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

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

THE

# LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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## ART. I.—THROUGH MATERIALISM TO IDEALISM.

*History of Materialism, and Criticism of its Present Importance.* By FREDERICK ALBERT LANGE. London: Trübner & Co.

THE "Materialist Controversy," says Lange, "stands before us as a serious sign of the times;" whatever we think about the immediate future of Materialism, whether we say, with some, that it is an advancing wave, or, with others, that it is a spent force,* we must all agree with Lange in this estimate. That the ablest minds at the close of the nineteenth century should have to deal constantly with problems that perplexed thinkers centuries before Christ, may seem a strange thing; it is nevertheless true, and it suggests much. Materialism was one of the earliest forms of philosophical thought in Europe, and, according to not a few brilliant specialists of to-day, it is the theory of life most in harmony with the teachings of modern science. We do not accept this view, but we cannot forget that it is by no means unpopular in certain quarters. A very competent thinker has recently reminded us, that the "intellectual basis of modern is essentially akin to the intellectual basis of ancient thought before it was confronted and supplanted by Christianity." Materialism failed to satisfy the deepest thinkers in the pre-Christian age; Materialism

* Prof. Calderwood, of Edinburgh University, in his opening lecture this session.

will never satisfy thinkers who have drunk at Christian wells of inspiration; but it may for a time hinder the progress of nobler ideals and truer interpretations alike of Nature and of human life, and therefore we must neither ignore its existence nor under-estimate its importance. Lange's *Critical History of Materialism*, in its completest form, has been nearly ten years before Europe. Evidently its author watched with keen interest the more recent developments of this theory in England; he hailed with delight the Belfast address of Professor Tyndall and the posthumous essays of Mr. J. S. Mill,—saw in Mill's view an approximation to his own standpoint, and in Spencer's philosophy a pledge of the "continuance of religion." Nor has Lange's History been forgotten in this country. Professor Huxley long ago declared that an English translation would be a "great service to philosophy," and Professor Tyndall showed by his Birmingham address, as well as in other ways, how much he owed to his German co-worker. For nearly three years this History has been before the public in its English dress,—has been much commended by its enthusiastic translator; how far it has influenced the thought of the time we cannot tell. We have not observed many references to Lange, in more recent writings on the theme with which he deals, but no doubt his criticisms have influenced susceptible English minds.

In the present article we shall examine Materialism as presented to us in this Critical History, and endeavour, with as much fairness as we can command, to estimate the worth of Lange's contribution to this discussion. There are obvious advantages in the method adopted by our author. It is always interesting to trace modern thought to its ancient sources, and to watch the growth of ideas and conceptions of life now so prominent. Moreover, we have in this work a German view of some of our English writers that is both suggestive and stimulating; we also have—and this is of much value, whether we agree with or differ from the conclusions drawn, —a treatment of the whole subject at once sympathetic and thoroughgoing. If Lange fails to convince us of the truth of Materialism, no other writer is likely to succeed; or, to put it differently, if this theory fails to satisfy Lange, we may take

it for granted that it will ultimately fail to satisfy its English expounders and quasi-defenders.

Lange divides his Critical History into two parts; the first deals with Materialism before Kant, and the second discusses this theory after, and as influenced by the critical philosophy. Kant is thus the dividing line between the old and the new, and we may add, although it will not be possible for us to do justice to this aspect of our subject, the Kantian philosophy is applied as the critical solvent of all *purely* Materialistic theories of life. Not that Lange is an out-and-out Kantian; he is willing to throw overboard the whole ethical philosophy of his master, in order that he may the more rigorously apply the critical method to all objective religious ideas; but it is evident all through his work that he owes much to the great German thinker and his epoch-making system. It is the fashion in these times to speak of Materialism as the peculiar outcome of modern scientific research, and of the application of scientific method to the interpretation of Nature and life. Lange favours no such delusion of the imagination. To his clear vision Materialism, whether before or after Christ, whether in the far back ages when the Greek mind was beginning to search for some principle of unity in Nature, or in these later times when some scientists boast that they have discovered the "physical basis of life," is one and the same. The atoms of Democritus, the moral theories of Epicurus, the cosmogony of Lucretius, the automata of Descartes, the sensations of Hobbes, and the human machine of La Mettrie, all belong to the same category in this respect. Whether we are discussing Lucretian atoms or the causality of Hume, whether we are dealing with Büchner's *Kraft und Stoff*, Darwin's *Origin of Species*, Strauss's *Old and New Faith*, Bain's *Unbroken Material Succession*, or Spencer's faint and vivid impressions, we are considering substantially the same problem of thought. Not that all these names, and many others left out, belong to the camp of the Materialists, but, as Lange well reminds us, they were discussing the same problems. No doubt there is a great gulf between the "atoms" of Epicurus and the "mind stuff" of Professor Clifford, but both ancient and modern thinkers were dealing with the same question, and

are not unfrequently animated by the self-same spirit. In ancient times Epicurus and his set were inspired by a strong determination to get rid of the hopes and fears associated with religion; modern scientists are by no means free from the same kind of bias alike of mind and heart. In the eighteenth century many Materialists bitterly hated Christianity, and saw in their philosophy of life a means of counteracting its influence; nor can it be denied that similar motives operate in our own day. Even Lange himself, though generally fair towards opponents and respectful towards certain types of Christianity, makes no secret of his contempt for the Evangelical creed as usually understood. After making all allowance for priestly assumptions, and for harsh forms of Evangelical dogmatism on the minds of men like our author, we are constrained to assert, and this after repeated perusals of his work, that Lange has the strongest possible bias against Evangelical Christianity. We could give abundant evidence of this from his History if this were necessary, but we are anxious to leave room for other matters, and therefore we forbear; at the same time love of truth compels us to declare that our modern apologists of Materialism, like their ancient prototypes, are animated by a strong desire to deliver men from what they call superstitious fears, and they are anxious, like Epicurus, to persuade us that atoms can do their own work without any help from the gods. Our Materialists talk loudly of their love of truth and their freedom from that bias which so perverts the theological mind. No one can study Lange's History with any degree of attention without being convinced that its author is intensely anxious to reach a certain conclusion, and that, consciously or unconsciously, this desire influences him in all his work.

We need not dwell at any length on the history of Materialism before Kant; for Lange, as for ourselves, the chief value of this work lies in its criticism of the "present importance" of Materialistic theories. But modern thought has its roots in ancient life, and therefore we must study the earlier phases of this great controversy. If Renan is "Celsus redivivus," our Materialists are largely Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, translated and amended in accordance with modern ideas of matter and force. Democritus makes

the universe consist of space and atoms, but his universe had no Creator and his atoms were not "manufactured articles." The atoms indeed "differed in form, order, and posture," but they needed no external help to enable them to do their work. "Eternal process moving on,"—this may fitly sum up all that these early thinkers can tell us about the philosophy of the universe. Whence the motion? Where the mover? What determined the direction? These and such like questions they do not pretend to answer. We may be reminded that they considered no answers necessary; that as they were not metaphysicians, they dealt with the *what* and concerned themselves little with the *how*. Ultimately, however, no sane mind can rest in the *what*, and hence Epicurus and his friends were obliged to give the atom a kind of "free will" to account for its motion and direction. The earlier atomists did not understand motion, and therefore later investigators must reject—Aristotle even rejected—their theories. Lange finds some of the highest results of modern science latent in the Lucretian view of things: be it so, it remained *latent* for those early thinkers and for many of their followers. Suffice it to say, their systems were thoroughly atheistic; they might indeed leave some room for the gods in their teachings, but only at the expense of consistency. The Epicurean god, or gods, would not be likely to interfere much with human affairs, and in the Epicurean system there is no real place for either God, freedom, or immortality.

After Epicurus (=Lucretius) comes the splendid theistic protest of the greatest thinkers of antiquity. Men like Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle were not likely to remain satisfied with either the philosophy or the ethics of Epicurus. Aristotle boldly attacked the Epicurean *physics*, and clearly saw, long before Newton, the fallacy of some of the current ideas about motion. The Stoics also rejected with disdain the moral systems of the early atomists, and nobly asserted higher elements than could find any place in the Lucretian order. A still louder and more emphatic protest came, as Lange remarks, from the great Monotheistic religions. The "disappearance of the ancient civilization in the early centuries of the Christian era is an event, the serious problems of which" Lange considers "still

unexplained." And we venture to say that no explanation ever will be given, from the Materialistic standpoint, of this phenomenon. Our author prefers Lecky to Gibbon here. This preference does credit to the heart of the son of a great theologian;* but neither Gibbon nor Lecky can furnish an explanation of this event such as shall long satisfy German criticism. The subject is outside the bounds of our immediate inquiry, but we may be permitted to remark that the progress and power of the gospel must ever prove a stumbling-block to Materialism. We see the whole ancient civilization crumbling to pieces, we see this brought about as the result of a process ignored by ancient thinkers and misunderstood by modern critics. Whence the power inherent in Christianity? How are we to explain its triumphs, its fitness not only to survive, but to destroy ancient civilization? To such critical questions men like Lange can give no satisfactory answers; Lange's chief merit here is that he sees and confesses that the answers usually given by his school are unsatisfactory.

Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism are his three Monotheistic religions, whose influence was so fatal to Materialism. The third of these cannot with any degree of truth be called an independent religion, it is simply a branch of the first, and owes all its vitality to elements borrowed from the Old Testament.† Lange sees a tendency in all three towards Pantheism, especially among the highest intellectual representatives. But misunderstanding is here very easy and also very common. There have always been Christian thinkers who have objected to "creation out of nothing," and who have, on this account, been classed among Pantheists. There is both in earlier Judaism and later Christianity a stream of thought called Pantheistic by certain critics. When we find Isaiah, St. Paul, and St. John among the Pantheists, we begin to see

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* The author of the *History of Materialism* is the son of Dr. J. P. Lange, Professor of Theology in Bonn University, whose "Bible-work" is so well known in this country.

† "We think Islam neither more nor less than Judaism as adapted to Arabia,—plus the apostleship of Jesus and Mohammed. Nay, we verily believe that a great deal of such Christianity as has found its way into the Koran *has found it through Jewish channels.*"—DEUTSCH'S *Literary Remains*, p. 64.

that there is confusion as well as misrepresentation. Nor is the explanation difficult to find; as against an exaggerated form of *dualism* the greatest Theistic thinkers have ever asserted *unity*, but their unity has never been truly Pantheistic—that is to say. they have never denied personality, nor have they laid down principles that made *freedom* impossible or merely nominal.

This portion of Lange's work is most unsatisfactory; he seems to attribute the suppression of Materialism not so much to pure Christianity, as to the "heathen elements" that forced their way into the popular religion. Christianity had already conquered before it became the *popular* religion, and the heathen elements introduced at a later stage into ecclesiastical Christianity were sources of weakness, not of strength. What Lange and others leave unexplained is the triumph of Christianity, and the homage it received from the best minds in the world.

We pass from this portion of the History to the revival of Materialism in later ages. Whether this revival be due to Mohammedan writers or not, it is found in connection with their writings. In all probability we are to find the real causes at work not so much in the men as in the studies to which they devoted themselves. In almost every age of the world's history exclusive devotion to *physical science* has led to Materialism, and this was certainly one of the results of those studies in the days of Averroes and his school. Scholasticism may have helped this theory; its three souls,—vegetable, animal, and rational,—would tend in this direction. Nominalism, too, might prepare the way for Materialistic modes of thought; some thinkers, indeed, would regard this as a form of Materialism, and they would associate it, on the one hand, with the atoms of Lucretius, and, on the other, with the sensationalism of our own day. The revival of learning was helpful to some extent. The doctrine of "two-fold truth," advocated by some, must have been a sort of temporary shelter through stress of weather. We find traces of this theory where we might least expect it, and in our own day there are not a few advocates of such a view. In days when opinion had to be subjected to ecclesiastical jurisdiction this was a convenient refuge, and doubtless many professed to accept *by faith*

what they rejected *by reason.* This "book-keeping by double entry" ultimately leads to greater unbelief, and it weakens the grasp which the mind ought ever to have for truth. It is painful to read some of the writings of philosophers, and to see how much they must have been sceptics at heart.* But there was also outspoken Materialism. Bruno was a kind of ancient Tyndall, and he was certainly not deficient in courage. If the modern physicist sees in matter the promise and potency of all things, his illustrious predecessor saw in matter "all Nature and the mother of all living things." Lange holds that our own Bacon was at heart a sort of Materialist, but Bacon himself would have resented this imputation. Descartes stamped upon his age the idea of *mechanism*, and perhaps indirectly helped the Materialistic, which is really the mechanical tendency. De La Mettrie traced his Materialism to Descartes, and we are compelled to admit that there is a grain of truth in this view. The great Descartes was evidently much afraid of the Church, and we cannot help thinking he would have been less orthodox had he been more free to utter all his opinions. Gassendi, though himself a priest, was the reviver of Materialism; Lange thinks that at heart Gassendi favoured this theory, but Flint maintains that both Gassendi and Bacon were sincerely opposed to Materialism. Both critics may be right it seems to us; a man may very strongly help a certain tendency of thought, although himself uncommitted to its root-principle. For example, we have Charles Darwin's own authority for saying he was not an atheist, yet no one can for a moment doubt that the writings of the great naturalist have been adverse to the theistic view of the universe; so Gassendi might attribute the creation of the atoms to God, and thus preserve his own Theism, yet we cannot but think that an orthodox priest might find more congenial employment than that of attempting to expound and defend the philosophy of Epicurus. The old proverb about a man being known by his company has here a direct application, and if Christian teachers devote themselves to such tasks, they may expect future historians to credit them with more sym-

* Descartes speaks (*Discourse on Method*, part vi.) as if *Church authority* were quite as important as his own *reason* in questions of physics.

pathy than they profess to have for Materialistic modes of thought.

Even Flint, while anxious to defend Hobbes, has to admit that he was "more of a Materialist than any man up to the middle of the eighteenth century."* His question about the kind of *motion that can produce sensation and imagination in living beings*, is suspicious, and one of his modern expounders tells us that he conceived the idea of "such a construction of human knowledge as would bring society and man within the same principles of scientific explanation as were applicable to Nature."† We are familiar with such ideas in these times, and we know what is their tendency. Were Boyle and Newton to come back to us, they would be surprised to find themselves classed among the promoters of Materialism. Lange cannot account for what he calls this mixture of "Materialism and religiosity," and he thinks it a growth peculiar to "English soil." He does not seem able to understand that a man may devote himself with ardour to physical science; may be an expert in chemistry, astronomy, or physics; may attempt to reduce the various phenomena that present themselves to his view in these departments to order; may assert the "reign of law," so called, in the realm of Nature; and yet never dream that he has thereby given a satisfactory explanation of the universe. Faraday did not consider that there was any contradiction between his simple faith in Divine revelation, and his earnest efforts to understand the laws of the physical world. We may add, until critics learn to understand this, they will never be able to appreciate the life-work of many English scientists.

When we come to the age of La Mettrie and Holbach we are no longer in debatable territory. The French physician frankly accepts Materialism, and in his "man-machine" expounds it to others. Lange does his best to make it appear that La Mettrie was a great thinker, but, as Flint remarks, he might have found better employment; and not even the genius and special pleading of our author can do much for a man who

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* *Anti-Theistic Theories*, by Prof. Flint. See chapter on "Materialism."
† Article "Hobbes," in *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Ninth Edition.

jeered at morality, regarded vices as diseases, and who practically defended unchastity. Most people will think that here the tree of Materialism is producing *its own natural fruit.* Baron Holbach, though a German, belongs to the French school of Materialists, and has given in his *System of Nature* what has been called the "Materialist's Bible." Lange admits his deadly enmity to all religion and the decidedly atheistic character of his system. Man is essentially a physical being; his moral nature is simply a mode of action due to his organization; his will is entirely determined by external causes. As for God, freedom, and immortality, they have no place in such a system; Atheism is the only religion, only the vulgar are not educated enough to understand this creed, and therefore they must receive other doctrines and superstitions. As Flint remarks, the masses were listening to Holbach, and they understood his teaching better than he supposed; some of their applications of this creed in after years were the best proof of how thoroughly they had mastered the *System of Nature.* Holbach, like all Materialists, had to enlarge his definition of matter before he could find in it all the potencies he required; to him matter is not dead,—it is essentially alive, and his prayer to Nature shows that what is called anthropomorphism is no peculiar monopoly of the professors of religion.

The reaction against such men and such doctrines was led by the great Leibnitz, into whose teachings we cannot now enter; Lange himself confesses that Leibnitz cannot be answered by those who occupy the standpoint of Materialism pure and simple. With Leibnitz and his circle of thinkers the first part of the Critical History closes. Beginning with Democritus and the Atomists, and closing with Leibnitz and his Monads, the conflicts ends in a drawn battle. Neither Atomists nor the believers in the Monads and the "pre-established harmony" have made out their case. Neither "atoms," nor "innate ideas," nor "pre-established harmonies" can make good their claim; what was needed was a deeper explanation of Nature and the human mind. Locke, Berkeley, Hume, and Leibnitz had raised questions to which they were able to give no satisfactory answers; other answers remained to be given, and these were partly furnished by the Critical Philosophy of Kant.

Some may wonder why we have given no place in this survey to the work of Hume, the man whose scepticism roused Kant from his "dogmatic slumbers," and whose philosophy has been presented to us in recent times by no less an authority than Professor Huxley. The subject is very attractive, but somewhat outside the range of the "History of Materialism." Hume was essentially a *sceptic*, and his system, fully carried out, is as fatal to Materialism as to Religion. His position is not unlike what we term Agnosticism; the followers of Hume try to work on Materialistic lines, to speak and think and reason *as if this theory were true*; but they do not wish to remain here, nor do they pretend that their master has solved the problem of existence.

Kant would regard both Scepticism and Materialism as, to a certain extent, steps in our progress towards the critical philosophy. He asks,—and this is the crucial question in his system,—How are synthetic judgments, how is experience, possible? His answer is, that in all knowledge there is a factor not received from, not received by, experience, but supplied by the mind itself and therefore necessary and constant. To understand this question, and the answer given by Kant, we have to remember the history of thought before his day; attention must be directed to the root-problems of all philosophy, to the answers given by men like Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Leibnitz, and by what Lange would term the Scholasticism of the Wolffian period. Moreover, the idea suggested by the word *cause* would have to be examined, and a clear distinction drawn between the *cause* of Hume, and the *cause* of Kant and his school. In modern science the word *cause* plays a very humble part, and our leading Agnostics escape the problems of *causation* by new definitions of the word, definitions that would appear to us to ignore the real idea altogether. Hume is the author of our modern conception of cause; with him *necessity*, in the older metaphysical sense of the term, finds no place. Causation is antecedence and sequence, mind a mere mirror for experiences, and the idea of power a delusive fancy.* It was

* See Prof. Fraser's *Essays in Philosophy*, p. 189; also *Selections from Berkeley*, p. 47, and Supplementary Note, pp. 329, 345.

this view of causation that roused Kant to activity, and inspired him with the determination to work out afresh the problems of all philosophy.

