresses, has never been published.

In 1863, Lord Palmerston made him Canon of Westminster, and early next year he went off to America, "with a few lectures (says his wife) to meet expenses." He gratified his hunger for the grand scenery of the Rocky Mountains and the Yosemite Valley, and Niagara; but the fatigue in that exciting, and therefore wearing, air was too much for him. He came back to die. The circumstances of his last illness are very pathetic. His wife and he had both fallen ill during his last residence in London as Canon. She was pronounced to be on her death-bed, and he, suffering from a severe bronchitis, was kept in one temperature, in a room hard by. They used to correspond in pencil; but one day he could bear the separation no longer, jumped out, went into her room, and sat for a few moments with her hand in his, till a terrible fit of coughing came on. Then he became rapidly worse, and, before long, on his grave was placed the very inscription—*Amavimus, amamus, amabimus*—which he had meant for hers.

They have set up a bust of him in Westminster Abbey; but his best monument is in the hearts of those whom he has roused to a love of duty, to a true sense of man's business in life, to whom he has shown how full life may be of noble purpose nobly carried out, to whom he has unfolded the mystery of beauty in the world of nature. His letter on "Betting," to the young men of Chester, at the time of the races, is enough to stamp the man: "All labour, even the lowest drudgery, is honourable; but betting is not labouring nor earning: it is trying to get money out of your neighbour's ignorance. Ah, but you'll say, 'He's trying to do the same by me.' Just so; and that is a very noble and friendly attitude for two men who have no spite against each other, a state of mutual dis-

trust and unmercifulness, looking each selfishly to his own gain regardless of the other."

That is not like a bit of *Westward Ho!* or of the Edinburgh lectures; but, in its own way, it is as good. And this many-sidedness was Kingsley's grand characteristic. Therein he differs from Maurice, his great teacher, who, great in his own line, scarcely diverged from it. Kingsley was a poet as well as a sketcher, and his poems are less known than they deserve to be. Here are some sweet *vers d'occasion*, which he put into his wife's hand in 1872, after the last meet of the Bramshill hounds at which he was ever present. He calls it "The Delectable Day,"—for he was a born sportsman, and loved to look on, even though he had ceased to hunt.

"The boy on the famous grey pony,
Just bidding good-bye at the door,
Plucking up maiden heart for the fences,
Where his brother won honour of yore.

"The walk to the 'meet' with fair children,
And women as gentle as gay;
Ah! how do we male hogs in armour
Deserve such companions as they?

"The afternoon's wander to windward,
To meet the dear boy coming back;
And to catch down the turns of the valley
The last weary chime of the pack.

"The climb homeward by park and by moorland,
And through the fir-forests again;
While the south-west wind roars in the gloaming,
Like an ocean of seething champagne.

"And at night the septette of Beethoven,
And the grandmother by in her chair,
And the foot of all feet, on the sofa,
Beating delicate time to the air.

"Ah, God! a poor soul can but thank Thee
For such a delectable day;
Though the fury, the fool, and the swindler,
To-morrow again have their way."

It is but a hastily-written trifle; but we are thankful to Mrs. Kingsley for giving us every trifle which can help to complete our mind's picture of one whom, not only all who knew him, but thousands who knew him not, reverence

and regret; and, mere *vers d'occasion* though they are, they give us more insight into the man's character—his strength and his weakness (for he was weak on one of his intellectual ideas, as the last verse reminds us)—than much of his more studied writing. But his writing in general, and most of his best writing, is not studied, but spontaneous. We can fancy that fine sermon on "Human Soot," referred to just above, was written off as it was preached. He is here in his element; after quoting Wordsworth's famous "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality"—

> "The youth who ever further from the East
> Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended"—

he asks indignantly, "Will *you* have the youth to know nature only in the sense in which an ape or a swine knows it, and to conceive of no more splendid vision than that which he may behold at a penny theatre?"

While in residence at Chester, he was called on to treat of "woman's rights." His letter to Mr. Peter Taylor is remarkable. He truly says: "A great deal which has been said and done by women and their supporters, during the last six months, has thrown back our cause." In writing to Mr. Mill, he is "pained, in a very large acquaintance of all ranks, to find the better, rather than the worse, women against us; to find that foolish women, of no sound or coherent opinions, and of often questionable morals, are inclined to noisily patronise us." And then he sets up his great bugbear, "hysteria, male and female, which swamped Christianity from at least the third to the sixteenth century," and which he defines as "the fancy and emotions unduly excited by suppressed sexual excitement." He deprecated the interference in politics of unmarried women; but on woman's right to be a medical practitioner he held very strong views;* feeling, however, that the only true basis is "a sound general physiological training which shall free them from sentiment, and confine them to physical laws and fact," feeling at the same time that "they know, as women, a hundred women's secrets, which none but a woman can know truly, and which it is a disgrace to modern civilisation that a man should have the right of trying to inter-

* "You are one of my heroes," was his greeting to Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, the first time they met.

pret." Very remarkable in one of such a sanguine temper is his firm grasp of the truth that "our strength lies not in the abnormal, but in the normal type of womanhood. . . Those only who have worked well in harness will be able to work well out of harness." Meanwhile, on this point, his teaching was always consistent; "whenever man and wife are really happy together it is by ignoring and despising, not by asserting, the subordination of woman to man. Woman is the teacher, the natural and therefore Divine guide, purifier, inspirer of the man." He taught this because he felt deeply (in the words of his curate, Mr. Harrison) that "whatever he had done or achieved, was due to the love that had come to him at a great crisis to guide, and to strengthen, and to glorify his life" (vol. ii. p. 288).

A good part of 1870 was taken up with letters about the botany of the West Indies, showing that his love of tropical scenery in its vastness did not hinder him from appreciating the "infinitely little," the very sedges in the lagoons. In only one letter (a botanical one to Sir Charles Bunbury) is there any lengthy reference to the Franco-Prussian war. His sympathies, as we might imagine, were wholly Prussian. Three years before, he tells Professor Max Müller that the Sadowa campaign was "a great necessary move for the physical safety of every North German household, and the honour of every North German woman," meaning that it was the only way to prevent a second French occupation of Berlin, respecting which occupation Rahel's letters, or, in fact, almost any German work, might have taught him that the importation of prurient fancies was gratuitous, and that the kindly cheerfulness of the French made it as little irksome as such an occupation could be. It is as absurd to talk of "all that Germany has suffered for two hundred years past from that vain, greedy, restless nation," as it is to call Alfred de Musset's well-known poem "a brutal song," and to say, "we will make it an offence on her part to mention the very name of the Rhine." Germany owes a vast debt of gratitude to France; and if, while travelling in the Eifel, Canon Kingsley had taken pains to gauge the feelings of the people, he would have seen that this debt is not wholly unrecognised. Napoleonism not only ruined France twice over, but also stirred up hatred between France and Germany; and yet the blessings to Germany of the Revolution and the Code were so great that no after injustice has

been able to efface them. As far as the late Emperor was concerned, Kingsley states the case most correctly: "He fancied that after deceiving the French people, after governing them by men chosen because they could and dared deceive, these minions of his, chosen for their untruthfulness, would be true, forsooth, to him alone; that they would exhibit unknown, in a secret government, virtues of honesty, economy, fidelity, patriotism, which they were forbidden to exercise in public, where their only function was to nail up the hand of the weather-glass." Napoleon III. was punished by his own crimes, France was punished for complicity with him; but that is no reason why one should talk of two hundred years of wrong-doing. France might as well, looking back to the arch-deceiver Frederic, complain that the very existence of Prussia is an outrage on international right.

To Mr. Wallace, who had just written his *Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*, he writes: "I believe not only in special providences, but in the whole universe as one infinite complexity of special providences. You say the laws of organic development have been occasionally used for a special end, just as a man uses them for his special ends; for occasionally say always, and you will complete your book." This points to the "living, immanent, ever-working—as opposed to an interfering God," of whom he writes seven years before (vol. ii., p. 171) to Mr. Maurice. He hailed Dr. Asa Gray's remark that "the tendency of physical science is not towards the omnipotence of matter, but towards that of spirit," as the best forward step in natural theology; while from the fact that an ape's brain and throat are almost exactly like a man's, he argued that "the ape is a fool and a muff, who has tools very nearly as good as a man's, and yet can't use them, while man can do the most wonderful things with tools very little better than an ape's. If men had had apes' bodies they would have got on pretty well, because they had men's souls to work them with; while an ape's soul in a man's body would only be a rather more filthy nuisance than he now is." This passage is a true sample of the Canon's style; it is clever and telling, but it has absolutely nothing whatever to do with the theory of development, according to which the soul would change with the changed body—much as he himself says, a few lines before: "Souls secrete their own bodies as

snails do their shells." The following, from a letter to Mr. Bates, who had disproved his notion that "mocking butterflies" might be due to intermarriage of distinct species, is well worth study. "How can a law be impressed on matter? Is it as a seal on wax, or as a polar arrangement of parts on a solid? If so, it is discoverable by the microscope. But if 'it' were found, it would be no law, but only a present and temporary phenomenon, and we should be just as far from the *causa causativa* as ever. The fact is, the nomenclature of physical science is painfully inexact, for want in our scientists of that logical training by which things are rightly named, though they cannot be discovered thereby."

So much for the way in which the mystery of life and cognate questions presented themselves to Mr. Kingsley. Far less satisfactory was his treatment of Scripture history, of which we have a sample in a letter to Mr. J. Fergusson (vol. ii., p. 339). In this he assumes that the kings, from Pul to Sennacherib, were Medes, and that Sennacherib destroyed Babylon, and Nebuchadnezzar rebuilt it. We should like to read Mr. Fergusson's reply to this strange production.

His later views on land tenure—such a contrast to those of his earlier days—are given in a letter to Sir C. Bunbury, in 1871. "Peasant proprietorship is a great evil, barbarising the peasantry; the landlord is a necessary element, first in civilisation, and next in tillage (draining, &c., being at their lowest points in France); but there should be large and small farms, in regulating the size of which the landlord should exercise a wise discretion. And the tenant should be *glebæ ascriptus*, not to be ejected so long as he paid a fair rent and cultivated properly his hereditary farm. No man should take legal possession of an estate till he had shown, by examination, that he knew the practical work of a landlord! And," adds the Canon, "I would restore the feudal system, the highest form of civilisation —in ideal, not in practice—which Europe has yet seen. I would bind the tenant to the landlord, the landlord to the lord-lieutenant, and him and all to the Crown, by more than the old *trinoda necessitas* of military service, roads and bridges, laying on them also public education, main drainage, and sanitary police. I would make every man responsible to some superior who represented to him the Crown." It is characteristic that at the close of this letter

he rushes off to Hooker and the absence of Alpine flora on the summits of the Atlas (owing to the alternately dry and freezing climate), and also that in his next letter he quietly admits that his "semi-feudal idea" has become impossible. Contrasting in its practical wisdom with this wild "ideal," is a letter to Miss Crawford on the small-farm question, showing that, to succeed, the cottier must have capital and strength, and should also grow hemp or flax, or rather (since these do not pay), he must wait till some valuable raw article of manufacture, needing careful hand labour, can be made to grow freely on English soil. His advice to a town artisan who aspired to become a peasant proprietor is such as one would give who had seen the failure of Feargus O'Connor's colonies at Minster Lovel and elsewhere; to him he would say: "Come in, my good fellow, and eat and drink with me, and go your way back to your own trade. If you settled down on this bit of land, you'd be either in the workhouse or the grave in twelve months, and the land would have become a wilderness." His picture of the French peasant, "whose civilisation is impossible, for no gentleman, and, worse, no lady speaks to him or his from cradle to grave; and who sees no civilised beings but the government magistrates who trample on him, and the priest who fleeces him, and curses him if he will not be fleeced," is forcible; but is in startling contrast with the tirades in *Yeast* against the degradation wrought by benevolent squires and ladies bountiful. To see no ladies or gentlemen is a distinct loss, but the sight of them does not necessarily increase the seer's well-being. The Irish peasant lad (despite absenteeism) has the sight of ladies and gentlemen vouchsafed to him abundantly enough; but we do not believe that he is much benefited thereby, and we fancy the result to the English labourer is in a good many places not very different. On the next point to which the volume calls attention, Kingsley's view of gambling, most thoughtful men agree with him that it is taking advantage of your neighbour's supposed ignorance; and the same applies to too many of the dealings of the share-market and stock-exchange. The letter on the subject to the young men of Chester takes the same line as one to his son at Wellington College, when he heard that he had betted on the Derby and "hedged."

Soon after this his exuberant loyalty had a fine opportunity of displaying itself. The Prince of Wales was struck

down with fever shortly after he had done Eversley the honour of camping out with his regiment in Bramshill Park. "Rector and parishioners grieved, and wept, and prayed together;" we must not forget the sublime inconsistency with which the rector had refused to pray against rain for reasons most of which apply just as logically to the case of an individual life. Not content with praying at a distance, the Canon started off for Lynn, where he could get hourly news, and could walk over daily to Sandringham, sending telegrams to Eversley, where they were put up on the church door and in the village shop-windows! When the Prince recovered, he preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the need of sanitary reform, and on the scandalous neglect which leaves our fellow-subjects to sicken and die in dens unfit for men, unfit for dogs; and he hoped this illness would awaken every one to do his duty, "so that generations yet unborn may bless the memory of the prince who sickened as poor men sicken, and all but died as poor men die, that *his example, and it may be hereafter his exertions* might deliver the poor from dirt, disease, and death." Language of this sort, painfully like that which the Broad School attributes to the Redeemer's work, was natural on such an occasion; but we are sorry it should have been preserved, though we hope the sentence which we have italicised may yet fulfil itself.

His fondness for military men made him enjoy the opportunity of lecturing at the Royal Artillery Institution at Woolwich. Here, as usual, his key-note was: "Science is on the march; listen to her words, which are the voice of God. Mark her footsteps, and keep pace with or follow her." He called on the soldier to respect scientific men, advice by no means needless to feather-headed subs who think it gentlemanly to snub army-surgeons; and he prophesied that the soldier and the scientist will have for some time an increasing influence on the fate of mankind, "because they alone have each in his own sphere learned to obey." The noble letter of Colonel Strange to his widow is, perhaps, the best testimony which either of these volumes contains to that influence with army men which brought them by dozens to his church from Aldershot, and led total strangers to send him letters from far-off Indian stations, where they had happened to fall in with his books. The next year, 1872, was marked by the death of the great theologian to whom Kingsley owed so much intellectually.

Of him, his pupil and interpreter says: "If I were asked, Who was the handsomest and who the most perfectly gentlemanlike man you ever saw? I should, without hesitation, answer, Mr. Maurice." He had discerned in that sad, gentle face the rare beauty which strikes us in his portrait as a young man in the Loan Collection at South Kensington. We wonder that in the letters of this year there is no other reference to one whom the Canon had been proud to call "father."

Following the track of the letters (for it has been our aim to be chronological throughout) we remark how strange it is that a mind undeniably sensational in its tendencies should have revolted at sensationalism, or even at the least trace of it. Many of his remarks on Dr. Monsell's Hymnary will commend themselves to our readers, though we wish he had not, when objecting to "O Paradise," as a direct invocation of angels, and to the litanies of the Passion and the Sacred Heart, as connected with a creed which we have renounced, added (vol. ii., p. 383), "I dread all exaggerated language; it should be left for Nonconformists."

The Inaugural Address at the Midland Institute bore immediate fruit, of which more anon; indeed, his work in this direction is that on which even those who differ with him most widely on theological questions can talk with unmixed pleasure. This year was also marked by a step which to many seemed a going back from his old principles; he joined the Committee for the Defence of the Athanasian Creed, which he had previously wished to see modified in its damnatory clauses,—a "seeming ambiguity of purpose," says Mrs. Kingsley, and vouchsafes no further explanation. Nay, in this year's letters he says: "I ground not only my whole theological, but my whole ethical teaching formally and openly on this creed;" and he thinks the creed is to be defended by bringing forward the neglected doctrine of the intermediate state; and then, with what seems too much like quibbling, he adds: "The creed says truly that the knowledge of God, and it only, is everlasting life. It does not say that that knowledge may not be vouchsafed hereafter to those who have sought honestly for it here, but through circumstances or invincible ignorance have failed to find it." It is perhaps going too far to call the creed, as Dean Stanley does, the war-song of a triumphant orthodoxy; but surely the above (which is pretty much what Mr. Maurice found in it) cannot be

fairly said to have been in the mind of him who wrote it. It is amusing to find the Canon defending his position and the doctrine of the intermediate state, and the memory of Mr. Maurice, in the "estimable columns" of that *Guardian* which had so bitterly attacked him on the first appearance of *Yeast*.

Early in 1873 he was made Canon of Westminster, gladly accepting a post which "enabled him to lay down his pen as a compulsory source of income, and to devote his remaining writing powers to sermons only." Chester felt the loss; for his work with the Scientific Society and the Field Club had endeared him to very many.

His residence as Canon was in September, when London is technically "empty," and when his congregations were chiefly from the lower and middle class, whose ear he wished to gain: "large congregations worth speaking to," as he described them. No one who listened to any of these sermons can forget them—the rapt earnestness of the worn and weary-looking preacher, suiting so well with the autumnal gloom of that vast nave. His *Westminster Sermons* are, in our judgment, far above those preached at Eversley; the tone is gentler, and at the same time firmer, and they are not marred by fierce expressions of personal opinion. Besides the published volume, some of these sermons formed the basis of papers in *Good Words*, &c.; that on Temperance, for instance, in which he advocated the opening of the British Museum on Sunday afternoons.

In January, 1874, he sailed for America, "taking with him a few lectures to meet his expenses." New England in winter he well characterises as "the saddest country, all brown grass, ice-polished rocks, cedar-scrub, low swampy shores—an iron land, which only iron people could have settled in. . . . But the summer, they say, is semi-tropic, and that has kept them alive." His reception was most enthusiastic; he liked everything except the close rooms; "the Americans make themselves ill by hot air, and foul air, and want of exercise; it is not the climate, that is wonderful—air like champagne." We need not enter into the story of how this too stimulating climate gave the last blow to an already shattered constitution. Rather we will advert to his expectation of finding in America descendants of the Kingsley who had emigrated during our civil wars. Two of the name have helped to enrich the literature of America. James Luce Kingsley edited Tacitus; William

Kingsley was a shining light in New Haven, and delivered historical discourses. At home, we find a William Kingsley archdeacon of Canterbury in 1642, famous for his lawsuit with G. Huntley, on a general demurrer, and for his Court sermons; a John Kingsley, author of a volume of sermons; and, a generation ago, Jeffries Kingsley, the careful compiler of county-books for Tipperary. Of his brothers, Henry, the novelist, and the other famous for his share in *The Earl and the Doctor*, we believe not a word is said throughout the volumes.

In America, as everywhere, he was most popular as a lecturer; and there, as everywhere, he showed his power of at once putting himself in sympathy with his audience. Indeed, we know no better illustration of his pleasant way of giving good advice than the lectures delivered in America in 1874. The subjects are well chosen with a view to his audience. "Westminster Abbey," of which Washington Irving had written in terms of affectionate reverence; "The Stage as it Once Was," enabling the lecturer to put before the youngest of the nations those points of culture and social refinement in which his favourite Hellenes were undoubtedly our superiors; "The First Discoverers of America," a bold attempt to transfer the glory of Columbus and Vespucci to the men of Norse blood, *i.e.* of the lecturer's own race; "The Servant of the Lord," a suggestive bringing together of Isaiah and old Persian history, showing the training which makes nations fit to rule, and also the misconduct which inevitably takes the sceptre out of their hands; and lastly, "Ancient Civilisation," an admirable protest against the theory that civilised man is but an improved savage, a plea for aristocracies in the true sense of the word, and a warning that "selfishness, luxury, and ferocity, the evils of corruption and degeneracy, spread from above as well as from below."

It is worth while to deal somewhat more fully with these remarkable lectures. "Westminster Abbey" opens with the suggestive words: "Reverence for age is a fair test of the vigour of youth. . . . The rich and strong young natures which feel themselves capable of original thought and work have a corresponding respect for those who, in the generations gone by, have thought and worked as they hope to do hereafter. And this temper, so far from being servile, or even merely conservative, usually accom-

panies true independence of spirit." What truth is here, dexterously expressed in the very terms most certain to make it acceptable to his audience! What a needful hint to young America is this: "The son when grown to man's estate may say to his father, I look on you still with all respect and admiration. I have learnt and desire always to learn from you. You must be to me not a dictator but an example. You became what you are by following your own line; and you must let me rival you and do you honour by following mine." This, which is as true of nations as of individuals, he illustrates from the reverence, by no means slavish, of the free republican Greek for the old despotic civilisation of Egypt, and of the free Norseman for the equally despotic civilisation of Rome. Among Americans he had found, he says, a like spirit of reverence never degenerating into bondage. He loved to see them hurrying off almost from the landing-place at Liverpool, to gaze on the old city of Chester. Often he had to check this enthusiasm, and say, "Why, this is nothing; go to the British Musem; see the French cathedrals, the Italian ruins." "Ah, but you must remember," would be the reply, "these are the first old things I ever saw." He takes the eagerness of these generous young souls to be a good augury for the future of them and of their country, showing that "they realise their true position as 'heirs of all the ages,' and minded, therefore, like wise and noble heirs, not to despise and squander but to use that inheritance, even the accumulated labours of the mighty dead." All this is so true; it has just the one-sidedness which makes it, within its own limits, all the truer. Canon Kingsley Americans are not the Americans of *Punch*, they are not the vulgar Yankees whom some of us to our sorrow have occasionally met. They are the refined and educated class who would delight in being piloted round Chester by its urbane and learned Canon, and of whom when he was translated to Westminster, the same Canon could say, "I know of few more agreeable occupations than that of showing a party of Americans round our own great Abbey, and sentimentalising in sympathy with them over England's Pantheon." It is this heroic disregard of limitations which is the strength of the Kingsley school; by dint of this exaggeration, which would be the ruin of most styles, and of most philosophies, the head of that school has been able not only to write much

delightful English, but also to move the spirit of his time. Every Kingsleian idea is an exaggeration; thus "muscular Christianity" was the exaggeration of a very evident truth, which had been kept in the background till that very exaggeration forced itself upon men's notice.

But what Canon Kingsley goes on to say about the influence of American poetry in England is true without limitation. For every man or woman whose mind our own laureate has tinctured, there are at least a score who have been moved to high thoughts by the poetry of Mr. Longfellow. In our author's words: "He has penetrated into thousands of Puritan homes, and awakened tens of thousands of young hearts to the beauty and nobleness of the old pre-Reformation age, and of that romance and art from which their too exclusive hereditary training had, until his time, shut them out. And he has thus truly done a sacred work in turning the hearts of the children to their fathers."

It must have been specially grateful to his audience to hear the Canon predict that "in spite of passing jars, our empire will never be long unjust to yours while Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell remain, not merely the household bards, but the counsellors, comforters, trusted friends of thousands of gentle and earnest souls," and to listen to the way in which, instead of describing Westminster Abbey himself, he let Washington Irving speak for him.

The world moves so rapidly that we forget Washington Irving's *Sketch-book* and the influence that it has had on modern style, and also on modern thought. Take this, for instance, and see how often it has been reproduced in various forms by probably unconscious imitators. "The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of cloisters, beaming upon a scanty spot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendour;" and this, describing Henry VII.'s chapel: "the very walls are wrought into universal ornament, encrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems by the cunning labour of the chisel to have been robbed of its weight and density; suspended aloft as if by magic; and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb." Well might Canon Kingsley, when he has quoted these exquisite passages, say: "After such speech as that, what have I to tell you

of the great old Abbey?" Nor could he, we may be sure, in any way have put himself more completely *en rapport* with his audience than by showing them that their own writer, at his best, is unsurpassed. At his best; for, almost in the next page, having shown, in Dean Stanley's words, that "the Abbey" grew to be our Pantheon because our kings elected to be buried not far away in some secluded spot, like those of France, or Spain, or Austria, or Russia, but in the centre of our national life where the ashes of our great citizens surrounded them as with a guard of honour after death, he points out that Washington Irving speaks only half the truth when he talks of the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion. In the Abbey, oblivion is at least kept at bay; and that renown is not empty which implies the respect of good men. "To me," says the Canon, in words which have since become touchingly prophetic, "the Abbey speaks not of vanity and disappointment, but of content and peace. . . . The galled shoulder is freed from the collar at last. The brave old horse has done his stage and lain down in the inn. There are no more mistakes now, no more sores, no more falls, and, thank God, no more whip laid on too often when it was least needed and most felt."

One blessed thought, well brought out, is that in such a resting-place old quarrels are ended. Elizabeth, seemingly by her own desire, is laid in Mary Tudor's vault. Pitt and Fox, Warren Hastings and Macaulay, lie near together. And then, there is the ennobling thought: "I am in goodly company, and must surely, therefore, be on my best behaviour." Nor are our great old names only our own, they belong to America as well. "Teach your children," says the Canon, "that the Congress which sits at Washington is as much the child of Magna Charta as the Parliament that sits at Westminster." Even of our modern heroes, the great majority are children of light, not of darkness, of progress, not of obstruction. Besides, there is the tie of blood, which the Canon characteristically illustrates from his own family: "One brother was settling in New England, while the other was fighting in the Parliamentary army." And then surely the great warriors were fighting as much for the new country as for the old; not only for English but for Americans did "the little red-haired corporal," as Wolfe was nicknamed, conquer and die on the heights of Abraham. Poets, says the Canon, ought not to be buried in a city; they went

to nature for their inspirations, and to nature when they die they should return. Even Pope preferred the parish church of rural Twickenham. But, wherever buried, poets are the heritage of the human race. And so the grand old Abbey, with its high-pitched roof, imitated from the steep slabs of rock down which old architects had often seen the snow slip in sheets, and its interior, a stone forest—the columns rising like the boles of giant trees, the bosses and corbels decked with foliage and fruit, the triforium arches like caves or hermits' cells, the window tracery like interlacing stems and boughs, becomes, in our author's hands, a common possession, wherein each of the two greatest nations of Anglo-Saxon name may alike rejoice.

It has been said that Canon Kingsley will live by his novels—that sermons, essays, and lectures will soon be forgotten. We cannot think so. No doubt many of his social opinions were crude, not to say extravagant, while the great change which they underwent in middle life does not say much for their stability. His theology, too, was neither that of a scholar (for he made no pretensions to Hebrew) nor that of a deep thinker. He was essentially vague, yet fettered by the conditions of his position. It is quite possible to quote from his sermons passages savouring of the ridiculous. But with this we have no concern; it is as a man, and as a literary man, that we have to do with him. In both capacities he had his weaknesses. In his criticism he was biassed by personal feelings; and still more in his views of history. His almost frantic love for Queen Elizabeth has often been noted;* but as a word-painter, he is unrivalled. Since the days of Sir Philip Sidney and Jeremy Taylor, none has more fully brought out the sweetness of our English tongue. It is by this, more even than by characters like Tregarva and Lancelot in *Yeast*, and by the wonderful old Scotchman in *Alton Locke*, that he will live.

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* In history, besides his partisanship, his unconquerable exaggeration was his bane. Take his description of Hastings *(American Lectures)*. He is grand in speaking of Taillefer and of the Swan-neck; he points out truly that England was twice conquered within sixty years; he is right in laying his finger on the *ἀκηδία (accidia)*, one of the seven deadly sins, the careless, sleepy habit of mind which marked the race; but he is a romancer rather than an historian when he goes on to speak of "English swine though not English cowards; huge eaters and drinkers, fuddled with ale, who went down like heroes before the Normans." It gives the idea of a row between the police and the drunken yokels at a Wessex fair.

But great as he was as a master of style, he was greater far in his power of not merely awakening sympathy, but making it continuously active. If Englishmen are, despite many faults, less grovelling than Germans, less selfish than the generality of Frenchmen; if English ladies are more alive to their duties than most of their continental sisters; surely this result is in some measure due to the influence of Kingsley and his school: for if Maurice was the founder, Kingsley was the populariser of the new ideas. What outspoken truth there is in his *Lecture to Ladies*. "Clubs and lending libraries and societies are but the dead machinery —the tube and powder without the spark. Humanity is wanted. . . . To speak to another, soul to soul, not as to a *thing* to be improved, but as to a sister to be made conscious of the Divine bond of sisterhood—to be taught what 'I believe in the communion of saints' means." Here are some hard hits at that parochial visiting which is the special boast of the Establishment, and which, rightly managed, is invaluable: "The poor know so much about you, form a shrewd, hard estimate of your character, in the light of which they view all you do and say to them. . . . If you shrink from hearty patriarchal sympathy with your own servants, and then spend your sympathies on out-of-door visiting, you are like one who could not fire a pocket pistol, and so tries his pennyworth of powder in a big 84 lb. gun. . . . You give a tract as you would give a pill, and a shilling to sweeten it. You are shy of your servants because they know so much of you. You are afraid of making them your friends, lest they should take liberties, as they surely would unless you kept up a very high standard of self-restraint and earnestness in your own life, and that involves a deal of trouble; so you fall back on the cottagers outside, *thinking they know nothing about it.*" What a wealth of suggestion there is in this!

We will close with a few random extracts, wise and foolish, showing the man in his various moods and phases of thought; and we do this because we are sure that (as his wife felt when she was editing his remains) Kingsley is his own best interpreter. Writing to Mr. Ludlow on the Value of Life, he utters the following hard saying: "Christ died for the whole creation, for the sheep you eat, for the millions of animalculæ that the whale swallows at one gape. They shall all be hereafter delivered into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Else, why Cromwell and Perrot in

Ireland, and Rajah Brooke among the pirates? It is beast life they were taking away." Dangerous doctrine that; more sound is the remark that our thoughts often go like a pendulum: "The greater the mind, the greater the oscillations, until it subsides into the rest of truth, and, as in the pendulum, the force which brings the rest is the same which brought the oscillations." This, again, is true, though certainly not new: "The monk was a civiliser. He taught in an age of class distinctions that 'a man's a man for a' that.'" "Material inventions bring spiritual results, good and evil—the printing press caused the Thirty Years' War, the spinning jenny helped to extend slavery in the United States." "Caste was crushed out in England by the two Conquests—of the Angle nobility by Sweyn, and of the Anglo-Danish by the Normans—welding all into a community of suffering. Therefore our nobility, since Magna Charta, have rather been official than a caste. Caste was finally crushed in the Wars of the Roses, after which the noblesse intermarried freely with the burgher class. And hence the love of bodily labour grew up; Drake 'would like to see the gentleman who wouldn't put his hand to a rope.' Hence, too, the absence of that wicked pride which perpetuates caste and forces on French Revolutions."

Here is a pearl from the *Gospel of the Pentateuch*: "Read the book of Ruth, and see what field-work may be and ought to be;" and this: "Esau was not the sort of man to be the father of a great nation; if there had been none but Esaus in the world, we should be savages to this day."

There is a good deal of truth, too, though not the whole truth, in this, from his Royal Institution lecture on the *Ancien Régime*: "The mediæval nobility are as much slandered as the mediæval Church; they did the whole fighting of the country at their own expense. When the *ancien régime* began they ceased to do this. Their only remaining virtue was a perfect readiness to fight duels, as Carlyle puts it. The hereditary principle is good, but not caste."

But it is useless to multiply quotations, for most of us have seen some of Kingsley's books. We have read enough of him to know his intense love of science, of which (like Dean Stanley at St. Andrew's) he would have gone so far as to say that theology and science are one. We know that, with his love of observing, and his acute powers of observation, he might have made his mark in

the scientific world. As it was, he carried his household along with him. Mrs. Kingsley understood him thoroughly, and had (what few women would have had) largeness of heart enough to appreciate him. Hence the children worshipped their father and followed his lead; and every country walk was a lesson in physics, and his little daughter would rush unreproved into breakfast dangling a snake and crying, "Look, papa, here's a lovely worm."

Perhaps, of all his writings, his poetry has (as we remarked above) suffered most from comparative neglect. His "Andromeda," the longest poem in the volume, is hampered by the metre (so-called English hexameters); but it contains some glorious passages. Witness these lines (378 *seq.*) describing the killing of the sea monster:

"As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally-crested,
Flags on by creek and by cove; if he sees on a glittering shallow,
Chasing the bass and the mullet, the fin of a wallowing dolphin,
Halting, he wheels round slowly, in doubt at the weight of his quarry,
Whether to clutch it alive or to fall on the wretch like a plummet,
Stunning, with terrible talon, the life of the brain in the hind-head;
Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping the wrath of his eyebrows,
Falls from the sky like a star, while the wind rattles hoarse in his pinions.
Over him closes the foam for a moment, then from the sand-bed
Rolls up the great fish dead, and his side gleams white in the sunshine.
Thus fell the boy on the beast, unveiling the face of the Gorgon;
Thus fell the boy on the beast; thus rolled up the beast in his horror,
Once, as the dead eyes glared into his; then his sides, death-sharpened,
Stiffened and stood, brown rock, in the wash of the wandering water."

Of the smaller poems, "The Finding of Harold" is the most remarkable, resembling Mr. Freeman's prose in its glorification of Edith the Swan-neck.

"Rousing erne and sallow glede,
Rousing grey wolf off his feed;
Over franklin, earl and thane,
Heaps of mother-naked slain;

Round the red field tracking slow
Went that Swan-neck white as snow,
Never blushed nor turned away
Till she found him where he lay."

His own favourite was "The Last Buccaneer," about a tune for which there is some correspondence in these letters. With this we may couple one of the last poems he ever wrote—about a girl forced to ride a vicious horse at a Californian hurdle-race, and killed in the attempt. ("Are you ready for your capping race, Loraine, Loraine, Loree?") Its strange burden (*barum, barum, baree*) has been much discussed. Mr. T. Hughes (the Canon's letters to whom are brimful of fun—the best, in one sense, in the book) says it expresses, as nothing else could, the sense of coming destiny which weighs down the opening of the sad little ballad. Among the less known poems is "The Ugly Princess," which is one of the best. Of the songs, such as "The Sands o' Dee," we need say nothing. They will live as long as our song-literature lasts. No reader of this "Life should neglect to read the poems (of which we are glad to see a new edition was called for not very long ago). The man speaks in his verse even more than in his prose; we see him as he is described in the "Life," "taking his meals standing with his back against the chimney-piece, or working in his little study, and rushing out every now and then to get a few whiffs, or to stretch his limbs in the little garden-patch outside."

Perhaps the most precious of all his writings are his lectures on Health and Education, in which he expresses the wish that "in every school, college, and university the rudiments of physiology should be taught, so that the young of both sexes should get to know something about the laws of health and the causes which produce disease." One of his lectures on this subject—the Inaugural Address at the Midland Institute at Birmingham, in 1872—was (as we noticed above) followed by what the biography well calls "a great reward." A Birmingham manufacturer was moved to give £2,500 to found classes and lectures on human physiology and hygiene. There was no delay. Professor Corfield, M.D., was set over the work, and at the end of the first academic year an average attendance of 161 was reported, and Dr. E. A. Parkes, Professor of Military Hygiene in the Army Medical School, examined, and was astonished at the information displayed. The two prizes of £20 each

were won, one by an assistant schoolmistress, the other by a servant employed as warehouseman in a manufactory. Two years after another gentleman gave £4,200 to the institute, part for more prizes, part to found a class (with exhibitions or bursaries to be held after leaving the college) at Saltley Training College for Schoolmasters.

But not only as a sanitary reformer was Canon Kingsley great. He was great as a novelist; his novels are of the few which will live, and this is the more remarkable, seeing they belong to that usually dullest of all classes—novels with a purpose. But his *Miscellanies* are better even than his novels. The charm of his style is in them felt to the full, whether he is describing his "winter garden" or the self-sown Scotch fir wood by Bramshill House, in Eversley parish (house built by our James VI. for Prince Henry), or the wild Devon and Cornish sea and rocks that he loved so well, or the Fen country where his friends the Ironsides had their home, and where his hero, Hereward the Wake, made his stand. As a word-painter he (we think) surpasses Ruskin; he has more fire and less mannerism. He aptly compared the literature of science to camp-followers picking up scraps from the army, plundering, begging, borrowing, and stealing, and giving what they get to the bairns and women that run after them. And surely he was one of the most successful camp-followers in the great army of Science. What he wrote, and how he wrote it, alike taught young and old to listen to that which he delighted to call "the voice of God revealed in facts." Who that has read *Glaucus; or, Wonders of the Shore*, has not thenceforth looked with fresh interest on every strip of sand and every weed-covered rock? Who does not like *Water Babies?* If there is one bit of reading of which children never tire it is the tragic history of the Do-as-you-likes. And then, *At Last*—to read it is like being taken in spirit through the tropical forests—the wonder and beauty of which filled the writer with unfeigned awe. But there was something better than reading Kingsley, that was hearing him. Many have told how grandly simple he was in his own parish church amid the rustics who reverenced him, and the visitors from Aldershot and elsewhere who came Sunday after Sunday; but many more heard him during his too brief ministry at Westminster, and of these few will forget either the man or his words. Read, all who can, that last sermon in West-

minster Abbey on the Advent Sunday before his death, where, among the various ways of Christ's coming, he notes that "He may come to us when we are fierce and prejudiced, with that still small voice, so sweet and yet so keen, saying: Understand those who misunderstand thee; be fair to those who are unfair to thee; be just and merciful to those whom thou wouldst like to hate. He does come to us, when we are selfish and luxurious, in every sufferer who needs our help." Read, too, that sermon shortly before he made that journey to America, from which (closed as it was by the killing sea-fog at San Francisco) he never recovered. "Friends, almost all friends unknown and never, alas, to be known by me; you who are to me as people floating down a river, while I, the preacher, stand upon the bank and call in hope that some of you may catch some word of mine ere the great stream shall bear you out of sight, oh! catch at least this one word—fix in your minds, or rather ask God to fix in your minds, this one idea of an absolutely good God, good with all forms of goodness which you respect and love in man; good as you and I and every honest man understand the plain word good." It is good to read such words; but, oh! how much better to have heard them spoken. For of Kingsley, more than of most great men, it is true that the man was far more than what he did or said.

ART. II.—1. *Thomas De Quincey: his Life and Writings.* With Unpublished Correspondence. By H. A. PAGE, Author of "Memoirs of Hawthorne," "Golden Lives," "Fables for Old and Young," &c. In Two Vols. London: John Hogg and Co., Paternoster Row. 1877.

2. *The Works of Thomas De Quincey,* "The English Opium-Eater," including all his Contributions to Periodical Literature. In Sixteen Vols. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

THERE is seldom much in the life of a purely literary man to awaken the interest of the public. One likes to know what determined his preference for literature, and amid what struggles, if any, he fought his way to fame. Curiosity on these points is soon satisfied, and beyond them it does not go. The man is known by his works: we do not care to be taken into the workshop, and shown with what vulgar sweat of brow the mental products were elaborated. We had rather fancy them creations, not only in the sense in which they are, being the offspring of inventive genius, but in the sense in which they are not, being the taskwork of one of like passions with ourselves. The Oliver Goldsmith of *The Deserted Village* loses something of the charm reflected on him from his picture of Arcadian simplicity, when seen stroking his cat in the intervals of inspiration and sipping his cup to renew the afflatus. Nor does the arrest by his landlady, though set off by Dr. Johnson's timely rescue, enhance to us the "merit" which the learned leviathan discovered in the manuscript *Vicar of Wakefield.* And so with the *littérateur* generally. What publishers first smiled upon his ventures, what terms were made with them, which side in the long run had the best of the bargain, how eagerly new works were looked for or new editions of old works bought up, what worldly dignity and consequence attended the now famous author, how modestly or otherwise he bore his honours, and amid what universal lamentations he made his final exit from the stage, all these are mere business details, more fit for the

debtor and creditor columns of the family ledger than for the pages of an appreciative biography. The readers of Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens* will know what we mean. Our ideal may be an illusion, but we had rather dream our dream out than have it molested by the fret and fume of private troubles, or the sordid chink of pounds, shillings and pence.

The case of the remarkable man now again after so many years brought before us is in this respect as in others an exception to the rule. About him there can never be anything but the same weird interest that cleaves to his portentous mental life. In outward circumstances there was not much to distinguish him from men of his own class. More favoured than some in the sufficient fortune, the liberal education and the refined society it was his early privilege to enjoy, he was less happy than others in the loss of the patrimony to which he owed so great an initial advantage. While still young poverty came upon him "like an armed man," and that when his faculties were fogbound by the abuse of his favourite drug. The literary activity that awoke within him at this juncture is itself a phenomenon of rare occurrence, and shows the opium-eater to have been "a man of a million," as Christopher North says, and in another sense than that which he intended. The spectacle is one that contrasts strongly with his friend Coleridge's helpless subsidence under the same double load of physical and financial distress.

But the peculiarity of De Quincey's case is not so much in the circumstances that gave birth to his literary activity, or in the qualities of his literary style, though both of these lie beyond the common run; it is rather the objects or perhaps we should say the one object, on which his energies first expended themselves, or at least by the representation of which he first drew on him the gaze of the public,—it is this that marks him out as a writer *sui generis*, unlike any of the multitude of predecessors in the guild of letters with whom he had made himself conversant, unlike any of the multitude of successors in the same craft who have had the good fortune to be conversant with him. That one object on which he so effectually fixed the eyes not only of his own mind but of the minds of all his countrymen was—what? Not man in communion with external nature, as in the case of Wordsworth; not man in relation to the nature of things, as in the case of

Coleridge: it is man still, but not in either of these generalised characters and vaguely outlined aspects, an almost formless figure painted in the pale colours or the dim chiaroscuro of metaphysical abstraction, and in danger of being lost amid the surroundings that should set him off: it is the individual man who bears in himself indeed these complicated relations but never forgets his own imperishable essence, the individual man that is allied to other men not as a thing with things but as a being with beings, having to do with them as a spirit of keen unerring insight and deep exhaustless sympathies, reading their characters from infancy in the light of that insight and stretching forth the tentacula of those sympathies often to be only rudely repulsed, turning that insight inwards also and detecting within the frailty of our common nature, and still despite much weak indulgence seeking to keep alive his sympathies with the good, the noble and the true, and succeeding ultimately and after many falls in the victory over self: it is in fact Thomas De Quincey that is Thomas De Quincey's object, and it is this object, expanding under the irradiations of genius like the drop under the microscope until it becomes a world of wonders, that excites in the bosom of his readers a delighted interest that soon becomes a permanent fascination.

We are speaking of the work by which he became known to the public. Each of the sixteen goodly volumes into which the multifarious products of his mind were ultimately gathered has its own charm or assemblage of charms. But in the "Confessions" the interest centres in himself. And here we feel called upon to explain what we mean. When we say that the interest of the "Confessions" centres in the opium-eater who makes them, we have enunciated an aphorism which to a person wholly unacquainted with their contents must seem at once to betray a twofold weakness in the utterer of it,—first a mental weakness, inasmuch as it seems a self-evident truth not needing any formal statement that the interest of any personal narrative must lie in the person of the narrator,—secondly a moral weakness, inasmuch as any interest that can attach to such a subject as opium-taking must be of a very demoralising sensational kind. We do not plead guilty to either of these charges. The statement we have made is not a truism, but the concise expression of a truth which can only be accepted in its full meaning and rated at its

proper value by those who have perused the book. By such persons also the supposed gross sensationalism of the story will be found non-existent. There has been a time of course in the history of our readers when they first became acquainted with this work. They approached it probably with some misgivings. Attracted by the way in which they had heard the author extolled, they nevertheless shrank back as if suspecting some grave moral obliquity in any one having confessions to make, much more one daring to take the whole English-speaking public for father-confessor, and most of all one who acknowledges to secret indulgence in a practice that works ruin to its victims. Need we say how thoroughly their minds were disabused on proceeding to dip into his pages? They soon found that whether opium be the cause or not, the writer exerts a very subtle influence upon his readers, holding them with a grip firmer than that in which the Ancient Mariner is fabled to have detained the wedding-guest. They found that opium-eating with its consequences is far from being the sole dreary argument of the life-story; that instead of monopolising whatever pitiful interest might attach to the record of its ravages, it scarcely deserves to rank above the crowd of "secondary incidents" which prepare for and accompany the main procession; that the opium-eating itself with all its train of consequences is so described as not to pander in the slightest degree to a vicious taste, either moral or æsthetic, nor to afford the least encouragement to its formation; that on the contrary the style and tone of the writer bespeak him a man of vast intelligence and tender sympathy, whose fault, if it be a fault, is an excess of intellectual rather than of physical sensibility; and in fine that De Quincey the opium-eater is a personage wholly inferior in importance to De Quincey the philosopher, the prose-poet and the man.

It has always seemed to us a pity that he should have been known to the public as the "opium-eater." However enormous his indulgence in the habit, the name does him an injustice. It supposes a contented slavery to the vice and a disposition to glory over other men in respect of his superior familiarity with it, akin to the sottish delight and coarse swagger with which a six-bottle man might challenge his companions to a drinking bout. Such supposition and comparison are out of place. It is true he sounds the praises of opium, both as a means of temporary relief from

dire physical ills and as a means of enjoyment of some great intellectual pleasures. But his exhibition of its inevitable penalties is to our view a more than sufficient corrective, and the record of his own oft-renewed and oft-defeated struggles for deliverance very considerably emphasises the admonition. His initiation into the use of the drug he attributes to a chance recommendation of it as a remedy for rheumatic toothache of long standing, induced or aggravated by his terrible London experiences. That a practice resorted to under pressure of distracting anguish was continued out of love for its seductive pleasures De Quincey candidly allows. But the campaign against the invader of his peace, though not undertaken until its power was established and its tyranny felt to be intolerable, was commenced at last and fought out with an indomitable courage which stands in strong contrast with his former weakness. And although he never obtained a complete emancipation from its influence, he did finally both obtain and retain such a mastery over it as enabled him for many years to be of use to his family and to do good service to society. That this mastery was maintained to the end we have always understood, and we are glad to find the statement corroborated by the biography.

In connection with this subject it may be mentioned that by De Quincey himself the story of his opium experiences is alleged to have been told not for their own sake but for the sake of the dreams which they originated. Not that the opium alone was responsible for them. It was his early sufferings acting through many years upon a morbidly sensitive constitution that made him fall a prey to the use of opium, and that thus "not only led to the secondary experiences of opium, but also determined the particular form and pressure of the chief phenomena in those secondary experiences." "The final object of the whole record," he tells us, "lay in the dreams. For the sake of those the entire narrative arose. But what caused the dreams? Opium used in unexampled excess. But what caused this excess in the use of opium? Simply the early sufferings; these, and these only, through the derangements they left in the animal economy. On this mode of viewing the case, moving regressively from the end to the beginning, it will be seen that there is one uninterrupted bond of unity running through the entire succession of experiences —first and last: the dreams were an inheritance from the

opium; the opium was an inheritance from the boyish follies."

It must be understood here as everywhere else in relation to the structure of De Quincey's writings, that a distinction is to be made between the purposes he may have had in view in sitting down to write and the outcome of the effort or series of efforts when the work was done. It will be found here as elsewhere that about the main interest many subsidiary ones have sprung up, interests so numerous, so varied, so remotely connected with that to which they stand professedly subordinate, as to suspend for many pages together the progress of the story and to intercept the reader's view of the goal to which it tends. "My way of writing," he naively admits, "is to think aloud and follow my own humour."

In illustration of this we may say that of the two hundred and eighty-two pages of the "Confessions," he devotes the first twelve to a sort of general introduction to the subject of opium, and then takes leave of it not to return till he reaches the one hundred and ninety-third. The intervening hundred and eighty pages detail the incidents of his boyhood from the first dawn of consciousness to the parting with "Ann" in Oxford-street, London, in 1803. They do in some sort serve to prepare for the dream-scenery of which they form the substratum and to which they contribute the principal images. But they have an interest of their own, as little connected with the sequel as are the four hundred and sixty-seven pages of *Autobiographic Sketches*, descriptive of the same period, which form the fourteenth volume of the collected works. The waking dreams of De Quincey have an interest surpassing, in our eyes at least, that of his most romantic or most awful night visions. The two series of sketches of his childhood form together the most touching piece of youthful autobiography, or of autobiography of any kind, that the English language possesses. Our first impressions of them were that our author must frequently have confounded fact with fiction. Knowing how easy it is for age to read between the lines traced upon the memory in childhood, we had supposed that he must in many instances have mistaken the later interpretation for the original record, after the manner in which certain glosses in the Scriptures are thought to have been unwittingly absorbed into the text. It would be no great marvel if it

had been so. It is rare to find an exuberant imagination working side by side with an exact and faithful memory. The new lines woven by the fancy are apt to get entangled with the old ones laid down by observation and experience; and when once the element of recognition peculiar to the latter is lost, the confusion is complete. In a government office it must be very hard indeed for the enterprising and somewhat viewy head of a department to listen with patience to the dry routine details of the office-clerk: the facts do not fit in with his theories, and yet they are presented with a nonchalance altogether annoying on the part of a mere subordinate. The "fresh mind" is bound hand and foot by the imperturbable *sang froid* of the humble drudge. Such are the relative positions in the man of genius of the faculties of imagination and memory. The two dwell under the same roof and must get on as best they can: the difficulty is that here the roof that covers both is a human cranium, its one chamber containing but one human brain, and that the powers located in it are functions of one and the same intelligence—facts which point to an abject submission of the lower to the higher and an unscrupulous tyranny of the higher over the lower as their easiest mode of keeping the peace. This is our explanation of the untrustworthiness as to details so often associated with brilliant parts.

We are bound to say however that there is very little calling for such explanation in the narratives of Thomas De Quincey. Somewhere or other surely in the course of the two volumes above alluded to we should have stumbled upon some inconsistency in the facts, had there been such inconsistency to stumble upon. But after many perusals we have come upon nothing wherewith to challenge his constant avowal of absolute fidelity to truth. The only approach to inconsistency that we remember is in reference to his conversational powers in early youth. The passages in which it occurs are worth quoting, if only as specimens of his minute and life-like self-delineation. Speaking of his visit to Wordsworth in 1807, when just completing his twenty-second year, he says:

"And thus far from mere excess of nervous distrust in my own powers for sustaining a conversation with Wordsworth, I had for nearly five years shrunk from a meeting for which, beyond all things under heaven, I longed. In early youth I laboured under

a peculiar embarrassment and penury of words when I sought to convey my thoughts adequately upon interesting subjects: neither was it words only that I wanted; but I could not unravel, I could not even make perfectly conscious to myself, the subsidiary thoughts into which one leading thought often radiates; or at least I could not do this with anything like the rapidity requisite for conversation. I laboured like a sibyl instinct with the burden of prophetic woe, as often as I found myself dealing with any topic in which the understanding combined with deep feelings to suggest mixed and tangled thoughts; and thus partly—partly also from my invincible habit of reverie—at that era of my life, I had a most distinguished talent '*pour le silence*.' Wordsworth, from something of the same causes, suffered (by his own report to myself) at the same age from pretty much the same infirmity. And yet, in more advanced years—probably about twenty-eight or thirty—both of us acquired a remarkable fluency in unfolding our thoughts colloquially. However, at that period my deficiencies were what I have described."—*Works*, Vol. II., pp. 126, 127.

Now the following paragraphs might seem at first sight to conflict with this statement. In his *Autobiographic Sketches*, about the middle of the chapter entitled "Premature Manhood," he describes an incident in his visit to Ireland in 1800, which was attended by circumstances the reverse of flattering to his dignity. A fellow-voyager upon a pleasure-trip, a lady of some notoriety in Dublin and Belfast, hearing of the presence on board of the young Lord Westport, with whom De Quincey was visiting, makes her appearance on deck, and sufficiently shows the qualities of her mind by signalising the distinction between a young lord of great expectations and his supposed toad-eating companion. Her admiration of the one and contempt for the other were equally undisguised. De Quincey was "mortified beyond the power of retort, and became a passive butt to the lady's stinging contumely and the arrowy sleet of her gay rhetoric." The diminutive stature of the youth, his "mediocrity of personal advantages," as he himself elsewhere styles it, combined with his excessive shyness, would no doubt make the game appear exceedingly easy. But after some two hours of this torture, a deliverer appeared in the person of a fair demoiselle, the sister of Lady Errol. The tables were quickly turned.

"One minute sufficed to put the quick-witted young Irish woman in possession of our little drama, and the several parts we were playing. To look was to understand, to wish was to

execute, with this ardent child of nature. Like Spenser's Bradamant, she couched her lance on the side of the party suffering wrong. Her rank, as sister-in-law to the Constable of Scotland, gave her some advantage for winning a favourable audience; and throwing her ægis over me, she extended that benefit to myself. Road was now made perforce for me also; my replies were no longer stifled in noise and laughter. Personalities were banished; literature was extensively discussed; and that is a subject which, offering little room to argument, offers the widest to eloquent display. I had immense reading; vast command of words, which somewhat diminished as ideas and doubts multiplied; and speaking no longer to a deaf audience, but to a generous and indulgent protectress, I threw out, as from a cornucopia, my illustrative details and recollections; trivial enough, perhaps, as I might now think, but the more intelligible to my present circle. It might seem too much the case of a storm in a slop-basin if I were to spend any words upon the revolution which ensued. Suffice it that I remained the lion of that company which had previously been most insultingly facetious at my expense; and the intellectual lady finally declared the air of the deck unpleasant."—*Works*, Vol. XIV., pp. 354—356.

This little episode, one would think, must have been absent from his mind when the other paragraph was written. Here was no "peculiar embarrassment and penury of words:" a "vast command" of them is asserted. And although an Irish blue-stocking was a personage less formidable to encounter than an English Lake-poet, especially as exaggerated to De Quincey's mind, yet the circumstances were by no means favourable to the exhibition of such powers as he did possess. The "penury" complained of then cannot have been absolute: indeed, it is limited by De Quincey himself to the case in which he "sought to convey his thoughts upon interesting subjects," subjects afterwards specified as those "in which the understanding combined with deep feelings to suggest mixed and tangled thoughts." The statement that at the time of that Irish trip, when he had barely reached his fifteenth year, he had "immense reading," and "vast command of words," must in like manner be viewed relatively to the occasion: the latter boast is also qualified by the clause, "which somewhat diminished as ideas and doubts multiplied," in a way that harmonises perfectly with his Wordsworthian experience. Thus interpreted and qualified, the statement is not at all beyond belief. At the Bath Grammar School

young De Quincey had already acquired renown for the facility with which he composed Latin verses, as also for his proficiency in Greek, which was such that though at his entrance he "could barely construe books as easy as the Greek Testament and the *Iliad*," by the time he left he "not only composed Greek verses in lyric metres, but could converse in Greek fluently and without embarrassment." His passion for Greek was, we may well believe, too deep to be satisfied with anything short of an intimate acquaintance with the literature it enshrined; nor can we suppose that even at this early period that enthusiasm for the literature of his native land was altogether absent which he afterwards characterised as a "homage" that "ascended night and day towards the great altars of English Poetry and Eloquence."

We have dwelt the more largely on this subject because, at the time of the first appearance of the "Confessions," considerable doubt was entertained as to their being a genuine narration of facts. "In not a few quarters," says De Quincey's biographer, "he was astonished to find doubts raised whether there was not an element of fiction in the narrative, and in others a blunt assertion made that a *ruse* had been tried on the credulity of the reading public by a mere invention." Among the rest James Montgomery the poet had touched upon this delicate subject in a paper contributed by him to the *Sheffield Iris*. Couched as it was in courteous language and accompanied by many expressions of the delight with which the "Confessions" had been perused, this friendly animadversion called forth from De Quincey an explicit assurance that the narrative was "drawn up with entire simplicity and fidelity to the facts." If further proof were needful, it is now supplied by the extracts from letters with which Mr. Page's volumes abound, and more particularly by those which date from De Quincey's boyhood. They are just such natural overflows of superabundant wit, genius, affection, and morbid sensibility as we should expect from the precocious youth he has described himself to be; and though of course in many places showing immaturity of thought and expression, they yet display the fertile resources which were afterwards worked to such advantage. The following is from a letter written to his mother during his visit to Ireland, and makes reference, curiously enough, to the episode above quoted, but of course without entering into

the disagreeable part of the business. After describing the trip from Dublin to Tullamore and back, he continues:

"Westport is a most delightful place. The house is very large and handsome. The finest room in it is fifty-seven feet and a half long. The only thing in which I am disappointed is the very one in which I was most certain I should be gratified—I mean the *library*. Even as to quantity it is inferior to ours in Bath; and as to quality, it is the worst I ever saw. Almost all the books are about *farriery* and *draining*, or *law reports* and old trials. However, I hear that the *French* and the *rebels*, who have twice been in possession of this house, have made off with the best books. There is a fine deer-park here, containing nearly 500 acres. Croagh Patrick, the highest mountain I believe in Ireland, is about six miles from us in a direct line; he is shaped like a sugar-loaf, and is generally *cloud-capt*. . . . .

"As to the rebellion in Ireland, the English, I think, use the *amplifying*, and the Irish the *diminishing hyperbole*; the former view it with a *magnifying glass*, the latter with a *microscope*. In England, I remember, we heard such horrid accounts of murders, and battles, and robberies, and here everybody tells me the country *is* in as quiet a state as England, and *has* been so for some time past. What makes me suspect the truth of these smooth-tongued messengers is that the rebellion, even at its greatest height, they affect to treat with indifference, and speak of it as we should of a Birmingham riot. I know, in England, I used to hear people talking of it as a *bloody civil war*, and the rebel troops were considered, *I* thought, *a formidable army*; whereas *here* they are termed *merely straggling banditti*, who unroofed a few cabins and took away *some* cattle. I often hear people making such remarks as these: 'And indeed the rebels were come into town, and as I thought they *might probably be troublesome* if I staid, I therefore determined to ride off after breakfast; for *really* many persons, *I do assure 'ee*, had their trunks taken away on the road.' . . .

"*Friday morning, August 22nd*, 1800.—Yesterday we ascended the famous Croagh Patrick. It is about two miles to the top (by the winding road), from which may be seen a great part of Connaught. When I was at the summit, I thought of Shakespeare looking 'abroad from some high cliff, and enjoying the elemental war.' Beneath us indeed was a most tremendous war of the elements, whilst we were as calm and serene as possible. To our left we see all Clew Bay and the vast Atlantic. Going up and coming down took us about three hours and a half. All the way up on the side were piled stones in the form of little graves by the Roman Catholic priests. At the top is a circular wall, very rough and craggy, on which, at St. Patrick's Day, all the Papists,

for many miles round, run on their knees (quite bare) till the skin is off. In the canal-boat was a Miss Blake, a sister of the present Countess Dowager of Errol. She and I formed an acquaintance, and talked about the English poets for the whole afternoon. She said that Mr. Blake (her father) had agreed at the request of Lady Errol, who is in raptures with Bath, to take a house there. Lady Errol, she said, had hitherto lodged in Milsom Street and Great Pulteney Street, but their house was to be in Queen's Square. She then desired me to call upon her when she came to Bath, which she supposed would be some time in October. Lady Errol I have frequently seen wheeling about Bath. Miss Blake is very like her. I afterwards found from Lord Altamont that she is a friend of his.

"I have just received your letter of the 12th of August. Much as I wish to hear from you, my dear mother, I am sorry you should spend that time in writing to me which, I am sure, your health much requires to be spent in rest. I am much concerned to hear that Mrs. Schreiber still continues so ill. Give my very best love, if you please, to her, and my dear sister, Mary. Mary, I know, is a most superlative hyperexcellent nurse, and I will write to her, if possible, by the next post. My remembrance, or compliments, or something of that sort, if you please, to Lord and Lady Carbery. I understood his lordship was coming over immediately to Ireland."

The remainder of the letter, which is too long to be inserted in full, is occupied with a variety of pleas to be permitted to return to the Bath Grammar School, instead of the one in Wiltshire to which he had recently been sent. The decision ultimately taken, for the sake of superior advantages in point not of scholarship but of scholarships connected with Oxford, was in favour of the Manchester Grammar School. Here his "Iliad of woes" commenced. Though a public school, the Manchester Grammar School had its disadvantages, some of which, particularly its want of playground, continue to this day. We need not repeat the story. Suffice it to say that through sheer misunderstanding on the part of his mother and guardians, De Quincey was driven to that fatal step which made him first a confirmed dyspeptic and then a desperate opium-eater. The tale of his escape from the hateful confinement, of his return home, of his wanderings in Wales and his subsequent London hardships, is familiar to all his readers. We give credence to every word of it, from the tumbling of his portmanteau with heavy thud against the sleeping

Archididascalus's door, to the wine and spices given him, as he sank exhausted on the steps of a house in Soho Square, by his companion in adversity, "Ann." This escapade changed the whole complexion of his life.

