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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1881.

ART. I.—1. *St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: the Revised Version.*

2. *The Greek Testament with the Revisers' Readings.* Oxford. 1881.

3. *The New Testament in the Original Greek: Text Revised.* By B. F. WESTCOTT, D.D., and F. J. A. HORT, D.D. Macmillan and Co. 1881.

4. *St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians: Critical and Grammatical Commentary and a Revised Translation.* By BISHOP ELLICOTT. Fourth Edition. 1868. Longmans.

THE Revised English New Testament has now been for four months before the Christian public. It would be premature to attempt so soon as this anything like a comprehensive critical estimate of its character or forecast of its history. After the first loud and somewhat confused outburst of criticism in the newspapers and in general society, which was at any rate a striking tribute to the greatness of the event of its publication, most Bible-readers have settled down into a quiet and deliberate study of the Revisers' work. And perhaps those who are best qualified to judge of its merits and who best understand the conditions on which its success or failure depends, will be most likely to suspend their judgment. Its real authorisation will have to be given, after all, not by Convocation or by Parliament, not by literary circles or critical journals, but by the heart and understanding of English-

speaking Christendom. To that tribunal it appeals. If to any considerable extent it brings us nearer to the actual utterances of Christ and His Apostles, representing more faithfully the true text of the original documents, and rendering it into an English more clear and consistent and more easily understood of the common people, and this with no loss of the grave simplicity and dignity, and the fine harmony of expression, which marked so strongly the work of those "holy men of old," the original translators, and without the sacrifice of anything essential in the hallowed associations that have gathered round their language; then its success is certain and assured, and the benefits conferred by it upon the Church of Christ will prove an ample return even for the unexampled expenditure of care and labour bestowed on its production. It will need no apologist to vindicate its character, no official validation, for, "by the manifestation of the truth," it must needs in due time "commend itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." And the Holy Spirit of Truth will not fail to honour by His own secret effectual witness the diligent and faithful and reverent endeavour to honour His inspired and ever-living Word.

For this authentication its authors will patiently and, we doubt not, confidently wait. Such a verdict cannot be given in four months, nor in four years. Four times four years may not be too long a time to allow for the Revision to find its true place in the national estimation; although, no doubt, in consequence of the greatly increased literary facilities of modern times, the consensus of Christian opinion on the question will be formed much more rapidly than on any previous parallel occasion. The Authorised Version took 50 years, and the Latin Vulgate 250, to win its way to general acceptance. There is no need to hasten this process. The more slowly it is carried on, and the more thoroughly this ten years' work of the ripest and most conscientious modern English scholarship is examined in every point and weighed in the balance of calm Christian judgment, the more just and decisive is the sentence passed upon it likely to be. Meanwhile, the most cursory reader may satisfy himself that his English New Testament is still substantially the same; and the most anxious believer, and he who most dislikes and dreads the spirit of modern criticism, may rest assured that the great fabric of Christian doctrine remains absolutely intact, and

is robbed of none of its real defences and supports. Indeed theology can only be the gainer by this renewed and thorough testing of its Biblical foundations, and by the clearing away even of those slight accretions which in course of time had gathered round them as they stood in our own English Scriptures. It is a curious and perhaps a hopeful sign, and a striking proof of the Revisers' impartiality, that every sect and school of theology is able to find (the Methodists among the rest) passages in the revised translation tending to support more strongly its own particular views. It would be easy to show how much more sharply and definitely in a number of instances the leading doctrines of evangelical faith are brought out in the pages of the New Testament by a more correct reading, or a more exact and uniform rendering of the Greek. Let the Revision be accepted or rejected, in any case "the foundation of God standeth sure."

One evident and immediate result of Biblical revision every one may rejoice in, that it has promoted a revival of Bible-reading in many quarters where it was greatly needed, and is causing a closer attention to be given to the exact words of Scripture and to the smaller details of its meaning. Too many people have been content to admire their English Bible rather than to study it. Dear as is the sound of its hallowed words, familiar from childhood, there is a danger in this very sacredness, a charm in the accustomed rhythm, and in the ease with which the oft-repeated syllables pass from the lips or glide into the ear, that of itself tends to lull to sleep attention, and not seldom helps to furnish, it is to be feared, an effectual hindrance to any real apprehension of the thoughts conveyed by those very words which the reader almost worships. The mere shock which such a Bible-reader will receive from the Revision, and the painful jar with which the altered sentences will afflict his ear, may be most salutary to him. They will at least arouse his mind, if it be only by way of resentment. They will compel him to say to himself, "Understandest thou what thou readest?" if it be only for the sake of defending the old reading against the new. And in numberless instances we may hope that the awakening of attention and the stirring of inquiry, due to the appearance of the Revision, will lead to a deeper insight into the teaching of the sacred writers in the case of many even of those who have made them their lifelong and daily study.

Our present purpose in this article is very limited. We shall examine the revision of the Epistle to the Ephesians only. By confining our attention to a small section of the work, we shall be able to analyse it somewhat minutely and thoroughly. And perhaps by a full and consecutive review of this single fraction by way of sample, we shall gain a more true and positive knowledge of the whole than could be given by a general and discursive treatment, or by dipping here and there into the Revised New Testament, and bringing up for criticism selected passages and isolated sentences and phrases, in the choice of which the critic's bias could hardly fail to influence him.

This book is one which presents some peculiar difficulties to the translator, due chiefly to the extreme length of many of its sentences and the elaboration of its leading passages, and to the cumulative richness and fulness of expression in which it surpasses all St. Paul's other writings. But, on the other hand, the abruptness and vehemence of language, and the subtlety and versatility of argument which create so many crucial passages in his more polemical epistles are comparatively wanting in this, the calmest and most meditative (most John-like), and, from a literary point of view, the most nearly approaching the finished and artistic, of all the letters that proceeded from his pen. Accordingly, as in dealing with St. John, it is the expositor and the theologian, rather than the translator, who find the Epistle to the Ephesians tax their highest powers. It is the breadth and grandeur of its conceptions rather than any special obscurity or difficulty of language that make this Epistle still so hard to be understood.

It must be noted in passing, as a matter o justice to the Authorised Version, that King James's Revisers show to less advantage in the Epistles than in any other part of the Bible. Nowhere was their work in greater need of emendation. And the peculiar importance of St. Paul's teaching, in its bearing on Christian doctrine and the life of the Church, made the faultiness of this part of our English New Testament specially unfortunate. We rejoice, therefore, the more to find that our Revisers are here at their very best, where their predecessors had comparatively failed. This is due, no doubt, in great part to the fact that St. Paul has been for long a favourite study of English scholars.

A problem of peculiar interest and difficulty is brought before us at the very outset. Most English readers will be

startled, many Greek scholars even will be surprised, to find a doubt thrown on the title of the Epistle to the Ephesians. "Some very ancient authorities," the Revisers' margin reads, "omit at Ephesus" (i. 1). In fact, this designation is wanting in the two most ancient and trustworthy Greek MSS. we possess, the Vatican and Sinaitic codices of the fourth century. Origen in the third century, and Basil of Cæsarea in the fourth, both expressly reject it as not found in the ancient copies which they followed. Tertullian speaks of the heretic Marcion as having entitled the Epistle *To the Laodiceans*. On the other hand, he appears himself to represent a unanimous tradition when he says, writing at the beginning of the fourth century: "On the authority of the Church we hold this Epistle to have been sent *to the Ephesians*." The ancient versions confirm his testimony; and Jerome, the greatest Biblical critic of the fourth century, seems to have been of the same opinion. A theory has been propounded (by Archbishop Usher first of all) which reconciles these opposing facts, and has several other circumstances in its favour, viz., that this Epistle was in reality *a circular letter* intended for the Asiatic * churches generally, or for a limited circle of them, of which copies were perhaps left by Tychicus, or (more probably) which he himself read, filling in orally the local name,† in each church through which he passed on his way to Colossæ from the coast. For we know that Tychicus was St. Paul's emissary to Colossæ and the bearer of both these letters, which are coupled together directly and indirectly in the closest possible way, so as to be, with the Epistle to Philemon as appendix, substantially two parts of one and the same document. In such a circle or line of churches, the fruit of St. Paul's three years' ministry at Ephesus, during which "all they that dwelt in Asia heard the word of the Lord, both Jews and Greeks" (Acts xix. 10), Ephesus would be the first and chief, and Laodicea the last, closely adjoining Colossæ. This hypo-

* It must be remembered that by *Asia* in the New Testament is meant the Roman province of that name, of which Ephesus was the capital city, and which extended over the central part of the Western side of what we now call *Asia Minor*.

† For it is impossible to suppose, with Origen and some modern scholars (including Professor Milligan in his most instructive article on this Epistle in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*), that the expression τοῖς οὖσιν (*that are*), though irregular in position, was intended otherwise than to introduce the necessary local designation.

thesis accounts at the same time for the remarkably *general* character of the contents of the Epistle, and for a certain stateliness and distance of manner pervading it,* combined with the entire absence of those personal references and greetings which one would expect to have been particularly numerous and affectionate in any letter written by the Apostle to "the saints which are at Ephesus." Nowhere do we see more of the *Apostle* and less of the *man* Paul, more of *the* Church and less of *this* or *that* particular church, than in the Epistle before us. The obscure allusion to "the Epistle *from* Laodicea," and the title given to this Epistle by Marcion, are, moreover, both naturally and easily explained on this view. The Apocalyptic Epistle "to the seven churches which are in Asia" (of which again Ephesus is the first and Laodicea the last) furnishes exactly the kind of parallel needed to give to the hypothesis a solid basis of probability; and the Greek cities of this region were remarkable for the variety of ancient federal and religious ties by which they were bound together in local unions and combinations. Supposing the Epistle to have had a general destination such as that suggested, it is easy to understand how it became specially connected with the church at Ephesus, as being the metropolitan church of the province, and justly claiming a special interest in St. Paul. Indeed, we may presume that the Letter, if it went the round of the minor and dependent churches, would be finally deposited in that city, and would become the acknowledged property of the Ephesian church. Laodicea is the only church which, judging from its subsequent importance, could have been likely at any time to dispute the title of Ephesus to put its name on the Epistle, and it might quote Col. iv. 16 in justification of such a claim. On the whole, we may be quite satisfied that this Letter was really an Epistle *to the Ephesians*. The marginal note of the Revisers may justify us in doubting whether it was addressed *to the Ephesians only*.

Several notable alterations meet us in the opening

* For example, the phrase "brethren," or "my brethren," so familiar as a form of address in St. Paul's letters, now disappears, in accordance with the reading of the older documents, from the only passage in this Epistle (vi. 10), where it was found in the Authorised Version. Again, in the Benediction, it is "Peace to *the brethren*—grace be with all *them that love our Lord Jesus Christ*," not "with *you*" or "with *your spirit*," as in every other Epistle. He uses the more distant and general *third* person instead of the *second*.

thanksgiving, that most transcendent and most complete of all the Apostle's acts of praise. The first is in the sixth verse, which now reads more correctly and clearly, "which he freely bestowed on (*margin:* wherewith he endued) us in the Beloved," instead of "wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved." The significant lingering play on the word *grace* so characteristic of St. Paul (*τῆς χάριτος αὐτοῦ ἧς ἐχαρίτωσεν ἡμᾶς*—very nearly *His grace wherewith He graced us*)—it is impossible adequately to reproduce in English. Only once besides is the peculiar Greek verb here used by St. Paul found in the New Testament, in the angel's greeting of the Virgin mother (Luke i. 28): "Hail! thou that art highly favoured!" (*χαῖρε κεχαριτωμένη*)—where the ear of the Greek scholar catches the same repetition and rhythmical emphasis of the thought of *grace*, of *joy* that is one with grace, as the characteristic note of this heavenly "manner of salutation." Our Revisers have linked the two passages together by their secondary marginal renderings, supplying, in Luke i. 28, "endued with grace" as an alternative for "highly favoured." Had they given the word "beloved" an italicised *one* after it (as in "the evil *one*," and other like expressions), instead of making it a proper name, they would have obviated more completely, and, we think, in a better way, the mistake frequently made by English readers of regarding the epithet as *plural* and referring it to the Church. English usage leads one to expect that an adjective or participle standing as substantive with the definite article bears a plural sense, and St. Paul's familiar use of the word "beloved" elsewhere helps to point the reader in the same wrong direction. We should therefore have preferred "in the beloved *one*," or even "in that beloved *one*,"—scarcely too strong a rendering for *τῷ ἀγαπητῷ* here.

The tenth verse assumes, in the Revisers' hands, quite a new grammatical form. They have given us, in fact, a literal rendering of it, instead of the somewhat loose paraphrase of the Authorised Version. The word "sum up" is a more adequate rendering of *ἀνακεφαλαιώσασθαι* than "gather together in one," indicating the *conclusive* as well as *collective* character of the Divine act set forth by this verb.* The rendering "unto a dispensation," instead of

* Compare Rom. xiii. 9, the only other place where the same verb occurs in the New Testament.

"in the dispensation," and the attachment of this phrase to the preceding verb "purposed" instead of that which follows, form one of those alterations that may seem needless or unmeaning to a superficial or merely literary reader, but are essential to anything like an exact reflection of St. Paul's meaning and of the connection of thought in his mind. It is doubtful, however, whether the Revisers have not, here and elsewhere, rendered the preposition εἰς too uniformly by "unto," a far less pliant and flexible particle than its Greek equivalent. "For a dispensation" would, we venture to think, have conveyed the true sense quite as accurately and more clearly to the English ear.

The displacement in the 11th verse of "we have obtained an inheritance" (ἐκληρώθημεν), by "we were made a heritage," is a more questionable advantage. "We received (or were invested with) an inheritance (enfeoffed: *Eadie*)" is the rendering adopted by Grotius, Meyer, and Eadie amongst others, for reasons, both grammatical and exegetical, of great and, as it seems to us, superior weight; and this approaches very nearly to the older English rendering. Ellicott, who (after Bengel) proposes in his *Commentary* the rendering now adopted, justly says that "it is somewhat hard to decide between these two interpretations." Still a third equivalent for this difficult Greek word, "we were chosen by lot" (or simply "chosen"), has been preferred by many eminent interpreters, both ancient and modern, and is represented by the Vulgate. This is surely a passage in which we should have been allowed a choice of renderings.

"Who first trusted in Christ (*margin:* hoped)" (v. 12), now becomes "we who had (*or* have) before hoped in Christ." King James's revisers have rendered ἐλπίζω sometimes by *hope*, but more frequently by *trust*, while the noun ἐλπίς appears in every instance but one* as hope. The Revisers have very properly replaced *trust* by *hope* in every passage. In this place the former word is distinctly misleading. The repetition of *we* required by English idiom, the use of the English perfect for the Greek perfect of the verb *hope*, and the more accurate *before*, instead of *first*, combine to bring out St. Paul's idea more truly and forcibly; and the expression "we who had before hoped in

* Heb. x. 23, where the rendering *faith* appears to be a pure inadvertence. It is found in no English Version earlier than the Authorised Version.

Christ" (why not here *in the Christ?*), with its pointed contrast to the (Gentile) "ye also" of the next clause (compare chap. ii. 11, iii. 1), gives us already the antithesis in which lies the germ of the great passage on the reconciliation of Jew and Gentile, which extends from chap. ii. 11 to iii. 13. And what a vividness of meaning is thrown into the words, "we who had before hoped in Christ" when we are able, as every English reader can do now, to compare them with St. Paul's language in Acts xiii. 32, 33, xxvi. 6, 7, and xxviii. 20 (*the hope of Israel, the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers*).

The remainder of the first chapter is occupied by the opening prayer of the Epistle, passing at verse 20 into that sublime statement concerning what God "wrought in Christ," which forms the doctrinal "chief corner stone" of its entire superstructure. Here the Revisers' emendations are less noticeable, but are neither slight nor unimportant. Two of them are due to revised readings of the Greek. The word "love" is omitted from ver. 15, as by Westcott and Hort, following Lachmann, in conformity with the Vatican and Sinaitic codices above mentioned, with several other important Greek manuscripts, here supported decisively by Jerome as well as Origen. If the word in question were absent from the original document, its occurrence in the closely parallel Col. i. 4 might very naturally have led to its insertion here by later copyists. The sentence as read without it may be illustrated by Philemon 5, where, on the simpler construction of the clause preferred by the Revisers, the same peculiar and otherwise isolated *double reference* of "faith" is presented to us. In the passage of Philemon the Revisers have not thought it worth while to distinguish between the different Greek prepositions πρὸς and εἰς, used in associating "faith" with "the Lord Jesus," and with "all the saints" respectively. Again, "the eyes of your understanding" in ver. 18 we now read more truly as "the eyes of your heart," a strikingly beautiful and profound expression otherwise lost to us.* In ver. 17 the Revisers have recognised the absence of the Greek article (*a* for *the spirit*).

Verse 20 brings us to an example of a class of instances in which a Greek dependent genitive has been too freely rendered into English by a qualifying adjective, with the

* In the *Epistle* of the Roman Clement, §§ 36 and 59, this phrase occurs twice; and once in the *Martyrdom of Polycarp*, § 2.

effect of weakening the force of the original combination and blurring its distinctness. What a sublime redundancy of expression there is, in which the height of the heaped-up words still fails to reach the elevation and fulness of the conception they are striving to embody, when the Apostle speaks of "*that working of the strength of his might which he wrought in Christ* when he raised him from the dead, and made him to sit at his right hand in the heavenly places!" The same correction is made in chap. iv. 24. Compare Col. i. 13 (*Son of his love*). The margin of the Authorised Version, however, gives the literal rendering in these cases. The changes (ver. 21) in the four designations of the dignitaries subjected to Christ are needed for the sake of greater precision, and in order to bring the rendering of the several words into conformity with their general use and meaning. In the same verse it may be noticed that the marginal *age* (for *world*) here, as in other places, enables the reader to distinguish between the two very different Greek words, *αἰών*, denoting "the world" *historically*, under the conditions of its existence during a certain period of time, and *κόσμος*, the *natural* world, the physical or the moral constitution and system of things in which we are placed. In chap. ii. 2 these words are for once combined into a single phrase, "the course (age) of this world."*

The second chapter goes on to declare what God had wrought for the Apostle's readers—(1) in their personal salvation (vers. 1—10); (2) in their incorporation as Gentiles into the Church of God (vers. 11—22). In the former section the English reader will find but little that strikes him as new. There is a more precise rendering of some of the prepositions and cases of nouns, and in particular of several of the verb tenses. The Greek aorist is more faithfully represented by our preterite (*did he quicken and quickened*)† in vers. 1 and 5, and in ver. 10 (*afore prepared* instead of *hath before ordained* the margin

* "The world" is *κόσμος* in chap. ii. 12, as *e.g.* in Col. ii. 8. 20, Gal. iv. 3, Heb. ix. 1, and always in St. John (ix. 32 is no real exception). It is *αἰών*, on the other hand, in Gal. i. 4, 2 Cor. iv. 4, Heb. i. 2, Luke xx. 35, &c.

† The Revisers have followed the Authorised Version in its double rendering of *ζωοποιέω*, which is translated "quicken" in John v. 21, vi. 63, Rom. iv. 17, viii. 11, 1 Cor. xv. 36, 45; and "make alive" in 1 Cor. xv. 22, 2 Cor. iii. 6, Gal. iii. 21 (Authorised Version, *give life*). They have put the latter expression for the former only in 1 Cor. xv. 45. It seems a pity, especially in 1 Cor. xv., that the same word could not be used throughout.

of the Authorised Version, following Coverdale and the Rhemish Bible, has here more correctly *hath prepared*). And the Greek perfect is reproduced in the important clause, "By grace have ye been saved," twice repeated in vers. 5 and 8. One might have desired a fuller translation of τοῖς ἐπερχομένοις in ver. 7, for which the rendering of the Authorised Version, "(the ages) to come," sounds altogether too vague and distant. "The most simple meaning appears to be," says Ellicott, "the successively arriving ages and generations from that time to the second coming of Christ. *The ages that are coming on* is the literal equivalent of St. Paul's Greek, and brings to our mind more vividly the thought of those successively impending periods of time during which this great example of Divine mercy was to take effect. The word ἐπερχομένοις would in this way also be linked to the other passages where it is found, as in Luke i. 35, Acts i. 8, James v. 1, &c.

The force of the Greek article claims attention in the following section, where four instances appear in which the Authorised Version had slurred it over. It is as "the Gentiles" that the Apostle here pointedly addresses his readers (ver. 11) in their collective and representative capacity; and, again, in ver. 12 it is "the covenants of the promise"—that one continuous promise, the basis of all the ancient covenants (compare once more Acts xiii. 32, 33) —of which alone he could be thinking; and "the twain" (Jew and Gentile) who make "one new man," in ver. 15. A similar emphasis of definition rests on the word "access" in ver. 18, which is "the (new, full, Christian) access,—our access unto the Father;" so "our redemption" (i. 7), "our faith" (iii. 12). Ver. 21 brings us to a difficulty that has been much discussed, arising from the absence of the article between "all" and "building" in the more ancient MSS. The Revisers have followed the ordinary Greek idiom for πᾶς without article, rendering πᾶσα οἰκοδομὴ *every building, each several building*. We cannot think that this is right. The Apostle is insisting above all things on the unity of the Church; he has just announced the "breaking down of the middle wall of partition;" and yet in the same breath he is made to "build again the things he destroyed" (so at least it seems to us) by recognising an indefinite variety of different buildings resting on the

And, besides, "quicken" is a word practically obsolete in modern English and that constantly misleads children and uneducated people.

one foundation, a Church which should be a mere aggregate or coalition of *several* bodies! Whatever the present sad reality may be, this certainly was not St. Paul's ideal. He knows but "one body and one spirit; one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all." We believe that there is a better explanation, consonant with Greek usage,* and required by the argument of the context,† viz., to render the clause thus: "In whom a whole building fitly framed together (nothing less, nothing other than this,—a single, entire, undivided edifice), groweth into a holy temple in the Lord." *Πᾶσα οἰκοδομὴ συναρμολογουμένη* would then bear a semi-predicative force, which might be more fully expressed by rendering: "In whom (as) a whole building fitly framed together it (viz., the Church, the house of God, *general logical subject*) groweth into a holy temple in the Lord." We must conclude therefore, though with hesitation, that the Authorised Version is on this point substantially more correct, though following a later and probably erroneous reading.

The reader will mark the greater expressiveness given to the text by the more grammatical "alienated" for "aliens" in ver. 12, and by the insertion of the second "peace" in ver. 17, as given by the oldest MSS. and Versions.

The third chapter (*concerning what God had wrought in the Apostle* for the ends already set forth, vv. 1—13, followed by prayer and doxology) presents fewer variations of importance. "That the Gentiles are fellow-heirs" would be generally recognised as a more apposite rendering than "should be fellow-heirs" in ver. 6; and the emphatic repetition of the prefix *συν* is imitated by the threefold "fellow-heirs, and fellow-members, and fellow-partakers." The older witnesses with one consent give us "dispensation" (*οἰκονομία*) instead of "fellowship" in ver. 9. They also omit, though with less unanimity, the words "of our Lord Jesus Christ" from ver. 14, and the undisputed absence of the article in the next clause obliges us to understand *πᾶσα πατριὰ* distributively (*every family*); so that it is the "one Father," He to whom alone the name belongs

* See Krüger's *Griech. Sprachlehre*, § 50, 11, 9.

† Compare Hofmann: *d. Brief Pauli an d. Epheser*, pp. 104, 105. The view we have suggested is ably developed in a full discussion of the passage by A. Kolbe in the *Theologische Studien u. Kritiken*, 1878, pp. 135—150.

in its absolute sense, as from Him every kind and kindred of living rational creatures derives its origin, to whom the Apostle now "bows his knees" to ask for his people that great gift which is indeed "the promise of the Father." And we have a further gain in the restoring of the ancient καὶ (*and*) in the last verse, where the Church is set over against Christ in a position of peculiar prominence and dignity as being the living perpetual organ and depositary of the Divine purposes of grace on earth, in a manner that exactly harmonises with the general strain and tenor of this Epistle, which throughout "speaks in regard of Christ and of the Church" (v. 32). Hence she is "the fulness of Christ" in i. 23, as He is "the fulness of God" (Col. i. 19, ii. 9).

Chapters iv. and v. to vi. 9 are one continued inculcation of Christian morals, the most comprehensive and detailed deliverance of the kind that the Apostle has left us. Its whole gist is contained in the first sentence: "Walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called." From this standpoint the common principles of morality and the everyday duties and natural relationships of life all acquire a new and profounder significance, and are invested with more affecting and more awful sanctions.

We mark the Revisers' correcting hand already in iv. 1, where, in accordance with the Greek and the margin of the Authorised Version, the Apostle appears as "the prisoner in the Lord," by a slight but instructive variation from "the prisoner of Christ Jesus," whom we met at the beginning of the last chapter. And the sense of the original is more truly given us in ver. 7 by the revised rendering, "unto each one of us was the grace given," our thoughts being carried back to that great bestowment of grace which took place once for all in our Lord's redeeming work. *You* is struck out of the phrase "in you all" of ver. 6, in conformity with the older documents. It is a kind of addition very apt to be made by copyists and in citation.

We do not feel quite satisfied with the new rendering of ver. 12. The definite article before "ministry" (now "ministering") is properly cancelled, being absent in the Greek, and the English reader is no longer led to suppose that the Apostle is speaking exclusively with reference to what is now called (at least amongst ourselves) "the ministry;" but ἔργον (*work*) is equally without it, and so is οἰκοδομή (*building up*) which follows. It is really im-

portant that the sense of these words should remain as general and inclusive as possible. And if "unto (εἰς) work of ministering" and "unto (εἰς) building up" sound awkwardly in English, why could we not have retained the "for" of the Authorised Version? "For work of ministering, for building up of the body of Christ," would be fairly good English, and this translation exactly reproduces the Greek both in form and sense. The preposition *for* has indeed just been used to render πρὸς in the phrase "for the perfecting of the saints;" but it is extremely doubtful whether there is any real difference between the prepositions in combinations of this kind, and the Revisers have not thought it necessary to distinguish them in such a passage as Philemon 5, where there is greater *primâ facie* reason to do so. We think, also, that we might have been allowed (with Mr. Wesley),* at least in the margin, to dispense with the comma after "saints," and so to make the "work of ministering" and the "building up of the body of Christ" the further and final ends of "the perfecting † of the saints." So, clearly, the Vulgate, and so De Wette and other commentators. When we observe how καταρτίζω (the verbal basis of καταρτισμός, *perfecting*) is followed elsewhere (Rom. ix. 22, 23; Heb. xiii. 21) by εἰς (*for, unto, to*), and how, on the other hand, in the sequel (ver. 16) of this passage the strongest possible forms of language are used in order to insist upon the share which every member of the Church is to have in its general ministrations and in contributing to "the building up of itself in love," the combination referred to becomes extremely probable. "To each one of us was the grace given —for building up of the body of Christ." This we understand to be the whole purport of vv. 7—16; and the special gifts

* See the translation and comment in his *Notes*.

† Καταρτισμός is altogether distinct in derivation and significance from τέλειος, the "perfect" of ver. 13. This latter word the Revisers have altered to "full-grown" in this passage, probably for the sake of the distinction; so in Heb. v. 14, James i. 15. In 1 Cor ii. 6, *full-grown* is given as a marginal alternative. Elsewhere, *perfect* remains in place of τέλειος, as in Col. i. 28, iv. 12. But the same word (*perfecting, perfected, perfected together*) stands for καταρτίζω in 1 Cor. i. 10, 2 Cor. xiii. 9, 11, Heb. xiii. 21, as well as in the passage before us. It is perhaps impossible for the translator to avoid this confusion, but it is very necessary for the Bible student to be on his guard against it, particularly in the quotation and discussion of texts bearing on "Christian perfection." Καταρτισμός we take to denote *the perfection of construction or equipment*, a *fitting up* or *furnishing*, or *fitting together* of something. See Matt. iv. 21, Rom. ix. 22, Gal. vi. 1, 1 Thess. iii. 10, Heb. xi. 3, where the same verb is found.

bestowed on special orders of men, as enumerated in v. 11, are conferred for this end, are given to the Church—given to furnish and equip the whole body of "the saints" that they may combine, each "according to the measure of the gift of Christ" to him, by their organised and united efforts to "build the temple of our God." "This honour have all his saints."

The fourteenth verse is very difficult to translate. The Authorised Version (after Tyndale) boldly paraphrases the last clause in the words, "whereby they lie in wait to deceive." "After the wiles of error" is certainly a great improvement on this. "Wiles" is borrowed from the closely parallel passage in ch. vi. 11, the only other instance of the word μεθοδεία (identical in derivation with our *method, Methodism*) in the New Testament. But it should be noticed that μεθοδεία is *singular* here (plural in vi. 11); also that πλάνης (*error*) and διδασκαλίας (*doctrine*) both have the definite article; and considering, at the same time, the definiteness of other allusions in the verse, and the close connection of this Epistle with the Colossian Letter and its assault on the incipient Gnosticism of Asia Minor, we think that such a rendering as "the scheme (*or* system)* of the error," "that scheme of error," would have done fuller justice to the Apostle's meaning. "Schemes of the devil" would also, perhaps, have been a more impressive and suitable expression in vi. 11. We had hoped, also, that the Revisers would have noticed a rendering of κυβεία, which has been held by good scholars and seems to be favoured by Origen,† viz., *hazarding*—frivolous or reckless speculation of men who *gamble* with truth, and would set its most sacred and weighty interests "upon the hazard of a die." This brings us as near as possible to the original force of the word (*cub-eia*, i.e., *dice-play*), and coincides with the only figurative use given to the corresponding verb κυβεύω by classical writers. Such a rendering is strongly suggested by the immediately foregoing words, and adds a distinct and highly suitable feature to the Apostle's description of the speculative errors then arising in and around the Asiatic churches; while the common rendering "sleight" gives a sense hardly

* See Ellicott's notes *on* μεθοδεία in ch. iv. 14, vi. 11.

† See Cramer's *Catena, in loc.* It must be confessed, however, that his meaning is not very clear.

distinguishable from that of "craftiness." Indeed, we are disposed to believe that the latter word has obscured the true meaning of κυβεία. Add to this that the preposition πρὸς (here rendered *after*) might properly be construed, in dependence on the previous participles, in its primary sense of *towards, unto;* and, on the whole, we imagine that some such rendering as this would supply a fair alternative for that the Revisers have given us: "that we may be no longer children, tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of their doctrine, by the hazarding of men, in craftiness, unto the scheme of error;" the Apostle's idea being, as we suppose, that the various conflicting currents of heretical teaching which he saw beginning to move hither and thither in the Asiatic churches, as they were set in motion by the speculative recklessness and self-interested cunning of false teachers, were all tending in one general direction, and threatening to draw the Church into the meshes of that great system of error which takes a more and more distinct shape in the later Pastoral Epistles and in the Apocalypse, and which culminated in the Gnosticism of the second century.

We should have preferred Ellicott's "holding the truth" to "dealing truly" as a marginal equivalent for "speaking truth" (Authorised Version, "speaking the truth": why this change?) in the next verse, for it is surely "the truth (even as truth is in Jesus, ver. 21)" in which the Ephesians are to deal, as opposed to "the error" against which they have just been warned. For the same reason the Revisers might have given us "righteousness and holiness of the truth" rather than "of truth" in place of "righteousness and true holiness" (ver. 24). Indeed, it seems to us that by dropping the Greek article here they have given up the best and most evident reason for refusing to translate τῆς ἀληθείας by an adjective. This points us again, by a striking antithesis, to τὸ ψεῦδος in ver. 25. There is something to be said, surely, for a more definite rendering of this expression, as also in Rom. i. 25 and 2 Thess. ii. 11, where it is strictly *the lie**—not *a lie*—of which the Apostle speaks, that one perpetual falsehood and deception of

* In John viii. 44 again our English Bible reads *a lie*, where the Greek is τὸ ψεῦδος. No doubt Greek usage justifies taking this noun with the article in a generic and indefinite sense. Still the presumption is surely the other way, and it is worth considering whether the context in each of these cases does not point to a more definite sense.

Satan, identical in all its varied forms, as it stands opposed to *the truth* of God. In view of these Pauline parallels, and of the connection of thought in this chapter, we imagine that St. Paul may mean by τὸ ψεῦδος, not lying, or falsehood in general, but *the* falsehood, the system of error, the state of delusion in which his readers had lived, and which in their conversion they had renounced. "Wherefore," we should then understand him to say, "having put away (*aorist participle*) the lie, speak ye truth each one with his neighbour;" or, in other words, "since you have got rid of the great falsehood, let there be nothing false about you: truth in religion demands truth in morals and in daily speech." This would be a strong and thoroughly Pauline form of argument, a deduction from the principle laid down in iv. 1, arising immediately out of the previous context, and, moreover, strikingly parallel to the Apostle's expostulation respecting himself in 2 Cor. i. 17—20; whereas on the ordinary view we have a somewhat tame and meaningless repetition.

We have passed by the rendering of οἰκοδομὴ by "building up" for "edifying," in vv. 12 and 16, which every one will feel to be a gain;* the repeated "because of" in ver. 18, instead of "through" and "because of," where the Greek construction is identical (διὰ *with accusative*); the more exact and graphic "did not so learn Christ" and "heard him" for "have not so learned" and "have heard," in vv. 20, 21; "conversation" modernised into "manner of life," as in ii. 3; and "waxeth corrupt" for "is corrupt," indicating the progressive character of the sinner's perishing state, as described by the Greek present participle, in ver. 22; and "hath been created" (*aorist tense*) for "is created" in ver. 24, since the Divine act referred to, as in ver. 7, is one that belongs to the past, and was wrought in Christ, (See Ellicott *in loc.*) "For edifying as the need may be" is a happy rendering of πρὸς οἰκοδομὴν τῆς χρείας (ver. 29), nearly anticipated by Tyndale's "to edify withal, when need is," and a good exchange for the misleading paraphrastic inversion of the Authorised Version due to the Genevan translators.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, in whom ye were sealed unto the day of redemption" (ver. 30) is a welcome

* So in 2 Cor. x. 8, xiii. 10, where the context requires the more matter-of-fact rendering. In some other instances (as in 1 Cor. viii. 1) *build up* appears in the margin. Elsewhere, *edify, edification*, stand unchanged.

change for "whereby ye were sealed." Surely where the Holy Spirit is thought of as *grieved*, the relative pronoun bears a personal sense, whatever its grammatical gender may be. And in a language like our own, in which, quite otherwise than in ancient Greek, the so-called neuter gender denotes *things as opposed to persons*, the literal rendering of the Greek neuter gives a positively wrong sense. The same consideration justifies the revised rendering of Rom. viii. 26, "the Spirit himself," and the use by the Authorised Version of the pronoun *he* (not *it*) with reference to πνεῦμα in ver. 27. "Convenient" (ver. 4) has so far shifted its meaning in 300 years that here and in other places it must give place to "befitting." The modification of the next verse is due to a restored ancient reading: ἴστε for ἐστε γινώσκοντες, both verbs meaning in different ways *to know*. Hence the more emphatic "Ye know of a surety." "Fruit of the light" (ver. 9: also given by Mr. Wesley), like "eyes of the heart" in i. 18, is another of those "very bold" figures of St. Paul recovered from the more ancient manuscripts, the restoration of which is not the least of the benefits conferred by the revision. The beautiful significance of this metaphor, its Hebraistic cast, and the clearness and fulness of meaning it gives to the context, every thoughtful reader will discern. In "everything that is made manifest is light" (ver. 13), a more difficult, but deeper and truer sense is given us. Here Wycliffe (after the Vulgate) and Tyndale were faithful to the Greek, while the Authorised Version follows the Bishops' and the Genevan Bible, both swerving from it. The transference of "carefully" (Authorised Version "circumspectly") from the *walking* to the *looking how ye walk* of ver. 15 is due to a minor change of reading in the order of the Greek words. In the same context "unwise" and "foolish" suitably take the place of "fools" and "unwise," as equivalents of ἄσοφοι and ἄφρονες respectively; the first of which, found only here in the New Testament, is the mere negative of σόφος (*wise*). Ἄφρων the Revisers have uniformly rendered by *foolish* instead of the stronger *fool*, its usual equivalent in the Authorised Version, as in Luke xi. 40, 1 Cor. xv. 36; and quite rightly, for the word denotes want of understanding, such as moves to pity or contempt, rather than the moral perversity that excites to anger and hatred, which the monosyllable implies in the language of to-day.

The only changes of any importance in the rest of the chapter represent older manuscript readings of the Greek: as *Christ* for *God* in ver. 21 and for *Lord* in ver. 29; *even so* instead of *so* in ver. 28, connecting the injunction of this verse more pointedly with the great purposes of Christ's redeeming work as just declared in the last; and the omission of the words "of his flesh and of his bones" (ver. 30), which are at least a very early gloss, a reminiscence apparently of Gen. ii. 23. Textual critics are so far divided in opinion as to the genuineness of this adjunct that one might have expected to see it preserved in the margin. There can be no reason for avoiding the ordinary rendering of φοβέομαι (*fear:* so Tyndale and the Genevan Bible) in ver. 33; and it is also well that the stronger and truer equivalent for παιδεία (*chastening*) is given us in chap. vi. 4. This latter passage is also brought thereby into connection with the instructive parallel afforded by Heb. xii. 5—11. The word *nurture* is more appropriate to the verb ἐκτρέφετε for which it now stands. The phrase "both their Master and yours" represents a slightly changed order of the Greek words, and adds a marked emphasis and impressiveness to the Apostle's warning in ver 9.

We could wish that the Revisers had promoted their "from henceforth" from the margin of chap. vi. 10 into the text. They adopt the reading τοῦ λοιποῦ (*vice* the received τὸ λοιπόν), and this phrase unquestionably means *from henceforth* in Gal. vi. 17, the only other place where it occurs in Biblical Greek. In classical Greek it appears to be always temporal. And the temporal sense is highly suitable here. The Apostle foresees the great conflict awaiting the Asiatic churches, "the evil day" which he had predicted years before in his words addressed to the Ephesian elders at Miletus (Acts xx. 29, 30). His Epistle to the Colossians is a declaration of the war already begun. And this appeal is a timely call to arms, with the enemy in sight and the day of battle close at hand.

In ver. 12 St. Paul's Greek is literally followed with the awful emphasis given by the repeated article to the description of the unseen powers of evil, and its unique and powerful compound κοσμοκράτορας (world-rulers). Τοῦ αἰῶνος, "(darkness) of (this) world," is cancelled by textual evidence. "Spiritual *hosts* of wickedness" is perhaps the best rendering available for the difficult τὰ πνευματικὰ τῆς

πονηρίας (unless one might suggest the more generic "spiritual *powers* of wickedness"), which is scarcely recognisable in the paraphrastic "spiritual wickedness." Here Wycliffe, following the Vulgate, pointed in the right direction with his "spiritual things of wickedness." "In the heavenly *places*" is the only possible rendering of ἐν τοῖς ἐπουρανίοις (so Authorised Version, *margin*), exactly the same phrase that is used in chap. i. 3, 20, chap. ii. 6, chap. iii. 10, however much it may appear out of place in this connection. We are disposed to think, with the old Greek commentators and some moderns, that this adjunct by no means belongs to "the spiritual hosts of wickedness," but is a distinct part of the sentence, indicating either *the object* of this conflict, that in regard of which we "wrestle against the world-rulers of this darkness" (so Chrysostom), or rather *the sphere* to which it belongs, the region in which the Ephesian believers would be assailed, by unseen spiritual forces, fully organised and possessing all the intellectual and material resources of the world, and attacking them in the highest ranges of their spiritual life, its very citadel, challenging their possession even of those "heavenly places" to which they had been exalted in fellowship with Christ (compare Col. i. 5, 23, 27, ii. 18 *revised rendering*, Phil. iii. 20, 21). This ancient interpretation is at least very plausible, according also, as it does so well, with the character of the struggle then approaching between Pauline Christianity and early Gnosticism, and we regret that it is not put within the reach of the English reader by a marginal note suggesting a comma after "wickedness."

There is nothing that need detain us now till we arrive at the last word of the Epistle, where "sincerity" becomes "uncorruptness." The question here is as to whether ἀφθαρσία bears a *natural* or a *moral* sense. The Authorised Version records the divided opinion of the original translators by adding the marginal "with incorruption," according to the Vulgate, represented by Wycliffe and the Rhemish Bible. The Revisers, with Tyndale and the majority of the learned interpreters, appear to understand the word *ethically*. In that case it seems scarcely worth while to have rejected the plain and familiar "sincerity" for the sake of imitating the etymology of the Greek ἀφθαρσία. It must be said, however, as against the ethical reference, and in favour of the cancelled marginal rendering

of the Authorised Version, that St. Paul, the only New-Testament writer who employs this word, in every other instance (1 Cor. xv. 42, 50, 53, 54; Rom. ii. 7; 2 Tim. i. 10*) denotes by it the "incorruption" of the estate of the risen saints. And in the LXX it is synonymous with *ἀθανασία* (*immortality*) as in 1 Cor. xv. His vocabulary supplies another word from the same root, *ἀφθορία* (Tit. ii. 7: see Revisers' Greek text), for "uncorruptness." The Revisers by their new rendering compel the English reader to identify this *ἀφθαρσία* with the *ἀφθορια* of Tit. ii. 7, and dissociate it from those other cardinal passages in which the very same word is found, and which ought surely to go far to determine its meaning here. We prefer to think, with Beza, Bengel, Harless, Olshausen, Stier, Hofmann, and others, that this phrase is not a mere subsidiary adjunct of the verb "love," but forms the last and crowning part of the Apostle's benediction: "Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ, with† incorruption!" What the Apostle wishes his readers, on this interpretation, is grace crowned with glory,‡ that grace whose work is consummated, as in Rom. viii. 10—23, Phil. iii. 11—21, by the "redemption of the body," and the entire deliverance of the life of nature from "the bondage of corruption." How fitting a conclusion is this, how thoroughly Pauline in its stamp, and how finely in harmony with the climax of the great opening Doxology of the Epistle. One is astonished that Ellicott should say that St. Paul's use of *ἀφθαρσία* is "perhaps rather in favour" of this view. It seems to us positively to exclude every other. The Revisers might at any rate have left the margin of the Authorised Version untouched here.

Our task for the present is now complete. This review, limited as its scope has been, is yet by no means so minute and searching as we had hoped to make it, and we have passed by a considerable number of minor changes, most of which, however, will explain themselves to any one with a Greek Testament in his hand. We have found two

* In the two latter passages the Authorised Version has "immortality" for *ἀφθαρσία*. So the Genevan translators here. The Revisers represent it by "incorruption" in every place but this.

† The preposition *ἐν* is used in much the same way in chap. iv. 19 and chap. vi. 2.

‡ So Mr. Wesley: "till grace issue in glory." But he leaves "sincerity" to stand in his translation, and blends the two (or three!) interpretations together.

precious sayings added to the rich store of the Pauline and the Christian vocabulary, and many instances besides in which older documents, unknown or scarcely known till recent times, demand an emendation of the received text, for the most part to the evident advantage of the sense of the passages affected. One of these modifications, the marginal omission of "at Ephesus" in i. 1, we have seen to be of high importance, as opening up a great critical question and throwing possibly quite a new light on the destination and purport of the Epistle. We have met with several passages in which the Revisers have corrected a loose and indefensible paraphrase of the Authorised Version, and a great number of places which might have been considerably increased by the citation of others of the same kind, where a closer attention to the grammatical form and sequence of the Greek original has led to a more faithful reproduction of the Apostle's meaning, and of the connection of his thought, without, as we think, the sacrifice of anything appreciable in the rhythm and idiomatic force of the English rendering. The change of "predestinated" to "foreordained," though desirable for other reasons, mars indeed somewhat the music of verses 5 and 11 of the first chapter; and the Revisers show what seems to us an unfortunate and needlessly scrupulous fondness for the preposition "unto," which they have inserted again and again where "to" or "for" stood in the Authorised Version, and expressed the sense quite as well; and we scarcely think that English idiom will bear the abrupt and broken form in which the irregular Greek construction of i. 13 is reproduced: but criticisms of this kind, at least so far as their work in this Epistle is concerned, are very little called for. Three examples have occurred of obsolete renderings modernised; if the translation of *quicken* into *make alive* had been added to these, our gain would have been still greater. In the few passages where we have been compelled to disagree with the finding of the Revisers, the interpretation is more or less doubtful; all that we would have pleaded for is that in such cases the margin should have been used more freely to reflect the divided state of critical opinion, and especially that alternative punctuations should have been given (for punctuation is really exegesis) wherever that preferred by the Revisers might seem to them fairly questionable.

On the whole, we cannot but regard their work with

profound satisfaction and admiration. If their labours have not crowned the edifice of the English New Testament on which so many wise master-builders have been employed for these five hundred years, at any rate they have come very near to complete success. Whatever learning and diligence and the most scrupulous care and loyal and loving reverence could do to perfect our English Bible, has in these pages most assuredly been done. And we are satisfied that no intelligent and spiritual reader will rise from the perusal of this Epistle in the form in which it is now presented to him, without feeling his heart stirred again and again, and his mind awakened and instructed in a very sensible degree, as a new turn of phrase here and the restoring of some original word there, and the obviating of some slight misunderstanding, now on this point and now on that, gradually bring him into fuller sympathy with the great Apostle's thought. Words will fit themselves to words and sentences to sentences more aptly and forcefully as he proceeds, and as the sublime argument unfolds itself before him. And whatever he may regretfully miss in the outward form of the "truth as it is in Jesus" as he knew it here, he will at any rate confess that he has learnt something more from the Epistle than it taught him hitherto of that which "passeth knowledge," and has grown wealthier in his possession of the "unsearchable riches of Christ" of which it is so full in every part.

ART. II.—1. *A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines; being a Continuation of "The Dictionary of the Bible."* Edited by DR. WM. SMITH and PROFESSOR WACE. London: John Murray. 1877 and 1880.

2. *Lives of the Leaders of the Church Universal.* Edited by DR. FERDINAND PIPER. Translated from the German, and Edited, with many Additional Lives, by H. M. MACCRACKEN, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1880.

3. *The Fathers for English Readers.* "St. Augustine," REV. E. L. CUTTS, B.A.; "St. Augustine," REV. W. R. CLARK, M.A.; "St. Jerome," REV. E. L. CUTTS, B.A.; "St. Basil the Great," REV. R. TRAVERS SMITH, B.D. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1879-80.

4. *Lectures on the History of the Eastern Church, &c.* DEAN STANLEY. London: John Murray.

THE conversion of Constantine is the most notable event in the early years of the fourth century. It has been truly said that "no conversion of such magnitude had occurred since the Apostolic age." After ten general persecutions, by which the ruling power had sought to sweep Christianity from the earth, the Roman emperor himself became an adherent of the new faith.

The importance of the change was attested by many striking facts. Within a year an edict of toleration was issued, and a whole scheme of Christian legislation, requiring among other things "the observance of Sunday in the towns of the empire, and the use of prayers for the army," showed that the heart of the emperor was set on the establishment of Christianity throughout his dominions. At the Council of Nicæa he was present, presiding over its sessions in all his Imperial state, and paying reverence to the eminent representatives of the Church whom he had gathered together. He manifested the most earnest solicitude for the maintenance of peace and harmony among all its members. "For to me," ran the

emperor's opening speech, "far worse than any war or battle is the civil war of the Church of God; yes, far more painful than the wars which have raged without."

The crowning instance of the emperor's zeal for his new faith was given to those who flocked to the palace to hear the most illustrious lay-preacher that the Church has ever possessed. "Handsome, tall, stout, broad-shouldered," with "a voice remarkable for its gentleness and softness," and an eagle eye, he poured forth his impassioned homilies, while "at the striking passages the audience responded with loud cheers of approbation, the emperor vainly endeavouring to divert them by pointing upwards, as if to transfer the glory from himself to heaven."

With all his faults, many of which were the faults of the age rather than of the man, Constantine rendered conspicuous service to Christianity. To say that he brought with him into the Church some of the vices of Paganism, is only to ascribe to him a weakness shared in that age of transition by many whose temptations were much smaller than his. The effect of his profession of Christianity was enormous. It became a *religio licita*, trammelled too often, indeed, by the patronage and control of the State, and weakened by adherents who hastened to become proselytes merely because it was the Imperial faith, yet free henceforth to pursue its great career without fear of a revival of those persecuting laws to which a *religio illicita* was exposed throughout the Roman empire.

Some sketches of clerical life in the century which followed the conversion of Constantine will help us to realise the struggles through which Christianity passed in this memorable era. The list of books on which this review is based will show how rich are the materials placed at the service of every reader who wishes to understand the great features of Church history and of religious life during a period which is perhaps the most wonderful of any that the Church has known since the close of the Apostolic age. Its glory and its shame, its grand achievements, and its peculiar weaknesses, may alike be studied in the lives of its foremost workers with that interest which makes the history of human lives a constant source of pleasure and of instruction.

The *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, which Mr. Murray has published, is, of course, far the most scholarly of these works. The list of contributors to these volumes includes

the names of our ablest writers on ecclesiastical subjects. The Bishops of Durham and Truro, the Dean of Canterbury, Canons Bright, Barry, and Stubbs, with Dr. Ginsburg, Professors Bryce and Plumptre, and a host of distinguished men, have assisted the editors in their task. Every subject is presented in its purely historical aspects, and the work is intended—together with the companion volumes on *Christian Antiquities*—to form a supplement to *The Dictionary of the Bible*, and "to furnish in the form of a biographical dictionary, a complete collection of materials for the history of the Christian Church from the time of the Apostles to the age of Charlemagne in every branch of this great subject."

To accomplish this work all the leading scholars who have laboured in these fields in the past have been laid under contribution, and a study of the careful and scholarly articles thus produced will show how fully the editors have been able to accomplish the object they propose to themselves in the preface, to present "to the public a more complete collection of materials for the ecclesiastical history of the important period with which the work deals than has hitherto been produced either in England or abroad." "We venture to hope," they say, "that, with the companion work on Antiquities, it may vindicate for English scholarship a higher place in this field of learning than has hitherto been attained."

The series of biographies given in *Leaders of the Church Universal* are excellently adapted to the more popular purpose which they are intended to serve. The editor says truly enough: "It may be safely affirmed that by far the larger half of Christian families have in their libraries not a word as to their Church or its leaders from the end of the Acts to the annals of the Reformation." In view of that lack of information, it has been his main purpose to familiarise Christians "with God's doings in the history of His Church." This work makes no pretence to the scholarship of the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*, but its brief and most interesting sketches of the great workers of the Church form a series of lively and faithful portraitures which will make the volumes welcome friends to every member of the families where they are found.

The title of the books published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, *The Fathers for English*

Readers, is sufficient to show that their design is also chiefly popular, and, though they cannot boast of any of that vivid dramatic and pictorial power which makes the lamented Dean Stanley's *History of the Eastern Church* one of the most fascinating books that even he has written, they are very useful manuals, and will do much to make the life of the noble men of the fourth century known to a large circle of readers who may not have leisure for the study of the more elaborate works.

A summary of some of the leading features of that great epoch may fittingly be based on the volumes under review, especially as this sentence occurs in the preface to the *Dictionary of Christian Biography*: "In combination with the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, the book will be found unique in the comprehensiveness with which the whole sphere of Christian life during the first eight centuries has been treated."

The interest of Church history in the fourth century is almost equally divided between Eastern and Western Christendom; but the interest with which we regard the two branches depends on widely different circumstances. The Eastern Church is memorable for the splendour of the services already rendered, the Western for its promise of power and influence yet to be won. For scholarly attainments, for zeal in Church improvement and organisation, for great examples of episcopal influence and labour, the East occupies a much more distinguished place than the West. The West was to rule the world, but she learned her lessons for good and ill at the feet of Eastern Christendom. Athanasius, a fugitive at Rome, introduced monasticism into the West. The bishops of Rome gained their commanding position in large measure from the success with which they interposed in the contests which rent the Eastern churches. Calm and far-seeing, they watched from their serene heights the struggles of the restless and speculative East, till the combatants called them down to lay the spirit of discord which they themselves had roused.

Greek Christianity inherited the philosophic spirit of the old Grecian world. The stirring questions which had been debated for ages by the philosophers of Greece became the battle-ground of theological opinion in the East. As one discussion lost its interest, another laid hold of the Christian mind, and the ferment was kept alive, continually con-

vulsing the cities and stirring them to their centre; too often, like one of the great earthquakes of the East, leaving dismal evidence of its devastations in the ruin brought to flourishing communities.

Western Christianity had another spirit. Milman says:* "On most speculative tenets this theology had left to Greek controversialists to argue out the endless transcendental questions of religion, and contented itself with resolutely embracing the results, which she fixed in her inflexible theory of doctrine. The only controversy which violently disturbed the Western Church was the practical one, on which the East looked almost with indifference, the origin and motive principle of human action—grace and free will."

The stirring history of the Eastern Church is best read in connection with her three great sees—Antioch, Alexandria, and Constantinople.

In the city of Antioch, out of a population of 200,000, there were 100,000 Christians in the middle of the fourth century. Before Constantinople was founded, Antioch occupied the proud position of third city of the Roman empire. Few cities were so stately and luxurious. Situated on the navigable river Orontes, she was an emporium of every species of merchandise; the hills which overhung the city on the south sent down streams of water, unsurpassed in purity, to the fountains which stood in the court of every house. Baths, gardens and colonnaded streets, the gifts of its various rulers, who had vied with one another in adding to the charms of the city, were its great attractions; while innumerable lanterns illuminated the thoroughfares, so that business and pleasure might be carried on actively by night throughout the city.†

This luxurious city, inhabited by a motley population of Asiatics, Greeks, Romans, Jews, and Syrians, has the unenviable notoriety of being the first of the great sees which fell into heresy. To this result the conduct of one of its bishops, Paul of Samosata, who was elevated to the episcopal dignity about the year 260, largely contributed. Of low birth, and miserably poor, he thought the possession of this see would be the means of making his fortune. He gained his object. "His riches and luxury," Neale says,‡ "were thought remarkable, even in the wealthy and luxu-

* *History of Latin Christianity*, Vol. I. p. 7.
† Stephens's *St. Chrysostom*, p. 94.
‡ *Patriarchate of Antioch*, pp. 45, 46.

rious city of Antioch. The clergy were kept waiting in his outer chambers, he affected a retinue and an attendance which might almost vie with a prefect of the East's." This unscrupulous adventurer abolished the ancient hymns of the Church, that he might introduce new and florid compositions penned by himself and his followers. On one Easter Day he filled his church with a choir of women who sang hymns in his praise, describing the bishop as an angel who had descended from heaven for the protection and sanctification of happy Antioch. Meanwhile, he whose praises they sang was offending the Pagans of the city, as well as his own flock, by his arrogance and effeminacy. He assumed a degree of pomp such as no former bishop had ventured on. In the church he erected for himself an episcopal tribunal and a lofty seat; when abroad, he was surrounded by a numerous retinue, and read letters and dictated as he passed through the streets, "in order to inspire the people with an idea of the extent and pressing character of his engagements."

Zenobia, now in the zenith of her power as Queen of Palmyra, wished to be instructed in the doctrines of Christianity. She applied to Paul, who was not only the highest ecclesiastic of the East, but the most fashionable preacher in Asia. The Archbishop's honour was complete. But those who were willing to bear with Paul's arrogance and immorality were roused to action at last by his heresies. His views approached Sabellianism. Christ, he said, had no existence before His Incarnation; from that moment the Word and the Eternal Wisdom dwelt in Him. Two distinct persons were thus united in Christ. Councils were held which divested Paul of his episcopal office, but Zenobia's protection and the favour of the people enabled him to retain the episcopal residence in which the Church was accustomed to assemble. When Zenobia was defeated by Aurelian in 272, Paul's case was referred to the bishops of Rome and Italy, who decided against him.

Antioch became one of the great strongholds of Arianism. In 327, two years after the Council of Nicæa, Constantine began to favour Arian views. Catholic bishops were stripped of their sees, and Arians were appointed in their stead. Eminent among these deposed bishops was Eustathius, of Antioch. For some time the see was entirely in the hands of heretics. One of these, the eunuch Leontius, endeavoured to conciliate the

Catholics by an artful and equivocating policy. The Arian form of the Doxology ran: "Glory be to the Father *by* the Son *in* the Holy Ghost." When Leontius chanted this, he was accustomed to slur in such an indistinct voice that the prepositions could not be clearly, if at all, heard, while he joined loudly in the second part of the hymn where all were agreed. He died in 357, and was succeeded by Eudoxius, whose uncompromising Arianism won him such favour at court, that he was translated four years later to Constantinople, when the creed of the Arian Council at Rimini had been approved by the emperor, and "the world groaned, and found itself Arian."

Meletius now became Bishop of Antioch. The Arians soon, however, grew dissatisfied with his practical sermons, which dealt with topics on which all could agree; and when the Emperor Constantius visited their city, the Arians induced him to put their new bishop's theology to the test. He was commanded to preach a sermon from the text, "The Lord possessed me in the beginning." The Septuagint ἔκτισε would compel Meletius to show his colours. Two other church dignitaries preceded him. The first interpreted the passage in the pure Arian sense. Christ was a κτισμα, "a created being." Shorthand writers took down every word. At last Meletius' turn came. He entirely dissented from the Arian interpretation, and when the people applauded his sermon, and shouted for some compendious statement of his doctrine, the bishop held up three fingers, and then closing two of them said: "Our minds conceive of three, but we speak as to one."*

Meletius was banished forthwith. He had only been archbishop for thirty days, yet his noble conduct had won the affection of the people to such a degree that they endeavoured to stone the prefect as he was conducting the bishop from the city, and Meletius was obliged to throw a part of his own mantle around the prefect to protect him. Next year, when Julian's edict recalled the banished bishops, Meletius returned to Antioch. The city was now torn asunder by religious dissensions, caused by the claims of four rival bishops. But the popularity of Meletius eclipsed all the rest. Chrysostom says, in his sermon on Meletius, that his face was often represented in paintings on the walls of houses, and in engravings on

* Stephens's *St. Chrysostom*, p. 20.

signet rings; parents too gave his name to their children, to perpetuate his memory and remind them of his noble example.

Antioch is famous as the home of that school of Biblical interpretation and exposition which has gained almost entire possession of Christendom. The father of this school was Diodorus, bishop of Tarsus, who had, when president of a monastery near Antioch, been the guide and counsellor of Chrysostom and his friends in their early days of inquiry. This Antiochian school was opposed to the mystical and allegorising interpretations of Origen and the Alexandrian school, which looked upon the Old Testament "as a kind of vast enigma, containing implicitly the facts and doctrines of the New." Diodorus set himself free from the trammels of this allegorising tendency, and while recognising the greatness of the truth revealed under the Old Dispensation, maintained that the fulness of truth had been revealed in the Scriptures of the New Testament alone. The effect of his training is seen in the practical teaching, the "literal and common-sense interpretation of Scripture," which made the preaching of St. Chrysostom one of the greatest powers which the East has ever known.

The life of a prelate in Antioch was full of anxieties. We can see its cares in the pages of Chrysostom, the greatest ornament of the Church in that city. He "had need be as impervious to slander as the three children in the burning fiery furnace." In ordinary society "his behaviour was zealously criticised. The community was not satisfied unless he was constantly paying calls. Not the sick only, but the sound desired to be 'looked after,' not so much from any religious feeling, as because the reception of such visits gratified their sense of their own importance. Yet if a bishop often visited the house of a wealthy or distinguished man to interest him in some design for the advantage of the Church, he would soon be stigmatised as a parasitical flatterer. Even the manner of his greetings to acquaintance in the streets was criticised: 'He smiled cordially on Mr. Such-an-one, and talked much with him; but to me he only threw a commonplace remark.'"

Bishops had become the most important personages of the city. All men prized their calls and boasted of their friendship. But the office brought innumerable obligations. Among the indispensable qualifications for the priesthood

was power of speaking, joined to a prompt and versatile wit which might save him from falling into error or leading others astray. His sermons required constant study. "The man of reputation was always expected to say something new, and even in excess of the fame which he had already acquired. Men sat in judgment on him without mercy, as if he was not a human being subject to occasional despondency or anxiety, or irritation of temper; but as if he were an angel or some infallible being, who ought always to remain at the same high level of excellence. In delivering his sermons he must have power of speech to insure attention to his words, and that high sense of duty which would make him fearless in declaring the whole counsel of God."*

The bishop of a city like Antioch, in this fourth century, resembled the rector of a large city parish. He resided in Antioch, surrounded by a large staff of priests and deacons. Any priest of commanding gifts would be appointed to officiate and preach in the church where the bishop himself officiated, as Chrysostom did when priest under Flavian; the less learned and less able priests were employed to visit the sick and the poor, and to administer the sacraments. The deacons had charge of the communion-table, and could administer the cup to the laity, but not to a priest or a bishop. In most churches they were permitted to baptise, and occasionally to read the Gospel in the public service. One of their principal duties was to call attention to changes in the service. An Eastern congregation was composed of different classes of worshippers, and as the service rolled on the deacons bade those depart who were not fully initiated as Christian communicants. When the sermon was over, the lower order of catechumens and the unbelievers were called to depart: at a later stage the remaining orders of catechumens were dispersed by the command ἀπολυέσθε, so that those who were fully admitted as members alone remained to the close of the sacrament. Thus the deacons were the sacred criers or heralds of the church; they "proclaimed or bid prayer," they announced each part as it was unfolded in the sacred drama of the Liturgy. The 3,000 poor of Antioch—widows, virgins, prisoners, and sick, who were supported by the church—were peculiarly under the care of the deacons, who were

* Stephens, *passim*, 106, &c.

ὀφθαλμοὶ ἐπισκόπου—the "bishop's eyes," or "ears," or "right hand." They brought him information of cases of sickness, reported to him any grave moral offences, and distributed the alms which the revenue of the Church —consisting of lands, houses, rents, carriages, mules, and other kinds of property—enabled it to give. In the church the bishop sat in the centre of the choir; on either side of him the priests were seated; the deacons *stood* ready for service.

Such was the clerical life of the great city whence the Apostle Paul started on his missionary journeys. Christianity was growing to strength, leavening all the life of the city, and saving the excitable, pleasure-loving people from the excesses to which they were prone. Chrysostom rendered eminent service to his native city. The greatest of all preachers Antioch had known, he was able, in his more exalted position as Patriarch of Constantinople, to set on foot negotiations which healed the schism under which the Church had so long suffered, and thus set her free to pursue her work with undivided power.

But a greater city than Antioch demands attention. Alexandria eclipses all other Eastern sees in the fascination of its Christian history. When Alexander found himself master of Egypt, he resolved to build a city which should inherit the greatness of Tyre—now razed to its foundations. In his new city Europe, Asia, and Africa were to meet and hold communion. His eagle eye saw at once the commanding advantages of the site on which Alexandria now stands, and, ere he passed on his immortal career of conquest, the ground plan of Alexandria had been traced, and the work of building begun. When Alexander fell his proud city passed into the hands of one who knew its worth—his favourite general, Ptolemy Lagus. Under his fostering care it grew rapidly in wealth and influence. The god Serapis, which he brought from its home in Pontus, was accepted with acclamations in Alexandria, and its worship spread over all the East, and on to Rome itself. Under his rule the first great public library which the world had seen was established here, and philosophy took refuge from the storms which were desolating her old home in Greece. The Ptolemies encouraged the Jews to settle in their city by granting them the same political privileges as the Macedonians and other Greeks enjoyed. The Jews found themselves so much at home in Egypt that they

erected a temple to rival the Temple at Jerusalem, and prepared for themselves a Greek translation of their Scriptures—the great Septuagint Version. So numerous did they become that at the close of the fourth century Egypt is said to have contained 200,000 Jews.

In this great city Christianity early found a home. The only name that we need linger over, previous to the fourth century, is that of Origen. The son of a Christian martyr, and himself richly baptised with the martyr's spirit, he was inspired by a passion for knowledge which gave him no rest. The day was spent in teaching the Greek language and literature: the greater part of the night was devoted to reading. He cheerfully bore the severest privations, "abstained from wine and every delicacy, seldom wore shoes, and slept most commonly on the bare ground." When only eighteen, in the midst of a persecution which had driven the teachers of the catechetical school away from the city, Origen was raised by the Bishop Demetrius to the head of the school. Men and women alike had access to the school, which was open from morning till evening. Here he presided with distinguished ability and success for twenty-five years, only leaving his work for brief intervals at the call of distinguished persons, who sought to confer with the most eminent teacher of the day on religious questions which perplexed them. His ordination by the bishops of Jerusalem and Cæsarea, in 228, roused the indignation of his first patron, Demetrius. As head of the catechetical school of Alexandria, Origen's genius and fame for vast erudition and Biblical research had reflected high honour on the man who had placed him in that position; as presbyter, he became a formidable rival to Demetrius. Such a man as Origen would soon eclipse his bishop, both in the pulpit and the council. There was no more peace for him in Alexandria: henceforth Cæsarea became his home.

Origen was the outcome of the peculiar character of Christianity in Alexandria. In the city of Philo and Plotinus, where speculative philosophy had its greatest seat, it was necessary that the man who held the office of catechist, and was often called upon to give religious instruction to the Pagans who wished to enter the Christian Church, should possess an extensive knowledge of the Greek philosophy. He must have drunk deep at these wells. "All culture is profitable," says Clement, the imme-

diate predecessor of Origen, in the catechetical school of Alexandria; "and particularly necessary is the study of Holy Scripture, to enable us to prove what we teach, and especially when our hearers come to us from the discipline of the Greek." Clement himself was deeply versed in Grecian lore. "In the progressive steps of the Greek philosophy he traces the working of a Divine system for the education of mankind—a sort of preparation for Christianity suited to the peculiar character of the Greeks."* Most of the errors of Origen sprang from the fascination which the Grecian philosophy which he was called upon to study exercised upon his mind. His works bristle with doctrines such as the pre-existence and pre-temporal fall of souls, the extension of the work of redemption to the inhabitants of the stars, and the final salvation of all men and angels—even the Prince of Darkness himself.

The result of such surroundings was that the Alexandrian church became the most learned body in Christendom. Evidence of this is given in the fact that the Council of Nicæa entrusted to it the duty of fixing the day for the celebration of the Paschal festival, which involved an elaborate astronomical calculation, and of announcing the date by special messengers not only to their own diocese, but to the bishops of Rome and of Antioch, who were to make it known in Italy and Syria. The peculiar circumstances of the Alexandrian church gave an acuteness and vigour of intellect to its leaders which was of inestimable service to Christianity in the days of the Arian controversy. Payne Smith, in his preface to Cyril's *Commentary on St. Luke*, says truly that the school of Antioch, which had always firmly stood to the literal interpretation of Scripture —a sound, judicious, common-sense school—had never depth enough to have fought the battle of the Arian heresy with the profoundness of conviction which gave such undying energy to the great chiefs of Alexandria.