Whatever we think of Kant's answer, we must admit that he goes to the heart of the question raised, to the heart of all the problems of Materialism and philosophy as well. The "Theistic inference" has ever been associated with the very *necessity* explained away by Hume, and re-affirmed by Kant. Here the deepest thinkers of every age have found some light upon their most perplexing thoughts. Lange calls the "scientific conception of the law of cause" new; it is simply Hume's idea applied most rigorously to the phenomena of Nature, but, we humbly submit, it ignores entirely the law of causation. Lange and others may throw ridicule upon this effort to understand the law of causation,—may speak of the monkey trying to get at the back of the mirror. Wit is cheap and ridicule is powerful; but wit and ridicule cannot solve this problem, and they may hide from those who admire them the important truth that there is a problem to be solved. Nor will Lange's solution satisfy the reason stirred from its slumbers,—for moderns have dogmatic slumbers as well as their predecessors. He may tell us that the idea of cause is innate,—not *innate* in its older sense, but in the Spencerian sense, that *it comes from organization*, finds there its root, and is therefore prior to individual experience, because the result of the experience of the race, built, as it were, into the constitution of the individual. As to going beyond experience with this idea of cause, as older metaphysicians held, this is both meaningless and absurd. But suppose we go to the first man,—is he totally devoid of this idea of cause? And, to use Kantian phraseology, how are synthetic judgments possible to him? Evolutionists are able to account for all life, if only we give them unlimited time, and if we let them start with a kind of *nothing* out of which *everything* may be developed; they even offer us innate ideas, *a priori* knowledge, so long as we allow them to find in the *organization* of the individual the experiences of the race. In the same kind of way, and using as they like the Kantian Critique of the Reason, our Materialists resolve the ideas of cause, power, soul, God, freedom, &c., into expressions of that yearning

after unity which lies deep down—imbedded, as it were—in the organization of man. They do not tell us, nor can they tell us, how *mental* phenomena of the highest order can be the result of *material organization.*

But we are now in the very thick of the modern conflict, and therefore we may here fitly close our review of this History, and ask rather what are the gains of the past and what the hopes of the future? Not that there are no great names in the history of Materialism after Kant, but we are now at the questions discussed in our own time, and hence the whole problem of Materialism resolves itself into a criticism of the validity of modern methods and the value of their results.

We have but to indicate some of the subjects discussed to show that after Kant all is modern. Lange deals with the relation of Materialism to exact research, with force and matter, the scientific cosmogony, Darwinianism and teleology, brain and soul, scientific psychology, the physiology of the sense organs, the relation of Materialism to society, to morals, and to Christianity, &c. Not, therefore, this or that thinker,—although we find such names as Mill, Darwin, Spencer, and Bain, among ourselves; among continental authorities, Du Bois-Reymond, Herbart, Strauss, Ueberweg, and others,—but the whole drift and tendency of modern thought is under consideration.

What, then, according to Lange, is the result of all this expenditure of mental energy on the Materialistic problem? Does the scientific interpretation of Nature and life lead to Materialism? The answer must be both Yes and No: the interpretation of Nature suggested by modern science, starting from and keeping to the main principles of Kant's Critique, is decidedly in favour of the Materialist's view. We are bound to think, speak, and work *as if Materialism were true*, and yet if we are loyal to Kant and faithful to scientific method we must go beyond Materialism, and find a permanent home for our spirits only in the region of Idealism; through Materialism to Idealism, this is "path and goal" for the modern thinker. At this goal science and philosophy meet, and both may unite in supporting the higher ideals of the reason and the loftier hopes of the soul. Religion, too, is justified by this process; not, indeed, the "charcoal-burner's creed," not the gross and

stupid conceptions of the ordinary believer, or even the evangelical professor, but the truly philosophic religion of men like Lange, Spencer, and Mill. Lest any one should think that we are misrepresenting our author, we give Flint's summary of the general results of his criticism :—

"The most general results at which Lange arrives are, that there is no genuine science except that which explains phenomena in terms of matter and motion; that all our mental capacities, and even the laws of intuition and thought, must be traceable to the elements and organization of the brain; that all material objects, including the brain and organs, by which we perceive, think, and will, are mere phenomena or experiences; that no other world can be known by us than the phenomenal and empirical world, which must be elucidated by materialism and mechanism; that philosophy is not science, and has nothing to do with truth, but should be cultivated as a poetry of notions; that religion is essential to human nature, but must be entirely severed from belief; and that philosophy and religion, when thus understood, will afford a solid basis for moral and æsthetic culture, secure social progress, and vastly benefit humanity."*

This is the *Idealism* reached by the pathway above indicated, and regarded by our author—and by many others, we believe, —as a completion of the philosophy of Kant. There are various ways of completing the work of the sage of Königsberg. Professor Calderwood would accept the ethic while rejecting portions of the metaphysic of Kant; but Lange proposes to reject the ethic and to accept only the more sceptical parts of the "Critique of the Pure Reason," in order that he may lead us to the higher Idealism.

Two things seem to us plain as noonday: in the first place, Lange's view is contradicted by the teachings of science, by science as expounded by her most loyal sons; and in the second place it ignores the sublimest fact of history, and rejects the only basis on which rational religion is possible. Lange accepts Materialism as a starting-point; like Professor Huxley, he "believes Materialism to involve grave philosophical error," but starting here, standing upon this firm ground of fact, he would rise to the purer Ideal of life, alike for the philosopher, the poet, and the man who reveres religion. If we are to stand for ever so short a time, we must have *something to stand upon*,

* *Anti-Theistic Theories*, p. 461.

and, intellectually considered, Materialism is of all ground the least firm and trustworthy. Men like Lange assume the point they ought to prove, and although they are for ever jeering at the credulity of men of faith, they seem to be themselves the most credulous of all thinkers. The basis of the whole Materialistic theory of life is unthinkable; ultimately the Materialist must come back to the atoms of Democritus and the philosophy of Lucretius. He must affirm that thought and feeling, mental and moral life, are phenomena due to the action and interaction of molecules. Modern science knows more about matter and motion than did Lucretius, but in order to uphold Materialism it too must give spontaneity to the atom. It must identify the living and not-living, must also annihilate the gulf that separates the organic from the inorganic. No genius of Lange or any other critic can hide from us that this is *contrary to the teachings of genuine science.* Exact science knows nothing of spontaneous generation, as both Huxley and Tyndall confess, and as Lange is reluctantly obliged to acknowledge. Evolutionists get rid of this difficulty either by refusing to begin at "the beginning," or by frequent and illicit use of the scientific imagination, but until they demonstrate this spontaneity their whole system stands convicted of logical inconsistency. Nor is this the merely dogmatic utterance of a Review devoted to the exposition and vindication of revealed religion. Science herself, speaking through her most loyal sons, amply refutes the assertions of Lange and his school. Professor Tait is profoundly familiar with all "recent advances," and all the true teachings of physical science; according to him, science herself enables us to say distinctly "that the present order of things has *not* been evolved through infinite past time by the agency of the laws now at work, but must have had a distinctive beginning;" also, that it is "preposterous to suppose we shall ever be able to understand scientifically the source of consciousness and volition, not to speak of loftier things." He thinks it impossible for a "genuine scientific man" ever to suppose that not only "life, but even volition and consciousness are merely physical manifestations;" but this supposition, disguise it how they may, must be the basis of all Materialistic theories. Lange speaks of "creation out of

nothing" as the stumbling-block of scientific thought; but Clerk-Maxwell, no mean authority in science, reminds us that the "formation of the molecule is an event not belonging to the order of Nature under which we live;" he also declares science incompetent to deal with such lofty matters, and thinks we have reached the utmost limit of our thinking faculties when we have admitted that, because matter cannot be eternal and self-existent, it must have been created.* We may also refer in this connection to the strong and decided testimony of the eminently competent Professor L. Beale. In a paper read before the "Victoria Institute" in 1882, Beale makes the following reply to the Materialistic argument:—"The general conclusion which, as it seems to me, a careful and candid examination of the facts . . . . compels an unbiassed thinker to draw is, that no form of the hypothesis which attributes the phenomena of the living world to mere matter and its properties has been, or can be, justified by reason." He thinks it impossible to explain vital growth on chemical or mechanical principles, and that there is no evidence adduced in proof of the "declarations now even taught to children, that the living and the non-living differ only in degree, that the living has been evolved by degrees from the non-living," and that every "living thing is as much a machine as a watch or windmill."

In fine, according to this scientific expert, the Materialistic doctrine of life rests upon extravagant assumptions, and not upon the facts of observation and experiment. What do our quasi-Materialists reply to arguments like these? They appeal to vulgar prejudice, and speak of this as emanating from the "professor distinguished as belonging to a college well known for its orthodoxy!"

Lange himself is compelled to admit that neither ancient Materialism nor the Materialism of the last century can any longer stand the test of science; what "may stand with the facts is the hypothesis that all these effects of the constellation of simple sensations rest upon mechanical conditions which, *when physiology has progressed far enough, we may be able to discover.*" May be, indeed: but *science* is not a mere may be,

* See article "Atom," *Ency. Britt.*

or may not be, of some unknown future; it is the accurate knowledge already gained by observation, experiment, and the proper use of the inductive method. The Materialistic theory of life is thus unsupported by science; the Materialist's boasted unity is a most mysterious and, on his principles, inexplicable duality, and his simplicity is akin to the simplicity of the child who thinks that, if only he could run fast enough and far enough, he could lay hold of the rainbow! What we term mental life,—the whole phenomena of thought, feeling, and volition,—can never be explained by Materialism. As Professor Green remarks, "Even a digestion that served to nourish a brain, *which was in turn organic to knowledge*, would be essentially different from digestion in an animal incapable of knowledge. . . . . And if this is true of all those processes which are directly or indirectly organic to knowledge, but do not constitute or enter into it, much more is it true of the man capable of knowledge, *that in himself he is not an animal, not a link in the chain of natural becoming, in part any more than at all.*" Materialists seek to explain, as if within the physical realm, all organic functions and processes: they cannot so explain the man himself, "man, the self-distinguishing and capable of knowledge." "Human action is only explicable by the action of an Eternal Consciousness, which uses them (these functions and processes) as its organs, and reproduces itself through them."*

How man as a "free activity," belonging to the Eternal Consciousness, as Green puts it, can also belong to the material world, is a problem that no philosophy has yet solved. Lange urges us to reject dualistic solutions of the difficulty; we must also reject monistic schemes in the same way, especially when our monists either assume the points they ought to prove, or supply us with merely verbal distinctions where the differences are essential.

When we survey the other side of Lange's philosophy, we find nothing that is solid or satisfactory. He sees that ultimately Materialistic phenomena must be interpreted in terms that are Ideal. Matter, *per se*, as an objective somewhat

* *Prolegomena to Ethics*, book i. chap. 3. See also *Essays in Philosophical Criticism*, p. 134 (Longmans, Green & Co., 1883).

existing apart from mind, neither Lange nor any one else can reach. All we can ever know is matter *as related to our consciousness and as interpreted through our mental experience.* Hence our author rejects Materialism as the final reading, and asks us to find rest in the "standpoint of the Ideal." Lange's *Idealism* is quite as unsatisfactory as the Materialism of Büchner and his school. His philosophy is not a deeper reading of the spiritual unity of life, but a "poetry of notions," and his religion is the religion expounded by our own Herbert Spencer,—a religion which needs neither God nor His Christ, but which takes refuge in the Unknown and Unknowable. Indeed, Lange here is almost worse than Spencer, for he wants us to give "validity to Mythus as Mythus," not to find refuge in the unknown somewhat, which gives rise to our consciousness, presents to us all the materials out of which experience is formed, and enables us to bind them together into something like unity. We are to reject even this amount of fact, and find a new home for our spirits in pure imaginations and fantasy. Lange's delusions here are peculiarly pathetic and suggestive. He can accept none of the rationalistic explanations of the religious consciousness, knows that man's "self-delusion in religious doctrine is after all something different from ordinary delusions," and he will not ridicule the peace which the believer finds through "spiritual communion with Christ;" neither will he heartily accept this purest of all forms of religious feeling in life. He is almost hopeless with regard to modern society, finds no salvation in industrial individualism and enlightened selfishness,—the principles at the basis of modern life. This supreme egoism, and unloving competition, with the survival of the strongest or most cunning, as the fittest, will never save society; only "ideas and sacrifices" can save modern Europe from the decline and fall that came to the ancient pagan world. And yet the grandest idea that ever entered the mind of man, the idea of a kingdom of God upon earth as expounded and illustrated by Jesus Christ, Lange explains away, or translates into something essentially different, and the "one sacrifice," by which alone the world can be saved, he regards as merely a poetic parable of the meaning of moral life.

The closing portions of this Critical History are most instructive, but they are thoroughly unscientific alike in method and spirit. Details are given about the mental history and moral development of Strauss and Ueberweg that are full of interest. Both these thinkers towards the close of life turned towards Materialism, and both found it unsatisfactory. The Rationalistic developments of Christianity they could not accept: Strauss longed for some of the ancient "legends" when he attended the services of the "Free Congregations," and Lange himself stipulates for some of the best hymns of the Church, if anything is to be done to form a religion of the future. The "Tragedy of the Suffering Son of God," Lange being witness, is the only fountain of inspiration, whose streams can permanently make glad the city of God; here we see the inconsistency of the new religion of Idealism, and the unreality of ideal substitutes for the religion of Jesus Christ. Our advanced thinkers, so called, reject all the *historical facts* that form a rational basis for either doctrine or worship; they ridicule the creed of the "charcoal-burner," yet in building up the fabric of their new temples they incorporate the old materials, while denying to them their proper place and essential value.

We read in sacred story of the sorrow and sadness associated with the dedication of the second temple in Israel, and with this is contrasted the rejoicings of earlier days. The illustration may find application in these modern days of reconstruction, on a new foundation, of the temple of humanity. When the apostles of Christ went forth to their splendid conquest of the ancient world,—a conquest which, as Lange admits, has not yet been explained by sceptical historians,—they were full of courage and of hope, and this spirit, caught from their Master, they communicated to their followers. When Lange and his co-workers reconstruct for us the religion of Christ, and attempt to build of stones supplied by Materialistic and Idealistic philosophies a new temple as a "home for the spirit" of man, they manifest no joy. No words of ours can adequately convey, to those unfamiliar with it, the "infinite sadness" pervading the closing portions of this Critical History. The historian finds himself living in a kind of Babel, and he can see in current creeds and dominant philosophies no principle of order.

Society is very much in the condition which Christianity found the world, and unless some change takes place revolution is inevitable. Everywhere political institutions are being overturned, and ancient monarchies are tottering to their fall. The masses of the people are beginning to feel their power, and to rise up against their rulers and teachers. The progress of science and the applications of science to invention and industry have enabled many to amass wealth, and to live in splendour and luxury. Christian teachers have been only too willing to "sit at rich men's tables," to share the good things, and to bless doctrines of enlightened egoism and individualistic selfishness, as if they had been actual gospels for the people. Old religious beliefs are no longer possible, and the most enlightened nations are rejecting the Christian creed. The outcome of Materialistic philosophy is that Europe is a kind of volcano; "we have the immoderate growth of riches, we have the proletariat, we have the decay of morals and religion; the present forms of government all have their existence threatened, and the belief in a coming general and mighty revolution is widely spread and deeply rooted." Truly, a sad picture to be presented to Europe by one of its new prophets! Lange thinks that we have "powerful remedies," and when we ask him what they are, he points us to Christianity, not as historically understood and evangelically interpreted, but as idealized by himself. No, this will never save the world. Men like our author may offer, instead of the "bread of life," a cold and, if they please, beautifully polished stone; they will do well to beware lest the masses reject their gift and rend the givers in pieces, when they have found out its mocking nature. The philosophy of Epicurus never has saved, never can save, the people. Whatever we may think of the morality of the man, there is no morality in his system, and there can be nothing but intellectual and spiritual degradation before a nation that accepts Epicureanism. This has over and over again been demonstrated, not only by great thinkers, but by the lurid light of Atheistic revolutions.

Nor can a better fate await the system of Idealism to which Lange points as the true "home of the spirit." If the Ideal is to lift up mankind, it must be realizable; must be, not Mythus

and Poetry, but a life possible to the humblest, both in the region of the spirit, and in outward action as well. "Who," says our author, "will refute a Mass of Palestrina, or who will convict Raphael's Madonna of error?" Say, rather, in the coming age, when we give full "validity to Mythus," when we not only teach men to "venerate the myth" but also *to know that it has no historical value*, who will write a Mass or paint a picture that shall deeply move the spiritual nature? The greatest artists, poets, painters, musicians, the men who have fed the highest traditions of the world, have themselves believed, with intensity of conviction and with simple child-like trust, in the *reality* of that which they have striven to express: not Mythus as such, but reality inspired their art, and enabled them to leave behind them those splendid arguments that cannot be "refuted." Well may Lange say that those "fundamental ideas" of the redemption of the individual by the surrender of his will "to that which guides the whole," those "images of death and resurrection," those doctrines which "bid us share our bread with the hungry" and announce the glad tidings to the poor, "will not for ever disappear, in order to make way for a society which has attained its goal, when it owes a better police system to its understanding, and to its ingenuity the satisfaction of ever fresh wants by ever fresh inventions." We believe he is right; but how can a scientifically trained mind ever believe in "Mythus as Mythus" *guiding the whole*, or suppose that a Great Teacher's doctrines will survive the shock that comes to a mind which has ceased to believe in the reality of his existence or the veracity of his speech? Lange wants a "Gothic chapel for troubled souls" in the "gay temple" of the future religion, and a place in the worship for such hymns as "O bleeding Head so wounded." Alas! the doctrines taught in the Critical History, and claims like these, are for ever incompatible. For the followers of the new religion no such hymns have any meaning.

> "But you poor child forlorn,
> Ah! better were it you were never born;
> Better that you had thrown your life away
> On some coarse lump of clay;
> Better defeat, disgrace, childlessness, all
> That can a solitary life befall,

> Than to have all things and yet be
> Self-bound to dark despondency,
> And self-tormented, beyond reach of doubt,
> *By some cold word that puts all yearnings out.*"*

Surely this "cold word" has been spoken by the men who offer us *Idealism instead of Christianity.* If society is to be saved from destruction, if art is to minister to its highest life, if poetry, philosophy, and science are to find their true place in the life of humanity, it will only be by our rejecting "Mythus," and giving to what Lange calls the "Tragedy of the Suffering Son of God" its true place in the history of the world, the thought of the age, and the spiritual life of mankind.