We now take up the thread of his history at the point at which his own narrative leaves us. A reconciliation with his friends having been brought about—by what means is nowhere stated—De Quincey returned to the Priory, and shortly afterwards entered himself at Worcester College, Oxford. This was in the year 1803. But Oxford was not to be to him what it is to the present generation of reading men, a theatre of worldly ambition in which feats of intellectual gladiatorship are performed for the sake of the prizes attached to them, and the choice of studies is determined by a strict calculation as to what will pay. To some extent this was the result of natural temperament. Contempt for the petty rivalries of life is a marked feature in his character, and the unpracticalness which hampered him to the end is due rather to this than to any incapacity for taking part in them. We see this plainly in his Manchester troubles. If he could but have sustained the pressure of them for six months longer, he would have entered Oxford with an exhibition of some forty guineas per annum added to the £150 his guardians had promised him. By his own precipitate folly he lost the former, and by the consequent action of his guardians he was deprived of one third of the latter. His resources were therefore just one half of what they should have been. This straitened condition of things not only forbade his occupying the social position he would otherwise have done, but led to the borrowing of money at usurious interest. Thus his peace of mind was effectually destroyed, for his contempt for worldly considerations was not accompanied by indifference to consequences but, strange to say, by a preternatural sensitiveness thereto.

It must be remembered likewise that the Manchester ills, succeeded by those more terrible ones he had suffered in London, had now wrought their work upon him. The elasticity of youth was gone. We have had occasion to speak of the intellectual precocity of his childhood. What we note now is not intellectual precocity, but a sort of premature old age. An abnormal strain had been put upon sensibilities that had always been abnormally acute, and his spirit was broken under it. Then came the fatal

opium-eating habit with its enervating spells. Despite all this, however, De Quincey was not idle during the five years of his undergraduate life. His attention seems to have been mainly directed to philosophy, and for the purpose of acquainting himself with the modern exponents of it he took up in good earnest the study of German. His devotion to the great masters of English literature has been alluded to above. The following passage, from an article on De Quincey that appeared shortly after his death in the *Quarterly Review* (for July, 1861), furnishes a good sketch of his position and attainments at this important epoch in his history, and is somewhat more detailed than the biography:

"During the period of his residence he was generally known as a quiet and studious man. He did not frequent wine parties, though he did not abstain from wine; and he devoted himself principally to the society of a German named Schwartzburg, who is said to have taught him Hebrew. He was remarkable, even in those days, for his rare conversational powers, and for his extraordinary stock of information upon every subject that was started. There were men, it would appear, among his contemporaries, who were capable of appreciating him; and they all agreed that De Quincey was a man of singular genius as well as the most varied talents. His knowledge of Latin and Greek was not confined to those few standard authors with which even good scholars are, or were, accustomed to content themselves. He was master of the ancient literature; of all of it at least which belongs to what is called pure literature. It appears that he brought this knowledge up to Oxford with him; and that his university studies were almost wholly directed to the ancient philosophy, varied by occasional excursions into German literature and metaphysics, which he loved to compare with those of Greece and Rome. His knowledge of all these subjects is said to have been really sound; and there can be no doubt that he was capable of reproducing it in the most brilliant and imposing forms. It was predicted, accordingly, by all who knew him, that he would pass a memorable examination; and so indeed he did, though the issue was a somewhat different one from what his admirers had anticipated. The class-list had lately been instituted; and there seems no reason to doubt that, had De Quincey's mind been rather more regularly trained, he would have taken a first-class as easily as other men take a common degree. But his reading had never been conducted upon that system which the Oxford examinations, essentially and very properly intended for men of average abilities, render almost incumbent upon every candidate for the highest honours. De

Quincey seems to have felt that he was deficient in that perfect mastery of the minuter details of logic, ethics and rhetoric, which the practice of the schools demanded. With the leading principles of the Aristotelian system he was evidently quite intimate. But he apparently distrusted his own fitness to undergo a searching oral examination in these subjects, for which a minute acquaintance with scientific terminology, and with the finest distinctions they involve, is thought to be essential. The event was unfortunate, though so agreeable to De Quincey's character that it might have been foreseen by his associates, as by one of them it really was. The important moment arrived, and De Quincey went through the first day's examination, which was conducted upon paper, and at that time consisted almost exclusively of scholarship, history and whatever might be comprehended under the title of classical literature. On the evening of that day Mr. Goodenough of Christchurch, who was one of the examiners, went down to a gentleman, then resident at Worcester College and well acquainted with De Quincey, and said to him, 'You have sent us to-day the cleverest man I ever met with; if his *viva voce* examination to-morrow correspond with what he has done in writing, he will carry everything before him.' To this his friend made answer that he feared De Quincey's *viva voce* would be comparatively imperfect, even if he presented himself for examination, which he rather doubted. The event justified his answer. That night De Quincey packed up his things and walked away from Oxford; never, as far as we can ascertain, to return to it. Whether this distrust of himself was well founded, or whether it arose from the depression by which his indulgence in opium was invariably followed, we cannot tell. So early even as his Oxford days, De Quincey, we are told, was incapable of steady application without large doses of opium. He had taken a large dose on the morning of his paper work, and the reaction that followed in the evening would, of course, aggravate his apprehension of the morrow. Be that as it may, he fairly took to his heels, and so lost the chance, which, with every drawback, must have been an extremely good one, of figuring in the same class-list with Sir Robert Peel, who passed his examination in Michaelmas, 1808, which was, no doubt, the era of De Quincey's singular catastrophe."

Opium was probably a coefficient both of the success and of the failure; more particularly of the failure, which affords the first illustration, afterwards so frequently repeated in other forms, of De Quincey's own adage, that "the opium-eater never finishes anything."

During his Oxford career he made frequent visits to London, partly for the purpose of discovering "Ann," the poor friendless outcast who had befriended him in the time

of his extremity, and partly with a view to forming the acquaintance of certain literary men who had begun to exercise great influence over him—an influence which more than any other cause preserved him from total shipwreck. In the former of these objects he was disappointed, and though not immediately successful in the latter, yet he was brought into friendly relations with several persons of some eminence in the literary world, and among the rest with Charles Lamb. His introduction to that genial man he has sketched in his own humorous way. It seems remarkable that though living a life of such seclusion at Oxford, he should in London have broken through his reserve. But he had his own affinities, and the bulk of the undergraduates did not come up to his level. One man there was in Oxford at that time, smitten with the same admiration for the new lights that had arisen in the intellectual firmament, with whom he would have deeply sympathised: we mean John Wilson of Elleray. But though a man of some renown in the University, not only for study but, what was rarer in those days, for study and sport combined, De Quincey never heard of his name, being "possibly" he tells us—and this testifies better than anything to his own retired habits —"the one sole gownsman who had not then found my attention fixed by his own most heterogeneous reputation." The two met later in the house of Wordsworth, and thenceforward became fast friends.

In 1807, eight years after the publication of Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*, containing Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"—which poems had from their first appearance made a great impression on De Quincey's mind—he had his first introduction to Coleridge, and in the same year to Wordsworth. A desire of many years' growth was thus gratified. It affords a further proof of De Quincey's early maturity of mind that he was able at once, as appears everywhere from his own account of his intercourse with them, to enter their society as an equal. Their fame was not of course at this time established, nor was the fortune of either anything to boast of: indeed, in this respect De Quincey had the advantage. But Wordsworth was his senior by fifteen years, and Coleridge by thirteen. Both were in the full prime of their powers, while De Quincey, a stripling of but two-and-twenty summers, was still only in the third year of his novitiate at Oxford. Yet, after the

first flush of excitement, it is manifest that he mingled with these choice spirits as upon equal terms. His generosity to Coleridge bespeaks the sincerity of his devotion to literature and philosophy as he saw them represented in the person of that remarkable man. Hearing of his financial difficulties, De Quincey, through a mutual friend, spontaneously offered him £500, and Coleridge ultimately accepted £300, with the promise of course, and no doubt the intention, of returning it whenever his literary ventures should land him in the El Dorado which his imagination ever pictured as just about to be reached. An undertaking this which it is needless to say that Coleridge not only—being also an opium-eater—never finished, but never even began.

Set free by his own violent act from college trammels, as he had formerly been from those of school, and set free also by the attainment of his majority from the meddlesome tutelage of his guardians, De Quincey now carried out a scheme which he had long pondered with fond solicitude, viz., that of establishing himself permanently in the neighbourhood of Wordsworth. For some months indeed he lived under Wordsworth's roof, but in November, 1809, having in the interval spent some time in London, he was installed in the possession of the very cottage that had become almost sacred to him as the abode for seven years of the philosophic bard. The London visit of that year, like some others before and after, was connected with views respecting the bar as a profession destined never to be realised in practice. Several terms he kept, but further than that his judicial development, if we may so term it, did not proceed. Whether he seriously entertained the idea of practising at the bar seems doubtful. His thoughts seem rather to have turned towards literature, if we may judge from some jottings of an earlier date made during one of his visits to the Lake-district, before his introduction to Coleridge and Wordsworth. These jottings contain so much that is interesting both on their own account and as illustrating the maturity of De Quincey's mind at the age of twenty, that we make no apology for giving them in full. They are entitled, "Constituents of Happiness."

"Coniston, Monday Morning, *August 18th*, 1805.

"1. A capacity of thinking—*i.e.*, of abstraction and reverie.

"2. The cultivation of an interest in all that concerns human life and human nature.

"3. A fixed, and not merely temporary, residence in some spot of eminent beauty:—I say not merely temporary, because frequent change of abode is unfavourable to the growth of local attachment, which must of necessity exercise on any, but more especially on a contemplative mind, a most beneficial influence; and I say of eminent beauty, both for its own sake as being intrinsically an abundant source of pleasure and a most powerful assistant of fancy, and also as justifying and giving efficacy to the local attachment spoken of above. In this last view, its value is well evidenced by my own case, who in many instances wherein I have formed an infant attachment to a place not beautiful from associating with its scenery the pleasure derived from thinking, or reading, or other pleasures, have felt this attachment combated by my perception of its homeliness.

"4. Such an interchange of solitude and interesting society as that each may give to each an intenser glow of pleasure.

"5. *Books*, from which are derived a double pleasure—viz. (1) That furnished by the matter of the book; (2) That furnished by the consciousness of intellectual advancement, in which are involved the consciousness of extending the means instrumental to happiness, and also of extending one's hold on the respect of men both on account of the actual increase of respectability, and also on account of the increasing power of enforcing one's claims by conversation and letters.

"6. Some great intellectual project, to which all intellectual pursuits may be made tributary, thus giving to employments in themselves pleasurable in the highest degree that separate pleasure which even irksome employments borrow from the pleasurableness of the object to which they are pursued as instrumental.

"7. Health and vigour.

"8. The consciousness of a supreme mastery over all unworthy passions (anger, contempt and fear) and over all appetites; together with a highly cherished benevolence; or, to generalise this canon, a sense of moral elevation and purity.

"9. A vast predominance of contempt, varied with only so much of action as the feelings may prompt by way of relief to the faculty of contempt.

"10. Both as subsidiary to the last, and also for its own value, a more than ordinary emancipation from worldly cares, anxieties, and connections, and from all that is comprehended under the term business; so that no frequent demands may be made on one's time, and thoughts, and feelings of interest, by subjects not of value enough to engage them. To this end one's fortune should be concentrated in one secure depositary, so as that the interest may be most easily collected; and all family arrangements should be definite and simple, and therefore not requiring much superintendence, and in Eli Bates's phrase, one should 'be compact in life.'

"11. The education of a child.

"12. One which, not being within the range of any man's control, I should not mention, only that experience has read me a painful lesson on *its* value—a personal appearance tolerably respectable. I do not mean to say attractive (for that is not necessary, and with such a congregation of gifts from fortune and nature as must unite to secure the eleven preceding constituents of happiness, cannot reasonably be expected), but so far not repulsive, and on a level with the persons of men in general, as that though, apart from the intellectual superiority of its owner, there should be nothing to excite interest—there should, on that superiority being made known, and a consequent interest excited, be nothing in its general effect to contradict that interest. A mediocrity of personal advantages, accompanied, however, with the pleasing expression resulting from the union of moral with intellectual worth, is (I am convinced) most favourable to such facility and familiarity of intercourse with all ranks of men as is the best avenue to an extensive acquaintance with humanity. Where such moderate advantages as these, however, are wanting, this want may be best compensated—(1) By that temperate and unostentatious dignity of manners and general tranquillity and composure of behaviour which bespeaks a mind at peace with itself, that, being conscious of no claims to attention on that ground (as far as any claim can be acquired thereby), made none, and also, rating at only its due price the quality of such attention, had purified itself of all anxiety for it, and had sought its pleasures and consolations elsewhere and more worthily, disdaining to hold any material part of its happiness as a trembling pensioner on the smiles of beings for the most part ranking in actual value decidedly below itself. (2) By acquiring a high literary name, which, with the mass of men (of whom I am speaking), has the effect of impressing them with the consciousness that you, who hold part in the gaze and notice and comments of collective man, are indifferent to the thoughts of individual man, and also the effect of setting you apart in their feelings from the ordinary classes of men, so as no longer to be a fit subject for comparison with them, by which comparison it was that you chiefly suffered. These are the best substitutes, I believe, with men of a middle order; men of the highest order are not concerned in this question; and, in the turmoil of worldly intercourse, *money* supersedes both the reality and the substitutes, apart or jointly."

We shall naturally be expected to pronounce an opinion on the moral philosophy of the above scheme of a human life. Considering that these memoranda were written for his own use and may therefore be supposed to express his inmost convictions, must not the absence of all recognition

of the religious element be counted as at least a "sin of omission?" Our answer is that De Quincey must here be viewed as abstracting the purely temporal elements of happiness, and regarding man solely in the light of an intellectual and social being. Our observations on his religious views we will defer for the present. But we cannot forbear the remark that a man could not have been irreligious whose first care on his introduction to Coleridge was to inquire into the truth of the current report respecting his having turned Unitarian, and who on a charge being lightly made against himself of Deistical leanings, burst into tears, quitted the room, and broke off all intercourse with the man who made it.

There is however a decided "sin of commission" in the above account, for which the press must, we think, be to blame. Having in the eighth canon invoked as an important ally in the search for happiness "the consciousness of a supreme mastery over all unworthy passions," and having specified "anger, contempt, and fear" as the passions to be thus kept under, he could not in the ninth have intended to summon "a vast predominance of *contempt*" in aid of his other forces. The word occurs again at the close of the sentence, where he mentions "the faculty of *contempt*." But besides that no such faculty was ever recognised by any dissector of the puzzle of the human mind, the whole of the succeeding paragraph points to an emendation of the text. *Contemplation* it is—shortened perhaps into *contempl.*—but certainly not *contempt*, that De Quincey wrote: we are willing to stake our reputation as critics on this conjecture, although at the risk of incurring the contempt of our readers, should we be found to have led them astray. The fault, if it be a fault, cannot be De Quincey's; his handwriting was a model of caligraphy, each pothook and hanger being clear-cut and finished as the sentences they help to form.

We have not yet done with the memoranda. Leaving out the religious part of the question altogether, we may observe that they might seem to show that the author, if not a Hedonist, was a Eudæmonist of the most pronounced type.* This, whether playfully or seriously, he has else-

* The biographer says "a Hedonist or Eudæmonist," as if the two were interchangeable terms, and yet distinguishes De Quincey's pleasures as "valued for the poetical or spiritual suggestions with which they were charged," which is the very characteristic of Eudæmonism, as compared with Hedonism. De

where declared himself to be. "I confess it," he says, "as a besetting infirmity of mine, that I am too much of a Eudæmonist; I hanker too much after a state of happiness both for myself and others: I cannot face misery, whether my own or not, with an eye of sufficient firmness; and am little capable of encountering present pain for the sake of any reversionary benefit." This was perhaps the weak point in his mental constitution, but the fact that he regrets it proves that he would not have formally admitted the principles of Eudæmonism into his scheme of human life. He believed as strongly as any man in Kant's categorical imperative, and gloried in the ideas about duty which have made the English nation what it is, notwithstanding his frequent lapses from his own standard. If the particular lines of action which he marked out for himself were such as would be likely to fall in pleasant places, they were free from the selfishness that more or less openly vitiates and vulgarises many a loftier ambition. He did not care to shine at the bar or in the senate, though his powers were equal to any position in which he might have been placed: he would let his light enlighten, comfort, and purify, not dazzle society with its glare, and it is touching to find him supplementing the "great intellectual project" by which he hoped to do this with that often most despised of all employments, "the education of a child." He sketches a beautiful outline; and though he does not say so, there can be no doubt that in his mind's eye Wordsworth sat for the picture. But however near Wordsworth may have come to it, for De Quincey himself the ideal was destined to be realised only in fragmentary patches, as the sequel of his history will show.

It seemed indeed as if he were destined to continual disappointment. What prospects could be fairer than those of an educated, wealthy young gentleman, settling amid the loveliest scenery the British Isles can boast, and having the society of the choicest minds of the century added to the witchery of mountain, lake and grove; gifted with power to enjoy the literatures of the most civilised nations ancient or modern, and to lay them all under tribute toward creations of his own; living also in an age full of the strife

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Quincey nowhere calls himself "Hedonist," though so styled by his friend Christopher North, who appears to have been the first to put the Greek term into an English dress.

and din of a great historical crisis, and watching with intelligent and sympathising eyes the evolution of a great political drama with its daring enterprises, heroic struggles, sinuous policies, bloody battle-pieces, its moments of breathless suspense following years of arduous conflict, the gradual unravelling of the plot and unfolding of the purposes of Providence, and then the sudden and final catastrophe which definitely announces the end? Surely through all those years, from 1808 to 1815, when England is passing through the agonies of her contest with Napoleon, such a man as De Quincey will feel the inspiration of the times, and do something worthy of his powers. From his loop-holes of retreat he will not content himself with a mere survey of the battle-field, but will be stimulated to assist the heart of the nation to bear up under her burdens. All this was to come by and bye. But alas! at present, and for some years after, he was absorbed in agonies and blisses of his own; and they were, first the pleasures, and then the pains, of opium. This was the worm that gnawed at the root of all his happiness, and withered his gourds before they grew up. It swept away all but the last of his twelve categories of happiness, and that he acknowledged he had never possessed. When the very "capacity of thinking"—his first postulate—was destroyed, the rest were all as though they were not, even though the forms of them remained.

Still opium was not the only source of trouble. There was some disappointment in his relations with Wordsworth. Like Mont Blanc, that great man was best seen at a distance. He did not take to De Quincey, and so of course De Quincey could not take to him. To his children De Quincey could and did take, and they reciprocated the affection. His love for these children amounted to a passion, showing that there was some meaning in his eleventh canon. But the loveliest of these little ones died, and this for De Quincey was a heart-breaking woe. He speaks of spending whole nights on her grave, and of seeing her form in a sort of waking vision in broad daylight. With Southey also he was not by any means on familiar terms. Charles Lloyd of Brathay appears to have been a bosom friend. But his faculties became clouded and he had to be placed in confinement. John Wilson was at this time his greatest intimate. There seems some inconsistency in the several accounts of his introduction to him. In a letter which must have been written in 1825,

De Quincey professes to have known Wilson "for a cycle of twenty years and more, which is just half of his life—and also half of mine; for we are almost *ad apicem* of the same age—Wilson being born in May, and I in August, of the same memorable year." This would fix the date of their first acquaintance in 1805. But De Quincey tells us in another place that he was introduced to him by Wordsworth in the latter end of 1808, and describes his figure as seen then for the first time. In yet another place he says that he first saw him at Lloyd's house, though there is no reference to an introduction. We suppose the last-named to have been the first occasion of their meeting, but without a formal introduction and possibly without mutual recognition, and that the meeting in 1808 was really the commencement of their intercourse. If so, De Quincey's memory must have been for once at fault, when he spoke of having known Wilson at the age of twenty.

To him he owed, among other benefits, his introduction to Edinburgh society in the winter of 1814-15. Here for several months he became a centre of great interest to a small knot of accomplished men, including such names as that of Sir William Hamilton, among whom his brilliant conversational powers had full scope. "They did not at first know well what to make of this man with the boyish figure and the gentle voice, who, with quiet, unassuming deliverance, speedily asserted a kind of right to say the final word, and who soon became a referee in knotty points of philosophy or scholarship—even Hamilton assenting. He was—at any rate for a time—a puzzle, a paradox, a source of bewilderment, and they could not have done talking about him." "He became a kind of literary lion, and was persecuted with invitations to dine out here, there, everywhere. All felt that a new influence was at work in their midst, and they enjoyed it. This new comer, who could cap Hamilton's most recondite quotations from Plato and Plotinus, from Kant or Richter, or rectify on the spur of the moment the least lapse in a line cited from Euripides or Pindar, was worthy of study and of deference, both of which were so loyally yielded him that De Quincey ever afterwards felt a love for Edinburgh, as for a second *alma mater*. His odd habits, too, had their own attraction, and surrounded him with something of a mystic glamour. He was then in that stage of opium-eating which may be regarded as a swift advance to the climax; but as yet, at

all events, his constitution and mental faculties seemed to be strengthened instead of impaired by it. He was still in the stage of simple, gratified energies; and his talk on emerging from his slumber, all agree was *sui generis*. Wilson would invite night parties, we are told, so that De Quincey, who was the best in the early hours, might be seen and heard to full advantage."

The biographer, from whom we have here been quoting, is no doubt quite correct in saying that De Quincey was "then in that stage of opium-eating which may be regarded as a swift advance to the climax;" but hardly in adding that he was "still in the stage of simple, gratified energies." Before this, in 1813, De Quincey tells us, "I was attacked by an appalling irritation of the stomach, in all respects the same as that which had caused me so much suffering in youth, and accompanied by a revival of all the old dreams." The result was a more assiduous devotion to opium. The remedy of course proved worse than the disease, and necessitated an effort to throw off its bondage. This effort was made in 1816, of which year he speaks as "a year of brilliant water (to speak after the manner of jewellers) set, as it were, and insulated in the gloomy umbrage of opium." He reduced his dose from eight thousand drops of laudanum daily to one thousand drops. Instantaneously the cloud of profound melancholy drew off in one week, and he was again happy. What was it that formed the spur to this effort of self-denial? The same which operates with so many others when they come to man's estate: in plain words, his engagement to Margaret Simpson. His marriage was consummated at the close of 1816, and would have been the occasion of much happiness but for his unfortunate relapse into opium in the following year. The young bride of eighteen soon found herself transformed into the nurse and keeper of a kind of monomaniac, for De Quincey appears at this time to have lost all power of self-control in reference to his favourite indulgence, and to have descended into depths from which even the voice of connubial affection could not recall him. From 1817 to 1819 he sank to the lowest point of prostration. Ricardo's *Political Economy*, then just published, was the curious specific which roused him from his lethargy: it acted like a charm. He had previously amused himself with speculations about this science, and had predicted the advent of some legislator who should bring order and

beauty into its chaos. His prophecy seemed now to have been fulfilled, and the discovery awoke within him wonder and curiosity, emotions that had long been dead. Probably also the very dryness of the details made it possible for him to dwell on this subject with benefit to his diseased imagination. His wife had tried to soothe him by reading poetry, but this resource had utterly failed. The political economy fever only lasted for a season. During its access he exerted himself sufficiently to sketch an outline of the science, and to criticise in his own masterly way the work of the new reformer. He who for months together could not persuade himself to write a single letter, now drew up his *Prolegomena to all Future Systems of Political Economy*, a work so valued even to the present day as to be adopted by Government as a text-book for some of its Indian examinations. But though in part printed, it was not at this time published, for before it could issue from the press the author was again overcome.

At last he made another effort at self-emancipation, which happily proved successful. He refers to it on page 273 of the "Confessions." But he only obscurely hints at the motive-power now set in action. The failure of his former efforts he attributes to his not having known that physical exercise, enormous in quantity and regular in use, was the condition of self-conquest. This discovery he now made, and it was followed by the best results. But this does not account for the initiation of the new *régime*. For that a mental and not a physical impulse was required. Or rather a mental stimulus was needed to set the physical in motion. The obscure hint in the "Confessions"—"naturally therefore on considering how important my life had become to others besides myself I became alarmed"—is abundantly explained in the biography. Delicacy forbade the opium-eater from intruding his loss of fortune upon the public, however familiar he might have made them with its early promise of sufficiency for him and his. The details would have been too prosaic for the readers of his wonderful prose-poems, and would have been all too likely to stir up to greater excitement the nest of hornets in the shape of hostile creditors which his own imprudences and misfortunes had brought about his ears. It is however quite true that at this time his affairs became seriously embarrassed. Much of his fortune had been dissipated in unsafe investments, and much he had given away with the

prodigality of a man who could not refuse practical sympathy to genuine distress, especially when associated with literary worth. His generosity to Coleridge is rather a typical example than an exceptional case, extravagant and improbable though it may seem.

Now for the first time he began to write for the periodical press. *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Quarterly* were the first to give currency to the productions of his pen. It shows however at once the desperate state of his finances and the little idea he must have had of the sensation he was presently to create in the literary world, as well as of the place he was to fill in our literature, to find him in 1819 accepting the editorship of the *Westmoreland Gazette*. It was something like yoking a highly-trained racehorse to the shafts of a primitive waggon, or employing a newly-ground razor to do the work of a hoe. The assurance that he would be aided in his endeavours to enlighten his bucolic fellow-countrymen by "two of the most illustrious men in point of intellectual pretensions that have appeared for some ages," would hardly add anything to the value of his journal in the eyes of his constituency, any more than his proposal to make them acquainted with that "German literature" which he pronounced to be, "for science and philosophy properly so called, the wealthiest in the world." His connection with the management of the *Gazette* did not last more than a twelvemonth. Proceeding to London in the summer of 1821 for the purpose of obtaining employment of a literary kind, he was introduced by Charles Lamb to Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, who had recently become proprietors of the *London Magazine*, and were glad of the services of such a man as De Quincey. He had intended simply to occupy himself with translations from the German; but the circle of literary men he now joined were so interested in the story of his opium experiences that he was asked to commence with a detailed account of them. In the *London Magazine* accordingly for October and November of the same year the articles appeared which first established his fame. "The numbers," we are told, "were speedily exhausted, and a reprint appeared early in 1822, and a second edition in 1823." The "Confessions" were followed by a series of translations from the German, including a version of Kant's essay on "National Character," that on the "Rosicrucians and Freemasonry," and the series of "Letters to a Young

Man whose Education has been Neglected," in which last, as his biographer says, "he really managed to convey a scheme of liberal education relieved by many touches of wit and humour." "Walladmor" followed, a German novel originally written to supply a demand which was not met for a novel from the pen of Sir Walter Scott, and much improved in the English dress in which by De Quincey's taste and skill it was invested. He contributed also the pieces on Richter and Herder now to be found with the others in his collected works.

During two years of this sojourn in London, *i.e.* 1823 and 1824, he sank again under the power of opium. The cause is one that must excite sympathy rather than any feeling of a sterner kind. It forms an index to the strength of his home attachments, and the discoveries it makes on this head almost reconcile us to the weakness it exhibits of his moral nature. It is rare to find self-indulgence fed from sources so completely the reverse of what is selfish. The following paragraph will be understood by many readers, who have known something of the phenomenon adverted to, though unconnected with the use of opium or any kind of stimulant either in the way of cause or effect.

"I was ill at that time, and for years after,—ill from the effects of opium upon the liver; and one primary indication of any illness felt in that organ is peculiar depression of spirits. Hence arose a singular effect of reciprocal action in maintaining a state of dejection. From the original physical depression caused by the derangement of the liver, arose a sympathetic depression of the mind, disposing me to believe that I never could extricate myself; and from this belief arose, by reaction, a thousand-fold increase of the physical depression. I began to view my unhappy London life—a life of literary toils, odious to my heart—as a permanent state of exile from my Westmoreland home. My three eldest children, at that time in the most interesting stages of childhood and infancy, were in Westmoreland; and so powerful was my feeling (derived merely from a deranged liver) of some long, never-ending separation from my family, that at length, in pure weakness of mind, I was obliged to relinquish my daily walks in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, from the misery of seeing children in multitudes that too forcibly recalled my own."

The reader now sees the chain of sequences that led to De Quincey's third fall. The loss of exercise was the last link in the chain, or rather the last addition to the load under which his resolutions gave way. It may be asked

why he remained so long in exile. There were two reasons: the one that the contributor might be as near as possible to the agencies of the press, and the other—if the truth must be spoken—that the debtor might be as far as possible from the clutches of his creditors. In 1826 he seems to have been almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of his position. The same embarrassments which rendered it imperative that he should write, also rendered it impossible. Not that his circumstances were absolutely hopeless, but that to his gloomy imaginings they appeared so. Wilson knew his friend well, and had seriously said that "if De Quincey owed a £5 note and were unable to pay it, it would vex him more than debts of thousands would vex many other men rolling about in their carriages."

Wilson, now Professor Wilson, came to the rescue with a generous offer from Blackwood, and the result was the publication in *Maga* of the "Gallery of the German Prose Writers," "The Last Days of Immanuel Kant," "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts," "The Toilette of the Hebrew Lady," and "Dr. Parr and his Contemporaries." The first two of these contributed largely to the naturalisation in this country of modern German thought. Coleridge did much in that direction and might have done more had opium let him. But he only absorbed the German philosophy to give it out again in gorgeous forms of his own, and did not call attention to the sources from which it was derived. What De Quincey did was to introduce the authors themselves to his now numerous friends scattered up and down among the British public, and to assure the latter that the former were by no means the Bœotian race their insular pride had led them to suppose, that though somewhat juvenile in their aspect, none of them except Kant dating before the French Revolution, they were men of vast breadth of view and depth of sentiment, men with whom it was quite worth while that the British public should shake hands, as having one or two secrets to communicate of some importance to its own well-being. Thomas Carlyle is credited with a large share of the honour of bringing about this *rapprochement* between the English and German minds, but De Quincey preceded him in that line. The piece entitled "Murder Considered as one of the Fine Arts" shows much power of penetrating to the depths of the human heart, and despite its grim title and awful topic has obtained almost as wide a popularity as the "Confessions." The article on

Dr. Parr reveals the author's attitude of antagonism to the eighteenth century. Considering that the whole tendency of the poets with whom De Quincey so strongly sympathised was to react from and protest against the lifeless conventionalism and hollow pretence of the eighteenth century, we cannot wonder that De Quincey's dislike of the period should run into extremes. He did not believe in its scholarship any more than in its poetry, always excepting from the former its representative in the person of Richard Bentley, who however belonged almost as much to the seventeenth century as to the eighteenth, his eighty years being pretty equally divided between the two. But De Quincey was a man who by a necessity of his nature was compelled to take sides.

The connection with Edinburgh led to his taking up his residence in that city, where for educational purposes he was joined by his two elder children, and in 1830, for the greater convenience and comfort of all, by Mrs. De Quincey and the rest of the family.

About this time *Tait's Magazine* was started, as a kind of Whig or Liberal counterpoise to *Blackwood*. Though himself a Tory, De Quincey for the next fifteen years contributed largely to its pages, on the understanding that a certain latitude should be allowed in the department of literature to the expression of personal views. Either *Blackwood* or *Tait* was a better medium for him than the *London Magazine*, which had a bad name from its open avowal of sceptical if not atheistic principles.

The story entitled *Klosterheim* was written at this time, and published by Messrs. Blackwood in an independent form in 1832. Though in the judgment of many critics quite up to the average, both in style and conception, of De Quincey's writings, it was never a favourite with its author, and was not admitted by him to a place among his collected works. It was written, the biographer tells us, in grief and loneliness, probably during the earlier portion of his residence at Edinburgh, while he was still uncheered by domestic surroundings, and was just finding out that Edinburgh, like Westmoreland, was not exempt from the vicissitudes of change, and was not to be to him in permanence what it was on his first visit, a stage for the display and mutual admiration of literary lions. The biographer speaks of this production, the only novel De Quincey ever wrote, as evidencing "the high position he might have

secured as a novelist, had not other interests taken possession of him at those earlier stages of life, when the constructive and inventive powers are most susceptible of education." Considering the enormous preponderance of fiction over other kinds of literature in modern times, we cannot at all regret that his powers were not called forth more largely in this direction. Without for a moment denying that fiction has frequently been made the vehicle of valuable philosophical and even theological speculations, as well as of moral and social lessons, that would have remained unattractive and therefore unread if presented in the set essay form, we think the construction of plots and of characters to figure in them not by any means essential to a successful inculcation of such truths. And we think De Quincey's own works, the grave as well as the gay, are a proof of it. At all events there are so few who are skilled in popular presentation of the deepest truths, that we rejoice to possess one writer who has been content to occupy a middle position between those whose treatment of them is severe even to repulsiveness, and those who condescend to dress them up in the meretricious garb of fiction.

In 1832—34 the articles on "The Cæsars" appeared in *Blackwood*, and almost simultaneously the "Recollections of the Lake Poets" in *Tait's Magazine*. Autobiographic sketches the biographer calls them, and so indeed they are, as every reader of them knows. De Quincey was always and on every subject autobiographic: it mattered not how impalpable in their obscurity the thoughts he laboured to bring forth and clothe in the prismatic hues of his genius, he, the thinker of the thoughts, is always a powerful presence, much more real than any photograph could make him, and exhibits himself not in profile and at a distance but as a full-length figure face to face with his reader. These limnings are not to be confounded with the "Autobiographic Sketches" properly so called, which were not written till 1852. The "Recollections" gave rise to some animadversions on the part of the friends of Wordsworth and Coleridge. Probably De Quincey would not have published them had he remained in Westmoreland with Wordsworth, almost within hail of him and Southey and the friends of Coleridge not much farther off. If so, we cannot but think his removal from it a boon to literature, for the "Recollections" are confessedly the best portraits

of these eminent men anywhere to be found in the English language. They display all the familiarity of an intimate friend without the partiality of that relation. A few personal weaknesses might perhaps have been omitted with advantage to the author's reputation for delicacy. On that score, however, he has sufficiently vindicated himself, and needs no apology from us. He knew well enough that the originals of his portraits would not suffer from these little betrayals of confidence, and now that they are gone and their friend has followed them, these very characteristics attest the faithfulness of his delineations.

Probably this period was one of the happiest, or rather the least miserable, in his chequered life. He had conquered opium, his powers were in full vigour, his literary labours duly appreciated and amply rewarded, and his family was still about him unbroken by absence or death. But now came a series of domestic calamities which again changed the aspect of his life. "Julius, his youngest son, an attractive child of four years of age, on whom he doted, suddenly died of fever in 1833. Then his eldest son, William, a brilliant and beautiful youth, not eighteen, 'whose scholarship and eagerness for learning,' says Mrs. Baird Smith, 'astonished even my father, who was his sole tutor,' passed away in 1835, from a painful and obscure disease of the brain. Mrs. De Quincey's health failed rapidly after her son William's death. She died in 1837, in Edinburgh, and was buried in the West Kirkyard beside her children." De Quincey's habits were in many ways peculiarly trying, but his wife had always been a faithful help-meet, as his loving references to her show. His temporary separation from his children after her death, although in part occasioned by the want of a perfect understanding between him and them, must not be ascribed to any lack of parental affection. De Quincey's heart was as young as ever: he was an example of his own theory that, given the possession and constant use of good faculties, there is no such thing as growing old. But his utter unpracticalness in all the affairs of common life was such that, bereft of his partner, he was incompetent to discharge the duties that now fell to him as the sole responsible head of the house. At the same time he might excusably enough object to anything like divided power or an *imperium in imperio*: for several years therefore he lived in lodgings.

During this period his mind was very productive. That which cost him the most labour and perhaps constitutes one of his most resplendent intellectual feats, is his "Shakespeare," contributed among other biographies to the pages of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It is a fine instance of that principle in the domain of biography which in the domain of zoology has been attributed for instance to such a man as Cuvier, and has been illustrated by De Quincey himself in his article on "Protestantism" as pertaining to "all the grander parts of knowledge"—the principle namely of integration, whereby from a few disjointed parts a consistent whole is synthetically deduced. The two articles on the "Essenes," and those on "Style," and on "Homer and the Homeridæ," were composed about the same time. In the first he adopts the theory that the Essenes were really Christians of Palestine, but "secretly for fear of the Jews." And there is this at least to be said in his favour, besides the many points of agreement that he notices between the two, that Josephus says much about the one and nothing at all about the other. On "Style" so great a master of it has a right to assume the position of dictator, and will always be listened to reverently by those who wish to obtain a command of idiomatic and yet perfectly fluent and transparent English. His views on the last of these three subjects are no doubt a great comfort to Dr. Schliemann and other old-fashioned believers in the reality of the Grecian bard. Here he does *not* believe in integration, whatever may have been done in the way of restoration.

In 1840 he took up his abode with his daughters at Mavis Bush, Lasswade, near Edinburgh; but in fact this was only one out of many sets of lodgings that he occupied from time to time according as he was impelled by the pressure of literary necessities or by those other inexplicable necessities which were due to his restless habit of mind. Another opium cloud now descended upon him after an interval of eighteen years. His references to it as given in the biography are touching in the extreme, but we will not harrow up our readers' feelings by quoting them. Suffice it to say that he gathered himself up for a final encounter with his foe, and though he never wholly extricated himself from its toils, yet this time he rose to fall no more. The dry science seems again to have lent its aid, as in 1844 he wrote his *Logic of Political Economy*.

The powers of his mind were still undiminished. In 1845 he contributed to *Tait's Magazine* articles on Godwin, John Foster, Hazlitt and Shelley, as well as one on the Temperance movement. Hazlitt's reputation he thought greatly exaggerated: he regarded him as a man possessed indeed of splendid powers, but who for want of being a thorough student was unable to turn them to account. "To think profoundly," such was his canon, and one worthy to be remembered by all who pretend to original thinking, "it is indispensable that a man should have read down to his own starting-point, and have read as a collating student to the particular stage at which he himself takes up the subject." Yet he held that Hazlitt "would have drawn in the scales against a select vestry of Fosters." He thought that Foster's admiration of "Decision of Character" had the same basis as Coleridge's esteem for business ability, viz., the total absence of it in himself. And the danger of alienating men of taste from evangelical religion lay rather, as he thought, in the direction of excessive refinement than in that of excessive plainness of speech. The age seems certainly to have adopted the view of the opium-eater as against that of the Baptist divine. Of Shelley he finds it difficult to speak in any other terms but those of condemnation for his attitude toward Christianity and his defiance of the code of morals in one of its fundamental precepts. Yet he admits the general purity of his character, and views his breach with the Church and society as evidencing rather a disordered intellect than an abandoned heart. Altogether, his brief sketch of Shelley is a remarkable example of faithfulness to truth blended with compassion for those who err from it. The Godwin alluded to is Shelley's father-in-law, a man of great powers but now deservedly forgotten.

In the following year appeared in the pages of the same magazine his "Christianity as an Organ of Political Movement," and about the same time his brochure on "Protestantism." These two are among his most valuable contributions to that region of thought in which philosophy and theology meet, and show the assistance rendered to such researches by the discipline in history, philology and dialectics to which he had from the first subjected himself. In the former the fine distinction between religion as a *cultus* and religion as a law of human life is well worked out, and not less so in the latter is his view of "develop-

ment," as a true eduction or evolution as of the oak from the seed, thus securing to the human mind full play for its powers and room for their expansion, but always within the limits prescribed by first principles and never at the expense of them. Other articles followed on classical subjects, such as "Greek Literature," "Greek Orators," and "The Antigone of Sophocles." With all his love for the ancient authors, he maintained that in morality they did not reach the level of even the Old Testament. To the same period belong his essays on Keats, Sir James Mackintosh and the Marquis of Wellesley. Keats's "Endymion" appeared to him to play such fantastic tricks with the author's mother-tongue as to require an "Hyperion" to atone for it. Here he admits the presence of original power. Sir James Mackintosh's position he compared with that of Burke, "a mediator between the world of philosophy and the world of moving politics," but with a preponderant tendency in the younger man toward abstract thought, and in the elder toward living action.

Then follow "Coleridge and Opium-eating," and the "Suspiria de Profundis," and then the little piece on George and Sarah Green—with its assertion of the narrow interval that may separate heroic virtue from dastardly crime—fitly comes in as if to show the wonderful ease with which his mind could turn from the greatest to the smallest subjects, and from the smallest derive fresh illustrations of the greatest. The two former of those last named were contributed to *Blackwood*, and so also some time between this date and 1849 were his articles "On Milton," "On the Philosophy of Roman History," "Dinner Real and Reputed," "The Opium Question," "Ricardo made Easy," and in the course of that year the "Mail Coach" with the "Vision of Sudden Death." The principal new undertaking after this date was the "Autobiographic Sketches" written in 1852, though a multitude of smaller essays continued to bear witness to his inexhaustible fertility of mind.

The great task which now began to occupy him was the collection of his works into their final form. This was not by any means the slight achievement it appears. To most men nothing could be easier. The volumes of periodicals to which he had contributed were all within reach: there was nothing to do but to mark his own productions,

send the volumes that contained them to the printer, and bid him strike them off. But this would never have satisfied De Quincey. Many of his pieces had been written hastily: if they were really to assume a permanent form, they demanded not only revision but reconstruction throughout. To a mind like his, such toil was well-nigh insupportable. The bright flashes of wit and genius which rewarded application were alone sufficient to stimulate him to it. The drudgery of mere sentence-mending, of weeding out the obscure and toning down the extravagant, of verifying quotations made from memory, and filling up hiatus left unfilled for want of time, of ordering the minor movements so as to remove hindrances to the march of the story as a whole, all this kind of intellectual "darning" must have been decidedly repulsive to a man who now began to feel the grasshopper a burden. And then with his peculiarly immethodical habits, of which the reader can form no idea without referring to the biography, that which was otherwise difficult became almost impossible. In fact, it had been publicly intimated in the *Eclectic Review* that "no collection of his works revised by himself would ever appear, as the author, owing to age and ill-health, had declined to accede to the request of several publishers that he should prepare such a collection." Over against this statement, for which probably the periodical in which it appeared must alone be held responsible, there should be placed the following from De Quincey's own hand in the Preface to the "Confessions." "Never for an instant did I falter in my purpose of republishing most of the papers which I had written." In the same paragraph he adverts with gratitude to the assistance he had derived in this undertaking from the American edition of his works, published in twelve volumes (the biography says seven, but we think De Quincey must be right), by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed and Fields, of Boston, which took the labour of collection off his hands. He also signalises their generosity in making him a sharer in the profits, contrary to the practice of most American publishers of English works.

Whatever De Quincey's own thoughts may have been, the work was deemed impracticable by business men who had had to do with him, and who had gauged pretty accurately the dimensions of the gulf that often yawned between any promises of his and their performance. And

it is probable the whole scheme of an English edition would have fallen through, had not Mr. James Hogg, of *Hogg's Instructor*, appeared upon the stage, and by dint of unexampled patience and "a way of humouring him" steered De Quincey past all quicksands to the port he wished to gain. "I soon discovered," says Mr. Hogg, "that it was almost impossible to overrate the difficulties—his whole constitution and habit of mind were averse from sustained and continuous work of the kind. He was constantly being caught with new plans, and when I was desirous of pushing on the publication of the works, would entertain me with the most ingenious devices and speculations—sometimes alighting on really practical needs, the supplying of which would have done something towards a fortune. I soon found out that it was of no use to show impatience—that the causes of delay were for the most part beyond his control; that he did not lack the will to make efforts, but the power, and that the power was most amenable when he was left unharassed. A gentle reminder, an indirect suggestion, rather than an expression of one's disappointment, was the most effective spur to his will; for he was sympathetic and appreciative of gentleness beyond all men I have ever known." Among these waking dreams of his old age was a projected "History of England" in twelve volumes, to be completed at the rate of three volumes per annum, and to leave off where Macaulay begins. Notwithstanding all obstacles, the work of collection gradually advanced toward completeness, and appeared in fourteen volumes. The number was increased to sixteen after the author's death by the addition of the "Autobiographic Sketches" and other miscellaneous pieces.

It would be very easy to multiply examples of the eccentricity which flecked the surface of an otherwise noble and generous nature. But this is done *ad libitum* in the present biography. There the exhibition of them will do no harm: placed side by side with the signs of so much that is gentle and tender, they seem but a foil to set them off, just as the comic element in his writing everywhere relieves the severity of his profounder thought. But then their place is the background: to thrust them into the front of the picture and leave the rest unnoticed would be a flagrant injustice. This has been done by Dr. Mackay in his *Forty Years' Recollections*. De Quincey's button-holing him for half an hour at the corner of a street, pouring out a flood

of talk on every variety of subject, and winding up with a supplication for sixpence to purchase opium withal, however true as to facts, is altogether unworthy of a place among literary reminiscences, and, as it regards the man it commemorates, can be only termed a caricature. Of course, a man who is eccentric cannot complain if his weak points are sometimes cast up to his disadvantage, the faculty of appreciation becoming so much easier to exercise by the generality of men as we descend in the scale of qualities, and so much harder as we rise. But we expect buffoonery from buffoons, and only sympathy from men of cultivated minds.

De Quincey's mental characteristics are so many and so various that we will not attempt any further analysis of them. This work has been well done by Mr. Page in the two volumes of the biography, which shows a keen appreciation of De Quincey's genius while by no means blinding us to his defects. Its pages are enriched by memorials from many of those who knew him personally, such as Professor Masson, Mr. Jacox, Mr. Hogg, Mr. Minto, several American visitors, and last, not least, Mrs. Baird Smith. Genial criticisms also appear from several eminent men, and there is appended a "Medical View of Mr. De Quincey's case" by Dr. W. C. B. Eatwell. Both volumes are thickly sown with letters revealing at every turn the many-sided mind and the affectionate heart. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing one of them. The following was written at a time when all England was aghast at the horrors of the Indian mutiny. De Quincey's interest in a crisis like this would have been deep at any time, but was made a thousand-fold deeper by the presence amid its awful scenes of one who was dear to him as his own life, his daughter Florence, wife of Colonel Baird Smith. The letter also illustrates his views of Dr. Parr and Richard Bentley.

"Sunday, *November 1st*, 1857.

"My Dear Emily,—On Tuesday (was it not?) your letter reached me; Tuesday *last*, not next Tuesday; for which I am much obliged to you, as also for reading 'Dr. Parr.' By the way, my next volume contains another biographic article, viz., 'Richard Bentley,' which you would oblige me by reading. And on this principle it is worth reading—that he *was* all which Parr pretended to be; the very prince of scholars, who has given to England in

this department the very same unapproachable supremacy which she enjoys in so many other departments. It happens also, most appropriately to any comparison of him with Parr, that he (like Parr) filled a conspicuous station in the Church of England—and with what result? Even the sycophants of P. did not pretend that any one of his huge *Spital Sermons* had rendered any appreciable service to—1. Religion; 2. Theology; 3. The Church which paid him, as against the Dissenters whose shoes he licked and polished *gratis*. But as to Bentley, who sat in the chair of our present justly renowned Whewell, and had the burthensome cares of that great office (Mastership of Trinity, Cambridge) upon his shoulders through forty years—the space of time for which the children of Israel wandered unprofitably through the wilderness—he preached the lecture founded by the illustrious Robert Boyle at least through two annual courses, and left behind him, if nothing else, the immortal service of smashing for ever and ever that resounding argument against Christianity which founds itself upon the allegation (a true allegation) that the text of the New Testament rocked unsteadily under a load of thirty thousand various readings (since then greatly enlarged); the inference from which, urged spitefully by free-thinkers, was, that the Christian doctrines must be liable to thirty thousand doubts or varieties of interpretation. This argument, by a close and stern review, B. *so* floored, that, throughout the flight of one hundred and sixty years,* it has never again looked up. Now I should be glad to see any similar feat traced to that Brummagem generation of *vipers*, or (as some copies read) of *viparrs*, which once infested the little village sheepfold of Hatton. I will not trouble you further with any egotism of my own Vol. VII., except to say:—1. That it will soon be afloat, having already reached (as regards the printing) some page *ahead of* p. 270; 2. That two, at least, but I think three, of the six volumes already published have silently gone into second editions; 3. That the London publishers, Messrs. Groombridge, say, that, as the collection advances, the volumes show a tendency to sell more rapidly, and that they are aware of many book-buyers and book-clubs waiting for the close of the collection before they purchase.

"India. Up to the *last mail but one* (or briefly in its Latin form, up to the penultimate mail), I suffered in my nervous system to an extent that (except once in 1812) had not experimentally been made known to me as a possibility. Every night, oftentimes all night long, I had the same dream—a vision of children, most of them infants, but not all, the *first* rank being girls of five and six years old, who were standing in the air outside, but so as to touch the window; and I heard, or perhaps fancied that I heard, always

* First *published* (*i.e.*, *preached*, not printed), I believe, in 1696-97.

the same dreadful word, *Delhi*, not then knowing that a word even more dreadful—Cawnpore—was still in arrear. This fierce shake to my nerves caused almost from the beginning a new symptom to expose itself (of which previously I had never had the faintest outline), viz., somnambulism; and now every night, to my great alarm, I wake up to find myself at the window, which is sixteen feet from the nearest side of the bed. The horror was unspeakable from the hell-dog Nena or Nana; how if this fiend should get hold of Florence and her baby (now within seventeen days of completing her half-year)? What first gave me any relief was a good firm-toned letter dated *Rourkee* in the public journals, from which it was plain *Rourkee* had found itself able to act *aggressively*."

Looking back to the programme of his life as sketched by himself, we see how widely the reality differed from the anticipation. There is nothing extraordinary in this: it is the common lot of man. Indeed, with his temperament, or at least with his temptations, the programme was an impossible one. The most fortunate circumstance in his whole career was the loss of his fortune. Enervated as he was by indulgence, nothing short of stern necessity could have roused him to action. And the fact that it did so rouse him is a testimony to the real strength that underlay so many surface weaknesses. It was the same spirit that impelled him to face the great perils of his youth rather than submit to harsh dictation. Of this strength we cannot but think we see the impress in the portrait prefixed to the collected works, taken apparently when he was about fifty years of age, although there is no sign of it left in the one prefixed to the biography. That is but a picture of human nature in ruins, and might as well have been withheld.

Thomas De Quincey was a staunch Protestant. Nothing astounded him more than to hear from the lips of Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the nephew of the poet, that the Church of England taught in her formularies the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. He has nowhere distinctly enounced his own religious views, but it is manifest that in the main they followed the orthodox evangelical lines. He had felt the breath of the great movement that fanned into new life the dying embers of Christianity in this country, and like Coleridge acknowledged the greatness of the movement and sympathised with it more thoroughly than the colder Wordsworth or the more superficial Southey.

His works, though veined throughout with his own peculiar humour, in many parts of them display an earnestness which shows that he knew full well the momentousness of the issues depending on the crisis through which society has recently been called to pass. A Tory in name and in respect of many of its features by hearty preference, he nevertheless hailed every sign of true progress. However morbid his sensibilities, there is not a trace of cynicism. In contrast with the despondency of Ruskin and the contempt of Carlyle and the wailing of our great poet-laureate shines the hopeful spirit of Thomas De Quincey. He declared — and he matured with the birth of the century and lived through its greater half, and was able to compare most others with it—that in his judgment the world had seen no age superior to his own. The purity of his character was as conspicuous as the versatility of his mind. There is not a line in his voluminous productions which, dying, he would have wished to blot. They may be placed in the hands of young people of both sexes with the certainty that they will find there that and that only which will refine their taste and ennoble their life, give them a true estimate of the grandeur of their heritage in the treasures of English literature and the traditions of English society, and supply recreative reading for their lighter hours far more interesting than the garbage so many of them are content to swallow, as well as valuable aids to their severer studies. They will find in his writings, in fact, what he so delighted to distinguish in those of other men, both the literature of knowledge and the literature of power, solid food to fill the intellect and vital force to promote its digestion.

Thomas De Quincey was born at Greenheys, near Manchester, August the 15th, 1785, and died at Edinburgh, December the 8th, 1859, leaving a name which all who knew it loved and many who did not will revere, for the gentleness and sweet simplicity, the true nobleness amid many infirmities that adorned it, as well as for the profound erudition and soaring genius with which it will ever stand associated among those who speak the English tongue.

ART. III.—*Robert Buchanan, D.D.* An Ecclesiastical Biography. By the REV. NORMAN L. WALKER. London: Nelson and Sons.

2. *Autobiography of the Rev. William Arnot, and Memoir.* By his Daughter, MRS. A. FLEMING. London: Nisbet and Co.

THE biographical literature of the Scottish Churches has received more than one remarkable addition within the last few years. Some of the men who stood out highest above their fellows in the Churches, and whose names were best known in connection with them, both at home and abroad, have passed away one after the other in too rapid succession. Time has seriously thinned the ranks of those who bore the burden and heat of the day in the great movements of the first half of the century. The interval that separates us now from the days of the Disruption exceeds by a little the lifetime of a generation. It is not strange, therefore, if even those who were young and vigorous at that time have dropped off one by one until few are left. Yet those who remember the men whose names were an honour and a power to the Scotland of a dozen years ago may be pardoned if they regret the changes that have taken place. There are good and true men left behind, and the work goes on in other hands; but we do not depreciate the leaders of to-day in presuming that they have yet to win the right to be compared with the leaders who are gone. The change has been made more marked by so many of the losses being crowded into the compass of a couple of years. Guthrie and Candlish, Buchanan and Macleod—these four men of the first rank have disappeared within the last four years, and within some two years of each other. Others not less worthy, like Arnot and Eadie, have followed within the same period. The lives of these men certainly deserved to be written, and to be written well; and in the case of four out of the six little time has been lost in putting the public in possession of their memoirs. These form in combination a very instructive account of the ecclesiastical history of Scotland during the last fifty

years. Any one who desires to study that history by their aid will do well to add to them the memoir of a layman who was also a great ecclesiastical force on the popular side, the memorable Cromarty man—stonemason, geologist, and journalist—the story of whose life has been told, on the whole very worthily, by Mr. Bayne. The part which Hugh Miller played on behalf of the movement for "spiritual independence" ought not to be forgotten nor allowed to be ignored.

The reception which has been given by the public to the memoirs of Guthrie and Macleod renders our present task much easier than it might otherwise have been. Readers of both have been reminded of the general progress and of most of the leading points in the history of the Scottish Church, Established and Free. It was not the least of the merits of the more recent memoir of Dr. Macleod that it represented that side of the question between the two Churches which had less frequently appealed to popular recognition and sympathy. To those who desire above all to form a fair judgment on the questions at issue, and who care less for the success of a movement they favour than for an adequate knowledge of the motives and opinions of all parties concerned in it, it was no little advantage to have the record of one who remained in the Establishment when so many of his brethren felt themselves constrained to go out of it. This may be said without implying any acceptance of the arguments for remaining as stronger than those for going out. The two books which we have to review bring us back once more to the side of the Free Church; and the writer of one of them has been at some pains to correct the erroneous impressions which he deems some passages in the Life of Dr. Macleod may produce. There is the more excuse for this as the subject of his biography was one of the leaders of the Free Church from the beginning, and for a long time before his death was *the* leader, without any one who could be considered his equal, in the Courts of the Church. In this respect, as in many others, there was a wide difference between the two Free Churchmen whose lives we have to notice. Mr. Arnot was not in any marked degree an ecclesiastical politician; Dr. Buchanan was that more than anything else. And their memoirs show a corresponding difference, enlarged more than it might have been had the manner of composing them been less different

than it is. Mr. Walker's work is pre-eminently, as he himself describes it, an "ecclesiastical biography." Mr. Arnot has been brought before us to a large extent in his own words, and with all his homely strength of character and his domestic surroundings. The accident which has led to the publication of the two books almost simultaneously enables us to compare two of the various types of faithful and useful service to the Church. She has need of both, as well as of others.

Dr. Buchanan's life extended over seventy-three years, from 1802 to 1875. He was born at St. Ninian's, near Stirling, where his father was a brewer and farmer. From the parish school he passed to the University of Glasgow, and after taking his Arts classes there he went through his divinity course at Edinburgh. Soon after he was licensed as a probationer he received the presentation to the parish of Gargunnock, in his native county. Here he remained from 1827 to 1830, when he went to Salton, in East Lothian, where he remained for three years more. There is not much to be said of this early portion of his life. The information furnished by his biographer does not amount to much. We miss the records of youthful training and circumstances, which are of interest when a man has afterwards come to the front. We miss also any indication of spiritual history, which to many is of equal interest. The wishes of his mother seem to have counteracted his own inclination at one time to turn aside from the ministry of the Church as a profession. Under what other motives he entered it there is nothing to show. His acquaintance with Dr. Andrew Thomson, in Edinburgh, brought him in contact with the Evangelical movement which was growing stronger in its conflict with Moderatism. His residence in his two country parishes afforded him a quiet time for study and pastoral work, and it appears that he devoted himself to both. It was his nature to set things in order wherever he had the power, and we may believe that in his first charges he showed this bent of his mind to the advantage of his parishioners. It was a good change for him, however, when in 1833 he was called to Glasgow to fill the vacancy in the Tron Parish. It was Dr. Chalmers's first Glasgow charge, but Dr. Buchanan had not the disadvantage of following immediately in his footsteps. The work of overcoming the reaction which set in on Chalmers's removal to

an adjacent parish, of supplying the place of the workers who had gone off with him, and of building up what was in danger of falling asunder, had been carried out by the predecessor of Dr. Buchanan. But the latter was not long in Glasgow before he gave signs to those around him of his working powers, and his talent more particularly for Church business.

It was a time when such faculties had the best prospect of becoming useful to their possessor and to the Church. The young minister entered on his duties in a city charge in the first year of the decade which is known as the period of the "Ten Years' Conflict." Not being a member of the General Assembly which passed the Veto Act, his first vote on the principle of Non-Intrusion, as between parishioners and presentees, was given with the majority in his own Presbytery, when the Act was sent down to the lower courts for their sanction, in 1834. But patronage was only one of the points then agitating the public mind. Although the Disruption was the ultimate term of the period 1833—1843, other questions than those which made this distinctively a time of "conflict" ran side by side with them at first. A new life was throbbing under the old vestments of the Church; and the movement for providing increased accommodation in the way of places of worship adequate to the numbers and wants of the population was enlisting the sympathy of all earnest souls and the liberality of many. In Glasgow, too, there was a special effort in progress to overtake this pressing need, and Dr. Buchanan threw himself into it with fervour and energy. While Dr. Chalmers on a larger scale, and in the interests of the whole Church, was seeking to cover the country, as he said, "with a sufficiently thick-set Establishment," ministers and laymen in Glasgow were organising schemes for planting a score at least of churches in the districts that wanted them; and what was contemplated, and talked about, and finally executed in this direction, little as it may look beside the larger measures of a similar kind which have become familiar in later days, was a very remarkable and a very worthy object which the minister of the Tron Parish did his best to promote. He was even more closely associated with the initiation of another measure of advance and reform. His maiden speech in the General Assembly was made, in 1835, on the subject of education, which he and others had discerned to be in as

much need of enlargement to suit the progress of the population as the church accommodation was. He was successful in obtaining for this object the approval of the Assembly which had been previously granted to the other. To increase the parish schools was not more necessary than to improve the teaching in them. The Educational Association, which was started in Glasgow in 1834, gave itself to the latter object with a vigour and ultimate success which deserve to be recorded to the honour of its founders. Dr. Buchanan's name is found in the list alongside that of David Stow: the second paper issued to enlighten the public mind as to the aims of the Association was entitled, "Hints towards the Formation of a Normal Seminary." Thus a good work was begun, which has brought forth fruit in many lands. Dr. Buchanan never lost sight of the question which he took up at this time. In many ways, and not least by his regular supervision of local institutions during the whole of his lifetime—whatever other claims there might be upon his time and attention—he showed the constancy of his interest in education. If it had been otherwise, indeed, there would have been a sad defect in his title to be considered a worthy ecclesiastical leader in the country of John Knox. It need only be added under this head, that in his seventieth year he stood as a candidate for, and was elected a member of, the first Glasgow School Board.