Such was the position of Christianity in Alexandria as the Council of Nicæa closed its sessions. The city soon became famous as the see of Athanasius. Many eminent theologians had flourished in the catechetical schools of Alexandria before Nicæa, but as yet the chair of St. Mark had been occupied by no bishop who could be considered equal to the dignity; "for," says Gregory Nazianzen,

* Neander, Vol. II.

"the head of the Alexandrian church is the head of the world." The man was found at last. Athanasius was one of those great leaders of thought and action who are equal to any position in which they can be placed. The animated debates of the council-chamber at Nicæa had given him a field for the display of those commanding talents in debate which had made him one of the most eminent champions of orthodoxy. The death of his patron, Alexander, raised him to the highest see of Christendom. The Bishop of Alexandria alone bore the name of Pope, and his power was more extensive than that of the Roman bishop, for he not only consecrated all the bishops of Egypt, but none of them possessed any power of ordination unless joined with him.

Into this commanding position the young archdeacon stepped a few months after the Council of Nicæa. How nobly he filled it the whole world bears witness. So profound is the reverence of the Alexandrian church for her greatest bishop, that little incidents of his election have been stereotyped into the customs of an episcopal election, and to this day the "future Patriarch of Alexandria is brought to Cairo, loaded with chains and strictly guarded, as if to prevent the possibility of escape."* So is the successor of Athanasius reminded of his great predecessor's reluctance to accept his high office. A saying of the sixth century attests that his words were as noble as his deeds: "Whenever you meet with a sentence of Athanasius, and have not paper at hand, write it down upon your clothes." The lapse of centuries has robbed Athanasius of none of his honour. A modern poet can only compare him to the greatest of the Apostles:

> "The royal-hearted Athanase,
> With Paul's own mantle blest."

The enthusiasm which Alexandria felt for him and his cause was seen in the brilliant receptions which her populace gave to their beloved bishop when he ventured home again from his exiles, and in the fidelity with which all whom he trusted preserved the secret of his places of concealment in times of danger. All the monks of the desert felt the liveliest interest in the bishop's struggles: if Athanasius

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* Stanley's *Eastern Church*, p. 226.

sought shelter among them their life seemed to gain a large accession of honour, and Antony himself was the constant ally and even the champion of the persecuted bishop. For almost half a century Athanasius was called to fill this post of danger. He was distinguished for the special enmity of Arian emperors, who found him the great obstacle to their schemes for the spread of heresy. Julian the Apostate stoops to call him the "meddling demagogue," "the odious Athanasius," "the audacious conspirator, elated by his characteristic rashness." In these trying circumstances courage and resolution never failed him. Alone against the world, he yet came off victorious. The truth of which he was the champion prevailed over Arian perversions, and he himself, tried by half a century of exiles and of dangers, could thank God, as his toils were closing, that he had kept unsullied his devotion to the truth, and persevered to the end in his arduous service. Well might Möhler say that "the narrative of his life is a panegyric which words can only enfeeble."

When Athanasius died, in the year 373, this see had reached its highest glory, but a large accession of outward dignity and influence was gained under two of his successors—Theophilus and Cyril. During the time of Athanasius "the weight of spiritual influence was beginning to balance and mitigate the temporal despotism," but under Theophilus and Cyril the civil authority of the bishopric became enormous. No man could have been more successful in extending this power than Theophilus. Neale* says that his care of the province was most exemplary, his orthodoxy unquestioned, his regulations judicious. "On the whole, he appears to have possessed most of the requisites of a good bishop, except the most important of all—personal piety." His unscrupulous treatment of the tall brethren—the monks of Nitria—and his base schemes for the ruin of Chrysostom have covered his name with infamy, but they show how eager he was to extend the power of his own bishopric. When Theodosius began to take stringent measures for the suppression of Paganism, Theophilus seized the occasion of the discovery of some abominable symbols of heathen worship to inflame the popular hatred against its practices. The heathen popula-

* *Patriarchate of Alexandria.*

tion rose to avenge the insult, killed several Christians, and, fortifying themselves in the temple of Apis, sallied forth and killed many of the citizens. An appeal was made to Theodosius, who directed that the heathen temples of Alexandria should be destroyed. Save the temple of Jupiter on the Capitol in Rome, the temple of Serapis in Alexandria was the proudest structure of Paganism. It was a city rather than a temple, standing "on an artificial hill in the old quarter" of Alexandria. Houses for the priests and the ascetics connected with the worship of the sanctuary stood around the temple, which was supported on pillars of enormous magnitude and beautiful proportion. "The colossal statue of Serapis filled the sanctuary—its outstretched and all-embracing arms touched the walls." It was made of a fusion of all the metals, inlaid with precious stones, and appeared of an azure colour.* Many in Alexandria believed that when this idol was destroyed the heavens would fall. With breathless awe the crowd surrounded the archbishop, who had come with the governor and a party of soldiers to accomplish the work of destruction. As a soldier mounted the ladder and struck a blow on the knee of the idol, Theophilus alone maintained his courage. The heavens failed to avenge the insult, and the soldier, mounting higher, struck off the head of the image with his hatchet. A swarm of rats, that had made their home with the god whom all Egypt had worshipped, burst forth and ran about on all sides. Reverence for Serapis was gone. Shouts of derision were heard on every side, and, for the moment, Christianity was triumphant. The revenue of the temple of Serapis was now added to the treasures of the church in Alexandria.

But the most exciting picture of clerical life in the city is furnished by the career of St. Cyril, nephew and successor of Theophilus, who was consecrated bishop in the year 412. In *Hypatia* a master-hand has sketched this memorable epoch of the last days of Paganism in Alexandria with equal vividness and fidelity to the great facts of history. Cyril had spent five years among the monks of Nitria, absorbed in study, and is said to have known the New Testament by heart. At his uncle's call he came to Alexandria, where he ordained, expounded, and

* Milman's *History of Christianity*, III. p. 70.

preached with great reputation. He began his episcopate by causing the churches of the Novatians in the city to be closed, and by seizing their sacred vessels and ornaments. His power in Alexandria was almost unbounded. The bishop was more than a match for the governor. At the first sign of danger the monks, who swarmed in thousands in the deserts and mountains of Egypt, poured into the city as champions of their old friend the patriarch, and set at defiance the Roman governor and his soldiers. Aided by them, Cyril drove out the Jews, who were exceedingly numerous in the city, and had enjoyed great privileges there ever since the days of Alexander; and despite the fierce opposition of Orestes, the prefect of Alexandria, he succeeded in gaining the support of the emperor. The Jews never returned.

The tragic death of Hypatia, the brilliant and noble lady whose lectures on heathen philosophy were the last protest in Alexandria of an expiring Paganism, is one of the scenes which mark the frenzied devotion which Cyril's struggles won. She was the honoured friend of Orestes, whom she frequently visited; and the mob suspected that she inflamed the governor's hatred against their bishop. She fell a victim to their blind passion as she was passing to her lecture hall. Orestes himself was attacked as he rode in his chariot by a party of 500 monks, who came from the desert of Nitria when they found that he refused to be reconciled to Cyril. One of their number, called Ammonius, severely wounded the prefect with a stone, and the governor was rescued from their fury with much difficulty.

The history of Christianity in Alexandria brings into strong relief the enormous influence which her bishops exercised over the fierce passions of the populace, and over the monks, who crowded into the city at the first sign of danger, ready for any service which the head of the church might assign them. The Parabolani—originally nurses of the sick, whom Christian charity cared for in all the great cities—became a kind of body-guard, which the prelate might employ for all his purposes. The Alexandrian bishop was allowed to maintain 600 of these men, and their devotion and courage made them a retinue such as few civil governors could boast. Saint Firebrand—as Kingsley makes Orestes call Cyril in *Hypatia*—was not slow to avail himself of such body-guard in his struggles.

Constantinople is the last centre of Eastern Christendom at which we need glance. Of all the great sees this alone has the glory of being founded by a Christian emperor. It is the highest monument of the sagacity of Constantine. "No city chosen by the art of man has been so well chosen and so permanent" as this New Rome, the seat of the Eastern emperors. The church of Constantinople rose at a bound to the primacy of the East. "To it was transferred the pre-eminence of the Apostolic see of the neighbouring Ephesus. Before its presence the primacy of the more distant Alexandria died away. Its patriarch was the first to assume, and still exclusively retains, the title of 'Œcumenical.'"*

As the residence of Arian emperors, Constantinople became the stronghold of that heresy in the East. "This city," said an intelligent observer, "is full of mechanics and slaves, who are all of them profound theologians, and preach in the shops and in the streets. If you desire a man to change a piece of silver he informs you wherein the Son differs from the Father; if you ask the price of a loaf you are told, by way of reply, that the Son is inferior to the Father; and if you inquire whether the bath is ready, the answer is, that the Son of Man was made out of nothing."

When the Emperor Theodosius made his triumphal entry into the city in the year 380, the Anti-Nicene influence had been dominant for forty years. He found the orthodox party, whose views he had espoused, holding all its gatherings in the hall of a private house where Gregory of Nazianzen had been labouring for two years to uphold the doctrine of the Nicene Council. The Arians were in possession of all the churches of the city. Theodosius drove out the Arians, and, attended by his nobles and his body-guard, conducted Gregory to the cathedral, where he was inaugurated soon afterwards as Patriarch of Constantinople by Meletius, Bishop of Antioch. The city was full of Arians. Gregory "beheld the innumerable multitude, of either sex and of every age, who crowded the streets, the windows, and the roofs of the houses; he heard the tumultuous voice of rage, grief, astonishment, and despair; and he fairly confesses that on the memorable day of his installation the capital of the

* Stanley's *Eastern Church*, p. 211.

East wore the appearance of a city taken by storm, and in the hands of a barbarian conqueror."* Gregory was not long permitted to enjoy this favourable turn of affairs. He became the victim of the enmity of the other Eastern prelates, and retired to Cappadocia to spend the last eight years of his career in "poetry and devotion."

In less than twenty years Chrysostom was installed as archbishop of the city. "The costly store of silken and gold-embroidered robes, the rich marbles, ornaments, and vessels of various kinds which his courtly predecessor had accumulated," showed in what state the head of the Eastern Church was accustomed to live. Chrysostom began at once a course of reform. His clergy were expected to be patterns of Christian propriety, and many were suspended from their cures, or repulsed from the Sacrament, because of their unholy lives. The clergy had brought great scandal on the Church by admitting young unmarried ladies to their homes. They were called "spiritual sisters," but generally belied their name by the eagerness with which they pursued the fashions of the day. Their presence was fast demoralising the clergy, whom they involved in a whirl of business and worry which made them quite unfit for their sacred office.

Here, as at Antioch, men and women flocked to the church to hear their eloquent archbishop, then rushed to the circus to cheer and applaud at the public games. Their delight in Chrysostom's preaching was so great that "they always resented the preaching of a stranger." On the great festivals vast crowds, largely composed of the fashionable and rich, gathered; and every available corner of the church was filled. Many came devoid of all religious feeling; some slept, others gossiped during service, then boasted afterwards of their attendance. Such indifference was, however, a striking exception to the vast enthusiasm with which every one greeted St. Chrysostom's sermons. "Friends," he said, "what am I to do with your applause? It is the salvation of your souls I want. God is my witness what tears I have shed in my secret chamber that so many of you are still in your sins. Anxiety for your saving has almost made me forget to care for my own."

During Chrysostom's episcopate the Arians sought to recover their influence in the city. They made a practice

* Gibbon, III. p. 369.

on Saturdays and Sundays of gathering in colonnades and other public places, where they sang Arian hymns. This was prolonged during the greater part of the night; and as morning dawned they marched in procession through the streets, and then held meetings for worship outside the gates. Chrysostom arranged counter demonstrations. He formed bands of orthodox singers, whom the empress supplied with tapers mounted on silver crosses. Street frays soon arose, and the Arian gatherings were suppressed by royal order.*

Enough has been said to show how stirring were the lives of the ecclesiastics of the Eastern Church in the century after Constantine. The difficulties with which Christianity had to grapple were enormous. The restless East was continually breeding new heresies, which the Christian bishop had to meet and overthrow; the vices of Paganism, which surrounded the Church and threatened her purity, were to be exposed and banished from the Church. The poor were to be maintained, the sick to be tended, the heathen brought into the fold, and the converts established in Christian truth. In many cases the work was done with a faithfulness and success which contributed largely to the spread of truth for all generations. If in the record of other lives we see how personal ambition and envy marred the work of God's servants, and robbed the common cause of some of its most illustrious sons, we must remember how fierce were the temptations of the age. Such surroundings were sure to develop weakness as well as strength.

We breathe a serener air as we pass from Eastern to Western Christendom. The Western Church partook largely of the legal character which was the distinguishing feature of Rome. Everything was subordinate to authority. The dominion of the Cæsars bequeathed its spirit to a new empire with a new array of officers, full of that restless longing for victory which marked the Roman soldier.

All the interest of Western Christendom converges towards Rome. Other Churches pursued their own career in peace for generations, but when Rome's hour had come she absorbed all their gifts and achievements till, like the great world-empire which made herself rich with the spoils

* Stephens's *St. Chrysostom*, p. 246.

of all the nations, the Christian empire became the repository of the treasures of the world.

The literature of Western Christianity sprang from Africa. No Roman bishop gained eminence as a writer till the middle of the fifth century. But Africa had given Tertullian and Cyprian to the Church in the third century, and in the fourth she gave her crowning gift—without which the West would have had an entirely different history—the genius and devotion of St. Augustine. It has been noted as characteristic of the legal spirit of Latin Christianity that her two first great lights—Tertullian and Cyprian—had both been lawyers or rhetoricians, and were deeply imbued with the spirit of Roman law. Augustine too was a trained rhetorician. The theological thought of the East and West may be said to have received its tone from Origen and Augustine respectively. Augustine was as far inferior to the Eastern theologian in brilliance and versatility as he surpassed him in system and method. The two men are types of the two systems. One torn asunder by the restless thirst for subtle distinctions, the other calm and immovable, passing through all difficulties steadfastly to her goal. Augustine dealt with the one question on which alone Western Christendom suffered herself to be disturbed—the great question of grace and free-will. Whenever it has been opened, from the days of Augustine to those of Luther and Jansenius, that controversy has shaken Western Christendom to its foundation. Scarcely any other theological question has disturbed the quiet of her borders.

Augustine's life as a bishop was comparatively uneventful. Like most of the leaders of this Church in this age, he lived with almost monastic frugality. His wine was mixed with water, passages from some devotional book were read as he and his friends sat at table, and to prevent all scandal, the following lines were engraved on the table:

> "Quisquis amat dictis absentum rodere vitam,
> Hanc mensam vetitam noverit esse sibi."

His home was in a remote and somewhat obscure town, and, with a few exceptions, when duty called him to engage in controversy, and gave him an opportunity of showing his power of dealing with men, his days were passed in com-

parative seclusion. His work as a writer lies at the foundation of Western Christendom.

The romance of African Christianity centres round Synesius, the philosopher, who was chosen Bishop of Ptolemais, near Cyrene, in the year 410. He was the friend of Hypatia and a student of Origen's works, who refused to renounce his peculiar views, yet was chosen, as a brave and earnest man, to preside over the church of Ptolemais in an hour of danger. He had never left his retirement, "except when his services were demanded for the good of his country."

Kingsley's sketch of Synesius, put into the mouth of Raphael-Aben-Ezra, who had just returned from a visit to the bishop, introduces us to a new style of ecclesiastic.

"Is the worthy man as lively as ever?"

"Lively? He nearly drove me into a nervous fever in three days. Up at four in the morning, always in the most disgustingly good health and spirits, farming, coursing, shooting, riding over hedge and ditch after rascally black robbers; preaching, intriguing, borrowing money; baptising and excommunicating; bullying that bully Andronicus; comforting old women, and giving pretty girls dowries; scribbling one half-hour on philosophy, and the next on farriery; sitting up all night writing hymns and drinking strong liquors; off again on horseback at four the next morning; and talking by the hour all the while about philosophic abstraction from the mundane tempest. Heaven defend me from all two-legged whirlwinds!"—*Hypatia*, p. 21.

The Andronicus referred to in this passage was the prefect of Libya, whose exactions and cruelties were desolating the province. All groaned and bled; no relief seemed near. Synesius tried persuasion, but the "bully" was inexorable. At last he uttered a sentence of excommunication against him, by which the president of the province was held up to public abhorrence, excluded from the society, and denied the common rights, of men. Andronicus quailed before the courageous prelate, and peace was restored to the desolated province.* Synesius deserves remembrance for the manly fashion in which he resisted the attempts to deprive him of the comforts of his domestic life when he was made a bishop. "God and the law and the holy hand of Theophilus

* Milman's *History of Christianity*, Vol. III. p. 297.

bestowed on me my wife. I declare, therefore, solemnly, and call you to witness, that I will not be plucked from her."

During the period under review Rome was steadily gaining power as a great ecclesiastical see. Prior to the conversion of Constantine its bishops scarcely present any marked individuality, but that event made the Bishop of Rome "the first Christian of the first city in the world." The withdrawal of the court also added largely to his power. He was no longer overshadowed by the presence of a greater dignitary, and in some measure the renown of Rome was inherited by its greatest citizen.

Rome seems to have been far behind Constantinople and the Eastern churches in religious activity. Pope Leo I. (440—461, A.D.) was the first celebrated preacher among the Roman bishops, and "his brief and emphatic sermons read like the first essays of a rude and untried eloquence, rather than the finished compositions which would imply a long study and cultivation of pulpit eloquence." * As yet, therefore, neither writing nor preaching can be reckoned among the accomplishments of Roman prelates. The bishopric was, however, already regarded as a splendid prize. The election to it was looked upon as the greatest event which could happen in the city. During the contest between the rival bishops Damasus and Ursinus, 197 persons were slain. Ammianus, the historian, says: "The successful candidate is secure that he will be enriched by the offerings of matrons; that, as soon as his dress is composed with becoming care and elegance, he may proceed in his chariot through the streets of Rome, and that the sumptuousness of the Imperial table will not equal the profuse and delicate entertainments provided by the taste and at the expense of the Roman pontiffs."

Although the Roman see gave no really illustrious name to Church history in the fourth century, it was amassing vast treasures of wealth, and preparing for its future dominion. The offerings, more especially the bequests, made to the Church and to the clergy were becoming so profuse that a law was enacted by the State to restrain the torrent of benevolence. Monasticism, introduced by Athanasius, and vehemently advocated by Jerome, was leavening the whole Church. Many of the noblest ladies

* Milman's *Latin Christianity*, Vol. I. p. 29.

of Rome were the disciples of Jerome, and devoted their wealth and their influence to the Church.

Rome owes a large debt to St. Jerome. As secretary to Pope Damasus, he introduced many of the customs of the East into Rome, and when he retired to the Holy Land, in disgust at the vexations to which he was subjected in Rome, his influence on the future history of its bishopric grew more momentous. It was he who set the fashion of pilgrimages to the Holy Land, and through his letters the thoughts of the East passed over into the West. His Latin version of the Bible crowns the record of eminent service which Jerome rendered to the West. It was a gigantic work, and exposed him to such denunciation and contempt that "his temper, naturally irritable, was provoked beyond measure." "I could afford to despise them," he says, "if I stood upon my rights, for a lyre is played in vain to an ass."

As a Biblical scholar, Jerome was the Origen of the West. Rome had the rare fortune to possess the greatest scholar of the century, and through him the treasures of the East were unlocked, and a flood of light poured on all Bible truth.

Such was the preparation of this great see for her future power. She was steadily gathering influence and preparing for victory. She had gained power as an unflinching champion of orthodoxy when the world was deluged with heresy; in every conflict, whether for doctrine or for power, the East was throwing itself at the feet of the bishop of old Rome. Her future glory was assured in the fourth century, and she soon found chiefs who were not slow to advance their claim to supremacy.

Milan gave to Western Christendom the only great ecclesiastical ruler she possessed in the fourth century. Ambrose has a commanding dignity worthy of Rome's proudest pontiffs. The great Emperor Theodosius was so much impressed with his spirit that he said, "Episcopum, excepto Ambrosio, novi neminem." It has been said that he was the spiritual ancestor of the Hildebrands and Innocents. Yet none of the arrogance of a Roman pontiff is found in him. Trained in civil life, and given to the Church by a memorable providence in the year after the long career of Athanasius had closed, the young civilian became the most noted bishop of the West. Under him all men learned new ideas of episcopal dignity. His

position called on him to rebuke the greatest Roman emperor of the generation, and to oppose the persistent policy of an Arian empress who had set her heart on the introduction of heresy into his diocese, yet Ambrose never quailed; he seems to have been a stranger to the fear of man, and his fidelity bore memorable fruit. Theodosius gave the world a picture of repentance in high places; Justina's defeat proved the strength of truth and courage. Ambrose was a model bishop. He mitigated the horrors of slavery by devoting the treasures of the Church, and even its consecrated vessels, to the redemption of captives. "The Church," he said, "possesses gold, not to treasure up, but to distribute it for the welfare and happiness of men. We are ransoming the souls of men from eternal perdition. It is not merely the lives of men and the honour of women which are endangered in captivity, but the faith of their children. The blood of redemption which has gleamed in those golden cups has sanctified them, not for the service alone, but for the redemption of man."

Under the care of Ambrose the church in Milan gained a vast accession of power. He introduced into Italy the custom of preaching every Sunday. He was a great preacher at a time when Rome had no preachers of note. Manly, practical, and full of religious fervour, his discourses took hold of the people. So great was their fame that it drew Augustine to Milan, and contributed largely to his conversion. Nor was this all. The Ambrosian chant and the hymns we owe to Ambrose attest his zeal in introducing improvements into the music of his Church. No Western bishop possessed such a hold on the affection of his people. During his struggle with Justina, Milan witnessed such sights as Alexandria had seen in the days of Athanasius, and Constantinople in the time of St. Chrysostom. The passionate devotion of the people saved Ambrose from the power of every enemy; and the noble prelate, a true Roman statesman in the service of the Church, closed his eyes in peace in his own city, deplored even by the generals of the empire as a strong man on whom they might have leaned in the dark days of trouble impending over Italy.

Eastern Christendom reached her zenith in the fourth century. For her it was an epoch of surpassing glory. We are dazzled by the splendour of her achievements, and the lustre of her roll of honoured names. Her great cities

were scenes of noble Christian service; her prelates were leaders of thought, and centres of influence such as she has never witnessed since. The decay of episcopal power was due to the presence of an Imperial court in her metropolitan city. "The religion of Constantinople was that of the emperor." "Imperial chamberlains, eunuchs, directors of the princes' kitchen, disputed on formulas of faith, and affected to set themselves up as judges in theological disputes. That which must pass current for sound doctrine in the Church was subjected to the same fluctuations with the parties at court."* Had the Eastern Church possessed more independence of spirit, she might have resisted such interference, and passed safely through her time of trial: had she been less given to speculation, there would have been fewer opportunites for Imperial intervention. As it was, she soon lost her glory.

Western Christendom, after the foundation of Constantinople, was left free to pursue her great career. As years rolled on, the emperor rarely condescended to visit Rome. The bishop's power waxed mightier under each pontificate, till her ambition became as insatiable and her dominion as mighty as that of the old heathen empire. Christian truth was sacrificed to Christian avarice, and zeal for Christ paled before zeal for the Church.

The fate of Eastern and Western Christendom is a memorable illustration of the old proverb: *via media tutissima.*

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* Neander, Vol. III. p. 180; Milman's *History of Christianity*, Vol. III. p. 130.

ART. III.—1. *The Life and Work of Mary Carpenter.* By J. ESTLIN CARPENTER, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co. 1879.

2. *Sister Dora.* A Biography. By MARGARET LONSDALE. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1881.

3. *Memorials of Frances Ridley Havergal.* By HER SISTER, M. V. G. H. London: James Nisbet and Co.

"IT is most important for society to have some unmarried women to give a tone to it." These words were addressed to the venerable Mary Carpenter by one of the many Hindu visitors to our land whose conversation had first awakened that lady's undying interest in the downtrodden women of India. The remark is curiously suggestive, and may be commended to the attention of those who speak with pathetic regret of the large and increasing number of unmarried women in English society, and who would fain alter the conditions producing what they deem so deplorable an anomaly. No such class, large or small, can be found among the native populations of Hindustan, the country where early marriage has long been a rule to which no exception would be tolerated; and Hindu social life cannot be said to offer striking proof of the advantages arising from such immunity. But the phrase we have quoted, which doubtless was intended to convey some delicate flattery to the person to whom it was addressed, contains but half a truth. The influence exercised by the unmarried women of England has been far beyond that of giving a tone to society. It is the special glory of the religion of Christ not only to have refined and exalted all domestic ties, and to have conferred on the natural duties of womanhood a sacred dignity unknown to them before, but to have opened an ample and a noble sphere of usefulness for such women as are debarred by circumstances from fulfilling these ordinary duties of their sex. The Church of Rome has well understood how to utilise the reserve forces of feminine zeal in her great charitable orders, whose organisation, somewhat too mechanically perfect, completely

merges the individual life in that of the community. "A Sister of Mercy," said one who knew that life from within, "is but a pane of glass; when one is broken, another is put in its place." These institutions have had their imitators in Protestant England; but in the Anglican sisterhood neither the discipline nor the effacement of individuality is so perfect as in the Romish model. Outside such communities there has been and will continue to be a vast mass of personal effort which it is quite impossible to estimate. Which of us cannot call to mind among our personal acquaintance at least one maidenly figure whose ministry extended beyond the home circle? Most of these workers live and die unheard of by the great world; and the fragrance of their charitable actions, which "smell sweet and blossom in the dust," is breathed only by the few who know in what spot of earth the eager heart and busy hands await the resurrection. But now and then one of these labourers in the vineyard of God, being gifted with higher powers and called to a wider sphere, is recognised as a social agent of unmistakable force while living, and is not immediately forgotten when dead. Within the last few years the biographies of several such noble women have been given to the world, and each in her turn has awakened warm interest. The diversity of gifts among them was great; but it will not be less evident to us after a careful study of these lives that there was working in them "One Spirit," whose mighty and gentle influence developed one harmonious likeness, notwithstanding marked differences of temperament and circumstances, and even of belief.

There is one feature common to those whose names stand at the head of this paper, and that is, the resistless force of what a Romanist would term the "vocation" determining the career of each. Like "Sister Dora," they might be impelled to take up the Divine Master's work of caring for the suffering bodies of men; or like Frances Havergal, they might be called to be in the world though not of it, a living, sanctifying influence, to "sing for Jesus" in modern drawing-rooms, and to pour forth glowing lyrics with whose sweet rhythms the heart of the Church might beat in tune; or, like Mary Carpenter, they might expend the powers of a universal mother-heart on the neglected children of the poor and the degraded, training those warped and stunted human plants, which seemed likely only to bear

the Dead Sea fruits of crime, into trees fit for the garden of Paradise. But however varied the circumstances, however different the powers of each, the longing to be about a certain work is overmastering and persistent. In every case this impulse is the passion for serving sinful and suffering humanity. The witness of such lives to the evidence of a universal Spirit of Love is of immeasurable importance. Sooner or later there come dark moments to every thinking soul, in which the universe presents itself as a mechanism moved by ruthless force and unvarying law, with whose inflexible action the Spirit of Love can have no concern. Or, with John Henry Newman, the soul that is not more deeply convinced of its own existence than of the existence of a Divine and benevolent Ruler, looks shuddering into the world of men, and sees there no reflection of that supreme Image of Righteousness and Mercy. At such a moment of torturing doubt, how invaluable is the spectacle of human lives whose actions are informed with love to God and love to man, whose hours are consecrated to beneficent usefulness. These springs of living waters that flow among the dry places of humanity, doing good and fostering good where such a growth seemed hopeless, bear witness to an Infinite Ocean from which they were replenished.

A noticeable point of difference between Mary Carpenter and those of her younger sisters, with whom we are now concerned, is the much later period of life at which she entered fully on her peculiar work, and the longer space over which this work was spread. Frances Ridley Havergal, the beautiful soul trebly gifted with musical utterance—the sweet songstress, the skilful composer, the glowing lyrist—passed away, in the very act of song, at the age of forty-two. The prodigal energy of Dorothy Pattison had exhausted her splendid physical powers, and consigned her to an inevitable grave at the somewhat later age of forty-six. But it cannot be considered that Mary Carpenter's training for the great work waiting for her was complete until she had nearly attained her fortieth year; and she was enabled with deepening wisdom and growing energy to pursue the various lines of work which gradually opened to her, until she had fulfilled her threescore years and ten. At that late period her "mind showed no trace of waning powers, and the heart was as warm and the will as firm as they had ever been." The causes of this

marked superiority in power of endurance will not perhaps be difficult to discover. They are not to be found, however, in her early life at home, which differed chiefly from that of Dorothy Pattison and of Frances Havergal by conditions a little less favourable to bodily health. While "Sister Dora" was nursed into beauty and vigour in a village rectory on the North Yorkshire moors, and while Frances Havergal reigned as "youngest princess" in a similar home of almost ideal beauty in Worcestershire, Mary Carpenter entered life as the eldest child of a hard-working Unitarian minister in the city of Exeter; and there are sufficient indications that his family, however gifted and refined, did not enjoy those easy circumstances and ample means which the inmates of each country parsonage possessed, and which rendered any arduous exertion on their part unnecessary. Both in Exeter and in Bristol, to which city he removed when his eldest daughter was ten years old, Dr. Carpenter added the care of a boys' school to the duties of his pastorate, duties which he was not inclined to weigh lightly or to take easily. When the double burden became too great for his strength, Mary and her sister Anna undertook and carried on a similar school for girls. For this work Mary had been qualified by an education of masculine thoroughness. She had shared in all her father's instructions to his boyish pupils, and she brought to the performance of all her tasks extraordinary abilities, and a delicately conscientious exactness which made her easily superior to her comrades. Yet among these were such youths as James Martineau, who has contributed to her biography some interesting recollections of the "sedate little girl" whose varied acquirements rather confounded him when he first made her acquaintance. The charm of buoyant youth is absent from the records of her earlier years, the weight of thought and responsibility pressing on her was too great, and we get no such glimpses of sportive mischief as light up the scanty memorials of "Sister Dora's" girlhood. There is a deliberate stiffness in Mary Carpenter's youthful compositions, which completely disappears in her later writings, when brain and heart were occupied with satisfying work. The serious, gifted girl, tormenting her soul with self-analysis, and hiding more affection in her heart than her constrained manner could express, ripens slowly before our eyes into a matured character of great power and sweetness.

This gradual development, these powers so steadily unfolding, present the sharpest contrast to the strong, rich nature of Dorothy Pattison, impulsive, proud, and wasteful of energy from the first, and to the exquisitely fine organisation of Frances Havergal, which unfolded lightly and quickly, as a flower might unfold its beauty and sweetness. A resolute perseverance in mastering both her weakness and her eagerness, a firm wisdom that bade her husband her nerve-energy for needed work, are almost peculiar to Miss Carpenter in this group of workers. These traits of character will go far to account for the much longer period of activity through which her powers continued to find, by the most natural transitions, wider and yet wider fields of influence.

In every one of the biographies under our notice the loss of a justly-prized father has its part to play, and that no unimportant one, in the heart-history of the bereaved daughter. But in Mary Carpenter's case alone this affliction seemed to have a strong visible influence on her outward life. The tragical death of Dr. Carpenter, in 1840, put a period to his daughter's long training for her special life-work; and the acute grief which she endured would almost seem to have compelled her at last into the activity which was to be so serviceable to her country,—for so we may justly speak of her efforts who first dared to open a Reformatory School, who by personal toil converted many young delinquents into valuable citizens, and who began the gigantic work of raising from the dust the women of India, her oppressed fellow-subjects. It is a noticeable thing that before the date of the terrible bereavement which befell her we find constant records of spiritual struggles, which do not recur with equal frequency after this sharp discipline had done its work. To the devout Unitarian one way of escape from self-despair, the surest and truest, was unhappily closed. "In an agony of self-abasement," we are told, "she felt herself wholly unworthy of the Divine favour, and poured out her misery to her mother, whose firm grasp at last restored her calm without need of *the doctrine of the Atonement*, on which she was at one time ready to fling herself in despair." The calm thus restored did not long remain with her, and the doctrine in which she was not allowed to find lasting peace still retained a strong attraction for her in later times of doubt and struggle, though the prepossessions of all her early train-

ing rendered her unable to recognise that it had "a Scriptural basis." These purely mental hindrances could not, however, shut out the light of Divine love and peace which at last streamed into her soul. Some verses, dated December, 1837, and headed "Whether in the body or out of the body, I know not," give evidence, in words that tremble under a weight of joy they are helpless to express, of a vision of Eternal Love which had been vouchsafed to her; and an adoring faith in the World's Redeemer, though not formulated in the language of a distinct creed, begins thenceforth to manifest itself always more clearly in her words as well as in her actions. The following are remarkable expressions: — "Sunday, January 3, 1841. On this first Sabbath, seven years ago, I had the happiness of receiving the memorials of the dying love of my Lord from the hands of my beloved father, in company with my own dear family.... That was an hour which, though soon overshadowed by clouds, and succeeded by trial and temptation, has left an enduring and blessed memory in my soul, and seemed a foretaste of the bliss of heaven. Now it is doubly hallowed. Those two dear friends who were suffering—the one darkness of mind, the other weakness of body—on the last anniversary of this day, now sleep in Jesus and are blest." Nor less striking are her references to Dannecker's statue of Christ, which she saw at Stuttgart, and which inspired her with a sonnet less valuable as a poem than as a simple outburst of feeling. "This statue," she says, "converted to Christianity the artist who sculptured it." Dannecker, desiring to leave behind him one great work that should immortalise him, and seeking for a subject of ideal grandeur, "devoted himself to the study of the Gospels; but at first he could see nothing but beautiful and sublime distorted fragments, until one text seemed a key-note to him, 'God manifest in the flesh.'" He became a devout Christian, and the work originally designed to immortalise his own name merely, was ultimately executed as a tribute to the Redeemer's glory. Mary Carpenter was destined to perform a higher task than this of the artist who gave to the world one majestic image of the Saviour; it was to be her privilege to do such a work of Christ-like love as should leave to the world not one but many once-degraded and brutalised human beings restored into something of the likeness of her glorious Lord. "Their very face with change of heart was changed." Many hapless

children who were far too well known to the guardians of public order became not recognisable by those sharp-eyed servants of the law, after having passed some years under her affectionate care; so completely had they been lifted out of their seemingly hopeless degradation.

The anguish caused by her father's tragical fate—he perished by drowning, when on a journey undertaken in search of health—as well as the spiritual sadness and gloom which a firm grasp of the great central truth of Christianity would assuredly have removed, were gradually alleviated by the arduous work for Christ in His despised little ones which absorbed all Mary Carpenter's powers. A word spoken to her in her twenty-sixth year by Dr. Tuckerman, a devout American visitor to her father, had first impressed her with a sense of her duty to outcast children. "That child should be followed to his home and seen after," the guest had said, as his young hostess guided him through an unsightly lane in Bristol, and a wretched ragged imp of a boy, darting across their path, vanished into some darker alley from their sight. Very soon Mary Carpenter was found compelling herself to leave the peace and sweetness of her own home, and to plunge into scenes of the foulest misery, in order to "see after" such uncared-for infants. One scheme was tried after another; "A Working and Visiting Society" connected with her father's congregation; another society of wider aim for "Ministry to the Poor;" but the success which could satisfy her was not obtained until 1846, when she, with a little band of friendly helpers, managed to establish a Ragged School at Lewin's Mead, the scene of Dr. Carpenter's pastoral labours. There were the usual sickening difficulties to contend with in beginning this work; but Miss Carpenter's long practice in the art of teaching, and her intellect, naturally strong, and trained through years of the widest cultivation, enabled her to find the quickest way of awakening the neglected powers of her scholars. Yet undoubtedly her best weapon was the loving heart which persistently believed in latent possibilities of good in the most deeply-corrupted children, and whose yearning for their welfare manifested itself in such patient, earnest kindness of action as her dullest pupil could not but comprehend. She had laboured only a year when her efforts were already rewarded by such a moral change as might be almost called miraculous. And the work which had

been undertaken in obedience to the call of duty brought another and unsought reward. "She had been haunted by a feeling that her nature was not lovable, that even her nearest and dearest had not loved her for herself, that there must be something in her which repelled instead of attracting. The somewhat late growth of friendships of unusual tenderness and ardour had in part removed this inner source of self-mortification; and now came the spontaneous affection of her scholars to impart fresh confidence. 'How I prize the love I receive there,' she could not help exclaiming; 'I must confess that the Ragged School is not so attractive to me from a mere sense of duty, for I might find duties elsewhere; but it is so delightful to me to gain so much love as I feel I have from these young beings, and to kindle their souls by mine.'"

The success of the school emboldened her in a few years to secure possession of the premises in which it was situated, to convert the wretched houses surrounding it into comfortable dwellings, and to arrange in these occasional lodgings for homeless boys—thus laying the foundation for a separate institution for that purpose which she was able twenty years later to set on foot. In her hands one charity, naturally and inevitably, led to another. The work in which she was now engaged brought her into daily contact with the "perishing and dangerous classes"—so named first by the well-known Theodore Parker, with whom she was in frequent communication, and whom she regarded with admiration and sympathy, which, however, never degenerated into servile adoption of all his peculiar opinions. As her knowledge of juvenile crime grew wider and deeper, she became persuaded that it was utterly unjust and unwise to treat infants like adult offenders. She was at last impelled to embody this conviction in a book advocating the establishment of "reformatory schools"—a title so familiar *now* that it is almost impossible to realise how new and untried the thing it represents was *then*. The merit of her treatise, however, was not to offer suggestions that were absolutely new—she claimed no novelty for them—but to present "a compact body of carefully-reasoned truths, and to point out the lines of action to be founded on them." This had not been done before. The book was widely read, and ere long its author ventured on the bolder step of proposing a conference of the workers engaged in her own field of

action. The proposal was not more bold than successful; and this first modest conference, held at Birmingham, may be considered as the parent of many agencies for good, still active and increasing in number and efficiency. The little treatise on reformatory schools was Mary Carpenter's first essay as an author, but not her last. She had not, like Frances Havergal, any sudden flashes of inspiration: no Divine songs were "given to her" in blissfully sudden impressions. But her ever-widening experience impressed painful facts on her with fresh convictions of the right way to deal with them; and when these became importunately strong, she gave them to the world in well-written books and pamphlets.

Longing to give proof that the plan she advocated of reforming youthful criminals was a practicable one, she embarked in the daring enterprise of herself opening a reformatory school, which was located at Kingswood, Bristol, on ground "hallowed by memories of the work and prayer" of John Wesley. Having accomplished this her second great aim, she enforced the views on which she and her helpers were working in a treatise on *Juvenile Delinquents*, pleading eloquently for the gentle and elevating treatment needed by the wretched criminal children, who, she urged, owed no retribution to society "since society owed retribution to them." From infant offenders to full-grown criminals the transition was not difficult; and after a pamphlet in which she urged the *Claims of Ragged Schools* to Government assistance, her next publication was a work entitled *Our Convicts*—a book which attained the distinction of being put with its author's other works on the Papal *Index Expurgatorius*. It is needless to inquire how it merited this honour, shared with so many other works of undoubted excellence. It was a treatise which first described the appalling moral degradation of English convicts as a class, supporting the description by numerous citations from official sources, and then proceeded with equal wealth of illustration to deal with the admirable Irish system of prison discipline, and to show by what similar methods the regeneration of offenders against society might be attempted in England, and the further development of crime checked. This treatise, which excited wider attention than any of Miss Carpenter's former publications, being "warmly praised by jurists in France, in Germany, and in the United States," was

published at the close of 1864. The years intervening between this date and her first appearance in print had been filled with strenuous work, which had pushed her once-loved studies out of sight. She now read the dark mysterious volume of the human heart more closely than any other. Doubtless the severe studies of earlier years had been invaluable in training her for the task of gathering from the black annals of crime the facts she needed, deducing from them her wholesome lessons, and pressing home her conclusions with cogent argument.

A mere dry outline of the work performed by her during these years might give the impression of a beneficent but unattractive being, moving among the perishing creatures she sought to aid in cold superiority; and in the narrative of her earlier days there is something of this spirit breathing icily from the page. But at a later period many touching little traits reveal all the woman —timid, self-distrustful, home-loving; dreading publicity, and yet braving it without hesitation when she could thereby serve the cause she had at heart; so that she who had feared to let her name appear in print, and who did not venture to speak at the first conference of workers gathered by her efforts, became a witness before House of Commons Committees, and a ready and eloquent speaker at Social Science Congresses, and before great public gatherings in the United States. Yet it was most truly that she said, "I have a lamb's heart under my coat of armour." More than once the sufferings entailed on her by her native sensitiveness were such as to prompt the piteous cry, "O God! why hast Thou given me a woman's heart?" But this gift brought her also moments of exquisite enjoyment; as when she watched over the dying bed of one of her scholars, a poor Irish lad of unusual gentleness and refinement, and learnt that to this young Romanist she had been as a guardian saint, more loved and trusted than any mythical Madonna; or when, quitting the death chamber of her mother, she came with a heart full of anguish to bid farewell to one of her rescued girls in the last stage of disease, and that poor girl wiped away the tears of her beloved protectress, soothing her in her own fashion. A charming touch of pure womanliness is also betrayed in the simple pleasure with which she dwells, again and again, on the noble beauty of an oak-panelled Elizabethan drawing-room in the Red Lodge—a

fine old building in Park Row, Bristol, which with Lady Byron's help she purchased in 1854, and formed into a separate reformatory school for girls. This institution remained under Miss Carpenter's control until her death, and she made the home of her last years in an adjoining dwelling, thenceforth known as Red Lodge House. She seemed almost insensible to the feminine delights of dress, and not quite untruly one of her ragged scholars described her as "spending all her money for the naughty boys, and only keeping enough to make herself clean and decent;" but the housekeeping instinct betrays itself constantly, and adds a homely charm to a character in many respects of masculine strength.

A very heavy bereavement came on her in 1856, in the loss of the widowed mother whose calm loving wisdom had been invaluable to her eager excitable daughter; but in addition to this grief there are abundant hints of disappointment, of conflict, even of failure; it was often hard to urge her poor degraded sister-sinners up the steep slope of reformation, and sometimes a lost lamb would vanish from her ken into the dark wilderness whence with so much pains she had withdrawn it. To these daily troubles her mother's death added the hard task of making a new lonely home for herself, and a restless longing for fresh fields of work gradually filled her heart, and drew her in advanced age not less than five times across the ocean. She visited the United States in 1873, extending her visit to Canada where her brother Philip resided; but she was "much more of a missionary than a guest," inspecting schools and prisons, and giving public addresses on the subjects which were her specialty, and on which she had then become a much-honoured authority. But for one visit to America she paid four to India. The name of that great continent, the dreamy vision of its splendour and its misery, had been "a spell of powerful trouble" to Mary Carpenter's mind ever since in her girlish days she had met the Rajah Rammohun Roy, in whom she had greeted a "splendid forerunner" of religious liberty for India. Her visions of missionary enterprise had been banished by the hard reality of home heathenism during many years, but were now revived by intercourse with some accomplished Hindu gentlemen who visited Bristol, and who, by deploring the hard lot of Indian women, awoke her warmest interest in the work of breaking through the immemorial prejudices

of Hindu society, and lifting the "fallen divinity" of Eastern womanhood to something like equality with the favoured sisters of the West. Her ardent longing to toil personally for this cause was at last gratified, and in 1866 she left England for the East. Though she found much to discourage her in the actual condition of the class for whom she had crossed land and sea, yet her first visit to India inspired her with the most ardent hopes, which were but imperfectly realised in her future visits. Perhaps these too sanguine expectations were owing to the almost adoring deference with which she was received on her first appearance. The Indian Government treated her with flattering attention, and sought her opinion on many matters of great public importance; and her Hindu friends, who greeted her by the sweet title of "mother," seemed full of ardour not less than her own. Some subsequent disappointments chilled her hopes a little; yet she had the satisfaction of initiating many important movements; the schools for native ladies which she founded prospered in the hands of her successors, though not in her own; and she was willing that it should be so. Her last visit to Hindustan was crowned by success on *one* at least of the points to which her efforts had been directed; "Children were no longer to be sent to prison, and voluntary effort was to be enlisted in their reform." There was something peculiarly fitting in this being the last achievement of one whose best energies had been devoted to the outcast children of her own land. She returned for the last time to her home in Bristol in 1876, bringing with her two young Hindu boys, sons of well-beloved friends in India, to cheer her lonely home.

Her sphere of work had never been so wide, her power for good had never seemed greater. It would be impossible to exaggerate her vivid sympathy with every beneficent social movement. Yet a shadow of unspeakable sadness had hitherto rested on the evening of her fair and blameless life; and very touching are the words of her biographer, as he tells us how "the loneliness of her home had become insupportable to her. Her absorption in her work had obliged her for many years to avoid ordinary society. No one was by her side on whom she might pour out the treasures of personal affection. . . The perplexities and the griefs of her friends frequently awoke a sympathy keen even to anguish, and keener for the impotence forced on

her by distance. Many a night was passed in sleeplessness —and a temporary pause in occupation often surprised her into tears." It was well that the last year of this loving lonely life should be filled with a brief Indian summer of home happiness; and this was secured to her by the presence of her two Hindu boys and of the adopted daughter, now blooming into womanhood, whom she had first received with childlike joy when an orphan girl of five. But "her company before was gone," many bereavements had loosened her hold on life, and the death of her youngest brother, Philip, gave the final shock. In less than a month from the time when news of this loss reached her, Mary Carpenter passed quietly away in her sleep. Though she had attained her threescore years and ten, it was her happy privilege to die with unimpaired powers, not having been compelled to relinquish one of her numerous employments. A list of the institutions in Bristol owing their existence to her efforts shows the extent and energy of her life's labours. The Boys' Reformatory at Kingswood, the Girls' Reformatory in the Red Lodge with the Cottage Home for older girls adjoining, the two Certified Industrial Schools for Boys and Girls, and the Days' Industrial Feeding School in which the Ragged School was merged, would supply ample evidence of arduous successful effort, if we did not add to them the two institutions of a Workmen's Hall and of a Boys' Home, also owing their existence to Miss Carpenter's efforts, and if we lost sight of the beneficent change in public opinion, on many points of high importance, which her influence largely aided in producing. But the unsatisfied mother-passion of her heart longed for and in part achieved greater things than these; and it is not her least glory to have initiated in person the movement of sympathy and assistance for the suffering myriads of her fellow-women in India, and to have only been roused to a higher enthusiasm for this work after her visits to Hindustan had shown to her the enormous difficulties in her way. The first glimpse of Zenana life and its unpleasant attendant circumstances only kindled in her longing to do away with these venerable nuisances. Her three chief objects in her Indian crusade she states as "Female Normal Schools, Certified Industrial Schools, and Prison Reform, especially in connection with women." It was an appropriate reward for her self-denying years of struggle with home heathenism that these toils should

have smoothed the way for that work in India which had long hung in her mind as a sort of splendid temptation, for which ambition might have prompted her to abandon her unobtrusive mission to the forlorn children of England. The Mary Carpenter of 1866 spoke on all social questions with an authority which no one dreamed of gainsaying; the highest-placed officials of the Indian Government listened to her and consulted her with a deference which was very real, and her suggestions were in many instances embodied in fact. *One* of her aims, as we have seen, was realised in her lifetime; the others were not, indeed, fully accomplished, but she saw interest awakened and powerful effort enlisted on their behalf. Some sad facts which came to her knowledge during her various sojourns in India led her to add a fourth to her "three great objects," and to plead for some such regulations as those contained in our English "Ten Hours Bill," to protect the factory operatives of Bombay. This point it was not given to her to gain while yet she lived in this world, but the day will doubtless come when the inheritors of her zeal will complete her unfinished work. Her life in its last years spreads and widens before us like a great tidal river, on whose waters go the ships of many nations, so large were her interests and so numerous the illustrious friendships that adorned it. Yet there is a point, and that point is the Indian mission, where the quiet stream of a life like Frances Havergal's is stirred by waves whose impulse comes from that larger tide. Readers of the younger lady's *Life* cannot fail to remember frequent references to "Zenana work" and the "Zenana mission" as having enlisted both the interest and the effort of one who, as a thorough English Churchwoman, probably never came in contact with the venerable foundress of that mission, less happy than Frances Havergal in the form of Christianity into which she was born and reared, but not less penetrated by its burning devotion to the Royal Master, who has surely taken home His good servant to "the joy of her Lord." Her inherited creed deprived her of the full comfort, the supreme joy, which might have been hers in believing, and sometimes needlessly excluded her from the sympathy of other Christians; but an adoring love for the Divine Redeemer glows in many passages from her pen, giving proof, if proof were needed, that "with the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness." Nowhere is this love united with a more joyful faith than in the following

words relating to the far-off land which she loved and strove to serve: "India will some day acknowledge Christ, the well-beloved, as *her* beloved Lord and Master, and will never free herself from the cruel bondage of caste and superstition until she has learnt from Christ that we are *all* children of the *same* Father, and fellow-heirs of immortality."

In Mary Carpenter we have been contemplating a strong, self-controlled nature, single-hearted and ardent, not gifted with the irresistible fascination that wins love at the first glance, but capable of inspiring lifelong affection. Hers was a soul that glowed clearly and steadily, sending forth no jets of startling vivid flame. It is a very different character that we now turn to consider in Dorothy Pattison, who was best known in life and death as "Sister Dora." Her biographer has had the rare merit of giving to the world a thoroughly honest picture of this remarkable woman. The portrait is not like Queen Elizabeth's, "painted without shadow, as if her features radiated light," but has a light and shade worthy of Rembrandt for unflattering picturesqueness; and to this faithful delineation of a very strongly-marked personality the book owes much of the charm which has procured for it a very wide popularity. It is a real woman of great attractiveness, but with her full share of human faults, who moves through its pages; and these faults are plainly shown, not merely hinted with apologetic tenderness as in many less courageous biographies. The records of her early life are scanty, but reveal very different surroundings from those of the great sinful city in which Mary Carpenter's girlish years were passed. The delicate child, youngest but one in a family of twelve, and the pet and darling of her elders, passed her early years in a small village on the Yorkshire moors. The daughters of the rector learnt to minister to the poor around their home, "carrying cans of soup and food to those who wanted it," and economising cleverly in their dress to save money for giving away; but very different were the poor among whom these graceful charities were dispensed from the dwellers in the black alleys and stifling lanes of a great city like Bristol. It was not the sight of thousands who were "perishing gloomily" that drove Dorothy Pattison forth to toil for their salvation; it was the restless energy of her nature, which could not find scope in the corner of the world where she was born, and

where she dwelt until her twenty-ninth year. The ailing child, whose frail health debarred her from receiving anything like regular instruction, developed into a tall, beautiful woman, gifted with the noble strength of an ancient Spartan dame, and possessing a clear, rich, and highly-trained voice, which well fitted her for the office of managing the village choir which it was her pleasure to undertake. A quick sense of humour, a spirit of boundless fun, added the finishing charm, and made her an almost perfect type of the English country girl of the higher classes. No one could have prophesied for her a life of killing labour in the midst of all moral and physical ugliness and disease. Yet this was the fate which she had shaped for herself. Her mother's fragile and suffering existence kept Dorothy Pattison bound to her quiet home in the rectory during several years, which were filled with vivid dreams of the world of which she knew nothing, and with restless longings for a wider sphere. The slender chain which held her snapped at last; the mother died, and her loving nurse found her chief occupation gone. The uneventful life of her own home became intolerable to her, and she wilfully broke from it. She assumed first the post of village schoolmistress at Little Woolston, a parish on the borders of Buckinghamshire. This office she held for three years, but was forced by a sharp attack of illness to abandon it. On her recovery she joined a charitable sisterhood, whose members styled themselves the "Good Samaritans," and whose mode of life had already strongly attracted her. Yet no one could be less fitted for a life of passive obedience and mechanical routine than the gifted, wilful woman who now flung herself into it in direct opposition to the will of her one surviving parent, and whose disobedience received a hard punishment when the new masters she had made for herself withheld her from hurrying to that parent's dying bed as her filial love would have prompted. This piece of true monastic cruelty caused the sharpest suffering to its victim. Though it is impossible to approve the manner of her entrance on a life of charitable effort, the motive which immediately drove her into it was unblamable. Doubts as to the very foundations of Christian belief had been instilled into her mind, and she felt that the only way to keep her hold on the Saviour whom she loved and worshipped was to follow His steps closely, and fill her days and nights with works of mercy.

The sharp remedy succeeded. The brilliant existence which might have filled a joyous home of her own with its radiance was consumed in lifelong wrestlings with "the ills that flesh is heir to" in a hospital at Walsall. But "no man took her crown." She overcame with fierce energy the temptation which now and again assailed her to exchange the reproach of Christ for the earthly bliss of strong mutual love, offered to her by one devoid of religious faith. Yet the "ordinary woman's lot of wedded joys" attracted her forcibly, and the mother-passion was as strong in her as in Mary Carpenter. There is something half tragic in the numerous passages like the following which we meet in the records of "Sister Dora's" life:

"It was wonderful how soon children ceased to clamour for their mothers, and how much at home they felt themselves, when they were placed in Sister Dora's loving arms. She would take a poor little dirty miserable thing, which had, perhaps, badly scalded itself, from its mother, saying, 'Now, go quickly, and don't let him see you again; he is sure to be happy with me—children always are—and come again to-night and you shall see him asleep.' She would soothe the child by carrying it about wrapped in a blanket on one arm, saying, 'Don't you cry, Sister's got you!' while with the other hand she dressed wounds and pursued her manifold duties. The child, meanwhile, attached itself to her happily. 'It goes to my heart,' she would say of the wailing cry of a child in pain, and she would instantly try to devise some method of diverting its thoughts from the inevitable suffering which she could not endure to witness. Children terribly burnt and scalded were constantly brought to the hospital. She always felt the charge of those who were seriously hurt to be a responsibility which it was not right to shift, even for a few hours, upon the shoulders of others. She was unable to sleep quietly if she thought they were in pain or crying vainly for their mothers. She therefore constantly took one, sometimes two children, into her own bed, and she has been known to sleep with a burnt baby on each arm. Those who have had experience of the sickening smell arising from burns will alone be able to appreciate the self-sacrifice which this must have involved."

When all her care could not save the little life, she could soothe away the terror of death by talking simply to a dying child of the good Lord who loved little children; and one poor infant, whose terrified heart she had calmed thus, pledged herself to meet the sister "at the gates of heaven with a bunch of flowers," an artless promise not forgotten when Sister Dora herself was passing with a

fainting heart through the Valley of the Shadow. Singularly unlike as Mary Carpenter and Dorothy Pattison were, differing in creed, in mental constitution, even in outward appearance, this universal motherliness, and the pure passion for doing good, lends the same tender colouring to their dissimilar histories. The Christ-like ardour which both displayed was a force strong enough to overcome the intellectual doubts of the one and to supplement the defective creed of the other, giving a harmonious completeness to two lives, which, without this principle of love, must have been comparatively useless, and always self-torturing, from the consciousness of unemployed powers.

In its nature Sister Dora's work was intensely personal, and it was made more so by her own will, for we are told she betrayed a "constant tendency to yield to an unworthy dislike of those who showed symptoms of ability" to fill her own commanding position; and the strong inborn love of power made her gather around herself inferior workers, from whom she could not dread competition. This little flaw in her rich, beautiful nature is one reason, though not at all the only one, why the long list of benevolent agencies, which still witness to Miss Carpenter's unwearied efforts, is replaced in Sister Dora's case by very little but the memory of a noble and vigorous personality, whose influence could hardly spread beyond the town in which she toiled. The peculiar nature of her work renders it difficult to describe her life, save in the anecdotic fashion adopted by her biographer. We are told with attractive homeliness of phrase how she saved a poor working man from suffering the amputation of his right arm, the bread-winner for himself and his humble family; how she fearlessly reprimanded the foul language which she deemed an insult to the Master she served, not only in the safe precincts of her hospital, but among half-drunken men on the railway; how she tore apart two furious combatants in the streets, sharply rebuking them for their brutal ferocity; and how she sought in the darkest dens of vice patients who could not be admitted into her hospital, passing unscathed as Una among the satyrs through the crowded haunts of the sinful and the desperate. An impression of dauntless courage, and of proud, passionate purity, is conveyed by every story; and yet there is the "touch of earth" so attractive to readers who have the full consciousness of their own imperfection.

The mere facts of her public career can be conveyed in a few words. She entered the Good Samaritan sisterhood in 1864, and after a rather severe apprenticeship to household work, was put in charge of a newly-established Accident Hospital at Walsall. Her technical training for this work was small, and her experience almost nothing; but her native ability and determination stood her in good stead. In two years' time the small, ill-ventilated hospital to which she had come had to be replaced by a larger and better-arranged building, towards which the Sister herself, being happily possessed of large personal means, contributed liberally; and here she remained supreme in authority until her death in 1878. Her connection with the Good Samaritan sisterhood was finally severed after enduring for eleven years, and thenceforth she worked independently of any such organisation. "I am a woman, and not a piece of furniture," was the only reply she vouchsafed to those who wished to know the reason of this severance. In 1875 an outbreak of small-pox occurred in Walsall, and leaving her own hospital in charge of well-trained assistants, she spent six months of solitary wrestling with that loathsome malady in the Epidemic Hospital, hastily opened to meet the emergency. No one else would face the danger and the heart-crushing loneliness of such a service; but the brave woman came forth from it safe and cheerful. It is a curious and characteristic touch that the only peril she really dreaded at this time was that of becoming disfigured by the disease, and so losing some of the influence secured to her by the remarkable personal beauty of which she was fully conscious. A peculiarly cruel malady, endured with Spartan fortitude, cut short her career of restless activity when it had lasted only fourteen years. To what extent the disease which destroyed her was caused by her unremitting exertions and her carelessness of her own health can hardly be ascertained. But when the existence of cancer, and its inevitably fatal results, became known to her, she refused to spare herself while any strength was left, and rather sought to hasten the end than to delay it.

The years thus briefly summarised were full of stirring incident. The Black Country, in which she laboured, grimy and unbeautiful as it is, has its own aspects of wild picturesqueness; and this is not less true in a moral than in a physical sense. The rude hearts of Sister Dora's poor

patients were very sensitive to the grace and charm of their beautiful, sympathising benefactress. It would be easy to quote many illustrations of this sensibility in beings whose lives were steeped in grime and ugliness and beset by daily peril; but none of these incidents present a more perfect picture of Christian charity on the one hand and touching gratitude for that strange new boon of God on the other, than the following passage offers:

"One night she was sent for by a poor man who was much attached to her, and who was dying of what she called 'black-pox,' a violent form of small-pox. She went at once, and found him almost in the last extremity. All his relations had fled, and a neighbour alone was with him, doing what she could for him. When Sister Dora found that only one small piece of candle was left in the house, she gave the woman some money, begging her to go and buy some means of light, while she stayed with the man. She sat on by his bed, but the woman never returned. . . And after some little time the dying man raised himself up in bed with a last effort, saying, 'Sister, kiss me before I die.' She took him, all covered as he was with the loathsome disease, into her arms, and kissed him, the candle going out almost as she did so, leaving them in total darkness. He implored her not to leave him while he lived, though he might have known she would not do that. It was then past midnight, and she sat on, for how long she knew not, until he died. Even then she waited, fancying as she could not see him that he might be still alive, till in the early dawn she groped her way to the door and went to find some neighbours."

It is not surprising that those of her patients who survived to recount her goodness to them should mention her name with singular reverence, as did a poor Irishman, one of two who survived the effect of a hideous accident at some neighbouring ironworks, and who owed their lives to her care. "Every time he said 'Sister Dora,' he stood up and reverently pulled his forelock, as if he had pronounced the name of a saint or angel which he was scarcely worthy to utter."

Her lively sense of humour and power of homely "delightful fun" availed her much, brightening for her patients many an hour that would otherwise have been darkened by pain and by thoughts of grinding care. "Make you laugh," said a big Irishman; "she'd make you laugh if you were dying." This power was more impressive in one whom the roughest at once recognised as

"a real lady," and who easily retained her native dignity alike when engaged in the humblest menial work and when bestowing on her patients humorous nicknames by which they were always known during their sojourn in the hospital, "that they might the sooner forget their former lives and associations, if these had been bad." It is something of a flaw in her otherwise admirable devotion to the suffering, that she was not always eager to give women the benefit of it; and here she presents a marked contrast to Mary Carpenter, so much of whose life was consecrated to the service of her less-favoured sisters. Miss Pattison worked willingly for men and joyfully for children; but the inferior intelligence of the lowly-placed members of her own sex irritated her and aroused her contempt. Yet these rough, almost unwomanised creatures learnt to appreciate at her full value the nurse who possessed nerves of steel, and yet was "as tender as a baby"—so one of them phrased it. The keen, quick, surgical instinct which she possessed, and in the strength of which she would sometimes successfully oppose the views of the regular medical attendant, was another invaluable gift in the hospital nurse, and she carefully cultivated it by watching every operation, and even taking her place among the medical students at *post-mortem* examinations. On these occasions she exacted and secured the utmost propriety of behaviour from a class not always reverent or pious, regarding such decorum as only due to her own womanhood, and to the more sacred presence of "Great Death." There was, however, an element in her life-work more beautiful and rare than all these noble traits; and this is finely shown in the words she addressed to a friend who was engaging a servant for the hospital: "Tell her this is not an ordinary house, or even hospital. I want her to understand that all who serve here, in whatever capacity, ought to have one rule, *love for God*, and then I need not say, love for their work. I wish we could use, and really mean, the word *Maison-Dieu*." Year after year the habit of prayer became stronger in her. "She never touched a wound without lifting her heart to the Giver of all virtue, and asking that healing might be conveyed by her means; she never set a fracture without a prayer that through her instrumentality the limb might unite." It was her firm belief that what she thus asked was granted to her; and with mournful amazement she noted how

indifferent others, professedly Christian, were to the mighty weapon of prayer. The wretched sinful lives of many who for the time were in her hands oppressed her heart with pity and dismay; and far into the night her confidential servant could sometimes hear her mistress's voice, pouring forth pleadings for the lost. Besides this constant personal intercession, she took care to introduce the religious element into the daily life of her hospital, reading prayers on the staircase, so that all the inmates could hear, every morning; introducing Sunday afternoon services, still spoken of by those who shared in them "with almost passionate gratitude and regret;" and though many hard and mocking sceptics were found among her patients, the beautiful spectacle of "Christianity in action," which her work and her fearlessly displayed faith set before them, availed to win their respect at least for the creed she held. It did more. "Many who came in scoffers went out convinced that Jesus was the Christ." But these constant ministerings did not satisfy her. Persuaded as she was that the Saviour "had specially called her to bring souls to Himself," she would frequently set forth on a crusade against irreligion, using all her varied powers of persuasion to induce those who habitually attended no place of worship to follow her to her own, and sometimes with marked success. When mission services were held in the town for the "perishing and dangerous classes," she induced the clergyman conducting them to follow her at midnight into the darkest dens of iniquity, full of inmates wakeful when others slept, and to gather these wretches into the mission room, where the ordinary evening services had long been concluded. She continued this work for many nights, and doubtless deemed herself well repaid by the rescue even of three or four hapless women, this being all the visible result of so much labour. The unseen fruit of her passionate efforts, which may have been much greater, rests only in the knowledge of God.

It was in the winter of 1876, when this mission was held, that Sister Dora became first aware that the extraordinary physical strength in which she had gloried was beginning to fail her. She had spent it without stint; not only in the homely toils of carrying heavy mattresses and loads of coals upstairs, refusing help, but in lifting and moving from place to place helpless patients of no little weight, and in removing unassisted the bodies of the dead

—a service terrible to some, but regarded by her, like all other ministerings to the lifeless clay, as a sacred privilege. "The pride of life," her biographer justly says, "was strong in her;" and perhaps it needed the sharp remedy which now came upon her. When convinced that a hopeless cancer was beginning to gnaw away her life, she determined to keep the terrible knowledge to herself, and, exacting a pledge of secrecy from her medical attendants, continued to work to the last limit of her power. There was something at once fierce and morbid in her determination to shroud in mystery the real nature of her complaint; but this may doubtless be traced in part to the peculiar character of a disease whose victims often seem to feel a deadly horror of their malady, leading them to practise a concealment which is sometimes a fatal mistake. It is easy to perceive that it was well for the stricken woman when the tortures she endured were too great to be hidden any longer, and she lay at last visibly prostrate, receiving from the new superintendent of her beloved hospital the same tender satisfying care she had herself given to thousands of maimed and diseased sufferers. She learnt the full lesson of humility which was pressed home on her through weary months of languishing.

"I did think," she wrote to one of her helpers, "we should have had some working days together in our new hospital. I was anything but 'forbearing,' dear; I was overbearing, and I am truly sorry for it now. Oh, my darling, let me speak to you from my death-bed, and say, Watch in all you do that you have a single aim—*God's* honour and glory. . . . As you touch each patient, think it is Christ Himself, and then virtue will come [out of the touch to yourself." "*Don't* talk of what I have done," she said almost with despair to an attendant, who tried to cheer a moment of gloom by reminding her of her past exertions, "I have never done half what I might; I am not nearly so good as you are." Touching confessions of a spirit that was too proudly honest for false humility, and which after the sharpest discipline of bodily anguish and heart sorrow could still show its peculiar strength and weakness at the very moment of death. "I have lived alone, let me die alone," she pleaded to her tender watchers; and so persistent was the strange plea that she got her will at last, and passed away in solitude, save for the realised presence of Him whom she seemed to behold

waiting to receive her at the wide opened gates of heaven. It is a beautiful memory which she has left behind of heroic devotion, one which may well inspire others to emulate her nobleness, in spite of the few startling faults of a singularly strong nature.