What Christianity was to the ancient pagan world it is capable of becoming to our modern world,—a world, in its best moods, weary of Scepticism and Materialism, longing for certainty, and truth, and love. Only in *Real*, not what is termed *Ideal*, Christianity will the reformer, the philanthropist, the preacher, and the philosopher find the power of God unto salvation.

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## Art. II.—THE MONASTIC KNIGHTS.

1. *A History of the Knights of Malta, or the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.* By Whitworth Porter, Major-General Royal Engineers. Revised Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1883.
2. *The Knights Hospitallers in England.* Printed for the Camden Society. 1857.
3. *Proceedings of the Somersetshire Archæological and Natural History Society.* Vol. X. London: Bell & Daldy. 1861.

Recent explorations have brought to light some interesting structural remains of the hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, carrying us back to a period anterior to the capture of the city by Saladin. After the Moslem re-occupation of the holy places, the church of St. John the Baptist was turned into a madhouse,

* *Songs Unsung*, by Morris: "The New Creed."

and the whole space formerly covered by the buildings of the Hospitallers came to be known by the Turkish word—Muristan. In 1869 the Sultan gave a portion of this Muristan quarter, with its obliterated ruins, to the Crown Prince of Prussia. Extensive excavations have since been made by the Germans, which have laid bare portions of old buildings, thereby establishing many details of topographical interest. Conspicuous amongst these remains is the picturesque gateway of St. John's, consisting of a large round arch with two smaller arches within it. The capitulation of Jerusalem to the Saracens took place in 1187, so that this building would probably date fifty years prior to that time, when the Hospitallers were already enriched by numerous benefices. We must not forget that the brotherhood were localised at Jerusalem before the first crusade, while, in fact, the city was still in the hands of the Moslems.

To the earliest converts of Christianity—to those in the half darkness of the times who were struggling after spiritual light—the Biblical East had a wonderfully magnetic influence. The trader and the pilgrim were alike drawn there; and if the former lingered at Amalfi, then at the height of its commercial importance, the pilgrim hurried on to Jerusalem and the holy places.

What western Europe would have been without this fervid impulse can only be matter of conjecture. Civilization owes much, undoubtedly, to the restless spirit of the age. When the pilgrim returned to hang his palm branch and scallop shell on the walls of the old parish church in England, poor as he was, he brought back the wealth of new thoughts and new experience. His wonder-feeding tales of travel would stir the pulses of an unlettered generation, whose ancestors had been rude vikings, but whose posterity were to be navigators, explorers and missionaries.

When Palestine fell into the hands of the Caliphs, the pilgrims were taxed, harassed and plundered; and had it not been for the friendly help of the merchants of Amalfi, who had established business relations with the Saracens, their condition would have been still worse. As early as 1014 the Caliph granted a concession to the Christians to establish a hospital at Jerusalem for poor and sick pilgrims. Within a few years

of its original foundation the work was developed by the erection of two hospitals (one for either sex), and certain of the pilgrims formed themselves into a charitable body, remaining permanently at Jerusalem to carry out their good work. Subscriptions from distant parts of Christendom came in to support this useful institution, the merchants of Amalfi acting as stewards of the foundation, which came to be known as the Brotherhood of St. John at Jerusalem.

Evil times were at hand; "the savage Turks who had embraced all that was barbarous and aggressive in the religion of the Prophet" were now contending with the more tolerant Caliphs for the possession of Syria. The atrocities committed by the Turks on the Christian pilgrims stirred up the indignation of Europe, and became the war-cry of the Crusades. As Milman points out, "Latin Christendom was already in some degree prepared for the great confederacy that formed at the summons of Peter the Hermit." The far-seeing among Christian rulers beheld with alarm the newly aggressive spirit of Islam.

In the manifest necessity for repressing the inroads of Mohammedanism we find the key-note of the mingled religious and military spirit of chivalry. This spirit infused itself into the Brotherhood of St. John; but while it was still a peaceful corps of Hospitallers, their rector, Peter Gerard, had raised it to a position of very considerable influence and importance. His nationality is uncertain, but he was one of those with whom all good men claim kindred. He was a man who, in an age of fierce fanaticism, understood charity in its widest sense—the doors of the hospital were open alike to infidel and to Christian. It is said that he was regarded with almost filial veneration by the Moslem poor of the city. This, be it remembered, was on the eve of the capture of Jerusalem by the first crusaders, when the Moslem had but a poor chance of finding the quality of mercy in the creed of the Christian.

In Gerard's crowded hospital, over against the Holy Sepulchre, Godfrey de Bouillon found the Brothers of St. John tending friend and foe with equal care—a strange contrast to the spirit that dyed the streets of Jerusalem with blood. But he, the conqueror, who himself had not spared the sword, was so im-

pressed with Gerard's management of the hospital that he at once endowed it with his manor of Montboise, in Brabant.

The Order of St. John now entered a period of development and prosperity. They were formally sanctioned by Pope Paschal II. in 1113, and various powers and exemptions granted them. The institution exactly fitted the necessities of the time, for now that Jerusalem was in the hands of the Christians, the fashion of pilgrimage greatly increased. In vain had the early fathers protested against those wanderings over sea and land, declaring that heaven was equally accessible from Britain as from Palestine. To meet the necessities of these hordes of pilgrims, Gerard, the rector, saw fit to establish branch hospitals in most of the maritime provinces of Europe, which gave not only help to the sick, but shelter and entertainment to such as were waiting for transport to the Holy Land.

When the good Gerard died in 1118, the choice of the Brotherhood fell on Raymond du Puy—a member of a noble family in Dauphiné. He is known in history as the first Grand Master—is called in fact the founder of the Order. Raymond, whose mind was of a chivalric and warlike bent, proposed that the Hospitallers should assume military functions and assure by their swords the defence of the new kingdom of Jerusalem. "They soon deserted," says William of Tyre, "their humble patron St. John the Eleemosynary for the more august character St. John the Baptist."

"The times are very evil,
The foe is at the gate,"

says the old monkish rhyme; and this was the justification of the Fraternity in taking upon themselves the military character. Palestine was still in a very unsettled state. The Christians possessed many isolated cities, but the Saracens were always at their heels; and a well-organized militia, who could guard travellers and defend towns, was welcome indeed.

The new constitution of the Order appealed to the religious fanaticism and the warlike necessity of the age; the monk, doffing his cowl, seized the sword, and springing into the saddle became at once the glass of fashion and the model of chivalry. The flower and youth of the noblest families in

Christendom hastened to enroll themselves amongst the monastic knights; and those who, on the eve of another world, could fight no more, left their wealth to Raymond's Order of St. John.

Other fraternities followed their example. "The Hospital was *mater*, the Temple *filia*," and in 1190, the Teutonic Order was added to the list.

To such an extent had these Orders of religious knights commended themselves to all persons professing Latin Christianity, that their endowed wealth became enormous. Writing in the early part of the thirteenth century, Mathew Paris stated that the Order of St. John held 19,000 *maneria** (or manors) and that not less than 9,000 were possessed by the Templars. When at the height of their power and prosperity, the Teutonic Knights held lands extending from the Oder to the Gulf of Finland!

The internal constitution of these different fraternities was in the charter of their first foundation, virtually the same. The monastic vows of poverty, chastity and obedience were required of all who entered therein; and members of the highest division—the knights of justice—must make good their claims to the birthright of approved nobility. Priestly critics and lay historians were not slow, even in contemporary times, to accuse these aristocratic corporations of insolence, luxury and greed. Gibbon sums up his estimate of the Monastic Knights with his usual facile sneer.

"The austerity of the convent [he says] soon evaporated in the exercise of arms: the world was scandalized by the pride, avarice, and corruption of these Christian soldiers, and the public peace was endangered by their jealous emulation. But in their most dissolute period, the Knights of the Hospital and the Temple maintained their fearless and fanatic character: they neglected to live, but they were prepared to die in the service of Christ."

There can be no doubt that in their early days the work done by these fraternities was really very important, and at the time, and for a long time, the world could not well have done without them. Their influence for good and for evil did

* Probably, manor meant the extent of land ploughed by one yoke of oxen.

not pass away for centuries. By their international character they raised the tone of European society, they stamped their own impress of chivalry on a rude age, and taught by example the power of discipline, co-operation and tenacity of purpose. During the twelfth century they fought the good fight nobly against the infidel; the successful siege of Ascalon was mainly due to the heroic conduct of the Hospitallers; not, however, to the Templars, whose avarice, in trying to secure the entire pillage of the town to themselves, very nearly brought defeat on the whole enterprise. For thirty years this victory was the means of keeping the Moslem back in the heart of Egypt; but Jerusalem was to be no abiding city for the Christian. As we know, the disastrous battle of Tiberias left the holy places once more to the unhallowed rule of the Saracen.

It is worthy of remark that on the fall of Jerusalem the Knights of St. John were conspicuously favoured by Saladin. He gave them the privilege of ransoming their fellow-citizens on terms suited to their well-nigh exhausted treasury, and he permitted ten of the brotherhood to remain for a time in the city to complete the cure of the sick under their charge.

Unable to cope with the dangers and uncertainties of life in the East, the ladies of the Order of St. John at this time abandoned the Holy Land for ever, dispersing themselves in various branch establishments in Europe. The Queen of Aragon gave them a suitable home near Saragossa, but their principal settlement was in England, where at Buckland, in Somersetshire, they fixed themselves for upwards of three hundred years—till, in fact, the Order was suppressed.

The knights, both of the Temple and of St. John, lingered in the East, at Margat and other places, where they exercised their original functions of hospital work; but, to their shame be it spoken, they were more concerned in mutual dissensions than in opposing the Saracens. The selfish greed of the Templars was again conspicuous. Conrad of Monferrat complains in a letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, that during the defence of Tyre the Grand Master of the Templars carried off the money which the King of England had sent him, and that all succour was denied.

The regular clergy cordially hated the knightly orders from first to last; and when there was a growing suspicion that the Templars cared more for their worldly possessions than the Holy Sepulchre, they gladly fomented the public distrust. But the end of the Templars was not yet. It was reserved for Philip of France, in the first years of the fourteenth century, to dissolve a corporate body whose power was as justly obnoxious as their wealth was irresistibly tempting. If the Order could have been saved by mere bravery, their heroic achievements during the wars of the Crusades might have been their salvation in the world's esteem. But they shrouded their laws and administration in profound mystery, and the jealous superstition of the age was not long in raising the terrible cry of heresy and idolatry, and the haughty Templars fell under the ban of public opinion. At the same time, the end of the thirteenth century saw the almost complete annihilation of the Hospitallers, decimated as they were by the evil chances of war. It was the darkest hour for the soldiers of the Cross. One after another the Christian strongholds had yielded before the overwhelming force of the Moslem. Acre was the last to fall—the fair city lying beneath the shadow of Mount Carmel, old as the Ptolemies, but now the gorgeous entrepôt of trade, of wealth and pleasure, the metropolis of Christianity in the East. When St. Jean d'Acre fell (history has coupled it with the name of the Order), the few surviving Knights of St. John escaped in the galleys that were anchored in the roadsteads, and turning the prows of their ships westward, left the Holy Land for ever!

When they settled themselves at Limasol, in Cyprus, their numbers were so seriously diminished that an order was sent to each grand priory to despatch immediately all available members. "This injunction," says General Porter, "was obeyed with so much enthusiasm that before many months the attenuated ranks of the fraternity once more became augmented into something like their former numbers." Nor was the help only in men: from the most distant parts of Europe money poured in to replenish their exhausted treasury. During their stay at Cyprus the Knights of St. John did useful work: they made the navigation of the Levant comparatively secure for the com-

merce of Europe. The Turkish rovers who had for so many years been the terror of the eastern shore of the Mediterranean were now baffled, and instead of Christian sailors filling the slave marts of Egypt, it was the luckless Turk who tugged the galleys of the Hospital.

It was a bold stroke of policy that led the Grand Master, Fulk de Villaret, to cast his eye upon the island of Rhodes, and ignoble selfishness on the part of the Greek Emperor to hinder his possession of it. But, as we know, all opposition was overborne, and, after a desperate fight, the banner of the white cross was planted upon the citadel of Rhodes, on the 5th of April, 1310.

This island was destined to be the home of the Order of St. John for upwards of two centuries. They wisely made it a great trading centre: they tempted merchants thither by removing all restrictions and taxation, and in a few years this free port was overflowing with the ships of all nations.

During the comparatively peaceful years of their early sojourn at Rhodes, the Order divided itself into seven languages, or *langues*, after the manner of the mediæval universities. The preponderating influence was always French; three of these were the *langues* of France, Provence, and Auvergne; the rest were Italy, Germany, England, and Aragon. The dignity of Turcopolier, or commander of light cavalry, was permanently allotted to the English *langue*. For this reason we so often meet with the names of Englishmen as distinguishing themselves in the military achievements of the Order. Only two Englishmen attained to the position of Grand Master, but the Grand Priory of England was an important office, and the "responsions," or surplus revenue, sent to head-quarters at Rhodes was very considerable.

We are indebted to the Camden Society for the first publication of an extremely interesting balance-sheet of accounts in the year 1338, the same having been rendered by the Grand Prior of England to the *chief lieu* of the Order.

In England the duties of the fraternity were entirely of a peaceful nature, less romantic, perhaps, than repulsing hordes of Saracens, or sweeping Turkish pirates from the sea; still the duties were important. They had to farm the lands of the

Order, to amass wealth, and to keep up the character of the *langue* for supplying its contingent of brave knights. In this report of their stewardship we get an insight into the daily life of the fourteenth century which is very interesting. Besides the ordinary sources of revenue derived from houses, dovecotes, and fields, there are noted down "grants from benefactors, appropriate churches, services of villains and copyholders in labour and kind, rents of tenants in socage, perquisites of the court, and confraria." The last-named was the yearly sum raised by contributions of the free landowners. Mr. Kemble finds on calculation that the whole sum so collected in England in 1338 amounted to the large sum of £883 4*s.* 3*d.* Taking the value of money as Hallam and Mr. Freeman both estimate, in dealing with the question about the same period, it would represent from twenty to twenty-five times the amount of our present currency. We may certainly draw this inference, namely, if so large a sum was collected from the sparse population of rural England, the knights must have been popular, and have fulfilled their duties to the poor and sick in the neighbourhood of their preceptories. We come upon some curious details about prices. The highest-rented arable land was in Kent and Lincolnshire—namely, two shillings an acre; the average was, however, let at under twelve pence. In pasture land there is a great distinction between the *pastura separatis* and *pastura in communi:* the first has an average of twelve pence, the latter about four pence per acre. In Hampton, Middlesex, the knights themselves had a flock of 2,000 sheep, whose usual produce was six sacks of wool, each valued at £4—in all £24. We suppose the modern farmer would expect to clear something like £750 from the wool of the same number of sheep.

A curious item occurs in this balance-sheet, showing that the lay impropriation of tithes was much older than the Reformation. This "appropriation of churches" was a considerable source of revenue. General Porter remarks that in the case of sixteen churches, the amount paid to the Order was the nice little sum of £241 6*s.* 8*d.*, while the cost to the knights of providing chaplains was only £34 10*s.* They made "good affairs," as the French say!

Mr. Kemble thinks that we may gather from this balance-sheet that certain reasonable compositions had been agreed upon between the knights and their "villani," or un-free tenants, making payments in kind, or giving a *fixed* amount of labour at *stated* seasons, instead of being called upon at the will and caprice of their lord. This arrangement would probably tend to smooth matters very much between the landlord and villain. The income derived by the Order from the socagers, or free tenants, proves that a large proportion of their lands were rented out—a fact not without significance in estimating the number and position of the farmer-class in the fourteenth century. It must be remembered that there was hardly a county in England in which the Knights of St. John did not hold manors of land at this time.

Among the notable disbursements there are heavy charges for the cost of feeding outsiders of all ranks, who had the right to live at the board. This "corrodary," or boarder, if gentle, was accommodated at the preceptor's table, and their servants at the table of the garciones. At Clerkenwell, the head-quarters of the Order in England, there were boarders who were more amply and liberally treated than the brethren themselves; and if such persons were pleased to dine out of hall, they received a fixed allowance of equivalent food for themselves and servants. Some Jewish names occur amongst the boarders at Clerkenwell, suggestive of obligations to money-lenders—no uncommon state of things, seeing how the expenses of the Crusades in the preceding century had impoverished the landowners everywhere.

We now come to law expenses; and we chance upon a very litigious time, for the Order of St. John had inherited in great part the forfeited estates of the Templars. The suppression of that Order had taken place a few years previously, under circumstances of revolting cruelty on the part of the French king (the story is too well known to need repeating); and though they were less hardly used in England, their property here was confiscated. Lands and houses in fifteen counties of England, formerly belonging to the Templars, were awarded to the Hospitallers, but in many cases the families of the original donors interfered with this transfer, claiming a right to enter

on these forfeited estates. To obtain quiet possession of this property, a complete system of embracery, or, in common parlance, bribery, was set in motion, that gives us a very poor idea of justice in those days. Amongst the items in the balance-sheet are regular payments to the judges of the Royal Courts for general services. In the Common Bench, Sir William de Herle, Chief Justice, had ten pounds yearly; then follows a list of high officials with open palms, down to the clerks, who received each "a robe furred with *boget*." Bribes in the form of pensions charged on landed estates were by no means uncommon. The law officers may possibly have salved their conscience with the excuse that they were merely taking tribute from an over-rich corporate body, whose wealth, though gleaned here, was sent abroad to fatten aliens. It is almost surprising that the English, always so jealous of foreign influence, should have lived at peace with the Hospitallers. The Templars and the Teutonic knights had both failed to conciliate the world at large, or even to justify their position, as a community endowed by the benefactions of the public, with duties to perform in return for that endowment. The arrogant and intolerant character of the Teutonic knights caused them to be ousted from their possessions in Transylvania, formerly given to them by Andrew, King of Hungary, himself a Knight of St. John. Even in Brandenburg, the special home of the German Order, their rule was but sullenly endured. Certainly in England the Hospitallers seem to have lived peaceably enough; with one exception there was no popular rising against them. The preceptories of the Order were dotted about all over the country, and appear to have been looked upon pretty much as houses of public entertainment, where travellers were welcome to stay their three days, according to the custom of the times. Hospitality must have been their bounden duty—every commandery stated that they gave reception to all "supervenientes," and a very serious item in the expenses appeared thereunder. Sometimes the bounty of the Order was *demanded*, the king having recommended certain persons as claimants for pensions and corrodies (commons), thereby exercising the right which the Crown possessed over all religious houses. It appears that the Manor of Hampton was heavily

mulcted in the matter of hospitality, owing to its proximity to the estate of the Duke of Cornwall. This valuable manor was left to the Order by Joan Lady Grey in 1211. It contained about 1,000 acres of land. In 1514 it was leased by the Grand Prior, Sir Thomas Docwra, to "the most reverend fader in God Thomas Wuley" (Cardinal Wolsey) for ninety-nine years. We know the end of that business. But we must not anticipate; we are now narrating events in the fourteenth century, when Clerkenwell was still "a delightful plain of meadow land, interspersed with flowing streams." The grand priory was an important mass of buildings of considerable architectural merit, and here the knights had a collection of valuables brought from the East, and a good library of books and records. All these treasures perished in the insurrection of Wat Tyler in 1381. The chronicle says: "They went straight to the goodly hospital of Rhodes, called St. John, and spoyled that, and then consumed it with fyre, causing the same to burn for seven days after." The Grand Prior, Sir Robert Hales, was beheaded by the mob; not, however, that the knights were peculiarly obnoxious to the rioters, more than any other noblemen.