The Church Extension Scheme was one which might have been expected to unite all Churchmen in support of it. Even on the lowest ground, that of opposition to the growing strength of Dissent, it recommended itself as necessary. The Moderate party approved of it after a moderate fashion. The fervent advocacy of its principal supporter, and the close connection between the rising tide of evangelical feeling and the heartiness with which this scheme, as a means of grappling with religious destitution, was received on all hands were less to their mind. Questions which arose as to the equal rights of the new *quoad sacra* churches were to combine with others to produce a rupture before long, but so far as the corporate action of the Assembly was concerned, the extension movement was supported by the Church; and, as might be expected, the idea that the State should be called upon to lend its aid in the form of further endowments met with general approval. It is some indication of the position already attained by

Dr. Buchanan that he should have been chosen a member of the deputation of four appointed in 1835 to press the matter on the consideration of the Government. He had the same honour conferred upon him more than once. The failure of the deputation in their object did not lessen the importance of the appeal; but it taught them and others, "How hard it is in suing to abide," when the suitor is the Church and the dispensers of patronage and gifts are politicians of a secular stamp. Dr. Buchanan's biographer having had access to all his private letters and diaries, we are able to read in the pages devoted to this period the fluctuating hopes and fears, and ultimately the dissatisfaction and indignation produced by private interviews with and public experience of the statesmen of the day. The notes relating to the personal appearance and opinions of nearly every one of any eminence in both Houses of Parliament are interesting in themselves. They do not alter, however, the views that previously published materials would lead any one to form. At one time Dr. Buchanan was inclined to identify himself with the Tories as a political party, because more could be hoped for from Sir Robert Peel and his friends than from Lord Melbourne, so far as either promised to consider the claims of the Church. His hesitation to commit himself was amply justified by subsequent events. The issuing of a Commission of Inquiry, and then the proposed extension of slight endowments to the rural districts alone, were a foretaste of the imperfect knowledge of and sympathy with the feelings and aims of Churchmen which were to be more signally manifested by the politicians who provoked the Disruption, but refused to believe in its possibility.

When from the State the Church turned to the people, the gratifying response suggested a lesson as to where her true power and resources lay. Dr. Hanna, in his Life of Chalmers, has remarked, "As the ear of the Government seemed to close, the ear of the country seemed to open." More decided lessons needed to be taught before the strength and trustworthiness of voluntaryism — we need not here discuss the limitations of the term — revealed themselves to men like Dr. Buchanan. It is necessary to notice the fact that while he remained in the Establishment he was a staunch opponent of Dissent. He seems to have ignored its adherents in his country parishes. He inveighed against its principles in his city charge. The

action taken by the Secession Church against Church Establishments had raised the whole question for discussion just about the time he went to Glasgow. He was one of the foremost defenders of the principle attacked, and he spoke in no half-hearted manner. Thus he declared that, "according to the voluntary system, God must be virtually excluded from the government of His own world." Long afterwards, when he was leading the Free Church into a projected union with the Church which had come to represent the various bodies of the old Dissenters, utterances like these were brought up against him by his opponents. They were freely used at public meetings, reproduced in pamphlets, and displayed in placards everywhere. The taunt lay in the suggestion, "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!*" The best answer could be found in the philosophic and true rejoinder, "*Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.*"

For reasons already indicated we must refrain from following Dr. Buchanan's biographer in his account of the details of the Auchterarder Case and of the other events which, handled as they were by all parties at the time, led up to the rupture of the Establishment. Dr. Buchanan from the first was chosen to play a prominent part. When the General Assembly of 1838 passed, by 183 against 142 votes, its resolution asserting spiritual independence (the possession by the Church of an exclusive jurisdiction in all matters touching her doctrine, government, and discipline, and the sole Headship of Christ, on which this jurisdiction depends), he had the honour of moving the resolution. His speech was felt by his own side to justify the position he had attained in the west country, and to mark him out as a man to be depended upon in the coming troubles. The suspension of the Strathbogie ministers by the Assembly for contumacy (for obeying the law, as the Moderates and the Courts regarded it) hastened the coming of the end. But a student of the times will not fail to notice the attempts that were made by the popular party to secure peace on any allowable terms. Dr. Buchanan was associated with the great Free Church layman and lawyer, Mr. Murray Dunlop, in negotiations with the Ministry, and his diaries reveal the progress of those unsuccessful endeavours. Perhaps it is natural for Mr. Walker to remark "that no one can read the story of their interviews with the various statesmen whom it was their

business to influence, without feeling that there was much that was painfully incongruous in the means requiring to be used to secure liberty for a branch of the Christian Church." The disclosures, so far as we can see, do not add much to the general accounts of the progress of events published afterwards by Dr. Buchanan and others. There is one exception, indeed. It now appears that during the whole of the year 1842, Dr. Buchanan carried on a private correspondence with Sir R. Peel, in which he vainly endeavoured to awaken the latter to the grave results impending on the continuance of the Government in the attitude it had taken up, and on the other hand to state the terms of peace which he and his friends could offer. And in this correspondence is included the outline of a scheme of settlement for the Strathbogie Case, of a bridge which the leaders of the party of spiritual independence were willing to build to facilitate the return of the suspended ministers. It is too long to quote, and its interest is now of that mild description which attaches to all such relics of the "might-have-beens." It was the most that its authors felt they could offer; but it was less than the minister felt he could accept, or rather it may be said—for this touches the political attitude more closely—less than he felt he was under any necessity to accept.

A few months later, and these private communications had found their way into the limbo of abortive schemes. The logic of facts had accomplished the severance of the Free Church from the Establishment, from within whose pale its members had been reluctant to depart while any hope remained of their principles being recognised within it by the State, which was without and above it. The picturesque aspects of the events of that epoch will be sought in vain in Mr. Walker's pages. He seems to have thought that they have been so often described that he may be excused for confining himself to a brief and quiet statement—eked out by quotations—of the position of affairs. We shall follow his example still further by abstaining from any description whatever of what is now historical.* Dr. Buchanan took his natural place among

* Mr. Walker has refrained to a larger extent from any notice of the preparations for the Disruption made by the upholders of Free Church principles. He makes no mention of the deputations which addressed the people all over the country before May, 1843, to stir them up to a right understanding of the issues involved in the contest. Any one who wishes

the leaders of the secession, only a little behind the foremost men of riper experience and longer standing in the councils of the Church and the confidence of the people. He had his fair share, to say the least, of the burdens which came upon the directors of the movement, abundant toil, and still more trying anxiety. But it was not long before his special portion of the general work became clearly marked, as the subsequent experience of his lifetime showed that he was clearly marked out for it. The Sustentation Fund, after its Disruption principles the great distinguishing feature of the Free Church, was to be his particular province for revealing his powers of organisation and rendering service to his denomination. Associated with it from the beginning, he was appointed Convener in 1847, and he held this office until his death.

The management of the finances of a large body thrown on its own resources under such circumstances was a difficult task, as it was one of vital importance, second only to the maintenance of that spiritual life and devotion to the principle of independence without which the Sustentation Fund would never have been developed. The original division of the work between two committees, the "Ingathering" and the "Distributing," brings out very well the two sides of ecclesiastical finance which must alike be sedulously looked after. The ingathering requires popular confidence, maintaining a steady habit of liberality after the first flush of enthusiasm has departed. It requires also the maintenance of a sound spiritual basis from which liberality may spring, of religious convictions of duty to the Church at large, as well as to the individual congregation. Without this the task of working up a general sustentation fund will prove in the long run a dispiriting failure. Dr. Buchanan was always alive to this. One man, however, could not do much at the best to secure it. We do him no injustice in recognising, as

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to read an account of this kind of work by one who took part in it in the Highlands, may consult with advantage the little volume, *Memorials of Disruption Times*, recently published by the Rev. Dr. Beith. It gives what is in some places a lively and amusing picture of men and things. Age has not extinguished the writer's old spirit. The *Annals of the Disruption*, of which Part II. has just been issued by the Free Church Committee on Records, furnish a valuable compendium of many similar, but shorter, accounts by actors and witnesses of the time. The latest contribution to Free Church literature is the Rev. Sir H. Moncrieff's explanation and vindication of the "Claim of Right."

he himself had constantly to recognise, the indispensable aid of many others, both ministers and laymen, earnest and capable fellow-workers. But his was the guiding spirit; the impulse in times of dulness, if not reaction, was expected and came from him. On the other hand, ingathering will not go on long if the principles and methods of distribution do not commend themselves to the people. The steady progress of the Sustentation Fund has been due in a large measure to the better adjustment of means to ends as experience suggested in the course of years. In such a work it was inevitable, perhaps, that offences should come. Whenever any one was dissatisfied the Convener was always the most natural object to assail. He had to bear much; but no doubt he found it easier to bear criticism than coldness. The one might be removed by argument, by improvements: when reason had little to do with it, it could always be endured with composure. The other was more likely to do harm, diffusing itself through the mass of the people, sapping the foundations of the fund. Any leaven of this kind he did his best to cast out. It has been cast out also by other hands. One clerical critic of the fairness of the distribution of the fund, more conspicuous than some who sympathised with him, has betaken himself back to the Establishment since the recent abolition of patronage gave the opportunity for such secessions. There are indications in the correspondence in this memoir of the weariness and sense of disgust with which open attacks and lukewarm support affected Dr. Buchanan at times. But he was not the man to throw up his work under their influence. He kept at it, making it speak for itself. That there has been no reaction since his removal from the guidance of the fund is a good proof of the success of his personal labours to establish it in a position where his personal labours would not be indispensable to support it.

We dwell on this department of his work, because if his life had ended ten or fifteen years before it did it would have been the one signal aspect of his services which the Free Church would have associated with his memory. Yet it was, even from 1847 onwards till he had passed his prime, only one department of his manifold work. All the schemes of the Church had the benefit of his sound judgment and constant watchfulness. At no time of his life was he an idle man: for many years he might have seemed an over-

burdened man. Let it be said to his honour that in his interest in large affairs he did not neglect those smaller matters which lay close at hand, as in the pastoral oversight of his people. He spent not a few hours and walked many miles to assist in procuring certificates which were needed to establish a claim to a sum of money left by a Scotchman who died in America. The object of this solicitude was only a blind girl, whose birth he could certify, because he had baptised her: and at this time he was over seventy and in failing health. One instance is as good as many. It would have been well if his biographer had done more justice to this less distinguished but not less honourable side of his character. He relies on the testimony of others mainly as to this and other forms of local activity in which Dr. Buchanan's energy and attention to detail were employed with advantage. His practical wisdom and knowledge of affairs made him a good adviser even in secular business. This brought him many an appeal for counsel, and when to this are added the duties as adviser which his position in the Church brought upon him, it may be believed that his private services were neither of small amount nor of little importance to the many who sought them.

As a citizen he always took an intelligent interest in the social questions which arose in the populous city where his lot was cast for so many years. Being what he was, he could not spend forty-two years in Glasgow without coming to the front in many efforts to improve the welfare of his fellow-citizens. Naturally he believed firmly in preserving the civic motto in its old completeness: he wished to see Glasgow "flourish," but especially "by the preaching of the Word." He has an honourable record in the history of mission work in the wynds. The story has been told already by one of the most active agents in an interesting volume, so that it need not be gone into here. The clerical workers whom he stimulated and supported have in the course of time sought fresh fields, and even the work itself is not carried on amid the same conditions. Large demolitions of property for street improvements and the gradual thinning of the population in the central districts, have made many changes in the original area of this mission work. The flourishing congregations which may now be traced back to it are to be sought a little way further off. But the work was a good one, and much needed: a large part of its

beneficent influence must be sought in the impetus which it gave to evangelistic effort on the part of all the denominations on the spot.

The Disruption severed Dr. Buchanan's connection with the Tron Church, but not with his congregation. They followed him when he "came out"—the technical phrase for '43, like that other, older by a century, of being "out in the '45"—and they built him another church, which was named, after the prevailing custom, the "Free Tron." Here he remained until 1857. In that year the Free Church College in Glasgow—one of three built for the training of students for the ministry—was completed, and beside it a church had been erected which was designed as at once a new charge and a tribute of personal esteem for Dr. Buchanan. Here he remained till the end. This seems the best place to mention that his degree had been conferred upon him by the University of Glasgow in pre-Disruption days; and at the same period, but for the opposition of the Moderate party, he had some prospect of succeeding to the chair of Church History. A pleasant token of regard was conferred on him in 1864 by the presentation of four thousand guineas, subscribed by a large circle of friends. Among other friendly notes which came to him on that occasion was one from Dr. Macleod. "No man," he wrote, "deserves better of your Church than you. The Old Establishment made you and some others of a like stamp, *and it will bother either Free or U. P. to produce any better!*" Four years before this Dr. Buchanan had been chosen Moderator of the Assembly.

In gathering together these personal incidents, we have rather anticipated the course of his more public life. That proceeds side by side with the historical progress of his Church. The even tenor of this was disturbed in 1858 by a surprising and untoward event. Scottish ecclesiastical history is marked by certain notorious "Cases." The Cardross Case is one of these. For a time it stirred up the disputes ended after a fashion fifteen years before: it set all Scotland talking once more of spiritual independence and Erastianism. Put in the briefest possible compass, it came to this. Mr. McMillan, Free Church minister at Cardross, in Dumbartonshire, was tried by the Courts of his Church for certain offences, and finally suspended by the General Assembly. There were certain points in the procedure open to doubt. He applied to the Court of

Session for an interdict against the action of the Church Courts. This was refused. But the delinquent had "appealed unto Cæsar." The Church, which had been constituted on the very denial of this recognition of "Cæsar's" jurisdiction, dealt with the renegade from its principles on his own confession. He was summarily deposed. Then he went further. He appealed again to the Civil Court, bringing an action against certain parties as representing the Assembly, claiming to have his sentence set aside and damages awarded him for the injury sustained. Altogether it was an awkward incident, which the friends and foes of the Free Church made much of, but with very different feelings. The case dragged its slow length along for five years, and then it died a natural death. The Civil Courts during the proceedings pronounced many declarations against the independence claimed by the Church, but latterly they indicated the uselessness of the appeal. Mr. McMillan, in 1863, let the matter drop; and this was, perhaps, the most appropriate ending to an inappropriate action. Dr. Buchanan, of course, came forward on behalf of the Church, to renew the combat forced upon her over the old ground. Time having removed former leaders, no one was more conspicuous than he in defending the principles they had asserted. In Mr. Walker's account of this period the only noticeable item is the proposal made by Mr. McMillan, and in an indirect way to Dr. Buchanan, in 1863. He confessed that he was "tired—soul, spirit, and body—of the Cardross Case." He thought it might be better for him to cast himself on the mercy of the Church. But he should first like to know whether his surrender would be favourably received, and "whether leading men would countenance a subscription being got up for" him. This he looked upon "as descending to the lowest step, and making probably a great money sacrifice." Dr. Buchanan thought that the "effrontery" of this proposal was in perfect keeping with all its author's previous proceedings. No party in the Church, he emphatically replied, would listen to it for a moment. So the matter ended.

Practically there was little, if any, difference between the old bodies of Dissenters and this new body, which qualified its dissent by a claim to be considered the true Church of Scotland. In the course of time the difference became less in theory as well. You cannot subject a community like the Free Church to the lessons of twenty years' entire

severance from the State without promoting in it the growth of the voluntary spirit; and when that had attained a certain strength it was natural that men should begin to think that there was very little real difference between the position and principles of the Presbyterian Dissenters. They worked side by side in town and country; why should they not unite their forces and have the benefit of all that added strength which comes from union?

Matters came to this pass by degrees. Union had been discussed after a tentative manner in private before any party brought it forward in the Church Courts. When it did come up there it was first introduced by the United Presbyterian Church. This had now become the representative of the great bulk of the original seceders. The Synod of 1863 extended the hand of fellowship to the Free Church; and the General Assembly of the latter, meeting a few days later, accepted the offer made to it in an equally cordial spirit. Everything seemed to promise well at the outset. Committees were appointed by both Churches to confer with one another on the points of difference and concord, and to report to the Synod and Assembly of the following year. Dr. Buchanan was the leader of the Free Church on this question, beyond doubt, and he continued to be so throughout its chequered history.

Mr. Walker seems to have executed this part of his work in an excellent manner. He has handled it skilfully, with much tact, good sense, and good taste. It was rather a delicate task. The period described is very recent; most of the actors in it are still alive. The volcanic eruptions were violent while they lasted, and though the fires that produced them seem now to be quiescent—except for fitful rumblings which are heard by an acute ear from time to time—yet the ashes are still hot, and one must tread softly in passing over them. Good men will say strange things of one another when their blood is up, and many very strange things were said, both in the Highlands and the Lowlands, in the years of grace which preceded the declaration of Papal Infallibility and the Franco-German war. Mr. Walker has brought out very clearly the fact, obscured by accident it may be in some of these utterances, that the leaders of the Union party in the Free Church announced distinctly, at the very beginning, the cardinal point of difference between the two Churches. They believed in the lawfulness of Church Establishments under

certain conditions, and in the expediency also of State endowments for their benefit. The older Voluntaries, represented by the United Presbyterians—and by the Reformed Presbyterians, who joined in the movement in 1864—believed in neither the one nor the other. The latter would not have a State Church under any conditions. The former regarded it as justifiable and expedient where truth would be promoted by it, and where the State would recognise fully the separate rights and jurisdiction of the Church and refrain from encroaching upon these. Experience had taught them however not to expect much from the State in this way, and they saw no near prospect of its changing for the better in that respect. The State was the third party—the *tertium quid*, as Mr. Browning would say—in the question. So the Unionists on both sides asked the question put by Dr. Candlish twenty years before: "Is the division and schism of the Christian Church to be kept up by a question as to the duty of another party over whom we have no control?"

The causes which led to a bitter controversy within the Free Church, and ultimately to the suspension of the negotiations for Union, became manifest only by degrees. Mr. Walker has indicated them very fairly. First of all, as conferences between the Committees of the Churches revealed their substantial unity on all points but one, and the practical unimportance even of that—considering the extreme unlikelihood of the State ever making proposals involving concessions on its part, which would cause the difference in principle to realise itself in fact—so, on the other hand, the progress of the movement revealed differences of temper and tendency which had hitherto existed side by side in the Free Church. There were two drifts of opinion and sentiment, the one "ecclesiastico-traditional," the other, "generously evangelical." Dr. Gibson was the leader of the hard ecclesiastical Conservative party; the Liberal and progressive party were now best represented by Dr. Buchanan. The former had been unfriendly to the Evangelical Alliance; he had even opposed the abolition of University Tests, although it told in favour of men of his own denomination. Then, again, it became evident that some Free Churchmen held opinions which practically identified Church and State, making the civil magistrate an officer of the Church: and the fundamental document, the Claim of Right, was regarded as asserting a *permanent*

legal title to the Establishment. Coincident with the latter view was the idea entertained by some as to the hope and probability of a return to the Established Church, by reabsorption into it. There can be no doubt that not a little was said and done by the latter to encourage this hopeful feeling. The abolition of Patronage was taken up, with results now well known, and every promise and advance towards reform of matters like this tended to increase in the minds of some Free Churchmen the feeling that they had better not put themselves beyond easy range of an Establishment to which certain improvements in it might induce them to return. It has since been seen that only a handful have returned after the abolition of Patronage by Parliament. Perhaps the way in which that measure was accomplished had much to do with this. Besides, men are more slow to move when they have to act as individuals than when in concert with a general movement of their brethren. But at the time of the Union question this idea of a possible return to the Establishment had sufficient hold to detach not a few from the party progressing towards union with thorough-going Voluntaries.

Had these Voluntaries themselves, it may be asked, nothing to do with the hindrance of the movement? Little for which they could be found fault with, except a few extreme statements of anti-State-Church sentiments. The maintenance of their old principles in their integrity was no fault, but the contrary. Even the extreme statements in some quarters might be pardoned. It is not very pleasant for men to be told that because they lost their tails entire long ago they are trying to induce others who have lately submitted themselves to partial mutilation to rid themselves of the remainder of their appendages. The anti-Unionists denounced their brethren as engaged in a conspiracy to sap the foundations of national religion. Nowhere did this sort of language and feeling prevail more largely than in the Highlands. Lord Beaconsfield, in *Lothair*, has put into the mouth of one of the personages in the story an extraordinary discovery, that the "U. P.'s" are a body raised up and set in motion by the Jesuits for the destruction of Protestantism in Scotland. The language of some anti-Unionists in the Highlands seemed to fall little short of this. Nor did the Unionist leaders in the Free Church escape much better. Dr. Buchanan, for instance, and most of all, came in for an undue share of dislike and de-

nunciation. It is a true story, we believe, that one Celtic brother, being met with a reference to Dr. Buchanan's authority and long service, replied, "Oh, Buchanan! why he's nothing more nor less than a Jesuit!" (the pronunciation properly requires the spelling *more Russico*, in a form now familiar to newspaper readers, "Tscheesueet").

It was natural that those who had first proposed union should before long suggest to the Free Church leaders whether there was any use in prolonging the conflict. The latter could not but feel that the other Churches had cause to doubt it. There was every prospect of a new disruption within the Church of the Disruption; and the Conservative party would have claimed as the true representatives of the principles of the Church the right to retain its property. Dr. Buchanan, in a private letter, in 1872, confessed that to proceed to consummate a union while his own Church was in such a turmoil would be "a satire on union, and something like a scandal in the eyes of the whole Christian Church. It would be like inviting friends to a feast when the house is on fire." In the year following the negotiations for an incorporating union with the two Dissenting Churches came to an end. As regards the United Presbyterian Church, its union with the Free Church is yet to be accomplished. It depends only on the removal of certain elements in its neighbour which time and the advance of a larger ecclesiastico-political question will no doubt expel by degrees. But the Reformed Presbyterian Church—which was always less obnoxious to the anti-Unionists—was formally united with the Free Church in May of last year.

Dr. Buchanan did not live to see that partial accomplishment of his hopes. He came out of the ten years' struggle for Union as one who felt that the work had been too heavy, the strain too great. He saw the swelling of the tide which is bearing his and other Churches onwards towards the work of Disestablishment in Scotland. He thought this might turn out to be the best friend to Union in the long run. Everything indicated to him, he wrote in 1872, that it was around that question the battle was to rage for some years. "Till it is settled, it is very possible, perhaps probable, that the full settlement of the Union question cannot be reached." The abolition of Patronage, effected as it was by the Act of 1874, helped to determine him in the conviction that the time had come to speak out on the Disestablishment question. His Church has done

so since in its Presbyteries and Assembly; but under other leadership. The death of Dr. Candlish was to him the dissolution of almost a lifelong bond of brotherhood. The two men had always been able to get on well together. No difference of opinion marred their friendship; they had had common objects and common opponents. There is something very touching in the description given by the one who survived of the last interview. Thus it ends: "His heart seemed full of love to every one about him, and full of contentment and peace. His countenance had lost its careworn look. The furrows of time, and toil, and anxious thought seemed all to have been smoothed out from his broad bright brow. When I took his hand, and was saying farewell, he once more drew me towards him and kissed me again; and I went away." He went away to pass another year in work which he felt to be winding up his services to the Church and its Lord. In failing health he set out for Rome, with his family, in the beginning of 1875. He was much concerned in the evangelical work going on in Italy. On the morning of the 31st of March, as the daylight came streaming in, with the ringing of church bells, they found him still and at rest. He had passed away in the quiet of the night.

Dr. Buchanan wrote the history of *The Ten Years' Conflict* six years after that conflict had come to an end. The time will come when the history may be written in a work of permanent interest by one who has not been concerned in the events he will describe, and who, being free from the influence of partisanship, will also be capable of fulfilling his task in the light of events then past, but now still to come. Dr. Buchanan's name will always remain inseparably associated with the records of the Church of the Disruption. No biography of him could be complete which did not contain an ample account of the times and the movements in which he played an active and an important part. He was a Churchman and a politician. He served his Church at a time when its relation to secular politics demanded from men like him caution and enterprise, wisdom in counsel and boldness in action. He rendered equal service in all. Let us recognise this frankly and fully. Like every man, however, he had limitations to his abilities and the force of his character. He had not the broad, impressive personality of Chalmers, the scientific and philosophic culture, the wide sweep and compel-

ling power of perfervid oratory, the glow of warm enthusiasm, the imagination set on fire by love of the Divine beauty and order. He had not the theological subtlety, the dialectic skill, or the pulpit power of his friend Candlish. He had not the massive learning and weight of character which attracted popular confidence to Cunningham. He had nothing of the picturesque fancy of Guthrie, even as he wanted his genial eloquence, his practised facility in too-abundant word-painting, and, not least of all, his overflowing humour.

He was not so lovable a man as some of his compeers. He entrenched himself too much for some people in his natural dignity. It is well for those who have to plan, and organise, and to a large extent to work in the dark, when they have popular gifts as well as sympathies which obtain for their labours an ungrudging recognition. Dr. Buchanan seems to us to have been looked up to by the general body of his fellow-churchmen and fellow-countrymen more than he was loved. We have referred to the faithfulness of his discharge of numberless offices which are not known except to private individuals and within a limited circle. But to the public at large in Scotland he was known mainly, if not exclusively, as a leader in Church Courts and a "potent voice" in debate. And it appears to us the great drawback to the merits—and they are many—of this interesting memoir, that the writer has done so little to enlarge the public estimate. It is the life of an ecclesiastical leader, and it fails to set him before us in other aspects. He was a Christian, and we lay down the book without any indication being given to us of the growth or character of the religious life within him. He was a preacher of the Gospel for nearly half a century, and there is not a single line in which his biographer attempts, in words of his own, to give the reader some notion of the characteristics of his preaching, or of its acceptance by his people. There is nothing said of his attainments in theology, nothing as to his interest, if any, in general literature. These are defects which we are bound to notice, and which the writer of the memoir was bound to avoid. Able as it is in many respects, the book is thus incomplete, and so far it may be unfair to the subject of it.

Mr. Walker has referred to one charge which was brought against Dr. Buchanan. "It was sometimes said that he had more qualities than that of courtesy to fit him for

diplomacy; that, in fact, there was more management in his methods than was consistent with perfect Christian simplicity." And the evidence is quoted of some who knew him well in private life for many years to prove that this reproach was baseless. Any general suspicion in the public mind that frankness and openness were not remarkable traits in his character, might have been as efficiently met by the biographer showing us more of the man as he lived and laboured at home. The disclosures of his private diaries and correspondence do not help us much here. That one description of the death-bed of Dr. Candlish does more to awaken the reader's sympathy with the writer as a man than anything else in the volume. Dr. Buchanan did not lack humour, we are told, but it was reserved, apparently, for private use. There is one instance to the contrary, recorded by a friend, but a solid and serious business-like air pervades the narrative of his life. And as we miss for the most part the occurrence of appreciative references to his fellow-workers, which in other memoirs of the kind are often a great charm, so we have but little—a page or two would include the whole of it—as to his domestic life and his family relationships. His two marriages are noticed in one brief paragraph; an allusion to his family at the close is prefaced by something resembling an apology. We do not see the man at home, as in other books of the kind we are so often pleased to do. We are invited to look at him only in his public life; and those who, knowing him in the latter sphere, would have liked to know more of him in the former, will be disappointed in consequence.

He was not a popular preacher in the ordinary sense of the word, but his sermons were always weighty, practical, and careful in their statement of the truth. He published an exposition of Ecclesiastes, and he could have written a good commentary on the practical wisdom of the Proverbs. Whatever literary tastes he had were limited by his absorption in Church business. He was a politic leader, and he did not say all he thought, but no one could charge him with saying what he did not think. He was a good man, though he was not given to magnifying his personal religion by obtruding it on the notice of others. A lifelong devotion to hard work had for its basis a sincere devotion to the Master whom he served. Few could have done his special work better. Let us do justice to the worker now that he is gone.

Mr. Arnot was a man of quite another stamp. A shrewd and homely Scotchman, with something of the honest country farmer always hanging about him to the last, he was a much-loved pastor and a popular preacher; and the bulk of the people liked him perhaps the more because they knew, and he made them feel, that he had been and was as one of themselves. The story of his life does not suffer much by the omission of any detailed or even any general account of the history of his Church. He was a faithful son of the Free Church, firm from the first in his attachment to her principles, but with much brotherly feeling towards all other Christian denominations. He was, it need hardly be said, in favour of Union, but he was no leader either on that or any other question. If he had chosen an epitaph for himself he might have wished to be remembered especially as "A Faithful Minister," though he would only have ventured to say that he had tried to prove himself faithful. There are many who will think that this was his highest praise, and his best title to remembrance. He went in and out among the people of one congregation for a quarter of a century, and he found it hard to take as kindly to the new soil into which he was transplanted for a few years towards the close of his life. As an author and a public speaker outside of the pulpit he had a well-merited reputation. His *Race for Riches*, his illustrations of the Proverbs, under the title *Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth*, and his *Memoir of Dr. James Hamilton*, made him known to many beyond the circle of his local and ecclesiastical surroundings. Christian duties and privileges and the loveliness of the Christian character were illustrated in his books in a striking and felicitous way. It was well remarked of his preaching after he was gone that he could set the truth in the heart of a hundred suggestions of natural beauty, could make an appropriate text sparkle with fresh light on all its sides, and render it fragrant with a thousand graceful and touching associations. He had, indeed, a fine love of nature in its beauty and suggestiveness, and his discourses and his writings revealed the results in a host of pertinent applications of the outer to the inner life. But he was too much in earnest about the true objects of his work to sink to the level of a mere purveyor of fanciful suggestions and floral decorations.

If he had carried out his intention of writing the narrative of his own life he would have made it an interesting

study of human nature. Enough was accomplished to show us this. He thought that, as the faithful record of any natural fact may be of use and value if it comes into the hands of one who knows how to interpret it, so the faithful record of any human life may have a meaning and a worth for those who can understand it. With reference to himself, the subject might not be great, but at any rate he knew more about it than any one else could know. In his forty-second year, therefore, he began his *Autobiography*. Unfortunately it remains only a fragment. It ends with his student days; but short and imperfect as it is, it has an interest which no subsequent records surpass. The story of early struggles with self and circumstances is always of interest when told with true simplicity. He was the son of a small farmer in Perthshire, and was born in 1808, at Scone, near Perth. His mother died when he was born, but the idea of her, as he painted her to himself in later days, had a strange charm. It was very good for him, he believed, that he had grown up with the conception of her as a glorified saint. "Her *company*," he wrote, "has often awed me out of evil, and encouraged me to good. Even yet the thought of my mother's eyes fainting in death, taking a last look of me, her helpless infant, melts me as nothing else is able to do." There was another memory that greatly moved the big burly man as he lingered over it in middle life, and that was the recollection of his second home, on the banks of the Earn, whither his father moved when he was still a child. He tells us how one can see it from the railway now: "A white slated cottage on a somewhat elevated bank of the river, with another house of equal size standing near—consisting of barn and byre—covered with red tiles. There are three trees at the west end of the house, and two—a venerable plane and wide-spreading ash —at the edge of the garden, right behind the barn. Oh! the hum of bees in the top of that plane-tree on a summer's afternoon, when its blossoms hung from every twig! I think I hear it now, and it makes me weep to think that I shall never hear it again as I was wont to hear it, with the fresh, buoyant, hopeful bosom of boyhood. I should like to sit beneath it again on a warm summer evening, and hear that hum. I do not know whether it would gladden my heart again, or break it, but I would like to try." In the same way, within a year or two of the end, he writes home to his family during a tour in Germany: "Bohemia

is somewhat more like home. My heart was set a-beating yesterday by an incident that called up fifty years ago with a gush, like a scent or a tune of childhood. A boy was herding some cows in a meadow. One cow had got among the clover deep, and the urchin ran and drove her out. That was a photograph of me, but the picture wanted my father, with his lecture to show that it is better to watch and keep the cow from entering the clover-field, than to drive her out after she is in." He had been set to herd the cows on the banks of the Earn when he was a boy, and he was not ashamed to recall it.

These and other reminiscences remind us what a store of tenderness and sympathy lay under the somewhat rough exterior of the man. His broad and effective humour on the platform was linked with an equally effective play of pathetic suggestion. There was a certain sadness of temperament beneath his outer strength; much of the "dark and true and tender" of "the North" met in him. He received the ordinary education of a parish school: and then for some years he worked as a gardener, and on the farm. He records how he escaped from the worst influence of coarse and evil associations of rural life which lay around him. But a gardener he might have remained, to all appearance, all his life, but for an event which he gratefully regarded as the Providential turning-point of his character as well as his career. This was the long illness of a much-loved brother. In his company, and at his bedside, William Arnot went through a silent process, which "broke the world's power" over him. A new purpose formed in his heart, a positive aim, round which all his interests and energies crystallised. He renewed his study of Latin, and he made progress under difficulties. Here is a passage which may find a place in books of the "Self-Help" school:

"Even during the hours of labour I contrived to learn something. Digging, which was one of our most laborious occupations, became, nevertheless, by a little management, a favourable occasion for learning a 'conjugation' or a rule of syntax. The management was after this manner: when three or four persons were together digging a piece of ground, we followed each other closely, each carrying a furrow across. When the first man reached the edge with his furrow, he stood aside and waited till the others completed theirs, and turned with each a new one in the opposite direction. Then he who had arrived first at this side, struck in last when the motion began towards the other side.

Thus, at each round, we obtained, in turn, two or three minutes to stand and change the position for the relief of the muscles. I latterly fell upon the plan of having my elementary books of Latin or Greek in my pocket. During the moments of rest, I snatched the book, ran over a tense or a portion of whatever might be in hand, and put the book in my pocket again when it was time to move on again with a new furrow. While toiling across a field, I kept conning and trying the portion I had read. At the next halting I corrected the errors and took up a new portion. This was done without any prejudice to the work. I found in it a double benefit. The memory, in these circumstances, acted very freely; the lesson was easily learned, and the employment of the mind on that subject acted as a diversion, greatly lessening the weariness of the toil."

A neighbouring farmer and a Perth schoolmaster helped him in his studies. Like others who have risen in the same way, he received from the country people general commendation, when it was once understood what serious purpose he had in view. There was no envy or depreciation, but respect and approval. He was earning nine shillings a week, and out of this his father, acting on what he thought a wholesome principle, received half-a-crown for his board. When he set out to begin life as a student at Glasgow University, he had saved some twenty pounds. Where the *Autobiography* ends, reference may be made to his *Memoir of James Halley*, a fellow student of rare eminence in scholarship, whose toil proved fatal to him. Arnot was not a distinguished student, but he took an honourable place in the classes, and he carried off not a few prizes. He was one of those students who had to support themselves by adding to their class-work the labour of private teaching for several hours a day. They have not died out yet at the Scottish Universities: no one who knows what has been done by some of them in the past will wish to see them die out. But it must be remembered that what has been gained by their student life has a corresponding loss to be set over against it. Too often excessive toil has either sent the worker to an early grave, or has produced permanent injury to the constitution which has burdened his after professional life. On the other hand, the student, deprived of so much time for his proper work at a season when he needs all the time he can get, is naturally restricted to efforts to pass decently through his classes: a wider culture, such as more leisure might have given him, must be at the best postponed to the future.

Ordained in 1837, after a year spent as assistant in a country parish, Mr. Arnot was called to St. Peter's Church, in Glasgow. At the Disruption, he and his congregation formed "Free St. Peter's." After many invitations to other churches, and more than one offer of a theological professorship, he finally left Glasgow in 1863, when he became minister of the Free High Church, Edinburgh. And in that post he died in 1875, two months after Dr. Buchanan. More than once he was appointed to represent his Church on deputation work in the United States and Canada. At home the cares of a city charge and the pressure of a long-continued ministry left him little leisure for that literary work which, notwithstanding, he succeeded in accomplishing. In the pages of this memoir he has been left to speak for himself. The author, or editor, has been content to put before us mainly a continuous selection from her father's letters and diaries, with slight connecting links where these are needed. She has refrained from any critical estimate of him, such as might be required from another biographer: and considering her relationship to the subject, she has, no doubt, in this done well. Still the work, as a memoir, is incomplete in the very opposite respect to that in which Mr. Walker's work has been described as incomplete.

The Free Church has come through many trials, but has overcome them. Her prosperity, we trust, will continue and increase. Other questions than those which have troubled her in the past may arise in the future, demanding new applications of the wisdom of her leaders. But it will be well for her if she continues to enjoy a succession of faithful and acceptable ministers like William Arnot, and of men to guide her councils like Robert Buchanan.

ART. IV.—1. *Servetus and Calvin: a Study of an Important Epoch in the Early History of the Reformation.* By R. WILLIS, M.D. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1877.

2. *The History of Protestantism.* By the Rev. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D., Author of "The Papacy," "Daybreak in Spain," &c. Vol. II. Cassell, Petter and Galpin.

THERE are no two opinions in Europe as to whether Calvin burnt Servetus: there are no two opinions as to the quality of the transaction. Everybody admits that Calvin was mainly responsible for that deed: everybody condemns his part in it. The sentence however will vary in its character according to the standpoint of those who pronounce it. The Romanist for instance may condemn as strongly as any man a procedure which bears many marks of resemblance to the *autos-da-fé* of his own Church. He may do so upon two grounds. Taking his stand on the exclusive pretensions of Rome, and refusing to the acts of an heresiarch like Calvin any other character than that of damnable sin, he may class this with the rest of his transgressions and yet vindicate a similar course when taken by a properly constituted tribunal. What was right, he may say, in the ecclesiastical Council of Constance was wrong in the municipal Council of Geneva: what was duty in Laud or Bonner was sin in Calvin. Or, without abandoning this line of argument, he may claim for his Church what Protestants claim for theirs, that the principles of toleration were imperfectly understood three hundred years ago, whereas now Papists and Protestants alike are more enlightened, and would shrink in horror from what appeared to the men of those days but a legitimate exercise of Church discipline; and thus, while for reasons of his own stigmatising this procedure as a crime, he might join the Protestant crew in pronouncing it a blunder. With the Protestant of course the first of these two arguments will go for nothing, and he will be disposed to deny to the Romanist any right to the second,

holding as he does that the spirit of persecution is of the very essence of Popery, and as necessary to its existence as military power to imperial despotism. He will however condemn Calvin as imitating the arch-enemy in the use of tactics that he ought to have been the first to proclaim unlawful. And so far he will go with the latitudinarian, who however from this premise—and here he will not follow him—jumps to the conclusion that disabilities of every kind are to be removed not only from every creed however monstrous but from every person promulgating it no matter how or when or where, all barriers to the exercise of free thought and free speech, by whomsoever erected and however sacred the ground they may fence off, being in themselves an intolerable outrage on the majesty of that erratic thing the human intellect and a hindrance to the development of that protean thing called society.

We of course shall not be suspected of taking such a leap in the dark as this. We hold that upon all who profess and call themselves Christians there rests a primary obligation to connect themselves with some branch of the Christian Church, and that to every branch of the Christian Church belongs a spiritual jurisdiction, derived at once from the supreme headship of Christ and the consent of its voluntarily enrolled constituents, a combination of Divine right and original compact, of absolute monarchy and responsible citizenship, nowhere to be paralleled among purely human governments. Whether any, and if any what, points of contact should exist between the Christian and the civil commonwealths, whether the relations between the two should be those of complete independence, or those of mutual recognition and assistance and co-ordinate but distinct authority in things spiritual and secular respectively, or those of entire subjugation of the one to the other, the Church being part and parcel of the State or *vice versâ*—these are questions which we need not here discuss. Only we would remind our readers that an absolute independence is in the nature of things impossible. The State cannot but take note of the existence of every society within its borders, to protect it in the enjoyment of its corporate rights if compatible with the well-being of its own subjects whether within or without that society's pale, and to proscribe or at least limit its action should it ever transgress those bounds. On such tenure is

held every ecclesiastical trust, court, property and function whatsoever, even in the freest of all free States. Our object is not to become partisans of any particular form of church organisation, much less pleaders for every exercise of its power. We only claim for every church that, so long as it adheres to the original principles of Christianity, it does not interfere with but conduces to the welfare both of the individual and society, and therefore challenges a place among those institutions, such as educational and sanitary corporations, which the State should not only sanction but foster and defend.

There remain a great variety of questions respecting Calvin's action in the matter of Servetus, about which we cannot expect the same unanimity as on its rightfulness or wrongfulness in the abstract, and this for want not only as before of a common standpoint, but of the power of conceiving aright the standards and circumstances of an age unlike our own, of skill in estimating evidence, or even of the necessary information on which the evidence itself depends. Was Calvin so wholly responsible for this deed as has been currently reported? Was he exerting an arbitrary and altogether unwarrantable influence in a court of his own creating, composed of ignorant dullards who were obsequious to his every wish? Did he in this transaction wilfully violate principles which he had himself maintained? Worst of all, did he pursue the ends of private malice under the pretext of public zeal? And Servetus, on whom so gross an outrage was perpetrated, is he after all a wretch only in the sense in which the martyrs of Provence and Paris were wretches, that is to say a hero whose purity was maligned by prejudice and whose character was traduced by spite, whose real doings and sayings have all been falsified, distorted or suppressed, but who now emerges in his true individuality a deep-thoughted philosopher, a pantheistic saint and martyr, and a real friend of human kind, who henceforth is to take the place in our intellectual heavens to which his opponent has been unjustly exalted, while that opponent in his turn is consigned to the abyss? Much misconception is we admit to be cleared away on both sides. The time is past for believing in monsters either of faultless and superhuman virtue or of irredeemable and infernal vice. At least the age is very sceptical as to either of these classes of mythical personages, and is only too prone to accept the doctrine of a little

evil in every good man and a little good in every evil one.

We do not anticipate that the result in this case will be a reversal of the verdict that posterity has passed. The character of the great Reformer has been drawn in lines too broad, or rather has left an impress on society too permanent and deep, to be wholly disgraced even by causing all available rays of light to converge upon the one blot which mars the otherwise venerable picture. And Servetus may be purged from all suspicion of malignity, without by any means casting Calvin's image into profounder shadow. This in fact seems at first sight to be the purpose of the book that is now before us, to whitewash the accused without materially blackening the accuser. But the tendency of Dr. Willis's reasonings—we do not say of his facts—is toward a much stronger conclusion than this. If those reasonings be correct, Calvin is no longer worthy of the homage to which he has hitherto been thought to be entitled: any benefits he may have conferred upon mankind are accidental rather than designed: Servetus's death is only a good sample of his machinations, a proof and specimen of his treason against the liberties of mankind. Such is the conclusion to which Dr. Willis's argument would conduct us, if boldly followed up. The compliments bestowed on Calvin at the end of the book do not allay our suspicion that this is the terminus to which, having supplied the initial impulse, he wishes us, by mere force of inertia and without his hand in it being seen, to glide. However that may be, we do not think the facts he brings before us, whether admitted before or now produced for the first time, warrant the inferences he draws from them or those farther inferences which, if these be correct, we should be compelled to draw for ourselves.

We therefore propose briefly to summarise this unfortunate episode in the history of the Reformation, that our readers may pass their own judgment on the case. An episode, in the original sense of that word, it most truly is—an event utterly out of harmony with the whole series of events to which it chronologically belongs, the one jarring string in the glorious symphony, whose discord no composer can make to yield pleasing effects, and only not an anachronism because the man that was chiefly concerned in it, and the men that stood by and approved, knew not

how completely they had broken with the past, and how dissimilar to it that future would be which they had themselves inaugurated.

Michael Servetus and John Calvin were born probably in the same year 1509, the one at Noyon in Picardy, the other probably at Villanova in Arragon. Both were destined for the Church, and received a correspondent training, the latter in the stately mansion of the Mommors, a noble family in the neighbourhood of his home, the former in a convent belonging to his native town. In his fourteenth year Calvin entered the college of La Marche, Paris, where he studied under Mathurin Cordier, and thence in 1526 passed to the Montaigu, a seminary for the training of priests. Servetus also about his fourteenth year went to the University of Saragossa, where he remained four or five years, and came under the powerful influence of Peter Martyr de Angleira, one of the most accomplished and liberal-minded men of the age. The spirit of inquiry was aroused in the minds of both, and both, curiously enough, broke off their course of study for the Church and for a time turned their attention to law. Both became acquainted with the Scriptures, but in Calvin's case they were directly instrumental in turning him away from Popish error, while in that of Servetus the breach with the Church appears to have preceded the study of the Scriptures. In 1529 Servetus accepted the invitation of Juan Quintana, a Franciscan friar, recently appointed confessor to the Emperor Charles V., to enter his service probably in the capacity of private secretary. He was thus a member of the Emperor's suite at his coronation at Bologna in the autumn of that year, and witnessed the servile prostration both of the multitude and of their prince at the feet of the Pope. He was present also at the Diet of Augsburg, in 1530, and saw the culmination of the Protestant movement in Germany on that memorable occasion. He did not remain in Quintana's service long. We next hear of him as a person who had rendered himself obnoxious to the Swiss Reformer Œcolampadius, by his heterodox views respecting the Trinity. Œcolampadius communicated to Bucer, Bullinger, Zwingle and others the nature of these heresies, and expressed his fears as to their possible spread. It was in the year 1531 that Servetus published his work entitled *De Trinitatis Erroribus, Libri Septem.* Neither the name of the printer nor that of

the place where it was printed appears on the title-page, but the author's name is given in full—"Per Michael Serveto, alias Revés, ab Aragonia, Hispanum, 1531." It provoked considerable discussion among the leading Reformers of the day, much more among them indeed than among those of the Romanist party. Strasburg and Basle were the chief emporiums for its sale, and the Swiss Reformers, whose views were so much more liberal than those of Germany, hastened to clear themselves in the eyes of the latter of all complicity in its production. The civic authorities of Basle began to inquire into the authorship of this heretical work, and Servetus for safety betook himself to Paris, and there connected himself with the University under the name of Villanovanus or Villeneuve, a cognomen derived from the place of his birth.

Servetus was evidently much chagrined at the reception that had been accorded in Switzerland both to himself and his book. He was fully aware of the great division in the camp of the Protestants, and thought that in their recoil from the literalism of the Lutheran theology, the Zwinglian party would hail him as a valuable ally if not leader. But he wholly mistook the spirit of these men. They dissented from Luther in his interpretation of the *hoc est meum corpus*, and by consequence in the views he entertained of the sacred elements over which those words were pronounced. They thought that Scripture and reason harmonised in their simpler doctrine of the Sacrament. But they did not intend to set reason above Scripture, to subject all the mysteries of revelation to the crucible of purely logical processes, and to make the finite the measure of the infinite. Against a mode of interpretation that would substitute the fancies of the human mind for the sincere Word of God, both Zwingle and Luther were as firm in their protest as they were in that which they lifted, separately indeed but not on that account the less effectively, against the superstitions of the Church of Rome. Servetus on the other hand was a representative of that spirit of scepticism which even then had begun to play such havoc with the convictions and consciences of men, causing them to break from their old moorings without providing them with directions how to reach any safer anchorage, having all power to loose apparently but none to bind, a scepticism for which the Reformation was in no wise accountable, but rather proved its best antidote and cure. The

reverence he professed for the Word of God, the sincerity of which we do not for a moment wish to call in question, was rather sympathy with the lofty thoughts and deep theosophy which he saw everywhere pervading the Sacred Volume than the concern of an anxious inquirer after a guiding, healing, and vivifying light. He had not learned that both intellectually and spiritually all who apply to the Word of God must become as little children if they would enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Of such necessity Dr. Willis seems to be as unaware as Servetus himself. Indeed, he strives to make it appear that Servetus was the true light of the sixteenth century, and that the Reformers missed their vocation altogether in not having followed his lead in that assault upon the fundamentals of Christianity which he considers the proper business of the emancipated intellect and we its prostitution and abuse. He even strives to convince us that Melanchthon at all events among the German Reformers, and several among the Swiss, including Calvin himself, were far from orthodox in their views of the Trinity. In their days, he tells us, "men had private opinions on subjects to which they were committed by their subscriptions, which differed we know not how widely from their public professions, precisely as among the ancients, and ourselves at the present time: culture would still seem to make an esoteric and an exoteric doctrine a necessity of existence." The only shadow of a ground for such a charge against Melanchthon is his statement that Tertullian probably thought on this subject "as we do in public—*quod publice sentimus*," words which might refer to private speculations on the Trinity not indeed subversive of the orthodox creed but explanatory and supplemental. The *Loci Communes* are in direct disproof of the state of mind referred to: it is not to them we must look for any enunciation of secret heresy not to be communicated to the *profanum vulgus*: if any heresy is found in them, it is at least boldly avowed. The attack impugns our own morality as well as the Reformers', and that the morality of our holiest acts and most solemn utterances, acts and utterances which if not sincere are blasphemous before God and corrupt before men, and expose us if detected in the cheat to well-merited execration and contempt. We will not do Dr. Willis the indignity—injustice it would not be—of supposing that he himself is the double-dealer that he affirms every other

man may be: if we did, we should be left to surmise whether views so broad as those he indicates do not cover broader still.

By the time Servetus came to Paris, retransformed into a student and passing under the pseudonym of Villeneuve, Calvin after a brief sojourn at Orleans and Bourges, at which last he had openly espoused the cause of the Reformation, was also again in that metropolis. At this time the fields were white unto the harvest. The crisis of French Protestantism—or one of the most important and hopeful of its crises, for there were many—was the period between the martyrdom of Berquin and that of Alexander, from 1529 to 1533. Neither the French king nor the French people had pronounced decisively for or against Reform, and Margaret of Navarre seized the opportunity to throw open the palace to the preachers of the Gospel, and invited her brother's subjects to a new kind of levée. It was during this temporary lull in the storm that Servetus and Calvin met, and discussed the vital doctrines above alluded to. Calvin however, no more than the people generally, knew with whom he was conversing. The private conferences in which Servetus had represented himself as an inquirer, gave place to a public challenge on the part of Calvin, to which Servetus did not respond. In this manner the two young champions parted, little wotting of the circumstances in which they were next to meet.

Calvin, through imprudent obtrusion of Protestant sentiments upon the Sorbonne, not in his own person but in that of its rector, Nicholas Cop, in order to escape the attentions of that jealous body was compelled to flee. Angoulême, Poictiers, and Basle became in turn his temporary resting-places, at which last he wrote and published in their earliest form the famous *Institutes*. In 1536 he came to Geneva, where Farel had been labouring for four years. His intention was but to spend the night and on the morrow to pursue his journey to Basle, where he was still living in privacy. But at Farel's interposition he relinquished his purpose, and threw himself with characteristic energy into the movement which in the previous year had been formally embraced by that city. Henceforth he was recognised as one of its chief pastors. Expelled with Farel through the triumph of the Libertines in the matter of the sumptuary laws, Calvin in 1538 retired to Strasburg, but returned without Farel at the solicitation

of the Council in 1540. Thenceforward he was undoubtedly the chief man in that city. The hedge of discipline which had been broken down was restored: a constitution was given to the Church of Geneva, and the final vote on it taken on the 2nd of January, 1543, from which day, says Bungener, "the Calvinistic republic legally dates."

Meanwhile Servetus was obliged to retreat from the vicinity of Paris, not on account of any direct theological heterodoxy, but for meddling with astrology and publishing a pamphlet on the subject. The penalty for divination was death by fire, but "Villanovanus" was let off with a reprimand and injunction to discontinue his evil practices. He betook himself to Charlieu, about twelve French miles from the city of Lyons, and there practised as a physician. During his residence at Charlieu he got himself privately baptised by an Anabaptist friend, being now thirty years old, the age at which according to his view baptism should be performed. From Charlieu he proceeded to Vienne in Dauphiny at the invitation of Paumier, formerly one of his auditors when he lectured at Paris on the science of the stars, but now archbishop of the first-named city. Here he was installed in apartments within the precincts of the palace, and under the patronage of the archbishop soon acquired considerable popularity. His leisure time was filled up with literary work of various kinds. An edition of "Ptolemy" which he had previously published being now out of print, a second was called for, and in due time made its appearance in an improved form. One of the most noteworthy improvements was the somewhat unctuous dedication to the archbishop after the manner of the times, and another the purging away of many statements that would in his present altered circumstances have been compromising to the author and distasteful to his patron. Germany is no longer spoken of as a swampy and forest-encumbered land, nor Switzerland as one remarkable for nothing but the production of butchers. The efficacy of the royal touch in scrofula is not now called in question: instead of "I did not see that any were cured," it is, "I have heard that many were cured." And the passages that describe Palestine as anything but a land flowing with milk and honey are also silently expunged.

The following year saw another undertaking launched and carried to completion, viz., a new and elegant edition of the Latin Bible of Pagnini. In his preface the editor

informs his readers that he has given the text as "corrected in numberless places by the hand of the author himself," and also adds, "to make available the author's annotations, of which he has left a great many, we have taken no small amount of pains—*non parum est nobis desudatum.*" Hence the present translation is to be regarded as approximating more closely to the meaning and spirit of the Hebrew than any former one. The amended text turns out to be not that of Pagnini but that of Novesianus of Cologne, while the annotations are those of neither, but of Servetus himself. Dr. Willis's comment on this extraordinary proceeding is in keeping with the views of ancient and modern morality elicited from him by the writings of Melanchthon. "The times in which Servetus lived," he says, "though different from ours in so many respects were, as it seems, somewhat like them in so far as the *meum* and *tuum* in literature are concerned. Did we judge from the instance before us, we should say that they were still less respected three hundred years ago than they are in the present day." That is to say, literary piracy was then as now a venial fault: one man's productions might be palmed off as another's without very much blame, or at least any blame attaching to this pseudo-Reformer may well be supposed to be shared by the whole army of genuine Reformers, instead of their integrity being cited as a foil to his want of conscience.

About the year 1546 Servetus, still under the name of Villeneuve, was brought into relation with a publisher of Lyons, John Frelon by name, a man of learning and liberal views, and a personal friend of Calvin. This man became the medium of renewed communication between Servetus and Calvin. In order not to compromise his French correspondents, who were both in outward communion with the Church of Rome, Calvin employed the pseudonym of Charles Despeville. His letters to "Seigneur Jehan," as Frelon is called, and to Villeneuve, have not, except in a single instance, been preserved, while those of Villeneuve to Calvin remain. His course was much the same as in the Paris correspondence. He commences as an inquirer, but as the correspondence proceeds, gradually drops that character and assumes the tone of a critic himself, indulging at the same time in unseemly and disparaging epithets little calculated to promote good feeling. To avoid "a wearisome iteration of the same cuckoo-note,"

the Reformer referred Villeneuve to his own *Institutes*, and probably sent him a copy. This was in due time returned with copious annotations couched in the same style of insolent familiarity as his letters. "There is hardly a page," says Calvin, "that is not defiled by his vomit." By this time Calvin was thoroughly persuaded of the identity of Villeneuve with Servetus, although his correspondent was probably by no means aware that his secret was out. And now it was that Calvin wrote that terribly compromising letter to Farel, at that time pastor at Neuchatel, in which he says:—"Servetus wrote to me lately, and beside his letter sent me a volume full of his ravings, telling me with audacious arrogance that I should there find things stupendous and unheard of until now. He offers to come here if I approve; but I will not pledge my faith to him; for did he come, if I have authority any here, I should never suffer him to go away alive."

There is no doubt at all about the genuineness of this letter: the original is preserved in the Paris Library, and the handwriting is undoubtedly Calvin's. The revulsion of feeling with which every man now contemplates such a sentiment as that here expressed, is a testimony to the great change that has come over the minds of men within the last three centuries touching the sacredness of human life and the causes that warrant its sacrifice. Dr. Willis does not seek to palliate the Reformer's fault, as he has previously done Servetus's, by reference to what we will with his permission call in our old-fashioned phraseology the general depravity of human nature which is independent of age and place. We do not suppose that this is because Calvin and not Servetus is concerned, but rather for the obvious reason that the minds of men have in the above-named respects undergone a beneficent change. But our author here strikes a note which is echoed again and again throughout the book too persistently for us to be able to pretend that we misunderstand its meaning. The attitude taken up from this time by Calvin toward Servetus is not, it appears, to be explained on the ground of sincere but misguided fanaticism: it is to be put down to sheer personal malice. Servetus had offended Calvin: Calvin was resolved to have his revenge. He brooded in secret over his affront until chance placed his enemy within his power, and then, fortunately finding in his heterodoxy a colourable pretext for pursuing him, and wielding from his

position an irresistible authority, he swooped down upon the poor innocent as an eagle upon its prey, nor loosed his hold until his vengeance was glutted. If this be so, then Calvin is not the Calvin of Church history, nor the Calvin he was thought to be by his contemporaries. The founder of the Genevan Church and the saviour of Genevan society, the pastor from whose lips thousands daily waited for the bread of life, the profound and voluminous expositor of the Word of God, the organiser of half the churches of Protestant Christendom, whose summons sent forth heralds of the truth by hundreds to proclaim the new Gospel, and whose messages consoled and strengthened them when called to seal the testimony with their blood, the one sole champion of the cause of truth against Papal error, of liberty against priestly bondage, of holiness against abounding iniquity, left to the world when Luther fell,—are we to attribute to him such fiendish malignity as this? If this be true, he was a very Nero of cruelty, or worse, a Borgia, concealing hellish malice beneath the priestly cowl. But this cannot be. Neither the Catholics nor the Protestants of his day reproached him with such a crime. Neither the Libertines with whom he was contending within the city nor the ecclesiastics who were reeling beneath his blows without it ever suspected such foul play as this. The world knows its Neros and its Borgias, but it never ranked John Calvin among them. There was small occasion for personal malice: a few insolent letters from an obscure correspondent in a distant province, a few taunts scrawled upon the margin of a printed book, were not enough to stir up such malevolence in a man trained to every species of hardship and enduring far worse indignities from his neighbours every day.

If the feud between Calvin and Servetus was not a private quarrel, it will be said, the *odium theologicum*, that worst of all species of party spirit, must have been at this time running very high. And this may easily be admitted. Yet when we consider the magnitude of the interests at stake, and the intense reality that was associated with the objects of faith, a reality all the intenser where the faith was strong and pure, we shall marvel less at the persistency which carried out so stern a purpose to the bitter end. But it is time we resumed the thread of our narrative, that we may see what really did happen, and what

ground there may be for adopting Dr. Willis's explanation, or in place of that, a better.

At the date of the above letter, as Dr. Willis justly observes, Calvin "did not contemplate the likelihood of Servetus ever falling into his hands." But Servetus's great offence was yet to be committed. In 1553 he projected the publication of the *Christianismi Restitutio*. This of course could not be done openly. His recent issues had all been comparatively innoxious, and any heretical opinions embodied in his Pagnini Bible were palmed off upon that orthodox divine. But the *Christianismi Restitutio* was a work of the same stamp as the *De Trinitatis Erroribus*, only more widely divergent from the principles of the Christian religion, and more daring in its defiance of ordinary canons of Scriptural interpretation. It was therefore printed by stealth like its prototype, and distributed in parcels of several hundreds to the principal towns of Switzerland and Germany.

It may be of use here to give some idea of the contents of the book, that we may see what those dogmas were for which Servetus suffered. They are a strange mixture of the experimental doctrines of Christianity with theosophic reasonings which make them utterly void. In dealing with the former, he speaks of faith as "the first element, an emotion rather than a cognition, a spontaneous movement of the heart, not an act of the understanding, its essence being belief in the man Jesus Christ as being the Son of God." Its effects are described in terms identical with those which would be employed by any evangelical divine of the present day. He makes but little of the Fall. Yet he admits the efficacy of Redemption, only it is regarded in accordance with a theory of an earlier age as designed not to satisfy Divine justice but to "traverse the devil in the rights he had acquired by guile." Men will not, however, be condemned for Adam's sin, but only for their own. The finally impenitent will be annihilated. "Servetus therefore," significantly adds Dr. Willis, in words that some might profitably weigh, "speaks of that as a punishment for sin to which teeming nations of the East look forward as reward for all the ills of life—Nirwana, a state of unconscious, everlasting rest!" Justification Servetus holds in the ordinary sense, and also regeneration, which he conceives of as baptismal, but to be received in mature age when alone the rite of baptism ought to be performed.