The joyous yet suffering life of Frances Havergal, youngest and gentlest in this group of noble and devoted women, offers many points of likeness and unlikeness to those we have already considered. Her days dawned as brightly as those of "Sister Dora;" the very earliest references to the darling youngest child of the music-loving rector of Astley are full of admiring fondness. The little creature is sketched for us on her fourth birthday, her bright hair crowned prophetically with a poet's wreath of bay; and every infant charm—fair complexion, sweet voice, sparkling smile—has affectionate remembrance. To the last moment of her life she was hung about with love not less devoted than that which watched proudly over her budding existence. This beloved and well-protected being was never to go forth to do solitary battle with the grim powers of evil. But the brightness of her outward circumstances did not impair the lustre of her spiritual beauty, which needed no contrasting darkness to make its light apparent; and her wrestling with the adversaries of human goodness and happiness was not less real because much of the struggle went on within the walls of a happy home. Her mode of working was less noticeable, less out of the beaten path of life, than that of the ladies whose noble toils have already engaged our attention; it may therefore be safely commended for imitation to many who lack the mental endowments which fitted Mary Carpenter for her successful struggle with the dark problems of the day, and who cannot boast of the keen medical instinct, the iron nerve, and the physical strength which enabled Sister Dora to maintain her long campaign against bodily disease and moral degradation.

Born and reared like Miss Pattison in an almost perfect English home, and acquiring unconsciously the elevating tastes and gracious manners which formed the very atmosphere of that favoured spot, Frances Havergal was never impelled to abandon her native sphere for a voluntary life of hard service among the dwellers in darkness and squalor. That she took no decided step of this sort was not owing to any want of sympathy with the lowly—a

quality in which she showed herself abundantly wealthy—but to the gentle womanliness and meek faith which characterised her, and which withheld her from any attempt to shape her own course in possible contravention of the will of Providence. The history of her happy and beautiful childhood has little to distinguish it from that of any other sensitive intelligent girl, the youngest beloved in a cultivated and religious family. The musical gift of her father, the Rev. W. H. Havergal, sufficiently well known as a skilled composer of sacred music, was the most important factor in the education of his daughter, who inherited from him unusual powers as a harmonist, and whose poetic productions show a mastery of rhythm and a lyric grace which make her impassioned hymns musical even to the eye, and give them a fitness for congregational use not always possessed by effusions of far higher pretensions. In this respect her verses differ from the many poems scattered through the life of Miss Carpenter. These are faultless in construction, and express thoughts both lofty and touching. Their author, who had the faculty of design in a high degree, had the not uncommon compensating defect of small musical sensibility; and it is perhaps due to the lack of this gift that her verses fail of the nameless charm, the "unheard melody" by which the simplest stanza from Frances Havergal's pen will often fasten itself on the memory, and continue to haunt it like a snatch of heavenly music.

It was not surprising that Frances, the child of many prayers, should very early evince strong religious susceptibilities. A sort of spiritual autobiography, written when she was twenty-three, reveals a constant struggle after good, beginning at a very tender age, and an intermittent but real longing after the blissful consciousness of sin forgiven through supreme trust in the Redeemer. This blessing once attained, though at the early age of fourteen, was not lost; and doubtless to this early consecration, appeasing the infinite longings of her spirit, was owing much of the radiant joyousness of Frances Havergal's religious life — a joyousness hardly eclipsed by even the heaviest bereavements. The first affliction of this sort which befell her was one too often irreparable. The mother who had transmitted to her child her own lovable disposition passed away when Frances was but eleven years old. Happily the lady who ere long filled this mother's place

was possessed of great sweetness and strength of character, enabling her to win and keep the love of her step-children to her life's end. With her father and her new mother Frances spent many months in Germany—a happy accident for the young girl—for the wider instruction she there received, enlarging the scope of her ideas, and opening new worlds of thought to her gaze, was evidently of great service to her mental development. She who as a schoolgirl had been made familiar with the productions of the greatest German writers could not easily slip in later years into insular narrowness and intolerance. The severer musical training through which she was put also helped much to develop her unsuspected powers of composition.

The beautiful and satisfying home-life to which she and her parents returned was interrupted by an absence of several years, during which Miss Havergal undertook the instruction of a married sister's children—a plan strongly approved by her father, because it removed the eager student from severe studies into which he himself had initiated her, but which evidently overtaxed her strength. When her office as instructress no longer claimed her, a new path of effort appeared to open. She had developed extraordinary powers as a singer, and an unmistakable gift in musical composition. Being again in Germany with her parents, she carried some of the songs she had written to Ferdinand Hiller, whom her German friends considered a high authority in music, and sought his opinion as to the value of her compositions. The verdict she obtained was that she had abundant talent to make "music a profitable investment of her life," if she saw fit to devote herself to it. Her lively and sparkling account of this critical interview is one of the most amusing passages in a book always cheerful though by no means humorous in tone; and a charming picture must have offered itself to the witness of the meeting, in Hiller's "double room full of musical litter," of the fair young Englishwoman and the great musician, whom she described as small in stature and quiet in manner, with "a handsome and peculiar Jewish physiognomy, and terribly clever-looking eyes."

The praise and encouragement which she received with childlike surprise and pleasure did not ultimately decide her on embarking in the career for which she seemed so well fitted, and devoting all her energies to the profession

of music. Her rare gift was, however, exercised frequently in the cause dearest to her. "Take my lips, and let me sing always, only, for my King," was no outburst of mere poetic fervour with her. In many a crowded drawing-room the sweet, highly-trained voice, never heard but in sacred strains, thrilled worldly hearts with the consciousness of "something holy lodging in that breast, and with those raptures moving vocal air to testify His hidden residence." The impression thus produced often led, as she said, to "useful conversations," in which she could more directly plead for the Master whom she loved. Her inherited gift for "seeing into harmonies" was also pressed into the same high service; and to her, as to her father, the Church is indebted for various valuable hymn-tunes, sweet, though perhaps not very original in melody, and always perfectly adapted to the words for which they were written. To prepare for publication, under the title of *Havergal's Psalmody*, the productions of her father, was an occupation which greatly soothed the daughter after his death. By the easiest transitions the highly-educated girl glided into authorship; long before the lamented death of her father she had been requested to write for *Good Words*, and a charming little note is preserved relating to the cheque she had received for her contributions; its large amount had surprised her, and she wished Mr. Havergal to make some consecrated use of it. The pen whose work had been so well recompensed was henceforth seldom idle, save when frail health imperatively forbade its use; and though it was with little thought of profit or distinction that she wrote, both these came to her, and made her field of influence wider. Some checks which she received, through the failure of the American publishers for whom she had undertaken to write, proved only temporary, and her activity and usefulness continued to increase while she lived. Her poems, as she said, seemed "given to her"—"one minute I have not an idea of writing anything, the next I *have* a poem, it is *mine*, I see it all," and the same spontaneous inspired character marked her numerous prose publications. These may probably have a shorter lease of life than the hymns already familiar to thousands of childish singers, which concentrate in few lines the intense devotion that was the moving impulse of her life. Inevitably in her prose writings there is more of diffuseness; but their mere titles—"My King," "Royal Com-

mandments," "Kept for the Master's Use," indicate sufficiently the presence in them of the same flame of love which glows in every line of the well-known hymn whose last verse resumes the meaning of the whole:

> "Take my love; my Lord, I pour
> At Thy feet its treasure-store;
> Take myself, and I will be
> Ever, only, all for Thee."

Though her most enduring work was done in her capacity of author, she was not active with the pen alone. In its own way her influence was as intensely personal as that of Sister Dora, and only a close study of her biography will enable us to measure the amount of good which a very attractive presence and a winning manner enabled her to effect. Her correspondence became yearly more extensive, and was in her hands a weapon as effective as her published writings; and we read of constant exertions, in Sunday-school and Bible classes, and in connection with various religious societies, to raise and instruct the neglected and degraded. Some eager imprudent exertions in connection with the Temperance cause had unhappily their share in hastening the too early death which put an end to her beautiful and beneficent existence.

The business-like exactness which was one great cause of her success as a Sunday-school teacher, has enabled her biographer to give some idea of the thoroughness of her work in this department. During fourteen years she kept a careful register of her scholars and of all particulars relating to the character and career of each; and in her occasional absence she kept her hold on her class by corresponding with its members. It would be difficult to overestimate the amount of zealous patient labour implied in these simple facts. Though always willing to work with voice and pen for such organisations as the Church Missionary, the Pastoral Aid, and the Bible Societies, she was not content to leave her own Christian work to be done by any mechanism however perfect. Like her Master, she touched with her own hands the poor and suffering, and often won thereby a present, beautiful reward; as when having bestowed on "one of her dear old women" some gift, going beyond her first intention and involving a "trifling self-denial," the aged saint "took it silently, paused, and then said with a simple, sweet solemnity 'Inasmuch!'"

"Ever since, I have revelled in that wonderful 'Inasmuch,'" Frances Havergal writes joyously; and many subsequent references to that single word of pious gratitude prove how valuable its suggestions had been to her. From her Swiss journeyings in search of health she would return with renewed eagerness to work for the poor around her. "I have four different Bible classes a week," she wrote when absent on a visit which had been designed to secure a little rest, "and as many cottagers as I can possibly visit are grateful for a reading." "A class of farmers' daughters" was soon added to these, and we read also of "crowded attendances in the servants' hall;" for the charity of this Christian lady, who despoiled herself of her jewels to aid the cause of foreign missions, nevertheless began emphatically *at home*. "There is a most earnest spirit of attention among the servants," she could soon say with satisfaction. Visits to infirmaries, where she read and prayed and sang—a comforting angel to many poor inmates—she deemed more "real work" than some of her ministerings among more highly-placed Christians; and she was no sooner established in the home of her last days in Wales, near the Mumbles, than she eagerly began to work for the cottagers around her new dwelling; visiting them in their own houses, winning them to attend in large numbers at the Bible classes she formed for their benefit, and appearing frequently, a welcome guest, in the village school, where with the gentlest tact and patience she tried to lead the little ones to Jesus. The "growing lads" of the village very soon enlisted Miss Havergal's pitying interest. She saw them, still young and unformed, surrounded by coarse but terribly attractive temptations, and in the hope of arming them against these she began a Temperance crusade among them, intending to carry it on until the name of every boy in the village should be enrolled in her pledge-book. At an out-door meeting which she had arranged with the lads on the sea-shore, Frances Havergal caught the fatal chill which was to her the "King's messenger" summoning her home. Yet on the day following this meeting she induced two more youths to "choose Christ for their Captain," and to give proof of their sincerity in that choice by making the act of renunciation which this gentle evangelist deemed almost essential to their safety. It was fitting that the last earthly service she was to render to her King should be on behalf

of those lowly ones whose rank He chose to share and thereby to rescue them from contempt. Even at the last it was given to her to preach the Gospel to His poor; but she had not waited for the last hour of her day to engage in this work. To labouring men met at the wayside, in public conveyances, on the hills of Switzerland, or in the sordid homes where the crowded toilers of England languish, she had constantly found means to speak of those high things which filled her heart, and sometimes received unsought comfort from their simple words in return. "Father, we know the reality of Jesus Christ" was a working man's utterance in prayer which left a deep impression on her heart; and who can tell what seeds of good her own eager converse and transparent sincerity of zeal may have scattered, during years of unwearied endeavour for the uplifting of the poor from their needless degradation?

The great landmarks of Frances Havergal's short, full life, are few—two heavy bereavements, and the changes of outward circumstances ensuing thereupon. The gifted father, who had delighted in the unusual powers of his lovely and loving child, was taken from her, and from all the delightful companionships of their home, very suddenly, at the Easter of 1870. This loss befell Frances Havergal in Leamington, where his frail health had induced her father to make the home of his last years. His widow and daughters continued to dwell there, until the death of the former broke up their little circle, when Frances, with her sister and biographer, Maria, moved for a time into Wales. There the younger sister died in 1879, having outlived her beloved second mother little more than a year. The unique charm of this life, so soon ended, was its spirit of unclouded joy. Through trial and disappointment, through sorrow and suffering, the fine clear flame of her soul burnt steadily. Something of this peculiar radiance was perhaps due to a temperament exquisitely alive to innocent enjoyment. Her delight in natural beauty, whether this appealed to eye or to ear, has prompted some of the most finished writing from her swift and sometimes too facile pen—witness some vividly-coloured descriptions of Swiss scenery, and of her peculiar "musical visions," contained in her letters home. But that her unshadowed joy had a deeper source can be doubted by none who have read her own history of that great transaction—her full and free surrender of herself to the Saviour

for whom thenceforth she lived. By this quality of blissfulness her life furnishes a marked contrast to those on which we have already dwelt. In them we have contemplated fully-developed vigorous womanhood, commanding intellect, and powers of work simply astonishing. Their days filled with congenial employment would seem to preclude the thought of sadness; yet a shadow hangs over each, and the longest and busiest life is precisely that most clouded by heart-loneliness and depression. From this kind of suffering all the love lavished by Mary Carpenter on hundreds who regarded her with affectionate reverence could not protect her, nor could all the triumph which crowned her lifelong endeavours. The almost boyish mirth and glee which sparkle through so many pages of Sister Dora's memoirs are not allowed to blind us to the fact that hers was a life of hard struggle against intellectual doubt, against outward temptation, and against her own peculiar failings—in which last conflict she was not always the victor. But the frail invalid, many of whose days were spent in wanderings in quest of health, and who was therefore often debarred from the cheering influences of hard bodily work, seemed to dwell in cloudless sunshine, in despite of bereavement and pain. Rather does the bright track of her passage across the waves of this troublesome world grow yet brighter, until it is lost in eternal sunshine. A life that has attained this perfection is not to be deplored as too short, although it may seem to have ended at its very noontide.

> "It is not growing like a tree
> In bulk, does make man better be.
> Nor standing long an oak, a hundred year,
> To fall at last a log, dry, bald, and sear.
> A lily of a day
> Is fairer far in May,
> Although it fall and die that night.
> It was the plant and flower of light!
> In small proportion we just beauties see,
> And in short measure man may perfect be."

It is not unworthy of notice that each of the three beautiful lives which we have now been considering, has awakened in its surviving witnesses the wish to perpetuate its memory, not merely by sculptured stone and eloquent inscription, but also by some institution that should carry

on and perfect the work of the departed philanthropist. Very touching is the desire entertained by the workmen of Walsall to erect a statue in honour of "Sister Dora," and the simple reason assigned for that wish by a railway servant of that place is worthy of sympathy and respect: "I want her to be there, so that when strangers come to the place and see her standing up, they shall ask us, 'Who's that?' and then we shall say, '*Who's that?* Why, that's *our* Sister Dora.'" But more in harmony with the spirit of the dead Sister is the tribute offered to her memory by the opening of a "Convalescent Home" for the patients who might be obliged to quit her beloved hospital, while yet needing rest and care. Over such cases her heart had often ached with fruitless pity; and this institution, with the new hospital—whose beautifully wrought ornamental key awoke once more the dying woman's childlike delight in "pretty things"—will be a more fitting memorial of her life's work than could be presented by the most perfect effigy of her earthly shape with all its noble beauty.

Visitors to Bristol Cathedral may now see in its north transept a medallion portrait representing the benign features of Mary Carpenter, surmounting a true and touching epitaph, from the pen of Dr. Martineau, which recounts in few words the achievements of a long and useful life. But the closing lines are those which the happy spirit, however filled with the great humility of Heaven, might regard with just satisfaction: for these lines inform us that many who honoured Mary Carpenter in life "have instituted in her name some homes for the houseless young," desiring in this manner to "extend her work of piety and love." These two Homes, one for Working Boys and one for Working Women and Girls, may long survive to bear the name of her in memory of whom they were raised, and to carry on yet further her influence who "led the way to a national system of moral rescue and preventive discipline" for "the uncared-for children of the streets."

The lifelong zeal of Frances Ridley Havergal is finding an appropriate monument in a "Missionary Memorial Fund" called by her name. This fund had already reached the sum of £1,900 in February, 1880—an amount large in itself, and noticeable as representing the offerings of twelve thousand contributors, many of whom had evidently given "of their want" in the large-hearted fashion of the memorable nameless "poor widow" of old Jerusalem. These

gifts were often accompanied by most touching letters, bearing witness to the happy influence of Miss Havergal's writings. In time those fervent writings, so powerful for good in our day, will in their turn pass into partial or total oblivion; and the very names of Frances Ridley Havergal and her fellow-workers, however carefully associated with the institutions founded in their memory, may awaken a slight passing interest only in some future student of the social and religious phenomena of the nineteenth century. But the beneficent power wielded by these noble women during their day of toil is nevertheless an imperishable thing. Let their name and memory perish utterly, yet the impulses of good that first sprang from their souls will continue to thrill in thousands of hearts when their own have long been dissolved in dust. "Our echoes roll from soul to soul, and live for ever and for ever," and good deeds are as deathless in their might as deeds of wickedness, although the first may be silent as the light of heaven, and the last loud and earth-shaking as the sea in its fury.

ART. IV.—1. *The Physiology of Mind.* By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1876.

2. *Body and Mind.* By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. London. Macmillan and Co. 1873.

3. *The Pathology of Mind.* By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1879.

4. *Responsibility in Mental Disease.* By HENRY MAUDSLEY, M.D. London: Macmillan and Co.

5. *The Relations of Mind and Brain.* By HENRY CALDERWOOD, LL.D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1879.

IN his suggestive lectures on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," Mr. Bosworth Smith speaks of the "hopes aroused" in the mind of the reader, by some portions of Max Müller's work on the science of language. Hints dropped, here and there, lead the student to believe that the Professor has a "secret to divulge to those who have gone through an adequate process of initiation." But to our disappointment, we find that the explanation of "phonetic types" is only a roundabout way of saying what, no doubt, is true, "that language is instinctive, and that we know nothing whatever of its origin." In the same way, readers of Dr. Maudsley's "fascinating books" may confess to a feeling of expectation, hardly justified by anything in the works. They find vehement denunciations of older writers, scathing exposures, or what is intended for such, of their incompetency, of the unscientific character of their methods, and the barrenness of their results; they find new combinations of letters, and new, sometimes marvellous, collocations of words; they are taught that mind as well as body has its physiology, that mental phenomena must be regarded as products of organisation, and studied, not *per se*, but in connection with brain and nervous system; that if only psychologists would give up their old introspective methods, metaphysicians and theologians their belief in a spiritual entity called mind, and qualify themselves for this study by due discipline in

anatomy, physiology, and chemistry, then indeed might they expect the science of mind to flourish like other sciences.

Unbiassed, so far as we are aware, by any special love for introspective methods, and entertaining great respect for men who, by special studies, have qualified themselves to teach others, we have given our minds to Maudsley's works. In them, using the words of another, we may say there is much that is true, much also that is new, but, in our opinion, his true things are not new things, and his new things are hardly true things. We cannot pretend to have prepared ourselves for this task by sacred rites in the temple of experimental physiology, and therefore we have no claim to speak with the authority of an expert. Fortunately for the world, the specialist must submit his results to the tests of logic, experience, and fact; and, with all his horror of introspection and the testimony of consciousness, even Maudsley has to admit that all "sequences known to us are only states of consciousness."* Results gained by physiological research have yet to be submitted to the test of reason, and the humblest student of mind, though unable to verify by physiological experiment, has a perfect right to test the validity of reasoning. To this task we now set ourselves.

Maudsley's works are all written in the interests of the "new method" of mental study. According to him, the interrogation of consciousness, and the careful study of what are called the contents of mind, can never lead to truth in this sphere. Just as a man can hardly expect to breathe normally if, at the same time, he insists on counting how often he breathes per minute, so this introspective method is, he thinks, open to the fatal objection that observer and observed are identical. No doubt, these are the conditions under which many observations must be made, but this is no new discovery. Students of mind have always recognised this difficulty, and, according to their light, have allowed for the "personal equation." If we follow Maudsley, however, we must discard this method as obsolete (that is, *at times*, for he is far from consistent in his practice), and begin all mental studies with that which is not mind. With this "new master" it is no longer mind *and* brain, but mind *or* brain; mental organi-

* *Physiology of Mind*, p. 63.

sation *or* the organisation of brain ministering to mental function; or perchance we read of the substance beneath all mental phenomena which *only the physiologist can reach* and explain to us! If we follow this guide when "the fit is on him," to use the words of Professor Croom Robertson,* we must start with the lowest forms of animal life, with the simplest manifestations of nervous function, and work our way up to man the philosopher and system-builder. We must believe that, in some way, these studies in comparative anatomy and physiology shall fit us for interpreting the highest *functions of the nervous system* (?) as these appear in the mental products of our time. Some simple-minded person may say this new method is the old materialism in a new dress. Dr. Maudsley will violently protest against such a view of the case. He and his compeers are not materialists. They, for their parts, accept neither materialism nor spiritualism; they protest against all theories (except their own, which are exceeding diverse) on such subjects, and they are opposed to all attempts to limit freedom of inquiry. So are we; but if names are still to be the signs of ideas, we must protest against this "*tertium quid*," which is neither matter nor spirit, but which can use at will the attributes or properties of either. Maudsley wages deadly war with the theological "entity" called the soul. According to him, all past confusion has arisen from this conception of a distinct and definite substance or entity in man called soul or mind: there is no such being.

Here Maudsley and his brethren must excuse us if we tell them that even they must make their choice. Do they, or do they not, affirm the identity of mind and brain? Do they, or do they not, allow that mind is other than the function of material organisation? Does Maudsley, or does he not, say that mind in man is part of the "over-soul" of the universe, some faint manifestation of that Power behind all phenomena? Or will he affirm that each separate unit of being has in him somewhat or something which constitutes him a person—a thinking, willing, responsible agent—and which differentiates him on the one hand from all merely organised matter, and on the other from an unknown Power assumed to be in the

* See critical notice of *Physiology of Mind*, by Professor Robertson in *Mind*, for April, 1877.

universe? In the interests of science we desire clear, definite, and simple answers to such questions: in the writings of Maudsley such answers are not found. Quoting Spinoza, he sneers at those who take refuge in that asylum of ignorance, the will of God! With all due deference, we must assert that Maudsley, and all his school, take refuge too much in the asylum of ignorance; they too often treat us to an argument of this sort: "We are, in point of fact, unable to explain fully the smallest bit of matter—say this lump of chalk; is it not absurd to expect us to explain fully what mind is?" Very absurd, we grant; only no less absurd when, after a long disquisition on *man's ignorance of matter*, we are asked to accept the astounding proposition that mind is simply a function of organisation. This is reasoning from ignorance to knowledge. Tennyson sings:

> "Flower in the crannied wall,
> I pluck you out of the crannies;
> Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
> Little flower; but if I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is."

And we get some meaning out of his "higher Pantheism;" but were he to reason from this ignorance that God and man are identical, surely he would deserve censure! This seems to us precisely the argument of Maudsley and others.

Older thinkers had not the physiological opportunities and results of their successors; they worked with such tools as they had, and of much of their work we have no need to be ashamed. Using introspective methods, and supplementing these with such observations on the "mind-stuff" outside them as they could make, they came to the conclusion that neither mind nor matter in their ultimate nature were known to, or knowable by, man; that mind and brain, or more generally, body and soul, were somehow closely related, yet radically different one from the other. As to the nature of the relation, they confessed their ignorance. The fact they knew; the rationale of the fact they believed to be not only beyond *their* knowledge, but probably beyond *all* human knowledge.

What more can Maudsley tell us? He may, and probably does, and in this consists the chief value of his work, know more of the conditions regulating the co-working of

mind and brain; he knows more of the profound influence of morbid physical states and processes upon mental activity; but as to the real nature of mind, and the kind of relation it has with brain and nervous system, he is about as ignorant, in spite of his apparent knowledge, as the thinkers whose methods he despises.

As to the nature of mind, he evidently thinks the views of Reid and Hamilton go but a little way on the path of true knowledge. With Reid, mind is that in man which "thinks, remembers, reasons, wills," &c.; with Hamilton, mind can be known only "from its manifestations. What it is in itself, that is, apart from its manifestations, we know nothing, and accordingly what we mean by mind is simply that which perceives, thinks, feels, wills, desires," &c.* In other words, Reid and Hamilton define in the same way. Mill regards mind as an ultimate fact of which we can give no explanation: he tries to conceive of it as a "series of feelings," but he is obliged to complete this statement by "calling it a series of feelings aware of itself as past and future; and (thus) we are reduced to the alternative of believing that the mind, or *ego*, is something different from any series of feelings or possibilities of them, or of accepting the paradox that something which, *ex hypothesi*, is but a series of feelings can be aware of itself as a series."† In other words, Mill cannot conceive of the mind, or *ego*, as impersonal, without ascribing to it attributes which imply and express personality. Hence he prefers to call it an ultimate fact of which no further explanation can be given. Be it so; only do not so express this as to make your ultimate fact a bundle of contradictions.

Now what more can Dr. Maudsley tell us? "Mind," says he, "may be defined physiologically as a general term denoting the sum total of those *functions of the brain* which we know as thought, feeling, and will;" or, more distinctly, mind is "nothing more than a general term denoting the sense of those *functions of the brain* which are accompanied by consciousness, and which are commonly described as thought, feeling, and will."‡ But this begs the whole question. In so far as he describes mind, Maudsley only echoes the words of Reid and Hamilton; in so far as he attempts to define it, he assumes the very

* *Lectures in Metaphysics*, Vol. I. p. 157.
† Mill's *Examination of Hamilton's Philosophy*.
‡ *Responsibility in Mental Disease*, p. 15. *Physiology of Mind*, p. 126.

thing to be proved. *Mind* may be this or that to physiology, but has physiology anything to do with mind, *per se?* Is mind really a function of the brain?

According to Huxley, "there is every reason to believe that consciousness is a function of nervous matter when that nervous matter has attained a certain degree of organisation." Again, "thought is as much a function of matter as motion is."* With Bain the "arguments for the two substances (*i.e.* matter and mind) have lost their validity; they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking. The one substance with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental—*a double-faced unity*—would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case."†

All thinkers, then, have to deal with certain phenomena, called thought, feeling, and volition, or thinking, feeling, and willing; all agree that these are the chief phenomena called mental. Here, however, they part company. The older psychologists spoke of these as the qualities or attributes of a substance which they termed mind, soul, or *ego;* our new teachers admit the facts, define much in the same way, but refuse to admit any substance behind the phenomena. And yet they do not boldly and consistently say that thought is a function or property of matter. Having said something like this, they start back, or they tell us to change our ideas of matter. Maudsley says: "We know not, and perhaps never shall know, what mind is." Yet he appears to say that it is one of the properties of organised matter! There is neither science nor consistency in such opinions and theories. Hamilton reminds us that we "materialise mind when we attribute to it the relations of matter. . . . Admitting the spontaneity of mind, all we know of the relation of soul and body is that the former is connected with the latter in a way of *which we are wholly ignorant.* The sum of our knowledge of the connection of mind and body is, therefore, this, that the mental modifications are dependent on certain corporeal conditions, but of the nature of these conditions we know nothing."‡ And, after all his denunciation of the introspective method, except in his deeper knowledge of the bodily states that affect "mental modi-

* *Contemporary Review*, November, 1871.
† *Mind and Body*, p. 196. *Scientific Series*, Vol. IV.
‡ See *Lectures, &c.*, above cited.

fications," Maudsley and his school are not a step further than Hamilton. Ferrier, than whom there is no higher authority in this country, says: "We may succeed in determining the exact nature of the molecular changes which occur in the brain, when a sensation is experienced; but this will not bring us one whit nearer the explanation of that which constitutes the sensation. The one is objective and the other is subjective, and neither can be explained in terms of the other."*

Tyndall assures us that the "passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness *is unthinkable.*" Huxley agrees with his learned brother in this; he "knows nothing whatever and *never hopes to know anything* of the steps by which the passage from the molecular movement to states of consciousness is effected."

Thus when we interrogate these psychologists closely enough, when we press them to tell all they know, they frankly confess their ignorance. They denounce introspection, they ridicule metaphysics, they laugh theology out of court; but when they compose primers of science for children, they have to class mental phenomena under the heading of "immaterial objects," to tell us that emotions are "devoid of all the characters of material bodies," and that the "study of mental phenomena is the province of the science of Psychology!"† This "double-faced somewhat," then, will not explain the whole of the phenomena; we must not only enlarge, but entirely change, our definition of matter, before we find in it the explanation of what we call mind.

Men like the late Professor Clifford, seeing in current theories of mental phenomena this decided "break of continuity," insisted on making consciousness a concomitant of all nervous organisation. In a lower degree, no doubt, but there it is, if only you had senses keen enough to detect its presence. We are familiar with this trick of the new school. Like some conjuror, they pretend to tell us "how it is done." When confronted with a genuine case of difference between this and that, they reply: "We admit the existence of the difference, under present conditions, but we point you back to a long series of changes, insensible gradations; trace out these, and at last you *may* come to

* Ferrier's *Functions of the Brain, &c.*

† See Professor Huxley's *Introductory Science Primer*, Part III. "Immaterial Objects."

identity." We can only answer, the difference is not *quantitative* but *qualitative*, not one of degree but of kind; and no amount of imaginary gradations (the scientific "asylum of ignorance") can hide this essential difference from our eyes. Matter we know in part, and mind we know in part; our knowledge of the latter is fuller and more direct than our knowledge of the former; and we cannot bring ourselves to believe that subject and object are identical, or that properties so opposite, and whose relations are unthinkable, can belong to the same substance.

Tyndall tells us to change our definition of matter, and then see in it the promise and potency we seek! By the use of the "scientific imagination," we are to see the Goethes, Shakespeares, and Newtons, potential in the fires of the sun! So Maudsley bids us test the wonderful properties of matter, before we call to our aid any supposed spiritual principle or entity.* This is no doubt very grand, and may pass for science among gaping crowds anxious to learn the latest secret from our modern magicians: it is not science, if by that is meant accurate, orderly, reasoned knowledge; and nothing is gained by the use of such rhetorical devices. The physical part of poets and philosophers may be potential in the fires of the sun, but hitherto these men of genius have been valued for their "immaterial" part; blazing fires, whether in earth, air, or sky, have never been considered "immaterial" by sober science. And just as the sun's fires are impotent to create poets, so we believe material organisation is unable to explain life and thought. Life and thought *before* organisation, must surely be held to be the verdict of science. The microscope in modern days has done much for science, but according to the teaching of one of its ablest experts, it bears ample testimony to the actual presence *in material organisation* of more than is accounted for by matter and its laws.

"I suppose," says Dr. Beale, "that there is operating upon every particle of every kind of living matter a forming, guiding, directing power or agency. . . . No physical explanation will enable us to account for the phenomena of growth, nutrition, multiplication, formation, conversion, or other vital phenomena. . . . There is not a *shadow of fact to justify* the dogma that mind

* Preface to first edition of *Body and Mind*.

is a form of force. A theory of vitality (non-material, psychical) will alone enable us to account for the facts demonstrated in connection with the life of all living things. Although an immaterial agency cannot be demonstrated to the senses, the evidences of the working of such a power are so distinct and clear to the reason, that the *mind which remains unfettered by the trammels of dogmatic physics* (theologians are not the only people biassed by theories, it would appear!), and is free to exercise judgment, will not deny its existence."*

If then matter and its known properties are not able to account for the changes constantly taking place in material organisms, it is, beyond question, absurd to expect us to find in these any explanation of the phenomena of mind. Mind as much transcends organisation as organisation transcends mere inorganic matter, and it is this mind that has to be accounted for, whether in nature or in man. "Hope, fear, love, imagination, reason, are absolutely unthinkable as forms of material substance, however exquisitely refined and exalted. There is no conceivable community of being between a sentiment and an atom, a gas and an aspiration, an idea of truth in the soul and any mass of matter in space."† Maudsley makes merry over the theological fashion of referring events to the "will of God," that asylum of theological ignorance. We humbly submit that it is both philosophical and scientific to give to what we regard as the Supreme Cause some place in this Kosmos in which we find ourselves. Maudsley would have us adopt, at least by way of theory, the notion that "all the operations which are considered mental and to belong to psychology may be performed as pure functions of the nervous system, without consciousness giving evidence of them or having any part in them; and then observe how far this theory will throw light upon the phenomena of the mental life. Reasoning would go on as before, only there would be no inner sense of it. What *appears to the outer senses as physical law* appears to the inner sense of consciousness as logical necessity: they are two aspects of the same fact: were consciousness suspended or abolished, the fact and the function would remain, though the logical cognition was lost!"‡ Of

* *Life Theories and Religious Thought.* By Lionel S. Beale, M.B., F.R.S.

† Alger's *Doctrine of a Future Life*, p. 742.

‡ *Physiology of Mind*, p. 245.

course, we may imagine anything we please, and form any conception however grotesque; but if we are to retain our sanity, it will be difficult to imagine the highest forms of intellectual life, without that consciousness by which alone they have ever been known to us. In truth, this were to imagine the existent and non-existent to be the same, which is absurd. As well embalm the dead body of some one who has been dear to us as life, gaze upon its features every day, and *imagine* there was no change. The one form of imagination is grotesque, the other horrible, but both appear to conform equally well to the conditions of sober thought. Even imagination has its laws, and must work, if normal, according to conditions imposed by the facts of life.

But Maudsley confounds things essentially different when he speaks of outer senses as seeing physical laws or any other kind of laws. Law is a mental concept, a creation of that mind which he will not allow us to call a substance or entity. That which to one is a mere bundle of sensations, to another a series of feelings, which, however, *knows itself* as a series, and which exists as a unity, to a third a mere general term for what we call thought, feeling, or volition,* must yet supply this mighty conception of law. Maudsley's physical laws, Darwin's "survival of the fittest," "natural selection," and the like, are all objective ideas, yet they have a subjective origin. Whatever may be said of Berkeley's material world, *these* have no existence outside the perceiving, yea, the *creating mind*. They are the product not of interacting molecules, but of the somewhat which defies all analysis, and sits supreme behind all nerves, sensations, and motions, using, Maudsley *et hoc genus omne* notwithstanding, these as its agents.

In order still further to understand the nescience of this new science, let us consider some of its professed explanations of mental faculty and function.

Over and over again, Maudsley tells us that design, what we term design, is a mere "property of organic matter." Referring to the difficulty some have in believing purposive acts to be merely reflex and unconscious, he says: "They seem to have an insuperable difficulty in

* Dr. Noah Porter, in Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy*, Vol. II. p. 433 (transl.), speaks of that "physiological organisation which Herbert Spencer is accustomed to call himself."

realising that adaptive reaction is a radical property of living organic matter, and that conscious design is itself but a manifestation of this property in the highest nerve centres. . . . The idea of design is really a conception we form from repeated experiences of the law of the matter—a law fulfilling itself without effect, necessarily, fatally, blindly—and to which we transfer our experience of an event or end willed by us."* Here we seem to have confusion and fallacy about Law and Cause. Are these entities? Do they fulfil themselves? How do we reach the concept of law at all? Both ideas—law and design—are mental creations. Man does find in nature facts that warrant, and indeed necessitate, this "objective idea" design—"the organised concert of many (forces or acts) to a single common purpose." . . . "Living beings do exist in a mighty chain from the moss to the man; but that chain, *far from founding, is founded in the idea*, and is not the result of any mere natural growth of this into that. That chain is itself the most brilliant stamp, the sign-manual of design."† Maudsley identifies design with life, makes life with all its functions a property of matter under certain conditions, denies the existence of any final cause or causes in nature, calls the will of God an asylum of ignorance, and then wonders that he, and his co-workers, should be called materialists! We can only wonder at such wonder! Unless his theories are, as Faust has it, "Words, words, words," we fail to see any logical outcome to them but the dreariest materialism.

He tells us that if we could "penetrate the intimate constructions, and disclose the secret springs, of organic mechanism, we should without doubt perceive the result to be as clearly physical as are the successive motions of the piston and wheels of a steam-engine." Get at the "conception of an organic machine which has through past ages of function been now definitely organised to respond by physical necessity to special sensory stimuli, and it will appear that consciousness, whether it exists or not, is not required for its operations—is, if it occurs, an incident rather than of the essence of the functions."‡ If all these reasonings are applied, as applied they must be, to man,

* *Physiology of Mind*, pp. 146, 147, &c.

† *As Regards Protoplasm*. By J. H. Stirling, LL.D., author of "The Secret of Hegel," &c.

‡ *Physiology of Mind*, p. 230, &c.

then Maudsley need not protest against being regarded as a materialist. Until we have abolished all distinction between physical and spiritual, made the extended and non-extended alike, we shall never grant these demands of his. However far we penetrate into the recesses of nature, we can find only matter and force;* but there is a somewhat much better known to us than matter, and that is what we term mind. Its functions and properties can never be expressed in terms of matter.

"*Reflection*," says this philosopher, "is then, in reality, the reflex actions of the cells in their relation to the cerebral ganglia; *attention* is the arrest of the transformation of energy for a moment, the maintenance of a particular tension." *Ideas* "are insensible motions of nerve molecules of the nature of vibrations, or, as Hartley called them, vibriatuncles." "*Emotions*, good or bad, are physical phenomena which have their roots in the organic life." *Belief* "is the self-conscious aspect of an excito-motor process in the cerebral convolutions." "Volitional action is, if I may use such an ungainly compound term, a complex afferent-cerebro-efferent process."†

On these specimens of the new philosophy we have only two comments to make. In the first place, no one denies that there may be a physical movement or nerve change connected with every thought, feeling, and volition. All admit that the mind acts through brain, and that there is some real relation between them. The problem for science is, what is that relation; and Maudsley plainly is unable to answer this question. In the second place, in these and other portions of his works, he begs the whole question. When he speaks of the *self-conscious aspect* of an excito-motor process, we want to know about the *self-conscious element*. Nerves we know, and motor processes we can conceive. Molecules, atoms, matter, and motion we try to understand, but this *self-conscious element* is what we want to understand. Maudsley brings it in by the way, as if it were an incident. The whole point of the discussion lies there, and we must insist on this being recognised.

Maudsley and his school have done much for physical,

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* Mere sense-experience can only deal with matter and its properties; what about the "we" who penetrate?

† *Physiology of Mind.*

biological, and physiological science; the world owes them much, and is not ungrateful; but they are "darkening counsel," in their contributions to the science of mind, by words which have little genuine meaning. Clifford, adopting the more rational theory, would associate a kind of *unconscious* consciousness with every form of nervous organisation; Tyndall reminds us that the passage between physics and thought is unthinkable; Spencer, Bain, and Ferrier tell us that we are dealing with a substance that has two sides, and there we must leave the problem. In fine, they can give us no light, and the most they have done is to commend to us a new nomenclature which, at times, seems as if cunningly devised to hide ignorance, while appearing to convey knowledge.

Let them study the correlation of the various forces in nature; let them get at the conditions, physical and semi-physical, of clear thinking and healthy moral life; but so long as they are compelled to confess that the "chemistry of thought" is unknown to them, so long they must allow us to study mind in itself, its manifestations in life and history, in the languages and institutions, the arts, sciences, and literatures of the world, and, highest of all, in the moral and religious life of the individual and the race. Mind, and not the play of molecular forces, created all these; mind, and not mere organisation, gives meaning to these; mind alone can interpret, yea, is itself the only interpretation of all these.

If Maudsley cannot explain by his physiology the intellectual and emotional life of man, we need hardly expect from him a science of man's moral nature, not to speak of that faculty in him by which he holds communion with the Divine Being.

Passing over the explanation of reverence or devotion suggested by Sir Charles Bell, "as the involuntary act of oblique muscles," an explanation not satisfactory to Darwin, and certainly explaining nothing; passing over the suggestion that "art" has a similar muscular origin, we come to his philosophy of the origin of the moral sense, or conscience. Here, so far as our reading goes, we feel disposed to give to Dr. Maudsley the merit of decided *originality*. In his essay on "Conscience and Organisation," he hints very modestly, that, "if man were deprived of the instinct of propagation, and of all that mentally springs from it, most of the poetry, and perhaps all the

moral feeling, would be cut out of his life."* It was then a sound and scientific instinct, and not a heartless disregard of all human and Divine law, that made Goethe "fall in love," and use the object of his fugitive attachment to point a moral and inspire some poetic lay.† We are familiar with the fact that the age of puberty is one peculiarly trying to the moral life of youth. Dr. Maudsley says much that is wise on this and kindred matters, but when he purposes to find the "root of the moral sense in the instinct of propagation," and when with solemn gravity he assures us that this "form of self-indulgence, though apparently one of the most selfish, is really highly altruistic," the aim of the "instinct being not to benefit the individual, but to inveigle him through self-gratification to continue his kind,"‡ we begin to see what sort of a guide in morals the physiologist of mind is likely to be. Carlyle is reported to have said of Darwinism, that it has not proved that man came from, but has gone far towards "bringing the present generation of Englishmen near to, monkeys." "All things," says the Sage of Chelsea, "from frog-spawn; the gospel of dirt the order of the day." Such language is justified when men seriously purpose to find the root of all that is highest in humanity—"that moral law within" which, with the starry heavens overhead, so filled Kant with awe and wonder—in a function common to brutes and men. This were indeed to *materialise* his moral nature, and to express and explain in terms of matter the higher functions of spirit. Lecky well says, the "sensual part of our nature is always the lower part;"§ and although the higher may rest upon, and be connected with, it cannot be explained by, the lower. Until physicality and spirituality be deemed identical, until mind and matter are believed to differ only *in degree* and not *in kind*, men will not accept this theory of the origin of the moral sense. A function common to man and beast can never account for that in man which differentiates him from the brute, and which is itself the best proof that a "beast's heart" was not given to him at the first.

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* See *Body and Mind.*

† See Mr. Hutton's Essays on "Goethe and his Influence." *Essays*, Vol. I.

‡ *Physiology of Mind*, p. 398.

§ *History of European Morals*, Vol. I.

Much the same criticism must be made on Maudsley's remarks on the so-called "freedom of the will," a doctrine which is in his view but an "effete superstition, the offshoot of ignorance, mischievously drawing men's minds away from the beneficial recognition of the universal reign of law, and of the solemn responsibilities under the stern necessity of universal causation."* At the close of this article we cannot be expected to enter upon a discussion of this kind. But if a stronger man than Maudsley has to conclude that "this battle will ever remain a drawn one,"† it surely becomes physiologists to deal with the problem in ways less high-handed and more rational. When Maudsley shows us how there can be a sense of responsibility, solemn or otherwise, under universal physical causation, how a man can properly be held guilty of what was as much determined for him as was his stature or the colour of his skin; how man could have done the work in life he has done under the bondage of physical necessity; it will then be for the advocates of freedom to meet his arguments. "*Solvitur ambulando*" may well be our argument here; we have only to refer to many wise and suggestive remarks on the prevention of insanity scattered through the works of Dr. Maudsley, to show that when he deals with a practical and partially moral problem, he too is bound to speak as if he admitted man's freedom. Perhaps the best answer we can make to Dr. Maudsley's sneers at freedom, will be two citations from his own writings—an appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober:

"It would not, perhaps, be too absolute a statement to make, that one of two things must happen to an individual in this world, if he is to live successfully in it: either he must be yielding and sagacious enough to conform to circumstances, or he must be strong enough, a person of that extraordinary genius, to make circumstances conform to him. If he cannot do either, or cannot manage by good sense or good fortune to make a successful compromise between them, he will either go mad, or commit suicide, or become criminal, or drift a helpless charge upon the charity of others."

Does the law of universal physical causation make a benevolent exception in favour of men of genius? And if certain men can control circumstances, is this a miracle or

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* *Physiology of Mind*, "On Volition."
† Huxley.

a proof of moral freedom? It must be one or other of these. Better still is the following:

"A great purpose earnestly pursued through life, a purpose to the achievement of which the energies of the individual have been definitely bent, and which has, therefore, involved much renunciation and discipline of self, has perhaps been a saving labour to the one; while the absence of such a life-aim, whether great in itself, or great to the individual in the self-discipline which its pursuit entailed, may have left the other without a sufficiently powerful motive to self-government, and so have opened the door to the perturbed streams of thought and feeling which make for madness." *

The power to form a great purpose, to bend all the energies of the nature to its achievement, to deny himself for its sake, to discipline all his powers, to regulate, control, and direct the whole of life by this moral purpose, is what we mean by man's *moral freedom*. A being who can do all this possesses, within due limits, the capacity of *rational self-government*.

The results at which we have thus arrived, by simply testing the validity and self-consistency of Maudsley's reasonings and assertions, are fully corroborated by Professor Calderwood, in his work on *Mind and Brain;* a work which well deserves the patient study of all who would really understand this subject. Professor Calderwood brings to his task not only philosophic ability, culture, and experience, but also considerable physiological knowledge. He has, for himself, and under conditions possible only to one living within the precincts of an University, and surrounded by men able and willing to help him, studied the anatomy and physiology of the brain and nervous system, has carefully and scientifically weighed the arguments of men like Maudsley and Ferrier, has thought out the whole problem, in order to find what view of mental life is justified by the evidence, and his decision is in favour of the views we have been trying to give.

That mental phenomena are connected with the nervous system is beyond dispute, "but that these phenomena are the product of brain activity there is no scientific evidence to show." Anatomical and physiological investigations afford "no explanation of our most ordinary intellectual

* *Pathology of Mind*, p. 104. *Responsibility in Mental Disease*, p. 269.

exercises." Bain's theory of "one substance with two sets of properties," and every similar theory, science compels us to reject. It is "beyond dispute, that the action and reaction of the nerve-tissue mainly concerned with the primary demands of sensation and motion, can afford no explanation of the speculative thought which occupies such a conspicuous place in literature." Speaking of three departments of intellectual activity — the interpretation of sense-impressions, the government of personal life under rational law, and that other department in which thought seeks an explanation of the universe as a whole, in which "thought rises from the order existing in the universe to the government of an invisible, but infinite and absolute God, of whose nature the laws of our moral nature are the best index, and under whose rule the prospect of a future state of being may be reasonably cherished"—Dr. Calderwood says: "This vast range of intellectual activity must either be brought within the compass of the recognised functions of brain, or it must be acknowledged as beyond dispute that there belongs to man a nature of higher and nobler type, which we designate mind. The most advanced results of physiological science afford us no philosophy of these facts, whereas the results of psychological inquiry imply the possession of a nature higher than the physical." "I do not," says the Professor, "press the question as to the nature of mind beyond ascertaining its functions. That nature is clearly enough indicated when its functions are shown to be essentially different from those of brain, and altogether higher in kind. Mind cannot be explained under the conditions applicable to matter. The immateriality of the rational nature is clearly implied in the forms of activity which are peculiar to it."* Dr. Calderwood's verdict is, we believe, the only verdict of science truly so called, and must commend itself to all who are not prejudiced by the dogmas of certain great physicists.

Dr. Maudsley's *theology* is somewhat curious. In his vehement denunciations of introspectionists, and his sneers at theologians, he appears as a specialist warning all others off his "paddock." As a theologian, he can only be regarded as a "free lance;" and it is surely competent

* *The Relation of Mind and Brain.* See chaps. xiv. and xv. See also a recent production from the same pen, *Science and Religion*, where we have in more popular form the Professor's conclusions.

for us to call his *authority* in question. But our modern scientists, while ridiculing the scientific incompetency of their contemporaries themselves, intermeddle with all knowledge.

As a theologian, Dr. Maudsley is not very consistent, nor does he appear specially qualified to deal with such high themes. Old Testament history is explained by him in a way that would startle even a Kuenen, not to say an Ewald; the origin of the great religions, and of religious teachers, must be sought in regions where people had little to do, and where through the bounty of nature there was much time for indolent speculation; "supersensible intuition," to this great thinker, is like "supersensible pregnancy:" on one page we are told that heaven and hell if inventions are remarkably good ones, on another that the entire "basis of the doctrine of eternal punishment is fiendish vengeance." His exposition of moral feeling and moral law among the Jews in Bible times is specially "scientific," and man's belief in immortality, like his moral sense, he traces down to his "instinct of propagation." "The revelations of modern science are foolishness to those who have been trained to accept supernatural revelations, and who have remained content with their training." Indeed! was this true of Faraday, or Clerk-Maxwell? Is it true of Thomson, Tait, Stewart, Stokes, and other great scientists of our time? Such statements might be expected in so-called "Halls of Science," from secular lecturers who know little of science, but from grave and learned men like Maudsley they deserve the strongest reprobation. When we regard the Universe from the standpoint of the law of continuity, say the authors of the *Unseen Universe*, both brilliant men of science, "we are led to a scientific conception of it, which is, we have seen, strikingly analogous to the system presented to us in the Christian religion." Again, the result of "questioning science in this manner, and of abandoning ourselves without mistrust or hesitation to the guidance of legitimate principles, is that science so developed, *instead of appearing antagonistic to the claims of Christianity, is in reality its most efficient supporter.*"* This being so, we may dismiss, as

* See closing portions of the *Unseen Universe*, by Professors Stewart and Tait; also *Paradoxical Philosophy*, which bears marks of Tait's pen. See also an admirable and searching review of the philosophy of modern science by the late Professor Herbert, *Modern Realism Examined*.

utterly irrelevant, the unworthy sneers of Dr. Maudsley: we may even appeal to him as against himself. He is far from consistent in any of his doctrines: when "the fit is off him" he not only defends introspection, but appears to support theology, advises us to read often the "Ten Commandments," and considers his views of life quite consistent with New Testament doctrine. Were any luckless theologian to deal with physiology as Maudsley has dealt, in his works, with theology, we can well imagine the contempt he would meet with; our men of science think they are competent to give counsel on all matters, from the creation of a world to the cutting off of a diseased finger.

We have left ourselves no space for any praise of portions of Dr. Maudsley's writings, yet in his many works there is much that is of permanent and very high value. His deep insight into many of the physical conditions associated with mental action, his wide experience of insanity, his extensive knowledge of the thoughts of men, his high culture in many directions, and his enthusiasm for science, all combine to make him a pleasant companion, and, in some departments, a reliable guide. Whatever things are honest and true in his writings are highly esteemed by us. We have no prejudice against his method within certain limits. There is a physiology of mind—perhaps a place for the purely physiological inquirer and a genuine work he can do for science; but "mental life can never be understood either in its essence or its fulness, unless it be studied directly, alike as it discloses itself to subjective introspection, and as it is manifested more broadly in social relations and in the records of history."*

The greatest of all the difficulties for men like Maudsley we have hardly touched. If their science cannot account for the commonest portions of our sense experience and intellectual life; if they cannot read the secret history of the origin and meaning of man's moral life, how can they deal with that still *higher part* of man? Dr. Fairbairn's brilliant articles on Spencer's *Philosophy*† have, we hope, opened the eyes of many to the uncritical and unhistorical methods of this whole school in its dealing with the religious aspirations and life of man. And with good

* See Professor Croom Robertson, in *Mind*, for January, 1878.
† See *Contemporary Review* for July and August, 1881.

reason may any one apply to Dr. Maudsley the severe but just and, in our opinion, well-deserved strictures of Dr. Fairbairn:

"I deplore such dealing with it (*i.e.*, the religious history of mankind) as we owe to Mr. Spencer. . . . He never seems touched with the sense of what religion has been to man, what man has found in religion—all is narrow, pragmatic, drily doctrinaire. There is no quick glance into that common heart which has through all the ages so hungered after the spiritual and eternal, no sense of the infinite want religion has at once symbolised and satisfied. It is handled only as a series of transfigured dreams, of glorified superstitions, of silly and senile—because savage—imaginations. Of the great religious personalities of the race there is no knowledge, into their meaning and mission no flash of insight, with their achievements and aims no mere transient sympathy. Certain of them belong to the foremost men of the world. . . . But Mr. Spencer has no word of recognition for the men—they are not friendly to his evolution, and his revenge is to ignore their existence. The system that does not know what our supreme religious personalities signify to religion, does not know what religion signifies to man, and so, while it may represent a passing phase of speculation, when a philosophy of nature has for the moment attempted to become a philosophy of man, yet it can never belong to the systems that stand among the eternal possessions of the spirit." *

Dr. Maudsley and men like him can readily go into raptures over the wonderful mechanical movements seen in decapitated frogs; they can speak with enthusiasm of the germs of a moral sense in some of the lower creatures; but with some of the deepest thoughts and most spiritual experiences of the noblest creatures, they appear to have no sympathy. Moreover, something still higher than the religions of mankind must be accounted for. As has been well said, they have to account not only for the life of man, but for the life of the "Son of Man." No play of molecular forces and no cerebral convolutions can account for human life. "Till we accept the faiths which our faculties postulate, we cannot know even the sensible world; and when we accept them, we shall know much more."† Much less will the interaction of forces known to science, as professed by Maudsley, account for that "Wonderful Life" which is yet a part of the record of

* *Contemporary Review*, August, 1881. † Martineau.

history, and though truly and properly Divine, no less really human.

In truth, as we have had occasion to show, the theory of Maudsley, consistently carried out, is blank materialism; from this he starts back, and, when pressed, tells us to change our ideas of matter. When we do so, then his matter becomes what others have understood by mind. And a "materialism which starts from a matter which is virtually mental or spiritual ceases to be materialism in anything but the name. This is a view of the world which spiritualises matter rather than materialises mind; for in the whole realm of being down to the lowest existence in outward nature, it leaves nothing absolutely foreign and heterogeneous to thought, nothing which, either actually or virtually, thought cannot claim as its own."* Hence when we trace back to its secret recesses this view of life, we see that it neither allows the existence of spiritual substance, of which thought, volition, and feeling are the attributes, nor does it affirm consistently the power of matter to account for all the phenomena of mind. "It is," to use the words of Mr. Alger, "logically clear, then, despite the fallacious influences of habit to the contrary, that no progress of the physical sciences, no conceivable amount of generalisation as to the composition and decomposition of material bodies, can throw *any new light or darkness* on the nature and destiny of the immaterial soul. The incessant flux of phenomena constructing and destroying apparent things, though studied till the observing eye sees nothing but mirage anywhere, has nothing to do with the steady persistence of spiritual identity. To force it to discredit our claim to a Divine descent and an endless inheritance is a glaring sophism. The question must be snatched back from the assumption of the retort and the crucible, the observational and numerical methods of the physical realm, and relegated to the legitimate tests of the moral and metaphysical realm."† This is true, but not the whole truth. The question must be taken beyond the moral and metaphysical realms to the records of Divine Revelation—to that one, only, yet all-sufficient Light which shines from heaven, and which illumines all life, past, present, and future. The scientist may try to work out a rational hope of immortality from the region of scientific

* Caird's *Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*, p. 117.
† Alger's *Critical Doctrine of a Future Life*, p. 742.

truth, the moral philosopher dealing with a higher realm of being may tell us what man may from his own nature rationally expect. These are "sublime probabilities;" and "yet something more is necessary if religion is to lend her sanction to morality. If the future life is to sway and rule the present life, if a man is to sacrifice the pleasures of time to the joys of eternity, if he is to resist the fascinations of sense and the strong grasp of covetousness, if he is to master the swelling of passion, and turn a deaf ear to the voice which bids him take his ease, eat, drink, and be merry, then he needs something more than a wavering hope to be the anchor of his soul. Then he needs a voice that he can recognise as that of God to confirm his doubts and fears. Then he needs the word and the promise and the example of One who, rising Himself in human flesh from the grave, has brought life and immortality to light."* On this "Divine Word" as on the "securer vessel" for which a Socrates longed, no one need fear to face the unknown future.

* Perowne's *Hulsean Lectures*, p. 49.

ART. V.—1. *Colonel Gordon in Central Africa*, 1874—79. With a Portrait, and Map of the Country Prepared under Colonel Gordon's Supervision. From Original Letters and Documents. Edited by GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL, D.C.L., Author of "The Life of Sir Rowland Hill, K.C.B.," "Dr. Johnson, his Friends and his Critics," &c. London: Thos. De la Rue and Co. 1881.

2. *To the Central African Lakes and Back: the Narrative of the Royal Geographical Society's East Central African Expedition*, 1878—1880. By JOSEPH THOMSON, F.R.G.S., in Command of the Expedition. With a Short Biographical Notice of the late Mr. Keith Johnston. Portraits, and a Map. In Two Volumes. London: Sampson Low and Co. 1881.

3. *How I Crossed Africa*. By MAJOR SERPA PINTO. Translated from the Author's MS. by ALFRED ELWES. In Two Volumes. London: Sampson Low and Co.

AFRICAN travel-books are not generally interesting. Most of them of late have been too much like feeble imitations of Livingstone, or Stanley, or Sir S. Baker. Those whose titles are prefixed to this paper are an exception. They are all well worth reading; one of them, indeed, is a work *sui generis*, wholly different from any other book on the subject.

Colonel Gordon was no explorer; he did not care even to go on to the Lakes when he was within easy reach of them. His task was organisation; to bring into order the tribes of the Egyptian equatorial provinces, and to do all that man could do towards putting down the slave traffic. The reader need scarcely be reminded that he had done good work elsewhere. He was in the Crimea; and, as an artillery officer, had helped the Commissioners in settling the European and Asiatic boundaries between Turkey and Russia. Then, in China, he was appointed, on the death of Ward and the proved worthlessness of Burgevine, to command the force which the native merchants kept up to protect Shanghai against the Taepings. The Chinese wished

an English leader (Ward and the others were Americans), and General Staveley and Sir Fred. Bruce gave them Gordon. Under him "the ever-victorious army" rescued China from the Taepings, who had already occupied several provinces in the south; and so impressed was the Emperor with the value of his services, that he not only made him a high-class mandarin, but also gave him the rank of Ti-Tu, the highest in the army, entitling him to wear a yellow riding-jacket and a peacock's feather.

In 1871 he was sent as England's representative on the European Commission of the Danube; and, next year, meeting Nubar Pasha at Constantinople, he was asked, "Do you know any one to take Sir S. Baker's place?" After many months' deliberation, Colonel Gordon said he would accept the post; and, being told to fix his terms, he named £2,000 a year. The remote province which he had undertaken to govern had been nominally under the Governor of the Soudan; but the want was felt of a real governor who could control the slave-dealers, in whose hands practically the district had been. The Khedive's instructions were very clear. Slavery was to be put down: the armed bands who had been in the service of the slavers were to be allowed to enlist under Colonel Gordon, but were to be punished by martial law if they attempted their old course of life. A line of posts was to be established all through the country, bringing the whole into direct communication with Khartoum. Wars between tribes were to be prevented, but care was to be taken lest prisoners captured in such wars should be slaughtered for want of a market. All this was promising enough on paper, despite the drawback of a grassy barrier in the Upper Nile reaches, which delayed Sir S. Baker from February, 1870, till April, 1871, in getting from Khartoum to Gondokoro. But the reality was wholly different. As early as February, 1874, Gordon writes that the expedition is "a sham to catch the attention of the English people," Nubar being chief impostor. He thought the Khedive was quite (or nearly) innocent; but when he found big men at Cairo abetting the traffic which he was punishing little men for carrying on, he felt "like a Gordon who has been humbugged." Still he held on manfully, battling against a climate under which most of his Arabs sickened, undergoing hardships and fatigue (above all from very long camel-rides) such as have fallen to the lot of few even among African travellers, supported by his indo-

mitable energy, and by the feeling that he was appointed by God to do a much-needed work. The work was indeed needed. For miles on the river Saubat "not a soul was to be seen—all driven off by the slavers. You could scarcely conceive such a waste or desert." Sir S. Baker's testimony (we remember) was the same. The country which in 1864 was a perfect garden, thickly peopled, producing all that man could desire, was in 1872 changed to a wilderness—wholly depopulated by razzias for slaves *made by the governors of Fashoda.** One of the slave-dealers, Sebehr, had become so powerful, that in 1869 he defeated an Egyptian force, and proceeded to conquer Darfour, in which conquest the Khedive thought it safer to act with him than go against him. Darfour, where there had been a line of sultans for over 400 years, and where the chiefs wore armour, and used long two-handed swords, was subdued and treated with shameful cruelty.

A good part of Colonel Gordon's book is taken up with the account of his dealings with Sebehr's son (the father had been enticed to Cairo, and was not allowed to leave it). His gang, however—trained from their youth—still remained, and at last revolted under the son. The father then offered to mediate and to pay Nubar £25,000 a year, which of course he would have made by slave-dealing. Gordon indignantly refused to have him; but to his disgust, he, the real fomenter of the rebellion, was made much of at Cairo; indeed, we are told—"H. H. never punishes the men I send down. They appear at his balls with the greatest coolness." Such double-dealing in high places was compensated for by the frequent rescue of large caravans of slaves, whom the dealers were driving down Egyptwards in such a cruel way that half would probably have perished on the road. After a capture, the difficulty always was what to do with the slaves. Impossible to send them back to their tribes, which had probably been dispersed and the land utterly wasted. Very often Gordon left them to fraternise with the tribe near which they were captured; sometimes he sent them down with the Gallabats (petty slave-dealers), who would take the open roads, and save them the misery of being driven along by-ways. He felt that Europe would cry out at this: "But what am I to do (he asks)?

* See *Ismailia*, Vol. I. p. 111.

I can't feed them. It is the slaves who suffer, and not Europe; and I must do the right, no matter what ill-informed Europe may say." Often he wishes for some one (Captain Burton, he says, is the only man who could do it), to find out what each slave wishes, and to act accordingly. The traffic must indeed be cruelly depopulating, as well as productive of a vast amount of wretchedness. Entries like these are common: "I went to see the poor creatures: they are mostly children and women; such skeletons, most of them. No female child, however young, passes unscathed by these scoundrels. The only thing I can do to these dealers is to flog and strip them, and send them like Adams into the desert. . . . The number of skulls along the road is appalling; I have ordered them to be piled in a heap, as a memento to the natives of what the slave-dealers have done to their people."

For the Egyptians and Arabs Gordon constantly expresses the utmost contempt. They have no patriotism, no spring of action of any kind: he much prefers the Chinese, and thinks the blacks far their superiors; the black soldiers being the only troops worth anything in the Egyptian service. Indeed, he looks on the disruption of the Soudan from Cairo as only a question of time, unless France and England establish at Khartoum a branch of the Mixed Tribunals.

Among governors who connived at the slave-trade and officers who took bribes to fail in their attacks on the men they were sent against, Gordon had one thoroughly honest fellow-worker, Gessi Pasha, Romulus Gessi, an Italian, whom he compares to Sir F. Drake. This man was interpreter to our forces in the Crimea; and, from first to last, was an able and thoroughly trustworthy lieutenant. The final defeat of Sebehr's son Suleiman and the dispersion of his forces was Gessi's work; and happily the ruffian himself, with ten other slave-dealing chiefs, was captured and shot.

Now, however, Sebehr's influence at Cairo began to make itself felt; Gessi, who had staid on to complete Gordon's work, wrote, in February last, that he found his position intolerable, owing to the machinations of Raouf Pasha, governor-general of Soudan, and the end of all is, that "slave-dealers are coming up on all sides like grasshoppers," and that all Gessi's work, whereby Bahr Gazelle had been turned into a garden, happy under good govern-

ment, is undone, and the former misery has begun again. This Raouf, Gordon calls "a regular tyrant, whom I am going to turn out again." He was caught appropriating some £2,000 worth of coffee, which he was sending for sale to Aden, meaning to buy merchandise and retail it at exorbitant prices to the soldiers. Yet this man was chosen by the present Khedive as Gordon's successor!

No wonder even such an iron will as Gordon's should have felt the hopelessness of the struggle; and that, at last, his health began seriously to give way. He took the opportunity of the new Khedive Tewfik's appointment to resign, undertaking first a mission to Abyssinia to try to arrange disputes between that country and Egypt. He was unsuccessful, and suffered much hardship.

His subsequent career will be remembered by most readers. Accepting only last year the post of private secretary to Lord Ripon, he resigned it almost as soon as he had landed in India. He thus explains his conduct: "I saw at once that in my irresponsible position I could not hope to do anything really to the purpose in the face of the vested interests, and with views diametrically opposed to those of the official classes. . . . The brusqueness of my leaving was inevitable; to stay would have put me in possession of secrets of state which, considering my decision eventually to leave, I ought not to know." Happily his leaving Lord Ripon was the occasion of his going direct to China, and, in concert with his old friend the statesman, Li Hung Chang, strenuously and successfully endeavouring to dissuade the Chinese Court from its meditated war with Russia, thereby "rendering the world a priceless service."

Such, up to the present time, is the career of a remarkable man, whose character Dr. Hill's book sets before us in an unusually clear way. We called it a book *sui generis*. There is no attempt at continuous narrative: extracts from some three or four hundred letters follow one another in order of time; and the reader has, by the help of the map, to construct the history for himself. This gives wonderful freshness to the work, for it means Gordon's account (to his mother and other near friends) of his inmost feelings on every occasion. His religious views come out on almost every page; and, as Dr. Hill says, though his thoughts may not be altogether our thoughts, no one can help taking the deepest interest in this testi-

mony to the supporting power of faith. Here is a man who is not ashamed to confess that, in the midst of perils and hardships and watchings, and the cares of a great government, he lives not by bread alone, but by God's Word speaking to his soul. We recognise in him the Christian soldier as well as the man of iron will and unconquerable energy. Here are a few quotations, though we warn the reader that such must seem strange when cut off from their context:

"Why will you keep caring for what the world says? Try to be no longer a slave to it. You can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it. All this caring for what people will say is from pride. Hoist your flag and abide by it. In an infinitely short space all secret things will be divulged. Therefore, if you are misjudged, why trouble to put yourself right? You have no idea what a deal of trouble it saves you. . . . Roll your burden on Him, and He will make straight your mistakes. He will set you right with those with whom you have set yourself wrong. . . . Just as Thou wilt; but I rely on Thy unchanging guidance during the trial."

And, again:

"You have no idea how *inshallah* (God willing) grows on one here. Things so generally go crooked, according to our frail judgment, that I defy a man to express himself as in Europe, 'I shall do this and that.' Here he would never say it without the preface; if he did, the hearer would say it for him."

Again:

"The men and officers like my justice, candour, my outbursts of temper, and see that I am not a tyrant. They watch me closely, and I am glad they do so, for my desire is that all should be as happy as it rests with me to make them. I have a mission here; *yet I do nothing of all this, the Carpenter directs it.* . . . The *I's* of the world are nought; and yet all of us claim honour from our fellow men. . . . I dare say some of my letters have been boastful, but I know that my looking-glass, conscience, has remonstrated whenever I have so written. Some of my letters are written by one nature, others by the other nature, and so it will be to the end. It makes one terribly inconsistent, this conflict."

And, again, the oft-repeated trust in an overruling Providence which was his constant support: "Everything that happens to-day, good or evil, is settled and fixed, and it is no use fretting over it. The quiet peaceful life of our

Lord was solely due to His submission to God's will. There will be times when a strain may come on one, but it is only for a time; and, as the strain, so will your strength be." And this, when the sight of a slave caravan makes him cry out: "It was melancholy work, and I felt angry with God for not stopping it. But He will find a way out of the trouble."