The great wealth of the Order soon enabled them to rebuild their priory, and only eighteen years after the destruction of the place by Wat Tyler, they were enabled to offer princely hospitality to Henry IV. on the eve of his accession to the throne.

As we mentioned before, the only community of women belonging to the Order was located in Somersetshire, at the foot of the Quantock Hills, "deep-meadowed, happy, fair, with orchard-lawns." There are some interesting records of the sisterhood in Mr. Hugo's valuable paper, to which our space only permits us to allude. The beautiful situation of the Buckland Priory suggests the sweetest thoughts of holy peace, but unfortunately for the happiness of the nuns, there was a preceptory of the Order close by, and the wranglings between them never ceased. The Grand Prior might have cried "a plague on both your houses." He tried to make peace between them to no purpose. The preceptor complains that neither he nor his brethren "could have or get aught from these ladies, who were rather burden, charge and grievance." He had pro-

bably been stirred up in the matter of "responsions" from head-quarters. The sisterhood were commonly about fifty in number, recruited mostly from the leading families in the west of England, who had often proved themselves benefactors to the priory. At the time of the dissolution of the religious houses, their numbers had dwindled down to thirteen. These ladies received pensions of £4 each from their confiscated property—rather meagre dole, it would seem. Their Prioress, Katherine Boucher, received £50 a year.

This brings us to that eventful time "when the old order changeth, yielding place to new." Fuller, in his quaint manner, gives an account of the suppression of the grand priory at Clerkenwell, so terse and graphic, that we venture to repeat it.

"The Knights Hospitallers [he says] being gentlemen and soldiers of ancient families and high spirits, would not be brought to present to Henry VIII. such puling petitions as other Orders had done; therefore like stout fellows they opposed any that thought to enrich themselves with their ample revenues, and stood on their defence with justification. But Barnabas Day itself hath a night, and this long-lived Order, which in England went over the graves of all others, came at last to its own. . . . . Their dear friends persuaded them to submit to the king's mercie. . . . . This counsel, harsh at first, grew tunable to the ears of the Hospitallers, so that, contented rather to exchange their clothes for worse than be quite stript, they resigned all into the king's hands."

Those of the knights who were fortunate enough not to lose their heads, by the "king's mercie" retired to Malta. In 1549 the greater portion of the church of St. John at Clerkenwell was blown up, for the sake of the building materials, which largely supplied the new erection of Somerset House, in the Strand.

Henry VIII. had behaved in a very capricious manner towards the knights, for only a few years before he had sent them 20,000 crowns in war-material to aid their futile attempts to recover Rhodes.

As we know, they had to abandon their old home for ever, and content themselves with Charles V.'s gift of Malta, then an almost valueless island, but destined to become, in the hands of the knights, one of the most powerful fortresses in the world. Before speaking of them under their new title of Knights of Malta, we must briefly sum up their achieve-

ments while yet in the old home of Rhodes, which, despite the grandeur and material prosperity of later days, was really the place and time of their most useful work. In reviewing the position of the Order, as a factor in the history of that period, we must not forget that the commencement of the fifteenth century witnessed the increasing power of the Mahometan Turks. The victory, so disastrous to the Christians, of the battle of Varna, whereby the Turks consolidated their power in Europe, the fall of Constantinople, and the absorption of eastern provinces of Europe, were events that had followed each other rapidly. When, in 1480, the victorious Mahomet bore down upon the Christian stronghold of Rhodes, it was no vain boast, his threat of sweeping them off the face of the earth; but the knights gave him back their answer in his very teeth. The splendid defence of Rhodes, by the Grand Master D'Aubusson and his brave knights, is one of those heroic episodes that stand out boldly in the crowded perspective of history.

Had Rhodes not been saved at this time from the grasp of the Turks, the way to Italy would have been open to them, and Mahomet might have redeemed his word, that the banner of Islam should wave over the capitol of Rome. The names of fourteen English knights appear as having taken part in the defence of Rhodes, and General Porter thinks that there were probably more, but "the records of the strength of the garrison and list of killed are imperfect."

Passing over nearly a century, we come to the next important repulse of the Turkish power by the Order of St. John. The siege of Malta by the army of Solyman the Magnificent in 1565, signalized the first years of their possession of the island by the most brilliant feat of arms that the knights ever achieved. To fling back upon Constantinople the defeated remnant of this vast army of Turkish invincibles was not only a proud victory for La Valette and his knights, but a matter of congratulation to Europe, which had seen good reason to deplore the late disastrous battle of Mohacs and the defenceless state of Hungary. As a reward for breaking down the prestige of the Turks, the Catholic Powers of Europe now showered down contributions to the treasury of Malta,

and thus aided, the knights began the work of fortifying the island.

It is evident that these stupendous masses of masonry could only have been piled up by means of forced labour. The skill of the engineer is not more evident than the enduring fact that these very ramparts are themselves a monument of a terrible wrong. That prisoners of war were reduced to slavery, had long been the practice of eastern warfare; but to the shame of the Knights of Malta, it must be told that they not only continued the custom, unabated by any touch of humanity, but fostered a trade in human beings.

"The truth was [says General Porter] that eventually the convent of St. John became neither more nor less than a vast slave mart. . . . . At Malta the miserable trade flourished without a check. . . . . The war which the knights unceasingly waged against the Ottoman maritime power was not maintained purely for the glory of the struggle, or from religious conviction as to its necessity; they found other attractions in the strife. In thus gratifying their privateering propensities, they were swelling at one and the same time their own private fortunes and the coffers of the Order. Honour there was none, religion there was none; it had degenerated into a pure mercenary speculation. . . . . It is unfortunately a matter of fact, that in their anxiety to keep their slave mart at Malta well supplied, the Knights of St. John were by no means careful to discriminate between the piratical corsair and the peaceful Eastern merchant."

If theirs was the sin of selling slaves, ours was the almost greater sin of buying them. There exists a letter, under date 1673, from Charles II. of England to the Grand Master, complaining that the collector of taxes had demanded five pieces before certain slaves, who had been purchased by order of the king, were allowed to depart. The letter goes on to say that it is well known that the Kings of France and Spain were not charged this toll for the slaves they bought yearly at Malta.

Where slavery flourishes, all is more or less corrupt: this became apparent in every detail of the administration of the Knights of Malta; and as time went on their own lives became a scandal to Europe. A pretence of the hospital work was still kept up; but when Howard, the philanthropist, visited the place, in 1786, he speaks in terms of unmitigated abuse of the hospital and all its arrangements. He says: "The patients

numbered about five hundred. These were served by the most dirty, ragged, unfeeling and inhuman persons I ever saw. I once saw eight or nine of them highly entertained with a delirious, dying patient. The slow hospital fever (the inevitable consequence of closeness, uncleanliness and dirt) prevails here. The moral degeneracy went further than neglected duties; the vaunted bravery of the knights failed them; they had already accepted the aid of foreign troops to defend their island. This French protectorate began in 1775; a few years more and the end was at hand. Revolutionary France was not likely to leave this semi-religious and wholly aristocratic body in peaceful possession of their rich manors. A decree was issued in 1792 that the Order should cease to exist within the limits of France, and that their property should be annexed to the national domains. This decree was the signal for a general plunder of the commanderies; the knights themselves mostly sought refuge in Malta. In 1798, the French Directory declared themselves offended by the alleged hostility of the Order of St. John, and the annexation of Malta was resolved upon. This was effected by Buonaparte, almost without the firing of a gun. The vast treasures of the Order, consisting of much antique gold and silver plate, were seized by the French and shipped on board the *Orient*—never destined, however, to reach the shores of France, for the *Orient*, as we all remember, blew up at the battle of the Nile, and her precious cargo lies full fathom five!

After the loss of Malta, the main body of the knights sought shelter in Russia, under the protection of the Emperor Alexander, who took upon himself the duties of Head of the Order. During the passage of arms between the French and ourselves for the possession of Malta, Nelson wrote a curious letter to the Emperor of Russia, giving full details of the siege operations under Captain Ball, and oddly enough asks for the decoration of the Order of St. John for Lady Hamilton. He did so on the plea that she had induced the Queen of Naples to send a large sum of money for the relief of the suffering inhabitants, the so-called subjects of the absconded knights. The Emperor of course had "great pleasure" in granting the request of so distinguished a friend of both parties, and Lady Hamilton

figured as a *chanoinesse* of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The bathos of this episode would hardly injure the reputation of the knights, who had survived worse scandals.

The real Grand Master, the unfortunate Hompesch, who, by the way, was the only German who ever held that high office, was meanwhile dying on a foreign shore, in actual penury and want, having been defrauded of his promised pension by the French.

To all intents and purposes the Order of the Knights of Malta was at an end; their sovereignty had gone from them for ever; no treaty of Amiens, or other political treaty, could foist them again upon an unwilling people who, in the days of their arrogant prosperity, they had grievously oppressed.

A certain continuity in the existence of these knightly Orders has been kept up in Russia, Italy, Germany, and England. The English Freemasons claim a revival of the Order as long ago as 1781, and still incorporate the titles of the Knights of Malta in their institution. The independent revival of the Order was brought about in England by the Rev. Sir Robert Peat, D.D., in 1831, who was invested with the functions and authority of Grand Prior of the revived English *langue*, and the names of many noblemen and gentlemen were inscribed on the roll of the Order.

Before speaking further of the proceedings of the English branch, we must briefly observe that in 1812, when the bailiwick of Brandenburg (an offshoot of the original fraternity) was suppressed and dissolved, the King of Prussia founded a new Order of St. John, and in Germany the "Johanniter" is in a condition of great activity. There are sixteen hospitals in different parts of the country, supplied with nearly 500 beds; altogether most important work is being done in the true spirit of the old Hospitallers. The members of the Order have shown their usefulness in recent campaigns by aiding the carrying out of the Geneva Convention for the sick and wounded in time of war. The Germans have established again a hospital at Jerusalem, almost on the old site where the good Gerard built his noble foundation eight centuries ago: thus "God fulfils Himself in many ways."

The English *langue* has also its hospice at Jerusalem, an

institution particularly devoted to diseases of the eye, which are known to inflict such terrible sufferings in that country. The work is on a strictly non-sectarian basis, and crowds of afflicted Syrians crowd to this hospital for relief. It is gratifying to be able to state that the Sultan of Turkey has liberally helped the funds of the institution.

It is worthy of remark that the German branch require from their members a promise that they will maintain their Protestant faith as Lutherans. At the same time they keep up their official correspondence with the head-quarters of the Order at Rome.

In England there is at present great activity amongst the members, as the following paragraph, which is going the round of the newspapers, will prove:—"A scheme is maturing at Cambridge, under the auspices of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, by Mr. Reynolds Rowe, who has purchased a site in the town, on which he intends to build and endow a church. Hospitaller works are contemplated in connection therewith, including an infirmary for the use of the members of the University, a training school and home for nurses, and an ambulance centre."

"The St. John Ambulance Association," so well known for its useful work, is an outcome of the more direct objects of the Society. It is needless to enumerate those objects. There are evils in our midst—poverty, disease, ignorance, and vice—each one more powerful than was ever Saracen of old; and as the Order of St. John insists, the fittest survival of chivalry is to fight these foes. The days of the monastic knights are gone for ever, but the real work of the true Hospitaller remains to be done.

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## ART. III.—DRUMMOND'S NATURAL LAW IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

*Natural Law in the Spiritual World.* By HENRY DRUMMOND, F.R.S.E., F.G.S. Hodder & Stoughton. 1883.

IT is a notable sign of the generation to which we belong, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, that a book like Mr. Drummond's should pass into a seventh edition within twelve months of its publication, and attract such varied and

continuous interest. To our own knowledge, it may be found not only upon the tables of professional men and merchants, but in the houses of those belonging to humbler classes in society, who might be supposed to lack both the time and inclination necessary to get through a volume of speculations on Natural Law in the Spiritual World.

The reasons of this interest are not far to seek. The relations between science and religion form the problem of the day; a problem anxiously pored over by thousands, and glanced at with curiosity and wonder by tens of thousands. And the number of those who just now are holding the judgment in suspense, unable to give a satisfactory answer to the question of questions concerning self and mankind, "Whence, and oh heavens! whither?" is far larger than some would suppose—larger than the man of the world supposes, who cannot conceive of any one in bodily health occupying his time with such unsubstantial speculations; and larger than the Christian teacher supposes who cannot understand that any doubt on these matters of first importance should be entertained except by those who seek excuse for self-indulgence and sin. Those who do not believe that the answer of Christianity to this great question of whence and whither is true and sufficient, may be divided into those who would not and those who gladly would accept this solution of the world's problem, if they could do so consistently with other beliefs. To this latter class (including some professed adherents of Christianity who often have their dark hours of doubt and fear) this book will be especially welcome—is, indeed, in some sense specifically addressed.

For, if we were to try to express the real difficulty of our generation in a single phrase, we should say it lies in the lack of power to assimilate its recently and rapidly earned mental acquisitions with its traditional possessions. The process of assimilation must constantly go on, wherever there is life and growth, in the individual, the nation, and the race; and in proportion to the completeness and soundness of the process is the health of the body, individual and corporate. When quantities of food are rapidly eaten, assimilation is difficult, if not impossible, and mental indigestion from a like cause is not

rare. One whose life-work was marred by the malady of his generation wrote:

> "'Old things need not be therefore true,'—
> Oh brother men, nor yet the new;
> Ah! still awhile the old thought retain,
> And yet consider it again."

How much of the new is true, how much of the old erroneous or effete, is a question only one man here and there can answer. But so eager are the rest to find a satisfactory answer, that when any one with the slightest pretension to acquaintance with the subject speaks, many crowd eagerly to hear.

Our minds are not built, like many modern vessels, in water-tight compartments, so that the contents of one section may be fairly shut off from the rest, and the knowledge that has entered by one door into its own chamber be entertained there and do its work, without interfering with knowledge that has entered by another. Rather, as in the case of liquids separated by a thin membrane, the processes technically called exosmosis and endosmosis are continually going on, a filtering in and out, an exchange of constituents and properties between the contents of the different chambers, till something like a homogeneous state is reached. Philosophy has been defined as the rationalizing of experience. And, using experience in the largest sense, to include the result of all the varied influences which affect man within and without, this process of philosophizing, reducing experience to unity and harmony under the laws of the universal reason, is always consciously or unconsciously going on. To find the One in the Many was the problem of the ancient philosophy; it is not as yet the achievement of the modern. A unity of Nature which implies a "great exception" is not a unity in which the mind of man will long rest.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole," writes the poet in a line we may use without continuing the quotation. Of that whole, the material universe, with its planets, satellites, and suns, its systems of suns and nebulæ, in countless numbers and absolutely unbroken order, is but one part; the teeming life which, in myriads of ranks and orders, peoples the one of these orbs with which we are acquainted, is another

part. The mind and spirit of man, with its exquisite delicacy and versatility, its marvellous capacity and complexity, its almost endless variety under varying laws and conditions, is another part; and the revelation of higher truths made to man in the course of history by Him who has never left Himself without witness, but chose his own time for the unveiling of the highest knowledge man is able to bear, is but another part, though incomparably the most sublime and important. The whole of which these are parts is stupendous indeed, so that it might well be thought to surpass the powers of man to survey and comprehend it. But so much as man knows he will endeavour, as he always has endeavoured, to harmonize, arrange, and unify, thus working out a problem which a Higher than himself has set, and ever approximating rather than reaching a conclusion which seems to fly before him as he approaches it.

To this problem Mr. Drummond addresses himself in his own way. He is weary and distrustful of "reconciliations" between science and religion, and of much that goes by that name we are weary and distrustful also. As he tells us in his preface, he has not only received both a scientific and theological training, but has been accustomed to "lecture to a class of students on the natural sciences on week-days, and on Sundays to an audience of working-men on subjects of a moral and religious character." Only a man who is acquainted with the methods as well as the nomenclature of science can understand what is the bar which to so many minds lies at the entrance of the harbour of religion, and prevents them from happily sailing in. Many a religious teacher ignores a need he does not himself feel, and fails altogether to bring home to minds trained in the rigours of the inductive method truths which speak another language, and are established by appeals and arguments to them altogether new and strange. On the other hand, it is the tendency of the majority of students of science to eliminate or minimize the significance of the higher elements of knowledge by explaining them in terms of the lower. The inorganic, they tell us, "explains" the organic; the lower forms of organized life explain the higher; man is the highest organism known, and of God we

can know nothing. Truly this is to "make a solitude and call it peace." Mr. Drummond, as a religious man, is in no danger of falling into this error, and he quite sufficiently understands the essential nature of the two regions of knowledge which in this book he brings into mutual relation.

Perhaps the best way of indicating our author's position is to begin by comparing his book with three others (to confine ourselves to these), out of the many that during the last year or two have attempted a similar enterprise.* Each of these appeared in the first instance anonymously, but in each case the author's name is tolerably well known. The *Supernatural in Nature* of Mr. Reynolds endeavoured to show that "mystery and miracle are the source and foundation of Nature, underlie all science, are everywhere, and interpenetrate all things;" thus making the natural but a subordinate province of the great empire of the supernatural. The *Natural Religion* of Prof. Seeley tried to explain religion in terms of this world, and to show how much of the admiration, hope, and love by which Agnostics live, deserves the name of religion; and the book seems to imply—though this, we believe, the author would not admit—that the "worship" awakened in many minds by Nature, life, and art, is a very fair substitute for and contains the best part of the old-fashioned worship of God. The *New Analogy* of Mr. Fowle travels, as its title signifies, somewhat upon the lines of what Englishmen will always call THE *Analogy*. It differs, however, from it, in that while Butler argued that we might expect to find, and do find, the same difficulties in the course of Nature that we do in the teaching of revelation, Mr. Fowle contends that Nature and revelation can be proved to "have similar methods, laws, characteristics, ideas, a consistency of operation and a striking capacity for combination," so that those who have studied one may be led by easy steps and readily apprehended parallels to believe in the other.