He is unsparing in his denunciation of the papacy and of monastic vows, the mendicant friars provoking especial abhorrence. The various views on the Lord's Supper he correctly classifies as those of the Impanators, the Panists, and the Transubstantiators, terms by which he denotes the Lutherans, Calvinists, and Papists respectively. His own view inclines to the first of the three, for reasons that will presently appear. Though disparaging the Romish priesthood, he admits the power of ministers to absolve men from their sins. The work concludes with thirty letters to John Calvin and "sixty signs of the reign of Antichrist."

If this were all, we should marvel much where any grounds could be discovered for a charge of heresy. But we have purposely deferred till now the opening chapters of the book. In reference to God and the creation he says that the world is "a manifestation and communication of God in time and space, manifestation taking place through the Word, communication through the agency called Spirit." All existence as derived from God, is to be accounted Divine although in diverse degrees. An archetypal universe existed before the actual world came into being, and this is the Logos, a virtual and potential Son, but not an actual co-eternal Son. The Son first acquired form and substance in the womb of the Virgin Mary, and was made participant of the Spirit when He began to breathe. The Spirit however is but an abstraction. And Christ is the Demiurgos, who created the world. He is truly the Son of the Eternal God, being engendered by the Father of the Virgin Mary, but not the Eternal Son of God for the same reason. The distinctions of the Trinity are purely formal. God is essentially in all things and all things essentially in God.

Curiously enough in the midst of the work comes a chapter on human physiology, which did not look so much out of place in those days as it would in ours, because of the presumed connection with the Holy Spirit of all that concerns the vital powers in man. This chapter treats of the circulation of the blood, and anticipates in some of its most important features the great discovery of Harvey. It was this fact, we may say in passing, together with Servetus's connection with the medical profession, that first drew Dr. Willis's attention to him, and so gave rise to the present biography.

It is needless to remark upon the deadly nature of the heresies contained in the above account: they destroy at once the features peculiar to Christianity as a redemptive scheme, and the foundations of its power over the conscience as a law of life. To a mind constituted like that of Servetus, the want of harmony between the doctrinal and the practical parts of his system might not be apparent: the theosophic speculations were here thrust into a mind in which the doctrines of grace had already taken root, and though they encumbered, did not wholly wither their growth. But let such speculations preoccupy the soil, and it will be impossible to make the doctrines of grace grow with them, or even the principles of a sound morality. In later pantheistic writers, beginning with Spinoza, there is no attempt at a forced union of personal experience of salvation and personal obligations of obedience with the belief in a Deity thus stripped, not only of a trinity of personal subsistences, but also of the attribute of personality itself. All the consequences foreseen or feared in the sixteenth century by the orthodoxy which condemned Servetus have in fact followed from the more logical enunciation of his principles in later times, as the French Revolution of the last century testifies, and its offspring, Communism, in the present.

It is easy to imagine the horror with which John Calvin would peruse the pages of the *Christianismi Restitutio*, sent hot from the press by Frelon, bookseller of Lyons and intermediary between him and Servetus. What follows cannot be excused: it shall however be impartially stated. Up to this time Calvin and Servetus had been parties to a correspondence on some of the profoundest problems that can exercise the human mind. The correspondence had not, it is true, been conducted on both sides, if indeed on either, with perfect courtesy: nevertheless, it had for its professed object the discovery of truth, and in any case bound each to the other by certain ties of honour. Calvin did not begin it, but he suffered it to go on; and when he had sufficient evidence, he denounced his correspondent without warning to the Roman Catholic authorities at Vienne, and furnished the means of his condemnation from the book sent him in confidence by Frelon. Conduct like this is inexcusable, but we still think there is no reason to set down personal malice as the motive: the motive we

believe to have been free from anything so base, but the act itself was utterly wrong.

The authorities at Vienne followed up the traces which Calvin had discovered to them, imprisoned "Villeneuve" and questioned him, and found enough to identify him with Servetus in spite of his denial, as well as to prove him a heretic of the deepest dye. Some of his judges however were lukewarm in the business of his prosecution, notably the archbishop himself, and with their connivance Servetus escaped. After wandering some months in Switzerland, about the middle of July, 1553, he came to Geneva, the last place in the world to which one would suppose him likely to bend his steps, for he must have known the disposition of Calvin toward him. His purpose was certainly not to remain in the city. Yet he appears to have stayed there a month, unchallenged though not altogether unknown. The only satisfactory explanation of this is to be found in the state of parties in Geneva at the time of his arrival. The struggle between Calvin and the Libertines was now at its height, and Servetus hoped, it may be, to profit by the opportunity, and so to ingratiate himself with the popular faction as to obtain a victory over Calvin and with that a second and final expulsion of him from the city. Such a hope may seem chimerical to those who regard Calvin as absolute master of Geneva, but it was not so. His power was at this time very seriously threatened, and the Libertines were probably glad of such an ally as Servetus. At his trial it came out that the windows of the room at the hotel where he stayed had been mysteriously nailed up. Now this cannot have been the work of Calvin or any of his emissaries, for Calvin did not then know of his presence in the city: the only alternative seems to be that it was the work of his friends of the other party, who wished to make use of him for purposes of their own.

On Sunday, the 13th of August, Servetus asked his host to procure him a boat to take him next day by way of the lake as far as possible towards Zurich. That night he imprudently showed himself at a neighbouring church, and was recognised. Calvin, being informed of his presence, immediately denounced him to the Syndics and demanded his arrest. The law of Geneva required that in every criminal process articles of impeachment should be forthcoming within twenty-four hours of the arrest, and further that in accord-

ance with the *lex talionis* the accuser should go to prison with the accused and undertake, if he failed to establish his case, himself to suffer the penalty that should have followed the crime. The *rôle* of accuser in this instance was performed, not by the Reformer himself, but by Nicholas de la Fontaine, a refugee in his service either as private secretary or *cuisinier*, or both. On the morning of the 14th of August, La Fontaine presented himself before the Lieutenant Criminal with a list of thirty-eight charges, founded principally on the *Christianismi Restitutio*, which Calvin had in the meantime drawn up. The accuser and accused being brought face to face, the latter acknowledged himself to be Servetus, and replied to the charges, partly denying them, partly professing his readiness to recant, and partly engaging to defend himself by the authority of reason and Scripture. On the 16th of August the Court assembled again, but with the addition of Philibert Berthelier, a chief of the Libertine party and a prominent member of the Council, who took his place as of right, and Germain Colladon, a refugee for conscience' sake and a man learned in the law, who was introduced as counsel for La Fontaine. A *primâ facie* case having been made out, the Attorney-General undertook the conduct of the proceedings, and La Fontaine was set at liberty.

From this point the trial assumed a political as well as an ecclesiastical character: the issue was widened, and the trial, while formally an indictment of Servetus for heresy, became also a struggle for power between the pastors and a recusant portion of their flock. There were in fact other matters already before the Council which were debated in the intervals of the present investigation, and in the discussion of them the same parties took the same sides. Chief among these was the power of the Consistory to interdict from the sacraments several individuals whose lives were not in accordance with their profession. Berthelier had been repelled from the Lord's table on account of some infraction of the rigorous discipline of the Church, had appealed from the Consistory to the Council, and had been reinstated by it in his forfeited privileges. To yield the pastors' prerogative in the matter of discipline would have been in Calvin's eyes to suffer the bark of the Church to drift upon not sunken rocks. His contest with Philibert was, no more than his contest with Servetus, a personal one. The cause of the Reform was everywhere at this

moment depressed: Mary had just ascended the throne of England, France was blazing with the fires of martyrdom, and in Germany the prospects of the movement were comparatively overcast. With the fall of Calvin the interests of Protestantism would have been seriously imperilled, not only in Geneva and Switzerland generally, but throughout Europe. He was the one leader of the Protestant host to whom all looked for counsel and encouragement: his disgrace would have been their ruin. Servetus, on the other hand, with Philibert at his side, may be fitly taken as the representative of the spirit of scepticism, more destructive if possible than that of superstition. While technically therefore this trial was mainly occupied with abstruse questions as to the hypostases in the Divine essence, which might seem unconnected with practice and which the Genevan Council might hardly find itself competent to settle, really it formed as momentous a crisis in the history of the Reformation as did the appearance of Luther at the Diet of Worms. The crisis might have been safely passed without the condemnation of Servetus to death, and the initiative of Calvin and the Council has happily not been followed by the Protestant churches. But the prosecution once begun, the triumph of the party who rallied to the defence would have been a death-blow to the Reform.

Though the issue was thus widened, it cannot be said that political considerations took the lead in this trial. As Dr. Willis candidly says, "the arrest was made, the trial was begun, and the sentence was delivered exclusively on theological grounds: the political element that got mixed up with the business was no more than an accident, and cannot truly be said to have influenced the judgment finally given." We must be brief in our summary of the proceedings. Those who wish to study the subject more at length must read Dr. Willis's pages, in which they will find it detailed with a voluminousness and minuteness worthy of such a *cause célèbre*. Nor is there any reason to doubt his report of facts, though his interpretations of them are often, as we have already said, tinged by his own ecclesiastical or anti-ecclesiastical prejudices. Berthelier, for instance, is spoken of as the "head of the patriotic party." The opposition to Calvin is regarded in the same light as the opposition to Rome of former days. His dictation was worse than that of the House of Savoy. It seems to be

forgotten that Geneva had chosen the Reformation of its own accord, had voluntarily acquiesced in the constitution of the Church and the regulation of morals, and after having once expelled the Reformer, had found itself necessitated to recall him for the very purpose of putting a stop to evils that were growing to a portentous height, mainly through the dominance of this "patriotic party." And who was Calvin that he should be thought of as so terrible a tyrant? He had authority in the Council, it is true, but it was not founded upon force. It was the authority of a man whose comprehensive mind was filled with knowledge, and whose principles and aims were absolutely one with those of the kingdom of God upon earth. It may have been quite true, as was said, that it was "more dangerous to offend John Calvin in Geneva than the King of France on his throne." But there was only one way of offending him, viz., by departures from the way of truth and righteousness. These he pursued unsparingly, but not as personal quarrels. When did he ever use his great position to wreak a petty vengeance on those who set their dogs at him in the streets, and greeted him with gibes and jeers whenever he appeared abroad? His one object was so to guide the great movement of which he was the leader that it might not become the ally of those who, in their recoil from the bondage of priestcraft and despotism, would have plunged society into the depths of anarchy.

Servetus appears to have apprehended to the full the connection of his cause with that of the Libertine party. He cannot but have known their principles, and in accepting their alliance he forfeits all right to the character of Reformer and saint with which Dr. Willis would invest him. His tergiversations before his judges both at Geneva and Vienne we pass by, though they do not compare well with the constancy which the Protestant martyrs generally displayed. But in fraternising with the Libertines he showed little regard to the interests of morality and order, and he soon found that in trusting to them he was leaning on a broken reed. Dr. Willis admits that they, the leaders of the "patriotic party," cared only for Servetus in as far as he might further their own ends, and when they saw the day going against them, they abandoned him to his fate.

It is plain that Servetus was throughout misled as to the

gravity of the issue at stake. He never supposed it possible for a city that was the very centre of the Reformed religion to imitate the high-handed policy of Rome which cost the life of its own bravest sons. And he over-estimated the importance of the victory which Berthelier and his party had just gained over the Reformer. Hence both the pertinacity with which he adhered to his own opinions, and the recklessness with which he hurled counter-charges in the teeth of his great opponent. The following passage shows that if his views on some points were speculative merely, he was not afraid to endorse illustrations of them which could not but have a very dangerous influence if generally admitted on the practice of mankind. The question having turned on the relations between the Divine substance and the substance of creatures and things, Servetus avowed his belief that all things are portions of the substance of God. Calvin tells us, "Annoyed as I was by so palpable an absurdity, I answered: What, poor man, did one stamp on this floor with his foot and say he trod on God, would not you be horrified in having subjected the Majesty of God to such unworthy usage?" He on this replied: "I have not a doubt but that this bench, this table, and all you can point to around us, is of the substance of God." When it was then objected to him that on such showing the devil must be of God substantially; he, smiling impudently, said: "Do you doubt it? For my part, I hold it as a general proposition that all things whatsoever are part and parcel of God, and that nature at large is His substantial manifestation." The connexion between this teaching and the absolute irresponsibility of man is easy to be seen. Servetus probably did not hold this: indeed he inveighed against Calvin's doctrine of predestination as in the same way subversive of the free agency of man. He held that the law was abrogated by Christ, but that is a different thing from the absolute incapacity for law which the Pantheist must consistently maintain, and which Spinoza actually did. He did hold however that persons under twenty years of age were not responsible for their actions, and therefore were not proper subjects of baptism. Infant baptism he held to be a diabolical invention, calculated to corrupt Christianity.

Whether Servetus's case was handled with perfect fairness seems open to doubt. He was denied the use of counsel, but that was only in accordance with the usages of the times in all criminal charges. His demand for that

privilege was repelled on the part of the Attorney-General by arguments that do not reflect much credit on his own views of an advocate's business. "Skilled in lying as he is, there is no reason why he should now demand an advocate." The articles of impeachment had of course to be renewed when the business was handed over to the Attorney-General, but their terms were changed, though political complications were kept out of sight. The articles of La Fontaine "refer almost exclusively to the speculative theological opinions of Servetus, his disrespectful treatment of Calvin, and his challenge of the doctrine preached in the Church of Geneva. The articles of the Attorney-General bear on matters more purely personal to the prisoner; on his antecedents; his relations with the theologians of Basle and Germany; the printing of his books, more particularly the last of them, and the fatal consequences that must follow from its publication; his coming to Geneva, and so on."

The Attorney-General failed to prove any evil conduct on the part of Servetus, except in the publication of his dangerous doctrines. Dr. Willis dwells on the fact that his last production, on which the articles of impeachment were founded, though printed, had not been put in general circulation. We cannot see that this makes any difference. If a book were condemned to-day as unfit for publication, evidence of an intention to circulate it, such as the striking off and distribution of a large number of copies, would be sufficient to convict. We are most impressed however, throughout the whole course of this trial, with the contrast it presents to our English methods. The prisoner was subjected to a rigid cross-examination as to his views, the sources from whence they were derived, the means he had taken to disseminate them, his accomplices in the work, the trial at Vienne, the way in which he had made his escape, the how he had passed his time before coming to Geneva, his purpose in coming thither, his occupations during the month in which he remained at large, and among other things the reason why he had not entered the holy estate of matrimony! And when he requested books, pens, ink and paper, to prepare his defence, though not stinted in the first-named of these requisites, the supply of the last-named was limited to a single sheet. It would really appear as if the Council, knowing no other model than that of the Inquisition, had resolved to take a leaf out

of its book, simply substituting a public for a private examination and moral for physical torture.

Servetus fared much better in the hands of the Attorney-General than he had done in those of Calvin, and at one stage of the proceedings appears to have made a favourable impression upon his judges. Calvin and the other pastors were requested to confer with Servetus in the prison, and to do their best to bring him to a better mind. But the prisoner's spirit, though subdued, was not broken. The prison, he said, was no place for theological discussion; and though he admitted his would-be instructors, the interview led to no result. Civil tribunals, he maintained, were incompetent to decide matters of faith. A considerable interval now elapsed, during which the contest with the Libertines was raging in all its severity. The adverse sentence of the Council as regards the power of the Consistory by no means prepared the minds of its members for a cool and temperate discussion of the case of Servetus. It was at this time that a proposition arose to consult the Churches and Councils of some of the chief States of Switzerland before coming to a final decision. Servetus himself is credited with the origination of this proposal, though it seems inconsistent with his steady denial of the competency of any civil tribunal whatsoever. It may have been suggested to him by the Libertines, as likely to open a door of escape. Shortly before this, Jerome Bolsec had been arraigned for opposition to the doctrines of election and predestination, and had through the intervention of the other States been let off with a sentence of banishment. The present charge was however of a much graver kind, involving as it did views that touched the very vitals of Christianity. This appeal without doubt sealed the ruin it was intended to avert.

Calvin now again prepared articles of impeachment, thirty-eight in number, different from those of the Attorney-General and reverting somewhat to their original form. Presented to the court this time, with a view to their final destination, in the Latin tongue, they were approved and submitted to the prisoner for reply. He might alter or retract anything he had written unadvisedly, explain anything that had been misunderstood, and defend the positions he still adhered to by citations from Scripture. There was however no recantation, and no attempt to ground a defence on Holy Writ. Servetus's answers were then elaborately

criticised and refuted by Calvin, and Calvin's criticism annotated in turn by Servetus in a way that left no doubt as to his state of mind.

The cause was now carried before the Councils and Consistories of Berne, Basle, Zurich and Schaffhausen. Calvin has been blamed for corresponding with the pastors of the several churches, and so prejudicing their minds upon the subject. But the pastors were already acquainted with what was going on, and did not need any incitement from him. Dr. Willis betrays a little inconsistency here, as it seems to us. He speaks of Calvin's domination over the Helvetian churches, while at the same time stating that Calvin opposed the plan of appealing to them lest they should thwart him as in the case of Bolsec. These two statements cannot both be correct. If he dominated them, then he would have jumped at the proposal of an appeal to them and have simply dictated the course they should pursue, neither of which he did. Moreover, it must be remembered that the Councils as well as the Consistories were appealed to, and their judgments could not be influenced, unless they were dominated by the pastors as the pastors are said to have been by Calvin.

It would seem as if Servetus apprehended small danger from the present proceeding, if we may judge by his attitude toward Calvin in the interval. He boldly arraigns him on four "great and notable" charges, taxes him with the instigation of the Vienne trial, and demands in virtue of the *lex talionis* that he shall be sent to prison till the cause is decided between them. Still, at times, he seems to have had forebodings, for we find him in a letter to a friend speaking in terms that clearly point to the dreadful issue. During the present interval also a demand was made by the Roman Catholic tribunal at Vienne that the prisoner should be given up to its tender mercies. Servetus was offered the choice between returning to Vienne and awaiting the result of the appeal to the States. He preferred the latter alternative. The former he knew would be certain death, since public attention had been fixed upon his errors.

And now the answers of the four Councils and the four Consistories came. With an unanimity which does not say much for their realisation of the true nature of that religious liberty whose foremost exponents they ought to have been, these four bands of Christian pastors and these

four companies of Christian laymen gave their sentence for death. Not directly, for that would have been to dictate, not to advise. But their words were such as could bear but one construction.

"We exhort you, therefore," say the pastors of Basle, that eminent seat of letters, "to use, as it seems you are disposed to do, all the means at your command to cure him of his errors, and so to remedy the scandals he has occasioned; or otherwise, does he show himself incurably anchored in his perverse opinions, to constrain him, as is your duty, by the powers you have from God, in such a way that henceforth he shall not continue to disquiet the Church of Christ, and so make the end worse than the beginning. The Lord will surely grant you His spirit of wisdom and strength to this end."

Any scruples that may have been felt to an extreme course were now at an end. The express sanction of the four cantons had been given to it, and to this was added the moral influence of the thoroughly aroused Romanist authorities of Vienne. The *amour propre* of the Council helped to sway the scales of justice. At their meeting of the 23rd of October, the sense of the members was taken, and the only reason why it was not expressed in regular form was the absence of those very men whose tool and puppet Servetus had been. A special meeting was convened for the 26th, and at this his friends, shamed out of their indifference, appeared, and made some sort of defence. But the effort, such as it was, failed, and the following resolution was carried by a majority of votes.

"Having a summary of the process against the prisoner, Michael Servetus, and the reports of the parties consulted before us, it is hereby resolved, and, in consideration of his great errors and blasphemies, decreed, that he be taken to Champnel, and there burned alive; that this sentence be carried into effect on the morrow, and that his books be burned with him."

The news fell like a thunder-clap on Servetus's ear. "Only imparted to him in the early morning of the day on which he was doomed to die, he was at first as if struck dumb by the intelligence. He did but groan aloud and sigh as if his heart would burst; and when he recovered speech at length, it was only to rave like one demented, to strike his breast, and cry in his native speech, 'Misericordia, Misericordia!' By degrees, however, he recovered his self-possession and became calm." Some have con-

trasted this outburst with the calmness of the orthodox martyrs, as intimating that his principles failed to support him in the hour of trial. But it was only a momentary agitation, arising from the suddenness of the blow that dashed all earthly hopes. His constancy after this did not fail. He requested an interview with Calvin, and "desired to ask his pardon." There was no word of recantation upon his lips: the faults he wished to confess to Calvin were those of heated speech, and no doubt of deep-rooted enmity. Calvin replied that he had not prosecuted him on personal grounds, and strove, but in vain, to convince him of his errors. We see no trace of the "self-gratulation" and "triumph" which Dr. Willis imputes to him, at the moment of receiving this apology from his humbled foe. On the contrary, his account of the transaction shows a becoming reticence and dignity.

The night before the execution Farel had arrived from Neuchatel, in anticipation of the service that he was to render to the accused of accompanying him to the stake. We will not dilate upon the circumstances of the tragedy. Whatever errors there may have been either in doctrine or practice, no one can refuse to Servetus the praise of having met his fate with heroic courage. He died by fire on the 27th of October, 1553, exclaiming with his last breath, "Jesu, thou Son of the Eternal God, have compassion on me!"

Calvin's fault, a fault shared by all the Churches of Reformed Switzerland, is that of not clearly conceiving and steadfastly maintaining those principles of religious toleration which alone could justify his and their secession from the Roman communion. Servetus, a brave, honest and well-meaning man, mingled with the finer traits of his character others less noble on which we cannot persuade ourselves to dwell. The same may be said of Calvin. The one fell a victim to the fanaticism of the other. But the stake of Servetus has ever since been a beacon to warn the adherents of a pure faith from the intolerance which is only the appropriate instrument of superstition. And the one great blunder of Calvin must not blind us to the real greatness both of his character and work. Much less must it lead us to adopt the crude generalisation of Dr. Willis, "Religion has in fact at no time been the civiliser of mankind, as so commonly said, but has itself been the

civilised, through advances made in science or the knowledge of nature and in general refinement." True, he here includes under the name of religion everything, however barbarous, that ever bore the name, among Assyrians, Chaldæans and Egyptians. But Christianity, the Christianity of the New Testament, refuses to accept the classification that places her side by side either with her avowed antagonists or her more subtle counterfeits and perversions. Her allegiance to the second table of the law has ever been as conspicuous as her homage to the first. And the Protestantism of to-day disclaims every method of evangelisation and every means of discipline which is not in accordance with that canon, and renounces all complicity in work like that which brought Servetus to the stake, as worthy only of the ancient worshippers of a bloodthirsty Moloch or the modern devotees of an infallible Pope.

ART. V.—*The Life of Mahomet.* By SIR WILLIAM MUIR, LL.D. New Edition. London: Smith, Elder and Co. 1877.

THE intimate connection between the character of a religious system and that of its founder is one of the commonplaces of history. We see a similar relation in the ordinary associations of daily life. A leader gives the tone to those who look up to him. In like manner the founders of all the great religious and moral systems of the world have stamped their own likeness on their doctrines and followers to the remotest ages. The teaching and influence of Christianity are no mean argument for the supernatural character of its author, just as the human errors and defects of Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster reappear in their creeds of to-day. Quite as signal an illustration of this principle is found in the history of Mohammed and Mohammedanism. It may not be unseasonable to point out how the violence, cruelty, and impurity of Mohammedanism are explained by the life of its founder. Indeed this becomes a duty, however disagreeable, when writers among ourselves undertake to do for Mohammed what has been done of late for other shady historical characters. We wish simply to turn the picture round. Our position is, that Mohammedanism was established in the first instance, as it has been propagated since, by sheer force of arms, by the most unscrupulous treachery, deceit, and violence. In fact it is the only great faith whose missionary is the sword, the only one which has received physical force among its recognised, normal methods. This feature it borrows directly from the life and practice of its author. We shall illustrate this position, not by a consecutive history, but by typical facts, neither exaggerating, which is impossible, nor colouring, which is needless.

We pass lightly over the early part of Mohammed's life. Dr. Muir fixes his birth in 570 A.D. instead of 569, the usual date. We confess to a liking for the last, because it is more easily remembered as exactly 1,200 years before

the birth of Napoleon, between whose character and Mohammed's strong points of resemblance may be found as to knowledge and command of men, political and military genius. His father died before his birth, and his mother when he was in his sixth year. The young orphan was cast on the care first of his grandfather, and next of his uncle Abu Tâlib, who, though he never gave in to his nephew's prophetic claims, acted the part of a faithful guardian. Once when invited to accept the new faith, Abu Tâlib replied: "I am not able, my nephew, to separate from the religion and the customs of my forefathers, but I swear that so long as I live no one shall dare to trouble thee." And in evil days he kept his word with rare fidelity. At twenty-five Mohammed married Khadija, a rich widow, in whose service he had made trading journeys to Syria. Khadîja was fifteen years his senior.

It is singular that no dreams of a prophetic mission arose in Mohammed's mind till he was forty years old. Amid the clouds of legend which overshadow this period it is not easy to reach any certainty as to the causes of the change which came over him. But we must remember that Mohammedanism contains no absolutely new dogma. Its one article respecting God, however great an advance upon the debasing idolatry of Arabia, had always been an integral part of the Jewish and Christian creed. There was nothing to prevent his becoming familiar with it, for Arabia abounded in Jews of wealth and importance. As we shall see, he afterwards swept them out of the country by force. Surely there can be no doubt as to the source of the single dogma of Mohammedanism. We can easily conceive how that simple, majestic monotheism might commend itself to a mind like Mohammed's, especially in contrast with the dark superstitions in which the Arabians were sunk. The only novel idea was that of preaching the truth to his countrymen, and the merit of this belongs to him. At forty years of age the busy, active merchant was suddenly smitten with a strange love of solitude, often spending several days together amid the lonely rocks and caves about Mecca. There the thought of becoming a witness against idolatry suggested itself to him. From this to the idea of a Divine commission was but a single step, to which many motives of expediency and ambition would urge him. Only thus could the multitude be induced to embrace his doctrine. Indeed even this proved too little. How much

feebler then would have been the hope of success without this support. The Koran itself suggests that the prophetic character was assumed under the impulse of some outward pressure. The Arabs demanded teachers such as had been sent to Jews and Christians. "The Coreish swear by God, with a most solemn oath, that if a preacher had come unto them they would surely have been more willingly directed than any nation." Then came the fiat: "Recite in the name of the Lord who created. Recite, for the Lord is beneficent." From this time Mohammed acted like one who never doubted of his Divine commission, though no visible credentials, such as might satisfy others, were ever forthcoming.

The next period of his life consisted of the twelve years spent in Mecca in a vain attempt to convert his countrymen from idolatry by peaceful means. The resistance he encountered at the hands of his fellow-citizens took every form but that of actual violence. Ridicule, sneering, petty annoyance, were not spared. One of his uncles, Abu Lahab was among his fiercest opponents, cursed him, and was cursed in return. We are inevitably reminded of similar scenes at Jerusalem in the life of One who *was* a prophet and greater than a prophet. We do not blame Mohammed for the failure of peaceful methods. On the contrary, this was by far the purest and most honourable period in his career. It was on his resorting to violent measures that his character suddenly underwent a change for the worse. In our eyes, Mohammed struggling against universal obloquy, single against a nation, undaunted by defeat, holding by the truth after years of fruitless toil, is a far nobler spectacle than Mohammed and his conquering hosts undisputed masters of Arabia. But then if he had adhered to his first and better policy, neither he nor his teaching would ever have been heard of beyond his own land. At one time hope sank so low that he was on the point of making a compromise and acknowledging the ancient idols of Mecca as superhuman intercessors; but speedily recovering from this spasm of weakness, he repudiated the concession, and drew on himself fiercer hate than ever. At another time, in despair of Mecca, he essayed a mission to Tâyif, sixty or seventy miles to the east, only to be rejected with even greater ignominy. On his way back he got some comfort in conversation with a Christian slave from Nineveh, with whom he spoke of "the

righteous Jonas, son of Mattai, of Nineveh, a brother prophet." These are some of his brooding thoughts: "O Lord, I make my complaint unto Thee of the feebleness of my strength and the poverty of my expedients, and of my insignificance before mankind. O Thou most Merciful, Thou art the Lord of the weak, and Thou art my Lord. Into whose hands wilt Thou abandon me? Into the hands of the strangers that beset me round about, or of the enemy to whom Thou hast given the mastery over me? If Thy wrath be not upon me, I care not."

Early in his mission he took up his abode in the house of Arcam, a convert, just fronting the great temple of the Káaba, just as many an Eastern missionary to-day has his wayside preaching-place. This became famous as the centre of his operations, where he received inquirers, and whence, like missionaries still, he made excursions to fairs and seats of pilgrimages. Look at some of the early converts. His first disciple was Khadija. Another was Zeid, his adopted son. A greater one was Ali, his cousin, son of Abu Tâlib, whose wisdom and courage often stood Mohammed in good stead, and who became the fourth caliph. Still more eminent was Abu Bakr, a personal friend, a man of high character, immense energy and unerring judgment, the first caliph after Mohammed. Another was Bilâl, an Abyssinian slave, and the first muadzzin or crier to prayer. Another was Said, who struck an opponent in argument, and bears the evil repute of having drawn "the first blood shed in Islam," the first trickle of torrents which were to flow. Omar and Othman, who became caliphs, and the brave Hamza, who fell in the battle of Ohod, were converts of this period. Hamza was Mohammed's uncle, and professed his faith in a fit of anger. Hearing that a bitter opponent, Abu Jahl, had been abusing his nephew, he rushed upon him, exclaiming: "Hast thou been abusing him, and I follow his religion?" Thus committed he would not retract his word. Omar was at first a persecutor, and guilty of violence to his sister Fâtima and her husband, who were believers. But he was softened by some sentences which they read from the Koran, and desired to be led to the prophet. On being brought into his presence, he said: "Verily, I testify that thou art the prophet of God."

Many of the humbler disciples withdrew for safety to Abyssinia. At last Mohammed, his followers, and all who befriended them, were placed under a ban. They were

forced to retire for about two years to the quarter of the city under the authority of Abu Tâlib, where they suffered the hardships of a state of siege.

Just when all hope of success at Mecca vanished, a refuge was opened in Medina in a remarkable way. Preaching one day, as was his wont, to some pilgrims from Medina, he found them ready to acknowledge him at once. This was in 620 A.D. These acted as missionaries on their return home. Medina was at that time rent by intestine divisions and ripe for a master who would impose union with a strong hand. Another and another year disciples came on pilgrimage in growing numbers. It was then that Mohammed gave the word for the Hégira or flight to Medina. The converts who obeyed this order, to the number of about two hundred, represented the fruit of twelve years' labour. Mohammed, Abu Bakr, and Ali were the last to leave. His own flight was managed with the consummate tact which never failed him. Two fleet camels were got ready. Mohammed and Abu Bakr then quietly withdrew, not to the north in the direction of Medina, but to the south, where there was less danger of pursuit. Here they remained three days, till the heat of the pursuers had spent itself. When Abu Bakr's heart failed him in their solitary cave, Mohammed replied: "We are only two, but God is the third!" It is of this cave that the story runs that pursuers came near it, but seeing spider-webs over its mouth concluded that it was empty. On the fourth evening the camels were brought round, Mohammed mounted the fleetest, Al Caswâ, henceforth his favourite, Abu Bakr and a servant the other, and after a rapid journey of eight days, the refugees were safe in Medina.

Here closes the first period of action, during which Mohammed had relied purely on moral means. Henceforward he appears as the politician, strategist, soldier, slowly but surely building up his power and preparing to strike a fatal blow at the city which had cast him forth. In this character he was as signally successful as previously he had failed. The new policy of physical force which became the standing law of Islam accomplished what argument and persuasion could not. At this critical juncture Mohammed has been not unaptly compared with Christ in the wilderness of temptation. The same bait, the same carnal weapons were presented to both, in one case to be

rejected with scorn, in the other to be accepted. Hence the opposite histories of Christianity and Mohammedanism.

We are now at Medina. It is beside our purpose to trace the steps by which the sway of Mohammed was extended in the city and neighbourhood, or to mark the development of the new doctrines and rites. From the first Mohammed only looked on Medina, where he had found a timely refuge, as a stepping-stone to the conquest of the capital. All his measures had this for their ultimate object. The means by which this was gradually accomplished will illustrate our subject. The first step was a system of raids upon the rich caravans proceeding from Syria to Mecca. At Medina Mohammed stood right across their path. To render them insecure and plunder them was to attack Mecca in a vital part. The first six attempts were flashes in the pan. In the second of these a convert, Obeidah, "shot the first arrow for Islam." But the seventh was more successful. One of the escort was killed, two made prisoners, and the booty carried off. "This," says a native chronicler, "was the first booty the Mussulmans obtained, the first captives they seized, the first life they took." Abdallah, the leader of the foray, received the title of "Commander of the Faithful," a title destined to live long. A difficulty arose from the circumstance that the attack took place during the sacred month when war was forbidden: but Mohammed overcame it by the remedy of an *ex post facto* revelation, the first of a long series, which assured him that the wrong he had done the Coreish was far less than that he had suffered from them. We say nothing of what would be thought of unprovoked raids like these in the light of modern sentiment. But even granting that war and rapine were normal among the Arabs, this simply supports our contention that Mohammed relied for success upon naked force. At this time revelations came which consecrated the sword as the preacher of Islam. "Fight until there be no temptation (to idolatry) and the religion be God's." Believers are to "strike off the heads of unbelievers, to make great slaughter amongst them, and bind them fast in bonds." Those who die in battle for the faith are martyrs, and receive paradise and its joys, with more to the same effect. These preliminary onsets served a double purpose—they inured his followers to fighting, and at the same time were a direct challenge to his enemies.

The Coreish could not afford to leave their channels of supply in the hands of their foe.

In 624 Mohammed won the victory of Bedr, one of the decisive victories of history, not indeed in the numbers engaged and slain, but in moral results. The battle was brought about by a projected attack on a rich caravan which the Coreishites marched out to defend. The latter numbered 950, Mohammed had not a third the number, but the disparity was made up by skilful leadership and the irresistible enthusiasm of a youthful faith. The spirit of his followers is shown in the words of their spokesman: "Prophet of the Lord, march whither thou listest, encamp wherever thou choosest, make war or peace with whom thou wilt. We swear by Him who hath sent thee with the truth that if thou wert to march till our camels fell dead, we should go with thee to the world's end." Some prisoners were questioned as to the number of the enemy, but they did not know. Mohammed asked how many camels they killed for their daily food, "Nine one day, ten the next." "Then," said he, "they are between 900 and 1,000 strong." After making his dispositions he retired to his hut of palm-branches and prayed: "O Lord, I beseech Thee, forget not Thy promise of assistance and of victory. O Lord, if this little band be vanquished, idolatry will prevail, and the pure knowledge of Thee cease from off the earth." The battle opened in true Arab fashion with several single combats in which all the Coreishite champions bit the dust. The Moslem rushed to the encounter with the cry, "Ye conquerors, strike!" The Coreishites fought with the sun in their faces. The winter day was wild. When a piercing blast swept across the valley, "That," said Mohammed, "is Gabriel, with a thousand angels, flying as a whirlwind at our foe." Another came—it was Michael; another—it was Seraphil. The Coreishites broke and fled. Forty-nine were killed on one side, fourteen on the other. But the moral effect of the blow was immense. It gave Mohammed the prestige of victory. Heaven was supposed to have sealed the truth of his doctrine. His enemies were covered with confusion and shame. Mohammedanism took its stand as a fighting religion. After the battle, the head of one of his chief foes was brought to the victor. "The head of the enemy of God," he said, "God, there is none other God but He." "There is no other," said Abdallah, throwing the trophy

at his feet. "It is more acceptable to me," cried Mohammed, "than the choicest camel in all Arabia." It was no generous heart which reproached the corpses of valiant foes as they were flung at nightfall into a hasty pit. Mohammed said: "Otba—Shaiba—Omeyya—Abu Jahl! Have ye not found that which your Lord promised you true? What my Lord promised me, that verily have I found to be true? Woe unto this people! Ye have rejected me, your prophet! Ye cast me forth, and others gave me refuge; ye fought against me, and others came to my help." "O prophet," said some, "dost thou speak unto the dead?" "Yea, verily," he replied, "for they well know that the promise of their Lord unto them hath fully come to pass." The next day the leading prisoners were slaughtered in cold blood. "There was death in that glance," said Nadhr, as he passed under the victor's eye. "Not so," said another, "it is but thine own imagination." "Strike off his head," said Mohammed. Two days after another prisoner, Ocba, was ordered to death. He ventured to ask the reason of his treatment. "Because of thy enmity to God and His prophet," said Mohammed. "And my little girl," cried Ocba, "who will take care of her?" "Hell-fire!" said the savage conqueror. The victors of Bedr were known as the Three Hundred. Long afterwards, Sâd, the conqueror of Persia, when on his death-bed, said: "Bring me here the garment in which I went forth to Bedr; for this end have I kept it laid up unto this day."

In the battle of Ohod, 625, the Coreish revenged themselves for their defeat. Here the forces were much larger, though the relative proportions were the same. Mohammed was wounded, Hamza was slain. But beyond personal revenge, the Coreish gained no other advantage from the victory. If Mohammed had shown before that he could lead to victory, he showed now how he could limit and neutralise the results of defeat. He made show of pursuit. The slain were enrolled as martyrs. Among others, Abu Ozza, a poet, was taken prisoner. He had been released on parole at Bedr, and now sought mercy. "Nay, verily," said Mohammed, "a believer may not be bitten twice from the same hole. Thou shalt never return to Mecca, stroke thy beard, and say, *I have again deceived Mohammed.* Lead him forth to execution." Another of the enemy, Othmân, son of Mughîra, missed his way, and surrendered

to Othmân, the prophet's son-in-law, who granted him three days' truce, and equipped him for his journey. Foolishly lingering till the last day he missed his way again, and Mohammed, hearing of it, sent men in pursuit, who slew him.

The last and most formidable attempt of the Coreish was in 627, when they brought 10,000 men to besiege Medina. Mohammed surrounded his camp near the city with a trench and mound, a novelty in warfare which the foe affected to regard as unworthy of Arabs; but it proved the safeguard of the Moslems. For fifteen days the besiegers tried in vain to break through it, and at last withdrew in despair. Mohammed had helped the dispersion by sowing dissensions between the Coreish and their confederates. He sent an agent with this commission: "See now, whether thou canst not break up this confederacy against us, *for verily war is a game of deception.*" To each side this messenger represented their allies as untrustworthy and on the point of agreeing with the enemy.

The next move was Mohammed's. In 628 he resolved to make the lesser pilgrimage to Mecca, but in such numbers as to ensure safety if the Coreish broke the truce of the sacred month. Eluding the Coreishite force he reached the plain of Hodeibia in the vicinity of Mecca. Many ambassadors passed to and fro between his camp and the city. The result was that his entry into the city was to be deferred a year, and this was embodied in a treaty drawn up in this wise. Mohammed dictated to Ali: "In the name of God, most gracious and merciful——" "Stop," said Soheil, the Coreishite deputy, "as for God, we know Him; but this new title of the Deity, we know it not. Say, as we have always said, *In Thy Name, O God.*" Mohammed yielded. "Write, *In Thy Name, O God. These are the conditions of peace between Mohammed, the Prophet of God, and*——" "Stop again," cried Soheil, "if I acknowledged thee to be the prophet of God, I had not taken up arms against thee. Write, according to custom, thine own name and thy father's." "Write then, *between Mohammed, son of Abdallah, and Soheil, son of Amr.* War shall be suspended for ten years. Neither side shall attack the other. Perfect amity shall prevail betwixt us. Whosoever wisheth to join Mohammed and enter into treaty with him shall have liberty to do so; and whosoever wisheth to join the Coreish and enter into treaty with them shall have liberty to do so. If any one

goeth over to Mohammed without permission of his guardian shall be sent back to his guardian. If any one from among the followers of Mohammed return to the Coreish, he shall not be sent back. Provided (on the part of the Coreish) that Mohammed and his followers shall retire from us this year without entering our city. In the coming year he may visit Mecca, he and his followers, for three days, when we shall retire therefrom. But they may not enter it with any weapons, save those of the traveller, namely, to each a sheathed sword."

To shortsighted bystanders this seemed a failure, but Mohammed more justly called it a *victory*. Without war he had secured its results. The next year he paid the promised visit. Seven years before, he fled, a hunted fugitive. He now returned at the head of 2,000 soldier disciples. It was a striking scene. "The ancient city is for three days evacuated by all its inhabitants, high and low, every house deserted; and as they retire, the exiled converts, many years banished from their birthplace, approach in a great body, accompanied by their allies, revisit the empty homes of their childhood, and within the short allotted space fulfil the rites of pilgrimage. The ousted inhabitants, climbing the heights around, take refuge under tents or other shelter amongst the hills and glens; and clustering on the overhanging peak of Abu Cobeis, thence watch the movements of the visitors beneath, as, with the prophet at their head, they make the circuit of the Káaba; and anxiously scan every figure if perchance they may recognise among the worshippers some long-lost friend or relative."

Next year (630 A.D.) Mohammed came as a conqueror. The truce was a security to him as long as it served his purpose to observe it, setting his hands free to strengthen his position and subdue minor foes. Directly that he needed to break it, a pretext for doing so was found. A tribe in alliance with him was attacked by a tribe in alliance with the Coreish. The moment had come. So secret and complete were his preparations that Mohammed was near Mecca at the head of 10,000 men before the enemy were aware. The first intimation of his approach was the blaze of ten thousand camp fires on the heights round the city. The Coreish were reduced to temporise and negotiate. Abu Sofiân, an opponent of old, was the mediator. He was led by Abbâs, a recent noble Coreishite

convert, to the prophet's tent. "Out upon thee, Abu Sofiân," said Mohammed, "hast thou not yet discovered that there is no God but the Lord alone?" "Noble and generous sire, had there been any God beside, verily He had been of some avail to me." "And dost thou not acknowledge that I am the prophet of the Lord?" "Noble sire, as to this there is yet in my heart some doubt." "Woe is thee," exclaimed Abbâs, "it is no time for doubt. Believe and forthwith testify the creed of Islam, or thy neck is in danger." And so Abu Sofiân repeated: "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is His prophet." Generosity was good policy. Abu Sofiân carried back the pledge of safety to all who remained within walls. The conquerors advanced in four bands. The plain in front of the city was empty, Mohammed bowed low upon his camel and praised God. Only Khâlid's column met with resistance, and so with trifling loss Mohammed stood the master of Mecca, the Káaba, and Arabia. The idols which Arabia had worshipped for ages were hewn down. Only four persons were put to death after this crowning triumph. The worst case was that of a singing girl who had annoyed the prophet with her verses. Mohammed always showed himself sensitive to criticism of this kind, as despots have often done. Napoleon's treatment of Madame de Stael is another instance in point.

War, or as the Arab said God, had given the victory to Mohammed, and the decision was accepted. Scattered tribes who still held out were subdued piecemeal. But it is needless to pursue further this branch of our subject. The means of the triumph of Mohammedanism are as clear as day.

Another class of Mohammed's dealings illustrating the same spirit are those with the Jews. At the outset of his course he indulged the hope that they would acknowledge his claims. It is well known that large portions of the Old Testament are incorporated with the Koran. But gradually this hope vanished. The Jews could not, in spite of great doctrinal agreement and sympathy, acknowledge him as the equal and successor of Moses. They required "a sign," and he had none to give. Therefore they were to be rooted out, and this was done ruthlessly and effectually. The Jew met with no mercy at the hands of Mohammedanism. Some idea of the number and power of the Jewish tribes in Arabia may be formed from the fact that at one time a

treaty of alliance, offensive and defensive, was made between them and Mohammed. Directly after the victory of Bedr he began his new policy.

The first act was the assassination of a Jewess. We hear a great deal about the inherent nobleness and chivalry of the Arab nature. Here is a comment on it. Asma, daughter of Marwân, like the Meccan singing girl and Abu Ozza, had stung the prophet with her verses. Omeir, a blind Mussulman, crept into her room at dead of night, removed the babe from her breast, and drove his sword through her body. Next morning, Mohammed said to him in the mosque: "Hast thou slain the daughter of Marwân?" "Yes, but tell me, is there anything to fear from what I have done?" "None," replied the prophet, "a couple of goats will not knock their heads together for it." Then turning to the people he said: "If ye desire to see a man that hath assisted the Lord and His prophet, look ye here."

Abu Afak, another Jew, above a hundred years old, had also ridiculed the prophet in poetry. "Who will rid me of this pestilent fellow?" asked Mohammed. A convert watched his opportunity and stabbed the old man as he slept in the courtyard of his house.

The next blow was struck at a Jewish tribe, the Bani Cainucâa. Mohammed was in treaty with them, but some rudeness to an Arab girl by a member of the tribe afforded a pretext for an attack. Reparation for the offence was neither desired nor sought. The tribe were surrounded; and, after a siege of fifteen days, surrendered unconditionally. They were only saved from massacre in cold blood by the importunity of Abdallah, who had been chief in Mecca before Mohammed's arrival. Abdallah begged mercy for them, Mohammed turned away. He persisted. "Let me alone," said the prophet. He held fast. "Wretch, let me go." "Nay, I will not let thee go until thou hast compassion on my friends; three hundred soldiers armed in mail, and four hundred unequipped, they stood by me on the fields of Hadâick and Boâth. Wilt thou cut them down in one day, O Mohammed?" "Let them go," said the prophet reluctantly, not strong enough yet to offend Abdallah, "God curse them, and God curse him also!" The whole of the tribe were banished to Syria, and their wealth—they were goldsmiths—was confiscated.

Another assassination, suggested and approved by Mo-

hammed was that of Kâb, son of Ashraf, a Jewish poet, who had made war on the prophet and Islam in songs. "Who will ease me of the son of Ashraf, for he troubleth me?" asked Mohammed. Mohammad, son of Maslama, with four others, undertook the task. The plan of the assassins was to feign sympathy with Kâb's opinions. Decoying him from his house at night-time, they fell upon and slew him as he clung to his treacherous foster-brother who had joined the conspirators. Mohammed met them at the gate of the mosque with the words: "Welcome, for your countenances beam with joy of victory." "And thine too, O prophet," they said, throwing the head of his enemy at his feet.

In 625 A.D. another powerful Jewish tribe, the Bani Nadhir, were banished to Syria. In this case not even a pretext was forthcoming, and one had to be invented. Mohammed came to the chiefs with a few followers to request pecuniary assistance, which was promised. He evidently hoped it might be refused. In the midst of the conversation he suddenly rose, and without informing even his followers of his intention, returned to Medina. He asserted in Medina that it had been revealed to him that the Bani Nadhir meditated treachery against his person. They were startled to receive a command to leave the country within ten days. Though at first disposed to submit they tried resistance, and were besieged several weeks. To hasten his triumph, Mohammed cut and burned down the date-trees on the territory, an act contrary alike to Arab and Jewish law (Deut. xx. 19). Of course Mohammed received another revelation approving his act. Then they yielded, and left for Syria. Their property and rich lands were divided among the victors. Only two purchased their lands by apostasy. Chapter lix. of the Koran refers to this occasion.

The Bani Coreitza had stood aloof from their brethren in the hour of need, and were soon overtaken by a terrible retribution. They had assisted the Coreish in their attack on Medina, or at least promised to do so. Mohammed's cruelty to them was as savage and cold-blooded as any to be found in history. A siege of a few weeks brought the tribe to terms. The decision of their fate was committed to Sâd, one of the Bani Aus, whose heart rankled with desire to revenge a wound he had received in the siege of Medina. His judgment was, "That the male captives shall

be put to death; that the female captives and the children shall be sold into slavery, and the spoil be divided amongst the army." Mohammed, who had rejected all appeals for mercy, was delighted. "Truly," he said, "thou hast decided according to the judgment of God pronounced on high from beyond the seven heavens." Dr. Muir says: "The captives were dragged roughly along; one alone was treated with tenderness and care,—it was Rihâna, the beautiful Jewess, set apart for Mohammed. The men and women were penned up for the night in separate yards; they were supplied with dates, and spent the night in prayer, repeating passages from their Scriptures and exhorting one another to constancy. During the night graves or trenches sufficient to contain the dead bodies of the men were dug in the chief market-place of the city. When these were ready in the morning, Mohammed, himself a spectator of the tragedy, gave command that the captives should be brought forth in companies of five or six at a time. Each company was made to sit down by the brink of the trench destined for its grave, and there beheaded. Party after party were led out and butchered in cold blood, till the whole were slain. The murderous work begun in the morning, lasted all the day, and was concluded by torchlight in the evening. As the messenger went to bring up each successive party, the miserable prisoners, not conceiving a wholesale butchery possible, asked what was about to be done with them. 'What! will ye never understand? Will ye always remain blind?' was the answer. 'See ye not that each company goeth and returneth not thither again? What is this but death?' Having sated his revenge and drenched the market-place with the blood of 800 victims, Mohammed returned to solace himself with the charms of Rihâna, whose husband and male relatives had just perished. He invited her to be his wife; but she declined, and chose to remain (as indeed having refused marriage she had no alternative) his slave or concubine." Having made certain selections from the women and children, Mohammed ordered the rest to be sold into slavery. The property was the spoil of the believers. "We are told that three or four men of the doomed tribe saved their lives, their families and property by embracing Islam, probably before the siege began. No doubt the whole tribe might, on the same terms, have bought their safety. But they remained firm, and may be counted as martyrs to their faith." Even supposing that

the Coreitza had acted treacherously, the punishment was as barbarous as Arabian vindictiveness could invent.

Two other Jewish chiefs taken off by assassination were Abul Huckeick and Oseir. The only difference was in the means employed. The first was despatched by five men in his own house. The assassins disputed as to which of them merited the honour of the deed, and Mohammed, judging by the marks on the sword of Abdallah ibn Oneis, awarded him the palm. This put the Jews on their guard, and in the case of Oseir strategem was resorted to. He and thirty others were invited to Medina under solemn promise of safety. An escort was sent under pretence of honour. On the way the invited guests, who were unarmed, were set upon and slain, with the exception of one who made his escape. The murderers continued their journey to Medina, and reported their achievement to Mohammed, who said: "Verily, the Lord hath delivered you from an unrighteous people."

In 628 A.D. Mohammed attacked the wealthy and powerful Jews of Kheibar, for no other reason than enmity to the race and greed of their wealth and fertile lands. He brought a strong force and marched so rapidly that the Jews were taken by surprise. After the victory, the chief Kinâna was tortured—"fire being placed on his breast till his breath had almost departed"—in order to extract information as to his treasures, and then beheaded with his cousin. Mohammed, then sixty years old, married on the spot Kinâna's beautiful bride, a girl of seventeen summers. "The plunder of Kheibar was rich beyond all precedent. Besides vast stores of dates, oil, honey, and barley, flocks of sheep, and herds of camels, the spoil in treasure and jewels was very large. A fifth of the whole was as usual set apart for the use of the prophet and for distribution at will among his family and the destitute poor. The remaining four-fifths were sold by auction, and the proceeds, according to the prescribed rule, divided into 1,800 shares, being one share for a foot soldier and three for a horseman." One-half the land was assigned to Mohammed as a sort of crown-land. Of the rest as much was taken as there were Moslems to cultivate. Even this was subsequently taken away under the caliphate of Omar, and the miserable remnant of the Jews expatriated.

Thus by force, treachery, and murder, the Jewish tribes one by one were rooted out. Similar measure was dealt out to native tribes who refused to submit. The facts now

related in unvarnished style are specimens of the means by which Mohammedanism was established in its native land and among its own people. It is needless to repeat that the same holds good of its extension in other countries. Mohammed showed himself a true Arab—treacherous, vindictive, bloodthirsty. The evil passions of the race, instead of being checked and discouraged as might have been expected of one claiming to be a teacher sent by heaven, found such scope as they never had before. The plunder of the accumulated treasures of their neighbours was the strongest stimulus which could be applied to the zeal of the Arabs, and the strongest inducement to believe in their prophet's mission. What before had been lawlessness and crime became virtue of the purest type. The most shameful violations of natural justice and right were endorsed with the sanction of religion. Mohammedanism has always proved itself the true child of its parent. Coming from such a source, it could not be other than it is. Crime for crime, lust for lust, outrage for outrage, it reproduces the character of its founder. "A corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit." Its modern representatives—the Turks—are worthy disciples of their master, in whose footsteps, if the *Times* correspondents are to be believed, they faithfully tread. They are what faith in Mohammed, the doctrines of the Koran, the spirit of their religion, and the unvarying traditions of their history make them. Mohammedanism has adopted the sword, thriven by it, gloried in it, and by the sword it will perish.

We have now to notice another phase of Mohammed's life quite as illustrative of his system—his domestic relations. Khadija died December, 619. In the next February he married Sawda, widow of Sakrân, a convert, of whom we know little, and who survived him ten years. At the same time he was betrothed to Ayesha, a child seven years old, daughter of Abu Bakr. Three years later the marriage was celebrated, the bridegroom being fifty-three or fifty-four. Ayesha always remained his favourite wife, and by her youth, beauty, and wit, exerted almost unbounded influence over him. Momentary clouds of suspicion and doubt were all that occurred to disturb the harmony of their relations. Great scandal was once caused by Ayesha having been left behind by accident, as she alleged, during a night-march, and arriving next morning on the camel of another. She returned to her father's house, but in the end Mohammed

was assured of her innocence by revelation, and the only result of the incident was the insertion of some precepts in the Koran respecting slanderers of women. It was in her room and in her arms Mohammed died. She amused him during his hours of sickness. Once, when she complained of headache, he said: "Nay, Ayesha, it is rather I that have need to say, *My head, my head.* But wouldst thou not desire to be taken whilst I am yet alive, so that I might pray over thee, and wrapping thee, Ayesha, in thy winding-sheet, commit thee to the grave?" "That happen to another, not to me," replied Ayesha. "Ah, that is what thou wishest. Truly I can fancy thee, after having done all this and buried me, return straightway hither to my house, and spend that very evening in sporting in my place with another wife." When death drew near, "he called for a pitcher of water, and, wetting his face, prayed thus: 'O Lord, I beseech Thee, assist me in the agonies of death.' Then three times he ejaculated earnestly, 'Gabriel, come close unto me.' At this time he began to blow upon himself, perhaps in the half-consciousness of delirium, repeating the while an ejaculatory form which he had been in the habit of praying over persons who were very sick. When he ceased from weakness, Ayesha took up the task, and continued to blow upon him and recite the same prayer. Then seeing that he was very low, she seized his right hand and rubbed it (another practice of the prophet when visiting the sick), repeating all the while the earnest invocation. But Mohammed was too far gone to bear even this. He now wished to be in perfect quiet. 'Take off thy hand from me, that cannot help me now.' After a little he prayed in a whisper: 'Lord, grant me pardon, and join me to the companionship on high.' Then at intervals: 'Eternity in paradise! Pardon! Yes, the blessed companionship on high!' He stretched himself gently. Then all was still. His head grew heavy on the breast of Ayesha. The prophet of Arabia was dead."

In 624, two years after his marriage with Ayesha, Mohammed married his third wife, Haphsa, daughter of Omar, from eighteen to twenty years of age. Haphsa was Ayesha's most formidable rival in the favour of Mohammed.

Two years afterwards, he married Zeinab, widow of his cousin Obeida. She only lived a year and a half afterwards, and was the only one of his wives who died before

him. Within another month he married another widow, Omm Salma, not young, but beautiful.

His sixth marriage was the most shameful of all. Visiting the house of Zeid, his adopted son, he caught a glimpse of the figure of Zeinab, wife of Zeid, in scanty dress, and was smitten by her charms. Zeinab, about thirty years old, perceived and was proud of her conquest, and told her husband. Zeid, anxious to oblige both, offered to divorce her. At first Mohammed refused. Even Arab law forbade such unions. But his scruples were removed by a special revelation, and the divorce and remarriage took place. The spirit of the revelation agreed with his own exclamation at the sight of Zeinab: "Gracious God, how Thou turnest the hearts of mankind." It was this incident which led to the prohibitions in the Koran against entering houses without notice, and the commands requiring Mussulman women to be veiled.

There is nothing more hateful in Mohammed's life than these convenient revelations sanctioning acts already done —acts condemned even by the low morality of heathen Arabia. He simply abused his claim to a Divine mission and the faith of his followers in that mission for the gratification of every desire and the execution of any plan he chose to project. When he set aside the practice of spending a day and night with each wife in turn in order to remain longer with Ayesha, a revelation was instantly produced giving him the necessary authority. The Divine name was invoked, not to purify and elevate, but still further to debase Arab morals. By the Koran, the number of a believer's wives is limited to four, a law from which of course Mohammed was specially dispensed; but as the husband may divorce the wife for any cause by a word, the restriction is virtually nominal. A wife three times divorced can only be remarried to her former husband on condition that she marries some one else, remains with him a night, and is then divorced. This gives rise to mock marriages, contracted to keep the letter of the law.

Mohammed's seventh wife was Juweiria, a beautiful maiden taken in war, already married. She came to the prophet to endeavour to obtain a reduction of the high ransom placed upon her. As soon as Ayesha saw her, she divined the result. "Wilt thou hearken," he said, "to something better than what thou askest of me?" Surprised at his gentleness, she inquired what that might be. "Even that

I should pay thy ranson, and marry thee myself." She consented and was married at once. Both the sixth and seventh marriages were in 626 A.D. The eighth was with Safia, the bride of Kinâna, at Kheibar, already mentioned, in 628, the ninth with Omm Habîba, daughter of Abu Sofiân. His tenth wife was Meimûna, a widow, six-and-twenty years old, whom he espoused in 629, at the time of his pilgrimage to Mecca. His favourite concubine was Mary, an Egyptian maid. His fondness for her at one time led to mutiny on the part of his wives, which he subdued by withdrawing from them. He only received them back on submission and promise of implicit obedience. Revelations were not wanting to sanction every act in a course of conduct for which we should have no difficulty in finding a name. The other concubine was the Jewess Rihâna.

We have thus shown that Mohammedanism is a transcript from its founder's character and practice. Of Mohammed himself it is easy enough to form an estimate. He was a leader of vast ability and ambition, of consummate knowledge and tact in the management of men, and as unscrupulous respecting the means he employed as any despot known to ancient or modern history. He attracted followers and established his power by appealing to the love of plunder and rapine which was innate in the Arab race. As to prophetic authority, of this there is no spark of evidence external or internal. Everything is against it. Mohammedanism is as much opposed to the precepts of natural justice and truth as to the special teaching of revelation. Its subsequent triumphs in Syria, in Egypt, in Persia, in Spain, in Constantinople, in India, were won by the same weapons as the first, and were checked directly they encountered equal valour. No doubt those triumphs were marvellous in lightning-like rapidity. This was the result of the enthusiasm awakened by the advent of a new principle—the propagation of truth at the point of the sword. To Mohammed and his system alone, mankind owes the introduction of this baleful principle. What has been the exception elsewhere, in Mohammedanism is the law revealed from heaven. To whatever glory there may be in this Mohammed and Mohammedanism are fairly entitled. Beyond this the world owes them nothing.

ART. VI.—*The Wesleyan Methodist Atlas of England and Wales.* Containing Fifteen Plates. Carefully designed and arranged by the REV. EDWIN H. TINDALL. London: Bemrose and Sons, 10, Paternoster Buildings, and Derby. Sold also at the Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road, and 66, Paternoster Row.

As we turn over and inspect these beautiful maps, and consider the statistical tables which accompany them, our minds instinctively revert to the contrast presented in the regions which they depict, say a hundred years ago. In any and every point of view, what wonderful developments have taken place in England since then! In any and every point of view, a social, geographical, scientific, engineering, mechanical, political, and moral revolution has been wrought such as could never have been dreamed of in the wildest visions of romance. The mere enumeration of the details of that revolution would occupy more space than is at our command; and, moreover, our readers are at least as familiar with them as ourselves. Let us turn to that special revolution which these maps bring so vividly and strikingly before our very eyes.