Here is a beautiful passage illustrative of his inmost faith:

"We are all approaching at different intervals our great existence—God. He has explained Himself to us as the Truth, Love, Wisdom, and All-might. We, in the abstract, accept these attributes, but do not believe them heartily; on account of apparent contradictions we are, as it were, blind; and by degrees He opens our eyes, and enables us by dint of sore trouble to know Him little by little. It matters not in the long run whether we sincerely accept what He states. He is what He says to each of us, and we shall know it eventually. According to His pleasure, so He reveals Himself in different degrees to different people. To know Him is the ultimate point of His vast design in the creation of this world and of all worlds. Man at his birth beholds a veil before him which shrouds the Godhead. If his lot is to be born in Christian lands, he has the attributes of the Godhead explained to him by the Word, both written and incarnated; but though he may know by his intellect the truth of the Word, things are so contradictory in this life, that the mystery still remains. By suffering and trials the veil is rent from his mind, and he accepts sincerely, to the degree the veil is rent, what he has before accepted by his intellect. . . . To the black man the same shrouded Being presents Himself; and we do not know how He reveals Himself; and perhaps the black man could not say himself; but it is the same Godhead, and has the same attributes, whether known or unknown. There is in us a principle, a seed of God; and that seed should, in union with God, watch the conflict of the flesh and the spirit in peace, for the result is certain. Every time the flesh is foiled by the spirit, so often is a rent made in the veil, and we know more of God. Every time the reverse takes place, so often does the veil fall again. Whenever the inevitable event—death—occurs, then the veil is rent altogether, and no mystery remains. I think the veil is thickened by the doctrines of men, and that to rend it is more difficult when these doctrines have been accepted and found inefficient. Had you not been imbued with these doctrines of men—had God not willed it so in His wisdom—you would not have had such sufferings to know the truth as you have had."

The whole passage is most striking, and the way in

which the thought passes on to "the *I's* of the world are nought," is very characteristic.

Strangely contrasting with these solemn passages are bits of humour, more or less grim. Thus when he is holding solemn conclave in the palace at Khartoum he takes advantage of their ignorance of English to say to the sheikhs: "Now, old birds, it's time for you to go," and they are delighted. And describing the rapidity of movement by which he kept do-nothing deputies in order, he writes: "It is fearful to see the governor-general, arrayed in gold clothes, flying along like a madman, with only a guide, as if he was pursued. The Mudir had not time to gather himself together before the enemy was on him. The Gordons and the camels are of the same race; let them take an idea into their heads, and nothing will take it out." "These men certainly sleep three-quarters of their time, and thus a man of sixty is really only fifteen years of age." Here again, when he is nursing Linant Bey: "The intense comfort of no fear, no uneasiness about being ill, it's more than half the cause of good health. No comfort is equal to that which he has who has God for his stay, . . . yet I can hardly realise that I am rid of all my encumbrances. Imagine your brother let in, after all he said, for paddling about a swamped tent without boots, attending to a sick man at night, with more than a chance of the tent coming down bodily." Such a character deserves careful study; and the analysis of such a mind is of far higher interest than the record of how the slave-dealers were circumvented, and after what combination of thought and act results like this could be recorded: "Marched from Dara to Fascher, having driven out all the slave-dealers of Kario." The wonder is how such letters could have been published during the writer's lifetime. Dr. Hill simply tells us that they were put into his hands for publication, and that Colonel Gordon (whom he did not know) refused to see or write to him before the book was published, declining even to correct the proofs. We have, then, his thoughts as they arose at the time, not as after consideration might have led him to modify them. Everywhere we find evidence of that common sense which he claims for himself. Speaking of a band of slaves whom he had given back to the dealer after making him take off their chains, he says: "He will look well after them, looking on them as valuable cows. If I released them, who would care for

them or feed them? Don Quixote would have liberated them, and made an attempt to send them back some forty days' march, through hostile tribes, to their homes—which they would never have reached." Here, again, is a hint on which our Indian Government might well act in assigning official posts and in sending out troops: "No man under forty ought to be out here. Young fellows never will stand the wear and tear and malaria of these countries. . . . They know so little of their livers, &c. Look at Baker's expedition; he lost but few, but then he took oldish men." True, he is speaking mainly of non-Europeans, of whom the Arabs "can't stand wet and damp, or the dulness of their lives, though I prefer it infinitely to going out to dinner in England, and have kept my health exceedingly well." But, then, he adds: "If the climate would suit, it would do M. a mint of good, this quiet monotonous life. *For young men it is deadening;* but if you have passed the meridian and can estimate life at its proper value, viz., as a probation, then the quiet is enjoyable."

His grand sorrow was that, though he saw men like Ismail Pasha Sadyk, who had strongly opposed his appointment, suddenly and irretrievably disgraced, he felt the work was past his or any human power to complete. "I don't like to be beaten, which I am if I retire; and by retiring I don't remedy anything." With the source corrupt, the stream must always be polluted. The Khedive wrote to him quite harshly to stop the slave-trade, European protests being just then, no doubt, unpleasantly pertinacious; and he replied: "His Highness would not think me justified in hanging the little men whom I catch, while his big Mudirs help it on." And then he felt the Khedive must have found out he had appointed the wrong sort of man: "he wanted a quiet, easy-going, salary-drawing man; but he is free to rid himself of me whenever he likes, and I should not fret to give it up. It is no use my giving my life for a service which is unwelcome to my employer; and I sometimes feel that, *through my influence with the blacks, I am seducing them into a position where they will be a prey to my Arab successor.* They would never do for an Arab what they do for me, . . . why delude Mtesa also?" This fear has too soon been justified by the appointment of that Raouf Pasha whose previous career had been marked with such rapacity and injustice.

Of Mtesa, just named, there are some humorous traits. Religion with this chief appears to have been ostentatiously a mere matter of policy. Sometimes he would be a Christian and call for explanations of passages in the Revelation; and then, when Mussulman influence seemed in the ascendant, he would proclaim himself a Mohammedan.

Altogether the work is a rare treat for the student of human nature, and contains withal abundant lessons for those who are called on to deal with Orientals. In this governor of equatorial Egypt singleness of purpose, ready and energetic self-help, iron will, and unwavering conscientiousness, went along with tact and good sense and a rare power of adapting means to ends. Hating "the Cairo swells, whose corns he trod on in all manner of ways," he did all that man could do in a work that was too vast for any one man, and in doing which he had the steady covert opposition of those in high places, and only the half-hearted support of his employer.

His remarks on Europeans in the service of Orientals, and how they are bound to sink their nationality for the time, and to maintain their master's position against all attacks, are well worth reading. From first to last the book is a treat which seldom falls to the lot of the general reader.

So much for the African organiser. The other works, records of exploration, may be much more summarily dismissed. Major Serpa Pinto is interesting as being a foreigner, whose views on the various African questions have the charm of novelty. His astronomical observations, too, are an unusual and valuable feature in the work. Of the Portuguese colonies, whence he starts, he gives an amusing account. The utter neglect into which some of them have fallen, he describes as humorously as he does the anxiety of the Governor of Benguela to get from Stanley, to whom he had just given a breakfast, a certificate that the place was wholly free from slavery. The Major and Mr. Thomson agree in being endowed with that happy, cheerful disposition which is such a treasure to its possessor amid the gloom and depression wherewith African travel is beset. In most points they differ widely. Mr. Thomson, Professor Geikie's pupil, is at least as great in geology as Major Pinto is in astronomy, and his chapter on this subject is one of the most valuable parts of his book. Then, again, Major Pinto's difficulties with his porters were serious, especially at the outset; for the Royal

Geographical Society's party the way was smoothed by the good offices of Dr. Kirk, to whom, as the educator of Seyed Bargash, Mr. Thomson attributes so large a share in the improvement that is going on in Central Africa. Above all, while the Major was ready on all occasions to appeal to arms, and describes, *con amore*, his successful skirmishes, Mr. Thomson can make the proud boast that during his whole career he never fired a shot in anger. This is even more creditable than the fact that from first to last he never lost a man by illness or desertion, with the lamentable exception of the original leader, the promising son of a rightly famous father, of whom a brief memoir by Mr. Bates is prefixed to the work. Johnston rests in the Forest of Behobeho, with the glowing description of whose tropical beauties the chapter recording his death begins. Deprived of his chief, Mr. Thomson determined to push on, despite his youth and inexperience; and he did his work so well that his contributions both to science, botanical and other, and to geography, exceed those of many older travellers. He always chose new routes where there was a possibility of doing so; and among other gaps filled up by him is that previously existing between the Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika.

Sometimes he had trouble with his porters; once he saw one of them with some beads which were suspiciously like those he was carrying for barter. He told the well-known Chuma, who on most occasions was very helpful; and he foolishly spread a report that the porters were accused of stealing. A dreadful disturbance followed. The men brought up their bales, claimed to have them examined, and vowed they would at once go back to the coast. Thomson explained that he had accused no one; and then, with the utmost tact, he appealed to them: "Remember, I am but a boy, wholly inexperienced, liable to mistakes. You should be fathers to me, and should gently and quietly put me right, instead of rushing wildly off, beating drums, &c." This told so well, that they at once became enthusiastic in his favour, and began a dance of universal goodwill. Another time, instead of inflicting corporal punishment for misconduct, he fined them all round; but instead of paying they all made off, and left him with Chuma and the headmen and the baggage. After consultation he thought it wiser to give in, and to send word after them that in future he would strap instead of fining. This he

often did with a will; indeed, on one occasion, when there was some trouble about starting, he says:

"Seeing the position of affairs, I unbuckled my belt, and without a word of warning I let fall such a whack on the bare skin of one of the sleepers as made him jump up with a yell. Fairly at it, I felt like a slaver, and sprang from one to the other, dealing right and left without the least compunction. The slightest hesitation, down came the belt without further parley. No man dared consult with his neighbour; and before they had well recovered their wits, they were marching out of the village."

In contrast with this, but showing the same fearlessness and instinct of command, is his mode of dealing with tribes who threatened to attack them, believing they were Arabs. On one occasion, when argument had failed, he bared his arm and cried: "Are Arabs of this colour?" The *coup* was irresistible; "I felt quite flattered at the shout of admiration which greeted my white skin." Another time, when only four against twenty, he stepped to the front, took off his hat, looked steadily at the hostile leader, and said they were friends. "He stood with fierce and passionate face, in advance of his men, with his bow drawn to the utmost! A slip, and a poisoned arrow would have been launched at me from within ten feet. At last the chief's face relaxed." Always, when marching where Arab kidnappers had passed, he had to be at the head of his men: "Had I been behind, or out of sight, we should have been attacked without parley." His appearance amused the natives, and gave opportunity for talking. His immunity from attack he attributes to his habit of walking about alone and without arms. He was supposed to carry a great "medicine" with him, and to be more than human. As he well says: "To appear suspicious is simply to engender suspicion in the natives."

All this energy was maintained in spite of repeated severe attacks of fever, bringing frightful headache and palpitation; but he never let any amount of agony or weakness stop his daily marches.

Major Pinto has, like most African explorers, hunting exploits to boast of; Mr. Thomson was no sportsman. He missed antelopes on the rare occasions on which he went stalking them; he got frightened almost out of his wits by lions; his attempts at hippopotamus hunting, described with quaint good-humour, were laughably ignominious.

Another contrast is their opinion of missions and missionaries. Major Pinto does not hesitate to decry missionary work, and to speak of its agents as stirring up ill-feeling between white and black—using language to which we are too well accustomed in a certain school of English writers. Mr. Thomson fully recognises their value in the work of civilisation; indeed, next to Dr. Livingstone, Dr. Kirk, and Seyed Bargash, he ranks Livingstonia, the mission of the Free Kirk. Perhaps he is somewhat partial to his countrymen, one of whose African missions has lately been under a sad cloud; but his account of Livingstonia describes what a mission amid negro surroundings should be. Practical men are teaching the natives trades; the mission is connected with a company which runs steamers up the Zambese to the northern end of Nyassa lake, so as to bring in wholesome trade; the station is a scientific as well as a missionary centre, where geology, botany, meteorology, &c., are studied. At the Universities' Mission of Magila, on the other hand, he pokes fun most unmercifully. He is greatly amused at "the missionary gentlemen who make themselves martyrs to the conventionalities of their Church," plunging through swamp and stream, forest and jungle, handling axe or spade, and finally holding divine service in their fancifully decorated chapels, clad in long black priestly garments hanging to their feet, with shovel hats, and ropes round their waists, while the thermometer was at 90 degrees in the shade. His conclusion is: "They certainly succeed in raising the vulgar admiration of the natives by their showy vestments, ceremonial processions, candles, and altars; and by substituting a cross when they take away the 'dawas,' or charms, they convey ideas of the Christian religion which suit superstitious minds. But whether all this is calculated to produce the highest results I very much doubt." Of Père Dénaud and his mission, ignorant French peasants, brought out under false pretences, and living on worse fare than the negroes, he speaks in terms of strong reprobation. At Ujiji he found Mr. Hore, of the London Missionary Society, in possession of poor Abbé Debaize's stores. Debaize was commissioned by the French Government to make an expedition which should eclipse those of Livingstone and Cameron. Utterly unfit for such an enterprise, ignorant of the very elements of geographical observing, he failed miserably, dying at Ujiji, in the English mission-house, for Dénaud would have

none of him. His costly stores comprised boxes of dynamite, rockets, and fireworks, loads of penny popguns, all sorts of surveying instruments, the simplest of which he was quite unable to work, a very arsenal of guns and revolvers, and a hurdygurdy which cost 12,000 francs. His idea was with this instrument to try the power of music on the savages whom he met on his march; but the whole account should be read in Mr. Thomson, as should also the remarks on the Belgian International Expedition, and the causes of its repeated failures.

Major Pinto says an English trader always gets on better in Africa than a man of the Latin race, though the latter is more suited to the climate; because the Englishman settles down with the determination to shut home out of his thoughts, and, gathering his comforts round him, to make his fortune where he is, while the "Latin" is always discontented, home-sick, counting the days when his exile will be over. This is to a great extent true, not only of traders but of explorers. The Belgians failed because they were wholly unsuited to the work. Nothing was ever more comical than Mr. Thomson's picture of the Brussels "society man," darling of the ladies, who had gone out because his king said: "Go and explore Central Africa;" but who, when he had been a few miles inland, found the journey did not suit his constitution, and went back to Europe, after astonishing the society at Zanzibar with an account of his extraordinary adventures with ferocious beasts, and his more than Nimrod-like successes.

But we must draw to an end. We wish we had space to follow Mr. Thomson more minutely. He is great fun from beginning to end. He does not tell us of delicate positions, like that in which the Major was placed with the king of the Ambuellas' daughters; but he explains how he cured sham sickness among his men by doses of castor-oil; how he was worried by their "eating up their clothes," and how he determined, instead of letting them buy their rations and serving out cloth to pay for it, to stick to the old plan of keeping the commissariat in his own hands. His picture of the poor chief with 150 wives who stole his presents, only leaving him a few rags to cover himself, is irresistibly comic.

How far Mr. Thomson is an authority on the resources of Central Africa the future will determine. He rates these very much lower than most travellers do. Africa,

he says, can never be an *El Dorado* to the English manufacturer, for it has little or nothing to give in exchange for his goods. Yet trade is undoubtedly one great agent in the civilising work which has been so happily begun. We trust, therefore, that his gloomy views about the speedy disappearance of ivory, and the scanty supply of copal (a fossil gum, very wastefully procured by the natives), and of iron, only to be found in scattered nodules instead of in whole beds, may prove to be ill-founded. One thing is clear, if trade is to be a boon, as it ought to be, it must be honestly carried on. We would fain hope that Mr. Thomson is wrong when he says that "the strong and durable cotton of America is fast hustling England out of the African market."

If Mr. Thomson keeps his health, we feel confident that he will take high rank as an explorer. He observes keenly, and has the gift of well describing what he observes. Whether he is writing about "the squinting tribe, who are also almost all of them blind in the left eye;" or about the Belgians, "too wise to succeed," who refused the Governor of Unyanyembe his customary present, and proceeded to raise for themselves a gang of porters, only to be deserted at the frontier; or about a storm on Lake Tanganyika, he is always the same pleasant clear narrator, showing such a thorough mastery of his subject as excuses his occasional peremptoriness of manner. He had a good lesson in the conditions of success, and he soon learnt the only true way of dealing with the natives—gently, not violently. Thus, speaking of being stopped at the village of Kwachuma, he says:

"It may seem absurd that an insignificant chief should compel a well-armed caravan to bide his pleasure; but in Africa a petty chief has a wonderful influence. If we had resisted his demand, he would at once have spread the report that we were forcing our way through the country, and that we were enemies. The whole country in front would have been roused and alarmed, villages deserted, food unattainable, &c. This might have been exciting; but we had not come to Central Africa to reap a crop of exciting adventures; we came armed with peace and friendship as became pioneers of civilisation. . . . We claimed no right to force our way."

This clear recognition of the true aim and purpose of an explorer is the very best omen for the future.

We have remarked on his sense of humour; he does not

at all shrink from making fun of himself. His adventures with wild beasts—how, for instance, he was awestruck at a lion's roar, and then, recovering himself, dashed into the long grass, and was only saved from destruction by his headmen rushing after him and outbellowing the lion—are comically told. But, because he was always full of fun, no one must imagine that he had entire immunity from sickness. He was often laid up, sometimes with serious attacks; but he recovered more speedily than Major Pinto, who, in spite of the presumed qualification of "the Latin race" for the African climate, suffered very severely in health. Mr. Thomson's appendices will delight the scientific reader. His plants and shells have been discussed by Mr. J. G. Baker and Mr. Edgar Smith, of the British Museum; and his geological notes are worthy of Professor Geikie's pupil. He claims indulgence, seeing that his intended surveys were sadly hindered by his having thrown on him the command of what he calls "a gigantic caravan." The character of the great central plateau of metamorphic rock he was able to define, as well as the existence of a vast development of volcanic rocks at the head of Lake Nyassa; and he suspects that the whole Congo region, from Tanganyika to the western coast mountains, was a great inland sea. On this and on other points we must wait more light; but he is certain that the Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika have distinct conchological fauna, and therefore have never been connected.

Of Major Pinto we shall say little, except that a foreigner's view of things which we have so often seen through English eyes is, of course, interesting, when that foreigner really goes well into the thick of the things which he describes, and does not, like some of the Belgians of the International, content himself with skirting the outside. The title, "The King's Rifle," which he gives to the first part of his book, was chosen out of compliment to the King of Portugal, who found the funds for the expedition; but it seems out of place in a work the professed object of which is scientific, and which contains the tabulated records of a great number of astronomical and other observations. The later part of the book, "The Caillard Family," as it is called, tells how the Major was taken care of by a French Protestant missionary and his wife, kindness which is questionably repaid by very hard and, we believe, wholly unjustifiable remarks on missionaries in general. No doubt there are unwise

missionaries, who, as Mr. Thomson says, "at once adopt an aggressive attitude, preaching a crusade, and declaring they have come to change all the old customs, and thereby losing all chance of getting a hold on the affections of the natives. But missionaries like the Caillards, and like Mr. Hore, of Ujiji, to whose worth Mr. Thomson bears such frank testimony, are surely the rule, the others the exception; and to write as Major Pinto does, is misleading, and gives an occasion to the enemy, of which men like Captain Burton (who attributes the last Boer war to the missionaries!) have been only too ready to take advantage. Major Pinto's book is more carefully got up than Mr. Thomson's (in which we have observed several misspellings—irridescent, compliment for complement, &c. —which are hardly printer's *errata*). The Major's illustrations are good, though we fail to understand the "iron instrument used as a handkerchief!" And experts report that his maps are excellent. He had more than the usual difficulty with the porters at starting, the Governor of Benguela and other Portuguese authorities proving very poor helps compared with Dr. Kirk; but Major Pinto met his troubles with the same light-heartedness which stood Mr. Thomson in such good stead; and his description of what we may call "the humours of the road," is as lively as anything that his Scotch fellow-traveller has given us. Of course, readers will be anxious to know the Major's verdict about the Boer war. He does not believe in the annexation having been made "with consent." The mass of the Boers knew nothing about it, and when they came to feel the pinch, they found they had been brought under the very yoke to escape which they had twice packed up and gone into the desert. To the people of the Transvaal he gives very high praise. Descendants in great part of French Protestant refugees from Louis XIV.'s Revocation, they still retain the arts of their forefathers: "It is no uncommon thing to see a Boer turning the legs of his tables and chairs, or doing his own iron-work." Major Pinto's book will correct many misapprehensions as to this primitive and, in its own fashion, thoroughly religious community. Of native tribes the Major has many wonderful tales; for instance, among the Caquinge, when a woman dies in childbirth, not only has her husband to bury her by himself, carrying her to the grave on his shoulders, but he has also to pay to her family the value of her life, and if

he cannot do so, he is bound to become their slave. The book is thoroughly worth reading, though marred, as we said, by the writer's prejudice against mission-work. It is even more sensational than Mr. Thomson's narrative; for the Portuguese traders of Bihé, whose object is to keep white men out of the country, so that the trade may be wholly in their hands, very nearly succeeded in ruining the whole expedition. On one occasion he had to destroy sixty-one loads of goods, owing to desertion among his porters, fomented by his treacherous countrymen; and there was even worse than this in store for him.

We have now called attention to the three most important books which the year has brought out on "the Dark Continent." Widely different as Colonel Gordon's book is in style and subject from the others, it may well be studied along with them, for it proves that the only way of letting in light is to encourage white enterprise of every kind. Explorers, scientific and commercial, are useful in their way; their fair and honest dealing is a protest against the chicanery of too many of the resident traders of every nation, and in this way helps the black man also to rise to a higher level of requirement. Governors such as Colonel Gordon are even more valuable. It is only by combined work, in many ways and from many points, that the darkness can be dispelled, and the foul blot of slavery washed out. We regret that, if Mr. Thomson is correct, all the hopes to which the International African Exploration gave rise must, for some time at least, be fallacious. The Belgians seem to be an utter failure; the French have done nothing worth naming. The Americans have Stanley; the Portuguese have, by sending out Pinto, with his colleagues, Capello and Ivens, at a cost of £6,600, done something worthy of their old fame. Mr. Thomson has added one more to the already long list of successful British explorers. Let us trust that the "Internationals" may learn wisdom; and, by sending out the right kind of men, properly taught, and with definite instructions, may retrieve their character, and, by doing something in some degree worthy of their grand programme, may help on the good work which every civilised man must have at heart.

ART. VI.—1. *Memoirs of Libraries: including a Handbook of Library Economy.* By EDWARD EDWARDS. Two Volumes. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row. 1859.

2. *Bibliomania.* By THOMAS FROGNALL DIBDIN, D.D. New and Improved Edition. Chatto and Windus. 1876.

3. *The Book-hunter.* By JOHN HILL BURTON. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1862.

4. *The Library.* By ANDREW LANG. With a Chapter on "English Illustrated Books," by AUSTIN DOBSON. (Art at Home Series.) London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

5. *The Choice of Books.* By CHARLES F. RICHARDSON. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington, Crown Buildings, 188, Fleet Street. 1881.

6. *The Scientific Roll and Magazine of Systematised Notes.* Conducted by ALEXANDER RAMSAY, F.G.S. "Climate." Vol. I. Part I. Nos. 1—3. Bradbury, Agnew and Co., 10, Bouverie Street, London, E.C. 1880—1881.

A BOUNDLESS field for profitable inquiry and reflection is suggested by the first part of our title. Books! what a world in miniature! How vast their influence on the history of our race! Without them what a blank that history would have been, not only as to its records but as to its course! How the flow of human energy stagnates when books are neglected: how rapid and vigorous its current when literature revives. How potent has been sometimes the spell of a single volume on the mind of an individual, arousing a dormant activity that has changed the aspect of an age. So a Homer has begotten an Alexander, and a Cæsar trained a Wellington. What bonds have thus been sometimes laid upon the human mind, as well as impetus communicated to it, the dictum of an Aristotle, *Singularium scientia non datur*, detaining the human mind for twenty centuries in the web of a false method of investigation, and the election of a Ptolemy contenting it for nearly

as many with erroneous views of the architecture of the heavens. How mysterious the intellectual cycles through which mankind has revolved! What galaxies of genius have shone upon some generations, and what dulness has brooded over others! What times of upheaval and unrest, in which the human mind seems to have been big with new hopes and new ideas, followed by times of exhaustion and collapse, in which the new has again grown old!

Side by side with the fortunes of the race which books have helped to make or mar, we note the fortunes of books themselves. What caprice is it that has determined how much of the literature of antiquity should come down to us, and how much should only be known by report? It is said that Æschylus, the father of Greek Tragedy, wrote seventy plays, but only seven have survived. Of the seventy-five of Euripides there remain nineteen; while Sophocles, who wrote one hundred and seventeen, is on a par with Æschylus. Of the great comic dramatist, Aristophanes, it may be as well that only eleven plays have been preserved. The oblivion that covers the bulk of the writings of Anacreon and Sappho was also probably deserved, but the fragments that remain of others of the early lyric poets, among whom Archilochus, Simonides, and Pindar stand pre-eminent, do not evidence the even-handed justice of their fate. If we come to prose writers, we witness similar vicissitudes of fortune. Herodotus might not have enjoyed the title of the Father of History, had the writings of some of his predecessors been preserved. Charon of Lampsacus anticipated him in the rational and discriminating treatment of historical events, and Hecatæus in the geographical researches which, especially at that time, were so essential to the elucidation of history. His own great work has been preserved entire, and so has the unfinished masterpiece of Thucydides, together with the more varied productions of Xenophon; but the greater part of Polybius, though so much later a writer, has perished.

Speaking of the survival of literature, we are reminded of the fate that has overtaken the material records of antiquity. Their destruction has been almost complete. The library at Alexandria is said to have contained at one time 700,000 manuscripts, and that of Pergamus 200,000. After Constantine had made Byzantium the seat of his empire, the library which he founded gradually grew until,

in the days of Theodosius the younger, it numbered 120,000 volumes. Yet at the present day hardly a single classical manuscript is known to exist of older date than the Christian era. It is with no mere sentimental feeling that learned men deplore such a loss as this. With manuscripts of unimpeachable value in our hands, we should have been much nearer to the mind of classical antiquity than it is possible for us ever to be now. Our readers do not need to be informed how this wholesale destruction of the most precious literary treasures of the world has been brought about. They have heard of the fate of the Alexandrian library, which was delivered to the flames by order of the victorious Omar, A.D. 641, and which is said to have supplied the 4,000 baths of the city with fuel for six months, and of the celebrated dilemma with which he rejected the request for its preservation: "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, they are useless, and need not be preserved: if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed." Gibbon strove hard to disprove the story, but without success. This was not the only catastrophe of the kind that overtook this matchless collection, or rather, series of collections. In the first Alexandrian war the whole of the Bruchion portion of this library was destroyed by fire through the carelessness of the mercenaries, that portion in which were contained, if report speak true, the original MSS. of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, extorted by Ptolemy Euergetes from the starving Athenians. What would not some of our modern bibliophiles give for a sight of the very parchments that first received the thoughts of the greatest dramatists of the ancient world! Apart from the violent treatment which we have referred to, there was nothing to hinder the preservation of these very writings to the present day. We have ourselves seen and sat in the chair of the Venerable Bede, which has lasted 1,200 years, and looks as if it might last 1,200 more; and parchment is much more durable than wood. But it was not to be. The fortunes of this incomparable collection are typical of those of many minor ones. Ignorance, carelessness, fanaticism, will account for a great deal in the way of the destruction of these treasures. Of the 120,000 volumes in the Imperial library at Constantinople, more than half were burned in the seventh century by the Emperor Leo III. Of the Roman libraries, some were destroyed in

the conflagration of the city ascribed to the Emperor Nero; some were consumed by lightning; some, as relics of heathenism, were burned by order of Gregory the Great; and the remainder perished in the course of the barbarian invasions. One feels sorry that the mother-wit of a single individual was not more common among these desolating hordes. During the Gothic invasion, toward the close of the third century, Athens was sacked; and, according to custom, the libraries were collected for the purpose of being burnt, when one of the chiefs interposed, observing that "as long as the Greeks were addicted to the study of books, they would never addict themselves to arms."

The darkness that overspread the world after the downfall of the Roman empire, brought with it new perils. As the interest in learning declined, so did the care for its instruments and products. True, the monasteries provided a refuge for them, but the spirit that animated Gregory and Leo was at work. Hence sometimes the most valuable manuscripts were defaced, and all traces of their contents as far as possible destroyed, to make room for some monkish legend, the Scriptures themselves suffering with the rest. With the revival of letters, the invention of printing, and the Reformation, a new spirit took possession of men's minds, and it has gained such an ascendency, that a relapse into the barbarism of former times seems placed beyond the bounds of credibility. That indeed is a contingency so remote that, in the face of the present state of science, literature, and art, the very mention of it may provoke a smile. The danger of these last days seems to lie rather in the direction of misapplication of energy than in that of stagnation. Fluctuations indeed there have been and still may be, times of comparative sterility following on times of extraordinary fruitfulness. But this has reference rather to the originality and productiveness of individual minds than to the general culture of an age or nation. Great minds will always be few, and they spring up independently of circumstances. A great crisis is always favourable to the manifestation and recognition of genius, as the diffusion of education is to the development of it. But these only supply the furnace that shall purify the metal, or the mould in which the metal shall run: they do not supply the ore itself.

With the world of books, as it now exists, every educated

person must have some acquaintance. And who, nowadays, does not profess to be an educated person? Our question reminds us that there are various standards by which education may be judged, from the three R's of the primary school to the triposes of the University, and from these to the still higher tribunals which reserve their imprimatur for those who have, in some chosen department, carried research to its farthest limits. And so there are various estimates men form as to their own qualifications to be ranked among literates, from the humility of the sage who after the labours of a lifetime confesses that he knows nothing, to the self-complacency of the boor we once met—to take a typical case—under the very shadow of the Bodleian, who, referring to some supposed inward call to occupy the Christian pulpit, affirmed in justification of his claim that "he was a pretty good scollard!" Without very closely scrutinising the pretensions that people generally make to the possession of the benefits of education, may we not say without fear of contradiction, that the interest in books is universal? Sometimes, it may be granted, it is rather superficial. As in the case of certain women in the apostolic age, a very long time ago, the outward adorning is more regarded than the inward merit. *Punch* sketched such a case the other day. A *nouveau riche*, with face to match the profession, is represented as walking with his agent through the rooms of a newly-purchased mansion, and as selecting one of the finest of them for a library. On being asked what books he would have, he conceals his ignorance by the reply, "O! the best, and in the best bindings—about two hundred yards of them!" Of a piece with this is the story we heard of a rising man who recently bought a mansion in a certain neighbourhood at a cost of £20,000. Having laid in a stock of books as a part of the necessary furniture, he sent them to the binder, and, on being asked whether he would have them bound in morocco or russia, is said to have replied that he "did not know that they would have to be sent so far." Let us hope that the interest of most of those who meddle with books is of a different kind.

With the world of books as it now is, we repeat, everybody has more or less acquaintance. But to form any idea of its vast extent is not easy. Some indeed might say it is not necessary; and if books are but playthings, and read-

ing only one out of many forms of amusement by which weary workers may beguile their leisure hours, the opinion may be correct. There are many for whom opportunities of the cultivation of a taste for solid and instructive reading are scanty. But all are not in this plight, and even those that are will be all the better for a few hints as to the best method of turning to account the opportunities they do possess, while those of larger leisure can hardly do a better thing than devote a portion of it to some definite form of mental cultivation. For all, a survey, more or less thorough as the case may be, of the world of books, would be a valuable preliminary and stimulating incentive to any course of reading. It would be like a visit paid by the manufacturer of some specific article of commerce to an exhibition in which are displayed the products of every industry under the sun. The spheres of these several industries may be different, yet they are not so widely sundered but that there will be found something in the methods of each that would be of advantage, if known, to all. It is true, in an exhibition of this kind, results, not processes, are displayed; and the interests of rival producers are not identical. So far, therefore, the parallel does not hold good. Still, there is a resemblance between the mental and material domains, and whatever difference exists is in favour of the former. Here the methods, products, and even the talents, of one worker are in some sense the common property of all.

How then may such a survey of the world of books be attained? We are reminded here of a story which we have often heard quoted in illustration of the different characteristics of three great nationalities, but which illustrates in equal measure the different paths that may be pursued in the above, or indeed any, intellectual enterprise. An Englishman, a Frenchman, and a German, competing for a prize offered for the best essay on the natural history of the camel, adopted each his own method of research upon the subject. The German, laying in a stock of tobacco, retired to his study in order to evolve from the depths of his philosophic consciousness the primitive notion of a camel. The Frenchman resorted to the nearest library, and ransacked its contents with a view to collect all that other men had said upon the subject. The Englishman packed his carpet-bag and set sail for the East, that he might study the habits of the animal in

its original haunts. The blending of these three methods is the perfection of study. Here, however, it must be remembered we are for the moment regarding books as themselves the objects, rather than the means, of study. In applying our parable, therefore, the counterpart of the third method would be the visiting of the best collections of books that are accessible, whether of a public or private kind. The second would be represented by the study of all books that are written about books. The first may be sufficiently carried out by the endeavour to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" the results of these combined observations, since it is certain that the philosophic consciousness can only evolve valuable thought by a judicious concoction of the materials supplied to it from without.

For the first and last of these methods our readers will need no direction from us. It is to the second alone that we wish to call their attention. At the head of this paper we have drawn up a small list of books about books which will in various ways be found of great interest and value to every explorer of the region indicated. It is of necessity a very small list, and does not include any that are purely bibliographical. Of works of this latter kind, that summarise in catalogue form the natural history of books, so to speak, including lists of authors, publishers, various editions and bindings, and finally of prices realised at public sales, we cannot speak now. A distinct article or series of articles would be required to deal with such a subject as Bibliography.* The field is very wide, and one that has never in this country received the attention it deserves, although the literature of no country is more worthy of this kind of supervision. "In bibliography, in the care for books *as* books," says Mr. Lang, "the French are still the teachers of Europe." "Since Dante wrote of

> 'L' onor di quell' arte
> Ch' allumare è chiamata in Parisi,'

'the art that is called illuminating in Paris,' and all the other arts of writing, printing, binding books have been most skilfully practised by France. She improved on the lessons given by Germany and Italy in these crafts.

* An interesting paper on "Books and their Bindings" appeared in this REVIEW in April, 1860.

Twenty books about books are written in Paris for one that is published in England." These words seem to bear out the story quoted above as to national characteristics. In this country, however, the field has not been wholly neglected. Lowndes's *Bibliographer's Manual* and Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors* may be mentioned as samples of British industry in this department. The former was first published, in four volumes, in 1834, but a second edition in five volumes is dated 1857—1863. The latter is a still more recent issue. Much information, invaluable to the book-collector, may be gathered from these publications: no one intending to form a library of any size should be without one or other of them: in his rambles among book-shops and visits to auction-rooms, they will be to him what Murray's handbooks are to the Continental tourist. But we have not yet reached the stage in our inquiries at which books of this kind become useful. The class of persons whom we now have particularly in view we suppose to be standing on the threshold of the shrine of literature, and desiring such an introduction as would make them acquainted with the real extent and wealth of its treasures, and not their mere market value. For the purposes of such persons, something more than catalogues is wanted. The interest in them will be keen as that of the aquatic sportsman in lists of lines, rods, flies, and fish-hooks, when once the taste for the pursuit is created. But the taste must be acquired first. And for such a purpose there are no better books than those mentioned above. Not all of them, it must be confessed, are within the reach of many. Edwards's *Memoirs of Libraries*, a most valuable work, in two thick octavo volumes, is still in stock, but is probably fast becoming scarce. Burton's *Book-hunter* is out of print. Of Dibdin's *Bibliomania* a reprint was published in 1876, and may now be had, by those who know where to find it, at half the published price; but it too will very shortly be a dear book. Mr. Lang's neat volume, *The Library*, is quite new, and Mr. Richardson's, *The Choice of Books*, of American origin, now appears for the first time in an English dress.

The best survey of the world of books, apart from an actual tour of inspection, will be secured for those who are fortunate enough to gain access to it, by perusal of Mr. Edwards's work. In it we see clearly traced the fortunes of literature from the beginning, so far as they are illus-

trated by the formation of libraries on an extensive scale. All that can now be known of the great libraries of antiquity, public and private, is told there. The rise of modern collections is also clearly traced, and the great superiority of the latter over the former, through the invention of printing, fully established.

It would be difficult within a short compass to describe the treasures of information stored up within these two volumes: to do so would require an article or a series of them. We must refer our readers to the work itself: they will find its plan admirable for lucidity and comprehensiveness, its style a marvel of condensation and energy, and its whole spirit instinct with enthusiasm for the truest interests of humanity as promoted by the growth and conservation of its best literature. Some idea of the range of the author's researches may be given by a bare enumeration of his principal divisions. The work is divided into two parts, the first on the History, the second on the Economy, of libraries. The first part, occupying the 841 pages of the first volume and 565 out of the 1,072 of the second, is divided into five books. Book I. treats in five chapters of Ancient Libraries; Book II. in nine chapters of the Libraries of the Middle Ages; Book III. in twenty-four chapters of the Modern Libraries of Great Britain and Ireland, including five chapters on the formation, progress, and principal contents of the British Museum Library, and chapters on the Bodleian and other libraries of Oxford, on the Cambridge Libraries, the Chetham Library at Manchester, the Cathedral and Archiepiscopal Libraries, those of the Inns of Court, of Norwich, Bristol and Leicester, of the Parochial Libraries, the principal Libraries of Scotland and Ireland, the Minor Libraries of London, such as those of the London Institution, the Royal Institution, the East India Company's, the Guildhall Library, and the Library of the House of Commons. Book IV. (by a misprint termed Book III.) in six chapters treats of the Libraries of the United States, which are shown to be not so far behind in the race as their comparative recency would suggest. Book V. in twelve chapters filling 320 pages, treats of the Modern Libraries of Continental Europe, beginning with the Imperial Library of France, and passing on to the Vatican and other Italian Libraries, thence to the Royal or Ducal Libraries of Vienna, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Stuttgart, Wolfenbuttel, Hanover, Gotha, &c., and then to

the Town and University Libraries of Germany, and completing the cycle with the Libraries of the remaining countries of Europe. The second part is divided into four Books which treat respectively in an exhaustive manner of Book-collecting, Buildings, Classification and Catalogues, and Internal Administration and Public Service.

No other country possesses a work so elaborate as this on the subject of Libraries. Nor, though its publication dates so far back as 1859, is it likely to be soon superseded. Of course its information is only brought down to the period of its issue. Great and rapid strides have been made since then in this as in every other form of intellectual activity.

It will show the progress of literature within the present generation to compare the number of books in two of the principal libraries of the world with the corresponding ones of more recent date. Thirty years ago the printed books of the British Museum Library amounted to 500,000; those of the Imperial Library in Paris to 858,000. "There are now," says Mr. Richardson, "1,100,000 printed books in the Library of the British Museum alone; and the Library of the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris contains more than 3,000,000 volumes. Mr. F. B. Perkins, an experienced librarian, estimates that not less than 25,000 new books now appear annually."

Doubtless, mere numbers are no criterion of value. "An extensive publisher," says Mr. Burton, "speaking of the rapid strides which literature had made of late years, and referring to a certain old public library, celebrated for its affluence in the fathers, the civilians, and the mediæval chroniclers, stated how he had himself freighted for exportation, within the past month, as many books as that whole library consisted of. This was likely enough to be true, but the two collections were very different from each other. The cargoes of books were probably thousands of copies of some few popular selling works. They might be a powerful illustration of the diffusion of knowledge, but what they were compared with was its concentration. Had all the paper of which these cargoes consisted been bank-notes, they would not have enabled their owner to create a duplicate of the old library, rich in the fathers, the civilians, and the mediæval chroniclers." It would have been almost as pertinent to compare the treasures of the Bodleian with the trash of some low circulating library. To ascertain

the real worth of any collection, regard must be had to the nature of its contents. The great libraries to which reference has been made above will stand the test of the closest criticism. Even in the more popular libraries of our large towns, the proportions of the several departments of literature bear witness to the judgment and skill that have been employed in their construction.

Such a survey as we have been recommending to the neophyte standing on the threshold of the temple of truth, and desiring to enrol himself among its votaries, may well inspire a very humbling sense of the disproportion between desires and possibilities. True, it cannot be said that each volume of the many thousand that confront the visitor, for instance, of the Bodleian or the British Museum covers ground that is occupied by no other, or that each one treats of its own special subject in a way that renders it indispensable to a competent acquaintance with the same. There are books and books—books that are, for a season at least, recognised standards—some of them not likely to be soon superseded—and books that are not worth the paper and ink expended in their production. A curious hint is given by Mr. Burton, which many will be able to verify from their own experience, as to the faculty of repetition exercised in the compilation of many costly tomes. "It is soon found," he says, "what a great deal of literature has been the mere 'pouring out of one bottle into another,' as the Anatomist of melancholy terms it. There are those terrible folios of the scholastic divines, the civilians, and the canonists, their majestic stream of central print overflowing into rivulets of marginal notes sedgy with citations. Compared with these, all the intellectual efforts of our recent degenerate days seem the work of pigmies; and for any of us even to profess to read all that some of those indomitable giants wrote, would seem an audacious undertaking. But, in fact, they were to a great extent solemn shams, since the bulk of their work was merely that of the clerk who copies page after page from other people's writings." This remark is only true, however, in its full extent of works whose value consisted in the accumulation of legal and other opinions. It does not apply to all those bulky writers whose vast folios are the astonishment of modern times. Perhaps the greater leisure of those olden days is not sufficiently taken into the account, and the possibilities that are placed

within the reach of even ordinary diligence by a zealous redemption of time. A friend of ours calculated that the works of the most voluminous of the divines of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries could have been produced at the rate of two folio pages a day for the space of thirty years. Even such a rate of production, steadily kept up, is however wonderful, especially when the character of the compositions is taken into the account, and justifies the conjecture that some of our older writers must have deliberately proposed to themselves to turn the newly invented art of printing to such account as to render it useless to all succeeding generations.

It must be remembered also that quotations by any author from the works of a predecessor in the same line do not of necessity invalidate the originality of either. It is only when that predecessor is slavishly followed or appropriated in bulk that his successor can be pronounced a mere plagiarist; and even then, if he has modernised or methodised or popularised a work that in its original form was from any cause unreadable, he has rendered no mean service to mankind. It is only in the department of science, properly so called, that one work can be said to be superseded by another. Enlarged knowledge and improved methods quickly antiquate the best of text-books, and their successive generations are only interesting as showing the gradual advance of the human mind from ignorance and weakness to knowledge and power. In literature generally, and in the less exact sciences, such as theology, metaphysics, and history, if that may be included, it is not so. The strifes and questions of one age may pass away and be forgotten in the next, but the strifes and questions of the later age are none the less the offspring of the earlier; and at any moment the old interest may revive, controversies supposed to be settled for ever may be reopened, and the voices of antiquity claimed with eagerness as counting on this or that side. In the whole range of the humanities, whose problems, as affecting the life, character, and destiny of individuals and nations, are of undying importance, the past, with its ever accumulating testimonies and its ever multiplying experience, increases in value every day; and no leaders of thought are so blind as those who bid us break with it.

But if all this be true, how vast is the field that lies before the youthful explorer. Not Livingstone, with the

wilds of Central Africa before him, encountered a more arduous task than that which is set to himself by one who proposes, within the brief space of a lifetime, or rather within the briefer intervals of leisure that can be snatched from its ordinary occupations, to form anything like a creditable acquaintance with the world of books. Modern research has so widened the horizon of human inquiry, that even to take a rough estimate of the whole field would require that the penetration of a Newton and the memory of a Niebuhr should be exerted in their full force for the lifetime of a Methuselah. What strides have been taken in Assyriology and Egyptology since Layard and Rawlinson commenced their labours, labours that are now being paralleled in other parts of the East by those of Schliemann on the site of Troy and the Palestine Exploration Society in lands that are still more dear! What tracts of unexplored territory are thrown open by the discovery, for so we must term it, of the science of philology, uniting and harmonising languages and peoples the most remote in time and place, conferring a new meaning on Icelandic sagas, classic myths, and Hindoo legends! What industry has been expended, and with what results, on the text of the great authors of antiquity, on the exposition and translation of their writings and their relations to the world that then existed as well as to the march of the human intellect, what hunting up and setting forth of old mythologies and philosophies, national polities, and social economics! What study of language in its most important aspects as the instrument of thought, bearing fruit, not only in grammars and lexicons of incredible elaborateness of detail and wealth of illustration, but in the actual possession on the part of some of our scholars of a better knowledge of Greek than was enjoyed in the age of Pericles and a better command of Latin than was wielded by Cicero! What treasures of information concerning the chief personages that figure in the histories of these nations are to be found in the pages of Mommsen and Curtius, of Grote and of Gibbon!

If from the fields of ancient literature we turn to more modern interests and pursuits, the perspective on every side seems to be literally endless. Philosophy alone, properly so called, might well occupy a man for a lifetime, particularly if, not content with our home-born thinkers, from Locke to Mill, he pass over to the Continental

systems, from Descartes to Kant, and from Kant to Trendelenburgh and Comte and Schopenhauer, and thence pursue the stream of thought through the schoolmen and the later Grecians to its source in the older philosophies, or, still travelling eastward, lose himself in the labyrinth of Hindoo speculation. Meanwhile, science must not be neglected by a man who pretends to any culture. And what this means may perhaps be as readily shown by an example or two as by any attempt to sum the infinite. It is said that to acquire a knowledge of all that is to be known in the department of chemistry alone, would occupy a diligent man of average ability at least fourteen years. And in the department of mathematics, pure and applied, the progress of recent years has been so rapid that one who was himself an examiner at the Cambridge University but a short time ago, in looking over a late examination paper, acknowledged candidly that he did not even understand the notation. Astronomy may be regarded, in its theoretical aspect, as but one branch of mathematics, and one of the most simple, seeing it deals mainly with the action of but one force, operating according to one invariable law. Yet there are problems involved in it which tax the powers and divide the judgments of its profoundest investigators, problems compared with which the feat that made the names of Adams and Leverrier illustrious was as the sport of a child to the labours of a giant.

Side by side with these are the at present rudimentary sciences of Geology, Palæontology, Botany, Physiology, Biology, rudimentary if we consider their recent growth and the as yet unsettled questions they are debating, but vast in their treasures of accumulated facts, and exceedingly complicated in their relations, intertwining with each other and with their fellows so as to make the knots of one insoluble without the help of all the rest. Thus the fauna and flora of far off ages must be studied in the light of those that at present deck the glade or roam the forest; while climatic conditions of either the present or the past can only be understood by reference to the great cosmical forces of the universe; and the relations of matter and force, of life and mind, become ultimately questions of metaphysics.

We have said nothing as yet about theology. Yet who that considers the present state of things in that depart-

ment of inquiry will fail to see that a familiar acquaintance with its various branches is hardly attainable, except by those who enjoy more leisure than falls to the lot of most men, even men avowedly set apart to its study? If it be true that it has but one great text-book and standard of appeal, let it be remembered what pains have been expended, especially within the last ten years, in settling the text and improving the translation of the Sacred Volume; how impossible it is even with such helps to obtain an exact interpretation of thoughts first expressed in languages so different from our own; and how difficult for all who have not been disciplined from early youth in such scholarship to acquire the delicate perceptions necessary even to an appreciation of the subtleties of thought that lie hid in every pregnant phrase and every new turn of expression. When the text of Scripture, and the meaning of it considered philologically, are settled, still we have to turn from grammars and lexicons to the vast array of commentaries, new and old, that expound doctrine, whether they trace its gradual evolution from the older economies to the last ripe products of revelation, or whether they confine themselves to illustration of the teaching of a single prophet, evangelist or apostle. To this must be added all the light thrown by research on the institutions and surroundings of the people to whom the words of inspiration were first given, without which an unreal modern and western hue will tinge and distort the image of truth. And still we are only on the threshold. It has been said that no science can be properly studied that is not taken up by the student at the point at which it has been left by those that went before him. This is pre-eminently true of theology. As a matter of curiosity, historical theology would deserve attention, simply as bearing witness to the changes of theological opinion and the mutual action and reaction between these and the current of opinions and events generally. But more than this, the present complexity of church life and contrarieties of thought can only be understood by those who pursue the history of dogma and doubt up to and beyond the period of the Reformation, through the strifes of the mediæval schoolmen to the life and death struggles of the patristic age. Whatever sacrifice such study may demand of time that might have been given to original thought, a more than compensating benefit may be found in the humility that

ensues upon the discovery that some thought is not so original as it seems, and in the strength that is added to the clear demonstrations of one mind by the confirmatory testimony of many more, and these minds that have commanded the respect and attention of centuries.

It is not enough, however, to trace the history of thought either as summarised in such a book as Winer's *Confessions of Christendom*, or as more largely discoursed of and connected with the fortunes of the Church generally in the pages of Neander and others. Theology must be systematised too, if it is to stand the test of sound criticism, and to escape the suspicion of incompleteness, empiricism, and self-contradiction. And here, at least, there is no lack of help to be complained of, but such a superabundance of it as to render the position of an inquirer most embarrassing. He may resolve on a rigid adherence to the tenets of one school, or he may magnanimously avow his intention to be eclectic in his choice of leaders and independent in his judgment even of those he elects to follow. But one thing is certain: if he cast but a sidelong glance at other lines of thought than those on which he is content to travel, he will be as bewildered by the maze that surrounds him as the poor railway passenger by the labyrinth of metal through which the locomotive pilots its frail freight to some grand central terminus. From the nature and possibility of inspiration onward, through the variety and validity of evidences, to the great dogmas which have formed the arena for so many deadly strifes, and from these to the systems of ethics and the significance of Christian institutions, every step of his way will be through the wreck of past controversies, or the dust and din of living combatants, still carrying on the war. He may decline participation in these controversies; but if he does, he must put off the uniform and retire from the service, or he will be treated with the scant courtesy shown to the soldier that slips out of the ranks on the eve of an important engagement.

Having said so much of theology, we must pass over art, and law, and medicine. A more inviting subject would be the green fields of literature proper, unstained by hostile strife, or only made the scene of such petty quarrels as may arise from various readings or renderings of a favourite author, or the various estimates of his merits as compared with those of a rival. Here, however,

as in other cases, the horizon recedes as we approach it. A mere glance at the list of writers that compose the roll of English literature is enough to strike dismay into the heart of the student who would make himself master of its resources. And even if he exclude all but a few great names, let him remember that eight portly volumes enshrine the labours of one man upon the life and times of Milton, while the literature of Shakespeare would more than fill the shelves of an ample library. If to poetry he add history, oratory, politics, and fiction, and all that goes by the name of *belles lettres*, let him remember that one city library* contains 13,094 volumes on history alone, 7,339 on politics, and 10,458 on literature and polygraphy.

From the above cursory survey it will be manifest how necessary it is that the principle of the division of labour, so essential to successful cultivation of the arts, should be applied to the pursuits of literature. A few master-minds, men of universal genius and unlimited powers of intellectual digestion, may still range at will over all the fields we have been describing, and yet escape the reproach of dilettantism. But their number must gradually decrease, unless some apostle of evolution should demonstrate that the transformations assigned by his school to the ages of antiquity are still going on, so that the Dundreary of to-day is in reality a more capable fellow than the Socrates of the fourth century before Christ, and the Gladstone of to-day is likely to be outdone by the Dominie Sampson of some succeeding generation. We should be very glad to see evolution, in this form at least, satisfactorily proved. But though far from being the advocates or apologists of a Chinese unprogressiveness in modes of thought and fashions of society, we are constrained to be sceptical as to any great elasticity of the individual mental constitution, and confess to a doubt whether those are not right who say that high pressure in education means degenerate physique, and ultimately that deteriorated morale which is sure to bring about the very intellectual decrepitude that is supposed to have died out with the barbaric age. Mankind we believe—more strongly now than ever—will always be greater than men. The intellectual resources of the race tend to increase in a greater

* The Manchester Free Library. Edwards's *Memoirs of Libraries*, Vol. I. p. 807. The numbers are largely increased since the publication of this work.

ratio than its power to make use of them. And it will always be one of the penalties of advancing culture that the necessity for increased concentration should engender among those addicted to it the mistakes and misunderstandings of an inevitable narrowness. The only safeguard lies in not applying the principle of the division of labour too soon. There are many among our youth—perhaps it is true of the majority—for whom the modern bifurcation of studies is an advantage. There are many, however, we cannot but believe, for whom it would be a mistake: if not, the prospects of society are not so bright as the present educational outlook seems to promise. The witty definition of an educated person as "a man that knows something of everything, and everything of something," is likely to be more and more true; and the first part of it will be seen to be as necessary as the other, in proportion as the unity of the field of truth, and the harmonious and essential relation of its parts, come to be felt and acknowledged. Therefore, we would say to every person who has the wish and the opportunity to play some part, however humble, in the unfolding drama of the world's future, "Study, not your own part only, but every scene and incident that goes to make up the piece."

There are some indeed who will need to be persuaded, not so much of the necessity of a wide and varied culture for those who can hope to attain it, as of the possibility of any culture at all for those whose leisure is at best but scanty, and liable to be continually encroached upon by the claims of business or the seductions of society. It must be acknowledged that the spirit of the age is not in all respects favourable to culture. We say this without forgetting what we said just now as to modern educational facilities and intellectual progress. The fact is, that the activity of the last half-century has not been confined to the paths of science and literature. It has extended to the commercial and political world, science itself supplying the impetus. The isolation of nations and communities is a thing of the past. The exchanges and markets of one country are as sensitive to the natural and political events of all others, as the electric wire that transmits the tidings of them is to the movements of the operator. Competition at home and abroad sharpens the edge and quickens the pace of business, and in the same proportion abridges the time and diminishes the zest

for more disinterested pleasures. The temptation is, in such circumstances, to depend, not merely for commercial and political intelligence, but for the entire mental pabulum, upon the newspaper, or only to exchange its columns for the pages of a light periodical or still lighter three-volume novel, the devouring of which at an unhealthily rapid rate is to some minds the climax of intellectual ambition. Society thus presents to view two strongly contrasted phases,—on the one hand, through the energy of a few, vastly increased intellectual resources, on the other, a public so bewildered by various excitement as to be incapable of profitable use of them, and to be more and more dependent on middle men who dole out such scraps of the feast as they think their clients capable of digesting, and who dilute the good wine of the banquet to any degree of attenuation required.

Such a state of things is fraught with mischief. It bears witness to a breach between wealth and culture disadvantageous to the interests of both, a breach that threatens to widen into a gulf like that in the United States of America which yawns between the Government and the governed, spanned only by the slender thread on which the so-called "politicians" perform their feats of astounding legerdemain. The only remedy on this side of the Atlantic—and perhaps the remark may hold good for the other, in a somewhat different sphere—is that each man should charge himself with a measure of personal responsibility, and should fit himself by resolute self-restraint and diligent self-culture for its exercise. Such notions should be scouted as that reading is only to be resorted to for recreation; that if one book is to be preferred before another, it is that which makes the least demand upon the attention and furnishes the least food for meditation; that anything like a settled course of study is impossible for men who have but an hour a day to spare for it. The fact is, that business itself will always be better conducted by a mind that is frequently relieved of its burdens through diversion to nobler and more varied occupations; that this diversion will always be more easy and effectual when it becomes systematic and habitual; that literature, and literature alone—if we except the walks of philanthropy, which we would not for a moment disparage—provides an exercise that is always available and always effective, combining in its influence on the mind the twofold action of pure atmo-

sphere upon the body, that of a tonic and a sedative too. We need hardly support these positions by examples of men who have become eminent, even as writers, in spite of a multitude of burdensome cares. Cæsar composing his Commentaries on horseback, and committing them to writing at midnight in the quiet of the prætorian tent; Chrysostom writing his sermons in the midst of the intrigues and strifes of Byzantium; Erasmus compiling learned treatises while dancing attendance on half the sovereigns of Europe; Calvin laboriously constructing his Institutes while governing the city of Geneva and keeping a wary outlook on all the interests of the Reformed Churches, not only in Switzerland, but throughout the world; these may hardly be cited as witnesses, seeing they belonged to past ages and were all exceptional men. But if we come down to the nineteenth century, we shall find examples worthy of imitation. Charles Lamb and Sir James Stephen and the Mills, father and son, were remarkable, each in his own line, for their literary productions, the first two for their entertaining essays on social life or ecclesiastical biography, the last two for their discussions on the nature and powers of the mind. Yet they all held office under Government, and regarded their literary excursions as the best solace for its treadmill routine or temper-trying negotiations. The heads of Government have been not less wise and thrifty in the economy of time than their subordinates. Sir Robert Peel uniformly refreshed his mind after the most protracted and exhausting debates by half an hour's quiet reading before retiring to rest. John Bright is said to owe much of his purity of style to the practice of selecting some English poet as the companion of his leisure hours through the worries and excitements of the session. Of Mr. Gladstone and the late Lord Beaconsfield there is no need to speak. We may wonder at their persistency in the pursuits of literature through the alternate blaze of official notoriety and gloom of opposition neglect and obloquy; but if themselves interrogated, they would probably have declared that by its gentle and soothing influence alone they were enabled to endure both the one and the other, and to preserve their constitutions unimpaired by disease down to extreme old age. As Sir John Herschel said, to quote a well-known saying of a well-known man:

"Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him."

Supposing a taste created for literature, and the resolve made to cultivate it and keep it pure, the means of gratifying it will, of course, suggest themselves, in other words, the formation of a library. For this we take to be the shortest and most effectual method, both of gratifying and increasing a love for literature. True, circulating libraries have now reached such a point of development that much assistance may be obtained from them which a former age was fain to go altogether without. But neither these nor the more pretentious reference libraries that are now accessible in many large towns can occupy the place in the esteem of a wise man that is held by his own small but precious collection. They are useful, and perhaps this was the first aim of their promoters, in exciting curiosity and awakening a thirst for knowledge. After that, their use is subsidiary merely. They supply the initial acquaintance with books which is sometimes a preliminary to their personal acquisition. Or they furnish the opportunity for consulting works which on account of scarcity or cost, or the limited range of their usefulness, are not within the purview of the collector's design. But there is this disadvantage in the use of such libraries, that the books belonging to them can never be regarded with the affection that springs from ownership. They cannot be taken down from the shelf at pleasure, and read and reread in their most favourite passages under the lights and shadows of our changing moods or circumstances. When we want to quote them, we look for them in vain; and even if we have made extracts from them, these only suggest other extracts that we might have made, but did not.

And so the joy of our momentary possession is frustrated by the sense of loss which follows.

In regard to the formation of private libraries it might seem needless to make any observations. Why, it may be said, should not every man consult his own taste and inclination? Certainly, if the purpose be amusement, it matters little what direction it may take. The book-hunter can never sink quite to the level of the old postage-stamp collector, because he does at least preserve for the benefit of others what he knows not how to enjoy himself. But it must be confessed that with many the inspiring motive can but doubtfully be pronounced rational, while it is very hard to vindicate it from the charge of selfishness. And it is wonderful how easily the disease is caught, and how difficult it is for those who are infected to throw it off. No doubt, bibliomania, like many another moral malady, is only an abnormal phase of a natural and healthy instinct. Just as the miser transfers his affections from the good things which money buys to the instrument by which he procures them, so the desire for knowledge gradually becomes a passion for books whose chief merit is their rarity. To be the owner of the finest copy, or the tallest copy, or the oldest copy, of some intrinsically valueless work, or of a copy that has been in the possession of some distinguished man, especially if it contains his autograph or annotations, becomes thus the object of an affection similar to that which doats upon the hat Queen Elizabeth was wearing at Hatfield House when the news came that she was Queen of England, or which worships the holy thorn planted by Joseph of Arimathæa at Glastonbury, an affection which is too delighted with its own gratification to suffer itself to inquire into the reasons for its admiration, much less into their historical validity. The rise of the malady in modern times is said to be traceable to the interest awakened in old books at the time of the third jubilee of the invention of printing, which was celebrated with enthusiasm in various countries of Europe. Its culmination may be with greater certainty assigned to the year 1813, the date of the celebrated Roxburgh sale, when a copy of Boccaccio's *Decameron*, which its noble owner's father had purchased for a hundred guineas, was knocked down to Earl Spencer, the hero of the fight, for the enormous sum of £2,260! Since that day, notwithstanding the establishment of the Roxburgh club, and of other clubs

apparently founded for the purpose of ministering to the tender sentiment, the prices of mere varieties have steadily declined, as an inspection of Lowndes or Allibone will prove. Says Mr. Edwards:

"Whilst the sterling qualities of really choice books were never in better estimation than now, the super-refinements and mere crazes of bibliomania have fallen far into the background. The vellum books indeed of the fifteenth and the early part of the sixteenth centuries must always be held in high regard, for their intrinsic beauty, as well as for their rarity. Books printed on large and fine paper must always possess attractions for the tasteful collector, provided that the jewel justifies the cost bestowed on its setting. But the fantastic raptures of the Bibliographical Decamerons and the Lincoln Nosegays belong to a bygone day." —*Memoirs of Libraries*, II. 659.

A single visit to an auction-room will, however, show that, if somewhat subdued in its manifestations, the disease rages still. The study of priced catalogues is sometimes recommended as the best means of arriving at a knowledge of the market value of books. But it is only by striking an average of many such lists that reliable information can be obtained. Individually, they represent the momentary caprices, rather than the deliberate judgments, of those who contended in the strife. The pique of some previous disappointment, or the elation of some previous success, blinds the eyes of many a bidder to the real value of the object of his choice; and in many cases the loser in the contest is more to be congratulated than the winner of the prize. On the other hand, it is quite certain that great bargains are picked up at sales, sometimes through the hunters being thrown off the scent by defective description, sometimes through the sheer ignorance of those who are most concerned in the operations.

It will be the wisdom of those for whose benefit we write to eschew from the first all such unworthy motives. Among these we would not, indeed, class the desire to make a good bargain even in a strictly monetary sense. To secure a good thing while it is going, on a reasonable persuasion that it will not lose but rather gain in value by keeping, may be only a mercantile motive, but we cannot stigmatise it as mercenary. It is so only when it becomes the exclusive consideration in the transaction, and when it leads, as it is likely then to do, to mere

huckstering, with its discreditable tricks. The book-collector should never descend to this. He should resolve never to buy simply in order to sell again. He should be governed more by the intrinsic value of a book than by its saleableness, and more by its value to him than by its general value. He should, in fact, proceed upon a definite plan. Selecting some one department of literature for personal cultivation, he should confine his purchases in the main within the limits of an adequate representation of that department, not neglecting of course such standard works in general literature as ought to be in everybody's hands. Such a plan may make it necessary for him to leave to others many choice works that do not lie immediately upon his track. But it will give a certain completeness to his collection that will enhance at once its intellectual serviceableness and its monetary value. What Mr. Edwards says about local public libraries applies also to private ones:

"Even if the funds for purchases should amount to so goodly a sum as £8,000 or £10,000, they would prove utterly insufficient for the formation of a really valuable library on all subjects, or even a large number of subjects. But a much smaller sum, if appropriated on the principle of allotting a large portion of it to the purchase of books on some leading topic, and the remainder to that of only the best and most indispensable books on other subjects, will lay the foundation of a library which from the very beginning will tend as well to make students as to help them. It will inevitably act, to some extent, as an incitement to systematic rather than to desultory reading."—*Memoirs of Libraries*, II. 575.

The advantage to the collector himself of this definiteness of aim will be very great, and will more than counterbalance the disadvantage of a tendency to narrowness. In fact, the disadvantage alluded to is greater in appearance than in reality. A limitation to one main pursuit does not of necessity involve limitation of the mind devoted to it. There are many subjects which require for their investigation that all the mental powers should in turn be exercised upon them. And if the general culture which we have insisted upon as an essential preliminary be only carried out thoroughly, the subsequent limitation necessitated by the vastness of the field will not lead to the conceit and dogmatism that are the reproach of the mere specialist. The theologian will not then decry philosophy

because it is "a human invention;" nor the scientist condemn theology because it takes us into a region where the scalpel and the microscope cannot aid us; nor the philosopher despise both, because they leave some mysteries still to be unravelled. But each one, philosopher, scientist, or divine, speaking modestly even when he speaks authoritatively, will sometimes be content to listen while the others take their turn.

The advantage to society of such a subdivision of labour, if accomplished, would be no less conspicuous than the benefit to the individual. We have only to look into the world of commerce, or indeed into one of our many hives of industry, to find in more or less perfect working the principle that we should like to see fully recognised within the world of letters. The captains of industry are ever on the alert, seeking new openings for capital and new modes of contribution to the material well-being of mankind. Any mistake is sure to be followed by the penalties that wait on injudicious speculation, and so, at the cost it may be of much suffering but with the gain of much experience, to rectify itself. It is difficult perhaps to conceive the same system applied to what has been termed "the republic of letters," because there is neither the same imperious necessity to work, nor the same certainty of a reward for labour, nor the same opportunity for the leaders to marshal and organise their forces. What we see here is in fact not a republic at all, except in the sense that neither birth, rank nor fortune can give a man a place in it, apart from sterling merit. What we see is anarchy, or something very much akin to it. True, there are literary guilds, like those of the various handicrafts which flourished in former times. But their influence is rather conservative than stimulating, and tends rather to drill and perfect the initiated than to enlist the energies of those outside. Meantime, there is little or no co-operation among these various societies: independent of each other, they depend severally on the energy and genius of their individual members: and the spirit of exclusivism, one of the evils which alloy the good of our old-world notions of respectability, tends to turn such societies into fashionable coteries, and their assemblies into dilettanti entertainments. There is nothing in this country answering to the French Academy. There is but little corresponding to the respect paid in that country to a man of letters or a man of science as

such. And though royal favour and patronage have done much during the present reign to foster the love of art, still a benevolent fund for the relief of indigent artists is but a poor substitute for the respect and esteem of society at large, and is no atonement at all for the contrast that too frequently exists between the struggles of genius and the luxury of the public for which it caters, or between the scanty remuneration of the former and the splendid gains made by the latter out of these ill-paid labours. There are undeniable exceptions. The foremost workers of the age cannot complain that they are sinking to their rest amid the neglect of the nation whose character and opinions they have helped to form. Witness the substantial rewards that have accrued to men still living, and the halo of glory that surrounds their heads, brightening in splendour as they pass from our view. But these are the exceptions, not the rule.