Mr. Drummond's position differs from each of these, and shall be stated in his own words. He contends, "not that the

* The Duke of Argyll's interesting volume on the *Unity of Nature*, published since this paper was written, would fall to be considered here; but its scope is not exactly parallel with that of the works cited.

spiritual laws are analogous to the natural laws, but *that they are the same laws.* It is not a question of analogy, but of identity. The natural laws, as the law of continuity might well warn us, do not stop with the visible and then give place to a new set of laws bearing a strong similitude to them. The laws of the invisible are the same laws—projections of the natural, not supernatural" (p. 11). And again: "It is a question, indeed, whether one can speak of laws at all as being analogous. Phenomena are parallel. Laws which make themselves so are themselves one" (p. 53). Parable has taken the analogy of phenomena for her sphere; Mr. Drummond aims much higher than this, and announces that he will introduce a new method, which he marvels that others have not discerned (p. 52). Others may have seen the supernatural in Nature, or analogies between natural and supernatural; he will be content with nothing short of nature in the supernatural. The basis of authority on which belief in the supernatural has hitherto rested, has, Mr. Drummond thinks, been abandoned, and a new basis, that of science, must be put in its place. Spiritual truth hitherto has been believed; henceforth it must be seen. And our author thinks that he can show to those who wish to *see* in religion, as they have been accustomed to see in science, that which will not make them start back in despair. "As they gaze into that natural-spiritual world they will say, we have seen something like this before. It is not arbitrary. This law here is that old law there. And so the spiritual world becomes slowly natural, and what is of all but equal moment, the natural world becomes slowly spiritual" (p. 27).

This thesis it is the object of the book to illustrate rather than to prove. For it is not a systematic treatise, though an introduction strives to introduce system into the whole, and in a measure succeeds. A number of separate chapters deal with such topics as Biogenesis, Degeneration, Growth, Death, Life, and Parasitism; headings which in the connection we have indicated speak for themselves. But when we have read all, we are conscious that we have hints "thrown out at" a great theme, rather than an attempt definitely and thoroughly to grapple with it. No doubt the popularity of the book is partly due to this very fact, and many who would have been repelled

by a careful treatise have been interested by these passing glimpses of the way in which a treatise might be written. But it adds to the difficulties of a reviewer, who would feel himself compelled to give one judgment if he were to be guided by the doctrine of the chapters logically and consistently carried out, but who would in all justice give one in many respects different if weight is to be assigned to a number of hints and passing suggestions contained here and there in the volume.

We are anxious to be perfectly fair to an author with whom, up to a certain point, we are in sympathy. And perhaps we cannot do better than at this stage sketch in a number of propositions what we consider to be his whole position, defining at the same time our own relation to it.

1. Religion, Mr. Drummond would allow, casts much light upon science: "the gift of religion to science is the demonstration of the supernaturalness of the natural" (Preface, p. 23). This we certainly hold; and hold, moreover, that much more stress should have been laid upon it than Mr. Drummond seems disposed to allow, even in a book which does not make this its main subject.

2. Science sheds much light upon religion, more than has hitherto been understood. This statement the book professes to illustrate in a new way, and it is here interpreted to mean—

(*a*) That the law of continuity pervades the universe, the spiritual as well as the natural world. "If Nature be a harmony, man in all his relations, physical, mental, moral, and spiritual, falls to be included within its circle" (p. 35). On this head we are in full agreement with Mr. Drummond; we no more believe in a discontinuous universe, a chance spiritual world, than he does.

(*b*) That the way in which this continuity is chiefly shown is in the identity of the laws which rule in the natural and spiritual worlds, the running on and up of the great lines of demarcation visible in the lower region throughout the higher. "As the natural laws are continued through the universe of matter and of space, so will they be continued through the universe of spirit" (p. 41). This is the main theme of the book, and with regard to it our position is, that the laws of the two worlds are by no means identical, though they furnish several

very important and interesting points of analogy, some of which are old enough, others have been brought out by Mr. Drummond, and many more await other workers in the same field. This position we shall attempt to establish shortly.

3. Mr. Drummond admits that there may be new laws besides those natural ones, the lines of which he professes to trace. At one point (Pref. p. 16) he allows that this application of natural law to the spiritual world has decided and necessary limits, and with a very happy illustration, asks that any exaggeration due to his enthusiasm for his subject may be pardoned. But later on (p. 49) he says that, owing to the number of natural laws found in the higher sphere of the territory occupied by them, there is small margin left for new laws. If this be the author's view, we decidedly disagree with him, and hold that the function of natural law (in Mr. Drummond's sense) is in the spiritual world comparatively slight and unimportant.

4. On our decision in this matter depends our decision as to another, "the inconspicuousness of the old laws on account of their subordination to the new." Mr. Drummond admits the possibility of this, but he evidently regards it as a bare possibility. Here we part company with our author, holding that in this is to be found one of his most marked deficiencies. He takes his illustrations of natural law from biology, altogether ignoring those facts and phenomena which differentiate the life of man from that of the lower animals, such as consciousness, feeling, intelligence, and will. It is a blot upon the book that the writer depreciates philosophy, and it goes far to unfit him for the work here undertaken, that one whole region of "Nature," using the word in its largest sense, is ignored—viz., the "laws," if we must use Mr. Drummond's word, which regulate the relations of *persons*. And just as the laws which govern the inorganic run up into the organic, but are inconspicuous there because of the higher laws which belong to life, so the laws of biology run up into the world of humanity, but are comparatively inconspicuous there because of the consciousness and will which distinguish man. And so also the laws of the lower kingdoms run up into the highest kingdom, the spiritual, but either appear there only through certain analogies which

they furnish, or are comparatively inconspicuous because of higher laws which come into play.

We proceed in the remainder of this article to give our reasons for the position taken up in the paragraph above (marked 2, *b*), and deal with the question on the true answer to which the value of Mr. Drummond's contribution to a great theme must mainly depend.

Mr. Drummond's definition of law is "an ascertained working sequence or constant order among the phenomena of Nature." This is the sense in which the word is used in physical science, and it is in accordance with the whole of Mr. Drummond's purpose that he seeks to find law in this sense in the spiritual world. He clearly enough acknowledges that laws are not causes: "They originate nothing, sustain nothing; they are modes of operation, not operators—processes, not powers. In themselves they may have no more absolute existence than parallels of latitude" (pp. 5, 6). It is of no use for us to regret that this use of the word "law" is so predominant at present, that we are becoming so accustomed to it as to lose the proper and fundamental sense of the word; so that, for example, Hooker's point of view is removed from the modern one by a whole diameter of thought: "For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a law. A voluntary purpose, wherewith God hath eternally decreed when and how they should be—this eternal decree is that we term an eternal law" (*Eccl. Pol.* bk. i. ch. 2). It is in this sense of the word law that the chant to her praise is sung: "Her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, . . . . all with one consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy." But we have very recently been reminded, in the most convincing way, by Mr. Arthur, in his Fernley Lecture (a masterly treatise which it is to be hoped all who read Mr. Drummond's book will also read and very carefully consider), that "what is called law in physics is not really law in any scientific or philosophical sense, but, whether viewed scientifically or

philosophically, is nothing more or less than rule, and can be called law only in a metaphorical sense." Still, however we may begrudge the word, it has been borrowed or stolen past recovery. Physical science cannot investigate causes; it knows only phenomena; and needing a word to express the order which obtains among physical phenomena, she found in a higher region a word that suited her, coveted it, and has now made a certain use of it familiar. All that we can do is to insist that the sense in which the word is used shall be defined and rigidly adhered to; and this it is which makes such books as Mr. Arthur's necessary. In the carefully defined sense of "an ascertained working sequence," the word is used in the volume before us, and in that sense we have no objection to admit that law is found in the spiritual world. It is true that amongst agents, differing essentially from physical "agents," occupying relations to one another altogether different from physical relations, there are moral laws which belong to them alone, implying will, duty, responsibility, and a whole series of associated ideas altogether alien to the realm of physical Nature. But it may also be said that in this region law is found operating in the scientific sense, an ascertained working sequence among phenomena, which religious persons of course view as but an expression of the mind and purpose of a Law-giver, but which, for those who approach the subject from the physical side and are not fully prepared to enter a world of higher relations, may be regarded for the time simply as an ascertained order among the facts of spiritual life. "To him that hath shall be given; from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." Here is a law of the spiritual world in Mr. Drummond's sense, inviolable, invariable as regulating the consequences of actions of moral beings, unless overruled by a higher law. We must not dwell upon this point, though there were much to say as to the differing functions and operations of such laws in the new world wherein we now find ourselves. Mr. Arthur's lecture has said most of what needs to be said in the most admirable way.

But our author contends that he has been able to trace the lines of the *very same* laws or sequences that obtain in the physical world. Especially illustrating from the purely

physical science of biology (no regard being held, as we before cautioned our readers, to the distinctive characteristics of the mental, emotional, and moral—in one word, the personal life of man), he claims that precisely the same sequences may be traced in the life spiritual as in the life physical. And our contention is, that the differences to be observed are such that analogy, not identity, is the correct word to use, and that between analogy and identity the difference is great and important. Let us examine, then, more in detail, the genesis, nature, growth, and development and deterioration of life in the physical and spiritual kingdoms.

And first, as to the origin of the spiritual life. The advocates of spontaneous generation in the natural world have been overthrown in the recent controversy on the subject, and the law of biogenesis, *omne vivum ex vivo*, has been fairly established. Scripture formulates the same law for the life of the spirit, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, that which is born of the spirit is spirit." In Mr. Drummond's words:

"The passage from the natural world to the spiritual world is hermetically sealed on the natural side. The door from the inorganic to the organic is shut—no mineral can open it; so the door from the natural to the spiritual is shut, and no man can open it. No organic change, no modification of environment, no mental energy, no moral effort, no evolution of character, no progress of civilization, can endow any single human soul with the attribute of spiritual life. The spiritual world is guarded from the world next in order beneath it by a law of biogenesis—except a man be born again he cannot enter the kingdom of God" (p. 71).

That there is analogy here of a striking and important kind is obvious. But that identity of law may be asserted, the conditions under which this "ascertained working sequence" takes place, must be the same. Is that so? What of the materials upon which the breath of God mysteriously operates, the circumstances under which He promises thus to quicken the lifeless clay? In the first place, Scripture asserts that the nature of man is fallen, was originally intended for a higher life, but failed to fulfil its great design, and that, originally made in the image of God, it still bears traces of its descent and destiny. Where is the analogy here? But it may be objected that to introduce the theological dogma of the Fall

only cumbers the argument; let us therefore pass it by. It is, however, beyond all question that in the nature of man there is a capacity for receiving the higher life; that it depends upon the way in which that capacity is used whether that higher life is reached or not; and that, while it is true that the germ of new life must come from above, it is imparted only in accordance with certain conditions, and is always imparted when those conditions are observed. Repentance of sin, faith in God's mercy through Christ—so at least evangelical doctrine teaches—are needed before the sinner dead in trespasses and sins can be renewed and quickened. Where is the analogy here? "The plant stretches down to the dead world beneath it, touches its minerals and gases with its mystery of life"—what have minerals and gases to do with preparing the way for the mystic touch which "brings them up ennobled and transfigured to the living sphere?" "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life;" "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Where is the room for Christ's pathetic reproach, for Paul's rousing word of stimulus and warning, if we consider only the working of a "law" as formulated by science, and hold that the world where spiritual life is lacking is "hermetically sealed on the natural side?" Identity of law, no; analogy in many interesting respects, yes.

That this objection has been felt, though not acknowledged, by Mr. Drummond, appears, we think, from his second chapter, on Degeneration. The parallel between the natural man and the inorganic world does not hold far enough or closely enough; the natural man is alive, and the laws which deal with his various relationships must be paralleled by laws which deal with life of some kind. In the second chapter accordingly we find that the non-spiritual life of man is compared with organic life which fails to develop itself, fails to keep what it already possesses and correspondingly deteriorates, reverts to a lower type. That there is here a change of the whole ground is obvious. The inorganic does not deteriorate because it does not rise to the organic; and if the natural man is possessed of life, but not the highest life, the parallel above suggested fails. But we pass this by, though of course *identity* of law is hereby

given up. But as to the attempt to establish identity on this new basis we have a twofold objection to make. First, the presence of will (if Mr. Drummond admits it, and there is too little indication of his readiness to do so) bars identity, only admits analogy. The phenomena of degeneration, illustrated by the mole, the blind fish of the Kentucky cave, the Nauplius, and the like, are but special cases of the general law of adaptation to environment. The now existing fish have not degenerated, are not responsible for the circumstances of their existence, and to press the analogy beyond the point at which it is true and suggestive would mean to impugn the justice of God and alter the whole significance of the life of man. Again, the mole is admirably fitted for its work and environment, the stationary barnacle is as suited for the fulfilment of its functions in life, as is the free-swimming Nauplius; but the man who, with higher opportunities and faculties, sinks into a sot or develops into a rascal does not merely pass into a harmless lower form of life, complete and beautiful of its kind. *Corruptio optimi pessima.* And the introduction of consciousness and will, with all that springs from these, makes the application of the "law" meaningless, except at the points where analogy holds. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Undoubtedly the tremendous force of that searching question is made plainer and stronger by the illustrations Mr. Drummond adduces, and such as preachers have used for generations. But if he would establish identity of law, not only must the objections above urged be met, but the laws of balance and evolution which are cited (p. 100) as alternatives to degeneration, should hold also. And in the moral world there can be no "balance" for long together, and Mr. Drummond's first chapter has proved that there can be no evolution.

Next, as to the nature of the new life imparted from above. What kind of change takes place in the soul when it is born again, raised from the death of sin to the life of righteousness? This is a question we cannot discuss in detail; but Mr. Drummond begs the question when he says (p. 45) that though natural life deals with cells and germs, and spiritual life with spirit, the law holds though the materials differ. He maintains that wherever life is, its laws are not similar but the same, just

as the fifth proposition in the first book of Euclid holds in structures of wood and stone as much as in figures upon the blackboard. But surely the difference is obvious. The geometrical proposition deals with the relations of sides and angles in a triangle, which are of course the same everywhere; but is the principle of natural life the same as the principle of the spiritual life? are the relations of the spiritual life the same as the relations of natural life, because the same word is used? That there are many points of analogy we all know, and every page of the New Testament exhibits them; but in spiritual matters we are obliged to employ names derived from the life of sense, and he is a poor logician who argues identity from the use of a metaphorical name.

To come a little closer to the nature of the new life of the spirit, orthodox theologians are agreed that the change effected is not in the substance of the soul, but in its affections; not in its faculties, but in its bias and use of faculties. Dr. Pope says (*Comp. Theol.*, p. 509): "Regeneration is not a change in the substance of the soul, nor in its individual acts; but in the bias towards evil which is the character. That bias, however, is not destroyed, but arrested and made subordinate." Or, to quote a divine, chosen because of his different theological standpoint, Jonathan Edwards says: "This new spiritual sense is not a new faculty of understanding, but a new foundation laid in the nature of the soul for a new kind of exercises of the same faculty of understanding. And the new holy disposition of heart that attends this new sense is not a new faculty of will, but a foundation laid in the nature of the soul for a new kind of exercises of the same faculty of will." (This passage is quoted, with others to the same effect from writers of varying theological creed, in Laidlaw's *Biblical Doctrine of Man*, pp. 186–7.) Now, that such a change is deep and radical enough to deserve the name "new life," we are all agreed; that such change cannot be brought about by mere human effort (though preparatory effort is needed as a condition) we are also agreed; but if the essence of the change consist only in new affections, new bias, new employments of the same substance and faculties, what are we to say of the parallel drawn between this change and the passage from the

inorganic to the organic world? Mr. Drummond says: "He who lives the spiritual life has a distinct kind of life added to all the other phases of life which he manifests" (p. 81). And again: "The change of state is not, as in physics, a mere change of direction—the affections directed to a new object, the will into a new channel; it is something far deeper—a change of nature" (p. 381). We do not wish to minimize the importance of the change in regeneration, or to quarrel over a phrase, but we find in Mr. Drummond's insistence upon the points where analogy holds, and his disregard of points where it fails, in order to prove identity of law, a grave peril. There is a modern heresy taught by Mr. Edward White and his followers, with many psychological inconsistencies, according to which at regeneration we pass not only from sin to holiness, but from mortality to immortality. And several passages in Mr. Drummond's book seem to suggest that he rests in the doctrine of the survival of a spiritual aristocracy, upon whom a higher life has "seized," imparting a new kind of existence, and that the survival of this *élite*—few in number, but of highest quality—will quite compensate for the inevitable "waste" of millions "cast as rubbish to the void." This new Calvinism, with its complacent "quantity decreases as quality increases" (p. 412), we by no means admire. We hope we are not misrepresenting our author; but if after this fashion scientific law is to be our guide, and the good tidings of great joy to all people are to be interpreted in terms of it, then the gain of a new law will be the loss of the old gospel.

We must stay our hand in this inquiry, though it were easy to multiply points of difference which allow analogy though they bar identity. A sketch of what we had intended must suffice. Amongst the happiest of Mr. Drummond's analogies is his comparison between Mr. Spencer's definition of life and the Scripture definition of life eternal in John xvii. 3. The way in which the writer shows how the qualities of the new life contain the guarantee of eternity is very fine, and though to those who are content to learn from the old Book it will add nothing but an apt illustration, yet it will make much plainer to many a scientific man the true nature of eternal life, about which he has heard much and knows little. But here again we

prefer analogy to identity. The definition of life holds, *mutatis mutandis*. But the *mutanda* are many, and a definition is not a law—*i.e.*, an "ascertained working sequence"—but the description of a state which develops an instructive parallel.

The chapter on Growth shows how mischievous is an attempt to establish identity where only analogy is possible. Altogether ignoring the context, Mr. Drummond represents our Lord as teaching, in "Consider the lilies," that our spiritual growth is to be after the fashion of the growth of the lily; that as no one would dream of telling a lily to grow, so, because it grows without thinking and without trying, ought we. Not that we would misrepresent Mr. Drummond as ignoring altogether the need of effort and prayer, but when he insists upon growth as an "automatic process," telling us that the trying to make a thing grow is "as absurd as to help the tide to come in or the sun to rise," it is clear that, forgetting the Apostle's "Grow in grace," and the changes which belong to the passage from conscious to unconscious life, he is pressing the analogy at a point where it must fail. It were easy to point out similar mistakes in the chapter on Mortification. Scripture speaks of the change from sin to holiness as death as well as life. It is the death of the old man and the life of the new. The somewhat awkward way in which Mr. Drummond attempts to establish a parallel under three heads—suicide, mortification, and limitation—shows that his work here is not so easy, and differences as well as similarities so crowd upon him that in the endeavour to get rid of the former he falls into confusion which we must not stay to point out. The chapters on Parasitism are ingenious. Some would call them fanciful, but to our mind they contain fair parallels arising out of the fundamental analogy between the life natural and the life spiritual, an analogy capable of manifold applications besides the apt ones Mr. Drummond makes to Romanism and Antinomianism, but which it is absurd to strain into identity of law.