Looking back over the hundred and thirty-eight years which have elapsed since the formation of "the United Societies," we see, in the first instance, two or three clergymen of the English Church painfully making their way on horseback, over miserable roads, at little more than a snail's pace, from one industrial centre to another, for the purpose of preaching to masses of baptised English heathen the Gospel of salvation by "grace through faith." Their visits to each sphere of labour are few and far between; for "the harvest truly is great, and the labourers are few." But there is a marvellous power about these men. The wealth, aristocracy, and churchmanship of the land frown darkly upon them; the mobs, for whose sake they are ready to be "killed all the day long," are but too easily persuaded to insult and molest them; and they are painfully familiar with the artillery of stones, and bricks, and mud, and rotten eggs. Yet somehow "none of

hese things move" them. They go calmly and steadily on, returning blessing for cursing, and replying to oaths by prayers, and offering present, free, and full salvation to all. And somehow their word prevails. Their field-preaching passes into the phase of triumphant moral conquest; and they say, exultingly, "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." In no place does their word fail to be "with power." In many places, where the population is comparatively large, and a common industry establishes close personal relations and intercourse, extraordinary displays of religious excitement take place. Scores, hundreds, nay, thousands of the most vicious, profane and profligate people are transformed into meek, reverent, pure, and loving disciples of Jesus Christ. The movement spreads far and wide, and with astonishing rapidity, too, considering the obstacles to locomotion then existing. "Helpers" are needed, and in the providence of God are supplied in abundance, and in quick succession; and in a very few years the whole land, which lay in the barrenness and silence of a moral waste, bursts into beauty, rejoices and blossoms as the rose, and echoes and re-echoes with "the sound and glory" of the Saviour's name. The early triumphs of Methodism in England are among the most remarkable on record. They may be said, without exaggeration, to rival even the successes of the Apostles themselves; and now, as we look again and again into these maps, and survey the territory occupied in England and Wales by Methodism, another exclamation of the old time rises to our lips, "What hath God wrought!"

But we must not be tempted into generalising and moralising, even upon so tempting a theme. We have more to do with the present and the future than with the past, and will at once place ourselves under Mr. Tindall's accurate and careful guidance.

This elegant, we may truly say magnificent, book is unique. We have had Wesleyan Methodist Maps before; but not a Methodist Atlas. In 1848 George Booth, of the Strand, London, published a *Wesleyan District Map of England, Wales, and Scotland.* Circuit towns and a few other preaching-places were inserted, but it was very incomplete. In 1866 Mr. H. Mawby, of Bristol, published a *Wesleyan Methodist and General Reference Map of*

England and Wales. Circuit towns, and places where ministers resided, were given in this map; but an enormous mass of detail remained to be filled up in order to complete the picture of the territorial position of English Methodism. The scale was the same in each map; that is, twelve miles to an inch; much too small a scale for easy reference and practical utility. In 1863 a useful map of Metropolitan Methodism appeared; and in 1869, under the auspices of the Metropolitan Wesleyan Chapel-Building Fund, and the Home Mission and Contingent Fund Committee, a very valuable Wesleyan Map of London was issued. But none of these can bear a moment's comparison, in point of completeness and accuracy, with the beautiful volume now before us. Here is the author's description of its contents:

"The information supplied in *The Wesleyan Methodist Atlas* includes the following particulars:—1. Circuit towns, the chapels and preaching-stations comprised in the several circuits, and the boundaries of districts; 2. Townships, parishes, or places of 250 inhabitants or upwards, without any Wesleyan Methodist chapel or preaching-house; 3. County boundaries, railways, rivers, main and by-roads; also some of the natural features of the country; 4. A table showing all civil parishes or townships, arranged alphabetically according to counties; the population at the census of 1871; and the number of Wesleyan Methodist chapels and the accommodation provided therein; 5. A table showing the number and population of all parishes and townships without any Wesleyan Methodist preaching-place, classified according to size and counties; 6. A table showing the percentage of increase or decrease of the population, and of the members in the Wesleyan Methodist Societies, in the several counties of England, at intervals of ten years, commencing with the year 1801."

The maps are fifteen in number, and are beautiful specimens of hydrography. District boundaries are marked in blue lines; circuit towns are indicated by circles; and subordinate places by smaller circles; all the places in any one circuit having the same colour. The townships, parishes, and places having more than two hundred and fifty inhabitants, where there is no Wesleyan Methodist chapel or preaching-place, are printed in italics. Lines of railway are marked in red; railway stations are indicated by a black dot; county boundary lines are dotted; main roads are shown by two parallel zigzag lines; and by-roads by a single line. Places having a chapel are

marked C; S denotes that the place has a school; and C S that it has both a chapel and a school. The Atlas is an excellent one for general purposes, the scale—four miles to the inch—allowing the use of very readable lettering, and an easy study of detail. But in a Methodist point of view the book is profoundly interesting on many grounds, and will be useful to many classes of our Wesleyan Methodist workers.

If the maps surprise and charm us by their all but pictorial beauty and attractiveness, what are we to say to the three statistical tables which accompany them, and sum up the main results to which their author has been led? They are, especially to our non-statistical mind, wonderful specimens of care, industry, patience, research, classifying skill, and every other quality demanded in a first-rate statistician. Mr. Tindall has proved himself a master in his art. We envy him the patience and plodding application, the arithmetical skill, and the arraying and marshalling power shown in the complicated calculations which these tables contain. For ourselves, the very sight of them is painfully suggestive of headache. Doubtless our excellent friend, while dealing with these reputedly driest of all dry things, was sustained by this consideration, among others—namely, that his work would save our platform orators, our students of Connexional history, our jurisconsults, and our aspirants for fame in administration and legislation, an enormous amount of trouble. Here, at any rate, is a treasury of facts, out of which each of these may draw copiously, and make use of for many edifying purposes.

As our readers know very well, that little sketch of the early Methodist itinerant is no fancy one, but, as far as it goes, is literally correct. We claim some credit for not having yielded to the temptation of filling it up. Thoughts of the quaint old costume, the stout cob, the capacious saddle-bags, the very various lodging and entertainment, the highway and by-way miseries and perils, seem to knock each other about, in our minds, in a wonderful way. But we must do in thought what these primitive Methodist heroes did in fact: we must concentrate our attention on the motive and purpose of those "labours more abundant" which they put forth, those "deaths oft" to which they cheerfully exposed themselves, those not unfrequent "stripes," yea, "bonds and imprisonments," to which they submitted.

That aim and purport may be summed up in one of Wesley's immortal aphoristic sayings; it was "to spread Scriptural holiness throughout the land." Wesley yielded, in the first instance, to an inevitable spiritual instinct when, immediately after his conversion, he began to preach "the truth as it is in Jesus." Divine Providence, chiefly by overruling persecution, soon opened to him a wide and ever-widening field of labour, and raised up a "noble army" of coadjutors from among those who believed through his word. These were all animated by the same spirit as himself, and, under his organising genius, were soon drilled into as effective a corps of evangelising soldiers as the world ever saw. It was not long before Wesley saw that the spiritual regeneration of Great Britain was the task immediately committed to him and his fellow-labourers; and not much longer before his vision expanded yet further, and he exclaimed, with a heart throbbing with holy triumph and delight, and melting with divinest pity, "The world is my parish!"

Our first impulse, as we opened this Atlas, was to ask ourselves, How far has the founder's sublime conception of his mission in this country been fulfilled? "Throughout the land!" What is the verdict of history, what the evidence of these maps, on that subject? Well, we will look leisurely through them for an answer. To begin with the beginning: "The First London and the Bedford and Northampton Districts." That little southern corner, midway between east and west, represents the northern portion of London, and the eastern districts north of the Thames. It is plentifully dotted with sites. Yet what is Metropolitan Methodism? It is now rising into numerical and social importance, thanks to the Divine goodness in inspiring men like Sir Francis Lycett with the grand project of building fifty metropolitan chapels in ten years. But how feeble has it hitherto been! How totally unworthy of the "great Connexion" is the accommodation which it even now provides! The total population of Middlesex, which includes the section of London now in question, was, in 1871, 2,539,765; probably it is now 2,700,000. The chapel accommodation amounts to 54,439 sittings, just one-fiftieth of the population. We doubt whether the Metropolitan Chapel-Building Committee, vast as has been its enterprise, and encouraging as has been its success, has done more than provide its fair share among the churches for the increase

of population; and if so, the old and crying London need remains wholly unprovided for. The third table is very suggestive—in some respects, most painfully so. It marks strange fluctuations. At the beginning of the century, from 1801 to 1811 the population of Middlesex increased 17 per cent., the increase in the number of Wesleyan Methodists was 66 per cent. At the end of the next decade the increase of population was 20 per cent., of Methodists 34 per cent. From 1821 to 1831 population went up 19 per cent., Methodism only 5 per cent. In the following ten years the picture was brighter: population increased 16 per cent., Methodism 55 per cent. Then came the disastrous decade, which might almost be called "the ruin." In that decade the population increased at the rate of 20 per cent., Methodism *declined* at the rate of 28 per cent. Between 1851 and 1861 matters begin to look a little better, though Methodist increase lagged far behind the increase of population, the latter being 17 per cent., the former only 5. In the ten years ending in 1871, the increase of population was 15 per cent., that of Methodism 34 per cent. Without doubt, the statistics of 1881, should no unforeseen misfortune happen, will be more favourable still. In the seventy years included in the table, the population of Middlesex has increased at the rate of 210 per cent., the number of members in the Methodist societies in that county at the rate of 271 per cent. Returning to the map comprising the districts named, we are struck with the contrast between its western and its eastern side. The former, especially in the neighbourhoods of Luton, Dunstable, Leighton Buzzard, and Newport Pagnel, is pretty plentifully sprinkled with capitals and small capitals, the signs respectively of circuit towns and subordinate preaching-places. But look at the eastern side! What a dreary waste of italics (showing places where there is no Methodism at all) meets the view! The circuit towns in Essex are, for the most part, far distant from each other, and there is often no sign of Methodism in any place between. If our disappointment and humiliation be mitigated by the remembrance that in this county Evangelical Dissent is strong, we are compelled to note that, while Mr. Spurgeon's influence has had a mighty reviving and quickening effect on the Essex Baptists, the "dissenting interests" of the county are often cold and formal affairs, and would be all the better for a little infusion of Methodist

life. These almost unbroken patches of italics almost make us blush for Methodism.

Map No. 2 contains the Second London and Kent Districts. The northern section is much like the western half of Map 1, but the southern, including much of Surrey, and all Sussex, bristles with those sinister italics. In the former county the increase of population in seventy years has been 307 per cent., the Methodist increase only 164 per cent., so that we have relatively lost ground. In Sussex, on the contrary, our increase has been 247 per cent. as against 162 per cent. increase of population. The population of Surrey in 1871 was 1,091,635; the Methodist chapel accommodation was 23,926, about one forty-fifth. The population of Sussex was 417,456; chapel accommodation 12,529, about one thirty-third.

But we must not linger thus over every map. Oxfordshire, Herefordshire, the south-eastern portion of Gloucestershire, look very bare, while the neighbourhoods of Bristol and Cardiff seem pretty well supplied. Little encouragement can be got out of Map 4, if we exclude Portsmouth, Gosport, the Isle of Wight, and the neighbourhood of Sherborne and Yeovil. The Map of Hants, from a Methodistic point of view, is dreary indeed. But Plate 5 tells quite another tale. Somerset, indeed, reproaches us with a superabundance of italics (we never thought this form of type was half so ugly as it seems in these maps); and eastern Devon is not much better, though there allowance must be made for the huge almost uninhabited mass of Dartmoor. But as we approach Devonport and Launceston the evidences of the presence and power of Methodism multiply and thicken till, west of Truro, you can sometimes hardly see the map for the circles, circlets, capitals, and small capitals that cover it. And in all that thickly-crowded region we can only detect six places in which there is no Methodist chapel. What a refreshment it is to see thus laid down on a map what one has often contemplated in reality on the spot with wondering and adoring gratitude! From many a hill-top, or other point of vantage in Cornwall, you may count within the circle of your view from twelve to twenty of these chapels, many of them large and capacious, and your heart beats faster as you reflect that the simple and warm-hearted sons of Cornwall are saturated and steeped in Methodist influence, from Torpoint to Land's End. We have no sympathy with the

disparagement with which some occasionally decry Cornish Methodism. It has its faults, no doubt, as what phase of Methodism, or any other institution adopted among men, has not? The Cornish people are insular of the insulars, clannish, somewhat superstitious, and have the Celtic preference for giving in kind rather than in cash. Indeed, they have but little of the latter to give. But they are capital judges of preaching, they display quick sympathies and lively susceptibilities, and their religion is altogether of a demonstrative and effusive kind. So there they are, in the south-western corner of England, the masters of the ecclesiastical situation, if they choose to be so, and to rise to the occasion which the creation of the Bishopric of Truro presents to them; and they already show signs of doing so. The population of the county of Cornwall in 1871 was 362,348; the number of sittings provided by Wesleyan Methodism was 97,720, or more than one-fourth. The increase in the population during seventy years was 88 per cent.; that in Methodist society members 158 per cent.

The next map presents a disheartening contrast. The Norwich and Lynn district has long been the weakness and reproach of English Methodism. It suffered a heavier proportional loss during the so-called "Reform" agitation than any other district in the Connexion. In the decade ending with 1851 there was a decrease of members amounting to 45 per cent. And perhaps, so far, this district has subsequently shown less elasticity than any other. But even here, while the population of Norfolk has increased only at the rate of 60 per cent., the percentage of Methodist increase is 90 per cent. during the same period. But large stretches of land, containing very many—hundreds—of villages have no Methodism.

The Midland Counties, on the other hand, are pretty amply provided for. We need only name Birmingham, and the Black Country adjacent, and the neighbourhood of Wellington (Salop), as instances of this. Macclesfield, Sheffield, Nottingham and Derby, Lincoln and Hull come next. In these districts the italics are very few, and the capitals and small capitals very numerous. As we contemplate the plentiful and remarkably uniform distribution of chapels in Lincolnshire, we feel that we need not much fear the efforts of the celebrated—we could almost write notorious—Bishop of that diocese to weaken the hold of Methodism on the strong-headed and well-to-do farmers of

that county, which owns John Wesley for its most illustrious son. The Isle of Man has much the same appearance on the map as the west of Cornwall; and it is superfluous to speak of the goodly appearance presented by the maps of the Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, Halifax and Bradford, Leeds and York districts. We note that, though the number of places in the north-western extremity of the Halifax and Bradford district is much smaller than in the neighbourhood of these great manufacturing towns, almost every place has its chapel. Even in the lonely "Craven" there are hardly any italics. The Whitby and Darlington district includes a portion of the North Riding of Yorkshire; and there we have plenty of capitals and small capitals, as also in South Durham. The population in the Carlisle district is sparse and scattered, but the supply of Wesleyan Methodist chapels is larger than we had expected to find it. In North Durham and the region round about Newcastle-on-Tyne we come also upon a great Methodist centre, where the chapels of that denomination are numerous and clustered very near each other.

It results from this brief sketch that Methodism has prospered most in large industrial centres. This was, of course, well known before, but it is interesting to take in such a fact by the eye, and at a glance. What an immense development since the days of those lonely "circuit riders" of whom we spoke! "It is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes."

In the third Table, showing "the Percentage of Increase or Decrease of the Population, and of the Members of the Wesleyan Methodist Societies, in the several Counties of England, at intervals of ten years, commencing with the year 1801," some very curious results crop up. In Bedfordshire, for instance, while the population has increased during seventy years at the rate of 131 per cent., the Methodist societies have been augmented at the rate of 1,400 per cent. In Dorset the proportions are: population 71 per cent., Methodist members 1,425 per cent.; and, most wonderful of all, in that poor Suffolk, which, as we said, bristles with italics, and where in a district covering 250 square miles there is not a single Wesleyan Methodist chapel, the proportions of increase are: population 63 per cent., Methodist members 2,197 per cent. During the first decade of the century there is no return of Methodists for Suffolk; at the end of the second decade the population

had increased at the rate of 10 per cent., the Methodist societies at the rate of 1,396 per cent. To take instances from wholly different neighbourhoods, we find results that are surprising, if not startling. Thus, in Lancashire—one of the greatest and most influential of our Methodist centres—while the population has increased at the rate of 319 per cent., Methodism has grown at the rate of only 269 per cent. In Nottinghamshire the proportions are: population 128 per cent., Methodist members 123 per cent. But this table, suggestive as it is of much more than can be now mentioned, requires that the student should bring to the study of it a good deal of local historical knowledge, and be very slow and cautious in drawing general conclusions. Indeed, to acquire the mastery of this single table, and to know how rightly to use it, would require the study of more days than we have been able to bestow hours upon it. On the whole, it would appear that the increase not of chapel accommodation only but of church members, has not only kept pace with the increase of population but has surpassed it. At least, so we read the final statement—that while the general average of increase of population during the nineteenth century has been 155 per cent., that of Methodist members has been 287 per cent.

But let us now turn to the second Table, and consider it with some special care. It is a table "showing the Number and Population of all Parishes and Townships without any Wesleyan Methodist Chapel or Preaching-Place, classified according to Size and Counties." The table is arranged in columns. The first shows the number and population of places having less than 250 inhabitants, the second from 250 to 500, the third from 500 to 1,000, and the subsequent ones increase by 1,000 each up to 9,000 and upwards. In Bedfordshire 19 places of the lowest population have no Methodism; 13, whose population is between 250 and 500, are in the same plight; 24 between 500 and 1,000; 6 between 1,000 and 2,000; while every place containing more than 2,000 inhabitants is more or less supplied with the means of grace in Methodist chapels or preaching-houses. The total number in Bedfordshire of what we may call destitute localities is 62. In Berkshire there are 144, and one of these is a town containing 8,078 inhabitants—the town of Clewer. Buckinghamshire has 154 such places. One of them has a population of 3,261—the township of Eton, including Eton College. Another, the town of

Chesham, has 6,488 inhabitants. In Cambridgeshire there are 119 such places, but none with a population larger than between 2,000 and 3,000. In Cheshire, much to our surprise, we find 339, two of which have a population together of 9,152. In Cornwall there are 49, one of them —a place called Maker—having 3,162 inhabitants. In Cumberland there are 110, one with a population of 5,844. In Derbyshire we find 183; in Devonshire, 293; in Dorset, 182. Durham contains 130 places, of which Monkwearmouth has 5,507 inhabitants, Dawdon 7,132, and Heworth 13,755. These places, however, are surrounded by large populations close at hand, and townships in which chapels exist. Monkwearmouth, for instance, is really a part of Sunderland. In Essex there are 335, of which Halstead has 6,904 inhabitants; Chelmsford appears, at first sight, to be unprovided, but the chapel is in the township of Springfield—the chapel (such as it is!) seating 325 people in the midst of a population of some 12,000. In Gloucestershire there are 266, including Painswick, with 4,019 inhabitants, and Newland, with 5,005. In Herefordshire there are 220, the populations of all being small. In Hertfordshire, close to the Metropolis, there are 93, one of which—Cheshunt—has 7,518 inhabitants. Huntingdonshire shows 74, all small places. The number of townships in this small county with less than 250 inhabitants, for which Methodism makes no provision, is 33. Kent has 93 such, the total number of destitute places being 261. Among these Eltham has 4,064 inhabitants; Charlton, near Dover, 5,840; Northfleet, 6,515; Milton, next Gravesend, 13,073; and Chatham, 26,661. In Lancashire 217 places are without a Wesleyan Methodist chapel. Of these, Church has 4,450 inhabitants; three others have 15,928 between them; Layton, with Warbreck, has 7,092; Pemberton, 10,374; and Eccleston, 13,832.

In Leicestershire there are 228 destitute places, of which 135 have fewer than 250 inhabitants each. The towns with more than 4,000 are supplied, and there are only two with under 3,000 inhabitants that are deprived. Lincolnshire presents a curious case. The number of destitute places is 331, of which no fewer than 252 have less than 250 inhabitants. In Middlesex there are only 55 without a Methodist chapel, but among these are two having between them 8,728 inhabitants; two numbering together 11,789; three containing in all 24,899; seven with a total of

154,596; and Hendon with 6,972. Of the 103 destitute places in Monmouthshire, 57 have fewer than 250 inhabitants each. In Norfolk, 277 out of a total of 565. Of 231 in Northamptonshire, 120 are equally small, the total number being 231. Out of 457 in Northumberland, 373 are below the assumed *minimum*. But in this county Tweedmouth has 5,226 inhabitants, and Cowpen 7,913. The latter is a colliery neighbourhood at the mouth of the river Blyth, and near Morpeth. In Nottinghamshire there are 131 places unsupplied, 91 of these being of the smallest population: 105, out of a total of 214, in Oxfordshire are in the same category. In this county, the township of Neithrop has 5,741 inhabitants, but as it is practically a part of Banbury, it is really provided for by the Banbury and Grimsbury chapels. Of little Rutlandshire it need only be said that it has 27 of the lowest number, 15 of the next highest, and 3 with less than a thousand in population, without a Wesleyan Methodist chapel. In Salop 184 places are in the same position, and 87 of these belong to the lowest grade in the numerical scale. In Somerset the total number is 314, 143 being of the smallest. The important watering-place of Cleveden has 4,039 inhabitants, and no Wesleyan Methodist preaching-place, and there are two others, numbering together 10,907. Hampshire contains, in all, 260 in the same plight; Staffordshire, 138. In this latter county Willenhall has 18,146 inhabitants, but no Wesleyan chapel. It is, however, closely surrounded by a large number. Burton-Extra has 7,025, but this is connected with Burton-on-Trent, where the chapel seats above 1,000 persons. In Suffolk there are 435 places, of which 146 have less than 250 inhabitants. Surrey is, in this respect, better than we expected, there being only 97 places destitute, of which 12 have the *minimum* of population. But here are Stoke, next Guildford, with 4,464 inhabitants, Mortlake with 5,119, Mitcham (almost within the Metropolitan area) with 6,498, Streatham with 12,148, Bermondsey with 80,429. The study of Table I. for this county is distressing indeed. In Warwickshire there are 138 destitute places, among which are Sutton Coldfield with a population of 5,936, and the district of Edgbaston in Birmingham with 17,442. But the large and commodious chapels at Islington and Bristol Road are for the benefit of Edgbaston. Out of 63 destitute places in Westmoreland, 35 have fewer than 250 inhabi-

tants each. In Wiltshire there are 104 out of a total of 238. The total in Worcestershire is 181. In this county, Cradley has 4,700 in population, and Claines 7,485. In neither place is there a Wesleyan Methodist chapel.

And now we reach Yorkshire, the reputed great stronghold of British Methodism. In the East Riding are 153 destitute places, of which 129 are of the smallest class; in the North Riding, 238 out of 272; and in the West Riding, 179 out of 268. In the East Riding no place having between 1,000 and 2,000 inhabitants is without a Wesleyan Methodist chapel. In the North Riding, Normanby, with 3,556, and Ruswarp, near Whitby, with 4,236, have no chapels. In the West Riding we have Rastrick, near Halifax, with 5,896, two places, numbering between them 12,203, and Eccleshall Bierlow, near Sheffield, with 49,674. Probably in all these cases there is a chapel or two in the adjoining townships. In the Isle of Man there are but two places without any chapel—Lezayre, with 1,620 inhabitants, and a parish near Douglas with 1,451, whose wants are provided for, however, by the two Douglas chapels.

We trust we shall not have too greatly taxed the patience and application of our readers. On carefully inspecting the third Table, we saw, or thought we saw, that by far the best and most impressive way of using it would be to let the figures be put down, and speak for themselves. It is easy to generalise respecting the spiritual destitution of our population at home, but the minute details into which we have gone speak far more instructively and emphatically than any oratory could do. The total number of places in England alone which have no Wesleyan Methodist chapel is 8,631; of these, 4,236 have fewer than 250 inhabitants, 2,179 fewer than 500, 1,395 fewer than 1,000, and 555 fewer than 2,000.

Persons not familiar with Methodist modes of speech often accuse Methodist speakers of a sectarian and proselytising spirit when they hear they represent it as a calamity that in such and such places or districts there is "no Methodism." But such speakers mean, in fact, by "no Methodism," scarcely anything like evangelical teaching or religion. We can see Methodism unrepresented in some places—as in Scotland—with equanimity and even complacency, because we know that other earnest, orthodox, and evangelical communities are in possession of the ground, and are working it in the interests of true

religion. There are a few tracts of country in England where the same thing, as we have already shown, exists in a certain degree. Even in these, however, the absence of Methodism is often by no means compensated by the presence of any evangelical Christianity of an active and quickening kind. But over a large portion of the land there are wide stretches where there is nothing but "high and dry" Church of Englandism, or now, alas, Ritualism of the most pronounced description. Let any one, for instance, run his eye down the column containing the number of sittings in Norfolk, Dorset, Berks, Bucks, Gloucester, Hereford, Hertford, Hants, Monmouth, Hampshire, Suffolk—above all, Suffolk—Sussex; let him pause at the places which have *no* sittings in Methodist chapels placed to their credit; and he cannot but conclude that a vast portion of rural England is in the hands of those who do not preach the Gospel, but who, when the people ask for bread, give them a stone. We cannot but conclude that there is, indeed, "much land to be possessed," before Methodism shall have fulfilled its great task of "spreading Scriptural holiness throughout the land." Nor, although in most of our civic and industrial great centres of population, there are now numerous and even elegant sanctuaries, is the state of the masses of the people such as to permit any abatement of Methodist zeal and diligence. Mr. Woolmer should find in these statistics overwhelming proof of the need for his "Fund for the Extension of Methodism," and the Home Mission Committee might employ many score more missionary ministers than it does, without attaining the end originally proposed by John Wesley.

We are sensible that we have done very inadequate justice to Mr. Tindall's work. Indeed, to bring out one-half of the lessons which it teaches, would have required deeper and more protracted consideration than is within our power. We implore our readers especially to study the second Table, of which we have made such copious use; it will tell them very much that we have neither time nor space even to indicate. We trust the author will be rewarded for his prodigious labours by a remunerative sale, and, above all, by multiplying and accumulating evidence that the "religious aim" with which he undertook the task has been greatly promoted.

ART. VII.—*Julien l'Apostat et sa Philosophie du Polythéisme.* Par H. Adrien Naville, Professeur de Philosophie à l'Académie de Neuchatel. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1877.

THE designation APOSTATE has clung to the name of the Emperor Julian like a garment. It did not enter into his meditations that this would be his memorial. His thought was that he would go down to posterity as THE RESTORER. The sum of his hope during his short life was that he should blot out Christianity, reduce the name of Jesus to a low level among the world's enthusiasts, and restore the ancient and rational service of the national gods of every nation under heaven. How he addressed himself to this awful task, and how he failed in it, is the subject of this interesting little volume. It contains much that is very suggestive as a monograph on Julian's abortive attempt. The reader must go elsewhere for the life and history of the Emperor, as well as for a full estimate of his much under-estimated character and works; but he will find nowhere so thorough a treatment of this one aspect of his wasted life. There is, indeed, one deduction from its thoroughness: Julian was a representative enemy of Christianity, whose views of the system he never understood have been reproduced in every philosophy through fifteen hundred years which has failed to feel the glory of its central fact and doctrine, THE CROSS. M. Naville's last sentence hints at what we mean: "Julian did not feel the moral grandeur of the Crucified. In the eyes of history this will, without doubt, remain his most grievous wrong." Another chapter, expounding and illustrating this thought, and showing that it is, and has ever been, the error of every philosophy that has defied a rejected Christianity, would have made the little work more worthy as a contribution to the Apology of the Faith.

The question arises, to what extent the Apostate was ever a Christian. He was the nephew of the first Christian Emperor, Constantine, but his first ideas of the new faith must have been very unfavourable. His childhood beheld it as the animating spirit of violence and bloodshed, deso-

lating his own family and endangering his own life. He thus speaks of the first Christian Emperor, his uncle Constantine, whom he had known. "He was the murderer of my father, of my brothers, of my cousins—the assassin of our whole family." His letters show that, whether rightly or wrongly, he ascribed this slaughter to Christian counsellors. The remembrance of the wrongs of his childhood haunted him through the subsequent years; nor did he give Constantine the benefit of the fact that he spared Julian himself with his brother Gallus, and sent them away to be trained as Christians. While immured at Macellum, in Cappadocia, the two youths were taught by Arian teachers: thus their early knowledge of the Gospel was vitiated by heresy as well as prejudiced by cruelty. But this was not all. Two other causes operated to obscure the true faith before their eyes. The religious observances they saw were full of superstition, and their first discipline in religion directed them to show their devotion by building a chapel over the grave of one of the obscurer martyrs: a fact this, which will help to explain Julian's vehement protests against the relic worship of the Christians. He was destined to the priesthood, and reached the order of readers: the Scriptures which he afterwards assaulted he for several years read publicly, and secretly studied under the guidance of men whom he was already beginning to despise. Again, both before and after his residence at Macellum, Julian received instruction from the best teachers in the old Greek literature. He carried on studies which he intensely loved, and with all the more vigour because he had been made to promise that he would not attend the lectures of the most eminent teacher of philosophy and rhetoric, Libanius, whose writings, however, he greedily devoured. Plato and Aristotle, and the new Platonists, supplanted the Gospels and Epistles, and gradually, but surely, the old Greek philosophy and religion displaced whatever slender foundation Christianity had laid in his mind. Under Maximus of Ephesus, Julian, in his twentieth year, dedicated himself to the practice of thaumaturgic mysteries, and was a thorough mystic of the Oriental Greek type.

After ten chequered years Julian, who had developed much political and military talent, found himself saluted Emperor by his victorious troops at Paris. His opportunity had now come for retaliation. The revenge of all the past was before him. A sudden death rescued Constantine from

his vengeance. And now the time had come for the revelation of a secret that he had been obliged to keep hidden for ten years. He had played the hypocrite through fear. It is affirmed that he assumed after his secret apostasy the disguise of a peculiar zeal for Christianity, received the tonsure, led the life of a monk, and continued to read in the churches. He himself vindicated this insincerity in his own case, and apologised for many who, in like manner, had played the hypocrite. Julian was no martyr for his opinions. He had not enough of the hero to imitate the Christians whom he despised. To us his conversion to the old superstitions seems a very abject process of dissimulation and prostration of intellect and time-serving. He forsook a religion that he never understood, and embraced one that seized only his imagination while it exalted his pride. Every lesson of the Christian faith that he had received, and was in the habit of publicly reading, condemned him inexorably, while every new lesson that he heard from the sycophants who perverted him fanned the secret self-exaltation that Christianity tramples in the dust.

But it is curious to read the other side of the question, and to hear how his heathen biographer, Libanius, extols his conversion. This is the style in which he rejoices over a soul delivered from the snare of the Christian fowler.

"His sojourn in Asia Minor was among the greatest benefits for himself and for the whole earth. For there was hidden there a spark of the divining art, through which, sounding for the first time things obscure, he repressed, softened by the oracles, his violent hatred against the gods." "When he had met men imbued with the doctrines of Plato, speaking of gods and demons, of the beings who in reality made heaven and earth and uphold all things, and had learned what the soul is, whence it comes and whither it goes, by what it is degraded and defiled and by what it is purified and exalted, what its captivity is and what its liberty, how it may avoid the one and attain the other; then he arose and washed away by a transforming doctrine the defilement of his old opinions, he recognised the gods who veritably exist instead of him who has appearance only. Rejecting all the childish follies which he formerly believed, he received into his soul, as into a temple, the glorious truth of the images of gods formerly trampled in the dust." "It was philosophy that conducted him to the truth. I proclaim this day the origin of liberty for the earth; I congratulate the spot where this great change was wrought, and the man who was the good physician of these changed opinions."

This "good physician" was Maximus, one of the most remarkable relics and representatives of the old creed, whose method of teaching the modern Platonism was so fascinating that Julian could not withstand it. He was the real instrument of the young Cæsar's conversion, at least he imparted to him the substratum of belief that enabled him to resist the efforts of the Christians to secure his faith. He was the hierophant of the mysteries, and plied the arts of divination industriously upon a nature the susceptibility of which he discerned at once. "Divination," says M. Naville, "might well attract his mind, curious and restless, and naturally disposed to scrutinise the mysteries. Nothing in his education taught him to consider absurd a faith in presages. The Christian doctors of the first ages generally considered the divining art as resulting from the inspiration of evil spirits. They did not deny that it was a real art, however criminal; nor that its adepts obtained true revelations as to the future." Hence the way of apostasy was lighted to Julian by a succession of these flashes from the evil world. He was charmed by hearing of oracles which announced the approaching death of Constantine and his own accession to the throne. Maximus himself confirmed to him most solemnly the assurance from the other world that he would be the restorer of all things and the overturner of Christianity.

But it was his philosophy, rather than his theurgic arts, that enthralled Julian, whose nature was peculiarly susceptible to spiritual influences. Had the power of Christianity renewed him, he would have been a very eminent Christian. There was nothing against which his nature rose up into more obstinate rebellion than the atheistical and materialistic philosophy that strove to come in and extirpate both the old gods and the true God at once. What charmed and held fast the spirit of Julian was the Platonic history of the descent and recovery of the human soul. The infinitely higher doctrine of the New Testament he could not receive, because it introduced a Deliverer, who must absorb all the glory of human redemption. The romance and the pathos of man's destiny is found in Platonism, without the shock to human reason which the Incarnation and the Cross involve. M. Naville gives an interesting sketch of the Neoplatonic doctrine, which we shall translate.

"The teaching about the soul of which Libanius speaks may easily be traced. It is the Neoplatonic doctrine of the descent and

ascension of human souls. These later Platonists taught that there is in man a Divine principle, which has emanated from the upper world. The spirit does not begin with the body. It is pre-existent. Before actual existence it has another being, and this existence was of a much superior nature. The ray had not yet been projected from the source; the Divine emanation inhered yet in the Divinity. The spirit, still in the universal state, participated in the perfect beatitude of the absolute unity. Hence life in its actuality is a life of degradation. Shut in the body, and reduced to the individual state, the Divine principle has lost the supreme liberty and light and blessedness it once enjoyed. It is in the midst of the material world like an exile. This exile is without doubt a necessary one. It is needful that God should diffuse around everywhere His inexhaustible fecundity, and shed abroad the beams of His incomparable beauty even amidst the darkness of matter, and it cannot be but that the soul should feel that the debasement is only temporary, and should experience in the midst of finite things the *nostalgia*, or homesickness, of the Infinite. To disengage itself from the fetters of sense which matter has wrapped around it, to recover its liberty, to remount into the region of perfect light and happiness, ought to be its constant and most sedulous care. The methods for the attainment of this end are virtue, knowledge, contemplation, and mystical ceremonies. The soul that is pure and a friend of the gods regains after death the path to its blessed eternal home. And even in the present life it may, through a supreme intellectual effort or by a marvellous descent into it of the gods themselves, be elevated occasionally into the ecstasy in which the body and individuality are all lost and absorbed in the primitive unity from which it came forth."

Julian accepted these doctrines, and joined the stream of mystics who, holding much in common with Christianity, yet were really its most determined enemies. He did not take up these views as he took up divination, and was initiated into the mysteries at Ephesus, because his susceptible nature found a certain gratification in so doing, but because his heart went with them. It would be wrong to say that he was merely a philosophical dreamer or trafficker with others' dreams. His writings abound with evidences that he fed his soul on these beliefs, and that they moulded his nature to a great extent. His faith in presages and the oracles of the gods, like his faith in the gods themselves, may be regarded as a doubtful question, if it is not, indeed, decided in the plain negative. But his faith in a supernatural world and in the noble original and final destiny of the soul must be accepted as sincere. Fine

sentences are scattered up and down his orations. The human spirit he calls "a god in us, that is to say, a Divine principle, the highest form of our soul." He makes this something higher than intelligence: "a portion of the One and of the Good Himself, superior to all intelligence, which maintains the soul entire in the one and in the good." As to its origin, "without pretending to understand it, we regard it as Divine, and believe that it has its residence in the heavens." Souls of men, therefore, are "a colony sent from heaven to earth," and "human life is the result of a great fall." "The bodies with which souls are clothed during their sojourn below are for them no other than prisons, the immortal element is embarrassed by the mortal element with which it is associated."

It might seem that in all this there is nothing which should have made Julian recoil from Christian teaching, which, whether in its older Jewish form, or in its later form, as given by St. John and St. Paul, presents a sublime account of the origin and redemption and destiny of human souls. Their pre-existence, as emanations from God, is not, indeed, taught in the Scriptures, but it is taught that they owe their existence to the breath of God, and bear in them His ineffaceable image. Should not a mind brought up to believe in the Scriptures have been contented with this? Should not the history of the one fall, not through alliance with matter, but through misuse of that alliance, have given the young inquirer all that he longed for? Nothing outside of the Christian revelation can for a moment be compared with its history of the genesis, degradation, recovery, and hope of man's spirit. M. Naville seems disposed to account for Julian's preference of Neoplatonism to Christianity by the fact that he simply preferred it to the current theories of the Church. But we cannot help remembering that probably Julian knew the original documents of the Faith better than he knew what were to him its modern theories. But we will hear the author on this subject:

"It may, perhaps, surprise that we have represented the acceptance of these doctrines touching the soul, its origin and destiny, as constituting for Julian a rupture with Christianity. But here we must realise clearly to our minds what were the doctrines on these questions professed by the Christians of those days. They generally rejected the pre-existence of souls: one exception being Origen and his school, which accepted it. Theologians were for the most part

determined against the idea of pre-existence. According to them, the soul commences its being with the body: whether it be that God creates individually each soul at the moment of the birth of the body in which it is to be enclosed, or whether it be that the new soul, virtually contained in that of its parents, is transmitted with the body itself by the act of generation. In the schools these two doctrines are designated by the terms Creationism and Traducianism. (It is well known that Augustin himself, Platonist as he was in many respects, pronounces against pre-existence, while he remains undecided between Creationism and Traducianism.) The early Christian doctors, denying the pre-existence, denied also the natural divinity of the soul. To say that the soul is a ray, or emanation, or portion of the Divinity, and that it is of the same essence of God, was in their eyes to forget through impious pride the abyss that separates between the Creator and the creature. The soul is only a creature, and not an emanation. Many Fathers, especially among the most ancient, went so far as to deny that it is naturally immortal. God alone naturally possesses immortality. As to souls, they may obtain it as a grace, if they render themselves worthy of it by their virtue and by their faith. (It may be remarked, nevertheless, that in the language of the Fathers, *immortality* is often life without end *in God*. I do not know that any Father *affirms* the annihilation of the wicked.) They also describe this immortality in a style very different from that of the Neoplatonists. They affirm the resurrection of the body. According to them, souls are not, when disengaged from all bodies, reabsorbed into the spiritual ocean from which they have come forth; but they reassemble around themselves for another existence the elements of bodies new and much more glorious. In the Neoplatonist doctrine, their survival cannot be conceived of otherwise than as impersonal. The Christian doctrine, on the contrary, affirms the persistence and the development of the personality."

It is obvious that there is a great gulf between the doctrines adopted by Julian and those of Christianity. The Christian Faith does not teach that life in the flesh is itself a degradation or a fall: man is himself responsible for a lapse subsequent to his creation on earth. This makes a great difference, which runs throughout the whole history of religion. The Neoplatonic notion saves the dignity of man, who is placed by higher powers in a prison-house: Christianity burdens him with the humiliation of a voluntary abandonment of his high prerogative. Again, in the language of M. Naville, "Christianity appeals to activity, to effort, as the other does not. Its

doctrine is adapted to those who believe in the personality of men, in its creative energy, in the possibility of progress, and who voluntarily turn their regards towards the future as a better and more happy estate. Neoplatonism, on the contrary, smiles on contemplative spirits, on those who prefer reverie to conscious activity, and those high thoughts in which self is forgotten—on those who, fatigued with the incessant change of all things, represent to themselves the future as a better estate only so far as it is a return to the past."

These words do not express the whole truth. The philosophers of Julian's creed took pains enough, all of them in their theory and many in their practice, to attain deliverance from the flesh and its encumbrances. Thus Julian says: "Man's whole effort should be directed towards reconquering his liberty, in securing to his intelligence, which constitutes his true nature, its predominance over the body, over its weaknesses and its passions. Only when the soul has triumphed over these is man happy." He has in his writings many a fine passage concerning the virtue that heroically makes men free, transforms the miserable into the happy, makes slaves into kings, and leaves kings who have it not no better than slaves. He always regards the attainment of the highest life in God as the result of human effort combined with Divine inspirations. "When the soul is entirely given up to the gods, surrendered without reserve to the action of the superior principles, when nothing remains in it that resists them or presents to their grace any obstacle, immediately the Divine light shines within it. It is to such a degree made Divine that it communicates to the vital powers themselves a new vigour and new energies." But this style of philosophy was always infected by a notion dishonourable both to God and man, namely, that perfect victory over the flesh, and perfect union with the Divinity, requires the dissolution of soul and body. When Julian was mortally wounded, he rejoiced among his friends that the hour of his emancipation was come. "The moment is arrived when I must resign back to nature, like a faithful creditor, the life which it demands. I do it not with repugnance or terror, as many might think. Philosophy has taught me how superior the soul is to the body, and I have often enough seen a better estate succeed to a worse to make me rejoice now rather than be afflicted." The true Christian

doctrine, which Julian rejected, bases redemption on altogether different grounds. The Redeemer has condemned sin in the flesh, and resanctified the flesh itself. It does not bid men wait for death to put an end to the conflict with matter and with evil. It does not commit to man's heroic effort the task of deliverance, but requires him to trust in the grace of a Representative Saviour, who redeems without by a sacrificial death, and within by an Omnipotent Spirit. It does not require its disciples to cast off the body in death as a vile encumbrance, but teaches that it shall be restored again by resurrection. Thus it teaches a far higher dignity than Plato ever dreamt of, as reserved for mankind, but to be obtained by a humility which Christianity alone has taught.

Christianity has always been exposed to the attacks of two foes diametrically opposite—one, the materialistic way of thinking, which makes the universe a development, seemingly eternal, of laws which no law-giver ever assigned or ever controls, which, therefore, are no laws, but merely the phenomena about which no account can be given. The most wonderful thing in this philosophy is the fact that we who observe those phenomena are so constituted as to be obliged to demand some reason for the infinite variety of adaptation of means to ends, and cannot by any despotism of argument be driven to believe that there is no cause of the things that are. Materialistic Atheism scarcely can be said to have been an enemy which early Christianity confronted. In whatever form it lingered in the world, it never lifted up its head against the new faith. It seems to be doing so in the present day, but this age will be an exception. The common sense of mankind, under the irrepressible influence of Christianity, will never long consent to believe either that particles of matter can generate what we call thought, by any law of evolution, or that the universe has no controlling powers in a sphere beyond the senses of man. In this matter Julian was altogether on the side of Christianity. And there is nothing more marvellous in his history than that he should have been so blinded by prejudice as not to admit the grandeur of the testimony to the supernatural order which Christianity, as the daughter of Judaism, lifted up.

But the other enemy to which we have referred claimed Julian as a champion: the error, namely, of undervaluing and dishonouring the material universe as a real creation

of God, brought into existence by Him to be the vehicle and organ of spiritual intelligence. This error has assumed many forms: perhaps more than any one of the leading errors which the Christian Faith opposes. In the Neoplatonism to which Julian was a convert, and of which he was no mean representative, it assumed a peculiar character from its combination with Polytheism. He exhibits, in his attempt at a philosophy of the universe, the last effort the world has known, at least in Western thought, to combine Pantheism, Polytheism, and what may be called pure Theism, into one fantastic system. In this system it is difficult to understand the place which the invisible world holds. This will be hereafter seen. Meanwhile, the opposition which the teaching of the Scriptures presented to this monstrous composite was, doubtless, one reason for Julian's determined hostility.

Another question arises here. Was Julian an honest convert to the doctrine of Polytheism, as opposed to the Monotheism in which he was brought up? Did this scion of the first Christian Imperial family really go back to the gods many and lords many from which Christianity had finally delivered the world? The answer to this question is a difficult one. Julian adopts in his writings two tones: in one he seems to speak of the divinities as symbolical expressions of the forces and omnipotent energies of the One supreme; and in the other he regards the gods of Polytheism as veritable beings to whom every kind of homage is to be paid.

His theory seems to be that there is one God, who, nevertheless, assigns the nations of men to the care of what he calls "national gods" or "divine ethnarchs." "We may call it," says M. Naville, "a mitigated Polytheism, a compromise between absolute Polytheism and Monotheism. The existence of the gods is affirmed. They have each their true reality and special province; but they all hold their existence from the supreme God, whose ministers they are. He is the source and the centre of all. The idea of the hierarchical relation between the subordinate divinities and the sovereign God seems borrowed from the organisation of the Empire. The national gods are only the proconsuls of the universal Augustus."

It is impossible for us to appreciate or assign any importance to this notion of national gods. We can understand how it was that the Christian apologists took such pains to

confute it: to them in their day the theory had a significance which never can be revived. It is enough to mention some of its more grotesque and anomalous features, as these confronted Christianity. The fundamental principle of the whole is the Platonic doctrine of ideas combined with that of a hierarchy of intermediaries between God and the world. The ideas in the world of intelligibles, or in God Himself, are reproduced in the sensible world through the agency of intelligent agents who are the gods. The eternal and absolute Being cannot produce immediately beings phenomenal and changeable. Hence, according to Julian, the Supreme produced immortal essences out of Himself, the subordinate gods, and assigned to them the production of phenomenal things and mortal beings. Applying this to the nations of men, each of these becomes a sensible realisation of an eternal type, and partakes of its fixedness. As every species is the fixed realisation of a Divine idea, so every nation has its fixed character, administered by its own god.

"It is from this point of view that we can best see the bearing of Julian's polemic against Christianity. What he most keenly urges in his attack is that the Galilæans—this was his name for Christians—were innovators. He does not indeed look very favourably on the Jews; but he tolerates them. He desired to rebuild Jerusalem, and would have been willing to adore their national god with the Jews in their restored temple. This was because they had a national traditional religion. Their notions of the Divinity were incomplete, but they at least maintained them piously in their unchanged character. They adored a limited God, to whose direction their nation was subject. They were, indeed, wrong in regarding him as a universal God. But the authority of this national God at least gave their religion a right to exist—the right Divine. There was nothing like this among the Galilæans. Composed of ancient Jews and of ancient Pagans unfaithful to their national religion, the Church was, in the eyes of Julian, only an illicit association of two groups of men in revolt against their legitimate authorities."

The Christian opponents of Julian admitted a certain basis of truth in his notion that the various families of the earth were placed by the Creator under the direction of certain beings. But they denied that those were gods. Some asserted that they were angels, following the tradition of the Jews as to the guardian angels of the nations. Others, following as they thought St. Paul, asserted that

they were demons, into whose hands the idolatrous nations had fallen through sin. But all agreed that the coming of the Eternal Son had brought all such subordinate jurisdiction to a close, and restored the families of the earth to the personal and immediate rule of the one God. But their strongest arguments were directed against the iron Pantheistic necessitarianism that clung to Julian's theory.

"The institutions and usages of the people, however radically different, being the imprint in humanity of the different characters of these gods, are equally of Divine right. The world could not be otherwise than it is; and it would be an impious attempt, as well as a chimerical one, to aim at changing it. This doctrine is at once fatalist and fatal to improvement. Very different is the doctrine of Christianity, which affirms that the beliefs, manners, and institutions of the nations are in great measure the result of sin, and which proclaims that the time had come for them to renounce these errors and vanities and sins, and to seek and find in the worship of the only true God the strength to lead a better life. Human liberty which was once exhibited in the fall must now be manifested by recovery and progress. To the fatalism of Julian, Cyril opposes the affirmation of liberty; to his immovable law that of development and improvement. These are the noble words of Origen: 'There are two laws, one the law of nature of which God is the author, the other the written law of States. When the written law is not contrary to the law of God, it is right not to separate from our fellow-creatures under pretext of strange laws. But when the law of nature, which is that of God, ordains things opposed to the written law, we must separate from the written prescriptions, to take God alone as our legislator, and to live according to His Logos, at the cost of all dangers, infamy and death.'"

Julian's Polytheism, however, was not limited to the assertion of national gods. He aimed to reconstruct and rearrange the old Pantheon. And he began with making the sun supreme in his system. To this he was led by many considerations: it had become the favourite theory of the last days of Polytheism, by which the West paid its dying homage to the East. Julian gave his whole soul to this divinity: the supreme God to him, his "father," "the best of the gods," the "master" to whom he offered literal sacrifices every day. "From my earliest infancy," he says, "I have been penetrated with a lively affection for the rays of the God. When the celestial light surrounded me on every side, it excited me to contemplation

and worship. There is no person who, when he prays, does not stretch his hands towards heaven; no one who, when he swears by God or the gods, does not look upwards. Around the sun the whole universe revolves. The planets dance in chorus around Him, having for the standard of their movements the agreement of their circles with the movements of this God; and the whole heaven, in harmony with Him in all its parts, is full of the gods which proceed from the sun." It was not, however, the luminous body that Julian adored; but the sun as the outward and visible form of a tremendous Reality behind. The universe he regarded as a living being universally filled with soul and intelligence. An assemblage of material masses it cannot be. An incorporeal essence pervades it in all its parts. The worlds are bound to each other by a spiritual unity, and the centre of this invisible unity is the sun, which is at the same time the visible unity of the heavens. Here, though at the expense of fatiguing the reader, we must give a few sentences from M. Naville:

"The visible universe is the image of a superior world which is its model. From the image we may form some idea of the model. Take away from the visible universe matter and all the imperfections which result from matter. Augment, on the other hand, by thought, elevate to the absolute all the elements of perfection which it contains, and you will be on the way to form a notion of the world superior. Now, one of the principal elements of perfection in the visible universe is its unity, its harmony, of which the sun is the centre. This unity is found, but much more complete, much more one, so to speak, in the higher world. There also a central principle is the source whence radiates harmony on all subordinate principles. This central principle is the universal principle of all things. To the visible gods of the universe correspond the intelligible gods of the upper world. Between these two worlds, the absolute one and the divided one, between the absolute immateriality and matter, between what is absolutely immutable and what changes incessantly, the distance is too great to be passed without an intermediary. Between the world 'intelligible' and the world 'sensible' there is the world 'intelligent.' . . . This is a trinitarian doctrine of the Alexandrine School. It is also a Pantheistic Trinity, since the sensible world is embraced in it; and thus the theory approached the Neoplatonic triads as much as it receded from the Christian Trinity."

Hence the absolute One, the true God, was for Julian only an object of philosophic speculation. His worship

was given to the central God of the intermediary or "intelligent" world. And in this we perceive a conscious or unconscious imitation or perversion of the Christian doctrine of the Logos, intermediary between the Supreme and the creature. It is impossible to read Julian's rhapsodies of homage to this super-sensible sun without feeling that he has learned Christ and then offered his knowledge to a false God. It is in this style that he addresses his God; and we cannot help substituting as we read the name of the Incarnate whom Julian rejected with disdain.

"May the royal gods grant me to sing and to celebrate often the festivals of the sun! And, before all others, the king universal himself, the sun, who, from all eternity proceeded from the fruitful essence of the good, and surrounds Him, in the midst of the intermediary intelligent gods, filling them with cohesion, with infinite beauty, with perfect intelligence and boundless increase: Him who possesses in Himself all sorts of mediation, uniting things distant and acting as the bond between the first and the last; Him who, beyond all time, shines on His visible throne which occupies the centre of heaven, and in which He resides from all eternity! Him who takes care of the human race in general and of our State in particular! Him who has produced our soul from eternity, having declared it to be His companion! . . . . I once more ask of this universal king, the sun, in return for my zeal, to be favourable to me, to give me a happy life, a more perfect thought, a divine intelligence. And when the sweet moment shall have come, the departure from life which destiny has fixed may be gentle to me. And afterwards may the sun grant me to rise with Him, and abide with Him throughout eternity, if that is possible; but, if it is too much for the merits of my life, may it at least be for a long succession of ages."

As soon as Julian was master of his own actions he declared war against Christianity. His first object was to restore the worship of the gods: for himself, and others like himself, a philosophic worship expressed in outward sacrifices, for the Empire, the old ceremonies and superstitions. He regarded himself as the pontiff of all the gods of the Pantheon and of the nations: bound to re-establish and protect them everywhere. Thus he expresses to Maximus his joy: "We openly adore the gods, and the host of the army with us join in our devotion. We immolate our oxen under the very sun! We give thanks to the gods by numerous hecatombs! The gods command me to

purify everything, to the utmost of my power! I obey them with joy!" Whatever abilities he had as general or as administrator — and they were great — he thought subordinate to his supreme vocation: he was pontiff rather than Emperor. Towards the close of his short life, when urging his way to the Persians and his fatal wound, he thus wrote to Libanius on his own personal matters, which were to him his new religion and its mercies.

"From Litarbæ, I proceeded to Berea, where Zeus gave me most evidently signs of favour. I tarried there a day. I visited the Acropolis, and sacrificed to Zeus a white bull according to the royal rite. I had an interview with the Senate on religious matters. All praised my words, but few were persuaded. . . . At Batne the vapours of incense ascended when I arrived from every part: everywhere I joined in the most pompous sacrifices. You will understand how full was my heart of joy! It seemed to be, notwithstanding, that there was a demonstrativeness foreign to true piety. Sacred ceremonies ought not to be mingled with tumult and noise; there should be respect towards those who come to worship for the worship itself, and their interior devotion should not be disturbed who do not bring their offerings and victims only as a pretext. Soon, however, we may remedy this disorder. . . . What did I at Batne? I sacrificed in the evening, and again at dawn, as I have scrupulously done every day. The presages being favourable, we went to Hierapolis. The citizens came to meet us. My host, Sopater, is doubly dear to me, because, often pressed by my cousin and my brother to renounce the worship of the gods, he has resisted—difficult thing —this infirmity."

It is obvious that the zealous convert was not content with his measure of success. The great restoration did not keep pace with his fervour. Many senates were not like these here graphically described. Christian zeal among some, indifference and practical infidelity among others, opposed a tenacious resistance. The number of such worshippers as Julian desired remained few. The soldiers were, of course, converted in mass: a piece of money would be a sufficient bribe for them. When Julian was gone, a still smaller bribe made them render the same homage to the Christian symbols. Wherever the Emperor went, the crowds followed him; but it was sufficiently obvious by their deportment that curiosity was their stimulant. Instead of silently worshipping the gods, they tumultuously applauded the Emperor. Julian complained

often of this, and in such a manner as to attest his sincerity. He was in the habit of reprimanding the people on such occasions: "You rarely come here on account of the gods. Men in earnest should pray in silence and recollection." "If I enter incognito a theatre, applaud me; but if it is in a temple, remain silent, and reserve your plaudits for the gods. Beyond all men, the gods demand your plaudits." The fact is that Julian attempted a vain thing. He was almost alone against the instinct of the Empire. He never yielded. As his panegyrist says, he transformed his palace into a temple, his garden into a sanctuary. He would not let others do what he could do himself, but with his own hands performed almost every function daily. He multiplied hecatombs after such a fashion, that it was feared there would be a scarcity of cattle in the Empire. If he returns, they said, from the Parthian expedition, the oxen will all vanish.

It was a special bitterness to Julian that his subjects would make no sacrifice for their religion. At Antioch, in particular, he preached and prayed and besought in vain. Thus he writes to them: "I went to a festival among you in haste, thinking I should see a fine spectacle of your riches and devout magnificence. I thought, or I dreamed of, a splendid *cortége*, victims and libations in honour of the god, of choruses and young singers ranged round the sanctuary, their souls adorned with religious sentiments and their bodies clothed in white and sumptuous apparel. Arrived at the temple, I saw no incense, no sacred cakes, no victim. I was astonished at this, and thought all this was still outside, and that, respecting my sacerdotal dignity, you waited for me to give the signal. But when I asked what the city was going to immolate for this annual solemnity, the priest replied: "I have come from home with a fowl that I am going to sacrifice. The city has prepared nothing for this day." However, it must be added that he praises the devotion of some other cities. And though he met his death under the depression of a certain sense of a great failure, he seems to have kept alive his hope, and to have nourished a faith worthy of a better cause. At any rate, he disguised his discouragement to the utmost of his power. After deploring that Hellenism did not progress as he could wish, he adds: "What the gods have granted to us is great and noble, beyond anything that we could have asked or thought. For, who would have dared beforehand

to promise himself a change so considerable in so short a space of time?"

It may be doubted whether Julian really attached so much importance to the exterior worship of the gods as he seemed to attach. But he certainly engaged in them for the sake of the people with extreme passion. The Apostles were not more zealous in preaching the Gospel, more thankful for their successes, more hopeful under discouragement, more full of confidence as to ultimate success, than he seemed to be. Nor did they engage in the blessed mysteries of their new faith more ardently than he seemed to engage in his. It is impossible, and it is needless, to reconcile the two opposite characteristics of his devotion. The same man who, while in the midst of a campaign involving immense issues, and hazarding his life for the empire, habitually acted as high priest in daily and elaborate ceremonials, writes all the time as a philosophical mystic, to whom abstraction from every created thing and image was the perfection of religion. He reveals himself to us as living on special revelations of the Divinity, obtained by abstinences, purifications, and sacramental formularies, and above all by the evening ecstasy which gathered up the broken threads of the day, and brought back his soul to its unity in the higher life and inner world.

Certain it is that Julian's abstinence and self-control did honour to his discipline. Only profound humiliation was wanting to place him by the side of the worthiest Christian examples of the ascetic life. "Which of the philosophers," said Libanius, "dwelling in a hut, has ever been master, as he was, over the belly? Who has ever known, as he did, how to abstain from divers aliments, according to the god he happened to worship—Pan, Hermes, Hecate, or Isis? Who ever endured so joyously so many privations, in order to enjoy his commerce with the gods?" And, however it is to be accounted for, his passion for the honour of the gods surpassed all that might have been expected from one who was, after all, worshipping abstractions of his own mind. He pleaded habitually that acts of public homage to the Divinity feed piety, and bring down upon the people celestial benefits. The statues, he declared, were not gods: the Hellenes did not take the wood and stone for Divine beings, as they were stupidly reproached for by the Galilæans. But as, by reason of his corporeal

nature, man must render to the gods a material worship, the ancients he thought right in aiding their veneration by altars, temples, statues, and other symbols. The statues are images; and does not a subject take pleasure in seeing the image of the prince whom he loves? Does not a son delight in the picture of the father whom he loves? It would be self-deception to take them for the gods themselves; it would be equally self-deception to take them for nothing but wood and stone. Let it not be objected, he says, that the immortals have no need of these acts of exterior homage. They have need of nothing. They have no need of our praises; but they are not insensible to these tokens of respect and love. Through honouring these symbols we draw down their regard and protection. "We must not, therefore, abstain from a worship in act which has been established among all nations of the earth, not merely for three years, or three thousand years, but through all ages." We have no opportunity of knowing what effect time would have had on this enthusiastic devotion. So far as it was genuine, though misdirected, it would find its acceptance. How far it was all vitiated by the wilful rejection of the only Mediator, must be left to the Searcher of hearts. It must be remembered by those who exalt Julian's devotion, that it was a new-born zeal, that was not permitted to endure a long test. It burst out after long concealment, and burned with a strong glow. But it would have declined had he been spared. At least, we perceive signs that it was beginning to decline in one element of devotion which had been conspicuous in him, his reliance on divination. It is credibly related that in his expedition against the Persians, a little before the day of his death, the signs having been very unfavourable, the Etruscan Haruspices earnestly entreated the Emperor to suspend military operations. He resisted the whole divining science, and went to the combat in which he received his mortal wound.