It may be said, indeed, that such an organisation as we have been hinting at is unnecessary and impossible; that the whole spirit and history of British enterprise are opposed to it; that too much organisation kills freedom and corrupts motive, destroys at once the sincerity and the self-reliance that are the inseparable conditions of healthy action and good work; that the truest genius is that which is not daunted by difficulties, but proves its prowess by overcoming them; that only a certain percentage of minds can be profitably called off to liberal pursuits from the industrial or professional avocations; and that already that percentage is exceeded, as is manifest from the superabundance of misplaced activity in both literature and art. But though there may be some truth in this, we cannot accept it as containing all the truth and nothing but the truth. A plenty of military enthusiasm used to be evoked—to employ a familiar illustration—upon every new threat of a French invasion; but how different the state of things now that the volunteer force has acquired the dimensions and stability of an army. There is not less enthusiasm because there is no panic: there is not less individuality because there is more order. And so with the enthusiasm of art and literature and science. It would not evaporate, but strengthen, if every intellectual conscript felt himself to be a part of a great army, and that every blow he struck was sure to tell on the ultimate issue of the campaign.

Pending the arrival of such a desirable consummation,

we may perhaps lawfully indulge our humour by wishing for it, and, still better, working for it. We will not, however, give way to day-dreams here, further than to suggest one possible improvement. We have already said that any new worker in the field of truth should, as far as may be, begin where his predecessors have left off. Some display their originality by diligently digging over ground that has already had bestowed upon it all the operations of husbandry, and is about to bloom with the promise of a harvest. The first work of an inquirer should be to learn what others have done. For this purpose, the whole resources of his particular department should be explored. Having exhausted his own private collection, he should repair to a suitable public one and ransack that. With a serviceable catalogue and an obliging librarian this work will soon be done. But he must not stop here. He must, if possible, search other libraries, all that will shed any light on the subject under discussion. But if he does all this in person, he will perform many fruitless journeys, and lose much valuable time. As far as possible, this work should be done for him, by placing in each library a catalogue of every other. The search of catalogues may be despatched in the merest fraction of the time that would be required for the exploring of the libraries they refer to, and the visits subsequently paid to the libraries themselves would be undertaken with the certainty that some profit would accrue from the expedition.

The suggestion is not a new one,* but the importance of it, though so obvious, has been frequently overlooked. It would scarcely be believed, were it not a well-known fact, that the British Museum library was without a complete inventory of its treasures until its late chief, Sir Anthony Panizzi, grappled with the enormous task. The greater utility of the library, from the supply of this defect alone, is to be seen in the number of readers now resorting to it as compared with not very old times. As an example of the loss that may ensue on the neglect of such systematic registration, it may be mentioned that a Lancashire gentleman, engaged in certain researches, and needing the help of a certain rare volume in the prosecution of them, made his way to the metropolis, and, having visited in

* It was broached in the *Athenæum*, 1850, pp. 501, 502. See Edwards's *Memoirs of Libraries*, Vol. II. p. 867.

vain its principal collections, proceeded to the Continent, where his inquiries were equally unsuccessful. Returning wearied with his fruitless labour, he turned aside to Oxford, and there was informed by one of the librarians that he believed the volume in question was to be found in the Chetham Library, Manchester. Upon application, he found the conjecture correct, and had then the mortifying reflection that a book he had spent weeks and months in searching for was all the while reposing on its shelf within an hour's ride of his own door. As a sample of better arrangements may be mentioned the fact that the standard catalogue for all the college libraries in Oxford is a copy of the Bodleian catalogue. The theory is that the Bodleian must perforce contain in itself all the contents of every lesser library, and these are indicated by an asterisk or some other mark in the comprehensive register alluded to. This plan, while helpful and suggestive, would however obviously require the insertion of a supplement in case of the purchase of books which even the Bodleian might not happen to contain.

Before passing away from the ambitious programme of an universal registration of literature, we may note a laudable instance in which this design is, within a certain area, being carried even beyond the point indicated. A catalogue of all the books in the world bearing on a given subject seems a grand idea. But what would our readers think of an index to all their contents? This is what is being actually attempted in the department of science by the publication that concludes the list at the head of this paper. Its object is one of no less magnitude than to classify every important fact and principle to be found throughout the entire domain of science. The plan for effecting this is as follows:

"It is to thoroughly search each paper or volume and arrange its contents under specified headings, classified according to a definite order. In this way the information supplied by that particular paper or volume is placed within easy reach of every one. By extending this process to other papers and volumes, fresh facts are obtained and classified. The larger the area of literature the process is applied to, the more useful becomes the collection of systematised notes. When a large number of books have been thus treated, the analyser finds that, owing to repetition, each additional work which is examined contains comparatively little that has not already been entered in the notes. The

systematisation of notes, hence, necessarily results in the most compendious condensation and concentration possible of all that is wanted in scientific literature, so arranged that, generally, any particular fact would be far more accessible in its new position than where it was originally placed."

When it is remembered that even the serial literature of science, taken by itself, reaches a total of 6,000 periodicals, the magnitude of the task propounded to themselves by these new adventurers in the field will be seen to be great indeed. Carried out on an extensive scale, we should seem here to be presented with an encyclopædia that would not only distance all others within its own range, but also displace by its very completeness the whole literature from which it springs, reversing the old fable of Saturn devouring his sons. But this result need not be feared. The value of the work, of course, will largely depend on the skill and fairness with which the process of condensation is conducted. The first volume is to be devoted to "Climate." Of the three numbers of the first part, already published, the principal portion is occupied with the general bibliography of the subject, commencing with the *Speculum vel Imago Mundi*, written in the 13th century, and concluding with the present year of grace. In the last quarter of a century the publications noted on this subject reach an average of more than forty per annum.

The aim we have been setting before our readers is a lofty one, perhaps some will say too lofty for men of much business and little leisure. For such, literature can never become more than an occasional luxury, adorning the barrenness and relieving the monotony of a life spent for the most part amid the cares of merchandise. Yet even for these books have their attractions and uses; and the fragments of time that the encroaching demands of business still permit to be given to recreation, cannot be better employed than in well-planned efforts for the improvement of the mind. Reading will not be the less recreative for being methodical. Desultoriness is more to be dreaded than routine. The latter need not be mechanical: the former must always be unproductive. A man may never become a scientific investigator or a profound linguist; he may abandon the hope of enlightening the world with the announcement of some new theory of political economy, or the discovery of some new species of foraminifera; and yet, through assiduous devotion to a few

good authors, he may acquire a breadth of view and a refinement of taste that will make his life as instructive and stimulating as any book he himself could possibly have written. He may not have the opportunity of listening to scientific lectures, and may never compose an essay for a mutual improvement society, or send an article to a magazine. Yet in his own domestic circle he may find an audience that will always hang upon his lips when he retails the results of his reading, pointing some commonplace moral with an apt and striking illustration, or enforcing fatherly counsel by some wise man's weighty apophthegms. Better still will it be if the example become contagious, and the reading father should train up a reading family; if the habit of reading aloud be early fostered, together with the still more valuable habit of free discussion of the topics broached. Such habits as these, besides displacing the vacuity and isolation of home-life in great cities, or the scandals and jealousies of home-life in small towns and villages, would bind together the members of a family by ties more durable than those of sordid self-interest, and enable it to realise its dignity as a small but important unit of a great social system. The past and the future would thus be linked by the profitable engagements of the present; and the accumulation of such units, as of the sand on the sea-shore, would present a breakwater to the waves of barbarism more effectual than the academies of the ancient world, the monasteries of mediævalism, or even the educational appliances—from universities to primary schools—of modern times.

Certainly, as we look around us and witness the efforts of educational reformers and the teeming produce of the press, we cannot but feel that great results ought to be looked for, a general advance in intellectual breadth and power. But our expectations will be doomed to disappointment, or at least will be but faintly and partially realised, unless the reading power that is communicated in youth shall engender a reading habit in later years.

Among other incitements to the formation of such a habit, we may recommend the perusal of the two books mentioned above as proceeding from the pens of Mr. Richardson and Mr. Lang respectively. Their titles express with tolerable preciseness the provinces they severally explore. Mr. Richardson's work aims to call out the read-

ing instinct: Mr. Lang's shows how it may best be gratified when actually in existence. Mr. Richardson's deals with the internal spirit and essence of literature: Mr. Lang's with its external form and embodiment. The manner of their production, and the mental habits of the producers, seem as various as their respective scopes. Both abound in references to books and their readers: but the one weaves his borrowed materials on the pattern of his own loom, the other works an excellent fringe on another man's patterns. Mr. Richardson enshrines in his work the contents of a voluminous commonplace book: Mr. Lang pours out in ample profusion the results of a life of which book-hunting has evidently been a chief secondary, if not primary, occupation, and he does so with all the zest of an old sportsman exulting over the daring deeds of years long gone by. Both books are likely to be useful, and the one is as necessary as the other. They are, in fact, mutually complementary.

Limits of space will not permit us to do more than advert in each case to the table of contents. The following are the headings of chapters of Mr. Richardson's work, on *The Choice of Books:* "The Motive of Reading—The Reading Habit—What Books to Read—The Best Time to Read—How Much to Read—Remembering What One Reads—The Use of Note-Books—The Cultivation of Taste—Poetry—The Art of Skipping—The Use of Translations—How to Read Periodicals—Reading Aloud, and Reading Clubs—What Books to Own—The Use of Public Libraries—The True Service of Reading."

Mr. Lang's book, *The Library*, is divided into a much less number of chapters, four in all, having each a table of contents of its own. The first is entitled "An Apology for the Book-hunter," and consists of a general introduction to the subject, illustrated by stories of the success of book-hunters, and examples of literary curiosities and relics. This chapter reminds us strongly of Mr. Hill Burton's* *Book-hunter*, of which indeed it makes mention; but for all that the style and spirit are the writer's own. In the second chapter Mr. Lang passes on to the consideration of "The Library," having special reference to the library as it exists in English homes. He treats of all that pertains to

* We are sorry to hear of the decease of this gentleman at the age of seventy-two. His services to literature have been considerable, both as an historian and a general contributor to the periodical press.

the well-being of such collections, from the binder to the book-case. The enemies of books he zealously tracks out and hunts down: first the impersonal ones of the collector's, or rather the neglecter's, own creation—damp, dust, and dirt; then the more responsible agents of destruction, not the book-worm proper, which seems to hold an intermediate position and is duly catalogued, but careless readers, borrowers, stealers, abstracters of book-plates,—no inconsiderable contingent, as it would appear,—women, who with more zeal than gallantry are denounced as the natural enemies of books—a statement which surely should be qualified by a much larger number of exceptions than are allowed for here; and lastly the binder, whose penchant for clipping appears to have been originally intended to mortify, if not cure, the penchant for ancient books. Then follows a chapter on "The Books of the Collector," displaying great taste and erudition; and then a concluding one, not by Mr. Lang, but by Mr. Austin Dobson, on "Illustrated Books," which ministers—we will not say panders—to the modern fashion for abundant ornamentation.

If such volumes do not whet the appetite of the public, its palate must require spicy condiments indeed. We take leave of our readers with best wishes for their enjoyment of the many and varied dainties it has been our privilege to recommend.

ART. VII.—1. *Scenes of Clerical Life.*
2. *Adam Bede.*
3. *Silas Marner.*
4. *The Mill on the Floss.*
5. *Felix Holt.*
6. *Middlemarch.*
7. *Daniel Deronda.*
8. *Impressions of Theophrastus Such.*
9. *The Spanish Gipsy.*
10. *The Legend of Jubal, and Other Poems.*

DEATH has made sad havoc among the worthies of England during the last year. Four great and notable figures at least have passed from the stage of this life within that period. On the 22nd of December died George Eliot. Carlyle went to his rest on the 5th of February. Lord Beaconsfield's career closed on the 19th of April. Dean Stanley left us on the 18th of July. Alas, how poorer grows the world by such departures; how much the poorer to those among us especially who have lost perchance the first freshness of youthful enthusiasm for any new manifestation of mental power!

Of these four great figures, the least visually familiar to us of the general public was unquestionably George Eliot. Carlyle might often be seen, almost to the last, walking in the less frequented paths of Hyde Park, leaning on the arm of a friend—Mr. Froude it might be—heavily bowed by age, and with a look of persistent sadness on his grand shaggy face. Lord Beaconsfield too—"Dizzy," as Carlyle in splenetic mood had been glad to remember he was called—might not unfrequently be seen in Pall Mall. He also bore latterly on the drooping discoloured face, and bent form, the marks of decay and shattered strength. Indeed, these marks were finally so terrible that one recognised in Mr. Millais' portrait at the Academy Exhibition of this year, not, as the first glance suggested, a

ghastly caricature, but the true sad presentment of a countenance on which the grave had already cast its shadow. Dean Stanley's refined, delicately-moulded head was visible often enough both in the pulpit and elsewhere. But George Eliot's was a far shyer presence. You might catch a glimpse of her at the Monday Popular Concerts, or once and again at the private view of a picture exhibition; and then, realising at whom you were looking, you were surprised to see a face, massive indeed, but heavy, and, so far as one could judge thus passingly, singularly wanting in charm, or even in any of the beauty which, in some kind or another, nearly always accompanies great intellect. There was not even that "splendour" of "ugliness" and "genius" which Victor Hugo has ascribed to Mirabeau. That such an impression would, nay must, have been corrected if one had been privileged to see her in any moment of animation, is readily believable. That genius like hers had not, if only at times, its outward and visible sign, recognisable of all men, is quite unlikely. And the inherent probability is so strong as to make us even accept Miss Edith Simcox's testimony on the point—testimony which her quite superlative enthusiasm in all that relates to George Eliot might otherwise have inclined one even to reject.*

And if George Eliot's bodily presence was little familiar, neither can it be said that much is known respecting her life. A few main facts we have; nothing more. That she —Mary Ann Evans—"was born at Griff House, near Nuneaton, on the 22nd of November, 1820;" that her father, Mr. Robert Evans, "had begun life as a master-carpenter," and "became land agent to several important properties in that rich Warwickshire district;" that "her

* Dr. Kegan Paul, however, who is in every way a quite unexceptionable witness, speaks even more admiringly of the *habitual* beauty of the face than Miss Simcox. "The face," he says, "was one of a group of four, not all equally like each other, but all of the same spiritual family, and with a curious interdependence of likeness. These four are Dante, Savonarola, Cardinal Newman, and herself... In the group of which George Eliot was one there is the same straight wall of brow; the drop of the powerful nose; mobile lips, touched with strong passion, kept resolutely under control; a square jaw which would make the face stern were it not counteracted by the sweet smile of lips and eye." To this we can only say, admitting at the same time that Dr. Kegan Paul is far more competent to speak on the subject than we are, that the likeness to Savonarola is obvious; that to Cardinal Newman much less so; and that to Dante not obvious at all. Our quotation is from an article in Harper's *New Monthly Magazine* for May.

mother died when she was fifteen;" that she had "an exceptionally good education;" that she began her literary career by translating Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, "assisted Mr. Chapman in the editorship of the *Westminster Review*," and became famous on the publication of *Adam Bede;* that she married George Henry Lewes, and, after his death, Mr. Cross; and finally that she died, as we have already said, on the 22nd of December of last year, full of honour and admiration, recognised of all men as being, and that by a long interval, the foremost living English novelist; these, if we add the publication of each of her books, represent the main known facts of her life.* It is not much, certainly; no more than the skeleton of a great career. Muscle, sinew, nerve, the living flash and glow, are sadly wanting. But, after all, does this greatly matter? Is it all loss when we know little of a writer's personal history? We have grown so accustomed to endeavour to dissect genius, to endeavour to deduce it from antecedents, surroundings, local circumstance, education, that we are in some danger of looking on such researches as the be-all and end-all of criticism. We may study the structure of the plant till we forget to love the beauty and fragrance of the flower. Sainte-Beuve, himself a master in the dissecter's art, foresaw the danger. His disciples, as is sometimes the case with disciples, drew forth protests from their master. No, our first concern is with an artist's art, and not with himself. His personality and its history may cast some light upon his art, or may be interesting in themselves. But they may be a hindrance as well as a help, and in any case they occupy quite the second place. They may serve to distract our essential critical faculty almost as effectually—not quite—as that study of early editions, and texts, and variorum readings, and unpublished unimportant fragments of manuscript, which is gradually invading the pure, fresh streams of our delight in poetry, and choking them like a noxious water-weed.

And so we will not lament that so little has been revealed about George Eliot herself. Nor shall we, with such few imperfect data as may be accessible, try to discover how far her genius, consciously or unconsciously, was moulded by earlier or later surroundings, or even how far

* Our quotations are again from Dr. Kegan Paul's article.

the earlier realities of her life were used as material for the superstructure, in a sense even more real, of her works. That these early influences were in her singularly, exceptionally, strong, cannot for a moment be doubted. In *Daniel Deronda* she observes:

"A human life, I think, should be well rooted in some spot of native land, where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of the earth, for the labours men go forth to, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, for whatever will give that early home a familiar, unmistakable difference amidst the future widening of knowledge; a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection, and kindly acquaintance with all neighbours, even to the dogs and donkeys, may spread, not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blood."

And in many kindred passages she enlarges on the same theme, speaking evidently from personal experience and conviction. But, as we have already said, what after all would be gained when we had traced the effect of her early middle-class provincial surroundings on the development of her mind—even if we had the materials for the study? What would be gained when we had identified such and such of her characters with persons she had actually known—with her father, her brother, even her own self? Was Mr. Garth like her father—what then? Is the story of Maggie Tulliver's childhood, of her devotion to her brother, a personal reminiscence—how does that help us? Nay, going further, in the storm of religious doubt through which she had evidently passed, had she found help in early memories, instincts of right developed unconsciously, the sweet pieties of a loving home? A not uninteresting line of inquiry surely, but quite subordinate to our interest in the world her art has created, and in the lessons she wished, through her art, to convey.

Let us accordingly, without further tarrying, resolutely turn our backs upon the wilderness of this world,

"Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,"

and emerge into that other world of the artist's creation, which to herself probably, and certainly to us—such was the power of her magic—is no less real than the world we have left.

And of this new world, George Eliot's world, what shall

we report? What of its inhabitants? What of the influences that mould their characters, the motives that regulate their actions, the ideals towards which they strive? Have they any mission to teach, to proselytise; and, if so, what is the tenor of the creed which they are set to inculcate? Is that creed sufficient, we will not say for them,—in an ideal world, however real, the artist-creator has it so much his own way,—but for poor groping mortality? Shall we not only admire, but imitate, heralding joyfully the dawn of a new gospel, which is to shed a brighter day upon the destinies of mankind?

Now the first thing that seems to strike us in this world of George Eliot's art is that the light of the evening is not as the light of the noonday, nor the light of the noonday as the light of the morning; and that, as the day advances, the light, instead of growing mellower and more gentle, gets harsher, harder, in some respects less lovely. To drop metaphor, and speak plain prose, is it not evident that the spirit that dictated the *Scenes of Clerical Life* is unlike the spirit that reigns in *Theophrastus Such*? Nor, taking the author's books chronologically, can it, we think, be denied that the descent—for such we deem it—is gradual. Consider the *Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton*, or *Mr. Gilfil's Love-Story*, or *Janet's Repentance*. What chief impression does the writer leave upon your mind? Surely the impression of a large, genial, and kindly tolerance, of a keen sympathy with the sorrows and perplexities of the common and undistinguished among mankind. Poor Amos Barton! His grammar was not of the best; his "spiritual gifts would not have been a very commanding power, even in an age of faith." He was not even "clairvoyant" as regards the "rough work" which his wife unselfishly performed with her "lovely hands." Mr. Gilfil, again, would scarcely be looked upon as a model pastor in these more exacting days. It is sadly to be feared that he never got beyond a "dry morality" in his sermons. Mr. Picard, of the local Independent chapel, might fairly be excused for setting him down as "very dark." Even Mr. Tryan, in the story of *Janet's Repentance*, is not described, by any means, as a perfect personage. But how lovingly and gently are the imperfections of these men touched upon: we smile at their shortcomings, with some occasional amusement perhaps, but an amusement that is kindly and appreciа-

tive. The very *ordinariness* of Mr. Barton becomes a claim upon us:

"Perhaps I am doing a bold thing," says George Eliot, "to bespeak your sympathy on behalf of a man who was so very far from remarkable,—a man whose virtues were not heroic. . . . But it is so very large a majority of your fellow-countrymen that are of this insignificant stamp. At least eighty out of a hundred of your adult male fellow Britons, returned in the last census, are neither extraordinarily silly, nor extraordinarily wicked, nor extraordinarily wise. . . . Their brains are certainly not pregnant with genius, and their passions have not manifested themselves at all after the fashion of a volcano. They are simply men of complexions more or less muddy, whose conversation is more or less bald and disjointed. Yet these commonplace people—many of them—bear a conscience, and have felt the sublime prompting to do the painful right; they have their unspoken sorrows and their sacred joys; their hearts have perhaps gone out towards their first-born, and they have mourned over the irreclaimable dead. Nay, is there not a pathos in their very insignificance, in our comparison of their dim and narrow existence with the glorious possibilities of that human nature which they share?"

Such passages in the *Scenes of Clerical Life* are numerous, —numerous also in *Adam Bede* and *Silas Marner*. In *Theophrastus Such*, the latest and to our minds incomparably the least admirable of George Eliot's books, the tone has changed. For large tolerance we have contemptuousness; for kindly humour, sarcasm. Take, by way of contrast to the treatment of Amos Barton, the treatment of Spike, the "political molecule." Spike is a successful manufacturer, a Liberal, not indeed of a blatant type, such as excited the scorn of Heine, but of a type rather empty and selfish. That he is a commonplace personage is undeniable. We are left in no doubt at all upon that point. But we are not asked to sympathise with him because he neither intellectually nor morally rises above the average of mankind. Whatever there may be of pathos in the fact is left quite in the background. He was, we are made to understand, very ignorant:

"Yet he aspired to what he regarded as intellectual society, willingly entertained beneficed clergymen, and bought the books he heard spoken of, arranging them carefully on the shelves of what he called his library, and occasionally sitting alone in the same room with them. But some minds seem well glazed by nature against the admission of knowledge, and Spike's was one

of them. . . Certainly if Spike had been born a marquis, he could not have had the same chance of being useful as a political element. But he might have had the same appearance, have done equally well in conversation, and been sceptical as to the reality of pleasure, and destitute of historical knowledge; perhaps even dimly disliking Jesuitism as a quality in Catholic minds, or regarding Bacon as the inventor of physical science. The depths of middle-aged gentlemen's ignorance will never be known, for want of public examinations in this branch."

And if it be urged that Spike's narrow indifference to all but his own interests as a manufacturer justifies these savage cuts,—what shall we say of the really brutal treatment of poor Hinze,—the "too deferential man," whose fault is that he attaches a disproportionate importance to the sayings of literary lions,—really a well-meaning, if rather foolish creature? Does he merit such a ponderous belabouring as this? Would his peccadilloes have been held to merit such laborious chastisement twenty years ago?

"Some listeners, incautious in their epithets, would have called Hinze an 'ass.' For my part, I would never insult that intelligent and unpretending animal who no doubt brays with perfect simplicity and substantial meaning to those acquainted with his idiom, and if he feigns more submission than he feels, has weighty reasons for doing so,—I would never, I say, insult that historic and ill-appreciated animal, the ass, by giving his name to a man whose continuous pretence is so shallow in its motive, so unexcused by any sharp appetite as this of Hinze's."

And, allied to this marked difference in kindliness of tone between the earlier and later writings of George Eliot, is a marked difference in didactic purpose, or rather, it would be more correct to say that, while the earlier books are not framed in view of any particular code of doctrine, and teach only as human life, as Shakespeare, as great art teach—the later books, on the other hand, are framed very obviously "with a purpose." In the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, *Adam Bede*, and *Silas Marner*, the atmosphere is very decidedly that of Christianity. We do not mean that Christianity is preached, any more than it is preached by Scott, or Dickens, or Thackeray, but it is felt as a pervading influence moulding the characters of the personages, directing their consciences, giving zest and salt to their lives, urging them to higher ideals. That the author had any

set intention of inculcating Christianity by showing its fruits, or that even then she at all thought Christianity was the only tree capable of producing such fruits, we see no reason to believe. But she fully recognised the beautiful savour and sweetness, and evidently "wished well to our Zion," wherein such fruitage was possible. And so that art-world of hers grew richer with such saintly and beautiful figures as Dinah Morris, the preacher, or Mr. Tryan, the evangelical clergyman, or even poor Dolly Winthrop, whose faith was surely none the worse in that it was as that of a little child. Nor is it only in these selected lives that the religious influence is manifested. The lever with which Dinah Morris, and Mr. Tryan, and Dolly Winthrop lift from the mire such souls as poor Hetty, or Janet Dempster, grand even in her fall, or Silas Marner, is still Christianity. And George Eliot makes the acknowledgment ungrudgingly. Having no polemical purpose to serve, she can afford to be just. Nay, once and again we catch on her lips what seems almost a recognition of a life beyond the veiled portal of death, as when she speaks of "that strange far-off look that belongs to ebbing life," and again quotes the last words of a dying woman as: "Music —music—didn't you hear it?"

With Felix Holt, however, as it seems to us, there comes a change. When that noble-purposed young radical undergoes his trial, Mr. Lyon is "asked, rather sneeringly, if the prisoner is not one of his flock," and answers, "Nay, would to God he were! I should then feel that the great virtues and pure life I have beheld in him were a witness to the efficacy of the faith I believe in, and the discipline of the Church whereunto I belong." And the author comments on this: "Perhaps it required a larger power of comparison than was possessed by any of that audience to appreciate the moral elevation of an Independent minister who could utter these words." To us it has always seemed that from this point George Eliot had set herself to raise us to similar heights of moral elevation by showing that the fruits of Christianity, in their highest perfection and bloom—nay fruits even more perfect—can be produced without Christianity.

We take *Felix Holt* itself. There is in the book, as in several of the author's other books, a human creature halting between the lower and higher life, requiring external human help for the rare and difficult ascent. Esther Lyon,

with large capabilities, is much in danger of regarding luxuries and refinements as the *summum bonum*. What helps her? Not her stepfather's sermons, not the influence of his life, and the creed that gives that life its significance and meaning, but the unselfish secularism of Felix Holt. That she loves the latter is indeed true, and love will do much. It will not do all. She is his disciple as well as his love, won by a creed which is only religious in so far as this—that everything true, and noble, and good comes, as we believe, from God. Or take *Romola*. The dominant influence in her life, that which weans her from the contemplation of her own very real sorrows, and impels her to devote herself to works of mercy, is the influence of Savonarola. A religious influence truly. But how careful the writer is to make us feel that what Romola assimilates to her own character in the teaching of the great Florentine preacher and reformer is not the distinctly religious element, but the fiery zeal, the unselfish devotedness, the carelessness of merely personal results. This is how, in the calm afternoon of life, she distils from her past experience its quintessence:

"It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thought and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasure or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful. My father had the greatness that belongs to integrity; he chose poverty and obscurity rather than falsehood. And there was Fra Girolamo, . . . *he* had the greatness that belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrong, and in trying to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of. And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly, and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it."

And if our view of *Felix Holt* and *Romola* be true at all, it is doubly so of *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*. In *Middlemarch* the acknowledged religious influence amounts

to almost nothing; in *Daniel Deronda* to nothing at all. Dorothea, living, be it remembered, fifty years ago, before the dawn of Positivism,—Dorothea, a woman of remarkable gifts of character, if not of intellect, and of deep spiritual nature, gathers together the torn threads of her life with no reference at all to its hereafter, or the love of God. Gwendolen Harleth repents of her crime, and is shriven, and starts on her forward career strengthened against the sins of her nature—all by human influence alone, moved only, in so far as her reason sways her, by appeals to unselfish instincts and aims.

Would these same subjects have been similarly treated by George Eliot in the days when she wrote the *Scenes of Clerical Life*? Would she, professing to delineate English society as it is, have so consistently, to the contempt of artistic truth, ignored Christianity as a factor in English character? We are quite aware that it is one of the theories of Positivism that a man's creed exercises no influence upon his conduct—a theory which seems, on the whole, to be perhaps one of the least wise ever gravely set forth by rational men. But George Eliot can scarcely have held this. Was it not rather, as we have already said, that her attitude in these later books was polemical; that she was trying to show that we could do perfectly well without any belief in a God, without regeneration through Christ, without any hope beyond the grave; that she was endeavouring to make us familiar with the idea that human life could be as noble without these beliefs as with them, and that the unselfish instincts can be so cultivated as to afford not only ample food to keep the conscience in health, but medicine to restore it in disease?

And this leads us naturally to consider what were the special agencies to which she trusted for the maintenance and development of such good as mankind has toilfully gained through untold generations of misery. That such agencies were needed, were all-important, no one knew better than she. That civilisation is but a thin crust over man's natural savagery, and that the old forces are always heaving beneath, she was well aware. Her nature was essentially moral. Anarchy, whether of the passions or intellect, revolted her. Unlike that other great woman-novelist, who was inferior to her in much, and her more than rival in style—George Sand—she had no faith in any "blind glimpse of freedom" that should—

"Work itself
Through madness, hated by the wise, to law,
System and empire."

To what then did she look, Christianity being set on one side, to do the work that Christianity has hitherto done? That scaffolding being perforce removed, how was the edifice of human progress to be raised still higher?

First, she had that instinctive belief in development of good, as of other things, which seems to have been specially bestowed on the nineteenth century to comfort it in its many sorrows.* A something even more vague than that "something" of Mr. Matthew Arnold, "that is not ourselves, and makes for righteousness," was impelling the whole race forward to nobler conquests. Listen how to this trust she gives a voice:

"The faith that life on earth is being shaped
To glorious ends, that order, justice, love,
Mean man's completeness, mean effect as sure
As roundness in the dew-drop, that great faith
Is but the rushing and expanding stream
Of thought, of feeling, fed by all the past.
* * * * * *
Presentiment of better things on earth
Sweeps in with every force that stirs our souls
To admiration, self-renouncing love,
Or thoughts, like light, that bind the world in one:
Sweeps like the sense of vastness, when at night
We hear the roll and dash of waves that break
Nearer and nearer with the rushing tide,
Which rises to the level of the cliff,
Because the wide Atlantic rolls behind,
Throbbing responsive to the far-off orbs."†

But of course this tide, grand and resistless in its general effect, may do very little for the good of the individual. How is a poor, struggling human creature to be helped to avoid the wrong, to resist temptation, to rise again after a fall, to discard selfish pleasure, to live for the sake of others? How is he to be so impelled to higher things when all belief in a supreme Ruler of the world, loving righteousness and hating iniquity, has

* The foremost thinker of the latter part of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth century speaks familiarly of "time" as "of course altering things to the worse."—See Bacon's *Essay on Innovations.*

† From "*A Minor Prophet.*"

been discarded as an outworn superstition; when it has been made abundantly clear to him that the only God he can ever know is the nineteenth century's vague instinct of development; when this life, with its mean possibilities, has become all in all, and the only immortality to which he can look forward, and then only if genius of intellect or character has been vouchsafed to him, is the "joining that choir invisible" whose memories indeed make melody, but whose once living, beating hearts are mouldering for all eternity in the dust?

"Stay, stay," we seem to hear George Eliot saying at this point; "let us avoid rhetoric"—she would probably add the epithet tawdry—"and especially not so set questions as to prejudge them." So we stay accordingly; and will endeavour to give what we imagine would have been *her* answers to the questions, or rather what answers seem to us deducible from her books.

As to the future, then, we fancy her declaring that there was no room for alarm, even apart from all general trust in the future as being the future. Human nature is eminently plastic. It is a paste which can be kneaded, speaking generally, into almost any shape. You can make pretty well anything you like of it, from mud-pies upwards. And if all education be directed to the one object of cultivating the unselfish feelings—we are glad George Eliot did not give the mint-stamp of her genius to the barbarous word altruism—why then everybody will quite naturally prefer everybody else's advantage to his own. Even as regards the present, how much of latent good there is in nearly all characters; how few there are whose antecedents do not contain something to which one can appeal. Mr. Tryan reclaims Janet Dempster from drunkenness by religious considerations certainly. But the memories of her mother's love, his own sympathy and zeal, would probably have proved efficacious without that. Maggie Tulliver, in the hour of her temptation, when the storm of passion is at its height, is saved by the memory of old "ties that had given meaning to duty." "If the past is not to bind us," she cries, "where can duty lie?" The poor, fossilising heart of Silas Marner grows warm, human, full of love, at the touch of baby fingers. Even shallow Rosamond Vincy is lifted altogether above herself, for a few brief moments, in the hallowing presence of Dorothea. Daniel Deronda rescues a Jewish maiden from

suicide, discovers that he is himself a Jew, receives from the dying hands of a Jew enthusiast the torch of doctrine that is to regenerate the Jewish race, and becomes, from an aimless if very estimable young gentleman, a leader with a grand and noble purpose.

Now there is one aspect in which all this is superb; another in which it is much less so, not even in some particulars superb at all. Let us take this much inferior aspect first.

It will readily be understood, then, that where we have a sense of failure is in the absolute value of George Eliot's teaching, and the efficacy of the means on which she relies for its ultimate success. We are with her, of course, all Christianity is with her, when she preaches the beauty of unselfishness, of devotion to others. That is the keynote of the Gospel. We are with her no less when she extols the higher life of philanthropy, or patriotism, or politics, or art, or science,—a higher life attainable in all professions and classes,—as being superior to mere sensualism and worldly success. We go with her some way, and yet begin to part company, when she appeals to the past, to each man's antecedents, to the antecedents of our country or race, as being a guide to the conscience. That the appeal comes, in some sort, as a logical deduction from her own premises is, no doubt, true. If man has been developed by inconscient blind forces from molecule and protoplasm, he may fairly, perhaps, be called upon to venerate the better influences discernible in his growth. Though not disposed to attach much weight to that particular argument, we are fully prepared to allow every importance to whatever of good the past has bred in us. Love and kindness, the memories of childhood's companionships, of the pure and holy women and men with whom we have been brought into close contact, or, going further afield, the habitual contemplation of the treasures of holiness, and courage, and thought, and genius, and high endeavour, which have been poured into the treasury of the national life of which we form a part, or of the creed that is ours—that all these things should not exercise a preponderating influence upon the conscience, who would affirm? A preponderating influence—yes: an absolute influence, the decisive influence of rightness or wrongness, as George Eliot seems to teach, most certainly no. Mirah Lapidoth is a Jewish maiden; Mrs. Meyrick, good, kindly

little woman, makes some reference to a period when the Jewish faith may cease to be distinctive. "Oh, please do not say that," says Mirah, the tears gathering. "It is the first unkind thing you ever said. I will not begin that. I will never separate myself from my mother's people. . . . I will always be a Jewess. I will love Christians when they are good like you. But I will always cling to my people. I will always worship with them." And the notion of any attempt at her conversion evidently excites George Eliot's greatest contempt. It is passingly scouted with that light scorn which is not the least effective of controversial weapons. So Daniel Deronda. He has been brought up as a Christian, in ignorance of his parentage. But with a knowledge of that parentage, aided it is true by Mirah's charms, and her brother Mordecai's eloquence, he reverts incontinently, and, so far as appears, without a qualm, to the faith of his fathers, or at least to a sort of Neo-Judaism. Even before he knows what Mordecai's opinions are, he is prepared to accept them if only it turns out that he is himself a Jew.* The same assumption of a moral obligation reappears in another form in the *Spanish Gipsy*. Fedalma does not in the least believe in her father's schemes for the well-being of his people; they are in fact like Mordecai's schemes, not a little hazy and unpractical; yet because she *is* his daughter, and they *are* her people, she too abandons the creed in which she has been brought up, and devotes herself to carrying out his plans. Now to the idea of duty thus presented, one can but ask, has reason then no claims? A man is born a Jew, a Turk, a Hottentot. He obviously can't change his race. There seems no reason why he should wish to do so. But, after due inquiry, he comes to the conclusion that Judaism, Mahometanism, Fetishism is not true. Is he, a living human soul, to be bound for ever to a past that has become to him a corpse? What does such an argument, when analysed, mean? Every reformer, religious, social, political, whether he does it in hate or love, must break

* Listen to his reply to his mother, who, hating the Jewish race, had arranged that he should be brought up in ignorance of his parents' creed: "We are set in the midst of difficulties. I see no other way to get any clearness than by being truthful, not by keeping back facts which may, which should, carry obligation with them, *which should make the only guidance towards duty.*" It is impossible to help a kindly feeling of contempt for one who so willingly adopts the position of seaweed swaying helplessly at the mercy of time's current.

with the immediate past. The pressure of antecedent upon Luther was incalculable. If his conscience had found its sanctions in antecedent alone, there would have been no reformation. But why insist? George Eliot herself was a living refutation of her own theory. Though the most conservative-minded of religious radicals, she was still a radical. If she had abandoned the creed of her race, why should not Mirah, or Daniel Deronda, or Fedalma?*

Yes, reason has her rights. She has also her terrible pretensions. It is not to be dreamt of that she will forbear to question those claims on the human conscience which to George Eliot were almost matters of faith. The morals, the civilisation, of the most advanced among our race, all that is best and noblest in our nature as developed up to this point, have their root in Christianity. Cut the root, says George Eliot, and fruit and flower will still flourish for use and beauty—the sap in the branches is self-sufficient. But what guarantee have we that use and beauty will pass unchallenged? Will reason, flushed with her woodman's havoc, be in a mood for kindly appreciation and dainty moral æsthetics? Let us recognise at once that, with the fall of Christianity, the whole of our ethics would undergo revision. Life would be readjusted in view of the new ideas. Signs of such a readjustment are not wanting. Suicide; the cutting short of the days of those who are afflicted with incurable disease; the relations of the sexes; the ties of family; the claims of social and national life;—are not these being discussed from a standpoint very different from the old? Alas for the day when the strong tower which contains the world's hoarded treasures of good shall be laid low, and their defence shall be left alone to such weak outworks as instincts, memories, traditions, sentiments.

But, as we have already said, there is one aspect in which George Eliot's teaching is superb. That aspect is the personal aspect. Her own greatness seems to us to stand out the more conspicuously against its cloudy back-

* It is amusing to see how entirely a very competent critic, also a non-Christian, regards George Eliot's teaching as irrelevant. "There is," says M. Schérer, "in Daniel Deronda, if I am not mistaken, a first trace of that desire to moralise, to teach, towards which George Eliot is inclining—a desire that threatens to cast a shadow over her genius." He also speaks of the teaching as "devoid of all interest."

ground. Let us think for a moment to what results principles substantially the same as those that underlie her teaching have led others. French fiction at the present moment is quite irreligious. It is not often aggressively so. It simply ignores religious influences altogether. And the result is an immense despair. Perhaps nothing strikes one more forcibly as marking the contrast between a French and an English novel than the tolerance in the former of blighted lives and misery often quite undeserved. M. Alphonse Daudet's *Jack* was certainly not written in imitation of *David Copperfield*. It was certainly written with *David Copperfield* in view. Mark the difference in the two careers. The English lad emerges from the sorrows of his youth, reaps the due reward of his industry and talents, suffers, no doubt, as we all must suffer, but on the whole succeeds in the battle of life. There is a Providence that shapes his ends. Jack has no such fortune. The heavy hand of an adverse fate weighs upon him throughout. His life, by no fault of his own, is wasted; his premature death seems almost a relief. Or take again Gervaise in M. Zola's *Assommoir*. Poor Gervaise! Her hideous degradation, her foul end, are the more appalling that she is a woman of a kindly nature and generous instincts. But don't think that M. Zola is the man to extend any mercy to her on that account. It would really seem as if in his conception such qualities were incompatible with our bestial ancestry, and to be punished accordingly. Nor are Jack and Gervaise solitary cases by any means. They are entirely typical of a despair of life not perhaps altogether unnatural. Natural or not, however, George Eliot stands poles removed from her French fellow artists. Starting from premises, as we should consider, almost identical, she comes to widely different conclusions. Where they see despair she sees hope. Where they—M. Zola especially—see in man's past the foulness of the ape, and that foulness still alive in the present, and projecting itself into the future for ever—so that those "human documents" of which he speaks so fondly, read, at their worst, like the records of an asylum for criminal lunatics, and at their best like the stories of healthy animals—where the French novelists see this, she sees in the past its good and its glory, its labours into which we have entered, its promise as of a splendid dawn. That, as we have endeavoured to show, she misplaced the grounds of her hope, is nothing

here to the purpose. With her reasoning we have for the moment nothing to do. What we admire, and admire unreservedly, is the innate faith in good that had evidently survived so much uprooting, the high standard of human attainment she set before herself and her readers, the constant solicitude to find matter for argument, solicitation, consideration, appeal, which might move her fellow-men to persevere in the narrow upward path. No, heaven was not to be scaled by the means on which alone she consented to rely. We can at least admire the Titanic moral grandeur that prompted her to the effort. There are so many who remain contentedly of the earth, earthy.

But all this time we have been regarding George Eliot's world mainly from a moral standpoint; and, indeed, it is as a moralist still that we shall regard her in first entering, as we now do for a brief space, on the consideration of her art. Never evidently was there a more *conscientious* artist. We can think of her as willingly endorsing Sir Joshua Reynolds's famous description of genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains. Passages of similar import might be culled freely from her works. Eminently characteristic is her poem on Stradivarius:

> "That plain white-aproned man who stood at work,
> Patient and accurate, full fourscore years,
> Cherished his sight and touch by temperance;
> And, since keen sense is love of perfectness,
> Made perfect violins, the needed paths
> To inspiration and high mastery;"

who

> "Would not change his skill
> To be an emperor with bungling hands;"

whose whole life is a rebuke to

> "Naldo, a painter of eclectic school,"

a spendthrift and dicer, teaching both by precept and example that "higher arts"—wretchedly bad ones in his case—

> "Subsist on freedom—eccentricity—
> Uncounted inspirations—influence
> That comes with drinking, gambling, talk turned wild:
> Then moody misery, and lack of food,
> With every dithyrambic fine excess:
> These make, at last, a storm which flashes out
> In lightning revelations. Steady work
> Turns genius to a loom."

To which Stradivarius replies, in some disdain,

> "If thou wilt call thy pictures eggs,
> I call the hatching work."

And for need of such hatching no production of George Eliot ever suffered. From the very first her writing has a singular character of finish and perfection. There is scarcely a passage in the *Scenes of Clerical Life* or *Adam Bede* that displays literary inexperience, not one that betrays immaturity of thought or culture. It is true, no doubt, that even these earliest books were written when their author was no longer a girl, but a woman in the plenitude of her splendid power. Still they were her first books, and perfect first books are not written without labour. Nor was that labour ever afterwards relaxed. From first to last, from the *Scenes of Clerical Life* to *Theophrastus Such*, there is nothing slipshod, nothing hurried, nothing clearly that has been given to the world so long as the writer thought it could be bettered. Assailed as she must constantly have been by temptations of the most brilliant kind, her standard of finish and completeness was never lowered, her desire of perfection only the more exacting. It is quite clear that she never yielded to such enticements as those which the author of *Framley Parsonage* confesses to have proved too much for his virtue, when he says:

> "At the same time I heard from the publishers (of the *Cornhill Magazine*), who suggested some interesting little details as to honorarium. The little details were very interesting, but at the same time absolutely no time was allowed me... If I did this thing, I must... instantly contrive a story, or begin it before it was contrived. That was what I did, urged by the interesting nature of the details... I hesitated, but allowed myself to be allured to what I felt to be wrong, much dreading the event."

No such avowal can be found in George Eliot's works. We have full confidence that none will be found in her most intimate correspondence. Her art was to herself sacred. Surely a great example in an age whose art is growingly dominated by money.

But—alas for the *buts* of this most sorrowful world—did the art itself gain by the unremitting toil bestowed upon it? Does no sense of effort, in the later books

especially, come to mar the completeness of our pleasure? *Romola*, by many admired as the crown of George Eliot's works,—and superbly rendered indeed are the gradual deterioration in Tito Melema's character, the stately and beautiful figure of Romola herself,—*Romola* is spoiled for us by a clinging smell of the lamp. Probably five times as much historical research went to the painting of this picture of past times as went to the covering of any of Scott's canvases; more than to any of Lord Lytton or Kingsley; more than to Thackeray's *Esmond*, which we deem to be one of the very finest historical novels in any language. But the research is too palpably there in the finished product. The effort to reproduce that old world is too obvious, too strained. We feel as if death were around us, not life, and a sense of weariness is the result. We strive against it in vain. Or take *Daniel Deronda*, in many respects the most characteristic of George Eliot's books, or at any rate that in which she has set a character who is obviously the mouthpiece of her own thoughts. What pages of analysis, of disquisition—let us be forgiven the word—of preaching! That the personages should be real—that Daniel Deronda, Gwendolen Harleth, Grandcourt, the Meyricks, Mirah, should live, after all the dissection they have undergone, is indeed the greatest tribute to George Eliot's art. But they live with difficulty. They are a little weary in their living.

Or take again—to pass to another, but still cognate, matter—the quality of her style. Here, too, the labour of production at last told heavily. What had at first been only signal felicity of illustration, a power of flashing unexpected light by simile and metaphor, became sometimes at last a toilsome originality. Let us listen, on this point, to M. Schérer, the distinguished French critic. Reviewing *Daniel Deronda*, he says:

"With great qualities of diction, with extensive choice of expressions that are rare and happy, she has, for some time, taken the habit of condensing thought and expression till they become obscure. . . At such times there falls from her pen a mingling of abstract ideas and of metaphors wrought out in detail, and one has some difficulty in reaching the writer's thought."

This is just and true. The form of what George Eliot wrote was often perfect, was always clever. And it may be

added that for occasional obscurity there was generally the excuse that the matter treated of was some difficult and abstruse problem of psychology, or ethics, or what it has now become the fashion to call sociology. But the great masters of language, George Eliot herself in her better moments, need no excuses.

Is it to the same tendency to over-elaboration that we should attribute her failure as a poet? Scarcely—though doubtless this tendency made the central want more apparent. That central want was an inability to produce verbal music. She had not the faculty in herself, and was too great to acquire it as a trick at second hand,—and without verbal music we can have metrical language possessing many kinds of excellence, but no poetry. Strange it seems, at first sight, that one whose feeling for the musician's art was so cultivated and powerful, and who at the same time was such a master of language, should have failed at that point, poetry, where music and language in some sense almost touch. The problem, however, is not so strange as it seems, for the two arts do not really touch, and it is possible to have a keen feeling for the one kind of music without a corresponding feeling for the other. And so George Eliot, with a passionate love of the musician's music, with a command of speech that was superb, with imagination in abundance, with fancy almost in superabundance, with a power of aphoristic condensation to be named beside that of Shakespeare, produced, in various metres, verses full of eloquence, rhetoric, high and noble feeling, strong dramatic characterisation, the dainty and ethereal substance whereof songs are bred—but no poetry.

Does all this seem written in too carping a spirit? Do we make too many reserves? It is the misfortune of the novelist who over-moralises that his readers are led to think too much whether they agree or disagree; and one is in danger of continually looking at his books as if they were treatises rather than novels. Perhaps we have been thus led astray. But, at any rate, that reader will have read us very ill who has failed to discern, through whatever of antagonism may be discovered in the preceding pages, the immense admiration we entertain for the great writer whose death made our world the poorer on the 22nd of last December. We remember, as if it were yesterday, how *Adam Bede* took us all by storm. What fresh pleasure it

was to see a new star flashing above the horizon. Thackeray, Dickens, were then still at work, crowned with their great past, the foremost novelists of their generation. George Eliot took her rank at once on the same plane with them, nor have her titles since then met with serious dispute. What are those titles? A power almost unrivalled of creating consistent individual characters, and characters of many different types, from the highest to the lowest; a subtle analytic faculty enabling her to dissect motive with the utmost sureness of hand; a full comprehension of the story-teller's art, so that her novels are not, like so many novels, an aimless agglomeration of incidents and personages, but an ordered development of incident proceeding by natural sequence from the characters and passions of the personages themselves; a large culture and a deeply reflective philosophic outlook on life; a gift of enthusiasm for all that is high and noble, allied to a singularly keen humorous sense; a superb command of dramatic language, so that her conversations are always characteristic, always admirable; an imagination that radiated light; a style mainly excellent. Surely, surely, when all has been said, when criticism has done its worst—and even now we don't retract a word of what stands in the preceding pages—her books remain a great possession.

Her books! They lie before us as we write. There is all a little world within the covers. We know these people. They have become acquaintances, friends, objects of our love, admiration, dislike. Their characters, thoughts, actions, enter into our criticism of life, as though we had actually come across them, known them in flesh and blood. There is Amos Barton—rather a poor creature, perhaps, but ennobled in some sense, as men sometimes are, by his sweet wife Milly, and the sorrow of her loss. There is Mr. Gilfil, with his sad love for the Italian maiden Catarina, whose love is placed unworthily on another. There is Mr. Tryan, much opposed, full of a fervent evangelical zeal, working nobly the work of God,—and Janet Dempster, whom he rescues from drink and despair. Then, passing to another group, we have that fine sturdy English workman, Adam Bede, his brother Seth, "the Methody," and his querulous mother; we have saintly Dinah Morris—saintly women are of all times, thank God—and poor Hetty Poyser, like a fingered frayed butterfly, and Captain Don-

nithorne, whom sin also leaves not unscathed,—and Mrs. Poyser, memorable for her keen-edged tongue. Akin to this group are Maggie Tulliver, her graceless brother Tom,—we confess to having never been able to share George Eliot's pleasure in the thought that "in their death they were not divided,"—her father, with his Manichæan views as to the origin of weevils and lawyers, her two lovers, Philip Wakem, whom she so unaccountably deceives, and Stephen Guest, the empty provincial beau, to whom she more unaccountably gives her heart, and that old-world life of St. Ogg's. Nor should Silas Marner be forgotten, all the fresh springs of whose heart have been frozen by a sense of intolerable wrong to thaw again, as in a second spring, with the god-gift of a golden-headed child, to take the place of the gold he had lost. There, too, are the two types of Radical, Harold Transome, whose radicalism means self, and Felix Holt, whose radicalism means upheaval for the good of others, and Mr. Lyon, the little Independent minister, and wilful, pretty Esther, his step-daughter. And standing further in the background, seen, indeed, somewhat through the haze of time, is the grand, passionate, historical figure of Savonarola, the figure, scarcely less august, of Romola, and beating round them the feverish life of the Florence of the Renaissance. Then, stepping back again among our contemporaries, or all but contemporaries, we find ourselves in crowded Middlemarch, smiling at poor inconsequent Mr. Brooke, sorrowing that fate has given to Dorothea no better sphere wherein to exercise the ten talents of her great character, and also that Lydgate's foolish marriage to pretty empty-headed Rosamond Vincy cuts short a career of scientific investigation; impatient of Mr. Casaubon's pedantry, but impatient more of a general dull "middlingness" which is only relieved by the Garths, and, in a different way, by the raciness of Mrs. Cadwallader. And so we come to the last group of all—to Daniel Deronda, and Mirah, and Mordecai, with their Jewish aspirations, and poor Gwendolen Harleth, with her passionate kicking against the pricks of life, and her most detestable husband, and Sir Hugo Mallinger, towards whom we take the liberty of feeling more sympathetically than does George Eliot. And these, of course, are but a very few of the persons who live for us in this world of the novelist's art. There are many, many more, each with his own individuality, fully recognisable, though he may have come

before us only for a moment, and in a very subordinate capacity.

Yes, this world of George Eliot's art is real to us. We all know these people, have discussed their characters and conduct, have joyed in their joys, sorrowed in their sorrows, sympathised in their aspirations, been cheered by their successes and warned by their failures, have smiled at their follies and foibles. They have become a part of England's intellectual life. What greater fame could a novelist desire?

ART. VIII.—*Minutes of Conference*, 1881. London: Conference Office.

THIS is a stirring autumn for the Methodist people. The Liverpool Conference is over, with all its excitements, responsibilities, and cares. The Œcumenical Conference in City Road is at hand; and, before we close these notes, it may be in our power to speak at least of its inauguration. But first we must pay our tribute to the assembly that has just broken up.

It has been in many respects a remarkable Conference: remarkable for its order, calmness, good conduct in debate; for its high conservative tone, its resolution and decision in dealing with some perplexing questions that demanded instant settlement, and its caution in not venturing to settle matters that required delay; for its unanimity of devotion to the common cause, and its never-failing brotherliness and spirit of good fellowship. Its public religious services have been at least up to the average standard—and that is a very high one; while its internal religious tone, though perhaps not so marked and memorable as that of the two preceding, has been thoroughly good. Seldom have the members of this annual gathering gone down to their homes with a more satisfied and hopeful feeling; seldom has a Conference more fully answered one of its ends, that of keeping alive and strengthening the Methodist *esprit de corps*. How far all this has been due to the master spirit in the chair, where quiet rule has made order the law, and whose unfailing knowledge of all things great and small pertaining to the business has allowed no embarrassment to arise, it is needless to say. Admitting that to the full, it is better to ascribe the good we acknowledge to that Higher Authority who has been directing all.

The most solemn session of every Conference is that which records the memorials of the departed. In this respect also this year's meeting has had a special character. Some of the names of those who have been called hence were more than ordinarily distinguished in the community, and dear to the Methodist people.

One of those, Dr. Jobson, we have our own reason for commemorating in this Journal. Almost thirty years ago he took an active part with a few other public-spirited men in establishing the LONDON QUARTERLY; and, through all its vicissitudes, continued to be its generous and judicious friend. He deeply felt its importance as a quasi-Connexional organ, not fettered by a too close supervision of the book-room, and yet to all intents and purposes responsible for its fidelity to Methodism. By undertaking at a critical time to be the publisher of this Journal, he greatly promoted its prospect of permanence; and to the very last he encouraged its conductors to go on hopefully in their service to Christianity and Christian literature, and to wait confidently for a more generous and general appreciation on the part of the Methodist public. Dr. Jobson's position at the head of the book affairs of the Connexion concurred with his own literary tastes to make him an ardent and liberal friend of Methodist literature generally. He gave it every encouragement in his power; and his goodwill to our Journal was only an expression of a large-minded desire for its improvement. It is a pleasure to pay this debt of our own to his memory. But it is no less a pleasure to offer our tribute to his eminent worth in all those respects for which his own people and the Christian Church generally valued him. He began, continued, and ended his life as a preacher of the Gospel. Nothing ever diverted his aim from that highest vocation. His great and peculiar power as a preacher was best known to a generation that has nearly passed away. The extraordinary effect of his fervid pulpit oratory, and its usefulness in the highest sense, also carry us back to an earlier time; although the freshness and vigour of his preaching are well known to have continued to the last. Dr. Jobson's broad and catholic sympathies endeared him to multitudes beyond his own communion. But none knew the deep affection of his heart, and his self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of the Redeemer, so well as the body of men who have just paid their final tribute to his memory.

The obituary of Mr. Coley will be read by many with the deepest interest, as giving a just and true record of a highly gifted and very devoted man, who exerted a wonderful influence over all classes, and especially the young, for nearly forty years. In the qualities of his mind, the range of his acquirements, the peculiarity of his

mental discipline, his singular ability to adapt himself to the requirements of any occasion, and the warmth of his affection to those who had his friendship, he had a character of his own altogether out of the common order. In early life he sharpened his intellect to a high pitch of subtilty, and cultivated the habit of theological analysis with great success: preaching sermons of much expository skill, and using his powers with great effect in the controversial defence of the faith. But he was not satisfied with the results of all this in his power over congregations. Hence he adopted another style; and soon took almost the foremost place among his brethren as a popular preacher, riveting the attention of his hearers and swaying them by illustration, anecdote, and directness of quaint appeal almost according to his will. He loved and studied the Holy Scriptures with more than the ordinary devotion. In his practical exposition of every part of them—in the pulpit, in the Bible class, in family worship—he took immense pains, and abounded almost to excess. The discipline and labours of his early life served him effectually when he became Theological Tutor; and it may be hoped that some of the fruit of his toil may yet be given to the world. But he never restrained himself in his public work, and—we, were going to say, therefore—died comparatively early. But he had "served the counsel of God in his generation," and will not soon be forgotten by man.

Another great name has passed from the living roll this year, that of Dr. Punshon. From the very beginning of his career he was, like Mr. Coley, his coeval in life and death, and beyond Mr. Coley, a mighty power in swaying the masses. But he was also a great power in the economics of Methodism and as a leader in Conference. His departure leaves a more sensible blank than that of any other for some time past recorded. His many-sided abilities and services have had their generous, but not too generous, tribute in the public documents of the Connexion, especially in the obituary found in the *Minutes*. We need not dwell upon them; though it is impossible to abstain from echoing the general testimony. As a master of oratory, prepared with the highest finish of phrase, sustained through climactical paragraphs, delivered with a memory trusted to the utmost and never betraying its trust, and lighted up with a glow that kindled thousands to a kind of ecstasy, he was without a rival in his generation.

Some of his lectures—all of which had a high moral and religious aim, and served purposes of benevolence and charity—have never been surpassed in that kind. His platform addresses were scarcely less effective, especially when the missionary cause was their theme. With this Dr. Punshon combined a financial and economical gift of a high order; and was very much at home among complicated details which might have seemed either above or below his reach. Hence the office of one of the general secretaries of the missions was a sphere for which he was pre-eminently qualified. He served in it with all his heart, struggled with its embarrassments, and was waiting for the returning tide of prosperity when he died. But among the Methodist people a man is valued according to his measure as a preacher of the Gospel. This his highest function Dr. Punshon never forgot; and some of the testimonies given to his power and unction and purity of motive as a pleader for Christ were very affecting. It need hardly be added that he was an enthusiastic lover of his own religious community, in whose cause he worked almost too laboriously towards the close: he also—it may be said, though with caution—paying the penalty by falling in what has been called "the youth of old age." "Paying the penalty," however, is not the right phrase. He has gone to his reward: leaving a memory warmly cherished by tens of thousands, and works that will follow him. It may be added that Dr. Punshon has also left works—literary works—that will not follow him, but abide with us; and to them, in their course of publication, we shall have again to refer.

We need not go any further in this direction. The reader will find in the *Minutes* obituaries of heroic servants of Christ, such as Mr. Simpson and Mr. Thomas, who in the foreign missions and at home accomplished a work of which Methodism may justly be proud, "glorifying God in them." But we cannot pass from this subject without adding a word concerning this so much neglected corner of the Connexional literature. These obituary notices are no less than the final official seal set on the life and work of every Methodist preacher. They are entrusted to the wisest hands, and subjected in the District Committees to careful scrutiny; seldom passing on to the Conference in precisely their original form. Jealous integrity watches for the too much, and equally watches for the too little. They are read

in solemn silence at the Conference; and become the subject of conversation which gives them the final form which is ratified and accepted. Sometimes the sessions in which they are read is inexpressibly pathetic and edifying. When they appear, and are delivered to the public, they deserve to be carefully read. They are among the unique things of Methodism. And what a goodly volume would a collection of them from the beginning make!

The transition is easy to those who take the place of these departed ones. The ordination services are again among the unique things of the Body. First comes an examination privately by the President, and publicly before the Conference. Then in various congregations the probationers recommended to be ordained deliver their testimonies of personal religion. Finally, the ordination proper takes place, in the presence of an assembly always large, after the manner of the ancient formulary taken and adapted from the Anglican service. The ordained receive the sacrament together, and then hear an elaborate charge, which generally is such as ought to produce a lifelong impression on those who receive it. Ordinarily the service is one, and the ex-President finishes the official course of his year by delivering this charge. It was impossible this year to adhere to the rule. The overwhelming crowds rendered two services necessary. The ex-President's address was, according to all report, a memorable and most appropriate one for these times; a worthy close of Presidential utterances which have been as much distinguished for unfailing intellectual vigour as they have been, through God's blessing, for what is of still higher importance, spiritual unction and power.

But what means the hint, appearing in the papers, of deficiencies on the part of a few in the public theological examination? Surely that could not have been due to faulty preparation in the case of men who have passed through the colleges, and have had additional years of study in the interval. It is a poor plea that here and there a probationer may lack presence of mind or become confused. The whole body of the candidates for ordination ought to a man determine that this, the final examination of their course, should be a triumphant one. There is no possible reason why it should not be such. This would not be alluded to here were it not that the same complaint has been made in former years concerning individual men. We

would earnestly recommend those whose solemnities will come next year to look to this. Let them by no means suppose that the last theological examination will be a perfunctory one. And if they are forewarned, they know very well how to be forearmed. Meanwhile, the matter takes a wider scope. There are paper examinations on books prescribed which every spring bring the probationers under the ordeal. It is plainly enough seen who take an interest in their theology, and who do not, who keep up their Hebrew and Greek, and who neglect them; who, in short, are leading studious lives, and who are declining in their studies. But we must leave this digression; though it is hardly a digression, since all these matters have come before the Conference, and not without their comment.

Candidates for the ministry have this year been subjected to a severe trial. Many who had passed through all the previous examinations with acceptance have been, through stern necessity, sent home again to wait. Into the reasons of this, and the effect it will have upon the economy of the year, it is not necessary to enter. But a word will not be lost upon the young men who have undergone this disappointment. Some of these will, through the thoughtful liberality of friends, be employed in home-mission service, which will be a good preparation for the future. Others will have the opportunity of prosecuting such studies as will better qualify them more fully to benefit by the training of the Institution. Their remand was a hard necessity, but on the whole a wise decision. It has caused embarrassment to all concerned; and not least to the colleges expecting their first year's supply as usual. But time and patience will cure all.

We must now be economical of space, and touch only a few points which to ourselves appear of more than ordinary importance in the decisions of the late Conference. Some few pages must be reserved for the Œcumenical gathering that is to follow.

In our last number we ventured to express a hope that in the revision of the larger Catechism of the Body the Revised Version of the New Testament might be discreetly used, permission of the Conference being asked and obtained. We had at the time many doubts, perhaps more than were expressed. But our confidence in the wisdom and large-mindedness of that legislative assembly outweighed all doubts. And it has been justified by the result. Of course

the decree was not obtained without discussion, and discussion of a very thorough and searching kind. Some opposed it on the broad and intelligible ground that "the old was better;" but they were few. Others demanded that the New Version should be longer on its trial, and be more generally ratified by public opinion, before it was used in such an authoritative document as the Catechism. It was suggested by some that the revision of the Authorised Version of the Old Testament should be waited for. And by a few that the whole subject should be remitted to a sort of *plebiscitum*, giving all the ministers of the Connexion an opportunity of judging for themselves before they were committed to such an innovation. The strongest, or apparently the strongest argument against the change urged the inexpediency of disturbing the minds of the young on the subject of the Biblical text. These arguments were thoughtfully and temperately pleaded. But all the counter-pleas, with the amendments based on them, were rejected; and the desired permission was granted by such a large majority as warrants the Revisers in finishing their work with the utmost confidence. When the Catechism appears, it will be seen that the Conference has acted nobly and wisely in thus taking the lead of all religious communities in paying its tribute to the labours of the Revising Company who have amended the Authorised Version. It will be found that some changes in the proof-texts, as now read, are strikingly in harmony with what may be called the Methodist theological system, and support some of the tenets which it tenaciously holds. That in the case of a Catechism is of great importance. It will be found, also, that there has been no occasion for quoting any of those numerous passages the alteration of which has wounded the susceptibilities of those who have not deeply studied or appreciated their necessity. Many texts of proof or illustration are only referred to, within brackets and without quotation. The texts from the Old Testament are, not few indeed, but comparatively few; and not many of them will undergo change in that part of the revision of the English Bible when it appears. And when the time comes—may it be hastened—that it does appear, by the permission of Conference it will be easy to bring all into harmony by a little further revision. As to the ulterior question of the final ascendency of the New Version, very little can as yet be said. Undoubtedly the present decision implies a con-

fidence that in due time this—or something very like it—will be the English New Testament.

But, passing from this to a matter of perhaps more importance, the question arises as to the usefulness of the revised Catechism when it is made public. Will it, or will it not, help towards the revival or increased vigour of catechetical instruction in the schools and households of the Connexion? This most desirable result has been the hope that has encouraged the labours of those who have been engaged in this work. They have aimed to throw the old Catechism into a better order; to supplement it where it was defective; to bring it into harmony with the latest results of criticism and exposition; to add some sections that will help very much towards a better understanding of Scripture; and, in fact, to make it useful as a handbook, not only for children but for people of riper years, and especially candidates for the ministry. We believe that the future use of the Catechism is a matter of vital importance to the community. It has not been altogether neglected in the past. It would be hard to over-estimate the influence the old Catechism has exerted on the theology of the past and present generations of Methodists. Its definitions and texts hold their place through life in the beliefs and teaching of multitudes who learned them early; and have really laid the foundation in many minds which have subsequently varied very much in the superstructure built upon it. But there is reason to fear that in more recent years the old discipline of teaching it in schools and families has been gradually relaxed. In many Sunday schools the Catechism has a very secondary place. It is not systematically studied by the teachers as part of their weekly preparation for their work, nor is it taught in the classes as a whole and from beginning to end. We should expect a most beneficial result from a more diligent attention to this matter. The teachers themselves would become better instructed in the Christian faith; they would be sure to partake of that enthusiasm which orderly Christian doctrine always excites in those who give their hearts to it; and they would be kept from many perilous or unprofitable speculations that are now too apt to engross their attention. And, as to the scholars, they would grow up prepared for the public ministry, and armed against errors which are plentifully lying in wait. Who can estimate the effect of one twelvemonth devoted by an intelligent teacher to a

class having the Catechism for a text-book: patiently, humbly, and prayerfully carrying on the instructions from the first chapter to the last. The same holds good of other schools which do not meet on the Sunday. It applies to all those which are conducted under denominational auspices; and not to those only, for there is nothing sectarian in the document, from beginning to end. But what shall be said of the households of the people? Time was when at least the weekly hour was spent by the father or the mother in this kind of instruction. And the time still is when by some it is not forgotten. But in what numbers of families is the Catechism an unknown book, and catechising an unknown institution! How grievous are the complaints heard on every hand as to the loose reading, and unseemly recreations, and free habits of thought among the young people whose parents bewail what they cannot resist! But we must not continue this strain. Suffice to say that, under the Divine blessing, there is no better method of keeping the household religion pure, and the members of the family safe in their adherence to their fathers' religion than the practice we are now speaking of. And, should the new form of the Catechism in any degree stimulate the responsible heads of the families of Methodism to the discharge of what is a bounden duty, much pains spent upon it will not be vain in the end.

From one revision to another the transition is easy. There was nothing more noteworthy in the recent Conference than the discussion of the proposed amendment of the Baptismal office: a discussion that will not soon be forgotten. As the labours of those to whom the revision was committed were not accepted, and the revision is to be reattempted during the present year, the question belongs rather to the Conference of 1882 than to that of 1881. Meanwhile, as there is considerable misconception abroad as to the bearings and revelations of this debate, we must say a few words about it.