Mr. Drummond seems to doubt (p. 53) whether the word analogy can properly be applied to laws, and says phenomena are analogous, laws identical. But analogy has to do with the relations of things rather than with things themselves, and

inasmuch as identity precludes all difference, and analogy simply fixes attention upon points of similarity which may be many or few in number, there can be no doubt which word in this instance best represents the facts of the case. The law of gravitation is the same in Mars or Sirius that it is at the earth's surface, because it acts upon the same class of objects, under the same conditions, preserving the same ratio of mass distance, and velocity. But the laws of undulation in the atmosphere which regulate sound are only analogous with the laws of undulation in the ether which regulate light, one important difference being observed in the transverse character of the luminous waves to which the phenomena of polarization are due. We are not deluded by similarity of names into asserting identity of law in the case of sound and light, because in each we speak of waves, call music bright and sparkling, admire the tone of a picture, or go into raptures over a "harmony in blue and gold."

If it should seem that we have laboured too long upon this point, we would justify ourselves by a twofold reason. On the one hand, we think it important to guard against Mr. Drummond's contention, that the laws—*i.e.*, working sequences—which we recognise in physical life, are the chief features in the spiritual world, leaving little room for anything else (p. 49), and his unguarded boast (p. 52), that "it will be the splendid task of the theology of the future to take off the mask and disclose to a waning scepticism the naturalness of the supernatural." We think it highly important to point out that Mr. Drummond has not even sketched the laws of the highest region of "Nature," that the spiritual laws which he has traced out are not the same laws that obtain in the natural world, but only similar, and that the higher laws, reaching up to the highest, the law of love, are so many and superior that the function of these lower laws is by no means so considerable as he thinks. This topic, with all that it suggests of our personal relations to a personal God—duty, sin, atonement, repentance, faith, forgiveness, love—we must be content to indicate and leave.

On the other hand, we think that, needless as it may appear to some, it is important in these days to make it plain that

there are laws in the spiritual as in the natural world, that to pass from the lower to the higher world is not to pass from a Cosmos to a Chaos, but simply to pass to a more complex, sublime, and complete order. Moreover, a large number of facts in the spiritual world can be proved by means of the one potent organum in the realm of physics—that of verification. Science does not now say *hypotheses non fingo*, but she first invents and then verifies her hypotheses. The spiritual man does not invent, but he may verify. And while there is much that cannot be verified, which he is content not to see but only to believe, there is much which can be seen, and which may be pointed out to the student of science who is disposed to admit no method of investigation, no test of truth but his own. And in the region of spiritual life, where verification is possible, analogies abound, which may be pointed out to him who comes fresh from the study of physics and biology. Analogies range from the weakest to the most potent of arguments, and the analogies in this field are, we are convinced, capable of being made more and more potent as evidences of religion in proportion as those who are practically familiar with both spheres will work them out and display them to students of Nature and religion alike. And when analogy is thus used, not merely to meet objections and remove difficulties, but to help all to discern how the harmony in the world of Nature blends with the loftier harmony of the world of spirit, and makes, not as men are now saying, a discord, but a deeper and more soul-penetrating music than before, then will her true work be done. The mathematician, as Bacon said, perceives differences, the poet likenesses. And as the perceiving of differences is the easier work, for a hundred mathematicians we have but one poet. The mathematical intellects have abounded in this controversy between science and religion; it is the poet's turn now. Let those who have learned the two divine secrets: the secret of the rocks and the hills, the flowers and the birds—one which is made known only to the patient and docile seeker; and that higher secret of the Lord which is with them that fear Him; show the hidden kinship of the two. One will catch a glimpse of unity here, another there; one will notice a minute link, another discern broad lines of

similarity in the two kingdoms; but all may help in the work. There is no need to obliterate the lines which divide and distinguish, while we gladly trace those which indicate that the same divine mind has ordered the harmonious whole. And this is perhaps the glorious task which pre-eminently awaits devout thinkers in the few years that remain of this century.

We have been compelled to record our dissent from some of Mr. Drummond's premisses and conclusions, but with the spirit of his work, which is such as we have just indicated, we are in thorough sympathy. With his method we coincide to a considerable degree. A discriminating study of his book will, we think, be helpful to the best interests both of science and religion. His style is clear and interesting. His pages are strewn with striking sentences, as when, for example, he says: "The greatest truths are always the most loosely held" (p. 90); "Theism is the easiest of all religions to get, but the most difficult to keep" (p. 166); "The whole cross is more easily carried than the half" (p. 199); "The threshold of eternity is a place where many shadows meet" (p. 237); Faith does not itself save, it is "but an attitude, an empty hand for grasping an environing Presence" (p. 265); "What a very strange thing, is it not, for a man to pray! It is the symbol at once of his littleness and his greatness. Here the sense of imperfection, controlled and silenced in the narrower reaches of his being, becomes audible. Now he must utter himself. It is the suddenness and unpremeditatedness of prayer that gives it a unique value as an apologetic" (p. 279).

The book not only contains occasional epigrams to set us thinking, but there is an enthusiasm in the writer which raises him frequently to a natural eloquence. We are charmed by a glow of style caught partly from the calm assurance of the scientific discoverer, partly from the faith of the devout worshipper, as in the passage where he speaks of the missing point in evolution, the climax to which all creation tends:—

"Hitherto evolution had no future. It was a pillar with marvellous carving, growing richer and finer towards the top, but without a capital; a pyramid, the vast base buried in the inorganic, towering higher and higher, tier above tier, life above life, mind above mind, ever more perfect in its workmanship, more noble in its symmetry, and yet withal so much

the more mysterious in its aspiration. The most curious eye, following it upwards, saw nothing. The cloud fell and covered it. Just what men wanted to see was hid. The work of the ages had no apex. But the work begun by Nature is finished by the supernatural—as we are wont to call the higher natural. And as the veil is lifted by Christianity it strikes men dumb with wonder. For the goal of evolution is Jesus Christ."

As one who has caught a delighted glimpse of that goal, and would help others to see it and travel to it, we hail the author of this book. That all things are to be gathered together in Christ as Head—all things, whether in heaven or earth or under the earth, even in Him—is the belief of all his loyal followers. Towards this glorious consummation all who honour Him desire to be devout helpers and ministrants. Towards it many are aiding in active life, patiently toiling in duty, generously spending themselves in sympathy, endeavouring to reclaim the wandering and cleanse the sin-defiled. Towards it those also are aiding who, by patient study and faithful witness, help mankind to see life steadily and see it whole, to understand the naturalness of the supernatural, the supernaturalness of the natural, the true unity of the universe, which in Christ was created, and by Him has been evermore sustained. Through Him that part which had fallen from its pristine glory and order has been triumphantly redeemed, and under his sway at last the whole, "with undisturbèd song of pure concent," will join in unbroken harmony of obedience and praise.

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## Art. IV.—RENAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS YOUTH.

*Recollections of My Youth.* By Ernest Renan. Translated from the original French by C. B. Pitman, and Revised by Madame Renan. London: Chapman & Hall. 1883.

"I AM very fond of the people, and especially of the poor. I am the only man of my time who has understood the characters of Jesus and of Francis of Assisi."

If such a passage as this, with its stupendous calm of complacency, and its curious collocation of names so widely different, could be found in the writings of any living Christian

apologist, what floods of ridicule would it draw down on the head of that rash divine! And we can well imagine that not many "advanced" thinkers, who have grown up among Protestant influences, would greatly care openly to advance claims to such very special illumination, in virtue of sympathies so amiable. But the sentence occurs in the *Recollections of My Youth* of M. Renan, and there it causes only a mild shock of surprise, since it harmonizes very tolerably with the general tone of the book.

This recent production of the author of the *Vie de Jésus*, eminently graceful and readable as it is, is pervaded throughout by a certain demure self-satisfaction; the writer evidently reposes the sublimest trust in the unimpeachable accuracy of his own conclusions. He boasts of no Divine inspiration—as, indeed, how should he? But he is gratefully conscious of possessing in his intellect an instrument absolutely incapable of error.

Such a mental attitude does not seem consistent with the genuine modesty which M. Renan assures us he possesses. Nothing can be more delicately humorous than his way of laying claim to this rare virtue. "It is very difficult," he admits, "to prove that one is modest, since as soon as one makes the assertion, it ceases to be true. Ah, what a subtle demon is vanity! Have I, after all, been cheated by it?"

Perhaps he has; yet assuredly vanity never wore with a better grace the mask of a cheerful, humble simplicity. In considering the life-story which he has been good enough to set forth for the world's instruction, we may attain to some understanding of the colossal intellectual conceit, which in M. Renan's character seems to be united to powers so remarkable, and a love of truth so genuine as can rarely co-exist with that weak quality. We may even see unveiled, in part, at least, the secret not only of his mental peculiarities, but of his almost unique position with regard to Christianity.

These *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* have not been produced with undue haste. It is six or seven years since they began to appear in the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* many months were allowed to elapse between subsequent instalments; and thus an air of leisurely indifference was imparted to them,

heightened by the desultory almost chatty style of the narrative. But now that they are collected into a volume, the firm design underlying their easy grace is manifest. There are no irrelevant details; indeed, there is a marked absence of such particulars as would be essential to an official biography. It is the history of a soul, not the outward worldly life of a man, that the author has chosen to unfold. So the scenery and the atmosphere of Catholic Brittany are revived for us with magical skill; we are shown the inner workings of the great clerical seminaries; and we can almost measure the influence which each, in its turn, exercised over the young inquiring spirit that grew up amidst these surroundings.

There is set before us first of all, a vivid picture of Ernest Renan's birthplace, Tréguier—that almost unique town, clerical from its centre to its circumference, which had slowly formed itself round a great fifth-century monastery—a town of priests and monks, cut off from trade and industry. Set close to a rocky wind-swept shore, Tréguier never attained the least importance as a seaport, and only a few inns in its lower streets, not so much frequented by as intended for sailors, gave evidence of the presence of a small seafaring interest. Street upon street was composed wholly of ancient monasteries. The flood-tide of the Revolution passed over this pious city, and left it very much what it was before. Though no longer permitted to have its own Bishop, Tréguier has remained faithful to its proud traditions; its people still look down on common human pursuits as mere vanity and vexation of spirit; the interests of the soul, and especially the complicated services of the Church, are deemed to possess a much higher importance; indeed, spiritual matters are the only realities recognized. The heart and soul of the place is naturally the beautiful thirteenth-century cathedral—"a masterpiece of airy lightness, a hopeless effort to realize in granite an impossible ideal."

Under the pointed arches of this majestic sanctuary, crowded and yet graceful as interlacing forest-trees, and among the stately tombs of knight and lady which thronged its aisles, there wandered in the early decades of this century the young Ernest—a dreamy and gentle little creature, not too vigorous, and full of strange imaginations. Born in 1820,

of a family of peasants and sailors, poor, pious, and honest, the boy inherited from a half-Gascon mother some new and rather different traits. This mother, affectionate, sincere, and devout, was also gay of heart and keen of wit, and could not help being a little sceptical on certain matters of belief dear to the devout Breton heart and exalted Breton imagination.

Tréguier and its outskirts were plunged in "an atmosphere of mythology as dense as Benares or Juggernaut." Madame Renan did not disdain the still surviving fairy lore of old Breton wives; she knew, too, the sacred fountain of the Virgin, the mysterious ruined church of St. Michael; she could recount the legends of the many local saints whose figures, startlingly lifelike, were enshrined in little wayside chapels, and held in high repute for healing powers. She had at her fingers' ends the wonders wrought by St. Renan, the half-savage patron saint of the family; by St. Yves, the avenger of wrong. Indeed, when her boy was left fatherless she sought the chapel of the good Yves, taking with her the orphaned child, whom she placed under his protection. But Madame Renan's good sense did not permit her to speak of all these legendary marvels as though she implicitly believed them. Even the clergy tolerated unwillingly the popular myths. The miracle-working saints were, in their opinion, doubtful personages, and their worship savoured of Paganism. So the child who grew up amid this cloud of wonders received with them into his mind a little seed of doubt. It lay long latent, unrevealed in his character or consciousness.

Ernest Renan, studying in the Tréguier seminary for the priesthood, still held in all simplicity to the religion of his infancy, when, at the age of sixteen, he attracted the attention of M. Dupanloup, then Superior of the great mixed school of St. Nicholas de Chardonnet at Paris. The promising lad was quickly appropriated for that establishment. Singularly enough it was here, under this zealous and successful instructor, that the belief of the devout youth received its first shock. At St. Nicholas supreme importance was attached to rhetoric, to elegance of style, to the study of literature, modern as well as ancient. Not such had been the austere teaching of Tréguier.

The young student looked for the first time beyond the narrowing cloister walls; he saw with stupefaction that in the living busy world he had been taught to despise and dread there were things and persons worthy of a good man's admiration. The seed of scepticism, all unconsciously to the soul that held it, began to take root downwards and bear fruit upwards.

Transferred in due course to the great seminary of St. Sulpice —first to the house at Issy, to pass through a course of philosophy; then to that at Paris, to be perfected in theology— Renan derived from his instructors impressions exactly contrary to those they sought to produce. When his course of study was drawing to its close, he found himself compelled, as an honest man, to renounce not only the priesthood in which all his worldly hopes centred, but Catholicism, and not only Catholicism, but Christianity itself.

The young man who made this sacrifice to his convictions had never yet really seen in its simplicity the Gospel he rejected. It was a strangely distorted form of Christianity which had been presented to him, wrapped fold on fold in the traditions of men, and quite warped from its natural truth and beauty. Unhealthily ascetic, it frowned on the common joys of life far more sternly than on deceit. Its morality was a growth of the cloister that could never thrive in the rough free air outside.

"It has been my good fortune to know what absolute virtue is," says Renan. He found it in the kind priests under whose care he passed thirteen years of his boyhood and youth, and who would seem to have attained the utmost excellence possible to the Romish ecclesiastic. It was not the vices of the French clergy that made him an unbeliever.

"All the priests I have known," says he, "have been good men"—a point on which he dwells with a good deal of insistance. And some of the clerical portraits he paints for us have a peculiar charm; a certain austere yet gentle grace informs every lineament.

Especially is this the case in the sketch of M. Le Hir, the profound Orientalist and humble believer—

"A *savant* and a saint, pre-eminently both one and the other; but the saint reigned supreme. Not one of the objections of rationalism was

unknown to him. He never made the smallest concession to them. . . . His critical faculty was admirable in all that did not relate to matters of faith; but faith had for him such a co-efficient of certainty that nothing could outweigh it. His piety really resembled those pearly shells of which St. Francis de Sales says, 'they live in the sea without admitting a single drop of salt-water.'"

It is easy to divine in this Oriental Professor, with his vast learning and steadfast belief, the character of one well acquainted with experimental religion, and possessing his soul in peace because the inward voice of the spirit had given him transcendent evidence of the truth. God has such witnesses in every Christian Church, however fallen. But this highest kind of evidence is not easily communicable; Le Hir could not impart it to Renan.

The "absolute virtue" of these irreproachable men was unfortunately of an ascetic cast; colourless and almost inhuman in its icy purity, it presents a really repulsive aspect in some of Madame Renan's recollections of old Breton days, which occupy a considerable space among the "Souvenirs" of her famous son. This is particularly noticeable in the story of the Flax-Crusher—a sort of domestic drama, with three chief actors, one of whom is a decayed "country noble," a last representative of a picturesque and interesting class peculiar to Brittany. The dignified and reverend old man, who practises a quiet handicraft in private so as to avoid both poverty and the fancied disgrace of work, has but one child, a beautiful but weak-minded girl, shut out by the prejudices of rank from the natural duties and hopes of womanhood. Her unclaimed affections fasten themselves on the image of a young priest who has never seemed aware that such a creature existed; the innocent, hopeless prepossession preys upon her slender wits, and leads her into an act of theft, essential to a small plot for establishing a sort of claim on the gratitude of her idol. And he recognizes her existence at last, but only to impose on her a public act of expiation to one whom her crazy scheme had injured. Disgrace is stamped upon her and on her family, with its ancient pride of rank; but the priest shows no sign of compassion for these miserable sufferings. Was not the offender a woman, and her offence the result of mere human

affection? His first and last care must be to preserve unimpaired the stainless crystal of his own soul.

So the girl passes away into complete imbecility, the father to his grave, and the priest to the irreproachable fulfilment of his duties. He could do no other; but there is little in common between his rigidly upright conduct and the life and teachings of the Saviour of Sinners.

Equally significant is the story of another priest to whom M. Renan's grandmother had given shelter in her house during the dreadful days of the Terror. She risked her life by this hospitality, and her guest could not but know it. Under the Consulate the priest became incumbent of a parish near Lannion, and his former protectress hastened to see him. But she met no gratitude, no affection; she had come five miles on foot, but he did not even offer her a chair or a glass of water. Almost fainting with the painful surprise, she returned home in tears, yet she rather admired the true priestly propriety of this reception. Doubtless the man acted on principle, such principles as were enforced in the sermons which used to puzzle the little Ernest Renan at Tréguier. He was bewildered by gloomy spiritualizations of such stories as that of Jonathan and the fatal honey which he tasted in ignorance:—

"'*Gustans gustavi paululum mellis, et ecce morior.*' The preacher said nothing to explain this, but heightened the effect of his mysterious allusion with the words, pronounced in a very hollow, lugubrious tone—'*tetigisse periisse.*' But what perplexed me most was a passage in the life of some saintly personage of the sixteenth century, who compared women to fire-arms which wound from far. This was quite beyond me. I immersed myself in study and so contrived to clear my brain of it."

"Touch not, taste not, handle not," on such themes the good priests rang incessant variations; all delights were disguised sin; a view of life still further developed in the *Catéchisme Chrétien pour la Vie Intérieure* of Jean-Jacques Olier, the founder of St. Sulpice. This powerful organizer and devout mystic teaches his disciples to regard "the state of death" as the ideal of Christian life—

"'The flesh' is so completely sin that it is all intent and motion towards sin, and even to every kind of sin. It is the effect of sin—it is the

principle of sin. It is the mercy of God that keeps us from sin, because the flesh is drawn down to sin by such a heavy weight that God alone can prevent it from falling. Therefore we must hate our flesh and hold our own bodies in horror. There is no extremity of insult too great to be put up with and to be looked upon as deserved. Contempt, insult, and calumny should not disturb our peace of mind; rather we should resemble the saint of former days who was led to the scaffold for a crime that he had not committed, and from which he would not attempt to exculpate himself, as he said to himself that he should have been guilty of this crime and of many far worse but for the preventing grace of God."