At his death the apostate Emperor had not reigned two years. What effect a longer tenure of the Empire would have had upon him need not now be speculated about. Suffice that he did all that zeal, power, and literary skill could do to discredit Christianity throughout his dominions. He set his heart upon exterminating the new religion. Whether as philosopher or as emperor he had no stronger desire; in the former capacity he used persuasion, in the

latter he used force, though it must be admitted that he did not resort to this until the former had been employed in vain. In vain they were employed, as he found out to his vexation; and there are not wanting indications that, had he lived to old age—instead of dying at thirty-two—he would have emulated some of the philosophic Emperors who preceded him and devoted his refractory subjects to persecution. There was one act of tyranny for which he is memorable—that of interdicting to Christians the reading and interpretation of Greek authors. The following are some extracts from the decree, which very cunningly asserts the inconsistency of Christian teachers making Greek classics their text-books, but in reality aims to protect those classics from Christian controversy:

"Every man who has a way of thinking for himself, and teaches another to his pupils, appears to us as little entitled to the functions of a professor as he is worthy of the name of an honest man. If the difference between his thought and his language refers to things of little importance, he is guilty, though in a less degree; but if it refers to things of graver consequence, it is the conduct of an infamous trafficker. He teaches things which he considers absolutely wrong, deceiving those by his false commendations whom he wants to bring over to his own fatal opinions. It is necessary, therefore, that those who practise the craft of professors should be honest enough not to teach in public what they hold to be false, and not to hold private sentiments which they do not promulge. We have a right to require that those who explain to the young the ancient writings of the grammarians, rhetoricians, and especially of the sophists—these dealing with morals—should be honest. Are they right in their teaching? I say not. I praise them for desiring an instruction so elevated, but I would praise them more if they did not lie to themselves and their pupils. Did not Homer, Hesiod, Demosthenes, Herodotus, Thucydides, Socrates, Lysias, regard the gods as the principles of all knowledge? Did they not regard themselves as the priests, some of Hermes and others of the Muses? I hold it, therefore, as wrong that those who explain their writings should despise the gods they honoured. I do not say that they must change their opinions among their pupils. But I leave them the choice, either not to teach the things they esteem evil, or at first to give practical instruction, and to persuade, if they can, their pupils that neither Homer nor Hesiod, nor any of those whom they interpret, and whom they accuse of impiety, ignorance, and error, in relation to the gods, was such as they have represented. Otherwise, inasmuch as they live by the writings of these authors.

they must confess that they are vile lovers of money, and that for a few pieces of silver they consent to the last ignominy. . . . If they think that the authors whom they explain, and whose prophets they regard themselves, had wise opinions, let them imitate their piety towards the gods first. But if they think that these authors were deceived on the most important of all points, let them go into the churches and expound Matthew and Luke."

From the whole tenor of this edict it might seem as if Julian relied on the grandeur and dignity of the old faith, and despised those who dared to teach the young to disparage them. Hellenism he regarded as the growth and ripe product of the most brilliant civilisation and the highest intellectual culture. Galilæism sprang up among an uncultivated and barbarous people. It was an offence to the philosopher that the descendants of the unlettered Apostles should presume to discuss the immortal writings which they secretly rejected. They were not worthy to turn over the pages of Homer and Plato, and he would do all he could to close the intellectual world of ancient Greece against the approach of the "unlearned and ignorant" Christians; little thinking that some of them were men whom posterity would rank with the highest names of antiquity.

This edict is very remarkable on other accounts. It displays no small dread of the effect of Christian teaching upon the minds of the young. Julian knew what the Old Testament, in the current Greek version at least, had said about the gods of Polytheism being demons. He knew that the Apostle Paul had said the same; the Fathers in general accepted this idea, and considered the Greek mythology as a tissue of lies composed under the inspiration of demons. The most vigorous among the ecclesiastical writers had been very severe in their censures on the legends of mythology. Some of them had represented attachment to profane literature as incompatible with fidelity to the religion of Christ. Julian, therefore, while he seemed to be only dealing with Christian teachers on their own principles, was secretly influenced by a fear of the discredit which the old authors would suffer from the comments of Christian professors. At the same time there can be no doubt that the philosophic Emperor was acute enough to discern the elements of evil for polytheism in the very corruptions which Christianity borrowed from the Hellenic mythology. He saw that Greek culture might be turned against Greek faith. And he also saw that Chris-

tianity had borrowed much from heathenism which tended to make it more acceptable to the heathen. He was very jealous of the importations which the third and fourth centuries had brought into the Christian system; fearing lest his people should be reconciled to the new faith through the very perversions and corruptions which really spoiled that faith. Hence he is never weary of directing his attacks against the simple documents of unperverted Christianity, and is always striving to show the absurdity and poverty and wretchedness of the new doctrine as it is found ungarnished by Hellenic additions.

Julian was very well acquainted with the Scriptures. He wrote a treatise, in three books, against the Gospels and the religion of Christians which, in Cyril's opinion, was the instrument of shaking the faith of very many. He kept up a large correspondence with individuals among his subjects, in which his enmity to the name and cause of Christ was never concealed. Galilæism was the object of his sovereign contempt and violent hatred. In speaking of it he gave his philosophy to the winds and spoke with the passion of an angry man. The professors of the Christian faith are Atheists, impious, infamous, and lepers; these words are scattered liberally over his writings, and it is generally thought that the worst passages are lost through being counted too vile for transcription by Christian copyists. He was, moreover, restrained, not only by the pride of philosophy, which made it a point of honour to be tranquil and tolerant, but also by fear of his subjects, who would have resented measures too violent. His throne would have been in danger had he done all that was in his heart. He made some essays at persecution; banished Athanasius; and allowed those who injured the Christians to pass unpunished. But it was his ambition to convert the world not by the sword but by the exploits of his pen, his wit, and learning, and sarcasm.

The controversial writings of Julian may be divided into three branches: those in which he attacks the Monotheism of the Old Testament; those in which he assails the innovations of Christian doctrine and fellowship; and those in which he satirises the adoration of martyrs, and of the man Jesus of Nazareth.

Monotheism as such found in Julian an unsparing antagonist. He endeavoured in every possible way to show that it was unphilosophical, and that it furnished no ade-

quate explanation of the production of the universe. The formula of Moses—"Let there be, and it was so"—so much admired by others, Julian regarded as saying nothing. God, in his judgment, could not create by a simple order or a single word. There was too much simplicity in this unmediated and direct creation. The Divine action must not be thus detached from the natural chain of causes and effects. The philosophical Emperor preferred the teaching of Hellenism which, by the mouth of Plato, proclaims that material things have their causes in the world of thought or the intelligible world. These are the "archetypes" produced by God, of which the beings which come under the senses are the imperfect reproductions. Thus were explained the birth of those beings and their division into classes and fixed genera. Hellenism teaches that between the material universe and the supreme God there is a vast hierarchy of incorporeal gods, of whom the invisible gods, like the sun and the moon, are the images. The great Supreme Himself produced these immortal gods, and committed to them the production of mortal beings. This hierarchy of intermediaries explains how God could be the origin of a world which is so unlike Himself. Now Julian found nothing of all this in the Scriptures. Moses does not explain the production of nothing. His teaching as to the superior worlds was to Julian most desolate in its poverty. He seemed to know only the material world. He speaks, indeed, of angels, and of the spirit; but without making known their nature and their origin, without asserting whether they are created or uncreated. In his eyes, as Julian says, "it seems as if God were not the author of anything incorporeal, but only the organiser of matter." But the Christian apologists who answered him were able to show that the doctrine of Moses, as interpreted by later Scripture, is not inconsistent with the agency of intermediaries, or, at any rate, of one Intermediary, Who is the force, and voice, and energy of the infinite God. Moreover, they could show from the Scriptures themselves that, whether employed in the formation of all things material or not, the universe is filled with beings who are not clothed with what we call material bodies.

The shafts of Julian's ridicule were turned against many things in the early records. How unskilful was God, he says, to give Adam for his help a woman who was to

become immediately the cause of his fall! He asks often how the serpent could know the language of men, so as to converse so familiarly with Eve. And he thinks that Being malevolent who could deny to man the knowledge of the distinction between good and evil: this being precisely what makes man a rational and superior being. He admits indeed, when pressed, that the fables of the Greeks are not in themselves more reasonable than the fables of the Bible. But he insists that the Christians had only the Bible, while the Greeks had a philosophy by means of which they could interpret the myths of the poets. Pressed again, he admits that there may be in the Bible also some narratives which are susceptible of a secret sense; and that the accounts which he derides may be put into human language and form only because they describe what is in itself to man incomprehensible. But he can only say that out of Galilee no philosophers have sprung: he will have it that the Bible, and the Bible alone, in its naked literality, is the only official document of the Christian religion. In this he is undoubtedly right: the Christian religion does not fear to be judged by its documents taken as a whole, and collated, and interpreted under the influence of the Holy Spirit, according to its own professed Canon. But he is, like many others who have followed him, unfair when he insists that the whole question must turn upon a comparison between the words of Moses alone and the philosophy of Plato interpreting the myths of the poets. Moses has his Plato as well as Homer; and sound Christian apology demands that every word of the Jewish law-giver be interpreted by Christ and His Apostles and the Divine Spirit. The New Testament, in more than one passage, warns all men against the delusion that they can accept and understand and be reconciled to the narratives of the Old Testament without the secret teaching of the Holy Ghost. Julian rejected this Teacher; and from some passages in his writings, it appears, with a secret consciousness that he did it at his peril. Hence he could begin his treatise against Christianity by such words as these: "It appears to be right that I should set forth to all men the reasons which have convinced me that the sect of the Galilæans is an imposture altogether human, invented by the spirit of perverseness. It has in it nothing that is Divine; but playing upon the infantile and irrational part of our souls, that which takes pleasure in

fables, it makes pass for truth a series of prodigious legends."

The philosophic Emperor was deeply incensed against the Monotheism of the Old Testament because it represents God as having made choice of the Hebrew nation, and as being occupied with it to the exclusion of all others. He asserts that, following Moses, Jesus of Nazareth and Paul sustained the same doctrine. How strange a universal God must He be who reveals himself to one simple nation and neglects all others! "During many times ten thousand years—or, if you will, during many thousand years—He left, plunged in their ignorance and abandoned to the worship of idols, as you say, all the peoples from the rising to the setting sun, from the north to the south, with the exception of one little tribe which was established barely two thousand years ago, in a corner of Palestine. If He is the God of all of us, and our common Creator, why has He thus abandoned us?" As Julian puts it, this is a strong argument against the Old Testament. But he has not put it rightly. God never left Himself without witness. St. Paul has abundantly answered every objection on this ground. He has shown that the profound elements of the religion of Christ were diffused among the nations, waiting for their more full development and concentration when the fulness of time should appear. That there has been a development in the Divine revelation of God Himself was not a doctrine peculiar to the Bible. Julian, if he had been as profoundly philosophical as he was superficially such, would have admitted that his own view of the gods demanded the very same concession that the Bible requires. On any imaginable hypothesis of the relation of God to man this gradual revelation of Himself most be assumed. And why should it be thought a thing incredible that the Hebrew nation should be chosen, any more than that the Greek nation should be chosen? Surely the Hebrew national genius was as well adapted to Divine influence, and as susceptible of Divine guidance as the Greek: how much more so all true philosophy must admit.

Here, however, Julian demurs. He despises and degrades the Hebrew nationality. He takes an extreme pleasure in extolling the genius of Polytheistic civilisation, and that of the Greeks in particular. In the development of arts and sciences this might be true. Palestine was behind Chaldæa, Egypt and Greece. His other charges

against the Hebrews are obviously the fruit of prejudice: in social, political and military arts they were not so inferior as he represents. But his contempt for Hebrew morality betrays the views of the Apostate. Having renounced the Mediator between God and man He will not accept the doctrine of any sentiment in the Supreme which requires the office of mediation. He gives us in his writings the very same objections to the ethical God of the Old Testament which we are obliged to hear on all sides in the present day. It is not astonishing, he thinks, that the Hebrews were morally inferior since they proposed to themselves as a model a Being whom their Scriptures delight to represent as angry—as a jealous God—a God who, because a man and a woman became initiated into the worship of Belphegor, would put the whole people to desolation and pardon them only when Phineas slew the guilty pair. Lycurgus, Solon, and the Romans were more humane than the God whom the Hebrew Scriptures depict. Turning to the Decalogue, he cannot deny its grandeur; but asserts that all its precepts are found among other nations save two—that concerning the Sabbath and the jealous ordinance against worshipping other gods. He boldly says that these Scriptures are incapable of rendering a single man virtuous. Again and again, he returns to the charge of Monotheistic exclusiveness. He points to the proofs of God's presence with Numa and multitudes of others, and to the evidences that the Being whom universal nature reveals is also revealed among all nations, and winds up by the memorable retort: "If any people has been abandoned of God it might be thought that it was the nation of the Hebrews, because He has given them nothing virtuous or grand, while he has given us many great and eminent gifts." This, however, he retracts; the Jews have a small place under a very inferior ethnarch.

Strange to say, Julian does not see how much all this ought to have commended to him the universal Christianity which sprang out of Judaism. He prefers Judaism, much as he dislikes it. It had a real God, and offered a real service. He doubtless was actuated by a strange caprice in this matter. Favour to the Jews would exasperate the Christians. And such was his mortal hatred and dread of the name of Jesus, that he would fain have rebuilt Jerusalem and the temple in the hope that Judaism re-established would absorb and destroy Christianity. He almost recants

every word he had said against the Judaic Monotheism and isolated cult when he vents his animosity against the Galilæans. These, he says, have abandoned all kind of worship save of a man. They are composed of two classes of men, equally unfaithful to their national religions, Jews and Gentiles. They have rejected all the good of their originals and kept what is evil only. "You are like the vampires, which suck the bad blood and leave the pure. Your impiety is a mixture of the audacity of the Jews and the dissolute indifference of the Gentiles. From the Jews you have taken only their blasphemies against the gods whom we honour; from our worship you have taken only the permission to eat of all things, as the herbs of a garden." The conversion of Greeks to Galilæism was the most poignant grief to Julian. Such proselytes he loads with reproaches. "I am ashamed," he writes to the inhabitants of Alexandria, "that there is a single Alexandrian who confesses himself a Galilæan." Not that he condones the apostasy of the Jews themselves. Why have they abandoned the law of their God, in spite of the repeated declaration of Moses that the law was to be eternally valid? With merciless satire he exposes Peter's vision, and other details in the New Testament which reverence forbids our referring to, especially in their connection with St. Paul, whom, beyond all others, for reasons obvious enough, Julian regarded as his greatest enemy. Let this sentence stand for all. "You have forsaken all these august traditional ceremonies to institute your baptism of water, this washing which does not cure leprosy, nor gout, nor dysentery, nor dropsy, nor fever, nor any other disease of our mortal bodies, great or small, but does cure adulteries, thefts, and, in one word, all the sins of the soul."

In short, Galilæism was to Julian Atheism, and he warned all Christians not to expect any protection from the God of Abraham: "This God will be propitious to me and to all those who honour Him as Abraham honoured Him. He is a great and a most mighty Being. But He has absolutely nothing in common with such as you are." While reading these words we cannot but think of the constant teaching of the Founder of Christianity, whose name and person was always present to Julian's mind, though he not often makes Him the object of his direct attack. It is obvious that his fundamental argument against the system he abandoned was the worship which it gave to

Jesus of Nazareth. It is his artifice sometimes to connect the adoration of martyrs and their relics with the worship of Jesus in one common attack. But he was too sagacious, and, in fact, too just not to see and admit that the respect paid "to the dead and their relics" was an innovation on an innovation. Inasmuch as relic-worship, and the homage paid to the illustrious dead tended to assist the spread of Christianity among the heathen, Julian felt towards it a fear mingled with his aversion. But he knew very well that the original documents of undefiled Christianity looked with abhorrence on the usages which had been introduced into Christian worship. The worship of the Incarnate Name was the great offence, and he bent all the resources of his rhetorical art to the task of uprooting that worship.

His first argument against this gigantic innovation was that it was inconsistent with Hebrew Monotheism. He studied the Old Testament with great care, and proves with much display of learning that the Divinity of Jesus has no support in the ancient writings. He calls it, as his successors call it, the doctrine of John. He affirms that Moses never spoke of this Firstborn Son of the Father, of this Second God existing by the side of the First; notwithstanding that he mentions other sons of God and the angels to which the nations have been entrusted. He thinks that, if Moses had known of this First-begotten Word, he would have spoken of Him. On the contrary, he never ceases to affirm that there is only one God, and that it is interdicted to worship another by the side of Him. To adore Jesus therefore is to revolt openly against Moses. Julian was not unaware that the Galilæans cited many passages of Moses and the Prophets which they considered to be predictions concerning Jesus. But he thinks that an examination of these conducted with attention would show that they refer to personages much nearer to the writers than Jesus was. Moreover, they never assert that the persons they pointed to were to be God. All this argumentation, however, Julian adopted in the spirit of one who among the Jews became a Jew. He cared nothing about Moses and the Prophets; but he was deeply solicitous to stop the Jewish feeder of the Christian stream, and studied the Old Testament carefully with that object. Now, as he had not the key to the prophecies, it was not wonderful that he failed to open them. The controversy about Jesus in the Old Testament was precisely in the days of Julian

what it is now. To those whose eyes are holden there is nothing in the Prophets beyond a succession of enthusiastic and poetical anticipations of various national Deliverers: some of them being remarkably realised in subsequent fact, others of them discredited by the event, and some devised by imposture after the event. But to the profound student of the Old Testament there appears one consistent and uniform strain of allusion to an individual, personal Friend of Israel and the world who was to come; and if humble faith in the Divine teaching be added to that study, that one Person will appear to be no other than Jesus. What it cost Julian to deny this, we cannot tell. But to all appearance he had convinced himself that Christ was an impostor or fanatic who saw his opportunity in the state of the nation, and was befriended by fate in his great imposition.

It was a much bolder thing to attack the Christian on the battle-field of the New Testament writings. This Julian did. He said then as men say now, that it was an invention of St. John; for which St. Paul had prepared without however sanctioning John's doctrine. "Neither Paul, nor Matthew, nor Luke, nor Mark, had dared to say that Jesus was God. But the excellent John, having learned that in some of the Greek and Italian cities a crowd of persons were already touched with this malady, and hearing that already the tombs of Peter and Paul were honoured in secret, he dared the first to maintain this doctrine. He did it with much caution, behind the disguise of John the Baptist, in whose mouth he put the affirmation that Jesus was the Logos. This mischief then had John for its author. But with what contempt may we treat all that you have added, inventing a crowd of new dead men to add to the old! You have filled everything with tombs and sepulchres." Here it is plain that Julian makes a certain distinction between the honour paid to Jesus and the honour afterwards paid to certain dead men: that is, he is forced to make the distinction, though he forgets it in the conduct of his argument. But what is more remarkable is the fact that precisely the same arguments which unbelieving criticism uses now were used by the enemies of Christianity in the beginning. John in his daring ambition made the Christian hero into a god, because he found that his brethren would have it so and the frenzy of Christendom demanded it. Paul's province was a different one. He

never intermeddled with the divinity of Jesus; left that unsettled, neither affirming nor absolutely denying. But he made it his task to wrest Christianity from its Jewish attachments and give it a universal character. No candid reader of any page of either writer will fail to feel that the charge in both cases is simply absurd. But for these several reasons Julian, the apostate Emperor, hated both these names. It may seem strange to find such a virtuous indignation against the posthumous honour of man in the life of a zealous defender of Polytheistic worship. Surely no Pagan could honestly use these arguments, or have been scandalised by the adoration of human beings, great in their generation. But there was a great difference between Christianity and Hellenism in their respective manner of regarding man and his *rôle* in nature. Here M. Naville will furnish us with a suggestive paragraph, interesting in itself and apart from its present connection.

"The Christian doctrine assigns to man a very eminent place in the universe. The Jewish and the Christian doctors who, on this point, only follow the Hebrew tradition, dig very deep the demarcation which separates humanity from the animal races. Even among those who have admitted into their theories the greatest number of accessories from heathenism, we never find the doctrine of transmigration, according to which the same souls animate successively the bodies of men and the bodies of animals. The Jewish Kabbala did, indeed, accept a transmigration, but limits it to human bodies. According to the Kabbalistic teachers a human soul—mine, for instance—may have occupied the bodies of men long since; and it may in future ages occupy other human bodies. But it is regarded as altogether abhorrent to the dignity of his nature to descend into the bodies of animals. Philo the Jew wrote a book (*De Animalibus*) to combat the opinion that animals are, like men, endowed with reason. The Fathers of the Church are yet higher in their estimate of man's place in nature. It is said in Genesis that God made man in His image, and gave him dominion over all things. The greater part of the Fathers of the first centuries drew the inference that man was the end and consummation of nature, which was made only for him. If they were asked why the earth exists, and the stars, and the heavens, they reply that all was for mankind and the happiness of man. The history of humanity, that is to say the progressive development by which God leads men to happiness in communion with Himself: this is the symbol of the enigma of creation. The universe is only a means; it is transitory, therefore, and will perish. Man alone is immortal. When, through historical development, huma-

nity shall have been conducted to blessedness in fellowship with God, when the final end shall have been attained, God will consume by fire that universe which was meant to be only the passing theatre of the accomplishment of His purposes towards man. Men, on the contrary, will subsist—those at least who yield themselves to be led of God to their spiritual destination. They will abide for ever in communion with the glory and felicity of the heavenly Father.

"Heathenism, on the contrary, assigns to man a place much less eminent. It brings him much nearer to the animal. The most spiritualist of the Greek schools contain the former and the later doctrine of transmigration. Julian does not regard it as impossible that the souls of animals should be composed of the same substance as those of men. He does not see that man and his blessedness in God is the end of the universe in any sense. Far from the universe existing on account of man, on the contrary man exists for the beauty of the universe. He was produced with all other beings, in order that the Great Whole might be perfect. Far from being immortal, and the universe perishable, it is the universe which is eternal; while man, as an individual at least, only appears for a moment on this immutable and permanent theatre. The heaven and the stars, with their fixed order and harmony, always the same, are a hundred times more Divine than men, those perishable beings who are agitated for a few years on the globe which is full of rapid destruction and continual death."

This is an interesting account in itself. How far it explains Julian's conduct is a different matter. To us it seems much more probable that he was animated simply by a jealousy of the Name that was overshadowing the earth and making every other name grow pale. Nothing else can account for a heathen, whose religion was a perpetual glorification of heroes and demigods, protesting against the Divinisation of Jesus. We hear him explaining his secret sentiment in the prostration of his soul before the created universe, the abiding glory of which was to him represented by the central sun: "Are you alone, O Alexandrians, insensible to the glory which emanates from the sun? Do you alone fail to see that it was he who produced both summer and winter? that he has given birth to all the animals and plants? And do you not know of how many benefits the moon is the author for you and you only? Yet you have not the courage to adore these, or any other, such gods! Jesus, whom neither you nor your fathers have seen, you believe to be the Logos

God; and *you adore not* Him whom from eternity the human race has seen and adored—I mean the Great Sun, the living, animated, intelligent, and beneficent image of the Intelligible Father."

To the Hellenic Julian the glorious development of the Divine purpose in Providence vanished also. There could be no providential development, no history proper. A refined Pantheism was at the root of all his philosophy and religion, though he was hardly conscious of it. The utmost that he aspired to for himself, and others who might enjoy the favour of the gods, was that they might, before being absorbed into the great abyss of being, live for a very long time in individuality and blessedness. How past all language glorious is the revelation of Christianity concerning the dignity of man and his immortal future! It is not simply a possible future that it reveals, but a certain and eternal continuance in being. It is not the enjoyment of more and more of the vision of God until the spirit shall, in its ever narrowing circles, drop into the sun; but an eternity of being with God, insured by the power of God, in a personal distinct relation to the Supreme for ever.

The aversion of Julian to the worship of Jesus and the martyrs was fed, of course, by his philosophic pride and his Imperial dignity. Disciple of the most celebrated thinkers of Greece, and successor of Augustus on the Imperial throne, he could only admire what came to him with the recommendation of science and philosophy, or with the glory of human wisdom and eloquence. Virtue without science, moral greatness without external pomp, excellence enshrined in apparent weakness and humility, were things which Julian could not comprehend. He did not cry out against the honour done to the martyrs because they were dead, but because of their insignificance while they were alive. They were obscure men, and Julian had no sympathy with them in his proud nature. Here was the secret of his contempt for Jesus of Nazareth. The professed Redeemer of mankind was a stranger to Hellenic science. He never once condescended to refer to it. His cold silence was an insult to such as Julian had become, which they could not forgive. He constantly asserted that He received all directly from heaven; and this testimony of One who was "meek and lowly in heart" was to the philosopher insufferable pride, and awakened both jealousy and pride in return.

It is very odious to our modern feeling to read what he has to say concerning our Master. "This Jesus whom you preach was a subject of Cæsar. If you do not believe this I will prove it to you. It is only three hundred years that they have been talking about Him. During the whole of the time that He lived He did nothing worthy of memory or worthy of honour, unless we so repute the curing of a few lame and blind people, and exorcising some demoniacs in Bethsaida and Bethany. He could not even inspire confidence into the members of His own family. It was enough for Him and His servant Paul to deceive some poor servants and some slaves, and through them some few, such as Cornelius and Sergius. If, under the reigns of Tiberius and Claudius, they succeeded in convincing a single distinguished personage, you may hold me for a liar." After all, it was not so much the person of Jesus as His cross that offended Julian. While he uttered his malignant enmity he was in every word that he spoke and every act he performed fulfilling most expressly the language of the book which he rejected. He has only insulting words for "the wood of the cross which you adore and whose image you trace on your foreheads and on the doorposts of your houses. Should one," he asks the Christians, "rather hate the intelligent amongst you, or rather pity the insensate who, in your company, are fallen so low that, abandoning the eternal gods, they have gone off to the Jews after the worship of a dead man?" It was the offence of the cross then, as now, that made men oppose the Christian faith.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

The Bampton Lecture for 1877.

Christian Evidences Viewed in Relation to Modern Thought. Eight Lectures preached before the University of Oxford in the year 1877, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury. By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford, Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. London: Frederick Norgate, 17, Bedford Street, Covent Garden; Williams and Norgate, 26, Frederick Street, Edinburgh. 1877.

Mr. Row has long been known as a Christian apologist who is not afraid to confront the most specious forms of unbelief, and whose trenchant syllogisms have done considerable execution among its blatant retainers. Some two years ago we had pleasure in introducing to our readers one of his works, entitled, *The Supernatural in the New Testament;* and we now with still greater pleasure hail his descent into the arena as the chosen champion of orthodoxy, selected by the heads of houses in his own time-honoured University to do battle once again for the truth "on the foundation" of the Rev. John Bampton, or rather on a still better foundation deeper down than that. Candour is one of the most noteworthy characteristics of Mr. Row's mind. We can imagine that among his intelligent auditory at St. Mary's there would be numbered some lovers of the good old ways, upon whose faces a somewhat puzzled expression would descend as they saw with what manifest ease and confidence one and another weak argument, quoted for many a day under the protection of high-sounding names, was abandoned by this chivalrous defender of truth and scorner of mere tradition. To some it would seem as if he were giving up strongholds that ought to be defended to the last, and as if his new lines of defence were hardly so impregnable

as those for which he had substituted them. The bold announcement of a "change of front" so fearlessly made at the outset, the assignment of a secondary place to miracles, and the advance of the moral argument to the very van of the line of battle, might seem to be the shiftings of weakness rather than the calm dispositions of conscious strength. Will not the remodeller of ancient tactics carry his experimentation a step too far, and find himself surprised by some unexpected defect in his new armour just when he has for ever cast away the old which had served so good a turn?

For ourselves we do not share in any such fears. Be it remembered that of the substance of the Christian faith Mr. Row entertains no doubt: he keeps it whole and undefiled. No man has more lofty and reverent thoughts respecting the Author of Christianity and His work. Nor does he anywhere cast imputations on the reality and genuineness of the Christian miracles. On the contrary he widens their import by making them in themselves moral and spiritual manifestations of God, rather than mere exhibitions of power only introduced to challenge attention to the performer of them and his message. Even this evidential value he does not deny, or seek to diminish: he only disputes the expediency of resting upon it the whole burden of Christianity's claims, while the power of estimating it remains, as it is likely to do, the privilege of a few, the many not being trained in the special qualities necessary to solve a complicated historical problem; and while, at the same time, other evidence far less intricate—that, namely, of the superhuman action on society of the risen Saviour, makes loud appeal to every unprejudiced mind and carries with it, what mere miracles never can, solemn convictions to every conscience and heart.

The old arguments, moreover, according to Mr. Row, were good as against imposture, but not as against delusion, the explanation now most current in the infidel camp of all in Christianity that seems to transcend the range of natural forces. The moral argument on the other hand is equally good against both. Deny the historical facts of Christianity, miraculous or otherwise, and the origination and maintenance of the Christian Church, the only system whose professed aim has been the universal regeneration of mankind and whose partial success has redeemed it from the charge of utopianism, must be left without a sufficient cause to account for it, a violation of the laws of historical philosophy as well as of the most vulgar common sense which would be admitted in no other branch of inquiry.

Let us not be misunderstood. Mr. Row does not, if we read him aright, deny the importance of miracles. He only asserts that the moral argument has been underrated, and that it ought to be regarded as the central citadel of the Christian faith.

Does he then give up the former as mere outworks, with intent after proving the latter impregnable, to advance again to the assault and retake what he has just surrendered? This would be a description in military language of what he undertakes. But the language is inadequate: the military figure breaks down. For outworks once lost might never be recaptured, however strong the central fortress. But the peculiarity of the Christian defences is that no such compromise is possible. The whole form one bulwark: all must ultimately be either saved or lost. Admit the Divinity of the workings in the moral sphere and the Divinity of the workings in the natural sphere is immediately established, since the latter are the appropriate accompaniments and symbols of the former.

We regret that limits of space forbid our more detailed examination of the contents of this last and most important production of Mr. Row's pen. With all his findings we do not of course hold ourselves bound to agree, but in the main we can recommend it as a fresh and vigorous contribution to the subject of Christian apologetics, a subject whose interest can never die, and whose treatment seems to become capable of endless variations as the exigencies of the combat require, and seems herein to indicate not the changefulness of chameleon-like error but the many-sidedness of immutable truth.

Bruce's Humiliation of Christ.

The Humiliation of Christ, in its Physical, Ethical, and Official Aspects. By Alex. B. Bruce, D.D., Professor of Divinity, Free Church College, Glasgow. Edinburgh: Clark. 1877.

A contemporary speaks of this volume as "a remarkably able defence of the doctrine of Atonement from the Evangelical point of view." This criticism applies only to the last lecture, which deals with the official aspect of Christ's state of humiliation. As applied to that lecture, the remark is just. But the whole volume may be described as "a remarkably able" exposition of Christ's person and work viewed from the standpoint of His state of humiliation as distinguished from the state of exaltation. The learning, of which there is abundance, is all at first hand. Instead of being the slave of his material, the author criticises the different theories passed in review with independence and no little acuteness. In short, the Sixth Series of Cunningham Lectures would be an honour to any Church or age. The volume is only for a professed theologian. For any one else its minute and abstruse speculations would be repellent in the extreme, but to the theologian the development of a new line of thought is always welcome.

The term "physical" in the title is used in its strict philosophical sense. The *physical* aspect of Christ's humiliation means its bearing on the constitution of Christ's person and the mutual relations of the two natures. Under the *ethical* aspect Christ is considered as "the subject of a human experience involving moral trial and supplying a stimulus to moral development," under the *official* aspect as "servant, and having a task appointed Him, involving humiliating experiences various in kind and degree."

The first lecture is introductory, and contains a masterly exposition of two texts, the one in Philipp. ii. and Heb. ii. 9, from which certain elementary axioms are deduced which must enter into every theory of the Incarnation. In the case of the last text, the author argues strongly for a new but interesting interpretation, which makes Christ, not man, the object of "the grace of God." The Incarnation, while in one sense an immense condescension, in another was a token of honour and favour. This, it is maintained, is most relevant, and indeed necessary, to the argument of the inspired writer, whose purpose was to remove the appearance of shame which might seem to attach to the Son of God becoming man. The glory, then, is "not subsequent to, but contemporaneous with, the state of humiliation, the bright side, in fact, of one and the same experience. It is the honour and glory of being appointed to the high office of Apostle and High Priest of the Christian profession. . . While it is a humiliation to *die*, it is glorious to taste death *for others;* and by dying to abolish death, and bring life and immortality to light. . . Is it, then, really an inadmissible thought, that God showed favour to Christ in appointing Him to taste death for every man? Is it out of keeping with the general strain of this Epistle? Does it not fit in naturally to what goes before and to what comes after?"

The *physical* aspect of the Humiliation is the one discussed at greatest length, occupying three lectures, while the others each occupy one. The subject is reviewed first in relation to the patristic Christology, then to that of the Lutheran and Reformed Confessions, and lastly in relation to the modern Kenotic theories of Germany. The first, of course, is a well-worn theme, but the other two phases of Christological speculation are comparatively new to the English mind, and are of supreme interest. The aim in all the three periods is the adjustment of the relations of the two natures of Christ in the one Person, the forming of a conception of the mode of the Incarnate existence. Objection may be taken *in limine* to such speculations. Ignorant of the nature of our own life, are we to aspire to knowledge of the mode of a life at once Divine and human? But object as we may, the attempt will be made. Research into such questions is the very spring and life of theology. When a revealed fact is placed before us, we cannot help interrogating and trying to fathom it; and provided that the

fact only be made obligatory, discussions of reasons and final causes may be safely pursued in theological schools. In ancient, mediæval, and modern days alike the Church has endeavoured to realise in thought the fact received in simple faith. Fathers, councils, schoolmen, orthodox and heretic, have laboured at this problem, and always with the same result. The problem is not solved, perhaps is not soluble; but the Christian intellect will not, perhaps ought not to, give it up. It is interesting to note in the present volume that the author points out flaws and what look like insuperable objections to the whole of the three classes of theories which pass under review—patristic, German, and Kenotic. His attitude is that of "suspended judgment." We are disposed to acquiesce in his finding as to the different speculations: "It is not necessary to adopt any one of them; we are not obliged to choose between them; we may stand aloof from them all; and it is best, when faith is strong enough, to dispense with their services. For it is not good that the certainties of faith should lean too heavily upon uncertain and questionable theories. Wisdom dictates that we should clearly and broadly distinguish between the great truths revealed to us in Scripture, and the hypothesis which deep thinkers have invented, for the purpose of bringing these truths more fully within the grasp of their understandings." Each theory as it comes up seems reasonable and captivates our imagination, until the next comes up. Each new speculator is more successful in destroying the handiwork of his predecessor, than in building up a theory of his own.

We may well suspend our judgment when we find Dr. Bruce, for example, classing the Kenotic theories as—(1) The *absolute dualistic*, represented by Thomasius; (2) The *absolute metamorphic* of Gess; (3) The *absolute semi-metamorphic* of Ebrard; (4) The *real*, but *relative*, of Martensen—between which we may choose, if we like. Of these, the first and fourth are decidedly the most reasonable, though both are burdened with the difficulty of "a double life—one in the man Christ Jesus, one as the world-governing, world-illuminating Logos." As far as we can understand peculiarly German phraseology, the difference between the second and third theories on one hand and ancient Apollinarianism on the other, is a merely verbal one. As between the Lutheran and Reformed Christologies, the latter will commend itself to the majority of students. They had different starting-points, the first putting the stress on the Divine, the second on the human nature. The Lutheran creed was zealous for the real Divinity, the Reformed for the real humanity of Christ, both, of course, being in danger of going to an extreme. Even in the high Lutheran school there were two sides, the Brentzian higher still, and the Chemnitzian, which recognised the existence of such a factor as human reason. In the humanity which Brentz ascribes to Christ, it is hard to

recognise the nature which belongs to us. The interchange of Divine and human attributes is strictly no interchange at all, being simply the communication of the Divine attributes to the lower nature. The whole theory lies open to the criticism that it rather describes the exaltation of the human than the humiliation of the Divine.

The subjects of the last two lectures are of more general interest, and are worked out with the same thoroughness as the rest. The notes also, containing minor discussions and quotations of authorities, are exceedingly valuable. The work ranks among the best contributions to theological science of modern days.

Deuteronomy, the People's Book.

Deuteronomy, the People's Book, its Origin and Nature. A Defence. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1877.

This is a timely and able vindication of the Mosaic authorship of Deuteronomy against the rationalist attacks of Kuenen and his school. Sufficiently searching and minute, it does not run into tedious exhaustiveness. There is absolutely nothing new in the method and arguments of Kuenen, recently reproduced in this country, except his terminology. Formerly charges of forgery were veiled under "accommodation," which again disappears in "programme." With this exception the objections run in the ancient grooves. Thus Deuteronomy is a production of later Jewish history; the reason of its being fathered on Moses was to gain greater influence for its warnings and counsels; the motive of such pious forgeries was good enough, and should not be judged too hardly; the work bears on its face the marks of its later birth. It is to the examination of these alleged internal marks that our anonymous author (though such idioms as laying a thing "past" are a pretty clear indication of nationality) bends his strength.

The two principal arguments against the Mosaic date of Deuteronomy are its reference to a king of Israel, and its appointment of a single central place of sacrifice. As to the first it is alleged that the idea of a king is a recent one, borrowed from the monarchy set up in the person of Saul, and altogether out of keeping with the spirit of Mosaic times. We note the quiet assumption of familiarity with early Jewish history. One might suppose that these modern writers had access to archives unknown to the rest of mankind. Our author concedes at once that the passage in question (Deut. xvii.) is not prophetic, and was not intended to be so. Moses was evidently providing for present contingencies. But why should the mention of a "king" be a mark of a later date any more than the mention of a

"judge" in the same context? Why is all reference to the latter persistently omitted by the objectors? To us it seems there would be far more show of reason for attributing the "judge" to later days than the "king." So far from the monarchical idea being foreign to the circumstances of the Israelites, considering their long residence in the land of the Pharaohs, nothing could be more natural. Casting about for a settled form of government, this would inevitably be suggested to them. There was no other with which it could come into competition. It is true that the events of their wilderness history prevented the realisation of their purpose; but that there was some such purpose is in the highest degree probable, and Moses, as a wise legislator, was bound to take the contingency into account. The attempt to show that Solomon is the king referred to is a miserable failure. If Solomon had sat for the picture, the portrait would have been far more elaborate. The delineation is simple enough, but even in it there is one feature as to which the inventors of "programmes" preserve a judicious silence, we mean the provision excluding "a stranger" from the throne. That there was such a possibility in the days of Moses is likely enough; Hobab was a possible candidate. But what question of "a stranger" was there in Solomon's days?

The attempt to show that the restriction of sacrifice to one place originated with Hezekiah and was therefore unknown in the Mosaic period is also ably dealt with. The great proof adduced is the fact of Samuel and others offering sacrifice in various places. The fact undoubtedly wears an appearance of contradiction to the Mosaic precept (Deut. xii.). The gist of our author's explanation is, that the later practice was a provisional one, consisting in a return to primitive patriarchal customs, adopted to meet the exigencies of a time of general religious declension, when the danger of heathen abominations which formed the sole ground of the Mosaic prohibition had entirely passed away. The chapter in which this is worked out is one of great interest and research. Other objections, bearing on priests and Levites, feasts, the age, style and authorship of the book, are thoroughly exposed. The specious professions, flimsy arguments, and arbitrary methods of the most recent rationalism, were never more trenchantly illustrated.

We give a single specimen of our author's spirit and style. "The Book of Deuteronomy was intended for a people's handbook of Hebrew law. Unlike the bulk of the three preceding books, it is wholly popular; it was not meant for use among the learned only, whether priests or laymen. Once every seven years, during the feast of tabernacles, it was ordered to be read before the assembled people, that every one might know what was to be done, and what was not to be done. Most solemn words of

warning and entreaty were added, that the Hebrews might see it was no earthly king to whom their allegiance was due, but the Judge of all the earth, who would demand from them a sharp account of treason done to His greatness. A repetition of the law for general use, and in popular language, was a boon to the nation at large. But it was more. It was a monument to all ages of the Divine leadings of the Lawgiver. Handbooks of this nature are not uncommon now; but they were so uncommon then, and for thousands of years afterwards, that the fifth book of Moses is a proof that he was guided to the task by more than human sagacity and foresight. The idea of such a blessing to a nation stamps the man, in whose mind it first woke into life, as standing head and shoulders above his fellows. Many a century had to pass away before the great lawyers of the Roman Empire bethought themselves of drawing up even a scientific digest of Imperial law. A people's edition was a step far beyond their imagination. But Moses took that step three thousand years ago and more."

Randles's Substitution.

Substitution: a Treatise on the Atonement. By Marshall Randles. London: Thomas and Co., 317, Strand. 1877.

This is a worthy addition to the many sound treatises on the Atonement, called forth of late by such speculations as those of Campbell, Robertson, and Bushnell. In originality of thought, acute distinction, reasoned exegesis, it deserves to rank with the best of its fellows. If the style were equal to the matter, the work would be well-nigh perfect; but any occasional awkwardness of expression will be readily pardoned for the sake of the mass of honest, solid thought supplied to the patient student.

The following is a brief synopsis of contents. The Introduction vindicates the necessity and use of theories of atonement. The distinction, indeed, between the revealed fact and human speculations, which Mr. Dale insists on, is carefully to be borne in mind. It is by faith in the first that we are saved. But it is quite useless to forbid the latter. The same instinct which compels us to seek the *causas rerum* in nature will never cease to give birth to theories of doctrine. One is as legitimate and fruitful an exercise of human intellect as the other. On the understanding that no Divine authority attaches to our theories, some definite idea as to the nature and relations of the facts we believe is necessary to an intelligent and stable faith. The reasons suggested by Mr. Randles are natural and sufficient. The first chapter clearly and accurately defines the several terms which express the doctrine—atonement, substitution, satisfaction, propitiation, expiation. Such analysis

is nowhere more necessary than on this subject. The objections urged are directed often against men of straw set up by the objectors, and always against elements which form no essential part of the doctrine. One of the most useful distinctions drawn is between simple and reciprocal substitution, the latter of which forms the backbone of the Calvinist interpretation. Our author says (p. 12): "Substitution may be simple or reciprocal, that is, one taking the place of a second, or, *also*, the second taking the place of the first. . . . The latter is a foundation-stone of Calvinian theology, having for its favourite symbol, 'exchange of places' between the Saviour and every man for whom He died, meaning that Christ took the sinner's liability to the law, and the sinner received Christ's righteousness and exemption from punishment." His own position is the following (p. 136): "The offering of Christ was not made and accepted in such wise as properly transferred the merit of His death to those for whom He died, implying that their justification is the just reward, earnings, wages, or recompense due to Him in return for His sufferings. Christ was our substitute; but, despite the fascination of a complete parallel to some minds, we have no warrant for believing we are substituted for Him in return of desert or reward, except in a metaphorical sense. Were a philanthropist to liberate a number of merchants from embarrassment by paying their debts, he would thereby become their substitute as payer; but in enjoying the result and advantage they would not become his substitute in the proper sense. Neither do we properly take the place of Christ when we enjoy the benefit of His death." The attempt to fasten reciprocal substitution on the mutual relations of the Redeemer and redeemed breaks down under the objections that press against the notion of transferring to the sinner the *merit* and *remuneration*, rather than the *benefit* of our Saviour's work.

The next three chapters embody the Scriptural evidence for the doctrine, implied in the representation of Christ as sacrifice, ransom, and propitiation. In this part the various Scripture proofs are not merely quoted, but expounded in their connections, and vindicated from false and perverse applications. Three other chapters discuss, with an admirable blending of philosophy and theology, the essential nature of atonement in relation to the ideas of Divine justice, reconciliation, and sanctification. A theological student could scarcely do better than think out the subject on the same or similar lines. The last four chapters deal very fully and effectively with the alternative theories of pardon by prerogative and on repentance, with the educative theory, and with current objections. The author does well in turning the tables on the assailants, instead of being satisfied with mere defence. It is often taken for granted that the burden of difficulties presses only on orthodox faith. Objectors will have a long

and difficult task in repelling the blows dealt in these final chapters on their own position. For example, what is more commonly alleged than that the atonement implies change of some sort in God? It is replied at once that the mere idea of placability or forgiveness, even in the Unitarian way, implies the same. Any one who is perplexed with doubts on this vital subject, will do well to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the arguments of this sober, solid treatise. One improvement the above synopsis seems to suggest. It would bring out the method of treatment more clearly to class the chapters containing the proof as one part, those expounding the nature of the doctrine as another, and those dealing with opposing theories as a third.

Bruce's Training of the Twelve.

The Training of the Twelve; or, Passages out of the Gospels Exhibiting the Twelve Disciples of Jesus under Discipline for the Apostleship. Second Edition, Revised and Improved. By A. B. Bruce, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1877.

The subject of this volume is one of exceeding fascination, and, as far as we know, novel. We do not remember a previous work attempting to trace the course of preparation for the apostleship through which the Twelve passed. Dr. Bruce takes the whole of Christ's teaching and miracles, and shows how, in addition to other purposes, they had an important bearing on this point. Thus the entire Gospel history is brought under review with reference to this single topic. It is evident that the author might easily have fallen into either one of two errors. The exposition might be so minute as to be tedious, or so general as to be commonplace. To hit the true mean is not easy, but it is accomplished here. Without descending to minute exegesis, the general lessons of the Gospels, as far as pertinent to the subject, are firmly grasped and clearly presented. The matter is weighty but not heavy, the treatment sober, fresh, practical, full. The result is a volume which can never lose its charm either for the preacher or ordinary Christian reader.

Training of the Twelve! Was there any such systematic training? The idea will be new to many. The word calls up visions of colleges, professors, text-books. Well, if we do not call the Apostles a college, we call them a "company." They were disciples before they were Apostles, learners before teachers. The Gospels do not indeed describe a formal curriculum; but the association of the Apostles with Christ, all that they saw and heard, parable and miracle, question, command, and reproof, did form a training for the peculiar mission on which they were sent. As the Apostles

were unique in their work, so they were unique in their preparation. How august the privilege—to be taught by Christ Himself, to receive the Gospel from the lips of Him who was its subject, to catch the water of life fresh from the Fountain, to learn truth from the Truth! The Wisdom of God, the Eternal Word Himself, gave them their knowledge and commission. What a model in the Sermon on the Mount! What an ordination charge in Matt. x.!

It is this latent training which Dr. Bruce draws out from the text of the Gospels. Of course he can only hint and suggest. To expound fully would be to write a new commentary on the four Gospels, but enough is said to establish the fact, and in these outlines the devout reader will find much food for profitable thought. We stand by while the Apostles receive lessons on prayer, on religious freedom, on self-sacrifice, on the atonement, the new birth, the new life of holiness, the constitution and laws of the Christian commonwealth. There are few subjects bearing on Christian belief, practice, and worship, which do not come up for remark. When we find modern doubts and difficulties anticipated, we cannot but wonder at the inexhaustible freshness and fulness of Christ's teaching.

The scope which the subject affords for discrimination of character is well improved, although Peter, we think, receives less than justice. The mystery of the case of Judas, if not removed, is considerably lightened. As a specimen of the practical teaching, we may take what is said of the ascetic theory of life. "This theory is based on an erroneous assumption—viz., that abstinence from things lawful is intrinsically a higher sort of virtue than temperance in the use of them. This is not true. Abstinence is the virtue of the weak, temperance is the virtue of the strong. Abstinence is certainly the safer way for those who are prone to inordinate affection, but it purchases safety at the expense of moral culture; for it removes us from those temptations connected with family relationships and earthly possessions, through which character, while it may be imperilled, is at the same time developed and strengthened. Abstinence is also inferior to temperance in healthiness of tone. It tends inevitably to morbidity, distortion, exaggeration. The ascetic virtues were wont to be called by their admirers *angelic*. They are certainly angelic in the negative sense of being unnatural and inhuman. Ascetic abstinence is the ghost or disembodied spirit of morality, while temperance is its soul, embodied in a genuine human life transacted amid earthly relations, occupations, and enjoyments." The doctrinal exposition is also of the very best.

Tulloch's Christian Doctrine of Sin.

The Christian Doctrine of Sin. By John Tulloch, D.D. W. Blackwood and Sons. 1876.

The lecturer describes his method of treatment as historical, rather than analytical. He has come to look upon the latter, Julius Müller's method in his well-known work, with less favour than he once did, on account of the impossibility of discriminating the original from the acquired elements of human nature. Without entering into argument, we may observe that the two methods are mutual complements, and both alike necessary. Perhaps the introspective method has been too much favoured by theologians, and now a reaction has come. Dr. Tulloch's work (a little one on a great subject) walks alongside Müller's, though *non æquis passibus*. The historical method, confining itself to a description of the order in which the doctrine has been developed, has many advantages over the other. It lends itself to more popular treatments, avoids the crucial difficulties of the subject, is satisfied with the bare facts without raising any question of the *why* and *how*, in short it is the side of the doctrine which can be presented with greatest ease and advantage to the multitude. We do not wonder that the lectures on their delivery attracted large audiences. Dr. Tulloch is master of an easy, flowing, graceful style, and wide discursive historical surveys suit his genius.

The first and second lectures are introductory and full of interest. In the first the relations of the subject to the tendencies of modern thought are clearly and forcibly described. Here at least no uncertain note is struck. The inconsistency of the notion of sin and personal guilt with a course of necessary physical evolution is strongly emphasised, as well as the impossibility of a material origin of man's higher life. "The moral life of humanity baffles all attempts to construct it merely from without. It is a kingdom within, unveiling itself from a higher source—as much a reality as the kingdom without, or the cosmos of natural law. Both," as Kant says, "are equally true—'the starry heavens above and the moral law within'—the former connecting itself with our external life, the latter revealing a faculty of life independent of animal, and even of all material existence. If there are times when we feel that the spiritual side of humanity has been somewhat exaggerated as an independent sphere, and an absolutism attributed to it which experience hardly warrants, there are other times when the whole strength of experience rises up against the most ingenious explanations of a psychological naturalism, and a sense of duty to a higher power makes itself felt irresistibly. The heaven above is not more clear than the heaven of duty within.

If we had to choose betwixt the two realities, the latter is the more intense and overpowering of the two."

The second lecture is occupied with a review of the idea of sin in the world outside the circle of direct revelation, in Greece, Persia, and India. Greece stands highest in moral elevation, though below the standpoint even of the Old Testament. "The moral elevation of Greek tragedy, and the contrasts of right and wrong which it sets forth, are the highest and gravest efforts of Gentile thought in a religious direction. They bring us to the very verge of Revelation, but they do not pass within it, and deep and sad, tender and pathetic, as are its pictures of human life and heroic duty, the idea of evil which enters into it so largely is yet far short of the idea of sin which emerges on the very threshold of the Hebrew Scriptures."

The next four lectures trace the development of the truth through the Old Testament, Gospels, and Epistles, till it attains its final shape in the teachings of Paul. In each period the new elements added are carefully discriminated and eloquently enforced. Note the following: "Nothing can be further from the Biblical conception than any idea of evil entering into humanity as a necessary factor in its development. The Fall is truly a stumble —in no sense a step in advance." The Old Testament doctrine is summarised thus: "1. The Hebrew conception of evil is distinctively moral. It is the disobedience of the human will against the Divine expressed in the form of command, revelation, or law. In other words, it is what we specially mean by sin. 2. It is not only a violation of Divine law, but a rejection of Divine good. 3. All sin is in its nature destructive. It bears death in it as its natural working or outcome. 4. It is not merely individual, but diffusive. Having once entered into human nature, it becomes a part of it, an hereditary taint, passing from generation to generation, often with accelerated force. 5. It is connected with a power or powers of evil outside of man, the character and influence of which are as yet but dimly revealed." "The ten 'words, or commandments, which even the most advanced criticism carries up to Moses, are in literature the most profound and comprehensive expression of that great order which encompasses all moral life. The moral law powerfully contributed to awaken the inner sense of the Hebrew people, and deepen their consciousness of sin . . . When the law entered into the consciousness of humanity, and was added to the progressive force of Divine revelation, the sense of sin was deepened alongside of it. Conscience became alive in front of the Divine commandment, and spiritual life was touched to its depths by that sad undertone of sin which has never died out of it. Through ages, the moral law has been the most powerful moral factor of humanity, restraining its chaotic tendencies, and binding it into harmonies of domestic, social, and

religious well-being. It has lain not merely upon the human conscience, but entered into the human heart as one of its most inward living springs—bracing its weakness, rebuking its laxity, holding before it an inflexible rule of moral good. Words cannot measure the strength which it has been to all the higher qualities of the race, and the widespread moral education which it has diffused—discriminating and purifying the ideas alike of good and evil wherever it has prevailed, and clothing life with a reality and depth of meaning which it would never otherwise have possessed." The three following lectures are full of similar points, which space forbids our referring to. On some questions we could have desired a firmer tone. The entire abandonment of the circle of Calvinist ideas is also noteworthy. Within its very limited field the volume, as a whole, is excellent. Our hearts respond to the closing words: "If we are conscious of the conflict of sin in ourselves—if in our higher moments, when we are ravished by the Good, we are yet held back by the Evil, and when we delight in the law of God, according to the inward man, we yet find a law in our members warring against the law of our minds and bringing us into captivity to the law of sin and death—let us remember that there is One who is able to help us, and who will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear; and let our prayer be—who would not have the experience out of which such a prayer springs, bitter though it be, rather than rest in the deadness of sin!—Save us, good Lord, and bring us from all the weary and sinful struggle of this mortal life to Thine own holy peace, and Thine everlasting kingdom and glory. Amen."

Birks's Modern Physical Fatalism.

Modern Physical Fatalism and the Doctrine of Evolution, including an Examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's First Principles. By T. R. Birks, M.A., Professor of Moral Philosophy, Cambridge. London: Macmillan and Co. 1876.

This is decidedly Mr. Birks's best work. In it Mr. Spencer's whole system, as enunciated in the *First Principles*, is subject to searching, effective criticism; and as Mr. Spencer's theory professes to be the latest edition of Positivist and Darwinian views, revised, enlarged, systematised, thoroughly worked out to their final results on every side, with every doubtful point omitted and every gap filled up, Mr. Birks's volume becomes a review of the whole body of modern sceptical doctrine. Every point within the sceptical position falls within the range of his fire,—the Unknowable, Matter, Force, Life, Fatalism, Heterogeneity, Evolution, Natural

Selection. The author comes to his task thoroughly equipped in the scientific armour essential to a combatant in such a warfare. Of course the writers attacked will not deign to notice criticism coming from such a quarter. The hopeless scientific stupidity of every believer in revelation is one of their "First Principles." Their avowed policy is one of contempt for opponents. But such a policy will, in the end, fatally recoil on those who glory in it. Exposures like the one before us will not do their work less effectively because they are left without reply.

It has always seemed to us that Mr. Spencer's volume, the *First Principles*, is the most marvellously overrated work of modern days. We can readily understand an utter stranger to metaphysics being imposed upon by its assumptions; and its chief danger lies in its being often the first text-book put into the hands of novices in metaphysical reading. But any one with even a slender acquaintance with what has been taught and written in the past, will recognise in the book, stripped of its sonorous verbiage, involved phraseology and studied mystifications of exceedingly simple ideas, a mere *rechauffé* of stale arguments and objections. Beyond this there is absolutely no new element. The tone, too, of affected superiority is most offensive. We look in vain for the modesty which is so becoming a characteristic of true science. No pope or council was ever so ready with final decisions from which there is no appeal. If these pretensions were supported by external authority, woe to dissenters. Should Positivism ever become a church with supreme power, the Roman Inquisition may look to its laurels.

Every reader of the works of Mill, Lewes, and others of the same school, is familiar with their fierce and scornful polemic against the notion of "necessary truth." Under this notion, of course, are included all those ultimate facts and principles which are incapable of proof because above it. The modern school reject the whole idea, name, and thing—no, the name only, not the thing. In Mr. Spencer's system the category reappears under another name, the "unthinkable," and, indeed, is the main pillar of the argument. It is introduced in every sort of occasion, and in every sort of proposition for which it is impossible or inconvenient to give evidence. Mr. Spencer's favourite method of proof is to assert that the opposite is "unthinkable." The sole difference between the old notion of "necessary truth," and this one, is, the difference between the positive and negative form. The one is applied to support an affirmative, the other to discredit a negative proposition. Everything which contradicts an assumed "First Principle," is pronounced "unthinkable," and no more is to be said. *Roma locuta est.* We are compelled to ask, Unthinkable by whom? And the only possible answer is, By Mr. Spencer and those of his way of thinking. Against the old form of the idea, it

is constantly alleged that it is a convenient cover for any assumption which theorists choose to make. This is demonstrably true of the new phrase. Ideas are constantly relegated to this class which others find no difficulty in thinking, and this for no other discernible reason than that their admission would be fatal to the author's theory. Indeed there is no limit to the assumption of the new school. If we allege that we find no difficulty in conceiving what has been pronounced "unthinkable," we are coolly told that we do nothing of the sort, that we are the victims of an illusion, that really nobody ever did or could think so. Thus Mr. Spencer claims to be omniscient, and to know the workings of our minds better than we do ourselves. How could he prove that the inconceivableness thus dogmatically asserted results from the necessary laws of thought which govern all minds alike? Such ideas as Self-existence, Creation, the Being of God, are "unthinkable." No one ever yet really believed in them! The millions of believers—including Locke, Newton, Descartes, Leibnitz, Berkeley, Hamilton—have all been self-deceived. Mr. Spencer will put them all right! The license of arbitrary assumption is unlimited. The very existence of anything which presumes to contradict our new dogmatisers is to be denied. We can only say that the demands made upon our faith by the old doctrine are light indeed in comparison with this modern infallibility.

It is a favourite amusement of Mr. Spencer to point out contradictions in the articles of Christian faith. We may well say, "Physician, heal thyself." His own position bristles with contradictions. Take a single example, his great discovery of the "Unknowable," which is at once his substitute for the conception of God, and the means of reconciling religion and science. "The widest, deepest, and most certain of all facts, is that the Power which the universe manifests to us is wholly inscrutable." This is the article which is to supersede the creeds of Christendom. We quote Mr. Birks's criticism:—"First, do we know that this Power exists? So we are afterwards assured. We are told that it is an indestructible belief, that 'it cannot cease till consciousness ceases, and has the highest validity of any.' If so, we know one thing with regard to this Unknowable, that it has a real existence. Do we know that it is not a mere attribute of something else? This is a second degree of knowledge. Do we know that it is One Power, and not a mere medley of many independent persons or things? This will be a third degree of knowledge. Do we know that it is rightly described as a Power at all, and is not rather weak, impotent, and powerless? This will be a fourth element. Does the universe manifest it to us? Then clearly it cannot be wholly unknown. Is this Power distinct from the universe which manifests it to us, or is it another name for the universe itself? If distinct from it, as the axiom

implies, this will be a sixth element in our knowledge of this Unknowable Something. . . . And if we add to these the statements which presently follow, that it stands in a relation of contrast to the Relative, that it is 'the persistent body of a thought to which we can give no shape, and the object of an irresistible belief,' that it is 'a something, the concept of which is formed by combining many concepts, deprived of their limits and conditions,' that it is 'an actuality lying behind appearances,' that it is in such close relation to the relative realities, that every change in one may be viewed as representing an answering change in the other, so that the relatives and absolutes are practically equivalent, and, finally, that more or less constant relations in the absolute beyond consciousness are matters of experience and generate like relations in our states of consciousness, we may see the force of Mr. Mill's satirical remark, that the doctrine recognises as attainable a surprising and almost prodigious amount of knowledge of the Unknowable." One of the most skilful and effective passages in Mr. Birks's volume is that in which he makes Mr. Mill reply to Mr. Spencer on one of his main doctrines.

If it is any comfort, after the great religious ideas—God, First Cause, Creation, Self-Existence—have been dismissed in this summary fashion, the fundamental ideas of physical science are demolished by the same process. Space, Matter, Force, Time, are one and all declared to be "unthinkable," and to contain hopeless contradictions. Thus, in strict logic, physical science is as impossible as religion; and if Mr. Spencer were consistent, he would assert that no human being yet ever did really believe in Matter, Force, Space, and Time. But as mankind cannot get on without science, it is reintroduced in a practical form for practical purposes. Just as Dr. Mansel first banished theology as a metaphysician, and then recalled it as a believer, so Mr. Spencer does with science. Surely, then, it follows inexorably on Mr. Spencer's own showing that the doctrine of religion rests on as good a basis as those of science. If one is philosophically indemonstrable, so is the other. If, in spite of this drawback, science is still necessary and legitimate, why may not this be true of religion? Where is the justice or decency of Mr. Spencer's unmitigated derision of theological hypotheses? Religion and science, *ex hypothesi*, stand on exactly the same footing. The unthinkableness of the postulates which underlie the latter is no derogation, it seems, from that irrefragable certainty of science, whose praise is chaunted on every side. How, then, in the name of consistency, can it be any objection to religious beliefs? But the fact is, that in both cases alike the unthinkableness is imaginary. It is hard to resist the conviction that the principal object is to display the writer's ingenuity in destructive analysis. What Mr. Birks says of one point might be said of many more. "So, again, of the change from Rest to

Motion, or from Motion to Rest. It is surely a most extreme paradox to say that either of these is unthinkable. Mr. Mill may well say, of such a style of philosophising, that the number of its thinkable objects must be remarkably small." Contradiction, indeed! What contradiction can be more glaring than to assert of one and the same conception, that it is "vicious, unthinkable," and that "it is impossible to avoid making it"? On all the subjects comprised in his work, Mr. Birks will be found a powerful antagonist to the sceptical school.