And, first, there is no ground for the notion, which seems to have taken possession of some minds, that the Conference is relaxing in its opposition to high sacramentarian teaching. That suspicion on the part of those without, or fear on the part of those within, may certainly be dismissed. The error that lies at the root of the term "Baptismal Regeneration" was never more firmly repudiated than it is now. Neither the Romanist, nor the Anglican, nor the

Lutheran theory of the sacraments find any more favour now than at any former time. This is not the place to prove this assertion or to exhibit all that it means. We must simply make the assertion and leave it: adding only this—for the satisfaction of any who have taken umbrage at some parts of the discussion and the general result of it—that no revision will be thought of by any that shall not effect what the original instruction on the subject prescribed, the elimination of any such expressions from the service as are fairly chargeable with an unscriptural and superstitious meaning.

But then, secondly, it cannot be denied that a very strong feeling was aroused on the part of many against any such revision as should eliminate with the superstitious abuse the sacramental meaning itself. If we rightly interpret the words and the spirit of the remonstrants, they were exceedingly jealous lest the general tone of the revision should weaken the old faith of Methodism in a certain grace connected with the sign. They think that no ordinance appointed by Christ can be a mere token to the eye, a mere sign to the beholder; but that it must in virtue of His promise be a channel of His grace to the fit recipient. The older teachers to whom they have looked up trained them in this faith. Their standards all justify them in this sentiment: an assertion, once more, which this is not the time to prove, however easy it might be to prove it. These pleaders for a more sparing and cautious revision appeal to these standards. They deprecate being forced to adopt a formulary which contradicts, or even suppresses, what they read in sermons and expositions which they are pledged to accept. Undoubtedly, there are some who would be willing in this matter to forsake the old teaching—in their honest dread of danger—just as many Christian bodies, holding the Westminster Confession, forsake its teaching on this very subject. Let the reader, deeply interested in this subject, read the sacramental and baptismal articles of that noble old Confession, and he will understand what we mean. But we shall not pursue this. Suffice to say that, as no revision will be accepted that does not purge out the words which unscripturally bind regeneration and baptism together, so none will be accepted that should carefully expunge every encouragement to expect some blessing—by whatever name defined or not defined—to accompany the sign as its seal.

The mention of the "standards" suggests another subject which excited no little interest. The Conference has, we believe, formally requested its President to perform a work which to him must needs be a labour of love, to issue a Pastoral recommending and illustrating a more careful study of the writings of John Wesley. This will be expected with much satisfaction; and we hope will not long be delayed. In the hands of some men, and unskilfully performed, this task might have a perplexing result. Some embarrassing catenas of doctrinal statement might be collected, as they have been collected and arranged by unfriendly critics. For ourselves, we think that by judicious handling the embarrassment we refer to might be made to disappear. The attempt has been made again and again, and with excellent effect, by Dr. Rigg and others, who have done much to clear up the consistency of that most honest and transparent of all writers, John Wesley. But this official document will have a peculiar weight. It will come as an exhortation to study those writings methodically which are now generally studied too much in extracts and isolated definitions. We have no fear, we have nothing but good hope, concerning the result; especially when we remember that the enthusiasm for a revival of Wesley's works, or rather for a more thorough acquaintance with them, was common to all parties in the Conference, and indeed originated among those who seemed to be the most vigorous pleaders for extreme revision of the formularies. If they consent, their opponents will consent, to abide on all questions by the decision that an enlightened reading of John Wesley's writings will demand. But we must wait to see what Dr. Osborn's characteristic style of consenting meant. He must not be allowed to defer the people's hope too long.

This naturally leads our thoughts to the *Fernley Lecture* on "Dogma." We have spoken of the "unique things" of the Conference; and this is of them. We do not mean the lecture of this year—though that was unique in its way—but the lecture itself as an institution. That on a Monday evening, after the exciting services of the preceding day, and the scarcely less exciting Conference sessions of the same day, a very large miscellaneous assembly of ministers and laymen should listen to a theological discourse of two hours' length, and listen not only without weariness, but with intense delight, must needs be regarded as a strange thing. Of course something must

be set to the account of the orator's fascinating style and delivery,—for, though the lecture was a written one, the lecturer gave it the charm of an oration,—but on former occasions the same or almost the same earnest attention has been conceded to lecturers not distinguished for grace of manner. The truth is that the *Fernley Lecture* is an undeniable success. Whether it is that the atmosphere of the Conference is peculiarly favourable to theology, or the topics chosen are generally of a piquant character, or that the lecturers raise large expectations, the fact remains that the lecture can always calculate now on a large and sympathising audience. It was at first matter of doubt; and many prophesied that this annual theological deliverance would dwindle down to the level of an ordinary or perhaps extraordinary sermon. There can now be no longer any doubt. It is the lecture, and the elaborate lecture, and the profound lecture, too, that the people love. If they did not they would not be found crowding the gates as soon as they are opened. The phenomenon is of happy omen. And it is of great importance that the Fernley Board should take pains to provide worthy lecturers and worthy subjects to continue the succession of which the present year's effort was so fine an example.

As to the Lecture itself, it is not yet published, and therefore not to be criticised. It will have its due tribute soon in our pages. But we need not wait to express our sense of the fitness of the theme for these times; and of the great service done to the cause of definite theological faith by the true-hearted lecturer. The subject was not chosen by himself; but, with a sure instinct, the theological tutor designate saw his opportunity, and rose to the occasion. He had not the fair notice beforehand that most men would have required; but those who appealed to him in an emergency had full faith in his resources. They paid him a high compliment by suggesting one of the most difficult subjects that a man can handle. He gallantly grappled with it, heavily encumbered meanwhile with manifold duties. And, according to the general verdict, which in such a case forestalls all criticism, he did his work thoroughly well. But, greatly as we rejoice in the success of what was after all a bold experiment, and heartily as we congratulate one in whom this Journal has a special interest, we confess that our thankfulness is inspired by a much higher than personal consideration. We regard the

Lecture as a pledge and an earnest of sound, orthodox, and never uncertain theological teaching—for many years to come, as we hope—in the Birmingham theological chair.

It is marvellous how perplexities disentangle themselves, and difficulties find their own solution, in this great organisation of Methodism. The Birmingham College will after all be opened in due course, notwithstanding a thousand prognostications to the contrary. This is an event that must not be passed over without comment. However viewed, the commemoration of this enterprise is to be hailed with great joy. It is the triumph of deep Connexional conviction over obstacles of a very formidable character; so formidable indeed that up to a recent period some of the wisest and most sanguine were beginning to despair, or at least to speak of indefinite postponement. This new centre of learning cannot fail to prove a tower of strength to the Midland districts, which need precisely what they will now have. It will be a great relief to the other colleges of the Connexion which are at present overburdened. Whatever may be the case at the present exceptional time, the necessity for it is clearly proved if the brighter future is taken into account; and that future will soon justify the bold action of the present. But its great value is the tribute it pays to the determination of the Methodist people that their rising ministry shall have all the advantages of general and especially theological training. This was to a great extent an ideal till now; now it will be a reality. Provision will be made, at a great cost to the Connexion of means and men, for the official education of every young man sent out into the work.

Provision will be made; no more than this can be said. The actual results are a different matter, dependent on many things besides efficient tutors and good instruction. There are some, perhaps some of our readers, who do not think that the benefits of the Institution are as marked as they ought to be; who in fact would support it more cordially and more liberally if they were better satisfied with the average of the students who go from it into the ministry. Perhaps their standard of judgment is too high; perhaps they do not make sufficient allowance for the peculiar difficulties of these ministerial seminaries. They are not places where instruction in general literature and the elements of all knowledge is given alone; nor are they

theological schools proper, where nothing but theology is taught; nor are they training colleges, where candidates are chiefly instructed how to preach and teach; nor are they schools of Methodism, where only the constitution and history and working of this system are unfolded. Were the colleges devoted to any one of these worthy branches in particular, they would send out men thoroughly equipped in that particular department. But the colleges combine all these objects in one; and all their work must be accomplished in three short years; and the persons upon whom their discipline is spent are of all varieties of preparatory culture, from very low to very high, the low vastly preponderating. What more, on the whole, and in a liberal judgment, ought to be expected than is actually found? It is true that this is not the whole of the case. There are students who neglect their advantages, and, perhaps, dealt with too tolerantly, go through their course in such a way as to reflect small credit on their tuition. Others there are who, vainly attempting to do something in every department, do little in any. No provision can be made to obviate these reproaches on the Institution. Happily they are the exceptions; and will be, as we think, more and more exceptional. The sons of the Institution in large numbers are living vindications of its value against every charge.

In both Conferences provision is made for sessions of earnest conversation on the progress and difficulties and encouragements of the general work committed to Methodism in other lands. The testimonies delivered at Liverpool were very vigorous, and the streams of suggestion very diversified; but they all tended towards a revival of the old Methodist zeal in home-missionary work, and a more confident use of the old methods in winning souls, gathering them into fellowship, and keeping them from the worst evils of modern society. The current set so strongly in this direction as to be irresistible; and many points of cardinal importance to the efficiency of the good cause remained untouched, or were touched only in passing. But the time was short, and men were wholly absorbed in the one theme. Nor is there any subject of more commanding claim than this: how the descendants and representatives of the early Methodists may most efficiently carry on the work of their fathers, all allowance being made for altered circumstances. Here lies a danger,

obvious to all whose eyes are opened and whose hearts beat with the right pulsation. Is Methodism remembering her first commission and faithful to it?

Circumstances are indeed very much altered; but the essentials of her position are the same. Persecution and obloquy have ceased, and a fair measure of good fame has been earned; but the deep offence of her origin has not been effaced from the heart of the National Church, and the Nonconformist bodies around are as ill content as ever with her midway position between that Church and them. It may seem almost ungenerous to say this, with the remembrance of the Liverpool interchanges of mutual regard fresh in our minds. We do not undervalue them. The courtesy of the Bishop of Liverpool, publicly and privately shown, was of the most frank and graceful character; and it was most heartily reciprocated. But that was an incident, most honourable to his lordship's heart and most grateful to the Methodist people, which does not affect our point. The refreshing hour with the representatives of dissent, like similar hours in previous Conferences, was an expression of deep and genuine unity of feeling in the common work of Christianity. Neither does that affect our point. Methodism, as a Christian body raised up for the promotion of the cause of Christianity in these lands—for other purposes also, but this is our present subject—must to a great extent stand and work alone, and under a certain amount of suspicion. Caring only for one thing, and having only a great spiritual work in hand, neither conceding the supremacy or sole rights of the Establishment nor actively labouring to overthrow it, she must be in some degree an offence to all. Circumstances are changed in many other respects, which need not be dwelt on here. And the question returns, which is anxiously asked at every Conference, and was never more anxiously asked than at the recent one: Is the more modern system continuing in good earnest the work of the more ancient? This question it is not for us to answer directly. But a few suggestions arise which may indirectly answer it.

There is one evil against which a salutary warning is necessary: the tendency, which gives faint expression of its existence, to think that Providence has raised up other instruments to accomplish what Methodism is proved incapable of accomplishing. It would be a calamity if

this ancient body, the foremost revivalist agency of the eighteenth century, should come to forget its old traditions, and give place to others in the nineteenth. It would be its own fault, its own most grievous fault, if it did not continue to be the first and foremost power of this kind in permanence. It has every advantage still in the generous competition of zeal in the Redeemer's service. Whatever power it has lost may be regained: if indeed it has lost its power and pre-eminence in this respect. But in order to this there must be awakened afresh and kept alive in the community a consciousness of its original vocation. There are many outside who think that is becoming languid. Nothing is more common than quasi-philosophical reflection upon the order of Providence in gradually giving the old body the middle classes to work upon, leaving the lower strata of half-heathen society to the offshoots of Methodism, the real inheritors of the ancient ardour to encounter the worst and most hidden forms of wickedness in the land. And now it is beginning to be assumed that, these later forms of revivalist energy having also proved incompetent, the Divine Spirit is raising up agencies which adopt methods altogether unknown before, and with a daring originality carry the holy war into regions hitherto inaccessible to the appointed organisations of the Christian Church. It is now almost taken for granted that the "Salvation Army" is the instrument raised up at once to rebuke the supineness and supply the deficiencies of the old Scriptural organisations that used to "turn the world upside down."

Far be it from us to pass judgment on what the Divine Wisdom may have done or not have done to quicken the energies of the Christian Church. That is no part of our function either as Christians or journalists. As to the later Methodist bodies we can feel only respect for their work, and say nothing but good: especially on the eve of the Œcumenical Conference. Statistics tell their tale; and if the report does show that all the bodies of the Methodist family have more or less failed, we are bound to join them in common humiliation, and challenge them to renewed earnestness. Meanwhile, our present concern is with the Old Body. And we feel bound to contribute what little in us lies to influence its ambition in their holy rivalry. We are not appealing to any unchristian sentiment, or pandering to any pride of community or organisa-

tion. There is enough to keep Methodism humble. It is taught in many ways to be like its holy Master, "meek and lowly of heart." But the question is not one of pride or humility. The question is one of fidelity to a vocation. God has given this people a work to do throughout all unchristianised Britain; and from the range of the commission no class is excepted. They must not forget their prerogative, or abdicate their high place in favour of any. That would be a fatal mistake. There are no spheres of sin and depravity which they may not penetrate. Nothing is done by self-renouncing and hard-working clergy which they ought not to emulate, and if possible surpass. There is nothing attempted by honest enthusiasts of any irregular description which their disciplined enthusiasm, faithful to the very letter of the New Testament, ought not to attempt. There can be no hiding-place of sin too hidden for them, if they do their duty. It should never be said either by their foes or by themselves concerning any other zealous workers whatever: "Those men are raised up to reach a class that the Methodists cannot touch."

One thing requires to be said on this subject. The work of Christianity cannot be done save on Christian methods. The New Testament gives us patterns of home-missionary work in every form. But there is no example of any departure from the hard and simple purity of one type of agency. The grandeur, the dignity, the deep solemnity of the Gospel plan of winning sinners appears in every narrative and on every page of the Scriptures. Artifices and unrealities, and startling accommodations to man's love of the marvellous, are not to be found there. These could not have existed or arisen under the shadow of the Apostles. But it may be said that the history of the Christian Church sanctions much irregularity and even extravagance in the great awakenings. We cannot find that the Holy Ghost ever set His seal to them in the abiding progress of the Gospel. But we do find that at every great revival the true work of the Gospel has waited for the cessation of the extravagances, and has itself most surely suppressed them by its own heavenly power. The history of Methodism is no exception. Nothing could be more dignified than the austere simplicity of our fathers' methods. Field preaching and street preaching, congregations gathered by singing godly hymns, the little Bible, and the great Gospel preached from it; enemies reasoned

with, and their mad opposition endured; souls plunged into sorrow for sin, and told the way of salvation, and gathered into Christian societies: these were their irregularities and this their method. By the same irregularities and by the same method much has been done among us, and much may still be done. While it is undoubtedly true, according to the best accounts, that some of the most remarkable Home-mission successes, notably amongst the Methodists, have been lately achieved in the most quiet and undemonstrative way possible.

That Home-missionary work, as an appendage to the regular work of the pastorate, is needful, and always has been needful, is a settled principle. All who know the recent history of Methodism know how widely this organisation has spread in it, and what skilful and energetic methods are adopted to keep up its efficiency. Those who read its much-neglected Reports will best understand how much is done to send fit men into all districts of the country; to attach them to the large towns, and plant them in neglected regions that they form centres of future societies. They also will know what pains are taken to adopt and organise and keep within orderly limits all those irregular missionary and revivalist agencies which have been pervading the country, and doing more or less of good service in isolated ways. Moreover, there is a great deal of Home-mission work which is of an indirect kind, of which, indeed, no statistical account can be given. The educational institutions of Methodism have very much of this character. The teachers who are trained in the Normal Colleges ought to be set to this account. In theory, at least, they are in every part of the land agents of Methodism, though subordinate or indirect agents, impressing more or less of the Methodist influence upon a large proportion of the children of the country. In a very considerable degree the theory is sustained by the practice of these teachers. Moreover, many of them carry that influence beyond the bounds of the Connexion itself. Methodism trains them, and then sends them out to be no longer under its own control: a liberality this which is wise in its self-sacrifice for the common good. The effort also by well-considered encouragement to carry the same influence into the middle-class education of the country tends in the same direction; as also does the noble institution of the Children's Home. Much more might be said on this subject.

In fact, remembering the great work done for the Army and Navy, and the provision made for people of other tongues in England, we may affirm that the direct or indirect Home-missions of the community hardly leave any region of usefulness unattempted.

But, after all, it is well to remember that the ordinary work of all the Christian bodies in this land, as in every land, must have in it the essential elements of Home-mission. This must be the case wherever and so long as the Church is planted in the midst of an unconverted population. Every Christian society must grow, not only by its own internal development and increase, but by its victorious aggression on the masses around. The state of things—the large majority in town and country being outside of Christian fellowship—will not permit any over-scrupulousness as to any vested and old-standing interest in these lost multitudes. There they are, and they must be saved. Granted that there must be no proselytism—according to the modern meaning of that term—and that every Church aims at the abandoned and the ungarnered only, there is free scope for all zeal of all communities: the great necessity still outstripping the combined zeal of the whole. Now the work of every Christian denomination is based on this principle: either as a fundamental principle or as one that has been forced upon it. But, whatever may be the case with others, Methodism lives by this law and under this law. And it is a law which must never be forgotten. Every year its ministers receive as it were a new commission to win converts from without: not only to attempt it but to do it; for there is no unblessed labour in this field. Home-mission organisation must not be allowed to weaken the force of this obligation: every minister of the Gospel is a home-missionary, organising the work of others and working himself. The best part of the present prosperity of this body is due to the measure in which this principle is happily remembered and acted upon. If it is anywhere unprosperous, it is because this is sometimes forgotten. The most stirring appeals in the late Conference aimed to quicken this conviction in the hearts of both ministers and laymen. And we would do our humble part to echo and enforce these appeals. Methodism will never decline in this country so long as this its first law and fundamental principle animates the spirit of every servant it employs.

Before leaving our subject, it is only right to say a word about the tone of good cheer and good hope that pervades all the recorded conversations of the late Conference. Exceptions there were of course; but only such as confirm the general truth of this observation. There has been much to depress the minds both of ministers and laymen. Financial embarrassments have weighed heavily upon the hearts of many: embarrassments all the more grievous because so many sacrifices have been made and so large a sum collected to relieve them, and all apparently in vain. Not a few went to Liverpool with the expectation of having a trying season; and those who were peculiarly morbid apprehended some great breakdown. But it appears that from beginning to end there was unanimity in almost every subject; and the more important measures carried were carried by such large majorities as are almost better than absolute unanimity. And, what is better than more unanimity, there was observable in the assembly a sanguine and buoyant feeling, as if it was determined to succumb before nothing. This is as it should be. Discontent and despondency are the worst enemies of prosperity. Complaining and forecasting evil waste much time and exhaust much energy. It is easy enough to find real evils, and to exaggerate them when found. But, if they are real evils, they must be cheerfully met and overcome: those who complain of them setting the example of amendment in themselves and of prudent zeal in amending others. The last Conference was not in the humour to indulge in forebodings: there was little tolerance for those who were so disposed. Things will go well, if all from highest to lowest will do their duty in the fear of God and in the strength of the Holy Ghost.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

VAUGHAN'S HOURS WITH THE MYSTICS.

Hours with the Mystics. A Contribution to the History of Religious Opinion. By Robert Alfred Vaughan, B.A. Third Edition. Two Vols. Strahan and Co.

THE author was the son of the late Robert Vaughan, D.D., sometime President of the Lancashire Independent College. He was born in the year 1823, and early gave evidence of remarkable aptitude for literature. The first published product of his pen was an article on Origen which appeared in the *British Quarterly Review* in 1845. It displays great mastery of the subject and literary ability of a high order. After a short residence in Germany, he returned to England, and entered on the work of the Christian ministry as the assistant of the celebrated Rev. William Jay, of Bath. Two years afterwards he accepted a call to the pastorate of a congregation in Birmingham, where he laboured for five years, when failing health obliged him to resign his charge. By carefully husbanding his time he was able, while fulfilling his ministerial duties with efficiency and acceptance, to add to his knowledge of Latin, Greek, French, and Italian, a familiar acquaintance with old German, Dutch, and Spanish, and to contribute several able articles to the *British Quarterly Review.* It was during this period that he wrote, in great part at least, the work now under our notice. For several years the subject of Mysticism had been attracting more and more of his attention and interest. The first-fruits of his studies in this direction appeared in his articles on "Madame Guyon," and "The Mystics and the Reformers:" the full harvest followed in the *Hours with the Mystics.*

The first appearance of this work took place in 1856, when it was at once recognised as a very able and, on the whole, successful attempt to furnish a history of the development and successive

manifestations of one of the most powerful factors in the religious movements of the past, and one concerning which the information of even cultured and well-read persons had hitherto been but meagre and fragmentary. Before the close of the following year the gifted and scholarly author had passed away. He had, however, in great part revised the work, and prepared some additional matter with a view to a new edition. This, with a short preface by his father, was published in 1860. A third edition has recently been issued in two handsome volumes, under the care of the author's son, Wycliffe Vaughan, who has furnished a preface giving a sketch of his father's literary life, together with a brief survey of the wide field included within the range of the work itself.

It is scarcely too much to say that the task attempted in these volumes is such as, in order to do full justice to its importance, and in view of its extent and difficulty, might worthily occupy the best years and efforts of one of the Church's ablest and maturest minds. It is matter of congratulation that such a task fell into the hands of one who, although comparatively young, was in many other respects so well fitted for it. To a memory richly stored with the results of wide and careful reading, he joined remarkable acuteness of perception, power of generalisation and soundness of judgment. To this must be added a high degree of sympathetic imagination, an artistic temperament, and, not least, a heart thoroughly loyal to Christ and the great truths of the Gospel. His style, which is remarkable rather for vigour than pliancy, is now and then transfused with the glow of poetic fancy, and enriched with illustrations drawn from the most various and often recondite sources. But one is, perhaps, most struck with the amazing range of reading and wonderful mastery of detail which these volumes evidence, and with the clear, comprehensive, and, on the whole, reliable insight which they afford into a subject at once so vast, intricate, and obscure.

But, while we cordially tender our tribute to the many excellencies of this work, we cannot shut our eyes to certain defects, which, though not fatal, are yet such as to detract somewhat seriously from its effectiveness and worth. One of these relates to its form. The conversations of a few friends over their wine and walnuts may do very well for the discussion of various subjects of lighter importance, and having no necessary connection with one another, but is quite unsuitable, we venture to think, for a subject like this—one so serious and so difficult, requiring, to do it justice, continuous historical treatment, and the wise and reverential handling of the philosopher and the divine. It is a poor compliment to his readers for the author to have imagined that a subject so interesting in itself, and treated with the force and charm he knew so well how to supply, could need the poetic

outbursts of Gower, or the smart prattle of Kate Merivale. The work may have gained in a certain small kind of liveliness, but it has lost far more in tone, weight, and effectiveness.

Another defect—a more serious one—consists in a certain want of sympathy with the mystical aspect of religion. He regards it on its rational and practical, rather than on its contemplative and experimental side. His sympathies are, in the main, with its common-sense, robust, world-shouldering, militant, manifestations. For those rare and saintly souls whose lives were one long struggle God-wards through the darkness and temptations of their time, and with such imperfect aids as their time could furnish, he has, apparently, but slight appreciation. He smiles at the occult meanings which some of the mystics profess to find in the Scriptures, but gives evidence that his own views of their mystical sense have not travelled beyond the shallow and inadequate ones which at present prevail. In fact, with all his culture, his mind bears marked traces of the sturdy Independency in which it was trained.

He defines Mysticism as "spirituality diseased" (vol. i. p. 22), but he leaves us somewhat in the dark as to what constitutes a healthy spirituality. He seems to believe that it includes some measure of direct and conscious Divine influence on the soul. But how much, and under what conditions, he does not inform us. We venture to think that there is not a little in the writings of St. Paul and St. John, and in the discourses of our Lord Himself, which, were it drawn out and presented in sermons or books, half the professing Christians of this country would characterise as mystical. The causes of Mysticism he describes as mainly three,—a reaction against religious formality, a longing for rest from uneasiness and strife, and the desire of strong and active minds to pierce the secrets of the unseen world. But, surely, if the very essence of Mysticism be, according to our author's description, the endeavour to gain some direct consciousness of and union with God, we must seek far deeper for its true cause and inspiration. It seems to us that wherever there is enlightenment enough for men to have embraced the belief in a Supreme Being — the first Cause of the being, power, and beauty that lie around them in the universe—there, among the most gifted and earnest souls, will surely arise a strong desire to gain some direct knowledge of Him who must be more wonderful, more glorious, than all His works; and, whether material things have a real or merely a phenomenal existence, it must have seemed the natural and direct way to this knowledge to try and rid themselves of that which appeared to separate them from Him—the world of time and sense—and to rise beyond all these things on the wings of devout meditation and desire into the pure presence of Him who alone is man's true end and joy. As the aim is the highest

and noblest men could propose to themselves, so the means adopted for attaining it—the self-abstraction from the sensible world which appeared to intervene between them and Him—must have seemed the most natural and right. Surely such seekers after God, however mistaken in their methods, scarcely deserve the ridicule which sometimes the author pours out on them.

The first five of the thirteen books into which this work is divided deal with the early Oriental and Neo-Platonist forms of mysticism, and trace its manifestation in the Greek and Latin Churches. The first of these the author illustrates from a passage in the *Bagvat-Gita*, and the practice of the Hindoo Yogis. From these he gathers that Indian Mysticism is essentially the same as most other Mysticism. It teaches the doctrine of disinterested love as the right source of action, aims at ultimate absorption into the Infinite, and inculcates, in order to this, withdrawal into the inmost self, the cessation of all personal action, and submission to the Guru, as the spiritual guide to this perfection.

Passing on to Neo-Platonism, he indicates Philo as its "intellectual father." Philo professed to find the principles of Plato mystically inwrought into the Jewish Scriptures. He regarded man's soul as a portion of Divinity. The body, with all this lower world, is its enemy. We must raise ourselves above it in retirement and contemplation, and so return to our true source and rest in God. Our author describes the Alexandrian philosophy as the offspring of a reverent admiration for the best period of Greek learning, and an ambitious craving after supernatural elevation. It turned from Christianity with scholarly disdain, and reared for itself a kind of philosophical religion on arbitrary expositions of Plato. Plotinus, the founder of the school, was in A.D. 238, a young student of philosophy at Alexandria. The age was one of growing indifference as to the mere outward objects and forms of worship. Philosophy was followed as a mere branch of literature, or as an amusement. The old fellowship of speculation and ethics was dissolved, and scepticism had found its opportunity. But Ammonius Saccas had lately come to the front with his doctrine of Eclecticism. He taught that the true philosophy was not to be found in the systems of any of the great Masters, but was to be built up out of contributions furnished by them all. Here Plotinus thought he saw his way to what was really wanted. Taking Platonism for his groundwork, exalting and refining upon it until its very author would scarcely have recognised it, and adding to it fragments of other ancient systems, he produced what he fondly hoped would satisfy at once the reason and the heart—a philosophy which should also be a religion; and which, while delivering men from the yawning abyss of scepticism, would also elevate and purify them, and finally unite them to God. He taught that the external world is merely phenomenal; that all

truth is within the mind itself, object and subject being identical; that really to apprehend truth and God we must withdraw ourselves from all sensible experience, mortify the body, lay aside all worldly desires, hopes, and fears, and concentrate the mind upon the one all-comprehending Beautiful and Good, who indeed exists within us. Then at last the soul, having successively laid aside the various wrappings of sense, and reduced itself to its native abstract simplicity, falls, in some favourable moment, into a state of ecstasy, in which time, space, memory, individuality, and all phenomenal and logical distinctions vanish; it realises its oneness with the Infinite, and truth and God and consciousness blend into a rapturous unity. This sublime condition, however, occurs but seldom, and does not last long; but art, science, philosophy, devotion, all tend to prepare the soul for it, and to facilitate its recurrence. A new faculty of the soul had to be invented for the apprehension of what lay so entirely beyond the region of Being or experience. Over this transcendental region, at the boundary of which understanding halts, intellectual intuition reigns supreme.

But the ordinary human mind could not long be satisfied with the mere blank, impersonal Ecstasy to which Plotinus led it. Accordingly Porphyry, his able and practical scholar, so far modified the teaching of his master as to make the Ecstasy not the temporary loss of individuality, but a sort of trance in which the soul, its faculties elevated, ennobled, transformed, is enabled, among other privileges, to perceive the spiritual inhabitants of the universe, and to comprehend their various natures, ranks, and offices. But ambition claimed satisfaction as well as curiosity. This led to a further modification of Neo-Platonism at the hands of Iamblichus and Proclus. The soul of the philosopher was not to be the mere passive spectator of these wonders, but, rapt into the Deity, a partaker of Divine knowledge and power, should be able to subdue all spiritual existences to its service. Thus, in process of time, Neo-Platonism degenerated from the severe and lofty idealism of its founder into a mere theurgy of incantations and charms. Proclus, however, the last great name of the school, while systematising this theurgy to the utmost, taught his disciples to regard it simply as supplying the wise man with the means of mounting from sphere to sphere through all the grades of Being to Him who is above all Being, apprehended only by negation, known only in that Ecstasy of restful, unreasoning contemplation which is the goal of all the arduous, upward strife.

While the Alexandrian philosophy was thus making a determined but vain effort to win for a doomed and expiring Paganism a new lease of life and influence, and to drive back the advancing tide of Christianity, the Church itself began to come under the subtle spell of that philosophy. Soon after the death of Proclus, certain writings professing to be the work of Dionysius the Areo-

pagite gradually crept into notoriety, and were destined to make a deep and lasting impression on the Church. The main purpose of these writings seems to have been to accommodate the teachings of Neo-Platonism to those of Christianity. Traces of the influence of the theurgic phase of Neo-Platonism were already manifest, especially among the monks and anchorites; but now a systematic attempt was made to platonise the very body and substance of Christianity itself. According to this pseudo-Dionysius, all things have emanated from God, and tend to return to God. He is the Existence of all things, but is Himself above all existence. The beings which in successive gradations people the upper world he calls the celestial hierarchy: to these correspond the ecclesiastical hierarchy in the lower and visible world. Each order illuminates and attracts the next lower, and is itself illuminated and attracted by the next higher, while all tend towards their common centre—God. Christ attracts and enlightens men, not directly, but through the long chain of priestly orders. The liturgy and offices of the Church are symbolical, and Baptism, the Eucharist, and Unction represent the three stages of ascent to God, purification, illumination, and perfection. Creation is a divine allegory of the super-existent; it reveals God in a figure; but we can only approach any true understanding of Him by negation. There are two paths,—the *via affirmativa*, by which we trace God down through inferior existences and many names; and the *via negativa*, by which we mount through the varied succession of beings to Him who is nameless and indescribable. Along this pathway of negation he bids us strive till we attain the very highest point of abstraction, and are united in Ecstasy with the Supreme. The tendency of this teaching was to draw increasing honour towards the more ascetic and contemplative forms of monastic life, and to exalt the priesthood.

Passing to the consideration of Mysticism in the Latin Church, the author gives us a graphic sketch of St. Bernard of Clairvaux, whom he claims as a mystic on the ground of his *credo ut intelligam*—the subordination of reason to faith. For our own part we are inclined to believe St. Bernard was right, and that the formula *credo ut intelligam*, understood as it seems to us he meant it to be understood, does represent the only safe and certain pathway to divine knowledge. The "kindly Light" is far more likely to be found leading the steps of the meek and reverent Bernards of the Church's story than of its clever and self-confident Abelards. But the strongest ground for charging St. Bernard with Mysticism is, according to Mr. Vaughan, that he does not place the aim of Christianity in the sanctification and perfection of all our powers of body and mind,—the attainment of our truest and fullest manhood,—but in raising us above the demands of the flesh, and bringing us, even while on earth, into an almost heavenly state of

intuition and union with God. Here again the truth of the matter seems to require a much fuller recognition of St. Bernard's view than the author is willing to allow. The perfection of our whole manhood as the goal of Christian endeavour has become, thanks to Broad Church teaching, a favourite one in this country. Undoubtedly this tendency does exist in Christianity, and will find its full accomplishment in the heavenly state. But, unless we greatly mistake, our Lord and His Apostles nowhere teach us to make this tendency the chief regulating motive of Christian conduct. Self-denial rather than self-culture is the law which Christ imposes on His followers. If "for me to live in Christ" expresses the highest attainment of the Christian life, we can scarcely think the path to that attainment lies through the comfortable, self-regarding, self-cultivating ways of much of our modern Christianity.

With Hugo of St. Victor, in the 12th century, mysticism and scholasticism are reconciled, the former becoming more scientific, the latter more practical. The pseudo-Dionysius, with hints from St. Augustine, supplied him with the materials of his mystical system. *Cogitatio, meditatio, contemplatio,* are the successive stages through which the good man watches and strives, till at length the inner eye of his soul opens in the very presence of God, "in whose light he sees light," and shares, for the moment at least, the vision and the glory of angels. His views were further elaborated by the bold and eloquent Richard, his pupil and successor. With both, Mysticism was the handmaid of humble and practical piety, and kept well within the doctrines and rites of the Church.

The fifth book contains an admirable sketch of German Mysticism in the fourteenth century. In the chronicle of an imaginary Adolf Arnstein of Strasburg, the author enables us to see into the very life of the period. The struggle between Emperor and Pope, the rising ferment of popular feeling against the clergy, the growing power of the great towns and the decay of feudalism, the Interdict, the Black Death and its attendant horrors, the thoughts and passions of that time of tumult and impending change which preceded the stormy birth of civil and religious liberty in Europe,—we catch glimpses of it all in the pages of this strange and stirring chronicle. This, however, is but the background and filling in of the scene, in the forefront of which we distinguish the figures of the leading mystics of the time—Eckart and Tauler, Ruysbroek and Nicholas of Basle. The Mysticism of Eckart, if not essentially pantheistic, certainly approached it very closely. Man is, in the abstract ground of his subsistence, only a thought of God. If we reduce ourselves to this simplicity of our being, we are at once in God, beyond personality and limitation. In the entire abandonment of ourselves to God, our

thought and will become Divine: the floating bubble of conscious personality breaks, and we are one with the ocean of Infinite Being and Love. It is easy to see to what excesses such a doctrine would be likely to lead, sown broadcast upon society in such an age as that. The pictures of the "Brethren of the Free Spirit" and the "Nameless Wild" are no exaggerations. Eckart himself, however, taught and exemplified the strictest asceticism and personal holiness as the necessary accompaniments of this process of self-loss and union with God. Amid the troubles of the time arose the once famous association of the *Friends of God*, formed for mutual edification and prayer, and for giving spiritual and temporal succour to the neglected and suffering. Earnest and godly men and women of all classes, and from the religious orders also, attached themselves to this association. Among the foremost of its members was the gentle and saintly Dr. Tauler, the friend of Eckart and Ruysbroek. Tauler was a mystic, but his Mysticism differed greatly from that of Eckart, which was cold, abstract, metaphysical, associating itself with the Gospel indeed, but only to deprive it of all direct vitality and power. Tauler does indeed teach the unity of the soul with God, but with him this unity involves no loss of personality: it is moral, not metaphysical. He teaches the knowledge and love of Christ, too, as the only way to this sublime and happy rest in God. By the humble, self-denying, unceasing imitation of Him only can the soul get back as it were through all its self-seeking and self-regarding into the very ground of its nature, and there find God and be for ever one with Him. Tauler's doctrine approached so near to the full truth of the Gospel, and was so pervaded by its spirit, that we cannot wonder at its wide influence, or that Luther should speak so highly of it as he did. The famous little book —*Theologia Germanica*—which Luther edited, contains the substance of Tauler's teaching, but it is rather in his sermons that we find that teaching in all its warmth and power.

Another notable mystic of the period was the Dutchman, John Ruysbroek. More contemplative and retiring than Tauler, he yet wielded a powerful influence for good by his conversation and writings. To the convent of Grünthal, near Louvain, came anxious souls from all parts to learn of him the way to peace and God. His mystical doctrine was substantially the same as that of Tauler, only somewhat more developed on the side of imagination and feeling. Heinrich Suso, in his youth a disciple of Eckart at Cologne, presents German Mysticism arrayed in the Iris robes of luxurious fancy and sentiment. Nicholas of Basle, the mysterious "Layman," flitting strangely to and fro among the *Friends of God*, bearing counsel and succour to them in their need, exhorting and warning in his letters and prophecies, baffled his clerical persecutors for many years, but fell at last into

the hands of the Inquisition, and finished a noble life in the flames at Vienna.

We must pass over the author's remarks on the mystical elements in the lives of St. Brigitta and Angela de Foligni with their visions and revelations. Nor will our space allow us to do more than make the very briefest reference to the contents of the second volume. After describing the various shades of pantheistic Mysticism as represented in Persian Sufi poetry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in the rhyming religious epigrams of Angelus Silesius, and in the writings of the American Emerson, the author devotes a considerable space to the discussion of theosophy in the age of the Reformation.

Theosophy is a theory of God and His works based on the inspiration of the theosophist himself. Theurgic Mysticism claims supernatural powers on the ground of acquaintance with rites and formularies possessed of Divine efficacy. The most prominent forms of Mysticism at the time of the Reformation, in Germany at least, were the theosophic and theurgic. Theopathetic Mysticism had run into fanatical and revolutionary extremes, and was everywhere discredited and proscribed by a dominant Lutheranism. The mystic now turned to nature, and claimed a Divine intuitive insight into all her secrets, and command over all her powers: grace was the way to knowledge. To the wise and devout, nature revealed her wonderful, harmonious interdependencies, and placed in their hands the control of those mystic forces which she was bound to obey.

We cannot follow the author in his lively descriptions of Cornelius Agrippa and Theophrastus Paracelsus, and their theosophic notions, their astral and elementary sympathies and potencies, their doctrine of signatures, and of the microcosm and macrocosm. This occult theosophy spread rapidly over Europe, ever making discoveries and heaping up facts which it could neither properly explain nor use. A way was thus prepared, however, for the slow, sure, and conquering march of the coming Baconian method. At the close of the sixteenth century, another and more eminent mystic appears upon the scene in the person of Jacob Behmen. Poor and uneducated, but deeply pious, quiet and contemplative, he broods with troubled and anxious thoughts on his own religious state, and on the unsatisfactory condition of things in the Church and in society generally.

Along with his German Bible he reads much of Schwenkfeld, Paracelsus, and other mystical writers. At length he falls into a sort of ecstasy, in which those forms and principles of theosophy are revealed to him which it is the task of his after years to develop and systematise. This heaven-sent system, which explains the universe, is set forth (by inspiration as its author believed) in his *Aurora* and *Book of the Three Principles*. The

principles and terminology of his system are, in the main, derived from his theosophic predecessors; but his bold and elaborate application of them is entirely his own. He believed he had found the master-key which unlocked all that was before inexplicable in relation to God and man, sin and grace, nature and religion. Behmen's notions spread fast and far, despite the uncouth jargon, as it appears to the uninitiated, in which they were clothed.

We must here close our notice of this fascinating and suggestive work, the concluding books of which discuss the lives and opinions of the Spanish mystics St. Theresa and John of the Cross, of those famous Quietists, Fénélon and Madame Guyon, and of George Fox and Emmanuel Swedenborg. Whether we can always agree with him or not, the author always commands our admiration by his genius and learning, and our respect by his judgment and honesty, while he charms us with a style as beautiful as it is clear and strong. His work cannot but be regarded as among the ablest contributions to the history of religious opinion which this century has produced.

Redford's Christian's Plea Against Modern Unbelief.

The Christian's Plea Against Modern Unbelief. A Handbook of Christian Evidence. By R. A. Redford, M.A., LL.B., Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics, New College, London. 8vo. pp. 533. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

It was often remarked, thirty or forty years ago, that the evidences of the supernatural origin and Divine authority of Christianity needed rewriting. The coarse attacks of the infidelity of the last century brought a host of Christian apologists into the field, and the result of the controversy was a body of evidence in favour of the Christian religion, which was justly considered decisive and overwhelming. But whilst the old assailants of the Christian faith were completely foiled, if not altogether silenced, a more subtle and dangerous foe had sprung up in German Rationalism. The Christian position, it was said, had been turned; its forces were exposed to a vigorous onslaught in flank and rear; and its leaders had to perform the most difficult of all military manœuvres, a complete change of front in the presence of the enemy and in the heat of battle. Many volumes which have issued from the press of late years afford proof that the feat has been accomplished. And the Christian believer is now as fully equipped for the conflict with modern unbelief as his fathers were for the battles they fought and won. The present work is a worthy contribution to Christian apolo-

getica. But the pleasure with which we welcome Professor Redford's book, and bear testimony to its manifold excellencies, suffers some abatement through his novel and, as it appears to us, very unsatisfactory mode of treating one all-important branch of Christian evidence, to which we shall presently refer.

In a very brief preface our author says: "A want has long been felt of a handbook which should put together the arguments for Christianity, more especially those which meet modern doubt, in a systematic and complete form. The total impression of a wide range of evidence will be increased by being drawn together within a smaller space. The relative value of arguments and their concurrent force will thus be better appreciated. This work has been prepared at the request of the Christian Evidence Society. The author, however, takes solely upon himself the responsibility of both the matter and form; the Society having had no share in the preparation of the work beyond concurring in the general scheme of method which the writer has followed." The manner in which Professor Redford has performed his task generally, justifies his selection for the work by the above-named Society; but we think we discover the occasion of his emphatic disclaimer of all responsibility on their behalf in his views on the *Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures.* It was hardly to be expected that the Christian Evidence Society would endorse them; and we do not think that they will meet with general acceptance by the Christian public. To give his views fully would require lengthy quotations; but we will endeavour to present them accurately, in as brief a space as possible.

After reviewing the current theories of inspiration, he dismisses them all as "mere *à priori* guesses." Not only the "mechanical and verbal" theory, but also plenary inspiration, the infallibility of the Sacred Writings, and the supernatural origin of their contents—except in a few specified cases—are thus disposed of. "The term '*Inspiration*' * has itself, perhaps, led to some of the perplexity which attaches to the subject of the authority of Scripture. It has originated in the use of the Greek word θεόπνευστος by the Apostle Paul, and similar words in other places in the New Testament, which have been supposed to convey the meaning that the sacred writers were under a supernatural influence at the time when they wrote, and that the Spirit of God employed them as passive instruments" (p. 260). Does not the implied regret in this passage, that the Apostles have used words which have proved misleading, throw us back on the necessity for *verbal* inspiration? We make only one other passing remark. It will be seen hereafter that we entirely repudiate the notion that supernatural influence, even the fullest

* The italics are in all cases the author's.

that the Holy Spirit ever exercised on the human soul, would reduce the sacred writers to the condition of passive instruments; for all experience proves that supernatural influences can be resisted, and that submission to them is a voluntary act. With this reservation as to the appropriateness of the word, the author takes "*Inspiration* to denote the general complex fact out of which the Scriptures have come," and puts "aside all theories as to the *mode* of the Spirit's operation in the minds of inspired men as a mystery which must ever be insoluble to human reason" (p. 276). Yet, as we shall presently see, he is driven by the necessities of the case to give his own views of the *mode*, as a substitute for the theories he endeavours to sweep away.

He holds that "the true principles of inquiry must be *inductive*. *What is the Bible as it comes to us? How has it come to us?* As a revelation of Divine truth, which we believe it to be, *what is the nature and ground of its authority?*" (p. 273.) The first two questions are answered subsequently when he deals with the canonical authority of the Old and New Testaments. In answering the third question he says, "The authority of the Sacred Writings is neither arbitrary nor merely adventitious, but rests on a twofold basis—that of *internal evidence*, the supernatural character of the contents; and that of *external testimony*, the character of the writings having been submitted to the approval of the whole body of believers from the beginning, and being guaranteed by the Spirit in the Church" (p. 273). Passing by the case of the Old Testament, he says, "But in the time of the New Testament there can scarcely be any doubt that the ruling idea in the minds of the early Christians was that of the supreme authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, and that as delegated to His Apostles" (p. 274).

Accepting the books of the New Testament as, through the Apostles, Divinely authorised, Professor Redford asks, in the next place, "What are the limits which are prescribed to this authority? Did the Apostles, in communicating their writings to the Church, intend them to be regarded as supernaturally given, and as possessing an absolute authority which is diffused through all the words? . . . No such authority is claimed by the writers. They do not write as mere mechanical amanuenses. They do not treat the churches to which they wrote as mere passive recipients of supernatural communications. The mere fact that they wrote argumentatively and hortatively, and in the form of pastoral addresses to fellow Christians, is evidence that while they could speak with authority as to the commandments of Christ, they yet appealed to enlightened sanctified human reason. The supernatural is certainly kept in the background, except in such a case as the Apocalypse, where the revelation is by vision. So far as the form is concerned, the writings of the New Testament proceed

from the *spiritual life* of the Apostles, with a few exceptional passages in which the positive command of the Lord is announced" (p. 276). Pursuing the inductive method (in which, however, he insensibly glides into what he has elsewhere termed "mere *à priori* guesses"), the author arrives at the following conclusions: The Apostles had "1. *The conscious possession of a Divine commission* to guide the minds of others, by the narration of facts, the expression of spiritual truth, and the prescription of the laws of the Divine kingdom. . . . 2. *A sustained purpose to write*, at a particular time, and for a particular purpose; but with the consciousness of the relation of the particular purpose to the great interests of the Divine kingdom. This would lead to prolonged effort, directed thought, investigation, preparation, collection of materials as in the case of the Evangelists, and the conviction of special Divine assistance, and therefore authority, in the fulfilment of the design. It is of little importance whether we regard such a purpose to write as the result of a spiritual impulse, or afflatus, or ecstasy, or as arising out of the providential guidance of circumstances in the Church itself. . . . 3. In special cases there may have been *a supernatural impression on the mind, a vision, a voice, a revelation to the inner man*, which cannot be described; sometimes, perhaps, *a suggestion of actual words*, which were remembered and recorded; an inspiration within the inspiration, in which the inspired man was chiefly the passive recipient of a Divine commission. And even when the utterance was the natural outcome of the spiritual life, there may have been, as doubtless there were in the case of the Psalmists, outbursts of elevated thought and feeling, which carried the writer much further than he himself fully understood; just as the words of genius may be more to subsequent ages than they were to him who first uttered them. 4. The vouchsafement thus bestowed on the individual man—in some cases through the elevation of the natural faculties, in other cases by a supernatural fact, of whatever kind—was communicated to the body of believers; . . . was received by them as the message of the Divine Spirit, in distinction from all other communications, and thus became doubly sealed an inspired writing, *first* as proceeding from an inspired man, and *next* as approved by the people of God" (pp. 276-7).

If all this were true, it would seem necessary that each book of the New Testament should have had a preface, in which the writer should have assumed the sole responsibility for its contents, as the free outcome of his own spiritual life, except in the few specified cases of directly supernatural communication. With a Divine commission, and under a full sense of their responsibility, but in the free exercise of their natural faculties; seeking Divine help and guidance, but without the consciousness that their writings were

a perfect and infallible expression of the Spirit's mind—without even the desire that they should be so—they discharged their task to the best of their ability, and gave to the world a book possessing Divine authority, but marred by human imperfections on every page! If this be a correct account of the genesis of the Bible, we should no longer be able to speak of it as the Word of God, except in the accommodated sense in which we speak of the "golden sands" and the "diamond fields" of Africa. The spiritual life of the Apostles, from which the bulk of the sacred books has flowed, is not to be distinguished either in kind or degree from that of Christians generally, and the only inspiration which our author recognises is the common property of all believers. When anything further is intended, as referring to some portions of the Scriptures, it is necessary to add "revelation," "supernatural," "vision," or some such term. The gold is mixed with sand; the diamonds are embedded in the clay.

The process "by which Scripture is made," as described by Professor Redford, might be applied almost throughout to the production of such a work as the Handbook under review. Does not the Christian teacher profess to be "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost?" And if the call of the Church is superadded to that of the Spirit, has he not "the conscious possession of a Divine commission to guide the minds of others," &c.? And had not our author, for example, "a sustained purpose to write" which led to "prolonged effort, directed thought, investigation, preparation, collection of materials," &c.? Had he no conviction of "special Divine assistance;" and though his thoughts were the free outcome of his spiritual life, had he no outbursts of elevated thought and feeling, which carried him quite beyond his ordinary self? Plainly the doctrine of inspiration is brought down in this volume to far too low a level.

The assumption that plenary inspiration would reduce the sacred writers to "mere mechanical amanuenses," and the churches to "mere passive recipients of supernatural communications" is a *petitio principii*. We imagine that the fullest possession of all our faculties by the Holy Spirit would not bring with it any sense of restraint, but would be the most glorious freedom of which human nature is capable, accompanied as it would be by the fullest consent of the *will*. The man who was inspired in the most absolute sense would still be a willing co-worker with the revealing Spirit. Nor would the reception of the truth be passive on the part of the Church because the inspiration was plenary. It would still appeal to man as a free and responsible being, having power to receive it or reject it. The attempt to distinguish between the Divine authority of the Bible and its inspiration, and to set the former above the latter, is altogether futile. Its inspiration is the exact measure of its authority. We

deify the Apostles if we claim Divine authority for the outflowings of their spiritual life.

We think that, on the theory of plenary inspiration, too,—the Bible being intended as a perfect and infallible guide for all men throughout all ages,—its contents would most likely be just what they are. We should expect the truth to be presented in every possible variety of form, so as to meet the ever-changing phases of human nature, both in individuals and in society at large. It would be addressed to the free spirit of man through every inlet by which his affections could be wrought upon, his imagination captivated, his reasoning powers exercised, his judgment convinced, his will swayed, and his mind stored with knowledge. In short, we should look for the same unbounded variety in the provision for his moral and spiritual wants which we discover in nature for the supply of his physical requirements; and in this we should find evidence that the Author of nature and the Author of the Bible are one.

If the abandonment of plenary inspiration is intended to prepare the way for certain concessions to the spirit of the age, in matters of history, chronology, and physical science—such as the Mosaic account of the creation—we think that the world would gain nothing and lose much by the surrender. Moses could not have given us a perfect knowledge of science without a revelation of ultimate physical truth which it did not fall within the scope of the Divine purpose to bestow. If he had been raised by inspiration to the level of nineteenth century science, his writings would have been unsuited to the mental condition of mankind during the past 3,500 years, and still more unsuited to their condition in the centuries to come. Science has not yet reached its goal. The human mind will outgrow its present attainments as far as modern progress has outgrown the cosmogonies of ancient days. To bring the Bible up to the science of the present day would be to ensure its rejection by future ages, and to have put into it a complete system of ultimate scientific truth would have been to ensure its rejection in all ages, past and future; for man will never attain to perfect scientific knowledge in his present stage of being. He is shut in by boundaries he can never overstep. To say nothing of the imperfection of his faculties and the shortness of his life, there are limits to the power of the microscope and telescope; and there is the certainty that at some point in space the light which flows out from each of the heavenly bodies must become extinct, just as the little concentric wave-circles that flow out when a stone is cast into the sea sink to rest at last, so that in the universe there are probably worlds and systems so inconceivably distant that their light can never reach our earth; and in the higher spheres the *light-radius* of the largest sun may be used as a unit of measure in surveying the depths of the universe,

as we use the radius of the earth's orbit to measure the distance of the stars. It would be a poor achievement to put the Bible on a level with human science! Meanwhile, we are prepared to maintain that it does not contain one false statement, and that when human science has reached its highest development, the nearer it approaches to ultimate truth, the nearer it will be to perfect harmony with the Word of God. The revealing Spirit has preserved the sacred writers from positive statements of scientific error, which, under the circumstances, was all that mankind could reasonably demand.

We hope that the chapter on Inspiration will be rewritten on an altogether different basis before the next edition of the Handbook appears. It will then take a deservedly high place in the literature of Christian apologetics. We must not conclude our notice without a very brief summary of its contents. It is divided into three parts. Part I. is Introductory, and contains a summary of the fundamental truths of the Christian religion, and a review of the history of unbelief from the Apostolic times to the present day. Part II. is on Theism, and is divided into three chapters: namely, a review of theistic arguments; the anthropological or moral argument; and theism the only sure basis of morality. Part III., which occupies nearly three-fourths of the volume, is on Revelation, and is divided into ten chapters: namely, the possibility and necessity of Revelation; positive Revelation, or the authority of the Scripture record generally stated; brief statement of the argument for the authority of Scripture, with definition of terms; argument from the person and character of Jesus Christ; miracles; inspiration; prophecy; canonical authority of the Old and New Testaments; the argument from history; and the literature of apologetics. The style of the book is admirably clear, the logic keen and incisive, and the reasoning close and cogent. The spirit in which it is written is all that could be desired; and the strength and fulness of Professor Redford's faith in the Christian religion and its Divine Author is breathed throughout, and can scarcely fail to awaken sympathy and kindle enthusiasm for the truth. With the notable exception we have pointed out, we can heartily recommend it to the general reader as well as to the student of divinity.

Bruce's Chief End of Revelation.

The Chief End of Revelation. By Alexander Balmain Bruce, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1881.

In this book Dr. Bruce has gathered together certain lectures which he delivered at the Presbyterian College, London, expanding them where he saw such expansion was necessary, and

treating certain points more thoroughly than it was possible for him to treat them when the lectures were delivered. He tells us that two convictions have been his ruling motives in this study. "One is that in many respects the old lines of apologetic argument no longer suffice either to express the thoughts of faith or to meet successfully the assaults of unbelief; the other is that the Church is not likely again to wield the influence which of right belongs to her as custodian of the precious treasure of Christian truth, unless she show herself possessed of vitality sufficient to originate a new development in all directions, and among others in doctrine, refusing to accept as her final position either the agnosticism of modern culture, or blind adherence to traditional dogmatism." Matthew Arnold's well-known work on *Literature and Dogma*, which is kept in view throughout, may be considered as one of the chief forces which have contributed to the method and structure of Dr. Bruce's valuable volume.

In the first chapter certain misconceptions of the chief end of Revelation are mentioned and dealt with. They are arranged in two different classes. First, those which take a theoretical or doctrinaire view of Revelation; and next, those which go to the opposite extreme, and take an exclusively practical or ethical view of the same subject. In the second chapter Dr. Bruce gives us the standpoint from which he views the whole of Revelation. Starting with the statement that Revelation does not mean "causing a sacred book to be written for the religious instruction of mankind," but that it signifies "God manifesting Himself in the history of the world in a supernatural manner, and for a special purpose," he argues that the Revelation recorded in the Scriptures is before all things a self-manifestation of God as the God of grace. This is the key with which he unlocks the Scriptures. All other manifestations of God which they contain are subordinate to this. Here issue is joined with Mr. Arnold. That fascinating, but not very profound, writer speaks of God as "a Power, not ourselves, making for righteousness;" Dr. Bruce speaks of the God of grace as "a Power, not ourselves, making for mercy." With great skill the progress of the manifestation of God as a God of grace is traced through Old Testament history until, in Jesus Christ, that manifestation is complete. The whole of this chapter is worthy of the most careful study.

The next chapter deals with the question of the method of Revelation. Dr. Bruce shows that Revelation took the form of an historical movement, subject to the ordinary laws of historic development, and exhibiting the usual characteristics of movements subject to those laws. Instead of being made at once, God's purpose of grace was slowly revealed, not to all the world, but through the medium of the history of an elect nation. Two interesting chapters follow on the function of miracles and

prophecy, and the book closes with a very suggestive treatment of the doctrinal significance of Revelation.

We have given this sketch of the contents of the volume before us that our readers may understand its design. It will be seen that a book treating the subject of Revelation in the way we have shown possesses some great advantages. Especially it is of use when dealing with cultured men who have cast the Bible aside as full of enigmas and contradictions. A clue is put into their hands which, if followed, will lead them through that which seems to them a labyrinth. Shutting their eyes to all subordinate teachings of the Scripture, and faring on their way searching ever for the footsteps of the God of grace, they hear at last the words of Christ: "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Learning of Him they find rest to their soul. There is something very true and noble in this teaching; and, in the midst of the conflicts of the creeds, it is well that the simple doctrine of Christ and Christ crucified should be heard. We very heartily welcome Dr. Bruce's catholic words contained in his last chapter. They re-echo much of John Wesley's teaching. In this day, when the fellowship of saints has been broken up and largely nullified by sectional creeds in which the doctrine of faith is mixed up with the theology of the schools, it is well to meet with any man who takes his stand on the essential truths of Christianity.

Whilst admitting the advantages of Dr. Bruce's method of dealing with the subject he has so judiciously expounded, it will be at once seen that, under certain conditions, it has its dangers. Suppose we agree that all other teachings of the Scriptures are of subordinate value when compared with the revelations contained therein of God as a God of grace, then what do we say about those other teachings? Are we not in danger of making them so subordinate as to minify their value to the smallest point? Indeed, are we not in danger of going a step further, and holding them so loosely that when a cultured Theism seeks to deprive us of them we can let them go without a pang? In reading Dr. Bruce's book we have been reminded of this danger more than once. On p. 60 he says: "The doctrine of a Fall may or may not be true; at present, I do not care or need to know. However sin came into the world, the fact is it is here, bringing manifold misery in its train; and on any theory as to the origin of sin, it is very desirable that it should, if possible, be cast out, and the manifold evils it has caused be cured." We can understand how it may be necessary in reasoning with a man of a sceptical disposition to reserve certain moot points in our advance towards a central truth; but is there not a danger in considering the doctrine of the Fall one of them? We presume that an objector would at once ask Dr. Bruce if he is prepared to accept a doctrine

of the Fall other than that of the Bible, if the same can be shown to be reasonably probable? If so, what becomes of the Bible doctrine?

We think that the spirit of compromise is carried too far by Dr. Bruce. Let us take his treatment of the temptation of Abraham. No doubt the refined spirit of modern Theism is ruffled at the statement that God tempted him to offer up his son. How is consolation to be administered to that perturbed spirit? Dr. Bruce will tell us. "When we look with a thoughtful eye into Abraham's history, we find evidence that he still needed to be raised above the influence of some of the superstitions prevalent among the peoples who had not retained the true God in their knowledge. I refer especially here to what may legitimately be inferred from the narrative relating to the sacrifice of Isaac. There can be little doubt that that remarkable passage in the patriarch's history stands in some relation to the custom of human sacrifice, which was one of the most characteristic features of pagan Semitic worship, and, in the opinion of some writers, found its way into Canaan from Babylon. We may assume that Abraham was familiar with the horrid practice, and it is every way likely that the knowledge he possessed supplied the needful fulcrum for the 'temptation' to which he was subjected. The fact that the votaries of Baal or Moloch, the divine lord and king, were ready to make their own children pass through the fire in his honour, made it possible for Abraham to entertain as a Divine suggestion or command the thought of offering his son Isaac as a sacrifice in proof of his devotion. Was it not due to his God that he should show that he loved Him more than the dearest object of affection, even though it should be an only son through whom alone he could attain to the fulfilment of his hope for the future? If he was not willing to make such a sacrifice, did he not come behind the idolaters, from whom he had separated himself, in the sincerity and intensity of his religious zeal? One could imagine such questions suggesting themselves to the mind of a devout man placed in Abraham's circumstances, without any Divine communication. Supernatural interposition was needed, not so much to put the thought into Abraham's mind as to conduct him safely through the temptation which it brought to him, and to lift him permanently above the crude ideas of God which made such a temptation possible. It is probably in this direction we should look for a solution of the difficulties connected with the moral aspects of the episode, which have so much exercised the wits of apologists" (pp. 93-95).

Now we very much doubt whether the compromise which Dr. Bruce seeks to effect by the suggestions of the above paragraph is of any practical value. Sceptical men will scarcely be reconciled to the morality of the Old Testament by such a theory, and the

only result which the formulating of it would have upon them would be that their surprise would be excited at the willingness of the Christian apologist to give up so much to gain so little. It is as well, also, to say that the man who constantly yields up position after position occupied by evangelical Christianity, on condition that his peculiar view of Christ's religion shall not be assailed, is the object of the amused contempt of those whose goodwill he fancies he is winning. We submit that no one can accept Dr. Bruce's view of the temptation of Abraham without revolutionising his views of inspiration. Of course it will be impossible to attach the ordinary meaning to the words: "And it came to pass, after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said unto him, Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, and offer him for a burnt-offering." The whole of this statement must be remodelled, and a meaning read into it which is scarcely consistent with the expressions used. According to Dr. Bruce, God had nothing whatever to do with the suggestion of this test of Abraham's faith. He expressly tells us that the supernatural comes in afterwards to prevent the fulfilment of a purpose which arose from a morbid state of mind. Not only must we alter our views of the precise meaning of the Old Testament words, but the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews must suffer rebuke for having so grossly misunderstood the motives of Abraham's act. He, not foreseeing the needs of modern Theism, simply writes: "By faith Abraham, being tried, offered up Isaac." He should have written: "Yielding to superstition and the influence of bad example, Abraham offered up Isaac." It is probably *not* in this direction "we should look for a solution of the difficulties connected with the moral aspects of the episode which have so much exercised the wits of apologists." Indeed, Dr. Bruce himself consents (p. 195) to the breaking-down of his ingenious theory. He says: "It would be hard for Abraham to recognise the suggestion to sacrifice Isaac as a voice coming from a God who was his gracious Benefactor. It would need a second voice, rescuing at the last moment the destined victim, to indicate the source of the first. But, taken altogether, the Divine acts of self-manifestation to the patriarch could leave no doubt on the mind of the latter that the Being with whom he had to do was his Friend. God's dealings with Abraham, on review, could not but appear luminous with a gracious purpose." If we are to admit the accuracy of Dr. Bruce's previous explanation of the episode, then the source of the first voice was not indicated by the second. Neither would a calm review of the whole transaction lead Abraham to recognise a gracious purpose illuminating it. If his mind recovered its soundness, then his self-reproach must have embittered every memory of the event. We think that Dr. Bruce's advocacy of the morality of this confessedly mysterious event is singularly unsuccessful.

Most readers, having caught the tone of this book, will turn with interest to the chapter in which the vexed subject of Miracles is dealt with. Dr. Bruce takes the position we expected him to take. He dissents from the view that the chief end of miracles is to supply proofs or credentials of Revelation. He thinks that such a definition plays into the hands of sarcastic adversaries, of whom he seems to have a morbid dread. He holds that Christianity does not stand in need of such supernatural attestations. It is not a system of mysterious doctrines forced on our acceptance by miracles. The Apostle Paul's words express a fact: "This is a credible saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners" (1 Tim. i. 15). "Paul regarded this truth, which is the essence of the Gospel, as one intrinsically credible, and in itself so welcome to the sin-burdened heart, that one is not disposed to demand, or sensible of any great need for, an imposing array of miracles to compel belief in it, as if it were a thing which, without miracles, would be obstinately disbelieved, or regarded at least with sceptical incredulity." Nevertheless, miracles have their use. The miracles of Christ were all "useful, morally significant, beneficent works, rising naturally out of His vocation as Saviour, performed in the course of His ministry in the pursuit of His high calling, and just as naturally lying in His way, as unmiraculous healings lie in the way of any ordinary physician. In a word, Christ's miracles were simply a *part* of His ministry, and He appealed to them in evidence, not as something external added to His work as a seal—the nature of the miracles being of no consequence, provided only they were miracles—but as an integral portion of the work, the evidence of which was really as internal as that of His teaching, which by its intrinsic wisdom and grace came home to men's minds with persuasive force and moral authority" (pp. 168-9). From all which we gather that Dr. Bruce wishes us to believe that Christianity is so intrinsically credible that it does not need any miracles to attest its claims, although they are useful as revelations of its beneficent character.

We cannot but think that Dr. Bruce's exposition of πιστὸς ὁ λόγος καὶ πάσης ἀποδοχῆς ἄξιος is rather artificial. We much prefer the Revised Version rendering: "Faithful is the saying, and worthy of all acceptation." Canon Spence, in Bishop Ellicott's *New Testament Commentary for English Readers*, seems to give the real value of the expression. He says: "This striking formula and the somewhat similar expression 'these sayings (*words*) are faithful and true' (Rev. xxi. 5, xxii. 6), were formulas expressing weighty and memorable truths, well known and often repeated by the brotherhood of Christians in the first ages of the faith. They were, no doubt, rehearsed constantly in the assemblies, till they became well-known watchwords in the

various churches scattered over the Mediterranean-washed provinces of the Roman empire; and in these 'sayings' we see, perhaps, the germs of the great creeds of Christianity." We may ask Dr. Bruce, If Christianity is so credible in itself, then what need of elaborate apologies in its defence? He will, perhaps, say that they are needed to save it from its friends, who are constantly obscuring its true and simple purpose. There is, no doubt, great weight in such an answer. We, then, meekly submit to be taught by Dr. Bruce. He tells us that the truth contained in the text quoted, viz., that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, is the essence of the Gospel, and it is so welcome to the sin-burdened heart that no miracles are required to attest its truth. But a sin-burdened heart, desperately in earnest, requires something more than fine sentiments and charming words to soothe its sorrows. It requires rock to rest on, not a variegated sunset cloud. It is pleasant to be told that there is a Saviour of sinners, but it is imperative that we should know who this is that professes to be able to save them. "He came into the world." Then from whence did He come? When the Christian teacher begins to tell us about the incarnation, he leads us at one step into the region of the supernatural, and we feel that we cannot yield an easy, good-natured, and uninvestigating assent to such overwhelming claims. If Christ be the incarnate Son of God, He can save me; if not, then it is at the peril of my soul that I trust Him. Now, we are bold enough to say that it is not so intrinsically probable that Jesus Christ is the Incarnate God that His claim to be so needs no miraculous attestation. What we should ask of Him is not a "sign" or prodigy wrought in heaven or earth to make us stare, but the performance of some act which should show distinctly that universal power was given to Him—some act which, whilst revealing a gracious purpose, also revealed the awful fact that He was in very deed the Son of God.

Dr. Bruce's view of the function of a miracle is worthy of all attention, and has undoubtedly been too much lost sight of; but he, in turn, yields to the weakness of human nature, and ignores that aspect of the question which has been too exclusively regarded. We are glad to find that he is not bewitched with Dr. Abbott's extraordinary prodigy—a New Testament Christianity, with miracles left out. No one can have read Dr. Abbott's suggested explanation of Christ's miracles appended to his work, entitled, *Through Nature to Christ*, without having had to call upon his sense of reverence to restrain his sense of humour. We can imagine with what "wreathed smiles" a sceptic would read Dr. Abbott's Christianity made easy.