Comment would be needless on such a terrible perversion and application of the apostle's words: "I know that in me, that is in my flesh, dwelleth no good thing;" but an apt illustration of this kind of teaching is supplied by the strange fate of M. Gottofrey, the professor of philosophy under whom Renan studied at Issy, and who, in a moment of excitement, vainly combating his pupil's worship of reason, suddenly dismayed him by the passionate cry: "You are not a Christian!" This too-clear-sighted professor was young and singularly handsome; his personal attractiveness, that excellent gift of God, seemed to him a mere snare of the devil, and inspired him with a sort of rage against himself. "In the heroic ages of Christianity he would have sought martyrdom. Failing martyrdom, he wooed death with such ardour that this icy bride, the only one he ever sought, at last became his. He departed for Canada. The cholera which raged at Montreal in 1846 offered him an excellent occasion of satisfying his thirst. He nursed the sick with eager joy, and died." This is but one of many similar instances that might be quoted.

The teaching and example of such men profoundly impressed the young mind of Renan—the mind, let us remember, of an absorbed student, who was never vigorous in health, never apt at athletic exercises; one whom his schoolmates called in scorn "Mademoiselle," since he preferred to their rough fellowship the gentler society of girls; one who had scarcely attained his full growth when his shoulders became bowed by excessive study—a sensitive nervous being whom "a poor little mouse" could keep from sleeping. Such an one was well fitted to feel the charm which the Sulpician morality in certain of its aspects undoubtedly possessed. Unworldliness was inculcated; it

ought to suffice the Christian man if he have food and raiment. "Here we have no continuing city" was a favourite theme. A strong point was made of that true courtesy which is simply unselfishness in little things. Great importance was attached to humility—to modesty; it was recommended to avoid talking of one's self, since to dwell on that theme always involved a little self-pleasing vanity; rather you should fashion your speech to give pleasure to others.

Ernest Renan accepted all this with an easy docility that would not have been possible to a rudely vigorous nature, full of lusty life; nor does he seem to have been repelled by other maxims much less admirable. St. Sulpice went beyond the common Romish errors of dis-esteem for wedlock as a state of very secondary sanctity, and of scorn for the mere secular pursuits of the laity, which it did not dream of hallowing with religion; it pushed asceticism still further, condemning "special friendships," and teaching its children to shun these as a sort of fraud on the community—"a larceny committed at the expense of society at large." The saint should regard all his fellow-creatures with impartial benevolence. "By going out of your way to serve one man, is it not possible that you may injure another? Therefore, beware of any dawning warmth of feeling towards individuals! There is no saying to what improper lengths of 'particular benevolence' it may lead you." It might, indeed, be lawful for the Saviour, in the days of His flesh, to regard one of His followers with "special friendship;" but in this respect the disciple may *not* be as his Master. Renan has so well assimilated this doctrine that he, who avers he has "a keen liking for the universe," can and does plead "Not guilty" to the charge of having done much for any particular being in the universe; it is an error he has avoided altogether; he "has done little for his friends, and they have done little for him."

There has thus been wrought into Renan's very nature an ideal of Christian morality, so plausibly misleading in its overcharged caricature of the original, that it has been made impossible for him ever to recognize the true Divine naturalism of the Gospel, and its mystic power of so hallowing and transfiguring all worthy human feelings and relations, as to lead men

up even by these to Him who formed man in His own image. This heavenly vision is eternally shut out from the eyes of Ernest Renan by the mocking substitute "graven by art and man's device" which the Church of Rome has imposed on him in its stead; and this continues true, though it has come to him to perceive that the teaching of his ancient masters was out of harmony with living fact. The discovery seems to have wrought strange confusions in his mind. "I cannot get out of my head," says he, "the idea that perhaps the libertine is right after all, and practises the true philosophy of life. This has led me to express too much admiration for such men as Sainte-Beuve and Théophile Gautier. Their affectation of immorality prevented me from seeing how incoherent their philosophy was." A melancholy position to have been attained by the pupil of masters who were models of "absolute virtue!" But in the reaction from an unnatural ideal of duty such mistaken admirations are only too possible. Having presented Christianity to their scholar in such guise as to make it appear a practical impossibility—a system of morals, unworkable except on the rarest conditions, and wholly inadequate to meet the wants of the fallen world—it did but remain for Renan's zealous instructors to make it an intellectual impossibility for him also. They seem to have accomplished this task with very marked success: their teaching left its mark upon the whole of his life.

In these "Recollections" the pretensions of Rome are revealed in such pride of loftiness that the reader can but wonder why any devout Catholic should shrink from the dogma of Papal Infallibility. What more natural, more consistent, than for the Infallible Church to have an Infallible Head? Let us hear Rome speaking to us with the voice of Renan as her interpreter:—

"To abandon a single dogma or reject a single tenet in the teaching of the Church is equivalent to the negation of the Church and of Revelation. In a church founded by Divine authority, it is as much an act of heresy to deny a single point as to deny the whole. If a single stone is pulled out of the building, the whole edifice must come to the ground. . . . The Catholic Church will never abandon a jot or a tittle of her scholastic and orthodox system. . . . . He is not a true

Catholic who departs in the smallest iota from the traditional theses. . . . . Catholicism takes on itself to demonstrate that Jesus Christ instituted *all* the seven sacraments, that He taught all that was taught by the Councils of Nice and of Trent. . . . . The discussions on the *substance* and *form* of the sacraments are open to the same observations. You are in danger of incurring ecclesiastical censures if you reject the retrospective application of the philosophy of Aristotle to the liturgical creations of Jesus."

For the Romish Church, having in the thirteenth century introduced Aristotelianism into theology, still treads duteously in the footsteps of Aquinas. At St. Sulpice they professed to place reason before everything. Every position was to be demonstrated logically; every one of the vast array of dogmas to be supported by proofs. Ernest Renan's masters, therefore, carefully trained him in logic, and "by their uncompromising arguments, made his mind trenchant as a blade of steel." The steel blade, however, was so skilfully fastened into a framework, that free handling of it was impossible—like a fixed saw that is only capable of two movements. And what was the result of this ambitious attempt to establish by reasoning claims advanced in real defiance of reason? What of the inflexible attitude of the Church, which cannot admit that it has ever for a single moment countenanced error?

The student was plunged into a dense cloud of irritating doubts. The subtle skill with which his masters parried every objection could not disperse these tormentors. A clever evasion might be permitted, he thought, in one case; but the truth of God could not need to be so defended in myriads of instances. "My doubts," he says, "did not arise from one reasoning, but from ten thousand." Thus bewildered and distressed, this Catholic and Breton sometimes caught himself wishing that he were a German or an English Protestant, so as to be a philosopher without ceasing to be a Christian. (This is almost the only instance, we may note, in which Renan takes into account the existence of a large body of Christian belief outside Romanism.) There were moments when he was impatient under the heavy defensive armour of Rome; it was such a terrible incumbrance! But he had grown into that armour; it seemed native to him as his flesh and bone. To force his

thought into new grooves was impossible. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth," said the world's Redeemer, "that Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." All the zeal, the learning, and the labour expended in training Ernest Renan, had but rendered him one of the wise and prudent of this world, from whom the things of the Spirit which lie open to the babes in Christ are fatally concealed. He is fettered in chains of formulæ, and is the hopeless bond-slave of a syllogism. It is in terms like these that his grand insuperable difficulty might be stated:—A Divine Revelation must be perfect. The Bible is not perfect. Therefore the Bible is not a Divine Revelation.

Let the first position be granted; yet it remains to define the perfection required; and the definition Renan would impose on us is hard and narrow. If Holy Scripture does not satisfy his ideal, neither does the universe of God. The perfection which Protestant believers desire and recognize in the Christian Revelation, is not the artificial symmetry of a machine of man's making, to which variation would be fatal, but the majestic symmetry traceable in the material creation, where the grand uniformity of unerring Law produces infinite individual variety, yet never fails to accomplish the destined result. They find the same perfection in the Word as in the Work. And their confidence is rewarded by seeing the Revelation they accept for its sovereign truth of outline, and its omnipotent efficiency, daily approving itself true and faithful also in quite insignificant particulars. But the pupil of Aquinas and St. Sulpice is incapable of accepting this position. The strait Catholic theory still holds him like a vice.

"I recognized," says he, "the fact that the Catholics alone are consistent. A single error proves that a church is not infallible. Outside rigid orthodoxy there was nothing, so far as I could see, except free thought after the manner of the French school of the eighteenth century." As a matter of fact, Renan knew that there existed outside the pale of Catholic orthodoxy, a vast mass of fervent believers in Christianity, by the majority of whom the French freethinkers of the eighteenth century were held in abhorrence; but since, according to his logic, this ought not to be so, he counts as nothing the unreasonable fact:

"The masters of St. Sulpice were quite right in refusing to make any concessions, inasmuch as a single confession of error ruins the whole edifice of absolute truth, and reduces it to the level of human authorities."

Renan accepts, then, the Romish definition of a True Church as a body absolutely incapable of error from the first. It is singular that he apparently sees no importance in the discrepancy between this rigid conception and the remarkable teaching of our Lord in many of His parables as to the "Kingdom of Heaven." Considering the reverent admiration he professes for the "eminent personality of Jesus" and for His words, this is a little surprising.

However satisfactory the logical consistency of Rome appeared to her pupil, it was his fate to find it employed in defending positions that he considered untenable. Yet it was none of the mysteries of her faith that repelled him. Belief in the Trinity, in the Incarnation, even in Transubstantiation itself, he intimates, would have been easy enough to him. His difficulties were "entirely of a philological and critical order; not in the least of a metaphysical, political, or moral kind." "The atrocities of Philip the Second or the fagots of Pius the Fifth would not be obstacles to his faith in Catholicism," which might, it would seem, leave men worse monsters than it found them, and yet still satisfy a mind like Renan's. The point is not whether a religion can divinely prove itself true by victories over the world and sin, impossible to unaided humanity. No; the whole matter is a question of flawless documents. The sacred records must never have been disfigured by the mistake even of a copyist; a book must not have been ascribed to one inspired saint when, perhaps, another wrote it; two witnesses cannot be permitted to give accounts of the same event, each from his own standpoint; but a nice mechanical exactness must prevail throughout; or where is your theory of an unerring Church that never committed itself to an incorrect statement since its existence began?

M. Renan finds that theory logically perfect, and enlarges on it repeatedly. It is in stating the difficulties which it involved for him that he shows most distinctly that curious confidence in the accurate working of his own mental machinery which

we have already remarked upon. One would say that having been trained to place his trust in an infallible authority, and finding that he could no longer regard the Church of Rome as such an authority, he had simply transferred the reverence and worship she had been accustomed to exact to another object, and that object himself. "There are, in reality, but few people," he says, "who have a right not to believe in Christianity." This right, however, Ernest Renan has exercised, ranking himself fearlessly among the elect few who can do so and be held blameless. Did he not spend five or six years in severe studies, making himself acquainted with Hebrew, with Oriental languages generally, with Gesenius and Ewald? Has he not visited the Holy Land, and familiarized himself with its scenery, so as to understand quite absolutely the character of "Jesus of Nazareth?"

It is thus competent to him to pronounce, *ex cathedrâ*, that "you cannot prove that Christianity is more Divine than other beliefs; you cannot prove either that a miracle has ever happened," and to describe as "a block that no one will ever remove," the dictum of Littré: "whatever researches have been made, never has a miracle been heard of where it could be observed and verified." It would not be right to describe the man who speaks thus as a doubter—he is a believer, a devout believer; there is a kind of mild fanaticism in his belief; only it happens that the centre of this belief is himself. The Sorbonne never pronounced judgment on a heretic with more unfaltering certainty of conviction than Renan displays in passing sentence on the authenticity of the various books of Scripture. Disputed or doubtful points scarcely seem to exist for him. Take, for instance, such dicta as these:—

"The careful study of the Bible which I had undertaken *proved* to me that it was not more exempt than any other ancient book from contradictions, inadvertencies, and errors. . . . . It is no longer possible for any one to assert that the second part of the Book of Isaiah was written by Isaiah. The Book of Daniel which, according to all orthodox tenets, relates to the period of the captivity, is an apocryphal book composed in the year 169 or 170 B.C. The attribution of the Pentateuch to Moses does not bear investigation. No one whose mind is free from theological pre-occupation can do other than admit the *irreconcilable* differences between the

Synoptists and the author of the Fourth Gospel, and between the Synoptists and each other. The question as to whether there are contradictions between the Fourth Gospel and the Synoptists is one which there can be no difficulty in grasping. I can see these contradictions with such absolute clearness that I would stake my life, and consequently my eternal salvation, upon their reality without a moment's hesitation."

Human speech could hardly be fashioned into assertion more positive. What warrant has Ernest Renan for advancing his personal opinions in a manner so unfaltering, so daringly decided? His own highly cultivated "critical faculty," and his intimate acquaintance with the science of philology, nothing more; but his faith in the results attained by these means is such as might have sustained Torquemada himself. Yet the object of this faith being so very different, and no momentous results being supposed to be involved, we can imagine that the rash mortal who should not share Ernest Renan's quiet persuasion of his own infallibility would be regarded by him merely with a gentle superior pity, and would incur no further penalty. He is still a true child of Catholicism, and that great system must take all the credit for the peculiar character impressed on him both mentally and morally. We agree with him that he is "a priest in disposition." Abandoning the priest's creed, Renan cannot lay aside the priest's dogmatism. And the Church that fostered him has still a hold on his heart, on his imagination, though his intellect refuses it. As with a soft regretful sigh he quotes the description of his own position given by his friend, "M. Quellien," a young Breton poet, who possesses "the faculty of creating myths." It is a very Breton myth which he has devoted to Renan.

"He says that my soul will dwell, in the shape of a white sea-bird, around the ruined church of St. Michel, an old building struck by lightning which stands above Tréguier. This bird will fly all night with plaintive cries around the barricaded door and windows, seeking to enter the sanctuary, but not knowng that there is a secret door. And so through all eternity my unhappy spirit will moan ceaselessly upon this hill. 'It is the spirit of a priest who wants to say Mass,' one peasant will observe. 'He will never find a boy to serve it for him,' will rejoin another.

"And that is what I really am—an incomplete priest. Quellien has very clearly discerned what will always be lacking in my Mass—the chorister boy. My life is like a Mass which has some fatality hanging

over it; a never-ending *Introibo ad altare Dei* with no one to respond: *Ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.* There is no one to serve my Mass for me. In default of any one else I respond for myself, but it is not the same thing."

There is truth in this fable. The vagrant spirit whose fate the poet designed to symbolize can never cease fluttering around the ruined shrine where once it worshipped. Nor shall we much wrong the graceful myth if we attach a deep meaning to it, and say that Catholicism continues to fascinate Ernest Renan because, in despite of all corruptions, it is still a form of Christianity, retaining some traditions of the religion of self-sacrificing love. Renan cannot desist from his hoverings around the unexplained heavenly mystery; nor can he become quite disenchanted of the altogether lovely character of the Redeemer. It is easy to see that in his own esteem he is a truer follower of the Lord Jesus than are many professed Christians. "If I had believed in apparitions," says he in reference to the great crisis of his life, "I should have certainly seen Jesus saying to me, 'Abandon Me to be My disciple.'"

How one who has abandoned Jesus, as Renan has done, and, instead of the divine, unique, all-perfect Saviour, has given us only his own merely human, idyllic, inconsistent, untrue, but very French Jesus, could ever become in any real sense the disciple of that Jesus, or think it worth while, for the sake of his own soul or the soul of other men, that Jesus should have, from age to age, a succession of disciples, it is not easy to see. But the instincts of man's heart are commonly truer and deeper than the teaching of his halting logic.

## ART. V.—BISHOP MARTENSEN.

*Aus meinem Leben Mittheilungen.* Von Dr. H. MARTENSEN, Bischof von Seeland. Erste Abtheilung. 1808–1837. (*Notes from my Life-History.* By Dr. H. MARTENSEN, Bishop of Seeland. First Section. 1808-1837.)

BISHOP MARTENSEN is one of the most original writers in a nation singularly rich in original characters, and his fame outside his own country all but equals his fame within it. Many English ministers have gathered rich spoil from his works on Christian Dogmatics and Ethics. Generally speaking, the stimulating power of a work depends on the degree to which it makes the reader conscious of a powerful character behind it. Impersonal writings—*i.e.*, writings whose force is exhausted in the subject discussed, have the least stimulus, merely supplying material to the reader's use. No one can study Martensen's works without feeling that a rich, deep, strong nature lies behind the printed page. The personality is more than the word. The first portion of an autobiography just published, covering the writer's early and student years, enables us to trace the growth of this singularly fertile and powerful mind, laying bare the influences which have ministered to its growth. The constant effort to reconcile reason and faith, the speculative, mystic vein—at once a difficulty and an attraction, the union of a fine style with solidity of matter, the comprehensiveness of view and vigour of grasp, which characterize the Bishop's works in different degrees, are here unconsciously explained. The instalment is published first, because at the writer's advanced age the completion of the work is uncertain.

Martensen was born at Flensburg, August 19, 1808. His father was a sea-captain. The failure of the father's health, through a captivity in the hands of the English during wartime, made life at sea impossible, and led to the removal of the family to Copenhagen in 1817. The father died in 1822. Henceforth the youth was cast on his mother's care and encouragement during the long years of study at school and University, and she proved herself well fitted for the task. Her

one resource against the trials of most straitened circumstances and ever-recurring difficulties was invincible cheerfulness. Her favourite comment on each difficulty as it arose was, "It is merely part of the world's way." The writer in his old age says, "From my mother I learnt to pray to our Father in heaven." "I loved my mother, and she lived entirely for me." Although her education had been very defective, the studious youth talked with her of everything that interested him, explaining what she did not understand. The Bishop also laments that he had no brother or sister in his early home to correct his inborn tendency to seclusion. He seems, however, to have found substitutes in unusually congenial friendships.