Dods's Mohammed, Buddha and Christ.

Mohammed, Buddha, and Christ. Four Lectures on Natural and Revealed Religion. By Marcus Dods, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1877.

Two of these lectures are given to Mohammedanism, one to each of the other subjects. All are clear, suggestive, impartial, and are a proof, if proof were wanting, that definite Christian faith is no bar to a just appreciation of what is true and good in other systems. From the undiscriminating abuse of Mohammed of former days the pendulum seems to have swung to panegyric equally undiscriminating. Such panegyric will inevitably provoke exposure of the darker deeds of Mohammed's life, of which there is abundance. His merciless extermination of Jews has never been sufficiently emphasised. His was, in truth, a mixed character; very mixed. A true history would relegate his prophetic pretensions to a second place, and pass judgment on him as on Alexander or Cæsar. Tried even by such a standard, after every plea has been put in and every allowance made, the sentence must be a severe one. Dr. Dods leans to charity wherever this is possible, refuses to press doubtful points, discriminates instead of condemning in the lump; but he is at the antipodes of the apologists who write as if they had accepted a brief for Mohammed. He has a definite opinion, and expresses it. There is no mystery whatever as to the causes of the success of Mohammed and his system. It is one of the plainest facts in the whole field of history. Mohammed made no headway as long as he confined himself to persuasion. The tide only turned when he took up the sword. Whatever part zeal for truth played as a motive before, from that time it gave way in Mohammed, and still more flagrantly in his successors, to sheer ambition and lust of conquest. The whole thing is as simple as the success of William the Conqueror. Dr. Dods says, justly: "I affirm that the man must shut his eyes to the broadest, most conspicuous facts of the history of Islam, who denies that the sword has been the great means of propagating this religion. St. Hilaire puts the whole matter in a nutshell when he says: 'Without Islam the

Arabs had not been the conquerors of the world; but without war Islam itself had not been.' I like the honesty as I admire the penetration of Abulwalid, who plainly declared, 'My principles are faith in one God, and in this'—laying his hand on his scimitar." The universal alternative was short, simple, decisive—the Koran, tribute, or the sword. The toleration of Mohammedanism is not the recognition of the equality of others, but simply a tyrant's contempt for slaves. Its penalty for conversion to another faith is death. As is well pointed out, the system commits suicide when in ignorance it indorses the preceding Jewish and Christian revelations. The only way of escape from the dilemma is to assert that Scripture has been falsified by Christians—a desperate expedient. The only legitimate ground of defence would be that of accommodation to the circumstances of Arabia, as Judaism was an accommodation in some respects; but this is precluded by the claim of Mohammedanism to be the final revelation, in advance even of Christianity, a claim which Judaism never made.

The third lecture is a brief but clear account of Buddhism, that mysterious revolt against the grinding tyranny of Brahmanism which sprang at a bound from the million-peopled pantheon of Brahma to atheism and annihilation. Its creed is nothing more or less than pessimism more extreme than Europeans are ever likely to emulate, its practice stoicism beyond anything Zeno or Cato ever knew. Schopenhauer professed himself an admirer of Buddha, and borrowed some of his teachings. Positivism, too, copies from Buddhism, when it sternly interdicts all inquiry into causes, and makes actual facts the only object of knowledge. *How* the world came to be it does not ask. But supposing the world in existence, Karma, action is the sole cause of misery, desire or fear the cause of action, opinion of desire, and so on. Hence desire and feeling must be sternly repressed. Annihilation of personality is the supreme beatitude. Buddhism, like Mohammedanism, was a missionary faith, and its weapon was not the sword. Its spread is a question on which our author does not touch.

The last lecture, on Christianity, is the most original and interesting of the whole, and raises several important points. The argument is to the effect that, after all discrimination of what is due to the influence of Christianity and to other conditions, the Divine origin of Christianity is established beyond all question by the fact that it gives the highest conception of God's character, most perfectly brings man into harmony with God, and exerts the deepest moral influence on human life. The management of the argument is not a little ingenious. Our high conception of God is given through the doctrine of incarnation. Incarnation is an Aryan, not a Semitic notion. Yet it comes to us from a Semitic source. Where could the Semitic mind get it but from

revelation? "Here, then, we have the root-idea of a religion springing up from a soil in which there was nothing which could naturally produce it; that is to say, we have an idea which perfectly answers to the definition of a revelation which the science of a revelation gives us—an idea 'given,' not acquired." Other questions discussed are, whether inferior religions have answered a good purpose, and whether there are conditions to which Christianity might prove unsuitable.

M'Neile's The Church and the Churches.

The Church and the Churches; or, The Church of God in Christ, and the Churches of Christ Militant here on Earth. By the Very Rev. Dean M'Neile, D.D. London: The Christian Book Society, 11, Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C., and Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row.

This is the first volume of a series of five which the Christian Book Society are publishing. If this instalment may be regarded as a fair sample of the whole, a more timely and wise republication has not been undertaken for several years. Pressing questions of the day, into contact with which every thoughtful man must often be brought, are here examined with precision and vigour, and in many cases settled to complete satisfaction. For whilst of course no one could be expected to agree in all points with any writer upon a subject so large and many sided as that of "the Church," a man who recognises the Scriptures as the supreme authority upon all matters of revelation, as an authority one word of which is sufficient to overrule traditions and quotations from the Fathers without number, would find little to quarrel with in this book. He might, perhaps, doubt the cogency of part of the last chapter, where the author explains his views of the connection between the civil ruler and the ministry of militant churches. He might also hope that another of Dr. M'Neile's positions was at least assailable, that, whilst mutual forbearance and Christian recognition amongst the members of different churches are possible and right, it is impossible that there can be any such union as would permit earnest co-operation. But beyond these and a few other eminently uncertain and disputable matters, he would welcome the Dean as a desirable ally, who never spoke without reason, and who, when he did speak, used words that were vigorous and plain, but not bitter or discourteous.

There are two other features of the book which are altogether admirable. The one is the frequency and general conclusiveness of its appeals to Scripture; the other is a devotional element

which often transforms an occasion for controversy into an opportunity of great spiritual profit. Of the latter it is impossible to speak too highly. Again and again Dr. M'Neile refuses to be contented with the confirmation which Scripture gives to his argument, but tries to make his reader a better as well as a better-informed man. And these digressions have not, as when attempted by feeble writers, a tendency to irritate; for they are hardly recognised as digressions. The progress of thought runs through them and not past them, and suffers upon their account neither in its rapidity nor in its consecutiveness. It is impossible within our limits to quote fairly passages of this kind in illustration; but we can recommend the whole book to our readers, as a manual for the soul as well as a treatise for the intellect. One chapter especially—"The Church of God in Christ; its Holiness"—is calculated to give definiteness both to their belief and to their personal aims and hopes; and still more especially that section of the chapter which deals with the instrumentality of the Word of God and its provision of instruction and promise and warning for all the diversities of disposition found amongst Christians. In view of certain ecclesiastical phenomena of the present day—a cause of grief to all Protestants, and of deception and mistake to many a sincere seeker after God—we cannot forbear quoting one paragraph, which will exhibit at once our author's standpoint and the Scripturalness and spirituality of his teaching. "Taking into consideration *all* holy Scripture as it is given by inspiration of God, and all the varieties of constitutional character, and failing, and experience presented by the Church of God, it is on His sacred Word, blessing, guiding, warning, promising, all of it rendered effectual by the promised teaching and influences of the Holy Spirit, that we rely for the production of holiness, in principle and practice, in the members of His Church. We believe that the manifestations of such holiness will vary, as individuals vary in outward appearance as well as in inward disposition. We do not dare, we would not wish, to attain uniformity of manifestation, an automaton holiness, by an artificial discipline, a sort of Procrustes' bed, to the dimensions of which the short must be stretched, and the long crippled or amputated. 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty' (2 Cor. iii. 17); and therefore we repudiate all such ecclesiastical drills as are now gravely commended to our approbation. Independently of what we are deeply convinced to be the falsehood and idolatry involved in some of them, we reject the drill as such; because, however valuable, or even indispensable, such treatment may be to prepare soldiers for this world (unthinking machines, to move in masses at the word of the commanding officer), it can never prepare them for that 'reasonable service' to which the soldiers of Jesus Christ are called. It is consummate

policy in those who wish to make the Church appear co-extensive with the community; that is, to appear what it is not, and what it can never be, until by some competent authority a large portion of the New Testament shall be pronounced obsolete. But for those who are more concerned about realities than appearances, this mode of treatment possesses no charms" (pp. 135, 136).

The other feature to which we refer will be a matter of course to such as are acquainted with Dr. M'Neile's career at Liverpool, or with the leading characteristics of his ministry. Exposition, clear, faithful, fresh, and abundant, that kind of exposition which takes the Bible as a living voice and brings it home to the daily wants and duties of men, occupies as prominent and honourable a place here as it used to do in the pulpit of St. Jude's church. The address to Peter, the power to bind and loose, Matt. xi. 2, and similar passages are treated with an ability and discernment that leave little to be desired; although in the last case the author can hardly expect a general acceptance of his interpretation unless he can show that Jesus, as the King of "the kingdom of heaven," speaks of Himself elsewhere in parallel passages as being also in it.

We can in conclusion only express our wish that this book were in the hands of all who are disturbed by the pretensions of any visible church to be the whole Church of Christ, and who, if their minds were not thereby perfectly quieted, would at least be able to escape one snare. "The real source of danger from the heresy of the few," Dr. M'Neile truly says, "is to be found in the ignorance of the many;" and the chief form which ignorance assumes in respect of the subject he is concerned with, is ignorance of the Scriptural sense of words which are used by our adversaries in an unscriptural sense. If a man wants to learn what the Bible teaches concerning the one Church of Christ and the many churches amongst men, and the relationships which connect the latter with the former, he will find Dr. M'Neile an invaluable help.

Works by Dr. Edersheim.

The World before the Flood, and the History of the Patriarchs. By the Rev. Dr. Edersheim. The Religious Tract Society.

The Exodus and the Wanderings in the Wilderness. By the Rev. Dr. Edersheim. The Religious Tract Society.

Israel in Canaan under Joshua and the Judges. By Alfred Edersheim, D.D., Phil. D. London: The Religious Tract Society.

These three books are part of a series which, when finished, will form a complete Bible History: the ground covered by each is

sufficiently indicated by its title. We have been greatly pleased by the work as a whole. The division into periods possesses several advantages. Each volume is portable, and in price is brought within the reach of almost any one, and many may be led to procure a work on that particular portion of Scripture which they may have under review, who would shrink from obtaining a larger one on the whole Bible or on the Old Testament, and this not simply from monetary considerations, but from fear that the larger book might remain unread. These volumes, of about two hundred pages each, would tempt even those already well acquainted with Scripture history to sit down and refresh their memories; yet we would not willingly give the impression that they belong to the slight and superficial class. Dr. Edersheim is well known as an able, orthodox writer on the Bible, and he now presents us, in a small compass, with the results of the "painful" study—as the old writers would say—of years.

However hard school-boards may toil, the many cannot be expected to be scholars: the ability to go to the original texts and form an independent judgment on critical and exegetical questions must always be the privilege of a few. What is needed is that the results obtained by the competent few should be made available for all. It is therefore with pleasure that we note that while there are abundant evidences of accurate scholarship in these books, the *display* of learning is entirely absent. Dr. Edersheim writes, as he himself modestly says, so "as to be of use to the Sunday-school teacher, the advanced scholar, and the Bible class." For such readers we think they are admirably adapted, while those who have to teach scholars of a larger growth from the pulpit would find that a careful perusal was not labour ill spent.

The last of the volumes mentioned above having been recently issued, we may make a few remarks upon it more in detail. The first two chapters are chiefly occupied with the history and enigmatical character of Balaam. Dr. Edersheim, having carefully considered the various views of Balaam's character which have been set forth, finds himself unable to accept any of them. "I have therefore," he says, "subjected the whole question to fresh investigation, the results of which are given in the text." While his view has many things to recommend it, we do not feel that we can heartily accept it. Much will have to be thought and written about the "son of Bosor, who loved the wages of unrighteousness," before his relations to Jehovah and to heathendom, and the workings of his spirit within, are explained. The extract which we give shows something of Dr. Edersheim's thought respecting him, while at the same time it gives a good example of his clear, and at times powerful, writing:—"Thus, in our opinion, from the time when we first meet him, standing where the two roads part, to the bitter end of his treachery, when,

receiving the reward of Judas, he was swept away in the destruction of Midian, his conduct was throughout consistently *heathen*, and his progress rapid in the downward course. Where the two roads part! In every crisis of history, and we feel persuaded, in the great crisis of every individual life, there is such a meeting and parting of the two ways to life or to destruction. It was so in the case of Pharaoh, when Moses first brought him the summons of the Lord to let his people go free, proving his authority by indubitable signs. And Balaam stood at the meeting and parting of the two ways that night, when the ambassadors of Balak and the elders of Midian were, for the first time, under his roof. *That embassy was the crisis in his history.* He had advanced to the knowledge that Jehovah, the God of Israel, was God. The question now came: Would he recognise Him as the only true and living God, with whom no such relationship could exist as those which heathenism supposed; towards whom every relationship must be moral and spiritual, not magical—one of heart and of life-service, not of influence and power?"

Wherever additional light would be thrown upon a subject Dr. Edersheim renders the Hebrew into English for himself: and in some places, as the blessings of Jacob and the prophecies of Balaam, he gives an entirely new translation of the whole passage. In the latter we observe that a text frequently—not to say too frequently—quoted by some assumes a new form. The latter part of Numbers xxiii. 23 reads thus, "According to the time it is said to Jacob and to Israel what God doeth;" where the meaning is, as Keil points out, "At the right time God revealed His acts, His counsel and His will to Israel in His Word, which he had spoken at first to the Patriarchs, and afterwards through Moses and the Prophets." If sermons are preached upon misunderstood texts now, it is not that books of the right class are too costly or too learned.

We cannot follow the course of the history point by point down to that beautiful Scriptural idyll, the story of Ruth, David's ancestress, but would express the hope that the thoughtful study of Scripture, with the assistance of such books as these, will become much more general. Nothing will so effectually neutralise the evils of rationalistic teaching as a thorough acquaintance with the Word of God itself, which has always proved its own best witness.

Sketches of Jewish Social Life in the Days of Christ. Rev. Dr. Edersheim. London: Religious Tract Society.

In these sketches Dr. Edersheim takes us into the land of Palestine, as it was in the time of our Lord, that we may mingle with its people, travel along their highways, listen to their

common talk, watch their social customs, sit at the feet of their Rabbis, and breathe that atmosphere which was to them as the breath of heaven. In doing so he has sought to illustrate the New Testament by gathering and arranging scattered information found in writings contemporary, or nearly so, with the sacred writers themselves, and more especially has he made use of the older Rabbinical writings. To the general reader, and even to those reputed to be Biblical scholars, the Talmud is largely an unknown land. That it contains much which is helpful to a better understanding of the New Testament no reader of this volume and its companion on *The Temple and its Services* will be likely to deny, and we are once more grateful to Dr. Edersheim for putting the results of his studies before us in a popular and attractive form.

The land itself is first sketched in all its ancient beauty and fruitfulness, mournfully contrasting with its present condition. In size not more than twice as large as Wales, it possessed almost every variety of climate. "Behold," said Rabbi Jonathan to his students, "the literal fulfilment of the promise: a land flowing with milk and honey," as he saw the ripe fruit dropping its juice on the ground, while at a little distance the udder of a she-goat could no longer hold its milk. It commanded the love and veneration of its people to a degree probably without parallel. Palestine was "the land," all else was simply "outside the land;" its very dust was sacred. "He that hath his permanent abode in Palestine is sure of the life to come," said the Talmund; those who were buried there would be the first to arise when Messiah came; and that none might despond, it was taught that God would open subterranean roads into the Holy Land through which the dust of those might travel who had not been permitted to live there. Galilee was more fertile than any other part of Palestine, and its inhabitants were brought more into contact with the outer world, yet it was not held in equal honour with Judæa, where was the Temple. The Jews of Judæa looked down in contempt upon the Galilean Jews, and constantly twitted them with their inability to pronounce the Hebrew gutturals, and with their ignorance of the law: hence how natural the words of Peter; "Surely thou also art one of them; for thy speech bewrayeth thee;" "Art thou also of Galilee?"

The picture of Jewish home life has much that is very attractive, particularly the loving care with which children were trained. It is somewhat surprising to find the schoolmaster abroad in those times, yet every place which numbered one hundred and twenty families was bound to appoint one, and he might not have more than some twenty-five scholars under his care at once: if the number reached fifty a second teacher was necessary. At about six years old the child began to study the Hebrew Bible, at ten

he proceeded to read the Mishna, and at fifteen he was expected to be ready for the Talmud. The Rabbis had but little to tell the people respecting death and a future life. Shortly after the destruction of Jerusalem, Rabbi Jochanan ben Saccai, when dying, burst into tears and said, "There are before me two ways, one to Paradise and the other to hell, and I know not which of the two ways I shall have to go, whether to Paradise or to hell: now, then, shall I not shed tears?" The following, however, is noteworthy: "Rabbi Eliezer said, Repent on the day before thou diest. His disciples asked him: Can a man know the hour of his death? He replied: Therefore let him repent to-day, lest haply he die on the morrow."

There is much in the chapters upon the Pharisees, and even more in those on the synagogues and their worship upon which we would willingly dwell, but space fails us. The words of the Rabbis frequently call to our mind some familiar saying of our Lord. "Thus, Rabbi Simeon, the son of Eleazer, said: Hast thou all thy life long seen a beast or a bird which has a trade? Still they are nourished, and that without anxious care. And if they, who are created only to serve me, shall not I expect to be nourished without anxious care who am created to serve my Maker? Only that if I have been evil in my deeds, I forfeit support." One other point we note in conclusion, Dr. Edersheim thinks he has discovered traces of mutual association, and of the spirit of trade-unionism in the Talmud!

Symbolic Parables of the Church, &c.

The Symbolic Parables of the Church, the World, and the Antichrist. Being the Separate Predictions of the Apocalypse viewed in their Relation to the General Truths of Scripture. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1877.

On the shelves of the British Museum, we are told, are upwards of a thousand volumes on the Book of Revelation alone, testimony at once to the difficulty of the subject and their own failure in a greater or less degree. Where so many works, ponderous with arithmetic and learning, have failed, it is scarcely to be supposed that the present modest volume of our anonymous writer has perfectly succeeded. Yet it has much to commend it. The exposition is intelligible, the outline simple and clear, the method framed on the analogy of Scripture, all bewildering details are avoided, and the spirit is thoroughly devout and reverent. The central idea is that the book is one of pictorial parables, like the Gospel parables on a vast scale, and, like them, having no special but numberless general applications. The inspired visions symbolised nothing but the largest, most comprehensive prophecies,

which are fulfilled not in this or that definite person or event but in persons and events constantly recurring. The Seven Seals typify God's probative government of the Church, the Seven Trumpets His corrective government of nations, the Seven Vials His punitive judgments on moral evil. The symmetry of the Apostle's splendid imagery is admirably brought out. While the main teaching runs in these three central lines, the other visions are shown to be auxiliary to the main subject. In each case between the sixth and seventh in the series there is a break filled up by intercalary visions which pave the way for the seventh Sabbatic period. The exposition of the Vials occupies half the volume. The introductory scenes of this series are especially rich and elaborate. This threefold series is not successive, but synchronous. They represent simply different aspects or departments of the one far-reaching kingdom of God. Antichrist is considered as a gigantic embodiment of the devil, the world, and the flesh: the first symbolised by the dragon, the second by the hydra-headed beast, the third by another beast.

One remark which applies as well to the Gospel as to the Apocalyptic parables is, that portions of the pictures are merely the "drapery," the filling up necessary to the completeness of the picture. If this had been remembered, we should have had fewer attempts to force a meaning upon every minute detail, and consequently fewer great mistakes on the part of interpreters. We can sincerely recommend this volume as a thoughtful, trustworthy guide to the elucidation of a confessedly mysterious book.

Geden's Doctrine of a Future Life.

The Doctrine of a Future Life as contained in the Old Testament Scriptures. Fernley Lecture. By John Dury Geden. Second Edition. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1877.

The alterations made in the second edition of this admirable lecture consist chiefly in the addition of a few illustrative footnotes, the breaking up of long paragraphs, and the revision not only of paragraphs but of words and phrases. A comparison of the two editions would reveal to any one the fastidious care with which this work of retouching has been done. It would have needed a keen eye to detect any traces of chisel in the original structure, it would need a far keener one to discover any flaw of workmanship now. Indeed, the slightest of the alterations bears striking witness to the care of the lecturer in the first instance. So much as to the style. As to the matter, this remains the same and is well known. The discussion of other theories did not fall within the lecturer's plan, and would simply have diverted

attention from the main argument. We should be glad if our notice served to bring the lecture into the hands of a yet larger circle of readers.

Dr. M'Ewen's Sermons.

Sermons by the late Alexander M'Ewen, M.A., D.D., Minister of Claremont Church, Glasgow. Edited by his Son, with a Memoir. Glasgow: Maclehose. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

Unlike the many ambiguous voices coming from the North, these sermons belong to the old-fashioned type of preaching to which Scotland and Scotch Christianity owe much of their strength and glory. We doubt whether that best form of religious teaching, exposition of Scripture, has been anywhere brought to such perfection as in Scotland. Due, in the first instance, to a thorough ministerial training and a settled pastorate, this is due, in the last resort, to the sermon-loving ways of the people; and thus the old adage is verified that good hearers make good preachers. A good preacher Dr. M'Ewen evidently was. With nothing striking or brilliant, his sermons are sensible, practical, full of human insight and natural feeling, and loyal to truth. They are nearly all—a rare phenomenon now—divided into three heads, and these again into subdivisions of threes. Let us hear the preacher on Self-Communion: "'Commune with your heart upon your bed;' as if to say, 'Do it anywhere, at any time, in any place, only do it.' The heart is a book which we can always read. You can carry it with you to the desk, to the warehouse, to the class-room, to the busy workshop, to the thronged street, as to the silent chamber. You can lay it on the bench where the plane is driving. You can spread it on the anvil where the hammer is falling. You can look at it on the desk over which the pen is hastening. You can hold it up without hands. You can read it when your eyes are shut. Only let us be sure that we are reading it in some way." Altogether, for Sunday reading the volume will be found most profitable.

Finney's Sermons on Gospel Themes.

Sermons on Gospel Themes. By Charles G. Finney, late President of Oberlin College. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1877.

These sermons, reported from the lips of the preacher and afterwards corrected by him, not only represent truthfully Mr. Finney's doctrinal teaching, but well illustrate his style and method of preaching. The subjects chosen are of the highest

importance, and are most suitable for the display of Mr. Finney's special power, that of tracing the bearing of the philosophic aspects of Christian doctrine on the practical duties of the Christian life. They may be characterised as heart-searching sermons. It is almost impossible to fence the heart against such keen sword-thrusts. One purpose runs through the whole; it is a desire to persuade, almost compel, men to submit to the Divine law. Mr. Finney himself once described true preaching to be "earnest talk." Of this the present volume is a good example. The form of the sermon is peculiar. A striking subject is chosen and plainly stated, sometimes without any introduction. This, with great variety in treatment, is discussed with closeness of reasoning and direct appeal to the listening congregation, "remarks" taking the place of the ordinary "application." There is no display, no ornamentation; the attention is not allowed to be diverted by a single figurative expression. It is close, hard, cogent, grappling with the innermost convictions of men. Whatever the sermons may lack in artistic elegance, there is certainly nothing wanting in precision and force. They are instruments well fitted to produce the great effect Mr. Finney was known to exert over his audience.

Cooke's Power of the Holy Spirit.

The Power of the Holy Spirit of God. By the Rev. J. Hunt Cooke. London: R. D. Dickinson. 1877.

In this brief treatise the various offices of the Holy Spirit are considered, not exhaustively indeed, but with some originality of thought and expression. The author aims at putting old truth in an unconventional way. The style might perhaps be improved by a more generous use of connecting particles, but there is no other fault to find. Inspiration "is not simply the bestowal of genius, but that bestowal with the object of the advancement of God's kingdom." The question which divides Christendom into two great parties is: "Does the Holy Spirit come to souls through a church, or does He come to a church through individual souls? Is His work on men mediate or immediate? With one party the question is: Am I a member of the true Church? If so, the Spirit is mine. With the other: Have I the Spirit of God? If so, I must belong to the true Church of God, even if I mistake the communion. It is the former view which, misdirecting human zeal, has neutralised so much of the power of Christianity through the centuries."

Wilson's Wines of the Bible.

The Wines of the Bible: an Examination and Refutation of the Unfermented Wine Theory. By the Rev. A. M. Wilson. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison. Manchester: John Boyd. 1877.

We should hardly have thought it necessary to write a volume of three hundred and eighty pages in order to prove that men could get drunk in the age of miracles as well as in modern times. We had always supposed that the case of Noah would settle that question to the satisfaction of the most prejudiced critic that ever brought his creed to the Bible instead of bringing it out from it. But there is no doctrine too absurd to be held—sincerely and strongly held—by men the correctness of whose reasoning blinds them to the falsity of their facts. The great Temperance movement needs no support from such a dogma as this. A weak argument is like a rotten beam, or a rotten bridge, better removed as soon as discovered than left to imperil the multitudes who are trusting to it. We wish all Temperance reformers may accept the arguments advanced in this volume, but we wish yet more that the people of England would accept the principles of Temperance reformers.

II. MISCELLANEOUS.

Morley's Critical Miscellanies.

Critical Miscellanies. Second Series. By John Morley. London: Chapman and Hall. 1877.

Mr. Morley is not most certainly a man of one idea in the sense of having one idea only; but he is a man whose system of opinions —he would himself call it his religion—seems to press constantly for utterance. He is didactic, eager not to allow any opportunity of edification to pass "unimproved," anxious at all seasons to preach the new persuasion of humanity which is to effect so great a moral regeneration of mankind.

Now Mr. Morley's views, it goes without saying, are not ours, and we confess freely that we find some difficulty in reading his book quite unrepelled by certain modes of thought and expression, and in criticising it without allowing an occasional sense of amusement to find its natural expression in banter. Nor, it must be said, does "mine author" help us very much here. For the amusement, indeed, he can perhaps scarcely be held strictly responsible. It probably never struck him that any one should be tempted to smile at his singling out the Feast of the Supreme Being—that "most disgusting and contemptible anachronism in history"—for exceptional reprobation in such a career as Robespierre's. It may be that he himself is scarcely conscious how much his dislike for the "Republican Calendar, with its Prairials and Germinals, its Ventoses and Pluvioses," looks as if it were born of the rivalry that may be supposed to exist between that Calendar and the Positivist Calendar. He most certainly was very serious when he wrote of the "keen surprise" which Mr. Mill's essay on religion had produced in his mind. And there are other passages at which we confess to having allowed the solemnity befitting our reviewer's office to suffer some disturbance. But, as just observed, for such smiles Mr. Morley can only be held partly responsible. We will not hold him answerable for our levity. Apart from this, however, he might, without any question, have done a good deal more to encourage in the reader and especially the hostile reader—and presumably he does not write merely for those who agree with him—a calm and philosophical tone of mind. We all remember how De Quincey's elder brother, when lecturing to an audience yet more juvenile than himself, excited them to rebellion by ostentatiously

"making things clear to their mean capacities." We confess to a dislike for being talked down to. No doubt we are "poor sectaries," who are not to be "exterminated," but "explained," believers in a creed which, from "being a conviction," has sunk "to a curiosity." Still the iron has not yet entered entirely into our souls; we are not yet so far conscious of our inferiority, that we like to have it altogether taken for granted. There are some *ex cathedrâ* utterances that inevitably excite a spirit of opposition. Such phrases as "nobody of sense now doubts," "of course the sensible view is," "every enlightened politician in Europe," "any enlightened person in our day must be," "what scientific person seriously thinks," are anything but persuasive.

And when such expressions occur in connection with opinions that have not very obviously been "thought out," they are the less calculated to carry conviction. Take the following instance: Mr. Morley says, "We cannot take too much pains to realise that the voluntary conversion of Louis the Sixteenth to a popular constitution and the abolition of feudalism, was practically as impossible as the conversion of Pope Pius the Ninth to the doctrine of a free Church in a free State. Those who believe in the miracle of free will may think of this as they please. *Sensible people*, who accept the *scientific* account of human character, know that the sudden transformation of a man or a woman brought up to middle age as the heir to centuries of absolutist tradition into adherents of a government that agreed with the doctrines of Locke and Milton, was only possible on condition of supernatural interference."* The sensible and scientific persons here spoken of are presumably those who hold with Mr. Morley that "no man can climb out beyond the limitations of his own character," that "on the day that first gives the man to the world. . . . Sibyls and prophets have already spoken their inexorable decree. . . . No time and no might can break the stamped mould of his character; only as life wears on do all its foreshapen lines come into light. He is launched into a sea of external conditions that are as independent of his own will as the temperament with which he comforts them." Such being the case, it is difficult to see how the "sudden transformation of a man or woman" should be more difficult or miraculous than the gradual transformation. Both would seem to be equally "unscientific;" and by occasion we may add that all moral indig-

* We may observe incidentally that the proof adduced by Mr. Morley of the King's incapacity, viz., his writing the word *rien* in his diary on the day when the Bastille fell, and on the day when he was carried from Versailles to the Tuileries, has always seemed to us singularly inconclusive. Such a use of the entries in the Diary is uncritical. The Diary was not a diary in the ordinary sense. It was mainly a record of sport. The king had shot no game on these two days—being, indeed, otherwise engaged—and nothing was, therefore, a proper and correct memorandum. We don't look for sentiment in an account-book.

nation or approval as applied to human action would appear to be very unscientific also. But if character and opinions can change at all, there is no reason in the nature of things why they should not change rapidly as well as slowly. The question is merely one of circumstance and probability; and the term "scientific account of human character," as used here, though vaguely impressive, is in reality loose and inaccurate.

Again, Mr. Mill had said, "I think it must be allowed that in the present state of our knowledge, the adaptations in nature afford a large balance of probability in favour of creation by intelligence;" and on this Mr. Morley observes that the Darwinian "hypothesis, if it can ever be completely verified, will *make short work* with the evidence from which Mr. Mill's balance of probability is procured." And he says farther, "Whatever value we may choose to set upon any special way of working out the theory of cosmic evolution, *we can hardly be blind* either to the evidence there is for its general truth, or to the force with which that evidence makes against the notion of special contrivance and provident adaptation. The scientific principles which lead to the doctrine of Evolution are not logically inconsistent with Theism. But they are inconsistent with the inference of a creative Deity from any of the supposed phenomena of design." Is it clear that Mr. Morley has "thought out" this last proposition? Of the truth or falsehood of the doctrine of evolution itself, we give no opinion here. But is it so clear that design could not be inferred from an evolved world? Surely the singular potentiality of adaptation, if we may so term it, which the evolution theory presupposes, may be held to speak of intelligent foresight no less clearly than any other mode of creation. An eye being given, and its gradual development from an organic or inorganic substance assumed, there seems as much evidence of design in the power which matter would possess of gradually fashioning itself into that delicate instrument as in any other creative process. Of course, as we are quite aware, Mr. Morley would not accept the argument from design without the evolution theory any more than with it. We are only trying to show that he furnishes us with no evidence of having more than generally considered the bearing of that theory on the controversy.

It is not our intention, however, to lay siege in form to his citadel. We shall open no trenches at duly measured distance, and endeavour, with such best skill as we possess, to dislodge him from his outworks, effect a practicable breach, and compel an unconditional surrender. Mr. Morley here, as we have said, caused us to smile once or twice, and we quite willingly, in return, give him the fullest leave to smile at the suggestion of such a bare possibility. He may deride us from his walls. We mean no more than a reconnaissance on this occasion, and not a "reconnaissance in force." Let us describe what we have met with in our way.

First the book opens with an article on "France in the Eighteenth Century"*—a review of M. Taine's recent and very interesting *Ancien Régime*. This need not detain us long; and in fact, to be quite sincere, it does not seem to us that the first question which arises when an article from a periodical is reprinted "in book form"—viz., whether the article has *permanent* as distinguished from temporary value—can here be answered in the affirmative. Similarly as regards the next article on "Robespierre," interesting as it is, we are tempted to make the same remark. The career of Robespierre is, perhaps, one of the best known in foreign history. He occupies a most prominent place on the stage in one of the most tremendous of historical dramas. Books on the French Revolution are innumerable, and in all such books the man with the "soul that was like small beer," the "sea-green incorruptible," stands perforce in the foreground, all bespattered with blame or venomous praise. Mr. Morley's view of his character is not new nor specially striking. It does not differ, so far as our memory serves us, from that given by M. Thiers—whose beautiful lucidity and charm of style, we may add parenthetically, are incomparable. Let us not be misunderstood. These articles, their standpoint and certain errors of taste allowed for, are excellent if viewed as review or magazine articles. They abound in ingenious observations, true, questionable, or false, but in any case worthy of at least passing attention. But that scarcely suffices to justify their rescue from the great gulf of periodical literature.

There are many passages in the paper on Robespierre that tempt us to linger, and a word or two we should like to have said respecting the treatment of Marie Antoinette, which seems to us unworthy from any point of view.† "But that eternal want of" pages "that vexes public" writers, presses us forward. And we come next to Turgot. "The evil that men do lives after them," says the poet, "the good is oft interred with their bones," and though it is perhaps natural that a figure like that of Robespierre, illumined as it is by the glare of revolution, should stand more visibly in the world's eye than that of the merely beneficent thinker and practical statesmen, yet such a result seems sad, and in certain aspects even strange. Here Mr. Morley has done good and more permanent work. We have no heart to bandy words with him as to the comparative influence that Christianity may have had in forming the character of his hero. In our creed "every good and every perfect gift cometh from above," and we find no difficulty in believing that He who is "not far from every one of us" was with this great and

* With the exception of a lecture on "Popular Culture," the book consists of articles reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*.

† We should like to know what evidence there is that the Princess of Lamballe was "worthless." Her brutal and peculiarly foul murder by the populace would, taken alone, scarcely justify the epithet.

good man in the godless eighteenth century, even though the man himself knew it not.

From Turgot we pass to John Stuart Mill, whose Death, Autobiography, and Essays on Religion, form the subject of three articles. Mr. Morley enjoyed Mill's personal friendship at a time when the latter had withdrawn almost entirely from social intercourse, and these articles show Mr. Morley at his best, and are very interesting.* We will make only two remarks upon them. Mr. Morley says: "Probably no English writer that ever lived has done so much as Mr. Mill to cut at the very root of the theological spirit," and explains the means by which he did this as a sedulous abstinence from the free expression of his opinions when those opinions were likely to excite prejudice or angry opposition. "He was unrivalled in the difficult art of conciliating as much support as possible, and alienating as little sympathy as possible, for novel and extremely unpopular opinions." In other words, he perfectly knew the drift of his teaching, his conclusions were quite clear to himself, but instead of stating them openly, he preferred to insinuate them—to mine rather than attack the fortress. Now the force of Positivism lies in its morality. We say this with the full knowledge of what the Positivists are not always too ready to avow, viz., that their principles would sooner or later necessitate a thorough revision of the accepted moral laws. But still our statement holds good, that the force of Positivism lies in its appeal to the moral element in man. And we venture to ask how far the course pursued by Mill in this matter, as described by Mr. Morley, was consistent with the highest conceivable morality.

And now another observation. Mr. Morley quotes with approval the remark of an "eminent American," who said to him that "Stuart Mill's mind worked like a splendid piece of machinery; you supply it with raw material, and it turns you out a perfectly finished product." This appears to us very singular praise as applied to a human intellect—Mr. Carlyle's "clothes-horse and patent digester," in combination with the late Mr. Babbage's calculating machine—really genius is something better than this. Mill's reasoning power, which you may call mechanical if you like, was immense. But it was the special distinction among the men of his type of mind—or so it seems to us—that he recognised, though not perhaps constantly enough, that there were other modes of thought and means of arriving at truth than his own. He had an occasional and splendid feeling for something beyond his own conclusions. The machine, if machine there were, turned out unexpected products, startling to the ordinary workmen who stood by. We partly understand Mr. Morley's dismay when the Essays on Religion came from the loom.

* The third is an attack on Mr. Mill's religious position as swerving too much from the strictly orthodox lines of Positivism.

Passing over the interesting and valuable lecture on Popular Culture, we come finally to an article on "Macaulay," and so pass from the regions of edification to those of pure literary criticism. Even here, however, we are sorry to say, we find mostly subjects for disagreement. No doubt Mr. Morley hits many of the weak places in Macaulay's armour. And he does justice to most of his good qualities as a writer, though not sufficiently to that supreme gift of arrangement, that grand disposal of masses, that ordering of the crowded scenes of life, so as to produce a picture at once simple and effective which will always give such high artistic value to the history. But then how many propositions in this article which are at least doubtful, or, we venture to think, imperfectly worked out! Mr. Morley says, "When Comte took pains to prevent any sentence from exceeding two lines of his manuscript or five of print; to restrict every paragraph to seven sentences; to exclude every hiatus between two sentences, or even between two paragraphs; and never to reproduce any word except the auxiliary monosyllables in two consecutive sentences; he justified his literary solicitude by insisting on the wholesomeness alike to heart and intelligence of submission to artificial institutions. He felt, after he had once mastered the habit of the new yoke, that it became the source of continual and unforeseeable improvements even in thought, and he perceived that the reason why verse is a higher kind of literary perfection than prose, is that verse imposes a greater number of rigorous forms. We may add that verse itself is perfected, in the hands of men of poetic genius in proportion to the severity of this mechanical regulation. Where Pope or Racine had one rule of metre, Victor Hugo has twenty, and he observes them as rigorously as an algebraist, or as an astronomer observes the rules of calculation or demonstration." Now Charles Lamb tells a story of a certain schoolmaster, who, when Lamb was speaking deprecatingly of the desultory character of his own essays, offered to initiate him into the method by which a consecutive and sustained style was taught in *his* academy. That schoolmaster has always reminded us of Comte and his lines and sentences. Such merely mechanical rules—if we remember right Comte wished to make them of universal application—might serve at best to correct the natural vices of a writer who naturally wrote very badly, and who, we may add, never learnt to write well at all. But to imagine that any man with an ear for the varied beauty and harmony of language would consent so to play upon the instrument by machinery, or give any pleasure to himself or others by the process, is pure midsummer madness. So again with verse. The proposition about Racine and Victor Hugo is at best very questionable. Let us grant, however, that there is a stimulus in difficulty, so that, paradoxical as it may sound, an inferior poet will succeed better

in a poem of difficult metre, as a sonnet for instance, than in one of simpler construction. But the greater poet requires no such constant stimulus. He will be supreme in what is easy. "Lucy Gray," or "We are Seven"—often so foolishly given as a child's poem—may serve to illustrate our meaning. So will Hood's "We watched her breathing through the night." So will many poems of Victor Hugo himself; or, in a somewhat different way, the great mass of great blank verse. The plain rule both in prose and poetry is, that any difficulty which it is necessary to conquer for the purpose of securing a beauty of meaning or of language is a legitimate difficulty and *must* be conquered—and there are quite enough such to serve for discipline; but that when we once begin to create arbitrary difficulties, purely for their own sake, then the reign of mere fancy in literature begins, and there seems no reason why acrostics or *bouts-rimés* should not be regarded as the highest kind of art.

We had intended to make some similar remarks upon Mr. Morley's remarks on spoken and written style. But time presses, and we can only add that when told to "turn to a page of Macaulay, and wince under its stamping emphasis, its over-coloured tropes, its exaggerated expressions, its unlovely staccato," we should scarcely recognise any change in our literary atmosphere on turning to the new page, even if we happened to hit on an exceptionable passage.

And now, as we look back at what we have written, we see that we have scarcely done justice to what is excellent in these essays. But one can't be always just to one's enemies. And as the expression of a tardy repentance, Mr. Morley shall rebuke us in his own words:—

"The conscientious reader should never be content with mere aggressive and negatory criticism of the page before him. The page may be open to such criticism, and in that case it is natural to indulge in it; but the reader will often find an unexpected profit by asking himself—What does this error teach me? How comes that fallacy to be here? How came the writer to fall into this defect of taste? To ask such questions gives a reader a far healthier tone of mind in the long run, more seriousness, more depth, more moderation of judgment, more insight into other men's ways of thinking as well as into his own, than any amount of condemnation and hasty denial."

Life of Alfred de Musset.

Biographie d'Alfred de Musset, sa Vie et ses Œuvres. Par Paul de Musset. Charpentier: Paris. 1877.

It was once remarked by A. K. H. B.—not probably without amplification—that the last persons to be impressed with any given

great man's superiority were his elder brothers. The rule does not hold good in the case of Alfred de Musset. From the beginning of his career, from his boyhood of bright hope and brilliant promise, the older brother, who is now his biographer, admired as well as loved him; and this book, whatever else may be its merits and demerits, is at least a touching record of fraternal enthusiasm and confidence untroubled by any small feeling of literary jealousy.

The life, as we read it, is a very sad one. Everything smiled upon this great and gifted poet. He was fortunate in the period of his birth, having been born into that great generation which came to manhood in the France of 1830. The exact date of his birth was the 11th December, 1810. He was fortunate in his parentage; both his father and mother loved him wisely as well as tenderly. He was fortunate in the surroundings of his youth, for the family were evidently in perfectly easy if not affluent circumstances. His school career was one of almost uniform success, and crowned by his obtaining, at seventeen, the second (National) prize for a Latin essay on a philosophical subject. The first verses he wrote, some year or two afterwards, were at once hailed by the new school as finished work, and established his reputation. With but very little prudential remonstrance from his father, he was able to give himself entirely to the service of literature. At an age when most gifted young men see the peaks of success and fame still rising sheer and precipitous above them, he secured for himself, well-nigh without an effort, a position far up among the heights. Nor did he ever sink from his pride of place. His fame increased with years. It is scarcely too much to say that he was the darling of his generation. The combination of intense sensibility and exquisite grace, of imagination and keen critical insight, of *verve* and profound melancholy, of artistic sensuousness and high aspiration, were irresistible. His brother, with a loving brother's partiality, seems to think he was unappreciated. But the evidence for this is small indeed. They were very little flies in the pot of ointment. Granted that Sainte-Beuve once placed him too low in order of reputation, not of merit, in a classification of poets;—what of that? The critic made a mistake, perhaps a wilful one, and all is said. No, as it seems to us, from the time when he won his first school successes to the time when he entered the Academy—still almost young—thirty years afterwards, his brilliant genius was crowned with success.

And yet, by a striking contrast, what a melancholy life! With every gift of intellect, every social gift, every personal advantage, how sad a record! You may read it in these pages; you may read it in the poems, almost *passim*; you may read it in the *Confessions d'un Enfant du Siècle*. How soon the splendid youth,

who had thrown himself so fervidly into the dissipation of Paris, with its ephemeral passionate loves, its riot of the intellect and the senses—how soon he wearies of it all—what mortal satiety he carries away from what to him was indeed the dance of death. And then the galvanic strain after pleasure when its life was gone, and, when even the semblance of pleasure was no longer obtainable, after forgetfulness. This is a point on which M. Paul de Musset touches lightly, as a brother should; but to us he seems to say enough to confirm the old tradition. And then comes the final story of health prematurely shattered, and of death hailed as a deliverer, if not a friend. He died on the 1st of May, 1857.

Now for this contrast the biographer has his explanation—the poet's genius, the keen sensibility of the poetic temperament, these are answerable for the sorrow of the man. And had not the poet himself said in one of the most beautiful of his beautiful poems, that the verse of the singer is as the conqueror's sword, dazzling in its sweep through the air, but dripping blood? We venture on another explanation: the man was too great for his surroundings. There was in his soul, and to our sense there are many passages in his works that indicate it, an ideal of a higher life, Godward and manward—an ideal of human love, single and eternal—virgin, if one may so speak—such as is described in Kingsley's life, and beside which the many loves of the Parisian *littérateur* show inexpressibly mean and vulgar—even though the most gifted woman writer of France was one of their objects. In his greater moments Alfred de Musset felt this. And his sadness for the most part, as it seems to us, was the sadness of the swimmer seeing the better shore dimly before him but ever baffled in his attempts to reach it. The literary artist was not unsatisfied. The ethical artist, the striver after a moral ideal, was unsatisfied.

And now a word respecting this biography. The events of Alfred de Musset's life were very few. Nor does his brother make any attempt to satisfy a natural and legitimate interest in the literary surroundings of that life, in the relations of the writer and singer to other writers and singers. The work is light and sketchy throughout. The only points on which it dwells with any fulness are the incidents and circumstances that prompted such and such of the poems and prose works. And here a question immediately arises, do the poems gain by this kind of illustration? No doubt Alfred de Musset was entirely a personal poet. Mr. Browning has said that if Shakespeare really did unlock his heart with a sonnet-key, he was the less a Shakespeare. But in this Mr. Browning spoke as what he is, a dramatist. There are of course poets of many kinds, some who create characters not their own, some who give form to their own

heart-experiences; and De Musset, like Byron and others innumerable, belonged to the latter class. Is there any advantage, however, even with such, in tracing the finished product back to the prose from which it sprang?* Take a sample: De Musset's sister had a lady friend, singularly unhappy in her marriage relations, whom the poet escorted home once or twice. A possibility of light jesting was one result—the sonnet beginning:

"Non, quand bien même une amère souffrance."

was another. Does the sonnet gain by this knowledge? The lyrist's art consists in giving permanent universal form to his own feeling, so that it shall be recognisable by other men as their feeling idealised, or at least be intelligible to them. It is a step backward to the often trivial circumstance that excited the poet's feeling. The life of his art is not there. The fact is we "peep and botanise" too much; and in our coarse critical researches, our hunger after biographical detail, and thirst after small accuracies of text and kindred matters, there is much danger that the delicate fair spirit of poetry may escape from us.

Jerrold's Life of Napoleon III. Vol. III.

Life of Napoleon III. Derived from State Records, from Unpublished Family Correspondence, and from Personal Testimony; with Family Portraits, Fac-similes of Letters, &c. By Blanchard Jerrold. In Four Volumes. Vol. III. Longmans. 1877.

It is wholly foreign to the English character to bear hard on the fallen. Mr. Freeman, writing about this very Napoleon III., no doubt did well to remind us that *de mortuis nil nisi* VERUM is the true reading of the motto; and that to begin to fulsomely praise a man just because he has passed away from the earth, is silly as well as unjust. But though Mr. Freeman is right, people in general would prefer saying nothing about the ex-Emperor, if men like Mr. B. Jerrold would let them do so. There is a numerous class of minds with whom the crowning ignominy of Sedan atoned for much in the fallen prince's earlier career into which it is best not to look too narrowly. "He has been punished, let him alone," was the general verdict. Even that damning affair of Belgium, in which his vulpine astuteness was overreached by the

* There is an excellent illustration of this in the edition of Lamartine's poems, containing his own explanations. The poems gain so little by the notes.

wolfish craft of Bismarck, failed to rouse any violent indignation among us. We felt that we had been hoodwinked, that our firm ally, the dear friend of Palmerston, the creator of the *entente cordiale*, the apostle of free trade, had all along been ready to throw us overboard "for a consideration." We learnt, too late, that the betrayer of his country had only not betrayed his confiding ally because certain arrangements with others could not be carried out, that he who broke unhesitatingly the most solemn personal obligations whereby a statesman had ever bound himself, had been quite willing to throw to the winds a national obligation in defiance of the very power to whose goodwill he owed his position. Still we did not care to parade all this duplicity. The man was gone, and there was an end of him. He had worked with the basest of tools, with men whose names the future historian will have no need to brand with infamy so impossible is it for their shame to be forgotten; and he made the capital mistake of thinking that those whom he had accustomed to be false to every one else would be true to him, that those who, in his school had for almost a score of years been graduating higher and higher in self-seeking and deception, would show themselves to him alone chivalrous, unselfish, truthful and devoted. This mistake ruined him; and unhappily involved France in his ruin. But there we were content to leave him, ruined as he was by what it was surely no lack of charity to call the righteous judgment of God, when Mr. B. Jerrold, son of the well-known and far otherwise famous Douglas Jerrold, comes forward, and asks us to go into the whole question once more; to eschew "the baseless calumnies of Mr. Kinglake and M. Chenu," to believe that M. Taxile Delord's statements are only "flimsy gossip," and to set up again the old idol of the "Saviour of Society."

We wholly decline to do so. Our minds are wholly made up; evidence sufficient to convince any reasonable man has been again and again before the public; and it would need something very different from Mr. Jerrold's unsupported statements to alter our settled conviction. Besides, as to the main points, Mr. Jerrold is at one with us. He seems to think that because Louis Bonaparte, whom he truly describes as the only person at all above mediocrity in a very commonplace family, "believed in his star," and happened to be President at a very critical time, therefore he was justified in breaking all his engagements, outwitting and deluding his colleagues, and hoisting himself into power on the bayonets of the troops that he had suborned. His second chapter describes the Prince's appearance in the National Assembly. No doubt that assembly was made up of sufficiently discordant elements; Louis Philippe's government had not been one which was likely to train up honest statesmen, and his sudden flight had left things in

wild confusion. But these men of 1848, for whom by-and-by no words are too opprobrious, the Prince addresses as his dear colleagues; assures them of his affectionate sympathy, and prays for the same from them; and asserts that not one representative is more devoted than he is to the defence of order and the consolidation of the Republic (p. 17.) Again, when on the eve of his election as President, an election secured by a cleverly managed appeal to universal suffrage, instead of to the vote of the Assembly, General Clément Thomas, (one of the earliest victims of the Commune) had accused him of getting up an insurrection to secure his election, he replied, "My name is a guarantee that I mean to establish the Republic and make it prosperous." His manifesto said: "I pledge my honour to leave at the end of four years to my successor the public powers consolidated, liberty intact, and real progress accomplished." M. Thiers hinted that engagements of this kind were rash, for which Mr. Jerrold speaks of him as advising the Prince to treat the Constitution lightly. Still more rash the Prince must have felt was his acceptance of the Presidential oath: "I swear before God and the French people to remain faithful to the Democratic Republic, and to defend the Constitution. . . . I shall regard as enemies to the country all who may endeavour by illegal means to change the form of government which you have established."

Surely the mere statement of these facts is the ex-Emperor's greatest condemnation. Others, no doubt, have acted in a somewhat similar manner. We have our Cromwell; and history has more Cromwells than Washingtons. The game of Pisistratus and Cæsar has oftener been played than that of Timoleon and Camillus. But few or none have been so reckless and unscrupulous in their mode of seizing power as Mr. Jerrold's hero. The work began at once, the main object being to secure the army. It was the old difficulty which must always recur save where, as in England, the executive is almost merged in the deliberative. Here Generals Bedeau, Le Flô, and Carrelet were shaking their heads, expecting daily contradictory orders from the Minister of War and from the President. "We can't trust the troops," they said; "gradually the old regiments have been supplanted by those who have shouted Vive l'Empereur over their punch at Satory." It was a state of things of which we happily have no experience, which shows better perhaps than anything else the difference between the two peoples. The President's agents were many; one of the most successful with the army was the well-known St Arnaud (Mr. Kinglake's ex-lackey Le Roy, Le Roy de St. Arnaud Mr. Jerrold prefers to call him), a fit Antony for such a Cæsar. "Worship of the flag and *esprit de corps*," were the two principles set forth in his order of the day five weeks before the *coup*. The wonder is how the Assembly, on reading such an order, should

not at once have sent the President to prison and had St. Arnaud shot. The imbecility, incomprehensible to Englishmen, with which they talked instead of acting, and, clearly foreseeing the event, nevertheless played into the President's hands, by selfishly thwarting one another, was enough to tempt a far less self-seeking man than Louis Bonaparte. Indeed, nothing is so remarkable in modern French history as the lack of really great men. The ex-Emperor is now known to have been a solemn humbug, with far more of the affectation of wisdom than of its reality; he had the makings of a splendid police commissary, but in hands like those of Bismarck he was a mere child; and yet such a man managed to keep himself at the head of affairs, to play with the Socialists, and just give them encouragement enough to make them dangerous, and on the other hand to persuade the "friends of order" that but for him society must fall to pieces. It is hard to gauge the terror which the *spectre rouge* excites in the minds of most Frenchmen; we can understand their feelings when we reflect how short a time separates them from the great Revolution, and how many lesser revolutions have broken out in the interval. Puritans were not popular with the ruling classes in Charles II.'s day; and the reactionist dislike of Puritanism was goodwill compared with the timid hatred of the *bourgeois* and the well-to-do classes in general for Socialism and its advocates.

On these fears the Bonapartists cleverly worked. As Victor Hugo (who, rhetorician as he is, knows what he is talking about) well summarises it: the President had on his side, "tous les hommes du passé, depuis tel banquier juif qui se sentait un peu catholique, jusqu'à tel évêque qui se sentait un peu juif." No other party commanded public confidence; France was sick of the Orleanists, the Legitimist party was small and could not have come in without a civil war. The *Burgraves*, as Mr. Jerrold calls the rival factions, were tearing France in pieces, and possibly it was rather from lack of vigour than through scrupulousness that their leaders abstained from laying violent hands on the Constitution. But there were honest men, whose efforts an honest man should have strengthened. There was Changarnier (Mr. Jerrold pooh-poohs the offer to him of a Marshal's bâton and the rank of Grand Constable, if only he would help the President to become Emperor—can Mr. Jerrold know, when he so lightly contradicts others?). There were De Tocqueville and De Rémusat and Dufaure ("enemies," says our author, or rather his authority, "who had worn from time to time the mask of friends"). There was Lamartine, who, with all his gasconade, was honest. There was Odillon Barrot, whom Mr. Jerrold decries. There were many besides, like Montalembert and Berryer, whose names are guarantee enough of their honesty of purpose. And, besides, in the army there was a dozen or so of generals who, on the day of the *coup*,

were seized and imprisoned, because it had been impossible to bribe them. But these were not the men of whom the President took counsel. De Maupas was made chief of the police, instead of the upright Carlier; Morny was chief adviser; Fleury, and Magnan and Mocquard—such were the prompters of the *coup*—and this *coup*, Mr. Jerrold tells us, was really the kindest thing that could be done for all parties. "At the expense of a little blood-letting, it saved France from revolution;" compared with the massacres of June, 1848, and those at the downfall of the Commune, it was "a mere peaceful promenade." Very true; but the circumstances were different. On each of these occasions a very strong and desperate party had to be crushed down; in this case the blood was shed simply that a President might become Emperor. When our author describes the desperate fighting at some of the workmen's barricades, we wonder what has become of the enthusiasm for the Prince which the same workmen are a few pages before described as exhibiting. Men do not go out to almost certain death by way of protest against one whom they love and admire. Mr. Jerrold's book contradicts itself here as in other places. His account of the 2nd of December reads like the capture of a hostile city by some great Red Indian chief, not the welcoming to permanent power of one for whom the citizens were anxiously and hopefully looking. There was consummate skill in the arrangement. De Maupas even had all the church bell-ropes cut, to prevent the tocsin being sounded. The various police commissaries were instructed and sent out without being allowed to see one another. Within forty minutes all the chief public men in France were arrested in their beds, and put (in our author's elegant phrase) "under lock and key." And this we are to admire; and the man who by these means gained the empire, is to be looked on as a model patriot. But we have had enough of the book; to us it seems an insult to our national feeling. We wonder what Messrs. Carlyle and Froude think of "the gospel of force" as carried out by Maupas, and St. Arnaud, and Magnan. We do not care to enter into details as to the numbers killed and deported; we quite believe Morny's *mot* (twice quoted approvingly by Mr. Jerrold), that "having got hold of the broom-handle, he was determined to make a clean sweep." But we will not accept the testimony of such a man as Prosper Mérimée, who says, "in his light, cool, indifferent manner" (how bitterly appropriate are these epithets) "la bataille fut peu de chose." Of the well-known "wild fusillade along the barricades," our author says the soldiers were new to street warfare; they were *bewildered by the immense crowds and the deafening vociferations*, &c. Now, there is abundant evidence that at the spots where the "wildest fusillades" took place, there was no more than the ordinary throng of passers-by—people wholly unconcerned with revolutions. The wanton slaughter has been

excused as if owing to a misunderstanding; St. Arnaud, who had a bad cough, cried out *ma sacrée toux;* his aides-de-camp thought he said *massacrez tous*, and gave orders accordingly. But Mr. Jerrold does not feel the need even of such an explanation. According to him, it was all for the best; and he quotes, in confirmation, the verdict of the Spanish ambassador, Donoso Cortès: "I advised the *coup;* I approved it from the first hour" (p. 230). Spain is the land of *pronunciamentos*, but we should scarcely fancy that a Spaniard's approval will make them popular in England.

His closing chapters Mr. Jerrold devotes to "the marriage," and here he is in his element. There is no one to question the number of yards of priceless Alençon lace, or the brightness of the Empress's jewels. Jeames is outdone in a description which he thinks it necessary to give in two languages. The tale would come in well enough in a ladies' magazine, but it seems strangely out of place after the barricade-storming and the deportations to Lambessa and Cayenne.

Our closing reflection is that a nation, like an individual, is not the growth of a day; ages of misrule, St. Bartholomew, the Terrors—red and white, the crushing unreality of their religion—have made France what she is, a nation which made Louis Napoleon President by a majority of some four millions, and which endured his Empire for nearly a score of years.

Huxley's American Addresses.

American Addresses, with a Lecture on the Study of Biology. By Thomas H. Huxley. Macmillan. 1877.

Mr. Huxley puts on his title-page a motto from Spinoza, to the effect that the laws of nature, according to which all things work and change into fresh forms, are everywhere the same; that is to say, he sets evolution in the forefront of his volume, and indeed, later on, he asserts that in the case of the horse we have as complete proof (thanks to recent discoveries in America) of this principle as we have of the Copernican system. In the present state of our knowledge we shall not be thought backward if we decline to go as far as our author, and content ourselves with reminding our readers that evolution is just as consistent with the Mosaic account of the Creation as modern geology is; and that therefore, geology having been accommodated with the Divine Word, better understood, there is no reason why a like accommodation should not be made in the case of evolution. Evolution may well be understood to mean the Spirit of God working in that matter which He made. It need not interfere with the necessity of an antecedent Creation; far from it. Mr. Huxley, for instance, a stout champion of evolution, is a thorough disbeliever in that spontaneous generation which Haeckel and other

Continental evolutionists advocate. In his address at Liverpool to the British Association some years ago he said: "there is not a shadow of evidence in its favour;" and now, in spite of Dr. Bastian's experiments, both he and Professor Tyndal and Professor Allan Thomson, and all our most advanced scientists, are honest enough to protest against its being received on such evidence as has been put forth. Professor Thomson sums up the case in his recent address, and decides against spontaneous generation, while at the same time he says: "I think it impossible for any-one to have been a faithful student of embryology without at the same time becoming an evolutionist." How the Mosaic record will be accommodated to the facts of evolution we do not see, but we have thorough faith that the two will not be found irreconcilable. The Word of God was not given to teach Science; it accepts from Genesis to Revelation the popular view of the times when it was written; but it has always been shown, when better understood, in nowise to contradict the facts of science.

Mr. Huxley, of course, writes as a scientist and not as a theologian. He reads certain statements in Genesis, made in the popular language of Moses' day, statements *primâ facie* at variance with his theory, and he will not pause to see whether his *primâ facie* view is not a hasty one. Nay, he sneers (and this is our sole objection to the book before us) at "that Hebrew tongue the marvellous flexibility of which admits of such divers interpretations." We, on the contrary, feeling that evolution has much evidence in its favour, feeling too that it enhances instead of lowering our idea of the Creator, are sure that, if it be proved true, some way will be found, we cannot tell how, of once more reconciling Scripture and science even as they have been reconciled in the case of geology.