In laying down Dr. Bruce's book we can only say that while we regret its faults, we admire its honesty of purpose. And further,

when men study his final chapter, we shall be surprised if they do not see in it one of the few lamps which, having been lighted by catholic men, really do serve to brighten the gloom and point the way leading to the time when there shall be one flock and one Shepherd.

Birks's Times and Seasons of Sacred Prophecy.

Thoughts on the Times and Seasons of Sacred Prophecy. By Thomas Rawson Birks, M.A., Knightbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy and Theology in the University of Cambridge. Pp. 130. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

This little volume is another added to the many works from the pen of Professor Birks. As a writer on the prophetic Scriptures he has now been before the public for nearly half a century, and his labours in this department have placed him in the foremost rank of interpreters. These *Thoughts* are to a large extent a *résumé* of what he had previously written, and are now published chiefly for the purpose of pointing out a few things in which his views have been modified, and also of refuting some strange misstatements made by Mr. Elliott in the fifth edition of the *Horæ Apocalypticæ* as to the abandonment by our author of certain points on which Mr. Elliott and he were directly at variance. Our author's view has always been that the seven seals, the seven trumpets, and the seven vials are three parallel series of prophecies extending from the Apostolic age to the day of judgment. Mr. Elliott, on the other hand, held that they are three successive series, the seals being fulfilled in a comparatively early age and the others following in chronological order. This difference of opinion is fundamental, as two authors proceeding on these respective lines must of necessity give totally opposite meanings to the Apocalyptic visions. In a private letter, written by Professor Birks to Mr. Elliott in 1856, with the friendly intention of indicating some minor points in which he could honestly express an approximation to his views, he had said: "I agree with you now on the points following—the subordination of the trumpets to the seals," &c. In this he had no intention of expressing any change of view, or of retracting anything he had previously published; and so little importance did he attach to the letter that he had forgotten having written it. But in the fifth edition of the *Horæ*, published in 1862, great use is made of the foregoing sentence, without any previous or subsequent communication with Professor Birks. In the preface Mr. Elliott says: "Mr. Birks, the ablest and most eminent advocate of an historical exposition founded on a different view of the structure of the Apocalyptic prophecies from my own has renounced that counter-view, and, both as regards structure and other points too

of minor difference between us, has acknowledged in fine his substantial agreement with me." Similar misstatements also occur in four or five other parts of the work. Professor Birks remained entirely ignorant of this misuse of his letter for seventeen years, and has only recently discovered it.

Having set himself right in this matter, he proceeds to criticise some parts of Mr. Elliott's work rather severely. He says: "My own conviction, after close study of the subject, is that in his first volume, out of sixty heads, he is right in half only; but that in the seventy heads of the three other volumes the error is one-seventh part only: so that about three-fourths of the whole is, in my opinion, sound and true" (p. 4). He adds: "But the author has fused the whole into one mass, thus lowering the evidence of the surest and firmest parts, where he follows in the wake of a hundred thoughtful and studious writers, to that of novelties in which he claims to have had no predecessor and is likely to have no successor. . . . The indiscriminate confidence with which Mr. Elliott propounds all his conclusions alike on two hundred most difficult and mysterious topics will repel the great majority of readers, and deter them from paying due attention to his work. Its massive character, amounting virtually to 3,600 pages, will concur to the same result. And the smaller class, who can appreciate both the importance of the subject and the thorough honesty and patient research of the author, are likely to be strongly repelled by its tone of implicit confidence, not only in half a dozen controversies with writers of wholly different views, but in as many more with expositors of past and present generations who agree with him on the main axioms of interpretation, and dissent on secondary questions alone" (p. 5). The strictures contained in the next four pages are too long for quotation, and we can only briefly indicate the three points on which he dwells. 1. He considers Mr. Elliott's view of the structure of the Apocalypse so demonstrably untrue and baseless that it has rendered his first volume a step backward instead of forward in the march of Apocalyptic interpretation. 2. He entirely endorses Dean Alford's emphatic condemnation of Elliott's interpretation of the seven thunders in Revelation (chap. x.). It is now generally agreed amongst the adherents of the historic mode of interpretation that the tenth and eleventh chapters refer to the Reformation of the sixteenth century; and Mr. Elliott regards the seven thunders as representing the Bull of Pope Leo X. condemning Luther's Theses, and John's intention to write what the thunders uttered, as foreshadowing Luther's rash promise to receive the Pope's Bull as the voice of Christ. 3. Mr. Elliott applies the first four trumpets to the period from the reign of Theodosius, A.D. 395, to the fall of the Western Empire in A.D. 476. Professor Birks believes that they extend from A.D. 96 to A.D. 622.

A second object of the author in publishing the present volume is to reprint some of his earliest published views on prophecy, for the purpose of showing how little his opinions have been changed, and of indicating a few points on which they have been modified by further consideration. In the first chapter we have a very long letter which first appeared in *The Investigator, or Monthly Expositor of Prophecy*, in 1833; and this is followed by extracts from his work on *The Mystery of Providence*, published in 1848, which are now reprinted to show that his views were in direct contrast to those of Mr. Elliott. Seventy-eight "general axioms of interpretation of the Apocalypse" are given on pp. 38-44, and those in which his opinions have undergone any change are marked in brackets. Some of these are very significant, as showing that in his earlier days he had fallen into the common mistake of determining beforehand the exact year in which the present dispensation would come to an end. We append a few of the points on which his early opinions have been modified, though he does not state to what extent. "59. The ascension of the witnesses refers to the era of missions. 60. The attendant earthquake is the first shock of the French Revolution. 66. The first four vials refer to the French Revolution. 67. The sixth vial is now accomplishing in Turkey and Christendom. 69. The mystery of God will be accomplished within 360 years from the time of the Reformation [*i.e.*, in 1877]. 78. The 1,335 days end in 1867-8." In the preface (written by his son, in consequence of the illness of our author) we are informed that "renewed meditation on the subject had led him thankfully to believe that the predicted limit of delay of the impending judgment may be more distant than he had once supposed;" and on pp. 118-120 the author tells us that the commencement of the millennium should be in A.D. 2030, but that there is an elasticity in the Divine plan which would allow it to commence thirty years earlier or later, so that it may begin in A.D. 2000 or 2060. The repeated and humiliating failures of interpreters—some of them standing high in popular favour—which we have witnessed during the past thirty years, have made the present race of prophetic expositors more cautious in fixing dates beforehand; and it is to be hoped that the profitless habit will be abandoned altogether, and the future left entirely in the hands of Him who "has kept the times and seasons in His own power."

The second chapter, entitled "The Calendar of Prophecy," deals at considerable length with the Rev. H. Grattan Guinness's *Approaching End of the Age*. From the preface we learn that Professor Birks had been urged to express his opinion on this work, and preferred to do so in the present volume, rather than to review it formally in a periodical; and the writer adds: "Commendation of a work whose merits have so soon carried it to a

fifth edition would be superfluous; and to commend an author who has so fully acknowledged large obligations to himself might seem out of place. It has been a great cause of thankfulness to him to find his own earlier works on prophecy utilised and enforced by so earnest and vigorous a writer, while he has felt it the more necessary to point out wherein he differs from his conclusions." Amongst the points approved by him are the theory that the world's history is a week of millennia, the year-day principle, and the data of the system of prophetic times. Of the last we must attempt a brief outline. These, as in the case of human chronology and calendars, are four—namely, the day, the week, the month, and the year. It will be seen that three of these are not commensurable. The month and year cannot be divided by the day, nor the year by the month. In each case there are fractions remaining, but these, on being multiplied, resolve themselves into whole numbers, and the adjustment of the four natural measures of time gives rise to the following amongst other cycles. 1. The four years' cycle or leap year. 2. The twenty-eight-year cycle, in which the days of the week and the month correspond. Thus, as March 6th falls on a Sunday this year, it will do so in 1909, and so on at intervals of twenty-eight years, throughout all time. 3. The nineteen-year, or metonic cycle of ancient Greece, in which nineteen solar years are equal to 235 lunations, or nineteen lunar years and seven months, within 2h. 4m. 45s. 4. Thirty-three solar years and four months are equal to thirty-four lunar years and four months, and 100 solar years equal 103 lunar years, very nearly. As the Mohammedans reckon time by the lunar year, this is a cycle of great importance in the interpretation of prophecy—1,260 years from the Hegira being only 1,222 years of the Christian calendar. The nineteen-year cycle is nearly perfect: 315 years, the fourth of 1,260, is next in the order of accuracy. The forty-nine-year, or jubilee cycle, is just 606 lunations, or fifty lunar years and a half. The 2,300 years of Daniel (viii. 14) is a luni-solar cycle of great accuracy in complete centuries; and 1,040 years, the excess of 2,300 over 1,260 years, is the most exact luni-solar cycle known. These are only a few of the cycles which have been marked out, and Mr. Guinness has applied them with great industry and ingenuity to the prophetic times and seasons; and the double application of solar and lunar years to prophetic periods brings out some striking results. For example, the last number in Daniel, 1,335 days, is 1,260 + 75, the latter being the exact excess of lunar over solar years in the "seven times," or 2,520 years; and again, from the era of Nabonassar, Feb. 26, B.C. 747, which, next to the era of the Olympiads, is the most fundamental date in secular chronology, to the deposition of Augustulus and overthrow of the Western Roman Empire, A.D. 476, the interval

exactly to a day is 1,260 lunar years, or "a time, times, and a half" in the lunar reckoning.

After specifying the portions of the book that meet with his approval, Professor Birks adds: "I pass on to those parts of Mr. Guinness's work in which I either distrust his reasoning or dissent from his conclusions. His Appendix A, of 200 pp., is the last of several attempts to establish a complete system of Bible chronology, partly on *à priori* grounds, which I have had to examine in the course of the last thirty-three years." These were—1. Mr. Cunninghame's; 2. Dr. Jarvis's *Chronological Inquiry into the History of the Church;* 3. Canon Browne's *Ordo Sæculorum;* 4. Greswell's *Prolegomena;* and Mr. Guinness's is the fifth. After pointing out what he conceives to be the defects in these systems, he says: "Mr. Guinness's book, in care and accuracy, is a refreshing contrast to the errors and the special or general inaccuracies of the four systems I have named. But my experience of these makes me dissatisfied with regard to one main principle involved in Appendix A, in which he would settle dates in part by reference to the numerical properties of what he calls the lunar epacts. Such evidence could only be safely admitted after an inductive search into the terms of twenty or thirty distinct series, when the incommensurable ratios of different chronological units have all been resolved into continued fractions. It seems to me very doubtful whether much of the speciality on which Mr. Guinness founds this part of his theory is not due to a partial selection, unconsciously made, of *some* epact numbers out of many; and that the special relations of the epacts to the numbers 6, 7, 8, 13, would probably disappear on a comprehensive examination of *all* the epact numbers. Yet his remarks certainly include many elements which are both true and deeply suggestive" (p. 64). In order to the right understanding of the foregoing it may be necessary to explain that the epact is the moon's age on the first day of the year. Thus, if we have full moon on January 1st, 1881, she will have made twelve revolutions in 354 days, and be eleven days old on the 1st of January, 1882. The next year her epact is twenty-two days, and the next it would be thirty-three, but as that is more than a revolution, thirty days must be deducted, and the epact is only three. In other words, three solar years are equal to thirty-seven months and three days, nearly. When the solar and lunar measures of time nearly coincide, as in the nineteen-year or metonic period, it is called a soli-lunar cycle; and when they exactly harmonise, so that there is no epact, the cycle is perfect. Let a six-feet scale be drawn, representing six thousand years of this world's history; let the left hand side of it be divided into millennaries, centuries, decades, years, calendar months, days, with the intercalation of a day in leap year, and let the leading events of history be inserted opposite their real or

supposed dates: that would represent an ordinary chronological table. On the right-hand side mark all the known soli-lunar cycles, such as the 19-year, 100-3, 1,222-1,260, 2,520-2,595 cycles, &c. Mr. Guinness's principle of chronology is that whilst men reckon time by days, months, years, &c., God regulates all His majestic, providential, and dispensational dealings with mankind *by the soli-lunar cycles* marked on the right-hand side of the scale. In this he has followed M. de Cheseaux, a Swiss astronomer who lived in the middle of the last century, and who was the first to discover the cyclic character of the prophetic periods in Daniel and the Book of Revelation. Our space will not allow us to pursue the explanation further; but if, on examining Mr. Guinness's tables of human and Divine chronology, a number of striking coincidences are at once apparent, this would be presumptive evidence of the soundness of his theory. These certainly appear on the face of it; but bearing in mind Professor Birks's cautions, it is necessary to suspend our judgment for the present, as much time and searching investigation will be required before we are in a position to accept or reject it finally. There is reason to think that one effect of an examination of it may be to increase our confidence in the received chronology, and to lead us not to lean to those of the Septuagint or Samaritan versions because they happen to be a little longer than that of Archbishop Usher. We are not dismayed by the scepticism of Egyptologists and evolutionists, and are fully persuaded that the chronology obtained by a diligent and reverent study of God's Word will stand the most crucial tests. Meanwhile, we must not ignore the difficulties which Mr. Guinness's theory has to encounter, only two of which we can stay to point out. 1. The extreme uncertainty as to the exact dates of ancient historical events; for till these are fixed it is impossible to say that they harmonise with the soli-lunar cycles. To take one conspicuous example, who can give with certainty the exact years of our Saviour's birth and crucifixion? Dr. Westcott thinks it uncertain when He was crucified to the extent of ten years, from A.D. 29 to A.D. 39. Mr. Guinness gives as the dates of His birth and crucifixion B.C. 6 and A.D. 29; Professor Birks B.C. 5 and A.D. 30; Dr. Anderson (*The Coming Prince*) B.C. 4 and A.D. 32; and, in short, every writer feels at liberty, within certain limits, to fix upon the dates that suit his theories. 2. The second difficulty lies in the irregularities in the revolutions of the heavenly bodies themselves, and the consequent derangement of the soli-lunar cycles. The moon's revolution round the earth is undergoing slow but constant acceleration through the decreasing ellipticity of the earth's orbit. Many astronomers think that the tides are acting as a double-friction break, and slightly retarding the earth's revolution on her axis, which would affect the relation of

the day to the year. It is stated on good authority that the tables of the moon, after 200 years' observations of that luminary at Greenwich Observatory, were not sufficiently accurate to determine the longitude of the stations selected for observing the late transit of Venus; and in the number of *Nature* for March 27th, 1879, there is a letter from Professor Asaph Hall, of the Observatory of Washington, U.S., in which he says: "Although a few years ago the remark was frequently made that the labours of astronomers on the solar system were finished, yet to-day the lunar theory is in a very discouraging condition, and the theories of Mercury, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune are all in need of revision;" and the reason assigned is that the very recently prepared tables of the planets by M. Leverrier and Professor Newcomb "are already beginning to differ from observation!" We thus see that many causes may tend to alter the relations of the solar and lunar periods to each other, so as to interfere with the cycles on which Mr. Guinness's theory is based.

We must now draw our remarks rapidly to a close. Like all other writers on prophecy, our author complains that the study of the prophetic Scriptures is too much neglected. There is doubtless good ground for the complaint, for which several reasons might be assigned. The subject is a special branch of theology, and has become so intricate that those who would fully enter into it seem to require not only a good deal of "learned leisure," but some amount of technical preparation, and the hard-working pastor often feels that the time devoted to it would have to be abstracted from more pressing and practical duties; but this is not the chief cause of the neglect. There is a prevailing feeling that the study is unprofitable, as nothing like unanimity exists even amongst those who belong to the same school of interpretation. We hardly know whether the perusal of Professor Birks's book will increase or diminish this feeling. On the one hand there is much to remind us of "the quarrel in Dame Europa's School;" whilst on the other there are indications of a solid and extended basis of agreement amongst the great lights of the historic school, which promises well for the future. It is true that there are some points on which a very small amount of evidence, or no evidence at all, appears to satisfy them. One of these is the belief that the creation week with its Sabbath represents 6,000 years of history, to be followed by a millennium of rest. In the chapter on "The World's Great Sabbath," Professor Birks states that the week of millennia is obscurely revealed in Genesis i. compared with Psalm xc. 4. "For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past;" and 2 Peter iii. 8, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day;" but the obscurity here amounts to darkness that may be felt. We might with equal fairness use these pas-

sages to show that the tribulation of the Christians at Smyrna (Rev. ii. 10) should extend over 10,000 years. Would it not have been better to confess honestly that there is not a shadow of warrant for the notion in the Word of God? In the next place he gives the opinions of many of the Fathers to show that the belief was very general in the early ages of the Church; but these again prove nothing. The early Christian writers were so much given to allegorising that we are not surprised at their adopting the notion readily. The idea belongs to dreamland, not to the world of fact. At the same time we admit that even dreams come true sometimes; and we leave it as one of the things which only the future can reveal. We take leave of Professor Birks's book, over which we have spent some pleasant hours, trusting that it may be widely read and that it may do much good.

Theism and the A Priori Argument.

[We are glad to give insertion to the following critique on a passage that appeared in this Review in April, 1880, as setting forth an aspect of the question it discusses that deserves to be pondered.]

The question of Theism is one of profound and wide-reaching significance: it lies at the root of most of the problems which are being earnestly considered by the scientific-theological thinkers of the day. Does God exist? Is He knowable? How are we to reach Him in thought? Are the usual arguments of avail, or have they been shown to be insufficient to demonstrate that God is and must be? These and similar questions are just now receiving special attention from some of the keenest intellects of the age. Answers to them, of a more or less satisfactory nature, are appearing in many quarters, and when these have been thoroughly sifted, and their truth or falsity made manifest, the end of the Theistic controversy will have been reached. Meantime, it becomes those who are engaged in the controversy to be cautious respecting the positions assumed, the arguments used, and the methods adopted or set aside. Such caution is just as necessary on the Theistic side of this discussion, as on the Atheistic and Agnostic side. The following observations are designed to emphasise this necessity; they have been suggested by an article on "The Authorship of Nature," which appeared in the April number of this Review for 1880. The article contained many able statements and striking thoughts, but, as we think, was weak where it ought to have been strongest, and halted just where it should have walked with firmest step. We refer to what the writer advances on the *a priori* argument in general, and Mr. W. H. Gillespie's argument in particular. On both of these there seems to us to be misunderstanding, and, as a consequence, unintentional misrepresentation. If what the writer advances is true, the

foundation of the above *a priori* method is insecure, and with the foundation the fabric built upon it must perish. Yet with, as we think, some inconsistency, the writer calls in the argument he has discredited to support the *a posteriori* method which he would put in its room. Our contention is that the *a priori* method is not only valid, but necessary to the establishment of Theism.

Criticising Spinoza's system of philosophy, as one built entirely upon the *a priori* method, the writer says: "Theism, on the contrary, is content to rest its argument for the Divine Existence on *a posteriori* grounds; in such a case as this there can be no *a priori* reasoning. This is for the simple reason that there can be nothing antecedent to the Being of God. Not even Archimedes could lift the world without a fulcrum for his lever, nor can any one prove that God must be from any principle that is higher than Himself." If this be so, the Agnostic may, in our judgment, successfully contest every argument advanced on behalf of the existence of an Infinite and Perfect Being. Every such argument must, sooner or later, rest upon *a priori* grounds. This is admitted by the writer of the article in the following words. He says that this argument comes in "to show how all kinds of perfection must necessarily belong to Him" who has been previously proved to exist by the *a posteriori* method of ratiocination. But this is not its only, or its main, use, as the writer tacitly admits. He says, "All that Theism assumes at the beginning, then, is that something exists." There cannot, therefore, be an argument without an assumption, and on the assumption that something exists, the *a posteriori* argument depends. Is this assumption, which is necessary to this method of argumentation, warranted? The reply is: Certainly, and that not on *a posteriori*, but on *a priori*, grounds. The assumption that something exists is an affirmation of the reason, and is not itself reasoned. The conditions of the affirmation are empirical, but the affirmation itself is rational—*a priori*. Besides, if there can be no *a priori* reasoning as to the existence of God, there can be no such reasoning possible regarding any other being or thing. Indeed, there could be no reasoning at all, for at the basis of all reasoning there must be truth which admits of no reasoning, and which must be assumed as true. The axioms or first-truths of the pure reason cannot be demonstrated. No person could prove that a straight line cannot enclose space, or that a whole is greater than its parts. Those axioms do not require proof. They are *a priori* conceptions of the human mind, and must be thought of as true by every one who will think of them at all. "The *a priori* is the proof of a consequent by an antecedent which involves it" (Tappan). This antecedent is not necessarily an antecedent in the order of nature, but of thought; hence, from an *a priori* affirmation, the antecedent in thought, the existence of God may be demonstrated

without at all involving the absurd proposition that there is something in the order of nature "antecedent to the Being of God." An attribute, for example, of the Divine Being may be postulated by the reason as an *a priori* affirmation, and from this the necessary existence of the Being may be demonstrated in which the attribute inheres. The antecedent in this case is according to the order of thought, not of existence, and it involves its consequent. This is the method which has been adopted by *a priori* reasoners regarding the Divine existence, and they number among them some of the profoundest intellects that have ever been known.

The force of the above observations will become more apparent after considering what the writer asserts as to the method pursued by Mr. Gillespie in his celebrated work on the necessary existence of God. Of this work and its author he says:—"That very acute but not very obsequious reasoner, Mr. Gillespie, in his book on the necessary existence of God, most strenuously condemns the ratiocination of Dr. S. Clarke, Lowman, and Locke, who professed, each in his turn, to have demonstrated the Being of God on *a priori* grounds; yet he falls into the very same error. He begins with infinite extension, which he says involves necessary existence, and we do not think that any one would dispute this point with him. But whence does he derive this notion of infinite extension? Is it not from our present perception of the fact of space in which all things have their place, and from the space we apprehend in relation to the things about us we reason upwards to boundless space or extension, which indeed is none other than Omnipresence, or, in other words, God? It is evident, therefore, that *a priori* reasoning can have no place in the proof of the existence of God; it comes in, when once this point has been reached by *a posteriori* argument, to show how all kinds of perfection must necessarily belong to Him who has thus been shown to exist." If this were true, it would inevitably follow that Mr. Gillespie had utterly and hopelessly failed in his work, and that his argument rested on a foundation which he himself strenuously contended was insecure, viz., the *a posteriori* argument. This, however, is not the case, as a brief consideration of what is advanced against Mr. Gillespie's argument will show. It is admitted that Mr. Gillespie's first proposition is true, that "infinity of extension is necessarily existing." "We do not think," says the writer, "that any one would dispute this point with him." Here, then, there is agreement, but divergence immediately begins when the question is asked, "Whence does he deduce this notion of infinite extension?" The writer gives one answer, and Mr. Gillespie another. The former contends that the idea of infinite extension is reached by a process of reasoning from the finite to the infinite, from the parts of space, which are seen and limited, "upwards to boundless space or extension." The latter, on the

other hand, maintains as a truth which cannot be reasonably gainsaid, that the idea of infinite space is not derived through the senses, but is an intuition; an *a priori* affirmation of the reason, which can neither be proved nor denied. Like all such affirmations, it contains within itself its own evidence. Hence Mr. Gillespie, in his first section under Proposition I., does not seek to prove its truthfulness, but says, "Even when the mind endeavours to remove from it the idea of infinity of extension, it cannot, after all its efforts, avoid leaving still there the idea of such infinity. Let there be ever so much endeavour to displace this idea, that is, to conceive infinity of extension non-existent, every one, by a reflex examination of his own thoughts, will find it is utterly beyond his power to do so. Now, since even when we would remove the notion of infinity of extension out of our minds, we cannot but leave the notion of it behind, from this it is manifest infinity of extension is necessarily existing: *For everything the existence of which we cannot but believe is necessarily existing.*" In other words, Mr. Gillespie contended that his first proposition, on which his whole argument rested, is a first or necessary truth, or *a priori* affirmation, which is reached by intuition, and not by a process of reasoning, either upwards or downwards. In this contention he is supported by the best and most careful thinkers who have considered the question. He knew that it was impossible to reason from a finite premise to an infinite conclusion, or to derive the ideas of the necessary and the infinite from what the senses make known. What the senses make known *conditions* the knowledge of the infinite and the necessary, but do not impart that knowledge. It comes not mediately but immediately, not by a process of reasoning, but by intuition. "Our knowledge of these truths," says Dr. Noah Porter, "is *occasioned by*, but is not *derived from*, experience." "The idea of body," says V. Cousin, "is given to us by the touch and sight, that is, by the experience of the senses; on the contrary, the idea of space is given to us on the occasion of the idea of body by the understanding, the mind, the reason." The starting point of the *a priori* argument for the Being of God is, and must be, a first or necessary truth which cannot be reasoned or denied. It forms the antecedent, not in the order of existence or nature, but in the order of thought, and involves the consequent. The consequent involved in Mr. Gillespie's antecedent of necessary existence is, as the writer allows, "omnipresence, or, in other words, God." The conclusion is irresistible, because the chain which binds the consequent to the antecedent is as strong and necessary as the laws of mind, or as the nature of things. Viewed thus, the *a priori* method is not to be treated as a handmaid to the *a posteriori*, to make up what it lacks. It should go first, and lay the foundation strong and sure in the necessary and universal

conception of reason, from which there is but one step to the self-existent and eternal One. From the necessary truths of infinite extension and duration, and of the perfectly true, just, and good, we are shut up to the irresistible conclusion that there is an Infinite, Eternal, True, Just, and Good Being. After this has been demonstrated, the *a posteriori* proof can be brought in to show how man and nature reveal the thoughts, purposes, and feelings of the all-perfect God. It is by the inversion of this order that the cause of Theism has been weakened, and it will never take hold on the more thoughtful as it ought to do till the *a priori* argument has received the attention which it legitimately claims, for it alone can prove that God is necessarily perfect, and an imperfect God is no God at all.

Milligan's Resurrection of our Lord.

The Resurrection of our Lord. By William Milligan, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

The substance of this volume was preached as the Croall Lectures for 1879 and 1880. Only a few alterations, chiefly verbal, have been made, and a few passages inserted since their delivery; but the treatment of the subject has been expanded and the book greatly enriched by the addition of many notes, some of which are of unusual value and completeness. Dr. Milligan, in a brief preface, calls attention to the importance of his theme, and to its comparative neglect at the hands of our Scottish theologians. He has certainly done his part towards the removal of such a reproach from his own Church. A more thorough, critical, unhesitating, and withal reverent defence of the fact of the Resurrection and exposition of its bearings upon Christian life and hope has not of late years appeared. It is marked by all the best characteristics of modern exegesis, by the exact grammatical interpretation in which its author has shown himself an adept in his commentary upon the fourth Gospel, and by a certain practicalness, and directness of application, at once contrived with perfect skill and very refreshing to the spirit of a devout reader. If there be any defect in it, it is perhaps the omission of fuller treatment from the point of view of comparative theology, for which, however, the limitations of the lectureship might fairly be pleaded.

In the first lecture, Dr. Milligan states the position he proposes to take, and examines the precise nature of the fact he has to consider. He presupposes, as it was necessary for him to do, the possibility of miracles, and assumes the authenticity and genuineness of the books of Scripture from which he has to quote. And having thus marked out the arena of the discussion, he announces

the opinion he is prepared to maintain, that Jesus Christ rose from the dead in a body similar to what His body had been before, but in which a notable change of glorification had taken place. It is impossible to examine that opinion now at length, and to follow Dr. Milligan in the consequences he deduces from it; but reference will probably be made to it in these pages in some future number. The second lecture contains an exhibition of the historical evidence of the resurrection of our Lord, which is well classified and arranged, and the weight of which is irresistibly shown. Next, the various opposing theories are examined, and whilst none of them are overlooked, the main force of the author's reasoning is directed with complete success against the so-called theory of visions, which is urged by Renan and others, and accepted by the author of *Supernatural Religion*. The remaining three lectures treat of the bearing of Christ's resurrection respectively upon His own person and work, upon Christian life and hope, and upon the mission and functions of the Church. In these closing sections two features, not altogether absent from the preceding ones, are particularly prominent. The one is the ever-present endeavour on the part of our author to profit his readers. He writes of the mystical union like a man who experiences its joys, and contrasts, tenderly yet incisively, the Scriptural conceptions of separation and consecration as actually realised by Christ with the poor imitations thereof, wherewith modern professors are too often satisfied. Throughout the whole book the appeal to the heart is no less strenuous than the demonstration to the understanding. Beyond this, Dr. Milligan excels in drawing out the minute distinctions in meaning and force which inhere in the different Greek particles, or are involved in the arrangement of the words in a phrase. One is apt, indeed, occasionally to feel that the criticism is too fine, and the foundation too weak for the structure that is built upon it. But, as a rule, no such objection can be made, and the strict application of grammatical principles justifies the interpretation that is given to a passage. Instances might be quoted, as 1 Cor. ii. 2, where Dr. Milligan hardly justifies his adoption of an exposition at variance with the current one. But on the other hand there are many verses, the sense of which under his handling ceases to be doubtful. In his modest preface he expresses the hope that his lectures may "help to direct the attention of others to the great subject of which they treat, so that it may be more thoroughly studied and more successfully unfolded." There can be no doubt that the book will become a favourite one with all who are wise enough to read it, and that its subject will be better apprehended by them than before. The only fear is lest they should be deterred from contributing the results of their study by the accuracy and finish of the work which Dr. Milligan has done before them.

It need hardly be added that this book is supplied with an abundant apparatus of indices, and analytical table of contents. Two of the notes, the one containing an examination of some difficult texts that refer to the condition of our Lord after His resurrection, and the other discussing the import of the ritual connected with the sin-offering of the Day of Atonement, deserve especial notice for the care with which they have been written. The former is a good specimen of the only right method of deducing doctrine from Scripture; and the latter affords a much-needed correction and supplement to Principal Fairbairn's remarks in his "Typology," Vol. II. appendix C.

Govett's Gospel of St. John.

Exposition of the Gospel of St. John. By R. Govett. Two Vols. London and Derby: Bemrose and Sons.

So many additions have of late been made to the literature that gathers around St. John's writings, that a new commentary on the Fourth Gospel ought to be marked by such features as will justify its publication. That this one has distinctive features of its own becomes evident upon the most cursory examination. The apologetical aspects of the Gospel, for example, are completely overlooked, and no student will derive from the book any aid in meeting the objections of modern criticism. It is assumed that the writer of the Gospel was the Apostle John, but no reference is made to the existence of other opinions, and the evidence in support of the Johannean authorship is not even summarised. The very vexed question as to the time of the composition is dismissed in a single sentence, "probably written at Ephesus, between the years A.D. 70 and 80." And a paragraph of a dozen lines is all that is devoted to the apparent collision between this Gospel and the Synoptics. Mr. Govett does indeed style his work an exposition rather than a commentary, and his plan was evidently to concern himself solely with the contents of the Gospel; but this almost entire avoidance of the critical questions is notwithstanding a serious defect, and not fully excused by the limitations which the author chose to put upon himself. The effect of it is, that his book by itself is an insufficient help to the study of the Gospel, and cannot be ranked with the more comprehensive works that appeared twelve months ago.

Turning from this matter, and merely protesting against the undue allegorising that for instance regards Judas as a personification of the tribe of Judah, there is little else to say except in the way of commendation. Mr. Govett has subjected the text of the Gospel to a careful study, and he is rarely at fault in the construction or adoption of the correct reading. He adheres neither to the Authorised nor to the Revised Version, but his renderings

do not often differ from the latter further than in the preference of words that are almost synonymous. He accepts, however, the account of the troubling of the waters at Bethesda "as established on good authority, and as necessary to make sense;" and the passage in the eighth chapter as the correct narration of an incident that really took place, and probably inserted by the Evangelist himself. Mr. Govett is moreover successful in another point almost as important as that of strict grammatical interpretation. He does not neglect to show the close relation in theology between the Gospel and the Epistles. But quotations from the latter are introduced liberally, and thereby some amends made for the absence of all those preliminaries to the exposition, among which this relationship would have had a place of honour.

But probably the most striking feature of Mr. Govett's exposition, particularly in the first volume, is the controversial use he makes of the different verses. No sooner has he unfolded what appears to him to be the exact meaning of a passage, than he proceeds to show how it conflicts with some ancient heresy, or with the opinions of some modern sect. Other writers have handled the Gospel as reverently, though none more reverently. Others have subjected it to as minute and thorough a study. But no one has shown more clearly the work it did in the theological strife of the patristic centuries, or the work it might be made to do in the correction of theological eccentricities of more recent growth. It must not, however, be inferred that Mr. Govett's views are all of them such as have been honoured with general currency throughout the Church. On the contrary, he has opinions of his own, and is prepared to do battle for them. He would exclude children from the rite of baptism, the correct mode of administering which he holds to be by immersion. He insists upon giving John i. 51 a millenarian interpretation, and will hear of no other. But whenever he is concerned with doctrines of more cardinal importance, he adheres tenaciously to the Catholic faith, and maintains it against all comers. Very few of his predecessors have adopted a similar method in expounding this Gospel. And whilst he who seeks the picturesque details of local custom and environment, wherewith it has become the fashion to illustrate every exposition, will be disappointed with this book, he who wants to know how the theology of St. John has influenced Christian thought and moulded its formularies will be proportionally pleased. The fourth Gospel is of such a character that it requires to be studied in many lights, and interpreted with many aims. Around it are gathered already a goodly crowd of commentators, few of whom are without some special excellency. Mr. Govett deserves to be placed not far behind the foremost of them. Others must be consulted when piquancy, or fascination, or response to

critical assault is wanted. But Mr. Govett may fairly claim to speak when the question relates to the history of dogma, and his voice will rarely be heard without profit.

Miller's Thirty-nine Articles.

The Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England. An Historical and Speculative Exposition. By the Rev. Joseph Miller, B.D., Curate of Trinity Church, Hope, Hanley. Part Second of the Stoicheiology. Articles Seventh and Eighth. London: Hodder and Stoughton. Hanley: Allbut and Daniel. 1881.

The previous volumes of this work have already been noticed in these pages. This third instalment bears still further evidence of the great labour and considerable ability of the author. He will, if he live to complete his task upon the scale of the present volume, have produced a book of prodigious bulk and of much usefulness, philosophical in its tone, and ably summarising the opinions of many minds and the results of much archæological research. The first half of this third volume is devoted to the Seventh Article, and contains a very comprehensive classification of the different theories that have prevailed concerning the relation between the Old and the New Testaments, with sufficient proofs of the various statements in the Article. The treatment of the Eighth Article in the other half is almost purely historical. Mr. Miller proposes to himself the problem of ascertaining accurately the several steps in the process of growth of each of the three Creeds. And he has succeeded well in condensing into a comparatively brief space the phases of a controversy upon which much has been written, and which is not yet permanently closed. He does not commit himself definitely to any special theory as to the authorship of the Athanasian Creed, but enumerates the principal ones, and leans to the conclusion that the authorship was not Athanasian, but that no other author and no particular age can be fixed upon. It is, perhaps, open to question how far these matters are in place in an exposition of the Articles, and whether they might not have been with benefit relegated to a separate treatise. No objection could be made to their introduction here, if the language of the Articles of 1536 had been preserved, which makes distinct statements concerning the authorship of the creeds. But in a book designed to put "young men in their doctrinal studies quite abreast of modern speculation," it would have been better to avoid questions a knowledge of the minutiæ of which has to be assumed. Nor is the treatment of the damnatory clauses at all satisfactory. No notice is taken of the prevalent objections to their use in public worship, and the only reasons assigned in favour of their use are that they constitute an essential part of

the structure of the creed, and "keep prominently in mind the indissoluble union between sound doctrine and sound morality." But the very history of their growth shows that they may be erased from the creed without destroying either its beauty or its distinctness of utterance, whilst the connection between doctrine and morality would not be injured by the removal of that intense dogmatism which has sometimes damaged both.

But the greatest defect of this book, otherwise in many respects admirable, is its style. Much of it is cut up into paragraphs consisting of one or two sentences, after the manner of writers whose productions belong to a very different class of literature. Occasionally a sentence is so cumbrous as to be capable only of hypothetical intelligibility, and occasionally it is so curious as to provoke a doubt whether the author revised his proofs. Here, for example, is a whole paragraph, not the shortest of several that are devoted to a loose speculation upon the obligation of the moral law: "Moral law, therefore, being an inherent and regulative norm of our natural make and constitution, stands altogether on a different footing from those positive precepts of a ceremonial or judicial character which receive all their obliging force from political enactments or the will of the civil governor." Mr. Miller, in his preface, complains of the unfairness and partiality of his reviewers. And yet it would be easy to quote many passages which only haste or the pressure of several occupations can have caused him to leave unaltered. The contents of his book are generally valuable. A little more time devoted to the work of correction and revision would make it uniformly welcome as an original and laborious exposition of the Articles.

Calderwood's Science and Religion.

The Relations of Science and Religion. The Morse Lecture, 1880: Connected with the Union Theological Seminary, New York. By Henry Calderwood, LL.D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

The debates and controversies of recent years have made us familiar with the fact that science and religion may at least appear to be in conflict, and the schemes of "reconciliation" too often proposed make confusion worse confounded. "The only possible reconciliation is," as Eustace Conder well says, "for religious men to understand and accept the truths of science; and for scientific men to understand and accept the truths of religion." No more misleading or mischievous book could well be imagined than Dr. Draper's *Conflict between Religion and Science.* The writer identifies religion with Roman Catholicism, and makes Christianity responsible for all the failures and the follies of its professors. Moreover, he fails to remind men of science of the fact

that many religious theories about the Supreme Being and His relation to the Kosmos are, after all, due more to science than theology.

The work before us does not fall into these errors about either science or religion. Its learned author, himself a humble believer in Jesus Christ and His Gospel, as well as an accomplished thinker and philosopher, seeks to present the most "recent results of research, to examine carefully the reasonings deduced from ascertained facts, and the bearing of facts and inferences on religious thoughts." He starts from a definition which, while taking into account all that may be called natural religion, is based essentially on the Bible idea of God, *e.g.*, not only God as "Sovereign Intelligence," but as revealed in Jesus Christ, as the God of Mercy, who calls His intelligent creatures to fellowship with Him and seeks their redemption. To science he assigns for its sphere and province "the whole field of outward observation, with the explanation of facts within this field, either by means of direct observations as to the relation of things, or by logical inference from such observations." By "experience gathered from past conflicts," and by the failure of elaborate theories of brilliant workers, Professor Calderwood warns us against over-hasty conclusions and generalisations that will not stand the test. What men need is a truer and more spiritual conception of the place and function of the Bible.

We are sorry we cannot afford space for anything like an outline of the Professor's argument. He begins with the inorganic elements in the universe, and shows that the results of research into the laws of matter and energy rather support than oppose religious beliefs as to the origin of the world. In order to account for the "seen and the temporal" we are compelled to postulate the "unseen and the eternal." Coming to organised existence, to life and its development, the lecturer discusses the Darwinian theories, and points out the insuperable objections yet lying in the path of the evolutionist pure and simple. Next we are led to the relations between lower and higher organisms. Here, too, the gathered facts of science add immensely to the difficulty of those who reject the supernatural. Passing to higher organisms we have a semi-popular description of the brain and nervous system in man and the higher animals. This prepares the way for the important questions relating to "man's place in the world." To those who would have us say, Brain *or* Mind, Calderwood replies, "If the brain is capable of what is commonly named *mental* activity, all *that science has demonstrated* is susceptibility and motor activity,"—a very different thing, as every one must see. Haeckel may talk of "mind-cells—possessing the capacity to feel, to will, and to think." This, says Calderwood, is "advanced *without any trace of scientific evidence.*" Man's purely

intellectual processes cannot be explained by brain organisms, much less his recognition of, and reverence for, the *authority* of the moral law. Scientific men may theorise, and their followers may assert this or that about man's origin and his true place in nature; we must go outside the realm of physical science before we explain the higher elements in the life of humanity. In his closing lecture Professor Calderwood deals with the objections raised against miracles and prayer. He concludes that "the whole series of our Lord's miracles are outside the area of science, which, as it has nothing of authority to advance against them, has not *even a basis on which to offer any testimony* concerning their possibility." Before science objects to the acts of Jesus it must first deal with His Person. As to prayer, it "does not imply a probable reversal of the laws of nature; but it does imply a moral government in the midst of the physical world, and the subordination of the physical to the moral under regulation of an all-wise and Almighty Ruler." If any man "asks for evidence in an exclusively physical sphere that God answers prayer, he asks that evidence should be discovered apart from the conditions involved." A more unscientific demand there could not be. When he refuses to admit that there can be any trustworthy evidence of the answer of prayer, apart from the test he proposes, he either misunderstands the Christian doctrine of prayer, or is criticising a conception of prayer other than the Christian one. Moral conditions are ever in Scripture the "essential test for use of this privilege," and the suppliant must subordinate material to spiritual good.

Taking, then, this latest and most trustworthy guide, we may fairly say that science and religion are not really in conflict. Friction there may be between their representatives, but essential antagonism there is not. Professor Calderwood has done good service both to religion and science by the delivery and publication of these able lectures. They will remove misconceptions, and by their fairness and even generosity will conciliate many who have been driven into opposition by the "hard" methods adopted in certain quarters. If all scientists and all theologians would work in this spirit we should hear much less of "conflict," and much more of mutual respect, and, where possible, co-operation.

Sell's Faith of Islam.

The Faith of Islam. By Rev. Edward Sell, Fellow of University of Madras. London: Trübner and Co.

This work, the author of which has spent fifteen years in daily intercourse with Musalmáns in Madras, gives an exceedingly full and fresh account of Mohammedan doctrine and morality. The author wisely avoids the ground traversed by other writers on

the subject. He draws everywhere from the original authorities. The style is somewhat dry and hard, and the pages are not made more attractive by the new spelling adopted (Qurân, Quraish). But the author evidently cares more for matter than manner, and any drawbacks of the kind referred to are more than compensated by the abundance of original matter supplied to the student. We are glad that the author has retained such Anglicised forms as Khalif, Khalífate, Omar, instead of "the more correct terms, Khalífa, Khiláfat, 'Umr."

The work contains six chapters, dealing respectively with the Foundations, Exegesis, Sects, Creed, Duties, and Feasts of Islam. There is scarcely one of these chapters which will not correct mistaken notions on the subject of Mohammedanism. We will only instance the first and third.

It is a great mistake to suppose that all Mohammedan doctrine is contained in the Koran. The Koran, of course, is the deepest, but it is not the only foundation. Mr. Sell tells us that it is supplemented by three others—Sunnat, Ijmá, Qiás—which are three several forms of tradition. It is curious that in each of the great religions of the world there has been a similar development of traditional authority. The Jewish Talmud, Romish Tradition, to say nothing of Hinduism and Buddhism, find their parallel in the Sunnat, Ijmá, and Qiás of Mohammedanism: the first representing authoritative teaching founded on the words and acts of Mohammed, the second founded on the general consensus of opinion among great teachers, the third on analogical deduction. The doctrine of tradition might seem to open the way for progress in the way of development, but the door is closed again by the circumstance that development is bound strictly to the earliest history of the system. Thus legislation and jurisprudence in all their branches are tied for ever to the teaching of the four great Imáms, who lived within the two centuries after Mohammed's death. "If circumstances should arise which absolutely require some decision to be arrived at, it must be given in full accordance with the 'mayhab,' or school of interpretation, to which the person framing the decision belongs. This effectually prevents all change, and by excluding innovation, whether good or bad, keeps Islám stationary. Legislation is now purely deductive. Nothing must be done contrary to the principles contained in the jurisprudence of the four Imáms." The "dead man's hand" lies heavy on every part of Mohammedanism. Precedent rules everything with iron sway. The spirit of the system is seen, of course, in individuals. One of the four Imáms was observed to be weeping on his deathbed. To an inquiry respecting the cause he replied, "By Allah, I wish I had been flogged and reflogged for every question of law on which I pronounced an opinion founded on my own private judgment." In a standard work on theology

much used in India it is said: "In these days the Qází must make no order, the Muftí give no decision, contrary to the opinion of the four Imáms." "Imám Ibn Hanbal would not even eat water-melons, because, although he knew the Prophet ate them, he could not learn whether he ate them with or without the rind, or whether he broke, bit, or cut them." "Abdullah Ibn Omar was seen riding his camel round and round a certain place. Asked the reason, he said: 'I know not, only I have seen the Prophet do so here.'" It is another illustration of the same exclusive spirit that the translation of the Koran from Arabic is discouraged. The author gives the text of an excommunication pronounced at Madras on a man for translating a portion into Hindustani. The boast of a Mohammedan is that the Koran is the fruit of verbal inspiration in its most rigid form; in form and substance alike it is the work of God alone. Mohammed, so far from being its author, was simply passive in its reception. The proof of this is said to be the book itself, which every Mohammedan looks upon as a standing miracle. Certainly the book does not lend itself to translation, the splendour, of which we hear so much, vanishing in the process. The Koran was not arranged in its present form by Mohammed, but by his immediate followers, who recovered it from "date leaves, tablets of white stone, and the hearts of men."

The chapter on "The Sects of Islam" effectually disposes of the boasted unity of the system. Even the divisions of Christendom sink into insignificance beside the picture here drawn. The great division of Shiah and Sunni dates from the very cradle of Mohammedanism. The Shiah sect again split into thirty-two fragments on the doctrine of the Imámat. "The whole of the Shiah doctrine on this point seems to show that there is in the human heart a natural desire for some mediator—some Word of the Father, who shall reveal Him to His children." In other words, some mediator between God and man. The prophetic light dwelt in Mohammed, and is transmitted to his true successors. The dispute between Shiah and Sunni turns on the question who these successors are. The Shiahs trace the line through Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet. The doctrine of the Imám forms a close parallel with that of the Buddha in the East. According to the Shiah belief, "The Imám is the Vicar of God on earth. The possession of an infallible book is not sufficient; the infallible guide is needed. Such wisdom and discernment as such a guide would require can only be found amongst the descendants of the Prophet. It is no longer, then, a matter of wonder that in some cases almost, if not entirely, divine honour is paid to Ali and his descendants." One sect believes in twelve Imáms, reckoning from Ali; another in six: but both agree in thinking that the true Imám, though living, is now unknown.

"They believe that there never can be a time when there shall be no Imám, but that he is now in seclusion. The idea has given rise to all sorts of secret societies, and has paved the way for a mystical religion, which often lands its votaries in atheism." There is no possibility of union between the Shiahs and Sunnis.

For the past thousand years Mohammedanism has also had its development of pantheistic mysticism, nominally based on the Koran, but really a reaction against the harsh literalism of the system. The name by which it is known is Súfiism, which has been derived both from the Persian Súf, "pure," and Greek, σοφία. Much of the teaching of these mystics is very beautiful, but it is no product of Mohammedanism. It comes from a far deeper source, from that central light of truth, which shines more or less dimly in every human soul. Sadi says: "I swear by the truth of God that when He showed me His glory all else was illusion." Other sayings are, "Hide thy good deeds as closely as thou wouldst hide thy sins." "As neither meat nor drink profits the diseased body, so no warning avails to touch the heart full of the love of this world." Identity with God is the great doctrine and aim of this, as of every form of mysticism. Sadi says: "Art thou a friend of God? Speak not of self, for to speak of God and of self is infidelity." A famous Darwish (Dervish) tells this story: "One knocked at the door of the beloved, and a voice from within said, 'Who is there?' Then he answered, 'It is I.' The voice replied, 'This house will not hold me and thee.' So the door remained shut. The lover retired to a wilderness, and spent some time in solitude, fasting, and prayer. A year elapsed, when he again returned and knocked at the door. 'Who is there?' said the voice. The lover answered, 'It is thou.' Then the door opened." The stages of a Dervish's life are service, love, seclusion, knowledge, ecstasy, truth, union with God, extinction. The Persian poet, Omar Khayyám, is often called a Súfí, but in reality he was a materialist sceptic, a Mohammedan Lucretius.

The Wahhábism of the last century was a Puritanical movement. Its aim was and is to sweep away the accretions of ages, and restore the earliest creed of Mohammedanism. "In the year 1803 both Mecca and Medína fell into the hands of the Wahhábís. A clean sweep was made of all things the use of which was opposed to Wahhábí principles." To a Wahhábí even smoking is a deadly sin. His name for it is "drinking the shameful." Mecca and Medína were afterwards lost; but the movement has extended as far as India.

The other chapters supply much interesting information, and the whole volume is indispensable to every student of Mohammedanism.

Bertram's Homiletical Encyclopædia.

A Homiletical Encyclopædia of Illustrations in Theology and Morals. A Handbook of Practical Divinity, and a Commentary on Holy Scripture. Selected and Arranged by R. A. Bertram, Compiler of "A Dictionary of Poetical Illustrations," &c. London: R. D. Dickinson, Farringdon Street. 1879.

The plan of this work is excellent, and the execution is as good as the plan. All the principal topics in theology and morals are illustrated from a wide range of ancient and modern writers. And the illustrations are pertinent, forceful, and varied, not consisting of mere anecdotes, though plentifully besprinkled with them, but setting forth some of the best thoughts of some of the best writers on subjects of universal and enduring importance. We heartily endorse the doctrine taught in the introductory readings on "the importance of illustration in teaching," and we cordially commend this fine volume as furnishing many samples of the very best modes of illustration. All who have to speak on religious subjects will be profited by its perusal, not merely as providing a storehouse from which on occasion materials may be drawn, but as providing models of the best modes of approaching and laying hold of the popular mind. If a man has invention of his own, this book will be a perpetual spur to its original exercise: if he lacks it, it will serve in some degree to compensate for the defect. The forty-nine pages of index, textual and topical, form an exceedingly valuable addition to the eight hundred and forty-three pages which compose the body of the work.

Gregory's Sermons, Addresses, &c.

Sermons, Addresses, and Pastoral Letters. By Benjamin Gregory, President of the Wesleyan-Methodist Conference, 1879. London: Published for the Author at the Wesleyan Conference Office, 2, Castle Street, City Road; Sold at 66, Paternoster Row. 1881.

It was a happy thought of the late Dr. Jobson to suggest the publication, by the president for the time being of the Methodist Conference, of a memorial of his year of office in the shape of a volume containing the principal sermons, charges, and addresses he might be called on to deliver. This is the third volume of the kind that has been published, and deserves to take its place side by side with worthy predecessors. Mr. Gregory's characteristics

are too well known by the Methodist public to need description here, and they appear to advantage in the present work. The sermons present a wonderful combination of sound exposition, solid argument, felicitous illustration, and forceful appeal, expressed in language peculiarly chaste, and pervaded by a sympathetic tenderness that makes the sternest truth win for itself an entrance to the most reluctant heart.

The addresses will be a permanent memorial of the great movement which, inaugurated by his predecessor, Dr. Rigg, extended over the whole of Mr. Gregory's presidential year, the movement that resulted in the contribution of £300,000 by the Methodist people to the funds of the Connexion. In these addresses Mr. Gregory's knowledge of Methodist history in various parts of the country was laid under contribution, and his skill in word-painting brought out with good effect. We make no doubt as to the reception of this volume among all loyal Methodists.

II. MISCELLANEOUS.

Mackenzie's Nineteenth Century.

The Nineteenth Century. A History. By Robert Mackenzie. Nelson and Sons.

Mr. Mackenzie's *History of the Nineteenth Century* is a useful and interesting summary of the chief events of the present century. To compress the history of the world for eighty years within the compass of four hundred and sixty pages is a task which would strain the very highest literary skill; yet as a summary this work may be highly recommended, and no reader will turn away from the perusal of it without profit. The dramatic element is necessarily absent, and we miss those vivid delineations of character, and those side lights of wit and humour, which have contributed so much to the success of Mr. McCarthy's more elaborate volumes. Yet every fact is carefully described, and our steps are guided by one who is thoroughly familiar with the path. To an Englishman the most interesting chapters are those entitled "The Redress of Wrongs," in which Mr. Mackenzie describes the change which has passed over our legislature since 1832. Possibly the first three decades of our century are painted in too dark colours; still it is clear that a vast and to a large extent a happy change has been accomplished during the last fifty years.

The present seems to be a fitting time to review some of its more noticeable features. For some years past we have been enveloped by a thick cloud of depression, and now that that is lifting, it has been succeeded by the still deeper darkness of the present Irish crisis. In these circumstances, it is well to remember the contrast which the ordinary state of things fifty or a hundred years ago offers to the ordinary state of things at the present day, and not to allow the gloom of a passing crisis, such as we must believe the present to be, to obscure our sense of the substantial benefits that have accrued to the nation through a half-century of healthy progress.

Beginning with the more obvious political improvements introduced by the great Reform Bill, we may observe that now our House of Commons is largely elected by manhood suffrage, it is difficult to realise the statistics presented by Messrs. Molesworth and Mackenzie. "Two-thirds of the House of Commons

were appointed by peers, or other influential persons. Every great nobleman had a number of seats at his unquestioned disposal. The Duke of Norfolk owned eleven members; Lord Lonsdale owned nine; the Duke of Rutland owned six. Seventy members were returned by thirty-five places where there were scarcely any voters at all. Old Sarum had two members and not one solitary inhabitant; Gatton enjoyed the services of two members, while her electors were seven in number. Three hundred members, it was estimated, were returned by one hundred and sixty voters. All this time Leeds, Birmingham, and Manchester were unrepresented. Seats were openly offered for sale down to the very eve of the Reform Bill; Hastings had been so often sold for £6,000, that her market price was perfectly established. Sudbury publicly advertised herself for sale. Generally the purchaser was expected to belong to the same political party with the majority of his constituents; but this was not indispensable. A man was once purchasing the representation of a place called Petersfield, and the price, which was being adjusted in pounds, was raised to guineas, because he was on the wrong side of politics. . . . The political condition of Scotland was yet more deplorable. The county votes in 1830 did not number more than 2,000. The county of Bute had, at one time, only a single voter who resided in the county" (Mackenzie, 100–1). No wonder that Lord John Russell proposed the disfranchisement of borough after borough, till no less than 168 vacancies had been created. After some terrible riots in the country, and many a stormy debate in Parliament, this proposition was substantially carried. Even in 1831, the powers of obstruction, which are latent in the forms of the House of Commons, were fully understood. On one memorable night, 13th July, 1831, there were no less than nine divisions, in which motion after motion that the House do now adjourn was negatived by large majorities. Towards half-past seven in the morning the House adjourned till the afternoon. When Sir C. Wetherell, who led the Opposition, came out into the open air, he found that it was raining heavily. "If I had known this," he exclaimed in a tone of vexation, "they should have had a few more divisions."

In the days before the Reform Bill taxation was alike heavy and inequitable. In the years between the declaration of American independence and the French wars, the national expenditure was little over 20s. for each of the population: to-day, with vastly increased resources, it is about £2 7s. per head; but at the close of the great wars with Napoleon, it had reached the vast sum of £6 for each person. More than thirty years after the battle of Waterloo Mr. Cobden said in the House of Commons:—"For every 20s. the working classes expend on tea, they pay 10s. of duty; for every 20s. they spend on sugar, they pay 6s. of duty; for every 20s. they spend on coffee, they pay 8s.

duty; on soap 5s.; on beer 4s.; on tobacco 16s.; on spirits 14s." When we remember that in 1853 Mr. Gladstone proposed to reduce 133 different taxes, and that still later we had the immense reductions granted in the budgets of 1860 and the following years, we can sympathise with the complaint of Sydney Smith. "The school-boy whips his taxed top; the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman pouring his medicine which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon which has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of one hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent.; large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble, and then he is gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more" (Mackenzie, 77). At the present day a working man who wisely eschews nicotine and alcohol, contributes almost nothing to the cost of government. A small sum is still exacted from his tea, a duty is levied on the house he inhabits, there is a tax on the train which carries him to his work, and this is almost all he pays for the privilege of living in the noblest and safest country of modern Christendom.

The state of our criminal laws was a fouler blot upon the legislature than either the mockery of representation, or the pressure of the taxes. At one time our laws recognised no less than two hundred and twenty-three capital offences. As also Mackenzie remarks, these laws were not a legacy from the dark ages, for one hundred and fifty-six of them bore no remoter date than the reigns of the Georges. "If a man injured Westminster Bridge he was hanged; if he appeared in disguise in a public road he was hanged." From these illustrations the rest may be inferred. In 1816 there were at one time fifty-eight persons under sentence of death. In the last century, Charles Wesley preached to *twenty* criminals *at once*, every one of whom he believed to die penitent. Gradually the terrible stain was washed out of our statute-books; and, practically, the punishment of death is now reserved for murderers. Even treason itself, provided the traitors are not Negroes in Jamaica, or Sepoys in Cawnpore, hardly endangers the head. While the Scotch rebellion of 1745, and the Irish rebellion of 1798, were terribly atoned for, the Irish rising of 1848 did not cost the executioner the pain of taking a single life. There have been even repeated attempts on the life of the Queen, and no criminal been executed. It is true that in 1867 the Manchester martyrs, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, were executed for the murder of Police-constable Brett; and Mr. McCarthy, in his *History of Our Own Times*,

evidently considers that they were harshly treated: especially he contrasts this with the action of Napoleon, who only suffered two of the conspirators to be guillotined after the explosion of the Orsini bombs. Yet a monarch may deem it prudent to array himself in garments of clemency, while he upholds a policeman with all the authority of the law. A policeman is exposed to so many dangers that society cannot afford to pardon any citizen who attacks these humble servants of the crown. Be that as it may, the Manchester martyrs "were martyred for murder and not for treason. Yet in spite of all the alleviation of our criminal laws, the horrors of public executions lingered among us till 1868. No more appalling or degrading spectacle could be invented by any ingenuity of man; at last this also was altered." A Bill was introduced in 1868 into the House of Commons to put a stop to public executions, and passed with little difficulty. But it illustrates the slow growth of public opinion in England that, twelve years before public executions were abolished, all ranks of society had been horrified by the appalling circumstances which attended the execution of the murderer Bousfield. That one event, the details of which are given by Mr. Molesworth, ought to have convinced our legislature that the time had come for effecting this alteration.

The immense and rapid development of the manufacturing and mining interests led to some sad enormities. When in 1847, Mr. Fielden, member for Oldham, brought in a bill for shortening the hours of labour, he stated that his object was to limit the labour of young people between the ages of thirteen and eighteen to a day of ten hours' actual work. In support of his bill, he adduced statistics to prove that the extra-metropolitan districts of Surrey, with a population of 187,868, had a septennial death-rate of 23,777; while Manchester, with a population smaller than Surrey by 24,000, lost by death in the same period 16,000 more. In the seven years, 13,362 children in Manchester alone died from known and preventable causes. It is surprising to learn that men like Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Roebuck opposed Mr. Fielden's motion. On the other hand, Mr. Brotherton, then member for Salford, described the weariness he had himself endured when a boy working in a factory, and the resolution he then formed, and to which he still adhered, to endeavour to obtain shorter hours for the boys who should come after him. Mr. Mackenzie writes on a kindred topic: "People used to employ little boys, and sometimes little girls, of five or six to sweep chimneys. Chimneys were built narrower in those days than now, and the child was compelled to crawl into them, often being driven by blows to the horrid work. Sometimes the chimney was not sufficiently cooled and the child was burned; often he stuck fast in a narrow flue, and was extricated with

difficulty; occasionally he was taken out dead. Parliament refused for some time to suppress these atrocities, even after a machine could be got for fifteen shillings which swept chimneys better than a climbing boy did" (p. 86). Mr. Mackenzie continues: "Children of six were habitually employed; their hours of labour were from fourteen to sixteen daily." Earlier in the century, there was often no machinery to drag the coal to the surface, and "women climbed long wooden stairs with baskets of coal on their backs." A nobleman still living, the present Earl of Shaftesbury, succeeded in putting an end to these horrors. He has trodden an open if unfrequented path to immortality. In 1842, he proposed and carried an Act which made it illegal to employ any woman or girl in mines and collieries; and gradually a mass of legislation has guarded the rights of women and children. But when these hardships were embittered by hunger, chartism and even infidelity naturally sprang up among the poor. As Thomas Cooper tells the story, he shows how he himself became an infidel: "How fierce," he writes, "became my discourses in the market-place on Sunday evenings. My heart often burned with indignation I knew not how to express; I began from sheer sympathy to glide into the depraved thinking of some of the stronger but coarser spirits among the men." Those who wish to learn the mere history of chartism cannot have a better guide than Mr. Molesworth; but those who wish to get at the heart of the movement will find in Cooper's Autobiography something which is missing even from the stirring pages of Alton Locke.

It is little wonderful that the educational condition of the English people should have been alarmingly defective. At the beginning of the century there were only 3,363 schools, public and private, in all England; in 1818 more than half the children were growing up in utter ignorance. In the manufacturing districts matters were still worse, for sixty-five per cent. of the women were unable to write their own names. In 1843, Lord Ashley stated that 1,014,193 children capable of education were receiving no instruction. To this statement, after adducing an immense mass of statistics with regard to the dangerous classes in Manchester, he added the striking fact that, while the punishment of crime in Lancashire alone cost more than £600,000 a year, the annual grant for education for all England was only £30,000. Indeed, prior to 1833, Government did not consider itself to be at all interested in the matter of education; but in that year a small grant of £20,000 was made for educational purposes. In 1839 the Melbourne Ministry secured the appointment of the Committee of Council on Education, and from that date the country has advanced with rapid strides. Years must elapse before our country reaps the full benefit of the great

measures carried by Mr. Forster, but already there is reported a decrease in juvenile crimes. So far as can be judged at present, Mr. Forster's bill has been splendidly successful.

If the lower classes were uneducated, the upper classes were too often coarse. Indeed, in the days a little earlier than those discussed in these works manners were surprisingly coarse. No bribe that could be offered would induce Tennyson to emulate some passages in the *Dunciad;* and even our most sensuous writers never descend to the level of Prior's lascivious tales. There are poems by Swift and stories by Sterne which would now be suppressed by Lord Campbell's Act for dealing with obscene literature. Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott appear almost devout when compared with Fielding and Smollett. To mention the only illustration that is allowable here, it is surely to the eighteenth century that we owe the expression, "as drunk as a lord." Intoxication was an almost indispensable mark of hospitality; the host claimed it as his due that every guest should drink till he could drink no longer; and that dinner party was the most successful which saw the greatest number of guests drunk under the table. Profane swearing, also, was the constant practice of gentlemen. "They swore at each other, because an oath added emphasis to their assertions; they swore at their inferiors, because their commands would not otherwise receive prompt obedience. The chaplain cursed the sailors because it made them listen more attentively to admonitions. Ladies swore orally, and in their letters. Lord Braxfield offered to a lady at whom he swore, because she played badly at whist, the sufficient apology that he had mistaken her for his wife. Erskine, the model of a forensic orator, swore at the bar; Lord Thurlow swore upon the bench; the king swore unceasingly; society clothed itself with swearing as with a garment" (Mackenzie, 94). It was partly a consequence and partly a cause of the fierce style of speech that duelling was universal. Fox, Pitt, Castlereagh, Canning, Wellington, and even Mr. Roebuck were all guilty of this crime; Peel and O'Connell had at least arranged for a meeting. Mr. Cobden received a challenge, but had the moral courage to treat it as a joke. So recently as 1840, two members of Parliament, Messrs. Horseman and Bradlaw had a hostile meeting, and exchanged a few harmless shots. The decline of this remnant of barbarism is very largely due to the late Prince Consort; he suggested the appointment of a court of appeal to settle disputed points of honour. Possibly the suggestion was more fanciful than practical; but he succeeded in discouraging the odious practice. Shakespeare says, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits;" and, no doubt, much of the ignorance and coarseness of former days arose from the difficulty of communication. From the days of Trajan to those of

George the Third there had been little, if any, improvement in the facilities for locomotion. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that there had been a decline. The grand system of public roads, inaugurated and accomplished by Roman genius, had been allowed to fall to decay, and travelling in England became little better than travelling in an uncivilised country. It was thought, near the close of the last century, a wonderful feat when Edmund Burke travelled from London to Bristol in twenty-four hours; and when, a little later, Lord Campbell started from Edinburgh by a coach which was timed to reach London in three days, he was gravely informed that the rapidity of the motion had frequently produced apoplexy. Sir Robert Peel came from Rome to England as Agricola or Claudius had done eighteen centuries before. Ocean travelling was whimsically irregular. At times it needed a month to sail from Liverpool to Dublin; and at least one case is on record in which six weeks were consumed in the voyage from Leith to London. Closely connected with this difficulty was the cost of postage. "The average postage on every chargeable letter in the United Kingdom was 6½d.: a letter from London to Brighton cost 8d.; to Aberdeen 1s. 3½d.; to Belfast 1s. 4d. Happily the benevolent genius of Rowland Hill devised a scheme of penny postage which bids fair to become universal. There have been few more efficient agents in modern civilisation than the swift and easy locomotion of the steam engine, the cheap transmission of letters, and the rapid diffusion of news by the penny paper."

Medicine and surgery have shared in the general reform. The discovery of chloroform alone, which not only relieves pain, but makes possible operations which were formerly impossible, serves to mark an era in the history of human progress. But this is only one among the many boons we owe to modern science; and now the average of human life and health, and therefore of human happiness, is appreciably higher than in the days of our fathers. "Small-pox," writes Mr. Mackenzie, "was still the scourge of the people. One-tenth of all deaths was caused by this disease. Undrained fields generated intermittent fevers which destroyed many lives, and pressed heavily on the vitality of the rural population. In the cities, the filth of the streets and of the dwellings of the poor produced undue mortality. The death rate of London about the middle of the last century had been as high as one in twenty-four. In 1780 one Englishman died in every forty of the population; in 1800 the death rate had fallen to one in forty-eight. As the century wore on the improvement continued, and in 1820 the deaths were only one in fifty-seven" (p. 97). Thus by a wide survey of modern society Mr. Mackenzie prepares the way for the optimistic remarks with which he concludes: "The nineteenth century has witnessed progress

rapid beyond all precedent, for it has witnessed the overthrow of the barriers which prevented progress. Never since the stream of human development received into its sluggish currents the mighty impulse communicated by the Christian religion has the condition of man experienced amelioration so vast. Despotism thwarts and frustrates the forces by which Providence has provided for the progress of man; liberty secures for those forces their natural scope and exercise. The nineteenth century has witnessed the fall of despotism and the establishment of liberty in the most influential nations of the world. It has vindicated for all succeeding ages the right of man to his own unimpeded development. It has not seen the redressing of all wrongs; nor indeed is that to be hoped for, because in the ever-shifting condition of man's life, the right of one century frequently becomes the wrong of the next; but it has seen all that the most ardent reformer can desire—the removal of artificial obstacles placed in the paths of human progress by the selfishness and ignorance of the strong. The growth of man's well-being, rescued from the mischievous tampering of princes, is now left to the beneficent regulation of great providential laws" (*Nineteenth Century*, p. 460).

We wish we could endorse without qualification this too hopeful strain. Thankfully do we accept all the comfort which Mr. Mackenzie's review of modern social and material improvements is intended to convey. But looking at the widespread unrest which heaves the bosom of modern society, we feel that there is still much to awaken solicitude in the breast of the most sanguine. Mr. Mackenzie does not need to be told that liberty has its perils no less than despotism, and a system of universal communication as well as a state of comparative national isolation. Even education is no safeguard against the outbreak of the most destructive selfishness on the widest scale. Princes have not always been opponents of progress, and providential laws do not begin to work only when princes cease to meddle. Our hope for the regeneration of society is still firm, but it is bound up less with the mere external ameliorations that social and political changes can bring to pass, than with the wider diffusion of the principles of that religion which alone can make mankind a brotherhood.

Recent Poems.

A Pageant, and other Poems. By Christina G. Rossetti. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

Songs of a Worker. By Arthur O'Shaughnessy. London: Chatto and Windus. 1881.

It is not without design that we have placed these two volumes

in juxtaposition. Each, by contrast, might seem to throw light upon the other.

Miss Rossetti's art is obviously the outcome of very deep convictions, and of a spiritual experience most personal and passionate. A good many years have elapsed since her first volume was published. The latest modern movement in English poetry had not then commenced. She was in many respects a precursor, and had to bear the first brunt of a fresh attack on those conservative forces which occupy positions of strength in art as in other matters. Whether it might not be possible, in that earlier volume, to discover passages that were inadequate, affected, almost childish, is not here to the purpose. This, at least, seemed certain, that the writer's words were no tuneful echo, but issued fresh from her heart with a distinct melody of their own. The devotional pieces, more particularly, came with a fervent bubbling as of life-blood. And so she took her place at once among the foremost of the women poets of England, and is now, in our judgment at least, quite the first.

Nor does the present volume show any declension of general power, though possibly, as it may be, for old acquaintance' sake, and looking only at individual poems, "the old seem better." We have the same fervour, the same deep earnestness of religious feeling, the same records of a soul wrestling with the Spirit of God until the dawn. Miss Rossetti speaks, indeed, in "the key-note," which takes the place of an introduction, of the autumn that has come upon her, "so shrunk and sere," and of her song being as that of the winter robin. But her earlier verse was so evidently that of one

"Who hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,"

that no conspicuous difference of tone is discernible. If her art is now in its autumn, almost as she seems to imply in its winter, yet the winter and autumn are of a year to whose spring and summer Christ gave the earlier and later rain, the light and the heat.

We insist upon this point, because it is, as it seems to us, Miss Rossetti's special distinction to occupy a position apart from those poets who are not devotional, or only devotional for poetical effect, and those writers who are devotional, but ofttimes not poets. Her verse, as we have said, rings with the passion of personal experience. It is in this respect like that of the Wesleys. As Bunyan had himself walked through the dark valley and heard the fiend voices, and the blasphemous whisperings of the hob-goblins of the pit—so that his story became a personal record, and he spoke of what he had actually seen,—even thus she speaks of what she has truly felt. And so her voice is that "voice of

the heart," which, as Alfred de Musset tells us, "alone reaches the heart." Listen to such cries as this:*

"Wearied I loathe myself, I loathe my sinning,
My stains, my festering sores, my misery,
Thou the Beginning, Thou ere the beginning
Didst see, and didst foresee
Me miserable, me sinful, ruined me,—
I plead myself with Thee.
"I plead myself with Thee who art my Maker,
Regard Thy handiwork that cries to Thee;
I plead Thyself with Thee who wast partaker
Of mine infirmity,
Love made Thee what Thou art, the love of me,—
I plead Thyself with Thee."

Or again:*

"I will arise, repenting and in pain;
I will arise and smite upon my breast
And turn to Thee again;
Thou choosest best,
Lead me along the road Thou makest plain,
Lead me a little way, and carry me
A little way, and listen to my sighs,
And store my tears with Thee,
And deign replies
To feeble prayers;—O Lord I will arise."

Is it a result of this singleness and earnestness of feeling that Miss Rossetti's poetical diction is always so simple and direct? That would be a curious subject of speculation, especially as this simplicity of language is coupled not unfrequently with a quaintness of thought, and love of conceit, that remind one forcibly of George Herbert—as in such passages as these:

"Love is the goal, love is the way we wend,
Love is our parallel unending line,
Whose only perfect Parallel is Christ,
Beginning not begun, End without end."

Or again:

"All things that pass
Are woman's looking-glass;
They show her how her bloom must fade,
And she herself be laid
With withered roses in the shade."

Whatever may be the cause, and however we may explain the combination in Miss Rossetti's work—as in George Herbert's—of strong devotional feeling with simplicity of style and conceit in the thought,† certain it is that she is remarkable among contemporary poets, who shroud themselves so often in an alliterative haze of words, for this quality of simple diction. There is

* From poems entitled, "For Thine own sake, O my God," and "I will arise."

† Miss Rossetti has, however, far more feeling for verbal music than George Herbert.

scarcely a line in this volume of which the meaning cannot be immediately apprehended. Can anything be clearer than this?

> "The dead may be around us, dear and dead;
> The unforgotten dearest dead may be
> Watching us with unslumbering eyes and heart,
> Brimful of words which cannot yet be said,
> Brimful of knowledge they may not impart,
> Brimful of love for you, and love for me."

Or, to take a more passionate extract, than this passage from the prayer of a martyr on the eve of execution?

> "To-night I gird my will afresh, and stir
> My strength, and brace my heart to do and dare,
> Marvelling: Will to-morrow wake the whirr
> Of the great rending wheel, or from his lair
> Startle the jubilant lion in his rage,
> Or clench the headsman's hand within my hair,
> Or kindle fire to speed my pilgrimage,
> Chariot of fire, and horses of sheer fire,
> Whirling me home to heaven by one fierce stage?
> Thy Will I will, I Thy desire desire;
> Let not the waters close above my head,
> Uphold me that I sink not in this mire:
> For flesh and blood are frail and sore afraid;
> And young I am, unsatisfied and young,
> With memories, hopes, with cravings all unfed,
> My song half sung, its sweetest notes unsung,
> All plans cut short, all possibilities,
> Because my cord of life is soon unstrung."

That Miss Rossetti's directness of style does not occasionally degenerate into triviality, we will not say. There must be a curious want of all humorous feeling in a writer who will seriously talk about—

> "An intrusive third
> Extra little bird;"

or describe "Johnny's golden head" as being

> "Like a golden mop in blow,"

or sing of a lark as being

> "A speck scarce visible sky-high;"

or ask

> "Why has spring one syllable less
> Than any its fellow season?"

or use phrases so helplessly depoetised as

> "Bring my heart into my mouth;"

or

> "My heart is like a lump of ice;"

or

> "One and one make two."

These, however, are but motes in an art which is great through strong vital individuality of feeling and manner, and especially of feeling.

As much can scarcely be said of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, whose premature death on the 30th of last January—he was but thirty-six—deprived the world of English letters of a writer who had attained to some admirable heights of achievement, and seemed still to have a distinguished career before him.

His art, in many respects very fine, sprang, as it seems to us, from no settled root of conviction. The flower seemed in itself to be self-sufficient. He protests indeed against this view in words which are quoted in the preface to this volume, and it is but fair that his protest should be heard: "I have been represented as saying with Baudelaire, 'Art for Art,' and laying myself open to all the unfavourable limitations which that dictum is unjustly supposed to imply. Truly, I think that a little 'Art for Art' has already done a great deal of good in England, and that a little more is needed, and would be equally beneficial. But with Victor Hugo, I do not say 'Art for Art,' but 'Art for Humanity,' and my meaning is that Art is good—is an incalculable gain to man; but Art, in itself equally perfect, which grows with humanity, and can assist humanity in growing, is still better."

Was not the poet, however, deceiving himself when he wrote these words? Whether he had or not theoretically preached the doctrine of "Art for Art," had he not inculcated it practically? Had he at all shown that he possessed a fund of personal conviction, feeling, life experience, on which he could draw for the enriching of his fellow men? In this very volume there is an obvious effort to teach something, to "assist humanity in growing," as we may presume. Does the teaching come to very much? In the *Song of a Fellow-worker* a stone-breaker vindicates his place as one of the world's helpers. The plea is quite just. Stone-breaker and artist both are "doing their duty in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call them." Is there any sign that the stone-breaker's advocate was doing more than holding a poetical brief. "Christ will return," we are told, and find His home among those "branded" with an "evil name," the righteous being found very far wanting indeed. Is it at all clear that this return of our Lord's was believed in by the poet, except in so far as its expectation might afford an opportunity of describing the shortcomings of respectability? Even in such poems as *Eden*, or in the *Thoughts in Marble*—that is, poems of revolt—the revolt seems to have in it very little of fanaticism, might we not say even of conviction? Thus, when we are told that the poet is—

> "Sick of pale European beauties spoiled
> By false religions, all the cant of priests
> And mimic virtues;"

or again that the Venus of Praxiteles is—

> "The one thing of the world that cannot change,
> The true religion of the human heart;"

or yet again, that the "line of beauty" is such that—

> "Death, eternity,
> Add nought to it, from it take nought away;"

and, rather blasphemously, that—

> "It was all God's gift, and all man's mastery,
> God become human and man grown divine;"

when, we say, these somewhat questionable propositions are placed before us, our first inclination is to attack them. But the poet himself, seriously as they seem to be put forward, evidently had only a very limited interest in their correctness. For, in the same passage from which we have already quoted, as given in the Preface, he says: "I wish to provide against the series of poems, which I have associated with the art of sculpture, being judged from an erroneous point of view. My artistic object is gained if, in them, I have kept strictly within the lines assigned to the sculptor's art, an art in which I have as yet failed to perceive either morality or immorality." And so the questionable propositions, and the others like them, become only true in so far as they can be deduced from the *Theseus*, or the *Dying Gladiator*. Faith and morals will scarcely suffer if they have to wait till that logical feat has been performed.

The fact is, that O'Shaughnessy did himself wrong in assuming any philosophy or creed, when, so far as appears, he had none. His art lives by its technical merits only; and there are passages in the *Lays of France* which, for lithe, sinewy movement, swift and sure as a panther's springing, but more continuous, can scarcely be equalled out of Mrs. Browning's *Casa Guidi*. Passages quite so fine we have not found in the present volume. But the following extract from the *Prayer of the Soul on Entering Human Life*, will show the peculiar quality of fluent strength which we have in view:

> "And lo! from all the outward burning zones,
> Before Him came the endless stream of souls
> Unborn, whose destiny is to descend
> And enter by the lowest gate of being.
> And each one coming, saw, on written scrolls
> And semblances that he might comprehend,
> The things of Life and Death and Fate—which seeing,
> Each little soul, as quivering like a flame
> It paled before that splendour, stood and prayed
> A piteous fervent prayer against the shame
> And ill of living, and would so have stayed
> A flame-like emanation as before,
> Unsullied and untried. Then, as he ceased
> The tremulous supplication, full of sore
> Foreboding agony to be released
> From going on the doubtful pilgrimage
> Of earthly hope and sorrow, for reply,
> A mighty angel touched his sight, to close,
> Or nearly close, his spiritual eye,
> So he should look on luminous things like those
> No more till he had learned to live and die."

Shepherd's Memoirs of Thomas Carlyle.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Carlyle, with Personal Reminiscences and Selections from Correspondence. Edited by Richard Horne Shepherd, assisted by C. N. Williamson. Two Vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

Mr. Shepherd's work differs from the numerous lives of Carlyle which followed Mr. Froude's hasty publication in the absence of blunders, and in the addition of numerous samples of the philosopher's less known work. From the articles contributed to Sir D. Brewster's *Edinburgh Cyclopædia* (very poorly paid, says their author) there are large extracts. They include Montaigne—at whom, to Mr. Shepherd's delight, Carlyle looked purely from the human and literary sides—Montesquieu, Lady Wortley Montagu, Newfoundland, Norfolk, and the M's and N's in general. In these there is not much promise of the style or mode of thought of *Sartor*. This comes out much more in the letters which begin as soon as the life at Craigenputtock is fairly begun, and are interesting, not only as bearing marks of Carlyle's peculiar way of looking at things, but also because they fully describe the mode of living in that Dumfriesshire wilderness in which the "prophet's" genius was gradually matured. To this date belong "Peter Nimmo," a very rubbishing so-called "poetical rhapsody" (Carlyle's own want of success as a verse-writer accounts for his low estimate of most young would-be poets), and a commonplace tale, "Cruthers and Jonson," both contributed to *Fraser*. Mr. Shepherd reprints these at the end of Volume I. At the end of Volume II. he reprints the papers on Irish affairs from the *Examiner* and *Spectator*, prefacing them with one from the former paper on Louis Philippe. These are all admirable specimens of Carlylese—nothing more. As we read, we are almost inclined to express (with the *Edinburgh Review*) "our astonishment at the exaggerated estimate which has been formed of his writings and opinions." He certainly harped on one string, or (in the Laureate's words) "sang on one clear note in divers tones." The mob that drove Louis Philippe out, "protest with their heart's blood against an universe of lies," and when they break the throne in pieces they cry: "Begone, thou wretched upholstering phantasm; descend thou to the abysses, to the cesspools, spurned of all men. Thou art not the thing we required to heal us of our unbearable miseries; not thou, it must be something other than thou." The Irish papers are much in the same style, but have at this special crisis a value of their own. Commenting on the glorious results which the Repealers looked for from the severance of the Union, Carlyle says: "To hear their loud and ever louder voice, it must

be clear that, with no England henceforth to molest her, Ireland would awake and find herself happy..... Falsity of word, of thought, and of deed, that morning would become veracity; futility success; loud, mad bluster would become sane talk, transacted at a moderate pitch of voice, in small quantity and for practicable objects. Then should we see ragged sluggardism darn its rags, and everywhere hasten to become industrious energy, ardent, patient manfulness, and successful skill." And, again, he pours out the old vials of wrath on "that worst class of Irish citizens, who say 'peace, peace,' to it all, as if there were or could be peace with a governing class glittering in foreign capitals, or at home sitting idly in its drawing-rooms, in its hunting-saddles, like a class quite unconcerned with governing, concerned only to get the rents and wages of governing, and the governable ungoverned millions sunk meanwhile in dark cabins, in ignorance, sloth, confusion, superstition, and putrid ignorance, dying the hunger-death, or, what is worse, living an hunger-life, in degradation below that of dogs. A human dog-kennel, five millions strong, is that a thing to be quiet over? The maddest John of Tuam, uttering in his afflictive ghastly dialect (a dialect very *ghastly*, made up of extinct Romish cant, and inextinguishable Irish self-conceit, and rage, and ignorant unreason) his brimstone denunciations, is a mild phenomenon compared with some others that say nothing." He is tempted to concede the demand for Repeal when he thinks of "our land overrun with hordes of hungry white savages, covered with dirt and rags, full of noise, falsity, and turbulence, deranging every relation between rich and poor," and also of "the gentry of Ireland, such as we find them, with formidable whiskers, and questionable outfit on the spiritual or economical side, drinking punch, fortune hunting, or playing roulette at Brighton, Leamington, or other places of resort, not such an entrancingly beautiful addition to our washed classes, that we would go to war for retaining possession of them. If the gods took all of them bodily home, and left us wholly bereaved of them for ever and a day, it is a fixed popular belief here, this poor island could rub on very much as before. The rents of Ireland spent in England—alas, not even the spending of the rents fascinates us. The rents, be it observed, are *spent*, not given away, not sixpence of them given,—nay, quite the contrary; part of the account, as many poor tradesmen's books, and in debtors' prisons several whiskered gentlemen can testify, is often left unpaid; rents all *spent*, we say; the vital fact clearly being, that so long as England *has* things for sale in the market, she will (through the kindness of the gods) find purchasers, Irish or non-Irish, and even purchasers that will pay her the whole amount without need of imprisonment, it is to be hoped." As to the notion that England has benefited by the Union, we are told:

"England's happiness from that connection would sell at a small figure. In fact, if poor Bull had not a skin thicker than the shield of Ajax, and a practical patience without example among mankind, he would blaze up into unquenchable indignation, of temperature not measurable by Fahrenheit, and lose command of himself for some time."

All this is not without its lesson at the present time; for the "prophet" sees also that for Ireland, with "some seven, or five, or three millions of the finest repealing peasantry," to bar the way of England, with its 150 millions of subjects, is about as rational as for a violent-tempered starved rat, extenuated into frenzy, to attempt to bar the way of a rhinoceros. "The frantic extenuated smaller animal cannot bar the way of the other; can but bite the heels of the other, till it lift up its broad hoof, squelch the frantic smaller animal, and pass inevitably on. A law higher than that of Parliament, an eternal law, proclaims the Union unrepealable in these centuries. England's work requires to be done. While a British citizen is left, there is left a protester against our country being occupied by foreigners, a repealer of the Repeal." There is much more in the same vein, better worth reading than many of the Land Bill debates; and among these papers is one to the *Nation* (December 1, 1849) on "Trees of Liberty," urging every Irish patriot, who talks big about dying for his country, to plant at least one tree for it. Carlyle had lately been to Ireland, and found that "it stands decidedly in need of shelter, shade, and ornamental fringing, look at its landscape where you will." That the *Nation* should have printed as "banter upon Irish indolence" what is almost a libel on Irish character is certainly remarkable.

Of course Mr. Shepherd gives all the facts of the life; he is wisely sparing of "the unsifted sweepings of village gossip" with which several biographers have garnished the early records of the Ecclefechan stonemason's family. He tells us about the student life at Edinburgh, the friendship with Irving; the Charles Buller tutorship, and so on to the life in London, and the Willis's Rooms lectures, which, with their startling paradoxes and singsong monotony of tone, took the town by storm. Carlyle at Edinburgh, installed as Lord Rector of the University, and making extempore a speech full of heartfelt pathos and eloquence, is the most pleasing of Mr. Shepherd's pictures; much more pleasing than his sketch of the philosopher from personal remembrance. He had had some correspondence with Carlyle, enough, he thought, to warrant him in accosting the prophet in one of his walks. He met him several times after, in the street or in omnibuses, and seems always to have been forgotten in the interval. The way in which Carlyle took him to his door-step, and no further, and *asked him not to call*, does not savour of geniality; and

some of the advice, if paternal, would have been resented as impertinent by anyone but such a determined Boswell as Mr. Shepherd. The personal jottings, however, give us one side of the philosopher's character; and, from their style, it is clear that they are unreservedly given. Of the letters, many are exceedingly interesting; not less because in some cases they contrast strangely with the estimate of those to whom they are addressed, as given in the Reminiscences. That Carlyle was an uncompromising advocate of force is proved by the letter to Sir W. Napier in acknowledgment of his account of his brother's *Administration of Scinde*. "*Peccavi;* I have Scinde," was the victor's own comment on a business of which no one had any right to be proud except Outram, who, forced by military discipline to take a part in it, steadily refused to have any share in the prize money, which he rightly judged to be the price of blood. Yet, because the Ameers were crushed down by overwhelming force, Carlyle blaterates as usual about anarchic stupidity and victorious wisdom, contrasting Napier in Scinde with the unhappy Lally at Pondicherry, or on the Place de Grève, borne down (though the prophet does not say so) by the malice of Court intriguers. Mr. Shepherd gives, at length, the estimate formed of Carlyle by M. Taine and other French critics—important, for it must be the result of honest endeavour to understand one almost incomprehensible to Frenchmen. He remarks, not too strongly, on the *Edinburgh Reviewer's* disparaging article. We are not Carlyle-worshippers; but for that *Review*, above all, to profess astonishment at "the exaggerated estimate formed of his writings and opinions," and to speak of his style as "bad German translated into worse English," seems to us inexcusable meanness.

Cumming's At Home in Fiji.

At Home in Fiji. By C. F. Gordon-Cumming, Author of "From the Hebrides to the Himalayas." In Two Vols. With Map and Illustrations. W. Blackwood and Sons. London.

This is the work of an experienced traveller, whose powers and opportunities of observation were equally good. Miss Cumming went with Sir Arthur Gordon and his family to Fiji, when he was appointed Governor on its annexation to the English Crown in 1874. During her residence in the islands she recorded her experiences and impressions in a series of letters now published. What the book loses in system and arrangement owing to this form it gains in vivacity and ease. Its style is clear and unpretending, and often graphic. The facts are simply recorded without any effort to adapt them to preconceived ideas, but with the simple

desire to give as much information as possible about Fiji in its physical, commercial, political, social, and religious aspects. It is seldom that a book on any country can be met with giving such a candid, many-sided account of its history and condition.

Touch after touch is added to the description of the islands, till the reader also feels "at home" there, and conceives very definite ideas about them as they lie scattered in the blue seas, their mountains—sometimes 4,000 feet high—covered with jungle growth; their mangrove swamps, and wealth of ferns, and spontaneous growth of sugar cane; their planters' settlements and high-roofed villages; their delightful climate, marred, however, by hurricanes that often destroy in one night the fruit of long and painful labour. One great peculiarity of some of these islands is their scanty flora and fauna. At Levuka, for instance, there are scarcely any flowers, and no indigenous quadrupeds except the rat and flying fox, and very few reptiles. The most curious fact in natural history connected with them gives occasion to the Balolo Festival. The balolos are small, worm-like creatures, varying in length from an inch to one yard. Twice in the year they rise to the surface of the water on days calculated beforehand by the natives by the position of certain stars. The great Balolo, which happens in November, is the merriest and most exciting night in the year. The worms appear in countless myriads, and the whole population are there in their canoes to meet them, and bale them up. As the day dawns the balolos sink to their native depths, and are seen no more till the next festival, when they return without fail.

At the time of its annexation Fiji had, in addition to the natives, a population of 1,500 whites, living in a state of great poverty and discontent. On Sir Arthur Gordon's arrival many of the planters were compelled to absent themselves from his reception because they had not means to make the journey. Very often they cannot hire labourers enough to work their estates, while the devastations of the hurricane, failure in the crops, the enormous expense of freight to Australia, storage there and transit to England, reduce their profits almost to nothing. A large proportion of them, having no means to get away, live just like the natives, on yams and wild pig, and are unable to obtain the commonest comforts of civilised life. House rent and the prices of provisions at Levuka, the chief port, are alike exorbitant. Sir Arthur Gordon, in his official report, reprinted here, commends Fiji to men of large capital as an excellent field of investment, owing to the adaptation of its fertile soil for the cultivation of sugar, coffee, cotton, and tobacco; but to men with little capital the country is ruinous.

But this picture of the white population has a still darker side, for their moral influence on the natives is so bad that the missionaries do not wish their people to learn English. "The *niceness*

of the natives depends on how few whites they see. The inhabitants of the isles frequented by whites are immeasurably inferior to those in more remote regions, and far less trustworthy."

The native population at this time had been reduced to 150,000 by a pestilence of measles which had swept off *two-thirds* of their race. Their history, customs, and habits of life are very fully detailed, Miss Cumming having made good use of unusual opportunities. She frequently joined a mission party in its tours among the villages, and by this means not only saw a great deal of native life, but became well acquainted with the varied operations of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. A member of another church, and often mixing with people strongly prejudiced against mission work in general, and the Fiji mission in particular, she must have heard everything against it that could be urged, yet she has nothing but warm praise to accord from first to last. Her vigorous defence of the missionaries, and her recapitulation of their early labours, will be read with interest by many to whom the foreign operations of Methodism are unknown, and cannot fail to win appreciation, sympathy, and, it is to be hoped, help in many fresh quarters. Miss Cumming is never weary of dwelling on the great work that has been accomplished. When the second detachment of the Government party were on their way to Fiji some of the engineers became friendly with Mr. Langham, superintendent of the mission, who was also on board. They offered to help him to teach some of the people to read and write, and were thanked for their good intentions; but, added Mr. Langham, "I think you will find that some of them can read a little. We have already established some schools in Fiji,—about *fourteen hundred schools, and nine hundred churches.*" "In the forty years which have elapsed since the Wesleyan missionaries landed here, they have won over a population of upwards of 100,000 ferocious cannibals. They have trained an immense body of native teachers, and established schools in every village. The people themselves have built churches all over the isles, each of which has a crowded congregation; and there is scarcely a house which has not daily morning and evening family prayer—a sound never heard in the white men's houses." Miss Cumming had proof of the reality of the Fijians' religion in their "exceeding honesty." In many villages, the hut where the mission party stayed was left unlocked and deserted for hours, and strewn with things, such as knives and cloth, peculiarly valued by the people; but, she adds, "We have never lost the value of a pin's head." Their generosity to their poorer neighbours and to the mission work she characterises as most remarkable. Another proof of their sincerity is their great reverence for the Sabbath. For two years in succession the Great Balolo Festival fell on a Sunday, but though it had been looked forward to for a whole year, not a single Wesleyan put

out his canoe; only the Roman Catholics went out as usual. They are so strict in their observance of Sunday that a native will not climb a tree to fetch a cocoa-nut, even when bribed with much-coveted silver, but regards the money as a temptation from Satan to profane the holy day. And their religion will stand far severer tests than these. They have sailed forth to evangelise other islands without even the certainty of daily bread, and well aware of the dangers they were about to incur, from the climate and from cannibalism. Quite recently, four of these native teachers were killed and eaten by the people of the Duke of York's Island. The news reached Fiji as a fresh detachment was about to start for New Britain. Their determination was in no wise shaken, and one of them said, speaking for all, "If the people of New Britain kill and eat my body I shall go to a place where there is no more pain or death. It is all right." And when one of the wives was asked if she still meant to go with her husband to the scene of danger, she answered, "I am like the outrigger of a canoe; where the canoe goes, there you will find the outrigger."

Miss Cumming is deeply impressed by the great tact and wisdom shown by the missionaries in all their dealings with their converts, and instances the long probation required before baptism and admission to the Church, the vigilant oversight and prompt discipline, and the just discrimination between customs which are simply native and those which are heathenish. Whatever is not opposed to Christianity is retained and encouraged. At the missionary meetings, for example, which have nothing in common with English meetings but the collection, the addresses being given at a meeting held previously, the native dances are kept up, this being a practice strongly characteristic of the Fijians. Each district has its own peculiar dances, some of them highly dramatic, and some evincing a great deal of imagination and grace, as in one representing the breaking of the waves upon a coral reef. At these festivals the natives are painted "with every variety of colour in stripes, circles, and spots. Some are all scarlet, with black spectacles, or *vice versâ*, some half blue, half scarlet. Some are painted half plain, half spotted, or striped like clowns; but the commonest and ugliest freak of all is to paint only the nose bright scarlet, and the rest of the face dead black."

Miss Cumming's detailed statement of the missionaries' incomes will dispel the illusions common in many circles as to the ease and plenty in which they live. She points out the injustice done them by many travellers, "who have been hospitably entertained at mission stations as much-honoured guests, for whom even the fatted calf has not been spared, and who (seeing the air of bright comfort and neatness prevailing around) have failed to give honour due to the careful and excellent housekeeping which could

produce such admirable results with smaller means than are squandered in many a slatternly and slovenly household."

She gives an interesting account of the language, which is musical and rather like Italian, liquid and full of vowels, with very few guttural and hissing sounds. It is also remarkably rich and capable of expressing minute shades of ideas. There are no less than six words answering to our *we*. There are seven words to express different conditions of weariness, six to express seeing, a dozen for dirty, sixteen for to strike, and separate expressions for washing clothes, house, dishes, feet, hands, body, face, or head, or for the different manners in which it is possible to clap hands ceremonially. A great number of words are formed by reduplication, as *vesi vesi*, a little spear; *vale vale*, a little house; *reki reki*, joy. Some nouns in themselves express number, as *sasa*, ten mats; *rara*, ten pigs; *bure*, ten clubs. The names of the people are extremely fanciful for the most part, such as Spray of the Coral Reef, Queen of Parrot's Land, Wife of the Morning Star, Eats like a God. Others are equally repulsive: Mother of Cockroaches, Drinker of Blood, Abode of Treachery, More Dead Man's Flesh.

It is a pity that she has not kept to the Fijian spelling, or been careful to quote her Italian-like Fijian correctly. Her copy of the Lord's Prayer is inaccurate in the division of words, spelling, and punctuation. "Siandra," the morning greeting, should be "Sa Yadra;" "Wokolo," also, should be "Wa Kalou." Many such mistakes are scattered through the volume, and the laugh would be on the other side if the Fijian teacher heard her rendering of a hen "vakasucu" (giving milk); it means having young.

The native dress and ornaments give occasion to many lively descriptions. The palmy days of hair-dressing are over, when the chiefs boasted a mass of hair from three to five feet in circumference. The people are more willing to adopt European costume than their teachers think desirable, discarding their quaint native ornaments in favour of any rubbish they can find that is English.

About eighty pages of the second volume are occupied with the account of a visit to New Zealand, spent chiefly among the volcanic regions, and imagination fails to follow the description of their wonders, their mud pools and sulphur banks, geysers, and boiling springs, terraces of pure white or delicate pink silica, with hollows forming natural baths fringed with stalactites, filled with turquoise-blue water of all kinds of temperature and medicinal properties; the mountains of half-boiled mud, the volcanic rocks of varied and vivid colour, the volumes of steam, the thundering, roaring, and hissing that deafen and awe the traveller, the perils, beauty, and horror of these wonderful scenes.

Enough has been said to show the variety and interest of

this valuable work. It is enriched by a map and several fine plates from original drawings by Miss Cumming.

Wurtz's Atomic Theory.

The Atomic Theory. By Ad. Wurtz. Translated by E. Cleminshaw, M.A., F.C.S. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co. 1880.

This work forms the thirtieth volume of the International Scientific Series. Unlike some of its predecessors it bears the stamp of sound common sense, and both author and translator must be complimented on the admirable manner in which they have accomplished a by no means easy task. They have produced an intelligible and readable history of the development of the Atomic Theory, marked by a total absence of that tendency to treat theories as facts on purely circumstantial evidence which is so common in the present day. A theory has been defined as a verifiable hypothesis. This distinction is rarely, however, maintained, even in scientific works, and with justice. It is impossible to determine with precision the limits of the verifiable in an age when the fairy tales of one generation are the facts of the next. Till recently the chemical nature of the sun, and other heavenly bodies, was a matter of pure speculation, and apparently placed outside the realm of scientific investigation. Now the spectroscope has revealed the secrets of the stars, and opened out an altogether new branch of chemistry, the facts of which have already received important applications. Thus the boundaries of the verifiable are constantly changing. We therefore regard the terms hypothesis and theory as not differing in essence, but corresponding to the possible and the probable. John Stuart Mill defined an hypothesis as any supposition which we make with avowedly insufficient evidence in order to endeavour to deduce from it conclusions in accordance with facts which are known. Apart from the attempt to establish a new law of nature an hypothesis is framed to link together facts already known, to suggest new lines of investigation, and to afford a basis for deductions which may serve to prove or disprove its truth. But it would be greatly misrepresenting the position of an hypothesis to urge that these considerations are always equally important. The usefulness of an hypothesis does not depend on its verification. Few suppositions have been more useful than that discussed in Professor Wurtz's admirable book. Without it, indeed, chemistry might still have been in a state of comparative chaos, instead of being one of the most orderly and exact of sciences. As it is not only consistent with the latest chemical discoveries, but has also predicted where advances are possible and where impossible, in some cases determining beforehand the very results which shall occur,

it has, by common consent, been raised to the dignity of a theory. A theory, however, it still remains, and such distinguished chemists and physicists as the author and Professor Tait as yet see no probability of a definite solution of the much-debated atomicity of matter. Whether it be ultimately verified or supplanted affects in no wise its present usefulness. Would that all scientific investigators, especially those engaged in the fascinating province of biology, would recognise this fact, and not attempt to palm off theories in accordance with fact as demonstrated truths, under the mistaken idea of thus aiding the advance of science.

Almost from time immemorial the human mind has theorised on the structure of matter. Problems concerning "the stuff that things are made of" puzzled the brains of the Grecian philosophers, and the advanced knowledge of the nineteenth century has only served to spread the more refined mysteries of matter before the intellectual epicure of to-day. Thomas Carlyle has truly said, "To the wisest man, wide as is his vision, nature remains of quite *infinite* depth, of quite infinite expansion, and all experience thereof limits itself to some few computed centuries and measured square miles." The glorious heavens, with their fathomless star-depths, are not the only marvels displayed in nature. The very dust of the earth contains mysteries which man cannot solve. Far beyond the range of the most powerful microscope science talks of complexities which afford limitless scope for study and speculation. Transcending the limits of sense, she has measured and numbered the invisible, bringing to light through deductive logic results which it is impossible to realise and hard to believe. To the eye, aided by the strongest microscope, liquids and gases are perfectly homogeneous. The continuity of their structure is apparently unbroken. Nevertheless the physicist not only declares that each consists of a multitude of distinct particles, but even ventures to specify their number and size. According to Professor Tait, "The number of particles in a cubic inch of air in the ordinary state of the atmosphere, is represented by a number which is approximately about three with twenty cyphers after it;" whilst, if a drop of water one-eighth of an inch in diameter were magnified to the size of the earth, the individual particles would be something between the size of a small plum and a cricket ball! For a most interesting account of the contributions made by physics towards the question of the constitution of matter, we must refer our readers to Professor Tait's *Recent Advances in Physical Science*, a work alluded to by Professor Wurtz in his concluding chapters on this subject. It is, however, in chemistry that the atomic theory, truly so called, finds at once its support and application. The ultimate particle, or *molecule*, of the physicist is the world of the chemist. Whilst the former dilates on the results of their varying movement and position, the latter

demonstrates that each of these minute particles has a definite structure at times wonderfully complex. Thus the province of physics lies without, and that of chemistry within the molecule.

From the standpoint of the chemist the molecule is made up of atoms of one or more kinds variously combined, and it is the object of his science to ascertain the composition of the molecules which make up the diverse forms of matter found in the earth and stars. First by analysis such substances are resolved into their simplest constituents. A red sparkling crystalline powder when subjected to the influence of heat in a test-tube splits up into a brilliant liquid metal, mercury, and a colourless gas, oxygen, which relights a glowing taper. No process has hitherto been discovered by which either of these substances can be resolved into two other simpler forms of matter. Hence they are termed elements. In the second place, taking the elements thus discovered, the chemist strives by appropriate methods to build up by their combination various compounds. Thus mercury, heated to a definite temperature in presence of oxygen, will unite with the latter, forming red crystals. Indeed by a combination of the above experiments oxygen was first discovered. All such analyses and syntheses are governed by definite laws. From our present point the most important of these laws is that the elements are found to unite in definite proportions. The red powder in question consists of two hundred parts by weight of mercury united with sixteen parts of oxygen. So in the case of water both analysis and synthesis show that every eighteen parts by weight contain sixteen parts of oxygen and two parts of hydrogen. This holds good without the slightest variation from whatever source the water be obtained. Here we have displayed the law of definite proportions. Chemical compounds are invariable in composition. Their constituents bear to each other definite gravimetric relations. The development of this and direct statement of the succeeding law we owe to John Dalton of Manchester, and on them he founded the modern atomic theory. When experimenting with the compounds of nitrogen and oxygen, which unite with each other in several proportions forming distinct compounds, John Dalton noticed that the relative amounts of oxygen entering into these compounds bore a very simple relation to each other. Adopting modern numbers the facts may be thus stated. Nitrogen and oxygen unite in five different proportions forming five distinct substances. In the first, the laughing gas used by dentists, twenty-eight parts of nitrogen unite with sixteen parts of oxygen. In the succeeding four compounds the same amount of nitrogen unites respectively with 16×2, 16×3, 16×4, and 16×5 parts of oxygen.

Thus we see twenty-eight of nitrogen unites with sixteen or some multiple of sixteen parts of oxygen, and no intermediate compounds can be made. This fact John Dalton tabulated as the

law of multiple proportions; for the existence of this and other such series of compounds he sought a theoretical explanation. Why are there no intermediate compounds? Because, says John Dalton, matter consists of minute indivisible particles termed atoms. The atoms of the same element are precisely alike and have a definite constant weight. They do not exist free, but are variously combined to form molecules; hence all such compounds must be definite in composition, and as less than an atom cannot be added the constituents of those of the same series must bear a simple gravimetric relation to each other, such as is seen to exist in the case of the compounds of nitrogen and oxygen. Thus with very imperfect apparatus, but with great industry and shrewdness of mind, John Dalton laid the foundation of the science of modern chemistry. For a detailed account of the revolution which his ideas effected in the chemical world, and their further development by later observers, we must refer our readers to the work before us. We have not met with a more logical account of the rise and growth of the atomic theory elsewhere, whilst the only indication that the work has been translated is to be found on the title page.

Judd's Volcanoes.

The International Scientific Series: Volcanoes, what they Are and what they Teach, with Ninety-six Illustrations. By John W. Judd, F.R.S., Professor of Geology in the Royal School of Mines. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The volumes of the International Scientific Series are of very different degrees of value. Some of them, like Dr. Smith's *Foods*, are popular and harmless. Others, like Dr. Draper's *Conflict of Science and Religion*, are popular and distinctly harmful. The mischief wrought by ignoring (as the general reader is too likely to do) the difference between true religion, which has never been at variance with science, and bigotry, is incalculable; and we fear that Dr. Draper's work is answerable for a good deal of this kind of mischief. Other volumes, like Professor Wurtz's *Atomic Theory*, appeal mainly to specialists. Few are at once so unexceptionable and so generally interesting as the volume before us. Professor Judd was a pupil of Mr. Poulett Scrope, the first English vulcanologist, whose *Extinct Volcanoes of Central France*, published in 1827, is still a standard work. His own investigations have been very complete; and he dwells at some length on allied subjects, such as the characters of lavas revealed to us by microscopic investigation (by slicing off a very thin section and placing it under the microscope), the nature and movements of the liquids enclosed in the crystals of igneous rocks, the relations of minerals occurring in some volcanic products to those

found in meteorites, and the indications which have been discovered by analysis between the composition and dynamics of our earth and those of the other members of our system of worlds. He also discusses the remarkable iron-masses found at Ovifak, in Greenland, which used to be considered meteorites, but are now supposed to have been thrown out from the volcanoes which during the Miocene period were at work on the grandest scale in West Greenland. Whether this volcanic activity had any share in so modifying the Arctic climate as to account for the vegetation to which the coal measures of Melville Island and other Polar lands are due, Professor Judd does not inquire. It is certain that the atmosphere immediately around thermal springs is often considerably altered, and the vegetation correspondingly changed. On the other hand, Hecla and the geysers have little apparent effect on the Iceland climate; and what we know of the Antarctic lands, with their numerous volcanoes, leads to the conclusion that there even the rich summer pasture of Iceland is wanting.

Professor Judd scouts the idea that our globe is, at no great depth from the surface, a mass of seething fluid. Were this so, all igneous products, being derived from one central reservoir, would be uniform in character. So far is this from being the case, that lavas of totally different kinds are poured from closely associated craters. More plausible is the theory that our globe has grown solid both at the centre and the surface, an interposed layer being left in a semi-fluid state; or rather, that there is partial union between the inner nucleus and the outer shell, the fluid being contained in a number of reservoirs at a moderate depth from the surface. Another theory wholly disconnects the phenomena of volcanoes from a supposed incandescent condition of our planet, and asserts that there are enough chemical and mechanical forces at work within the globe to account for them all. Professor Judd wisely says we have not sufficient data to solve the problem. What do we know of the conditions of temperature and pressure in the interior of a vast globe like ours, and how can we trust, to such limits as its vastness requires, the laws arrived at by our little experiments? Nevertheless, some facts are certain. Despite strange variations in underground temperature, it is clear that a high temperature does exist in the earth's crust at some depth from the surface. Buda-Pesth is supplied with hot water from under ground; it has been proposed to warm the Paris Jardin des Plantes with water from artesian wells. It is well, however, to remember that, while the earth's radius is 4,000 miles, our deepest borings are little more than three-quarters of a mile. Sir H. Davy, when he discovered the metals of the alkalies and alkaline earths, and found what heat was evolved when they were permitted to unite with oxygen, argued for the chemical origin of volcanoes. If the alkaline metals existed uncombined in the earth's

crust, letting in water and air would cause heat enough to account for volcanic phenomena. There are difficulties in the way of this theory also; but it explains the fact, long since noticed, that most volcanoes are within easy reach of the sea. Of planetary vulcanology we only know that the sun is at present one vast volcano; the lunar volcanoes have long ceased to exist; apparently not only these, but all the bodies of the solar system, are composed of the same chemical elements.

More interesting than necessarily vague speculation on the cause of volcanic action, and its connection with the nebular hypothesis of Kant and Laplace, is Professor Judd's sketch of volcanic action during geological periods. In our own islands, for instance, there were outbursts during pre-Cambrian times, traces of which are found in North and South Wales, in the Wrekin, in Charnwood Forest, &c. In Cambro-Silurian times the action was on a very great scale; Snowdon and Cader Idris, and some of the higher summits among the lake mountains, have been carved by denudation from the vast piles of volcanic materials thrown out during those times. Ben Nevis and other Scotch mountains have been carved in like manner from Devonian or Old Red Sandstone volcanic products, the whole line of the Grampians having, during this period, been a volcanic range. In Carboniferous times the action was small and scattered. Arthur's Seat, and other such crags, are the relics of small volcanoes of this age. These forces remained dormant in our isles during the secondary or Mesozoic periods, though in the Tyrol, South-eastern Europe, and Western America, they were grandly active during the Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous periods. In Tertiary times volcanic action began again in our part of the world, the lines of action being no longer from N.E. to S.W., but from N. to S. The Inner Hebrides, the North-east of Ireland, the Irish Sea, were three of these later volcanic fields, and very interesting are Professor Judd's remarks on the extinct volcanoes of Skye and Mull. This "reign of fire" in Britain was a time when (as in Java and Japan, and round Vesuvius nowadays) animal and vegetable life flourished luxuriantly, the intervals between the outpourings of successive lava-streams being large enough for soils to form on mountain slopes, and streams to cut ravines and valleys in these slopes. . . . We thus see that Professor Judd is more of a catastrophist than some geologists, and his interesting volume proves that some recent writers, in their anxiety to account for everything from everyday causes, have not paid regard enough to phenomena which from time to time have undoubtedly wrought wonderful changes on the earth's surface.

France.

Foreign Countries and British Colonies. "France." By the Author of "The Atelier du Lys," "Mdlle. Mori," &c. Sampson Low.

We are getting almost overdone with "series;" but if all the little books published on this plan were as good as *France* there would be no reason to complain. It quite deserves to be singled out as a model of what such a summary ought to be. The maps are excellent, showing the gradual formation of France as it is out of the conglomeration of states which in earlier times were included in its limits. The "geographical characteristics of modern France" are well given. Education and administration, race and language, are clearly and carefully treated of, and besides a sketch of French literature, there is also a chapter on Brittany and her literature. In the chapter on "fauna" there is a plea for the badger, which more than compensates for its love of grapes by its greater fondness for viper's flesh. Few of us know how many more wild quadrupeds—loir, lérot, muscardin, &c.,—there are in France than in England. The ermine, one of "which Brutus, son of Silvius, finding on his shield when he awoke out of sleep in a Breton wood, adopted as his arms, is only a stoat in its white winter dress; ermines are by the peasants called *létiches*, souls of children that have died unbaptised." The folk-lore chapter is very interesting; we should like to know if a white hen has the same power in any English superstitions which is given to it in Provence. The *merlusines* (mermaid-shaped gingerbreads sold in Poitiers) have their story; and "Hugh Capet's coach" is another form of "le grand Veneur," or our "Herne the Hunter," or "Wistman" of Dartmoor. In the chapter on literature we are reminded that in Ducis's adaptation Shakespeare is scarcely to be recognised; Madame de Staël's work, too, in "breaking down," as Goethe says, "the barrier between two nations by her *Germany*," and the value of Chateaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*, answering to the longing of a time which had seen its churches shut up and the very name of God forbidden, get due credit. It is in history that nineteenth century France shines, as she shone a century ago in philosophy. But we can hardly open a page of this delightful little book without gaining instruction in a pleasant way. Of the French plan of housing several generations under one roof, we are reminded that such houses are large enough to prevent the need of the different branches meeting except at meals; there are, too, rules of courtesy which prevent friction. The failure of the Reformation is explained by the instinct which leads the Teuton to reject human mediation with God, while the Celt craves for it; it was

hindered, too, by being fatally mixed up with self-seeking and party spirit in the nobles who joined it.

The chapter on local names is curious. Bigorre Auch (Ausques Euscaras), Biscarosse and Oleron, are Basque. The Hydrone in Gers is Greek; and there is an M. Olympe in Provence. Aisne is Avon; and *gardon*, the Languedoc word for stream, and *gave*, the Pyrenean, both contain this root. It appears also in the Aveyron, Ausonne, Seine (Sequ*ana*), &c. The Garonne is *Garw on* (avon), rough water; the Dordogne is *dur*, *dur* (water, water, found in our Dorchester). *Combe* and *dun* are common in France. Laon is Laudunum, Yverdun Eborodunum; *nant* is found in Nancy, Nantes; and *cefn* (a ridge) in the Cevennes. The persistence of old customs is shown by the lighting of fires, almost to the present day, on the Monts de la Victoire to commemorate Marius's victory over the Teutons. The number of German names is partly accounted for by Charles the Great having forced every third captive, among the conquered Saxons, to settle in France. Picardy is full of early Saxon names—Warham, Estreham, &c. Agincourt recalls the Æscings, royal race of Kent; and (the author might have added) Quette*hou* in the Cotentin is like Trenti*shoe* and the other Devon *hoes*. Of course there are plenty of Danish names in Normandy—Haconville, Yvetot (Ivo's toft or inclosure), Grimouville reminding us of Grimsby, Grimm's dyke, &c.; Bec, the famous abbey, was le Bec, the beck falling into the Rille. The common Danish termination *by* is, we are told, represented by the French *bœuf* as in Quillebœuf. Even the Moors have left their mark on local names, especially round their latest stronghold, the wild chain of hills that runs from the Gapeau up to Fréjus. Names like the Champ des Huguenots at Vezelay, where nine Huguenots were buried up to the neck that the garrison might shoot at them for amusement, and Carrêtes-Tombes in the Morvan, tell their own story. Dauphiné was named from Delfine d'Albon, who herself probably got her name from Bishop Delphinus, the name having become a favourite in Southern France owing to the influence of the Greek colony. Among the popular legends, the Gargouille of Rouen, and St. Philibert's *Loup Vert* at Jumieges, and a similar story of St. Malo, and the wild legend of the three Maries at Les Baux, are among the most interesting. We are glad to have a brief notice of Briseux, the poet of Brittany, that *terre de granit recouverte de chênes*, and of Duguary Trouin, of whose naval exploits the French are justly proud. Le Castellas in the Cevennes, with its heap of stones which in the religious wars were sent as messages and warnings, is well described; so is the scenery on the upper Garonne—the *Trou du Taureau*, &c. It is noteworthy that the floods of the Garonne have been greatly increased owing to the filling up of the lakes which used to hold

its surplus waters. The sad episode of Lyons during the Revolution is well told; and the chapter on language is good and suggestive, though it is a strange misprint to put Francis I. in the eleventh century. Every way the book is far the best specimen of its class that we have come across. The practical remarks on the monopoly of the six great railways, for instance, and on the bad state of so many French harbours, are shrewd, and there is a deal of humour in the account of the way the *magnans* (silkworms) are protected by a statuette of the Virgin, "but besides this there are many precautions to be taken."

Rae's Newfoundland to Manitoba.

Newfoundland to Manitoba: a Guide through Canada's Maritime, Mining, and Prairie Provinces. By W. Fraser Rae. Reprinted, with large Additions, from *The Times.* Maps. Sampson Low and Co. 1881.

When we read of a Herefordshire farmer who, ruined by the bad times in 1879, went to the Canadian Far West, and for £33 bought a most picturesque and profitable farm of 320 acres, we at once feel that Mr. Rae's book deserves careful reading. He holds a brief for Manitoba; but he certainly proves that in soil and other advantages it is far superior to Ontario and other neighbouring parts of the United States. The winters are severe; but, as there is seldom any wind during the extreme cold, they are by no means so unpleasant as in raw damp Labrador. Indeed, the chief feeling during cold weather seems to be one of exhilaration, and the snow is pronounced dry and hard and gritty, "more like white slippery sand than anything else." Worse than the frosts are the spring floods, which Mr. Rae thinks may be checked by a comprehensive system of drainage, and the grasshoppers, which he says are even worse in Minnesota than on the Canadian side of the boundary. Manitoba has been tried for seventy years; in 1812, colonies of evicted Highlanders were settled there, and are now thriving, with an old-world look about their homesteads, very unusual in America. Mennonites, German sectaries from South Russia, find farming on the Red River very profitable, but are by no means desirable colonists, their sharpness in driving bargains being even more than colonial. The Icelanders, a little north of Winnipeg, have had to contend with great difficulties. They had never seen a tree, a corn-field, or a road; they took smallpox on their first arrival; yet they have quickly learned to cultivate the soil, and have neat gardens round their houses. "They are good-tempered and harmless, and make excellent servants, but are lacking in the qualities which constitute successful colonists." It is strange to find the descendants of the

Vikings, who filled the northern seas with the fame of their wild bravery, tamed down into excellent servants, after centuries of warfare against the elements in Iceland.

Weeds thrive wonderfully in the Dominion; but Mr. Rae is careful to tell us that most of them come from over seas, the thistle among them, and the nettle—which latter, constant companion of man, is said to have been brought into Britain by the Romans. And the European weeds quite beat the native out of the field, even as the European rat and mouse do their shy American congeners. Mr. Rae has many interesting notes about Newfoundland, "England's oldest colony," and the mistakes we made in our fishing treaties with French and with Americans. Gold mines one hardly thinks of in connection with Nova Scotia; yet Mr. Rae found mines there which would pay largely were the mode of extraction less wasteful. Nor does one think of New Brunswick as a pleasant and promising place for colonists, yet land there may be had on better terms than anywhere else in the New World; and Fredericton is so well supplied with fish, that a sturgeon may be bought for fifty cents, irrespective of size. The New-Brunswickers have the same dislike for sturgeon that the Scotch have for eels, and the Irish for rabbits.

But, of course, the chief interest of the book centres in Manitoba and the Red River. The United States part of this river is the land of big farms. Here Mr. Dalrymple of St. Paul has a farm of 5,000 acres, while his brother has one of thirty square miles divided into sections of 2,000 acres. The average farm in Far West Canada is from two to three hundred acres, and "a practical farmer is sure to succeed," failures being due to absolute lack of capital, of which a settler must have some little, or to utter inexperience in farming. The city of Winnipeg seems to have grown with more than Transatlantic rapidity. In 1870 it had 300 people; it has now 15,000; and whereas new towns in America were always disappointing, seeming like paltry villages, Winnipeg startled Mr. Rae by the grandeur and solidity of its public buildings. It even has an university, on the council of which members of warring religious sects work in harmony. This may be due to the large-hearted kindness of Archbishop Taché, the life and soul of the French half-breed settlement of St. Boniface, which forms a suburb of Winnipeg.

Besides those who are themselves thinking of going abroad, there are not a few who have an idea of sending a son to learn farming, and eventually to settle in some part of the New World. "Try Manitoba, or the country still further West," is Mr. Rae's advice to such; and his interesting book gives many sound reasons for the advice which he offers.

Grigor's Arboriculture.

Arboriculture; or, A Practical Treatise on Raising and Managing Forest Trees, and on the Profitable Extension of the Woods and Forests of Great Britain. By John Grigor, The Nurseries, Forres, N.B. Author of many Books and Prize Essays on Arboriculture. Second Edition. Oliphant, Edinburgh. 1881.

The earth is getting sadly bald; and civilised man has quite lately awakened to the need of doing something to arrest this growing baldness. We have our Indian Forest Conservancy—not before it was needed—for coffee planting and waste in railway fuel, helped by the recklessness of the Hill tribes, would soon have done for wide areas in south and east what earlier "civilisers" did in that great forest which is now the Scinde desert. Switzerland tries to keep up a barrier against floods and avalanches by enacting in most cantons that whoever cuts down one tree shall plant five. The French are working hard at *reboisement*, not until a good many communes in the south had been utterly ruined by being stripped of their timber. When this is done the fertile soil is gradually washed away; and hill sides, once rich in pasture and growing good olive crops, are now bare gravelly wastes. The cutting down of timber, so excessive since the Revolution, is thought to account for the greater frequency and destructiveness of the Loire floods. A forest acts as a sponge—holds the water that falls on a range of hills, and gradually distributes it; when the barrier of trees is removed, the water pours down unchecked, and, accumulating in the low grounds, at last bursts out and carries everything before it. Even from Canada there are hints that the primeval forest is not inexhaustible; and the Australian bush is getting so limited as to awaken misgivings as to its lasting through our son.

And the worst of it is, wood when got rid of is very hard to replace. In France the planter has to contend with the sheep, creatures who were unknown when the old timber was growing. In our own islands it is the winds, so much more violent now than they seem to have been in the tertiary and quaternary epochs. One can scarcely understand how, for instance, the neighbourhood of Malin Head, in Ireland, and parts of the now desolate West Cornish moors, can once have been thickly wooded. There are the tree stumps in the bogs to testify that such was the case; but if you plant now, even with a protecting girdle of loose stones, all your outer trees are dwarfed by the gales, and unless you plant large masses you have no result at all.

Two causes have given a great impulse to planting here at home—the price of coal, with the prognostications about our supply failing, and the agricultural depression, for it is felt that a

great deal of land which will never make good pasture will carry good timber, if timber growing will pay. That it will do so, if the planter knows how to suit his trees to his soil, is certain. Mr. Grigor began work early in life, and formed (he tells us) several large Highland plantations forty years ago; and these are now not only an ornament to the scenery and a shelter from the blast, but *they yield a revenue equal to that of the finest arable land in the country on ground which before was not worth a shilling an acre.*

Mr. Grigor is thoroughly practical, pointing out the care which is needed in the selection not only of the right kind of tree, but also of the right kind of plant or seed—much disappointment having followed the sowing of foreign seed, ripened in warm countries, in cold situations in Great Britain. But his book is not only useful to the great landowner; anybody who owns a patch of ground may learn from it how best to plant it if he means to grow timber; and the landless man will be more interested in the landscape if he knows something of the nature of the trees which are often its chief charm. The general reader will turn with more pleasure to Mr. Grigor's chapter on "Sea-side planting" in Norfolk, on the *landes* of Gascony, and on the east and west of Scotland. The plantations at Kincorth and Culbin in the Moray Sands, some of them made by Mr. Grigor himself, have answered admirably from a money point of view; on the other hand plantations in peat are much less profitable, some in the Hebrides having failed in spite of drainage; though even here the *pinus maritima*, so luxuriant in the *landes*, throve fairly well. The Scotch fir, which thrives even in shallow, poor soil overlying water, will not answer at all in pure peat.

Of every tree Mr. Grigor is careful to tell us where the finest specimens are to be found. He also carefully describes the mode of growing each particular tree—the lime from layers, the *robinia* and the white poplar from *root* cuttings, the cypress and the Irish yew from cuttings inserted in sand in August and September under a hand glass, the larch from layers as well as from seed. He treats of more recent introductions, like the Wellingtonia (also raised from cuttings), the Japanese Cryptomeria, &c. His notice of the Somma cypress, said to have been a tree in Julius Cæsar's time, and so respected by Napoleon that, when laying down his plan for the great Simplon road, he went out of the way to avoid injuring it, is an instance of the general information scattered through his pages.

Through the Ranks to a Commission.

Through the Ranks to a Commission. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

This book recounts the experiences of a young man who, being debarred by age from obtaining a commission in the ordinary

way, resolved to enlist as a common soldier and to work his way up from the ranks—an experiment which, though attended with no little risk, was in his case entirely successful. The work is altogether interesting as affording glimpses of army life which outsiders are not often able to get. The writer—an Oxford graduate, and a man accustomed to move in the higher circles of society—was keenly alive to the various phases of the life on which he entered, and thoroughly competent to depict them. The general impression that the public has of the discipline of the army is fully borne out by his testimony; and while admitting that, to a man accustomed to refined society, there is a good deal calculated to test his strength of character, he absolutely denies that there is anything degrading or lowering in the life or duties of the English soldier. "It is, of course, a fact that in every regiment there are some men who are distinctly bad characters of the lowest type, mere 'gaol-birds;' and while we trust to voluntary enlistment, or until commanding officers are given greater powers of getting rid of these general and public nuisances, there will always remain a few of them to ruin the name of the army to which they belong. But it is not generally known how entirely these men are left to themselves, and avoided by all respectable soldiers; and there is probably no connection at all between them and their non-commissioned officers, except when the latter order them to the guard-room, or give evidence against them at a court-martial."

The advantages to himself of an intimate acquaintance with all the details of the duty, daily and hourly performed by the various members of the regimental family, derived from an actual performance of them—for he passed through every grade—he pronounces invaluable. Nevertheless, the question as to whether his example is one to be imitated, by those who desire a commission but have not the means of procuring it in the ordinary way, he answers decidedly in the negative. Promotion comes but slowly in the army, and if to the long waiting for it there were to be added the long waiting for promotion from the ranks which, upon this plan, would usually precede it, the best part of a man's life would be spent before he had reached anything like eminence. His own rapid advancement—it took him sixteen months to gain a commission—was due to circumstances altogether exceptional, and not likely to be repeated. After his promotion he found that while he had the advantage of some of the junior officers in point of experience, adjutants and captains who were fond of their profession, by long observation acquired just the same knowledge that he had learnt in a more practical way. With regard to recruits of a somewhat lower grade, coming from the working or artisan classes, his judgment on the other hand is very different. The life of a sergeant, such as these might aspire

to and be content with, is one which both as to duties and comforts no such young man need despise. "I look back myself with real pleasure," he says, "to the work and life of a sergeant, and I do not know any occupation or trade pursued by members of the class I allude to that can compare with it." Some adjustment, however, in the terms of engagement on the part of the Government would make it more worth such a young man's while to enlist with this object in view. The system of short service, and the consequent abolition of pensions, are obstacles in the way. The gain to the service of a large body of thoroughly trustworthy and seasoned non-commissioned officers would more than compensate the outlay.

We have read this volume with pleasure. It will greatly interest those who are concerned in the welfare of the British soldier, a class of people happily on the increase of late, and if it does not stimulate many to follow the course described, it will at least serve to dissipate some false notions about army life that civilians have been perhaps too ready to entertain.

The position thus hardly won was not long enjoyed; after three years' service as an officer the author was forced to retire, on account of illness contracted while serving abroad. He has well employed part of his enforced leisure by writing this very useful and entertaining book.

Flower's Fashion in Deformity.

Fashion in Deformity; as Illustrated in the Customs of Barbarous and Civilised Races. By W. H. Flower, LL.D., F.R.S., &c. Hunterian Professor of Comparative Anatomy, &c., in the Royal College of Surgeons of England. With Illustrations. Macmillan.

We are glad Dr. Flower has reprinted, with additions, his lecture at the Royal Institution. He goes thoroughly into the subject, with the laudable purpose of protesting against some modern customs which are quite as deforming as those of savages. Our high-heeled boots deform the feet almost as much as those worn by Chinese ladies. Indeed, the "modern Parisian shoe," copied from an advertisement in the *Queen*, seems just the very casing for the Chinese "woman's foot" figured from a photograph by Dr. Jamieson. The evils caused by such shoes are manifold. Not only is the great toe forced out of its position, which is perfectly parallel with the long axis of the foot, therefore hampering free action, and causing a serious loss of muscular power in other parts of the body, but the high heels, which throw the whole body into an unnatural position in walking, cause diseases well known to all surgeons in large practice. Even the socks, Dr. Flower says, should be made "rights and lefts," for, if they are pointed

and shaped the same on both sides, their continued though gentle pressure squeezes the toes together. Dr. Flower is careful to point out that "there is nothing in the elongated toe essential to the gratification of our æsthetic instincts;" the broad-toed, almost elephantine shoes of Henry the Eighth's time were combined with garb as artistic as that which accompanied the excessively pointed toes of Richard the Second's day. Lord Palmerston always wore very broad-toed boots, showing that "a wide expanse of shoe-leather, even during the prevalence of an opposite fashion, is quite compatible with the attainment of the highest political and social eminence." The mischief, so universal among poor as well as rich, begins early in life: "The English mother or nurse who thrusts the tender feet of a young child into stiff, unyielding pointed shoes or boots, often regardless of the essential difference in form of right and left, at a time when freedom is specially needed for development, is the exact counterpart of the Chinook Indian woman applying her bandages and boards to her baby's head. Only the Englishwoman has considerably less excuse; for a distorted head apparently less affects health and comfort than cramped and misshapen feet, and was also of more vital importance to preferment in Chinook society." How little intelligent effort has been able to effect in this matter against the determination to follow fashion and the custom of buying cheap ready-made boots, can be judged of from a pamphlet put out more than forty years ago by a shoemaker named Dowie, in London, the clearness and simplicity of which were enough to have revolutionised our practice, but for that strange and incommensurable element of fashion which is as "deformed a thief" now as he was in Shakespeare's day. Nor is it much use to be "measured for one's boots" in these days, when the "uppers," instead of being shaped to the foot, are cut out wholesale, and bought by the so-called shoemaker, who simply fastens them to the soles.

Tight-lacing, again, has proved its stubborn vitality as much as wearing pointed and high-heeled shoes has. In vain, generation after generation, the contrast is shown between the normal form of the skeleton of the chest, and the cruelly-compressed skeleton of a fashionable woman. In vain appeals are made to common sense, to the sense of beauty, to the true expression of form, as we find it in the Greek statues. Tight-lacing still goes on, and still impairs the physique, and saps the health of hundreds of our young people. "By thus opposing our judgment to that of the Maker of our bodies, we are," says Dr. Flower, "simply putting ourselves on a level in point of taste with Australians, Red Indians, and Negroes." We earnestly call attention to this subject, for it bears on the future of our race, as well as on its present health and comfort. Dr. Flower directs his readers to a quaint old book, which came to his knowledge after he had written his own

treatise: *Anthropometamorphosis; Man Transformed; or, The Artificial Changeling, historically presented in the ridiculous, beastly, and loathsome Lovelinesse of most Nations, fashioning and altering their Bodies from the Mould intended by Nature.* London: 1650. His own book is, however, full of proof how universal these fashionable distortions have always been. It appears, for instance, that the flattened, elongated skulls found in so many European barrows, in the Crimea, along the Danube, and even in France and Switzerland, are due to artificial constriction. They are the skulls of the *Macrocephali* spoken of by Herodotus and Hippocrates. It is well to remember that fashionable mutilations are not confined to man; and that in the case of man they may proceed from too widely different motives—reverence for one imitated, or a desire to assert equality with him.

Report of Royal Colonial Institute, Vol. XII.

Report of Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute. Vol. XII. 1880-81. Sampson Low and Co.

It often happens that the minister is asked for advice about emigration,—where shall we go? or are we fit people to emigrate at all? One who desires to be able to give a safe answer to such inquiries should look at the records of the Colonial Institute. Every volume contains a vast amount of valuable information. That of last year was richer than the volume before us in papers on Australia. This tells us what those who have had the best opportunities of judging think about "the future of the dominion of Canada," and about possible union between the various portions of British South Africa. Two meetings were devoted to discussing "Imperial and Colonial Partnership in Emigration," a very important subject, as the debate brought on by Miss Charlotte O'Brien's appeal for the better regulation of emigrant ships shows. The bulk of the speakers at this Institute maintained that no company, however well intentioned, can look after the emigrant's welfare, during the voyage and on arrival, as it ought to be looked after, and as the Home and Colonial Governments might combine to look after it. This is a most important subject; and it is only one of many treated of in this volume. Sir C. Nicholson's paper, for instance, on "The Principles which ought to Regulate the Political and Municipal Boundaries of the Colonial Divisions," touches a pressing matter; and if, as Mr. Gladstone has lately led us to believe, the colonies are to be drawn closer to the mother country, even to the extent of being represented in Parliament, papers like Mr. Labillière's, on "The Political Organisation of the Empire," are just now specially interesting. This volume treats, too, of another subject on which the most opposite opinions are entertained, the condition of India.

At one of the meetings, Sir R. Temple, in a marvellously exhaustive speech of an hour and a half, spoken without a single note, described the state of India as most prosperous. Of all the evils under which most of us suppose our great dependency to be suffering, he categorically denied the existence. Even the finances, he asserted, are in a flourishing condition, the debt not exceeding two years' income; while, whereas we imagine the native industries are dying out, he claimed that they are at least as thriving as in the days of Emperor Akhbar. Mr. Hyndman followed him, traversing (as the lawyers say) each of his optimist statements, and assuring us that we are exhausting the country by drawing out of it, year by year, upwards of twenty millions in excess of anything we put into it. On our dealing in regard to the guaranteed railways he was specially severe. Ninety-five millions have been spent on them, and they have sent over here in interest alone more than twenty millions, which have never been earned. He ventured to say that "such financing as this has never been carried out by any Government at the expense of a subject community since the days of the Romans in Sicily, or the Spaniards in South America." He quoted in support of his views Mr. Caird's words, that, "unless we change our policy, and take some of the Europeans out of the country, instead of introducing more, we are on the eve of an inevitable catastrophe." No wonder Lord Bury, the chairman, was puzzled between these optimist and pessimist views, modified though they were by the intermediate opinions of other speakers. But the great value of this ventilating of opposite opinions is that it forces people to look into facts, to investigate for themselves, and not to take on trust any one's unproved dictum.

One remark of Sir R. Temple's every thinking man must agree with. He deplored the want of special preparation for India in educating those sent out there. A general education is all very well as a basis for life's special work; but it should be "a general education considered with reference to what is to be his after work." In the old days the East Indian cadet always had a certain acquaintance with Indian matters. They were talked of in his ears from his earliest childhood; now it is different; and though a good deal has been done to specialise the Indian examinations, much more might advantageously be done in the same direction.

We have given a sample of the value of the Colonial Institute Reports; they are books which no Free Library should be without, for they afford one of the readiest means of getting at the truth as to our colonies and dependencies.

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