Having premised thus much in explanation of our own views, we shall now let Mr. Huxley say his say without interruption. His book contains three lectures on evolution, delivered in New York last September, a discourse at the opening of the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore in the same month, and a lecture on biology delivered at South Kensington last December in connection with the loan collection of scientific apparatus.

In his first lecture he considers the three hypotheses respecting the history of nature. These are: (1.) The logical outcome of uniformitarianism, as the older geologists called it, the ordinary view, viz., of the ancient world, that the earth has existed from all eternity in what may broadly be termed its present condition. Strangely enough, Hutton was a Uniformitarian; so was Lyell in his earlier days; both believed that the works of degradation and elevation constantly going on on our planet compensate each other, and they did not see that the eternity of the world is the logical development of such a theory. But surely, as our author

shows, the most superficial study of fossils absolutely negatives the conception of the eternity of the present state of things. (2.) The next hypothesis Mr. Huxley prefers to call the Miltonic. Biblical or Mosaic he will not call it, because, as he ironically observes, of the very opposite interpretations which have been put on the Bible record; neither will he speak of "the doctrine of Creation," because his business is not with the question why things came into existence, but when and in what order. "Milton leaves us no excuse for doubting what he means; I shall, therefore, be safe in speaking of this as the Miltonic hypothesis, and this I shall proceed to test by evidence. Now Milton says that fishes (including whales) and birds appeared on the fifth day, and all other living creatures on the sixth. Hence, since in the carboniferous rocks are found remains of spiders and large scorpions, it follows that the huge mass of rocks deposited subsequently to the carboniferous must belong to the sixth day. Moreover birds, so far from appearing at that early time, are not found till far later—until the jurassic or perhaps the triassic formation. Again, whales do not exist in the pre-carboniferous rocks, as they ought to on the Miltonic hypothesis, seeing that land animals are found in the coal; and, though fishes are found abundantly in the older rocks, they are not such fishes as now live. Again, the *Eozoon*, a marine creature, is found in the very lowest stratified rocks—the Laurentian; hence, since Milton says life began on the fifth day, all the whole series of stratified rocks must be referred to the last two days, during which, moreover, since the forms then living are not the same as those which now live, there must have been either evolution or continual fresh acts of creation." That is a summary of Mr. Huxley's argument against "Milton." He then comes to the third view, that the existing order has been produced by gradual development from "that undifferentiated protoplasmic matter which, as far as our present knowledge goes, is the common foundation of all vital activity." The evidence as to this theory he divides into neutral, and favourable (2nd Lect.), and demonstrative (3rd Lect.). The neutral evidence is the absence of change so long as man's records go. It was noticed by Cuvier (and the fact strengthened him against Lamarck and the evolutionists of his day) that the Egyptian mummy-animals are precisely the same in structure as their existing representatives. So, again, in the deposits around Niagara, clearly made before the Falls had cut their last six miles (*i.e.*, at the present rate, some 30,000 years ago) the shells are identical with those now formed in Lake Erie; so, too, the *globigerinæ*, now living on the surface of the Atlantic and forming the chalky mud fished up in deep sea soundings, are identical with those which form a large part of our chalk. Mr. Huxley states honestly all these facts, at first sight

so inconsistent with evolution, and replies, "Yet, besides the tendency to vary which exists in all living forms, there must be a variation in the conditions before evolution can come." There has been, history tells us, no such change in Egypt. Climate and everything have been from the first unchanged in that Nile valley; and so we assume of the waters of Lake Erie the same permanence of conditions and therefore the same absence of evolution.

Moreover (though this new argument cuts both ways, and may yet be enlisted in the service of those who would take Scripture literally) the record of the rocks is very imperfect; there are gaps; on Massachusetts sandstones are seen, for instance, huge footmarks of some beast whose bones are nowhere to be found. On the other hand, intercalary types are not wanting. The *anoplotherium* is a link between pachyderms and ruminants; so is the *hesperornis* (found lately by Professor Marsh in the chalk beds of Western America) between bird and reptile; it has real teeth. The *archæopteryx*, again, of the Solenhofen States has a jointed tail. From these links between the natural orders, we come to the actual development of existing species from archaic forms, and this Mr. Huxley "proves" in the case of the horse, thanks to the discovery in American tertiaries of two forms which carry on the *Anchitherium* to a five-toed creature with forty-four teeth, *i.e.* to the sort of original from which by analogy we should judge the horse to have been developed. The series, then, is: 1. *Horse*, with two merely rudimentary splint-like bones for the second and fourth digits; 2. *Pliohippus*, in the pliocene beds, with digits slightly more developed, and with teeth somewhat different; 3. *Protohippus* (Cuvier's *hipparion*), with these digits prolonged into two "dew claws"; 4. *Anchitherium* (or *miohippus*, as the Americans call him) with the dew claws lengthening into toes; 5. *Mesohippus*, with the rudiment of a fourth toe; and (in the Eocene beds) *orohippus* with four toes on the front and three on the hind foot. Here, says our author, is a complete chain of development, and he sets aside the question of time with the remark: "That is not my affair; settle that with the geologist; I am a biologist, and am only concerned with the fact—did evolution take place or not?"

We leave the subject without further comment, only adding that Mr. Huxley is, as he always is, clear and forcible in style, and that his warning is a sound one that "this great question is not to to be dealt with by rhetorical flourishes, or by loose and superficial talk, but that it requires the keen attention of the trained intellect and the patience of the accurate observer."

Of his other lectures we have not space to say much. Johns Hopkins, with the grand benevolence of an American, left more than seven million dollars for a university and a hospital at

Baltimore. We are glad to find that, in saying what he thinks a university should be, Mr. Huxley shows that "depth is better than breadth." Speaking of the medical profession, he reminds us that "no position is so ignoble as that of the so-called liberally educated practitioner, who, as Talleyrand said, knows everything, even a little physic." He makes some excellent remarks on the folly of our old system of general examinations, though he seems somewhat to overlook the fact that, unless you fritter your energy away on too many things, one subject does actually help another. Above all, he gives sound advice to his hearers as to the future of America: "bigness is not the same thing as greatness;" and he fairly confesses the immense difficulty of "discovering a method of encouraging and supporting the original investigator without opening the door to nepotism and jobbery."

His last lecture, on biology, is somewhat polemical; he complains that his critics do not even take the trouble to read before attacking him. He gives several hints as to the formation of museums, the uselessness of stuffed animals to scientific investigators who want skins that nobody has interfered with. And he insists on the value of experiment—to try to get up biology from books is like the old method of learning the Latin grammar in Latin. He takes occasion to trace the history of the word biology; it was first used in 1801 by Lamarck; but both Bichat and the German Treviranus also carried out the idea (which had even occurred to Buffon) of uniting into one whole the sciences which deal with living matter. Mr. Huxley's book, throughout, is not only deeply interesting but also well worthy of its author.

Zeller's Socrates.

Socrates and the Socratic Schools. Newly translated from the Third German Edition of Dr. E. Zeller. By Oswald J. Reichel, B.C.L. and M.A., Vicar of Spersholt, Berks. Second and entirely New Edition. Longmans. 1877.

Whether it is better simply to translate a work of this kind or embody the substance of it in a form more suited to the English reader is questionable. Dr. Zeller's *Philosophie der Griechen*, of which this volume forms a part, is a classical work in Germany; and, like all good German works, is thorough in a sense far beyond the ordinary meaning of the word. Few Englishmen, for instance, would think it needful, in reviewing the general state of culture in Greece in the fifth century B.C., to inquire how the problem proposed to philosophy was solved by literature, and straightway to give a careful estimate of the ethical value of the three great tragedians, of the comic dramatists, of the didactic poets, and of the historians. This Dr. Zeller does; and, though his views are

not new, but are in the traditional German style which exalts Sophocles and underrates Euripides, this first part of his work is by no means the least interesting. His life of Socrates is exceedingly full; and the sage's moral character is vindicated from the slanders of Aristomenes and others—slanders which not long ago were reproduced in a pamphlet directed against Dean Stanley and called *The Dean and the Philosopher*. The question whom are we to accept as the real man, the Socrates of Plato or him of Xenophon, is, of course, discussed. Till lately, Brucker and others had persuaded the learned world that Xenophon alone is worthy of credit, and that Plato's picture is an almost wholly ideal one. But Schleiermacher argues that Xenophon, not being a philosopher, could not have so understood Socrates as to be able to describe him. He wrote, moreover, with the special purpose of defending his friend from certain attacks, not of sketching his portrait. Still, Dr. Zeller inclines to accept Xenophon's account on the whole, and Plato's only where it follows Xenophon or may be readily deduced therefrom.

Socrates' aim was not to construct a system, but to teach men to think; therefore the grand point with him was a philosophic method to determine the way which would lead to truth. His method is not sufficiently matured to form a system; his process of induction is not reduced within clearly defined rules. All that he has clearly expressed is the general postulate, that everything must be reduced to its conception. Hence, when any supposed knowledge was presented, the first thing was to look whether it agreed with his idea of knowledge or not. This shows the need of self-examination, to show what we really know and what we only think we know. And thus he was led to his famous dictum that he had learnt that he knew nothing; for when the demand for a knowledge of conceptions had once dawned on him in all its fulness he missed the marks of true knowledge in all that had hitherto passed for it: "the idea of knowledge was to him an unfathomable problem, in the face of which he could not but be conscious of his ignorance." And the search for true knowledge enforced by the consciousness of ignorance involves the need of inquiry in common by means of the dialogue. Natural philosophy he made little account of (herein unlike the caricature of him in the *Clouds*). Even geometry and astronomy the Socrates of Xenophon tests by the standard of immediate utility as being requisite for surveying and navigation. To carry them further than this is a useless waste of time, for man can never come upon the track of the mighty gods, nor do the gods desire that he should attempt such knowledge. His conscious interest applies only to ethics. Even the study of the relation of means to ends in nature was, in his view, subservient to a moral purpose—that of urging his friends to piety. The same applies to theology; it can only be treated on his principles as an appendix to ethics. And herein his leading thought was that which the Aristo-

telians found it so easy to make game of—that all virtue is knowledge. Without right knowledge, he said, right action is impossible; and, conversely, where knowledge exists right action follows as matter of course, for "every one only does what is of use to himself; no one intentionally does wrong, for this would be the same thing as making oneself intentionally unhappy; knowledge is therefore always the strongest power in man and cannot be overcome by passion." Such a verdict does not give us a very exalted idea of the practical wisdom of Socrates; but then we must remember it comes to us through the medium of Xenophon. When Plato speaks of the identity of virtue and knowledge, he uses language which reminds us of several utterances of our Lord, notably of that, "The truth shall make you free;" and we feel that in the highest and truest sense, in that sense wherein doubtless he meant his words to be taken, Socrates is right. There is a knowledge, which forces right action on its possessor, which is like that beatific vision, the insight wherewith they who have it are and must be satisfied. Hence we can understand the phrases of which the philosopher was so fond, that all wrong-doing invariably injures him who does it, whereas the right is necessarily and always useful; that righteousness is the health, unrighteousness the disease of the soul, &c.—language which his behaviour in the closing scenes of his life shows that Socrates believed in. It is impossible to read these pages without having our estimate of him raised; and yet, of course, he had his foibles: he was pre-eminently an Athenian of the fifth century B.C., and by no means exempt from the weaknesses of his countrymen. Still, because he was not divine, there is no reason why we should think to serve Christianity by maligning him. Of his relation to the Sophists, and of their place in Greek philosophy, Dr. Zeller has much to say. In the view of some, Socrates is the great opponent of the Sophists, who are just what the word in its modern use implies—enemies, not friends, of truth and true philosophy. Others, Hegel and Grote among them, look on Socrates as the greatest of the Sophists, and on the class of teachers who were first so called as men who did what they could towards educating youth for practical life.

Socrates, then, imperfect as his method was, was the originator of the philosophy of conceptions, the reformer of method, the first founder of a scientific doctrine of morals. When we are struck with the triviality and tediousness of some of his dialogues, we must remember that in philosophy things were then only beginning, and that the important element in his inquiries was not their substance but their method—what was formerly unexplored hypothesis and unconscious guesswork, was now arrived at by a process of thinking.

The charges laid against Socrates by Meletus, Anytus and Lycon were unfaithfulness to the national religion, bringing in new gods,

and corrupting the youth. No doubt he might have been acquitted if he would have submitted to the ordinary modes of pleading; but to get up a defence when he knew he was right was contrary to his nature. "What do you deserve?" "A seat for life in the prytaneum, *i.e.* at the table where the chief judges of the land were feasted." Such a bearing in front of the "many-bearded monster" was dangerous "contempt of court," and Socrates suffered for it. After his sentence he might have escaped; everybody wished him to; but he would not, he said, "disobey the laws." And so he died, whose death has again and again been brought into comparison with what it in nowise resembles, the death on Calvary. One point in common is, that Socrates, a believer, was sentenced by sceptics for "disbelief in the gods." Had he been condemned in Miltiades' day, when the old faith still retained its hold on men's minds, his condemnation would not have been unjust from the old Greek point of view of the State, a view which wholly denied the right to freedom of personal conviction. But in his day men had come to believe that laws are the creations of caprice, that natural and positive right are very different things, that the stories of future retribution are mere words. Hence the injustice, the hypocrisy, of sentencing such a man on such a charge.

On the imperfect followers of Socrates, those who like Xenophon and Æschines and Cebes popularised his teaching, Dr. Zeller has an interesting chapter; and he ends by discussing fully the Socratic schools—the Megarian, the Cynic (on which he is specially full, showing the points in which they came near to Stoicism and therefore to Christianity), the Cyrenaic.

The work will repay careful study; but its form is by no means attractive. It might be read as a matter of duty in the original German; but in English it certainly cannot be read with pleasure. Nor is this the fault of the translator. Dr. Zeller's style it would be impossible to Anglicise without re-writing his book.

Macquoid's Through Brittany.

Through Brittany. By Katharine S. Macquoid, Author of "Through Normandy." Illustrated by T. B. Macquoid. Vol. I., "Southern Brittany." Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1877.

The sketch, "Old Houses at Quimper," which serves as frontispiece, forms a fitting introduction to Mrs. Macquoid's volume. Those quaint old buildings, seemingly dropping into the water, those peeps of half-defined distance, those depths in which walls and windows are mirrored, admirably preface the mixture of prehistoric and mediæval, of sombre and bright, of grand and trivial, at which the traveller through Brittany is sure to be astonished.

And this illustration is the first of a series which add in no small degree to the interest of the work. Breton costumes, church spires (we would instance the spire of St. Nicodème, p. 200), cromlechs, and carved stones, all form subjects for Mr. Macquoid's pencil. Nor is the letter-press less varied in its scope than the wood-cuts. We have plenty of history—who could write about Brittany without becoming historical?—we are told about the kings and chiefs of old, such as Conan Meriadech, the Hoels, Nomenoe, and Alan of the twisted beard, the conqueror of the Normans. Then almost every Breton town is full of memories of Jane of the Flame, de Montfort's wife, of de Clisson and du Guesclin; and then, alas, the terrible affair of Quiberon and the Vendean War cast a shadow across the land from side to side. Of all this we are duly reminded in the present volume, in which also ethnological and antiquarian questions are discussed, while due attention is paid to scenery and to the habits of the people.

The book is very pleasant reading to us who stay at home, and must be exceedingly valuable to travellers through a country where the primary requisite is to know what to see.

Mrs. Macquoid's route is from Nantes, through the Morbihan (little sea) where are Vannes, St. Gildas, Lokmariaker, the cave with carved stones at Gavr' Innis, so like the carvings inside several caves in Ireland, Carnac, St. Nicodème, where our author was present at a marvellous fair or "pardon" (the Irish "pattern," *patron*), Hennebon which we all remember from Froissart, into Finisterre, where she describes Quimper, Chateaulin, Audierne, and Brest, and the headlands of Penmarch (horse's head) and the Pointe du Raz. In this way she gets through about half the country, making short excursions, clearly marked in an admirable sketch map, such as those from Vannes to Ploermel, from Quimper to Penmarch, &c. There is a useful "index for travellers," giving distances, hotel prices, railway fares, boat charges, &c. Tourists often start with very virtuous intentions about pedestrianism; but July and August in Brittany are usually too hot for much walking; it is well, therefore, to know that small one-horse carriages may be hired at ten francs a day. There is no need, therefore, to pound along league after league of dreary moorland; the book before us points out every place of interest—is really almost too exhaustive—while, if supplemented with Emile Souvestre's *Derniers Bretons*, which so admirably illustrates the peculiar customs of this strange people, and with Villemarqué's *Breton Ballads* or their translation by Professor Tom Taylor, it will bring the country so clearly before us that we shall scarcely need to go there in order to realise its peculiarities.

One striking feature in Breton travel is the castles. Of that of the Rohans scarcely even the site can be traced; Josselin, the hold of the de Clissons, is almost perfect; Sucinio, where Ray-

mondin lived with the fairy Melusina, was nearly destroyed by the Royalist troops in 1795; Hennebon is still grand and domineering, and the castle of Nantes is kept up as far as may be to the requirements of modern engineering. The churches, too, are mostly interesting—some of them wonderfully rich in ornament, considering the intractableness of the material. But of course the distinctive feature of the country is the number and variety of the so-called prehistoric remains. Mrs. Macquoid is content to describe these as they strike the general visitor; we must go to special treatises like that of Mr. Luke's on Carnac, or Mr. Miln's volume on Breton antiquities lately published by Edmonston, if we wish for speculations which, after all, can never be much more than speculation. Sir F. Palgrave's word is a true one: "Gone is gone; who raised them or why, those grey stones of the Morbihan, it is, and always will be, hopeless to conjecture." Still the similarity between them and remains in our own island and elsewhere, even to the north of Africa, shows that there was once a race which buried its dead in cromlechs, and was fond of marking by avenues of upright stones the way either to its temples or its cemeteries, or both. Mr. Fergusson has marked the parts of Europe in which these remains are found, and has tried to base on this geographical distribution an hypothesis as to the race which used them. We cannot say how far their existence is due to geological conditions, just as, in England, a certain class of handsome stone manor house is found along the oolite band, and another, wholly different, along the line of the lias. We believe Mr. Fergusson calls them Turanian; and strengthens his case by the fact that in the Deccan such stone circles are still used for worship by the Dravidian peoples. But then in India a low-caste man is ready to "do poojah" to any big stone which he happens to come upon. Another question is: Did the same people rear the cromlechs and carve the stones *Gair Innés?* Roman coins of the middle empire have been found in Cornish "giants' graves," whence it is inferred that these cromlechs were in use in Cornwall in the time of Tetricus; on the other hand the Irish and Scotch antiquaries assign to the spirals and other tracings at Dun Ængus and elsewhere a date far anterior to that of the interlaced cable-moulding (the *opus scoticum*) which is often found along with them. Such questions, however, are of comparatively narrow interest, and Mrs. Macquoid is wise in not devoting too much space to them. Of Carnac she says: "Below us, and stretching away eastward, the three avenues of grey stones, often prostrate and overgrown with furze and brambles—wofully lessened in number, for all the houses hereabouts are built of the stones of Carnac—seem to stand erect as one gazes. Many of them taper downwards, and the effect in the dusk or by moonlight must be most weird—an army of grey phantoms on their way to the sea. West-

ward is a long stretch of waste; but we know that in the distance the long grim lines of Erdeven ended a tract of wild country, silently leading the eye to the far-off sea."

Our authoress saw some of the very curious results of Mr. Miln's excavations (how comes it that the Breton antiquaries left the work to a Scotchman?). She also heard a good deal about the pagan rites still in vogue among the natives of the district—rites which have their parallel in Ireland, and against which both Breton and Irish priests set their faces. There was nothing pagan, however, at the "pardon" of St. Nicodème, the account of which is perhaps the liveliest bit of description in the book. The "pardon" is just a mediæval pilgrimage-fair brought down to the present day. Some folks go to sell pigs and cows, others to drink holy water, others to show their dresses, others to begin a drinking bout; while the *bazvalan* (match-maker, generally a tailor as well) plies his trade cheerily. The condition of the Breton wife, be it remarked, is not a cheery one. Her husband is emphatically her lord and master; the difference in this between the Breton and the Gaul is perhaps that which most forcibly strikes all observers. The depressed look of the Breton matron is such a contrast to the joyousness of the Frenchwoman proud of her superiority over *mon mari*. The grand feature of this "pardon" is the "descent of the angel." A gilded figure is let down from the church steeple and is made to touch with a fuse a bundle of fireworks, the shreds of which are eagerly secured by the crowd. "It was a good moment to study these stolid self-contained Bretons; moved out of the calm reserve which to most of them must be a second nature, the faces were wonderfully wild and expressive. The large fierce black eyes gleamed with delight, and, no doubt, in some with religious fervour. . . . It was difficult to believe that some of these excited creatures, plunging madly to secure charred fragments of red and blue paper could be the grand dignified-looking men we had been watching all the morning." "These people are Basques, not Celts," say some (we believe Mr. Huxley among them); whatever they are by race, they have an eye to costume. Nowhere in Europe is such quaintness and brilliant variety in dress. As a girl who goes away into service still keeps her local costume, this variety is on market days in big towns quite bewildering.

We are happy to find that instead of wrecking, as of old, the Breton peasants are now most active in saving shipwrecked crews. Everybody (our authoress was told) in the villages near Pointe du Raz swims like a fish, and many of them have done grand feats in the way of rescuing those wrecked on that wild coast. One woman, who had two medals, had, alone and unaided, saved eleven lives by swimming out boldly with a rope to two ships that were going to pieces.

Mrs. Macquoid seems to have seen everything of interest from Nantes to Brest, with the exception of the Abbey of Landevennec, near Chateaulin; and we can heartily recommend her book both to those who mean to follow her route and to those who, not being able to visit Brittany, wish to know a good deal about it and to have some pleasant reading into the bargain.

Denton's Montenegro.

Montenegro, its People and their History. By Rev. W. Denton, M.A., Author of "Servia and the Servians," "The Christians of Turkey," &c. Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1877.

Mr. Gladstone's spirit-stirring lines in a recent periodical have reminded many, by whom the heroes of the Black Mountain were almost forgotten, that while Servia won back last autumn her place as a worthy foe of Turkey, and while the "atrocities" brought unhappy Bulgaria to the front, Montenegro is now, as she was of old, "Western Europe's bulwark against the Ottoman." It is not too much to say that if these gallant mountaineers had succumbed, if Montenegro had become a mere province of Albania, the Russians would not have ventured to cross the Danube. Hence everything about such a country is full of interest; and, as Mr. Denton writes with the authority of long personal acquaintance, we think he has done well to reprint matter which he contributed to *Good Words* and the *Church Quarterly*. The book is dedicated to "Nicholas, a brave soldier, a patriotic prince, a Christian gentleman," this Nicholas being the nephew who in 1860 succeeded Prince Danilo II., the first secular ruler after nearly 350 years of prince-bishops.

This "smallest among peoples," as the laureate calls it, whose history in Mr. Freeman's words "has been one prolonged Marathon," is shut in between Albania (Lake Scutari running well up into it) and Herzegovina. A strip of Dalmatia, with Cattaro at the head of its three winding lochs, touches it on the S.W. The road from Cattaro, so steep that it is well called "the ladder," is one of the most practicable ways into a country where at every turn a handful of men can baffle an army. The Montenegrins have always been a set of heroes; but their heroism would have been of small avail without the mountain which, set between two provinces of Turkey, is literally a thorn in her side. The Sultan must feel towards the Montenegrins much as Edward I. felt towards the Welsh, who by holding Snowdonia cut off the communication between the flat coast of Carnarvon and that of Flint; and if the Welsh had been subsidised by the French, as the Montenegrins have been by Russia ever since Catherine II.'s time, the English would certainly not have felt more kindly towards them. The country looks stern —"cold, grey limestone rocks, black compared with the yellower

Dalmatian hills;" the name, however, seems due to the pine woods which once covered them. Parts, however, are very fertile; and as you can, by altering your elevation, get almost any climate, the range of production is very varied. The men are fine and very tall, the women short and plain. The men's costume is perhaps the most picturesque in the world. Life in Montenegro is rudely simple; you see a calf sharing the floor of the living-room with the farmer's children. But, though material life has been brought to the verge of savagery, the social virtues flourish as they unhappily do not where comfort and luxury are greater. The chastity of both sexes is proverbial; so is their perfect honesty. Lady Strangford happened to tell Prince Nicholas that she had dropped a gold bracelet in Albania: "If you had dropped it here (he replied), before many days it would have been brought to me." There is a little old plane-tree in the centre of Cetinje, under which things found are laid that their owners may go and recover them. Then the chivalrous tenderness of the people to women and children has always been conspicuous—it has been noted in the present war. Even in their own blood-feuds, a women's protecting arm sufficed to stay the uplifted weapon of the avenger. Moreover, the Tzrnagors have the most universally diffused primary instruction in Europe, nearly every one owns his own land, and of course every one of the right age is a soldier.

After lively details of village life, the state of religion, &c., Mr. Denton gives a summary of Montenegrin history. About the middle of the sixth century the Slavs burst into Illyria; and at that time, no doubt, they dispossessed or mingled with the inhabitants of the Black Mountain. Dioclea had been the chief Roman town; remains of Roman occupation are still found there. In 1389 Servia was crushed by the Turks at the fatal battle of Kossova; and then Montenegro, whose Ban was son-in-law of Lazarus, the last Servian king, became independent. From that time it was the bulwark of Italy; but for it Venice would certainly have fallen when on the death of Scanderbeg the Turks got possession of Bosnia and Albania. The struggle, however, was severe; and in 1516 George V. abandoned his country and went to France, and most of the chief families emigrated at the same time. From that date till 1851 the country was governed by bishops, at first elected, then after 1690 hereditary; these unmarried princes choosing some member of their own family. The episcopal rule was very tolerant; the renegades, a very numerous body, were allowed to live in peace, and the country would have drifted, as Bosnia did, into Mohammedanism but for the impatience of the Turks, which led in 1604 to an invasion on a large scale. The fighting men of the mountain numbered 8,027; and these, with the help of wives and sisters, hurled back the Ottoman armies, one of which numbered 60,000. A motley force the mountaineers were, fighting, strange to say, on horseback, and mostly

armed with weapons thrown away by Turkish fugitives. They had the unpleasant habit, which they still retain, of cutting off the heads, ears, or noses of their dead enemies. Then came a lull, while Turkey was watching the efforts of that disappointing claimant, Charles, Duke of Nevers and Rethel, grandson of the Duke of Mantua, and heir, as being the last of the Palæologi, to Constantinople and its belongings. More wars followed, marked by the basest treachery on the part of the Turks. Thus Bishop Danilo I. having gone with a safe conduct (purchased for a large sum) to consecrate a church in Turkish territory, was seized by the Pasha of Skodra and was only saved from crucifixion by a ransom of 3,000 ducats. In revenge for this, a massacre of Turks and renegades was carried out so thoroughly (the alternatives being death, flight, or recantation) that not a Mohammedan was left in the mountain. The renegades, however, came back, but were defeated, the prisoners' ransom being fixed at a pig a-piece; the victors tauntingly exclaiming: "You valued our bishop at gold; we value the infidels at what they're worth." It was during this war that Peter the Great promised the 3,000 roubles a year which Catherine paid; his defeats by the Turks gave him an excuse for not paying. By-and-by, the fierce Kiuprili made a desperate attempt to crush the Montenegrins, who were reduced to great straits because Venice, fearful of injuring her trade, refused to allow arms or ammunition to be sold to their quondam defenders. Still, neither Kiuprili's treachery (he seized and hanged a deputation of thirty-seven of the chief men) nor his repeated attacks availed. Montenegro was never conquered. By-and-by, in 1805, when the French occupied Cattaro, the mountaineers bade defiance to Marmont and Lauriston, and so enraged Napoleon that he threatened to make their country a Monte Rosso.

All this and much more Mr. Denton tells in a lively way, interspersing history with legend. We cannot say much for Montenegrin legends, judged by these samples. The style is mere childish exaggeration, as when we are told, "Even the noise of our two big cannon makes coursers bend their knees and knocks down many a hero." The chief legend is that of Stanicha, son of Prince Ivobeg. He was betrothed by his father to the daughter of a doge in these words: "Next year I'll bring him, and if he is not the handsomest man of all your suite or mine, keep your daughter and the presents I've given you." Meanwhile Stanicha catches small-pox and is horribly disfigured; so the young Voivode Djuro personates him on condition of receiving half the wedding gifts. The bride, when she finds out the trick, does not so much mind the exchange of bridegrooms; but she can't bear to lose the presents, especially a gold-embroidered tunic, on working which she nearly made herself blind. She so taunts Stanicha that he rides out and thrusts his spear through Djuro's

forehead. Civil war follows, and the murderer flees and becomes a renegade at Constantinople.

Since these paragraphs were written, the fall of Nicsics has been an occasion of great rejoicing to the Montenegrins.

The Aldine Edition of Keats.

The Poetical Works of John Keats. Chronologically Arranged and Edited. With a Memoir by Lord Houghton, D.C.L., Hon. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: George Bell and Sons.

The latest addition to Messrs. Bell and Sons' Aldine Edition of the British Poets is one which it was high time to make; and it is a clear advantage to that renowned collection of standard works that the publishers have been able to secure the co-operation of Lord Houghton in adding the poetical works of John Keats to the series. To say that this is the best edition of Keats yet issued, is merely to record that Lord Houghton has not been content with simply reprinting his last edition; for there are no other editions at present that can be fairly placed in competition with those of Lord Houghton; and yet there is room for another sort of edition than the present, or than any that has been produced; for—we speak it with diffidence and in no carping or ungracious sense—his lordship has still left much to be done in the way of careful bibliographical research and minute textual collation. These are processes not at all in Lord Houghton's speciality; but they are none the less highly useful, if not indispensable, processes; and though we shall not expect to see better taste or judgment displayed in the laying out of an edition, or more tact and delicate sympathy, combined with a finer critical perception, in any future memoir of Keats, than we find in the present volume, we may well look forward to the advent of an edition based upon careful collation of Keats's own three volumes with such manuscripts as are extant, and marked by a minuter care in reproducing the poet's own peculiarities of spelling, punctuation, &c., than has found place in the programme of any edition hitherto: in such an edition, too, we should desire to see a clear bibliographical account of Keats's volumes and contributions to periodical literature. In the Aldine edition there is but slender assistance to the more curious class of students who desire to know when and in what company each of the author's compositions first appeared, which were seen through the press by himself, and which posthumously printed from his manuscripts; but the whole mass of his extant poetical writings are arranged in such chronological order as to show in its larger outline, if not

in minute detail, the development of the poet's mind and style; and, for general readers an intimate acquaintance with Keats as a poet could scarcely be obtained better than by taking this edition in hand and reading it straight through,—before all things, not omitting to read with great attention the admirable biographical sketch prefixed to the poems. In this Lord Houghton has carefully compacted the principal portions of his already twice written "Life," introducing fresh matter (though generally from unnamed sources), and indicating throughout a warm sympathetic interest in "our Adonais," still fresh and vigorous after the lapse of over forty years,—for it is fully that time since Lord Houghton began to apply himself to the gracious task, so well discharged, of setting Keats in position to vindicate his fame before his countrymen.

There are, it must be admitted, passages in the memoir now published, which might have been questioned and tested afresh by Lord Houghton, and which are, in point of fact, reproduced from the former memoirs: of these former memoirs, a great deal was so admirable that the author could scarcely do better than reproduce; but no work of this kind is wholly free from error; and an author or editor who adheres to a particular subject during a series of years may go too far in ignoring criticisms, contradictions, and strictures, passed by others upon his work. In the present case, though there has been no occasion for Lord Houghton to enter the polemical arena, there are, as was pretty sure to be the case, some few errors of fact in the former memoirs, still repeated in the present one.

By way of exemplifying the danger of reproducing old materials even in a book showing constant revision and amplification, and the imperative necessity of maintaining constant access to all possible sources of information and correction, we may point out a few instances in which this Aldine edition of Keats is not as accurate as it might be. At page xx. of the memoir, the now familiar story of Coleridge meeting Keats and saying, after shaking hands with him and leaving him, "There is death in that hand," is repeated in due course; but it is still stated that Coleridge said this to Leigh Hunt about 1817,—although this mistake has stood corrected for twenty-five years: in a note to the original passage in the *Table Talk*, at page 196 of the edition of 1852, we are assured by Sara Coleridge that Coleridge made the remark to Mr. Green, not to Hunt, and certainly a year or two later than 1817. At page xxiii. of the memoir, Keats is said to have described Miss Brawn in "writing to George in October, 1815." The date of the year should be 1818; and whether the description is really that of Miss Brawn (or rather Brawne) is at least questionable, though never, as far as we know, questioned. At page xxv., in a series of brief extracts from a source not stated, Keats is represented as anticipating "a pleasant year" with Miss

Brawne (to whom he was engaged) "at Rome or Zurich:" this strange juxtaposition of proper names must be a mistake; surely we should read "Berne or Zurich." In a footnote to "Sleep and Poetry" (page 29), the late Mr. Cowden Clarke is represented as saying that that poem was to some extent composed "in the library of Keats's cottage, where an extempore bed had been made up for Keats on the sofa:" we should probably read "Hunt's cottage;" at all events "Keats's cottage" cannot be right. At page 205, the note to the three Nile Sonnets, written in competition by Shelley, Keats, and Leigh Hunt, merely states that "up to the discovery of" Shelley's Sonnet to the Nile "among Shelley's MSS., in the possession of Mr. Townshend Major, the sonnet entitled 'Ozymandias' was believed to be that written in competition with Keats." The . . . sonnet is, however, taken without acknowledgment from Mr. Buxton Forman's edition of Shelley; and Mr. Mayer, who had previously printed it in the *St. James's Magazine* with a single inaccuracy not reproduced by Lord Houghton, loses his due recognition by being called "Major." At pages 337 and 338 ("Otho the Great,") we have two lines metrically destroyed by the setting, thus:

> "*Auranthe.* Such salutation argues a glad heart
> In our prosperity. We thank you, sir.
> *Albert.* Lady,
> O would to Heaven your poor servant
> Could do you better service than mere words!"

Here it is obvious that "Lady" is not the complement of Auranthe's second line, already complete without it, but the beginning of Albert's first, without it short by a foot. In a note at page 487, it is stated that the rough draft of the Sonnet to Sleep "is to be seen in the fly-leaf of the 'Paradise Lost,' that contains Keats's Notes on Milton," published in the American magazine, *The Dial*. The Louisville correspondent of the New York *World*, who recently gave that paper so valuable a budget of transcripts from MSS. of Keats in Louisville, stated that he had seen the sonnet and the notes on the fly-leaf of the annotated Dante; and that was certainly where we understood them to be from Lord Houghton's former memoirs of Keats. In the original edition of the *Life and Letters* (1848, vol. i., p. 274) we read as follows:

"The family of George Keats in America possess a Dante covered with his brother's marginal notes and observations, and these annotations on *Paradise Lost* appeared in an American periodical of much literary and philosophical merit, entitled *The Dial;* they were written in the fly-leaves of the book, and are in the tone of thought that generated *Hyperion*."

There is a slight ambiguity of expression here; *the book* might mean either the Dante in question, or *Paradise Lost;* but in the

revised edition of the *Life and Letters*, issued in 1867, Lord Houghton speaks of "a Dante covered with his brother's marginal notes and observations, and these annotations on *Paradise Lost, which* were printed," &c. It is to be presumed, therefore, that the annotated copy of *Paradise Lost*, which now appears for the first time, as far as we know, is the result either of an error of transcription or of a lapse of memory. We should of course be glad to know that two such relics of the poet instead of one existed; but the facts are doubtless otherwise. The Louisville correspondent of the *World*, a paper which Lord Houghton has himself recently written of publicly as incapable of misrepresentation or trickery, professes to be a near relative of the present owner of the book in question, and of the manuscripts from which transcripts were sent to that paper: and as the owner is no other than Keats's niece, Mrs. Speed, such a statement is not likely to have been left uncontradicted if it were not perfectly true.

Such deductions as those above noted have to be made, in almost every case of a new edition of a poet coming under review, from the verdict of universal approval that one would wish to pass upon work of the sterling character of Lord Houghton's, done with such hearty good will, with so much skill and judgment, in so good a cause. There are fine qualities of a negative kind in this edition as well as those of a positive kind; there is a staunch forbearance of all needless detail in the memoir, and a reticence shown throughout the poems in the matter of notes. Several desirable illustrative passages from the letters of Keats and his friends are inserted so as to be of great service in carrying out the plan of illustrating the progress of his mind; but there are hardly any notes of the kind usual in editions of our classic poets, and yet the want of such is not felt. Lord Houghton is fortunate in adding one to the already considerable list of portraits of Keats. We are so rich in fine representations of the beautiful and expressive countenance of "Adonais" that another was hardly to be expected; and that now published (as far as we know, for the first time) is less pleasing than at least three with which we are acquainted: it is, however, one more record, from an eye-witness, of the manner of man Keats was,—preserves one more aspect of his appearance, no doubt faithfully, for it is engraved by Mr. Jeens from a picture by Severn.

The Sans-Souci (or careless) Life of Shelley.

Sans Souci Series. Anecdote Biography of Percy Bysshe Shelley. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong and Co. 1877.

How so highly respectable a firm as Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong and Co., of New York, can have let themselves be imposed

upon by an editor so wholly the reverse, as the compiler of the *Anecdote Biography of Shelley*, is a mystery. We speak merely on the showing of the book, knowing nothing of the person, who may be as respectable as any other parasitical bookmaker for what we know to the contrary; but, as an editor, he certainly acquits himself in a discreditable manner enough. His materials, so far as they are of the slightest value or authority, are exclusively the various books relating to Shelley, published in England—Lady Shelley's *Memorials*, Garnett's *Relicts*, etc., Hogg's, Medwin's, and Middleton's *Lives*, Trelawny's *Recollections*, MacCarthy's *Early Life*, Peacock's papers in *Fraser's Magazine*, Mrs. Shelley's *Notes*, Rossetti's Edition with its Memoir, and a few other books and articles less generally known than these. The instruments applied to these materials are as follows,—item, a pair of scissors, item, some paste, item, a little mystification and concealment, item, an entire absence of judgment and capacity, and, item, a calm dismissal of principle and honesty. Speaking of the various books and articles laid under contribution, Mr. Stoddard says (preface, p. xviii.): "What I have drawn from these sources will generally be found in foot-notes, though I have occasionally introduced passages into what I have written, which is distinguished from the rest of the text by its inclosure of brackets." This statement is simply and absolutely an impudent falsehood, though it is, seemingly by design, written so ambiguously that to say which of two senses it is meant to bear would, to use a vulgar but appropriate expression, "puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer." The fact remains, however, that, whichever sense it is meant to bear, it is false: if it means that the passages taken from the sources in question are generally confined to the foot-notes, that would be the larger or less insidious falsehood, because any one who knows anything of the subject will see at a glance that at least nine-tenths of the book, text and notes, are "drawn from these sources:" if it means that when the text is from "these sources," that fact is generally indicated in the foot-notes, that would be the smaller or more insidious falsehood; for, although the foot-notes hardly ever give the sources of the text, that falsehood takes longer to discover than the other. Add to this, that, when Mr. Stoddard introduces new material purporting to be from the pen of Shelley it is spurious, and that when he appears himself in his "inclosure of brackets" (or without it, for he does both occasionally), he is vulgar, truculent, ignorant, scurrilous, and generally unseemly, and we have summed up the performance with moderation, even leniency. The letter purporting to be from Shelley, which he gives at page 204, is not even what he implies in introducing it,—an original document: it was printed entire, years ago, in *The Philobiblon;* a part of it was recently reprinted as original by Mr. Sotheran, another American

writer on Shelley; and it is so flagrant and clumsy a forgery that no English editor would for a moment mistake it for Shelley's. Mr. Stoddard appears to be anxious about its credit because it was formerly in his possession; but we wholly acquit him of any such knowledge or intelligence as would render criminal his having transferred to other hands, as the autograph of Shelley, a worthless and drivelling scrawl. When Mr. Stoddard ventures to deal with facts he is not more fortunate: he says, for example (preface, p. xxi), that "there is but one portrait of Shelley." There are at least two that are positively authentic, while two more, equally authentic, are missing, but may turn up, and a third pair are extant, well known, with claims to a certain qualified authenticity, though posthumously executed. Mr. Stoddard's misstatement, from his own point of view, is an unqualified one of one for six; for we cannot suppose any discrimination between wholly and partially authentic on the part of one who has deliberately chosen as the original of his wood-cut portrait, Holl's engraving from an inaccurate miniature copy of Miss Curran's portrait, when he might have obtained with ease a photograph from the original picture. We address the foregoing remarks more particularly to our American readers, to whom Mr. Stoddard's sources of compilation are comparatively inaccessible: in England the book cannot be legally sold, as it consists mainly of excerpts from copyright works.

Dr. Willshire on Ancient Prints.

An Introduction to the Study and Collection of Ancient Prints. By William Hughes Willshire, M.D., Edinburgh, late President of the Medical Society of London, &c. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Two Volumes. London: Ellis and White. 1877.

More than three years ago we had occasion to speak in high terms of this excellent book on its first appearance: we then thought it an exhaustive and most interesting contribution to the literature of those arts of reproduction whereof it was the author's intention to treat,—the arts, namely, of pictorial reproduction by means of cutting, scratching, scraping, or biting with *aqua-fortis*; and the only mistake we made in that estimate was the unqualified use of the word "exhaustive." That Dr. Willshire had not exhausted his subject, he has now proved by bringing out a second edition of his treatise, containing a considerable mass of fresh matter, and possessing several new features of attraction. It is obviously in the nature of a work like this, which, among other characteristics, numbers that of summarising and discussing the opinions and researches of other writers in this branch of litera-

ture, to grow under the hand of an author determined to keep himself and his book *au courant*; and in one sense such a work never can be entirely exhaustive. Certainly the first edition had no salient defect; and yet the second, called for at the short interval of three years (short for an expensive and special book), is very much enlarged; and it is safe to assume that, in the event of a third edition being wanted in another three years, so industrious and keen a student as Dr. Willshire will find more material to add and fresh attractions still to place before the student and amateur in this particular department of art. One material advantage has already become a matter of necessity—the division of the work into two volumes; for the original book formed a single volume which was certainly a little heavy for the hand, whereas the two volumes into which it is now divided are of the most convenient dimensions.

The general laying out of the work and division into sections is much the same as it was when we described it in 1874 (see the number for April in that year): indeed, the arrangement, being natural and logical, could hardly be changed without damage to the work; but in detail much has been added; and those who are already familiar with Dr. Willshire's several sections should turn for additional matter of interest to the chapters dealing with Albert Durer, Jacopo di Barbarj, Leonardo da Vinci, Van Dyck, Claude, Ostade, Ribera, the younger Faithorne and others of the English school, Ludwig Krug, Dirk van Staren, Zeeman, Bakhuizen, Thomas of Ypres, and Le Blon and his followers. In the chapter on the "Manière Criblée" the amateur will find a most acceptable addition: the two admirable fac-similes of prints in this manner, one of which forms the frontispiece of Vol. II., the other being at page 72 of that volume, are both special to the present edition, and they serve better than any description possibly could serve to show us the nature of these very scarce and curious prints, concerning which Dr. Willshire says,—"Careful inspection shows that they illustrate a mode of engraving in which the subject is worked out with a varied combination of dots, lines, and scratches, detaching themselves white from a black ground, assisted by lines and scratches detaching themselves black from a white ground." The two prints selected by Dr. Willshire to reproduce in illustration of this little-known manner of engraving are of a finely devotional character, earnest both in sentiment and in drawing, and, though highly conventional, full of a spiritual beauty frequently wanting in works executed with more science and better perspective. The one represents the Mass of St. Gregory, the other the Death of the Virgin.

The Appendix is very much enriched: beside several matters of special interest, it contains a chronological table of some of the more important events in the history of early engraving

and typography, an extensive collection of monograms, marks, and cyphers used by various engravers, watermarks in paper, names, marks, etc. of print-collectors and print-dealers, and an excellent bibliography. It is also to be noted as adding to the utility of the work, that each volume has its own separate index of proper names and index of subjects,—an arrangement which might be followed with advantage by many authors and publishers who seem to regard indexes as a superfluity. The volumes are excellently printed, and altogether handsomely brought out.

Dr. Day on Headaches.

Headaches: their Nature, Causes, and Treatment. By William Henry Day, M.D., M.R.C.P., London, Physician to the Samaritan Hospital for Women and Children. London: J. and A. Churchill.

The subject of headaches is one in which but few of us in these days of pressure and competition can claim to have no personal interest: from various causes, derangements of the nervous system, of minor and of major importance, are becoming every year more and more alarmingly common; and among the symptoms of such derangement headache is at the same time one of the most frequent, and, from its very commonness, one of the most liable to be neglected. Moreover, headache arises from so many different causes, that ominous ailments of this kind are very liable to proceed unchecked under an erroneous impression of the sufferer as to the meaning of this painful manifestation of disturbance in the complicated machinery of human life; and thus, a popular diffusion of instruction in this branch of pathology would unquestionably tend to reduce the number of cases of permanently disordered nervous systems, or at all events arrest the increase in the frequency of such cases. Dr. Day's monograph is calculated to contribute very materially towards so desirable a result; for, while it is amply "professional" in all essential particulars to be of the greatest service to the physician of general practice, it is so far removed from the proverbial dryness of professional books, that any one the least disposed to form a better acquaintance with the nature and causes of a malady productive of so much misery in almost every walk of life, will assuredly not lay it down without reading the greater part of its three hundred and odd pages. Indeed it will be found equally useful as a general instructor on the subject of that most distressing class of maladies comprised under the term "headache," and as a household manual for guidance in their treatment; and such a manual was in a peculiar degree wanted; for comparatively few of those among us who are

unfortunate enough to be in more or less constant suffering from headache are in a situation to be as constantly under medical supervision, even if the average habits of middle and lower class life did not, as they do, discountenance the notion of sending for the doctor "just for a headache."

Dr. Day classifies his subject in a manner which may or may not be absolutely supported by physiological and pathological science: on that point we can scarcely pretend to sit in judgment; but we should be surprised if a writer so shrewd in observation as Dr. Day's cases show him to be, so practical in his deductions, and of a mind so well balanced between professional enthusiasm and keen common sense, had laid himself open to the advancement of radical scientific objection on the score of classification. Broadly he divides headache into twelve classes,—that proceeding from (1) poverty of blood and (2) the reverse, that produced by (3) sympathy with other affected organs, that caused by (4) various forms of dyspepsia (generally called "bilious headache"), that arising from (5) congestion, plethora, and increased vascular action, that proceeding from (6) exhaustion, or some peculiar change in the tissues of the brain (called sometimes "sick headache," but more properly "nervous headache," the stomach being but secondarily affected), (7) headache caused by a combination of nervous disturbance and overplus of blood, (8) gouty, (9) neuralgic, and (10) rheumatic headache, that proceeding from (11) organic or structural causes (especially in advanced life), and (12) the various headaches incidental to childhood and early life,—this last important class being subdivided.

It might be objected that some of these divisions are scarcely necessary, inasmuch as there is no marked or absolute line of demarcation between some of them; but we are disposed to think that no one carefully perusing the whole work will find the classification needlessly minute. Dr. Day's strongest sections are, perhaps, the large and important division of nervous headaches, and the whole class of headaches incidental to children, to which he appears to have devoted the most assiduous attention, noting his cases with quick and keen intelligence of symptoms and with admirable perspicacity. We gather, generally, a somewhat dreary impression of the "pleasant places" in which the lines have been drawn by an inexorable civilisation for its struggling and battling offspring; for Dr. Day treats of the enormous and wide-spread misery of headache in the tone of one who sees the causes of it "as from a tower," and knows them for an inexterminable enemy. And yet he is anything but a pessimist; and the great merit of the book is, that while the author recognises the class of disorders under discussion as almost of necessity incidental to modern civilisation, he yet exhausts all lines of inquiry and experiment open to him in striving to put before his readers the various

methods of prevention and alleviation calculated to keep this tremendous foe at bay.

Coppée's Exilée.

L'Exilée, Poémes. Par François Coppée. Paris: Lemerre. 1877.

How is it that the French so excel us in printing? They can print badly, as their newspapers show; but even their commonest novel is set forth in really readable text—a contrast to the eye-puzzling shillings'-worths which we have often fancied must have been printed for the special benefit of the spectacle-makers. True, Browning makes his Spanish monk speak of

> "Your crapulous French novel
> On grey paper with blurred type,"

but this must have been a Spanish reprint.

The tradition of the Didots is well kept up by several publishers, of whom Lemerre is perhaps the best; and the war, so far from putting a stop to work of this kind, rather gave an impetus to the production both of dainty editions of new books like those printed for Pickering by Whittingham of Chiswick, and also of still choicer reprints of the old pre-classical French poets.

The little book named above is a thorough contrast to any English poetry book that we ever saw. Each page—there are only forty-eight, of which some six are blank with just a central ornament—are rubricated as if on each of them lay a sheet of red-edged paper. The size is very small quarto; the price six francs—not much for one's money. We grumble at the laureate's prices, but Coppée is dearer still; he gives us only a score of short poems each of twelve or sixteen short lines, in paper wrapper instead of the orthodox English green cloth, gilt. Whether he has a right to charge so dear for his writings; whether, apart from its value as a sample of beautiful typography, this little volume can claim to be worth its price on the score of its literary merit, we must leave our readers to judge from a very few extracts. To our thinking Coppée is one of the best of the present school of French poets. That school, of course, owes not a little to Victor Hugo; but its best representatives have happily emancipated themselves from the turgidity and extravagance of him whom it is perhaps right to call their master. Coppée especially is always simple, and these pieces are in his best style.

The poet meets in Switzerland a young Norwegian lady who is there for her health; falls desperately in love with her, being old enough to be her father; and, after one of those flirtations in which young ladies so often delight to indulge with older men as an

evidence of power, gets rejected. The affair meant nothing on her part, to him it was heart-breaking—unless, indeed, his heart has been able to heal itself with the sweet medicine of song. These little poems trace the course of his passion. They are all so beautiful that it is difficult which to choose. Single lines give but a poor idea of their context, but the beauty of the following:

"Mais, comme on trouve un nid rempli d'œufs de fauvettes,
Vous avez ramassé mon cœur sur le chemin,"

is independent of its surroundings. So again:

"Est-il une grenade entr'ouverte qui rende
L'incarnat de sa bouche *adorablement grande?*"

None but a poet conscious of his power would have dared to tell the truth which is here underlined. This, again, is prettily put, though by no means original:

"Pour s'aimer faut-il donc tellement se connaître,
Puisque pour allumer le feu qui me pénètre,
Chère âme, un seul regard de vos yeux a suffi?"

But the best poem in the collection we must give at full length; it is called *Les Trois Oiseaux:*

"J'ai dit au ramier :—pars et va quand même,
Au delà des champs d'avoine et de foin,
Me chercher la fleur qui fera qu'on m'aime.
Le ramier m'a dit :—C'est trop loin!

"Et j'ai dit à l'aigle :—aide-moi, j'y compte;
Et, si c'est le feu du ciel qu'il me faut
Pour l'aller ravir, prends ton vol et monte.
Et l'aigle m'a dit :—C'est trop haut!

"Et j'ai dit enfin au vautour :—dévore
Ce cœur trop plein d'elle et prends-en ta part.
Laisse ce qui peut être intact encore.
Et le vautour m'a dit :—C'est trop tard."

This is as melodiously pretty as anything of Ronsard; and those who know any of Coppée's other writings will be glad to be introduced to this little volume, in which a graceful prettiness suited to the form of publication is combined with a great deal of heart.

West's Hospital Organisation.

On Hospital Organisation, with Special Reference to the Organisation of Hospitals for Children. By Charles West, M.D., Founder of the Hospital for Sick Children, &c. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

This small treatise contains a mass of valuable suggestions respecting the internal management and working of hospitals, clearly arranged and tersely expressed, which cannot fail to be of the greatest value to all who take pride in our medical charities and desire their efficiency. The first part deals with the general principles of hospital management; the second, with the details of children's hospitals. Under the first head, the relations of the different departments are discussed, and the essential conditions of combined efficiency and economy pointed out. More than half the space is given to the consideration of the comparative merits of nursing by religious sisterhoods and by lay nurses. The question is shown to be by no means the simple one it seems at first sight. On one point the author holds very decided opinions, viz., the unwisdom of entrusting the *management* of hospitals to female hands. The statistics given tend to show that this leads to extravagance; at least, this we take to be the purport of the figures quoted. The cost of a patient per day is said to be at the Westminster Hospital 3s. 7d., London 3s. 4d., Children's 4s. 9d. Perhaps we are not wrong in inferring this to be the ground of some dispute the author has had with the Children's Hospital, to which delicate allusion is made: "The foundation of a Hospital for Sick Children was the dream of my youth, and the occupation of thirty years of manhood. I looked forward to helping to organise the institution which is housed in a building planned by me in conjunction with the architect, Mr. F. M. Barry, and which, like the old hospital, has been fitted and furnished throughout under my direction; and I trusted that when old age came I might be allowed to linger about the place, towards which my heart turns as a parent's towards his child. But, *Dis aliter visum est*, and there is nothing left for me but to commend this little book to the serious consideration of those who have undertaken to carry on my work. Counsel sometimes has more weight when the personality of the counsellor is no longer obtruded on those whom he ventures to advise." In addition, this manual has all the weight of long practical experience. The references to the management of French hospitals are also valuable.

Weise's German Letters on English Education.

German Letters on English Education, written during an Educational Tour in 1876. By Dr. L. Weise, late Privy Councillor in the Ministry of Public Instruction in Prussia. Translated and Edited by L. Schmitz, LL.D. London: W. Collins, Sons and Co. 1877.

This volume supplies incidentally an instructive comparison—perhaps, we should say contrast—between English and German systems of education. Primarily intended to furnish the writer's countrymen with a description of English educational methods, it contains a very clear and full account of all the educational agencies of this country. No department or subject seems omitted. Elementary, middle-class, collegiate, proprietary schools, as well as the universities, are reviewed; but as the points of difference between England and Germany are touched on, we obtain a comparative view of the two countries in this respect. Prussia has long been noted for its cheap, excellent, and abundant education—a contrast in every point to England, at least till recent years. There can be little doubt that the main cause of German superiority was State control and supervision, which organised the different grades and agencies into a single harmonious system. By Mr. Forster's Act this was done with respect to elementary education in England, and the country will soon begin to reap the blessing. Government interference, it was said, is un-English, and would never be endured. We hope that in no long time English statesmanship will be wise and courageous enough to introduce order and rule into the middle and higher education, which still remain in their primeval chaos. The single reforms introduced are mere palliatives. We want to see the higher schools and universities federated into a coherent, gradually-ascending system, such as Germany has long enjoyed. At present, the waste of resources through want of control and organisation is enormous. Without endorsing many of the criticisms and opinions advanced in this able volume, we cordially commend its general views and many striking points to all who wish to see England intelligent as well as free. We quote a single fact: "Merchants and other men of business have assured me that, with few exceptions, young men who had come to them from German middle-class schools (*Realschulen*) were superior to English apprentices in their knowledge of languages and geography, and in general approved themselves by their school-training to have become more useful than English lads of the same age." Dr. Weise also quotes a not inapt saying of Mr. Bancroft, American Minister at Berlin, to the effect that in

America many are educated at the expense of a few, in England a few at the expense of many; in Germany alone matters are fairly balanced.

Gilbert's The City, &c.

The City; an Inquiry into the Corporation, its Livery Companies, and the Administration of their Charities and Endowments. By William Gilbert, Author of "Contrasts," &c. London: Daldy, Isbiter and Co. 1877.

This is a continuous impeachment of the London Corporation by one who has devoted much labour and zeal to his subject. It is not for us to say whether the impeachment is sustained. Indeed, on some points it seems to be pushed too far, *e.g.*, the cost per bed in the erection of the new St. Thomas's Hospital is shown to have been comparatively enormous; but, supposing the removal from the old site to be necessary, it is not shown how the expense could have been diminished, unless by removal into the country, which, of course, was out of the question. Extreme advocacy weakens the best case, and most readers will acknowledge that in the main Mr. Gilbert's case is exceedingly strong. Apart from this polemical purpose, the information supplied respecting the social condition of London, its parochial charities, the vast wealth and abuses of the livery companies, the Corporation, hospitals, endowed schools, is most valuble. Another field not explored is that of ecclesiastical endowments. The gravamen of the charge is that, while the enormous endowments remain and increase, those for whom they were intended have removed or been driven away. Surely respect for the intentions of the "pious founder" would demand that the endowments should follow the population, instead of being wasted upon sinecures or worse. The original givers never contemplated such an application of their gifts as too often now obtains. Mr. Gilbert is not the only knight-errant in the field. Many tentative schemes have been put forward as feelers. Reform is urgent and certain, and thorough spontaneous reform would be the truest wisdom.

Reid's New South Wales.

An Essay on New South Wales, the Mother Colony of the Australias. By G. H. Reid, Honorary Member of the Cobden Club. London: Trübner and Co. 1876.

This manual is packed full of figures and facts bearing on the resources of one of Britain's most vigorous offshoots. The colony

is mainly pastoral, as is shown by the fact that it has nearly as many cattle and sheep as the other four Australian colonies together. Its chief drawbacks are a scanty population, which this publication is intended to help to remedy, occasional visitations of drought, and few rivers. The growth of the colony in a brief period has been marvellous. It has 600 miles of railway and 8,000 of telegraph, and much more projected. Its revenue is a million in excess of expenditure. Of the churches, the English and Romish churches are about equal in scale of attendance, each reckoning 58,000; Wesleyan, 30,000; Presbyterian, 18,000, the last bearing testimony to the ubiquity of the Scotchman. The present work was printed, as was fitting, at Sydney, and is equipped with maps, tables, and appendices.

In the Shadow of God.

In the Shadow of God. Sketches of Life in France during the Eighteenth Century. By the Author of "The Spanish Brothers," "Under the Southern Cross," &c. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1877.

These two stories, "In the Desert," "In the City," are, particularly the first, based upon facts, and, indeed, embody many incidents of a touching history. They are written, too, with quite French ease, grace, and simplicity. Probably such delineations reproduce the spirit of an age even more forcibly than matter-of-fact narratives. The story of Huguenot sufferings can never be known too well. Their history has much in common with that of the Scotch Covenanters, save that they were more patient and helpless, and at last were almost trodden out. One of the mysteries of faith is that royal profligates like Louis XIV. and Charles II. should die on a quiet bed, flattered by priests and bishops, while saints were counted in thousands like sheep for the slaughter. The work of stamping out the Reformation in France, as in Spain, Italy, and Austria, was done thoroughly. But the priests dealt a fatal blow to their country. The fathers' sins are visited on the children. The nation deliberately butchered or exiled wholesale its most honest, intelligent, and God-fearing citizens. The qualities which are the strength of a nation's life were ruthlessly destroyed. The classes proscribed were precisely those who would have been a breakwater against the storms of revolutionary violence. And ever since, the only form of Christianity presented to the eyes of those nations has been Romanism. Their only choice has been that or scepticism, and in vast numbers they have chosen the latter.

Seton's Dryden.

The Select Dramatic Works of John Dryden. Edited by James Lockwood Seton. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co. 1877.

These are indeed "select." Of Dryden's voluminous dramas only two are reprinted, the two which most critics pronounce the best. It would be a charity to Dryden's memory and a benefit to the world to suppress a good many of the pieces which are usually included in editions of his works. We cannot understand how it is right to republish what all allow it was wrong to write. But even these pieces are innocent beside his dramas, which if they had not been reprinted we should have said are unprintable. Far better they should be buried with the age of the Restoration, to which they belong. These *Select Dramatic Works* might have been selected still farther. Even of these two dramas the subject of the second, "Don Sebastian," is as disagreeable as possible. No amount of cleverness or genius can redeem rank corruption. The first, "All for Love; or, The World Well Lost," is the old story of Antony and Cleopatra well told. The weakness of Antony, the austerity of his wife Octavia, the charms of Cleopatra, the old Roman strength of Ventidius are strongly drawn. Many of the scenes are very effective, and the pages are thickly strewn with telling images and metaphors. In this drama the common saying occurs: "Men are but children of a larger growth."

BEVERIDGE AND CO. (SUCCESSORS TO R. NEEDHAM), PRINTERS, LONDON.