From the beginning of his school-days he gave indications of fondness for the world of modern literature. Showing little taste at first for classics and mathematics, he revelled in modern writers. His favourite among the poets of his own country was Oehlenschläger (1779–1850), a choice to which he still remains true. He writes now: "I know most of the chief poets of the world, know also the objections that may be raised, rightly or wrongly, against Oehlenschläger. But nothing has ever been able to stifle my youthful love for him, however that love might be suppressed for a time. In richness and fulness of fancy, the gushing fountain of which was within his own heart, in beauty and freshness of figurative language, which he retains in his last works, he has never, in my opinion, been surpassed by any one. To this must be added a rich mind and large heart." As to the Danish language, he quotes with approval an opinion to the effect that "among all languages it is the most simple and ingenuous, full of the sweetest, naïvest melody, and also adapted to give expression to the highest thoughts as well as the deepest feelings and brightest wit." Along with his friend Bornemann, destined to as great eminence in law as Martensen in the Church, he read Shakespeare in a translation as well as the Germans—Schiller, Goethe, Werner, Tieck, Novalis. Perhaps in musical days like ours it may not be amiss to remark that a favourite recreation with him was the violin, and that he expresses regret at having given up the practice of it.

In 1827 he entered the University and began the study of theology. Among his most influential teachers were Madvig, Oersted, and Sibbern. The theological professors were men of little personal mark; one, indeed, was a Rationalist. It is interesting to read of the great Latinist, Madvig, that he had a deep conviction of the indispensableness of religion. H. C. Oersted (d. 1851), professor of physics, was a charming character. Reserving his first love for his own branch of science, of which he regarded himself as a missionary, he strongly insisted on the unity of all science. The students were often asked to join his own family in pleasant scientific evenings. "His scientific work was to him a divine service." Natural truthfulness lay at the base of his character. He also felt interest in theology. But it was from Sibbern (1785–1872), professor of philosophy, that Martensen received most impulse. Here teacher and scholar were in sympathy, for it is in philosophy that Martensen's strength most lies. In his lectures, Sibbern contended for the possibility and value of a philosophic presentation of Christianity. Not that such a system is necessary for many. But it is necessary for a few, and these few are the centres of greatest influence on others. To such Christianity is true, not because it is traditionally proved, not even because it satisfies heart and conscience, but because it is true to thought. If Christianity is the chief power on earth, it must be this, not in practical life only, but also in the world of thought; it must answer the deepest questions of the thinking spirit, so far as such an answer is possible to man with his limitations; everything in life must find a place in it. Such a theory is implied in Paul and John, and without it Scripture is a riddle. We must study, Sibbern said, not merely the statements of Paul, but *the great subject itself*, as it stood before Paul's eyes and is imaged in his words. Martensen may well say that the chief value of such a course was less in the definite knowledge conveyed than in the seeds planted in the hearts of eager, sympathetic hearers. "I have to thank him not only for many effects of his teaching, of which I was conscious then, but also for many unconscious effects which only matured afterwards." The intercourse was not confined to the lecture-room. In

walks, in the house, the subject was renewed. The Trinity, the natures of Christ, Christ's human soul, grace and freedom, the Last Things, were themes of many questions and much discussion. Psychology contributed its share of difficulties.

But the most penetrating influence under which Martensen came at this time was that of the two greatest characters the Danish Church has produced in this century. Grundtvig (1783–1872) and Mynster (d. 1854) were then in their prime. These two men gave Rationalism its deathblow in Denmark. Grundtvig is popularly called "the Prophet of the North," and well deserves the title. His whole bearing reminds one of the old Hebrew prophet. Or, perhaps better still, he seems like one of the bards of his own North in Christian dress. Speech and action were alike weird. His poetical genius, his passion for the ancient lore of his race, his eye for the living and concrete, and aversion to ideas and theories on all subjects, even his invectives against formal theology and philosophy and everything lying remote from practical interests, explain his immense popularity. Such men are scarcely to be judged by common rules. Their onesidedness is the secret of their power and even of the good they do. The violence, harshness, want of sequence, narrowness, which would ruin ordinary men, were scarcely noticed in Grundtvig. The giant force which dwelt in him, and which was expended lavishly in the cause of religion and the people, bore everything before it. One idea (for he could not dispense with ideas) upon which he insisted, was the importance of history. To him the history of the world and human life was a conflict between faith and unfaith, Christian and unchristian, truth and lies, light and darkness, the triumph of the truth and light being the shining goal in the far-off future. This conflict he sees foreshadowed in the myths of the North, which depict the struggles always going on between the noble and heroic in man and the bad and selfish. His preaching seems to have been deficient in the elements of ordinary edification. His mind was dominated by the message to Church and State in general, which he considered himself charged to deliver. Rationalism, formalism, "the existing" generally, was his object of attack. He embodied "the opposition." Institutions and organizations of all kinds were

his horror. The moral and spiritual alone had any value for him. Martensen expresses special gratitude to Grundtvig for his conception of the profound significance of "spirit" and "word" as the only realities, everything else being more or less unreal, mere appearance and shadow. This idea "lives in me to this hour, and I hope to take it with me when I leave this world."

Mynster, Martensen's predecessor in the See of Seeland, with perhaps equal genius, was at the opposite pole to Grundtvig. His mission was to the cultured classes, whom the other did not touch. Everything in him was calm, rational, dignified. "The two individualities were very differently constituted. Mynster's sober, harmonious character could not agree with Grundtvig's rugged, fiery nature. His lofty, fine, one may say spiritually aristocratic, culture could not do with the roughness and bluntness of Grundtvig." The two men insensibly drifted into antagonism, which of course was accentuated in their respective followers. Mynster was a mighty preacher. Martensen describes one sermon he heard from him, a farewell discourse, in which he reviewed the testimony he had borne to the relation of faith and reason, faith and works, faith and love, which was overpowering in impression. It is strange to be told that Grundtvig appreciated what was noble in Mynster far better than Mynster appreciated the good in Grundtvig. Martensen was not carried away by either party. He says he was neither a Grundtvigite nor a Mynsterite. Which of the two leaders he admired most, is evident. But we are not surprised that he failed to find what he was seeking in any one man or school. He was seeking a unity of faith and knowledge, religion and philosophy, neither alone, but both at once. In this path every one must be his own explorer and discoverer. Nowhere will such a synthesis be found ready to hand. Indeed, it is doubtful whether such a scheme ever was or could be put into words. Is it not rather a vision, an intuition, satisfying indeed to the favoured seer, but incommunicable by word? Very early Martensen received the impression, that "there must be a theory of the world and life in which everything of importance in the realm of existence—nature and spirit, nature and history, poetry, art, philosophy—is harmoniously blended

into a temple of the spirit, in which Christianity forms the all-ruling and all-explaining centre." There is such a theory, but no book describes it, no thinker teaches it, no university knows its secret. It must dawn on the spirit as the result of long search and waiting. Martensen has evidently seen it and rejoiced, but his books contain few hints to guide other seekers.

It would have been strange if Martensen had not felt the attraction of Schleiermacher (1768–1834), the born Platonist, in early life a Moravian, and the founder of a new era in German religious thought. In his Sabellianism, and what sounds to English ears strangely like Pantheism, he went far enough away from essential truth. Still his merits must not be ignored. Much may be forgiven to his tender love to Christ. His dying words were words of trust in the atonement for salvation. If he got rid of Moravian beliefs, he never seems to have lost Moravian goodness. His famous derivation of religion from man's feeling of absolute dependence, looks like a remnant of Moravian emotionalism. Above all, he led German Christianity out of the ice and frost of mere Rationalism into the warmth of spiritual faith in Christ. Every theologian in Germany since has felt his influence. Martensen had studied Schleiermacher's dogmatic system, puzzled over its obscurities, admired its views of sin and redemption, and still more its artistic method, when it was reported that the great Berlin teacher himself was coming to Copenhagen. He came, and we have several interesting accounts of the interviews and conversations of the eight days' visit. He was very small and spare, with white hair over a lofty, beautiful brow; deep eyes, always turned up while speaking, from the necessity of looking up to others—evidently a spirit-like figure, despite his slight hunchback. The visitor took interest in the youthful student of his works. The notes of one conversation may cast a little light on Schleiermacher's views. Martensen asked him whether he thought it possible to have a philosophic knowledge of God in himself, of the inner, eternal life-process in God. He answered, "I think it an illusion," adding words which showed in what sense he held it an illusion. "Man can only think in antitheses. If we think of God as a person, or with Spinoza as *natura naturans*, we think Him in this way. But, according to Spinoza, God, as the absolute

Being, is raised above all antitheses. To think of Him in antitheses is to think of Him anthropomorphically. But this is an 'illusion.' God is to him the purely mystical unity, raised in its wealth above all distinctions. He is the eternal postulate of our thought. We are forced to postulate Him, but He cannot be the object of our thinking. The believer has God in feeling, and therefore does not need concepts of Him." In this, and in much else, Martensen declined to follow his guidance. Schleiermacher preached in Copenhagen from "He that exalteth himself shall be abased." Some who had expected to be dazzled confessed to disappointment. Others, among whom was Mynster, admired the utter absence of parade, "the lofty simplicity, which scorned all ornament and could dispense with it, the wealth of thought offering itself spontaneously, and the profound, quiet influence that was the characteristic of his style of preaching." A few months afterwards came the news of the great teacher's death.

The study of Hegel formed a counterpoise to that of Schleiermacher. The former laid as great stress on the intellect in religion as the latter did on feeling, the extreme onesidedness of both being their sufficient refutation. Martensen could have little sympathy with the distinctive teaching of Hegel; but he felt bound to know a theory which was then in the air. And no doubt he felt, as others have done, Hegel's intellectual force, and was attracted by the boasted symmetry and completeness of his system. Hegel's followers split into two camps—the right and left—the former holding the Christian character of his teaching, the latter maintaining that its logical issue is absolute scepticism. Some remarks of Martensen contain all that we need to say on the subject:—

"Looking back on the controversy to-day, we must certainly confess that Hegel never directly denied faith in immortality. But, on the other hand, he took no trouble to find a place for it in his system. The future lay quite outside his view, which was taken up exclusively with this world and the present. Here, in this world, he found the reconciliation of the ideal and the actual. For him as for Schleiermacher eternal life was not future, but present, life in the idea and in the higher spheres of the spirit. . . . . Wherever the faith in immortality exists, it will assert itself emphatically, the system will begin with the acknowledgment of the *personality* of God and man in their mutual relation. In Hegel the

system begins with the logical, the abstract universal, and God as spirit issues as the *result* from the development of Nature and history."

If Hegelianism is not Pantheistic, what is it?

Social life played no little part in the training of the young student. Several cultured homes, like that of the Oersteds already mentioned, were open to him. In particular, in the Bornemann home he was almost like one of the family. In summer, country picnics varied the monotony of study. With young Bornemann he seems to have been in thorough sympathy, the two friends reading and debating together on all subjects. He also gave instruction to theological students, by way of eking out an income, among others to Birkedal and Kierkegaard, who both made themselves a name as original characters in the religious life of Denmark. On the conclusion of the University course, in 1834, both Martensen and Bornemann gained a travelling studentship, and prepared to enlarge their views by foreign travel together.

We find him presently in Berlin, attending the lectures of Marheineke and Steffens in Theology, Natural Philosophy, and Anthropology. He also found access to the cultured social life of Berlin, in which the Jews played a leading part. The present tension between Jews and Christians was then unknown. The Friedländer family is mentioned as distinguished among this intellectual aristocracy.

In Berlin he passed through severe mental conflict, deep depression accompanied with temptations to scepticism. Physical illness had something to do with this, and a quack into whose hands he fell made matters worse. He adds very wisely: "There is much in our moods which cannot be explained from our conscious life, but only from the unconscious in us, from what has been called the night-side of our existence, whence moods inexplicable to us often arise." His temptation was to the unbelief latent in Pantheism. Deism had no danger for him. Its cold, distant Deity could do nothing for him. The universal, immanent presence, which Pantheism exaggerates, was a prime necessity for his heart. Often he repeated the words, "In God we live, move and have our being." But the god of Pantheism can as little meet the needs of man. Martensen felt, "If the Pantheistic deity is the true one, I have to

do with an impersonal deity, one who cares not for me, to whom I am indifferent. What does my love concern him? How can God, too, be everything, and yet an individual? All I can do is to frame my life as well as possible on the Epicurean or Stoic model." These were the issues that confronted him. We have said that physical conditions were partly accountable for the state into which he fell. But a still more important cause was the exclusively intellectual life he had lived. The heart had been denied its rights, and rebelled. Not until the importance of the emotions and will was recognized did the trial pass away. He had treated everything, religion included, from first to last, as a question to be settled by logic. His own explanation is so just, and points out so clearly the evils of a one-sided intellectual life, that we give it in his own words:—

"I believe I ought to consider this state as the effect of a one-sided intellectualism, a one-sided speculative activity, by which I was too exclusively occupied. My hypochondriacal mood might be explained morally. In strenuous labour of a merely intellectual character my *faith-life* was suppressed, and brought to a standstill. It is faith, by which all our knowledge of God and his revelations is sustained, faith from which knowledge in the deepest reality draws its vital force. Where faith languishes, all higher knowledge also totters and loses its strength. In the history of human researches the experience is often repeated, that we boast of intellectual riches, whilst really, as is said of the Church at Laodicea, we are naked and blind. We fancy that all depends on thinking God, knowing God, and forget that the first thing is to *experience* God, and knowledge is only one of the elements of experience; that our problem is not —as great thinkers like Hegel have supposed—one of mere knowledge, but of life, whose solution therefore must be sought in life, in actual existence, as Christianity teaches us to do. And as concerns knowledge, we fancy that in seeking truth we may come to know God and his revelation just as we come to know an impersonal object—Nature, for example—where man is conscious of his superiority. We forget, or do not consider, that the living God is not to be experimented on like Nature. If we are to discern the personal, we must put ourselves in a personal relation to it. Religion is pre-eminently a personal thing. And without the personal element our knowledge remains a mere plaything of our own ideas and constructions. No one obtains the impression of the reality of the personal God but one who places himself in the relation of personal dependence and devotion to Him. I believe I am not mistaken in supposing that something of the common illusion just described had found place in me, and then displayed its ruinous effects."

The hurtful effects of pursuing mere intellectual culture, to

the neglect of the moral and spiritual, could scarcely be better set forth than in these words. During this time of bodily and mental suffering Martensen found the value of having a friend like Bornemann at his side.

In the course of this bitter experience he was taught effectually a truth which some of his most valued teachers before and after insisted on—namely, that the problem of religion and theology is not a merely intellectual one, but depends also on moral and spiritual conditions; that insight is born of sympathy. Plain as such a truth seems, it is often ignored. Yet it is only what is acknowledged in other spheres. The eye, Goethe says, would see no sun if it were not itself sunlike. Poetry is closed to the unpoetical. Steffens had always insisted that all religious science must begin with the personal relation of man to the personal God, and in this relation to God there is involved an *experimental certainty* which is no less certain than the logical categories themselves, and can never be replaced by reflection. Baader again afterwards said that only one who has a personal standing in religion can philosophize about it; the talk of others is like the talk of the blind about colours. If one would know Christianity scientifically he must first know it experimentally. But he alone knows it in the latter sense who stands in personal relation to its subject, and has the experimental certainty of its truth. All other talk about Christianity is idle prating. This position is a fundamental one in Martensen's theological teaching. His watchword is, *Credo, ut intelligam.* In his "Dogmatics," he says:—

"Dogmatics is not only a science *of* faith, but also a knowledge grounded *in* and drawn *from* faith. . . . . This desire to attain an intelligent faith, of which dogmatics is the product, is inseparable from a personal experience of Christian truth. . . . . A large proportion of the men of the present time hold religious views only in an æsthetic way, or merely make them the subject of refined reflection; hold them only at secondhand, because they know nothing of the personal feelings and the determinations of conscience which correspond to them; because, in other words, their religious knowledge does not spring from their standing in right religious relations" (pp. 1, 2, 10).

We see how this conviction was slowly matured. Still it is merely the truth hinted at in the old adage, *Pectus facit theologum.* Our own John Smith, of Cambridge, said long ago:

"And as the eye cannot behold the sun unless it be sunlike, and hath the form and resemblance of the sun drawn in it; so neither can the soul of man behold God, unless it be godlike, hath God formed in it, and be made partaker of the divine nature" (*Select Discourses*, p. 2). And again, "God is not better defined to us by our understanding than by our wills and affections; He is not only the eternal reason, that Almighty mind and wisdom which our understandings converse with, but He is also that unstained beauty and supreme good to which our wills are perpetually aspiring" (p. 141).

The next destination of the travellers was Heidelberg, by way of Wittenberg, Dresden, Prag, Carlsbad, and Toeplitz. The spring weather and beautiful landscapes did much to cure the despondency in so far as it depended on physical causes. In the famous picture-gallery of Dresden, Martensen and his friend wisely limited themselves to the Raphael Saloon, visiting it daily. "Here I stood before the Sixtine Madonna as before a vision. I have seen it often since, and always received the same impression." At Dresden he also visited the novelist Tieck, who read, or rather declaimed, some pieces in honour of his visitors.

The chief attraction to Martensen in Heidelberg was Daub, "the father of speculative theology." But as Daub is as obscure as the sphinx even to German students, it would be useless for us to attempt to characterize him. Marheineke declared: "I was forced to read every sentence thrice. The first time I understood nothing; the second time I understood a little; and the third I quite saw I did not understand it." Martensen, after labouring through one of his works, says, "I must leave it doubtful whether I understand his profound but obscure work." His general impression, however, is that Daub does not get out of the meshes of Pantheism, which is most probably true of a disciple of Hegel, such as Daub was. Still, Daub was a powerful character. In figure, voice, style of thought and speech, he gave the impression of gigantic force. He was a complete contrast to Schleiermacher in every point. Respecting the latter, he said to Martensen: "In a dogmatic work I ask, first of all, what I can learn from it respecting the Triune God; and when I saw that Schleiermacher remitted

this article to an appendix, and really says nothing about it, I exclaimed, 'If thou hast nothing to tell me of the Triune God, I do not need thee,' and threw the book away." Some sentences of Martensen in opposition to Daub's views are worth quoting:—

"In me the conviction had gradually formed itself, that in the knowledge of God designed for us human creatures, man has to regard himself, not as a purely rational being, but as a being to whom *conscience* is inherent —and again not as an absolutely independent being, self-sufficient and able to draw everything from himself, but as a being full of *yearnings* and *needs*, which can only find their satisfaction in God, a being needing a higher light even for his intelligence. 'In thy light shall we see light.' The knowledge of God appropriate to us men must be taken up into a relation of absolute dependence and devotion. If we refuse this and start from pure, impersonal thinking, like Hegel, we infallibly sink into the Pantheistic ocean, where the thought of God and the thought of man are confounded together."

During Martensen's stay in Heidelberg, Strauss's too notorious *Life of Jesus* appeared. Strauss professed to come to Scripture free from all bias and presupposition. Really he came with an inveterate bias and fixed presupposition—namely, the impossibility of the miraculous and the truth of Pantheism. By these principles, assumed as axioms, he tried and rejected everything supernatural. Christ was a man who made such a deep impression by His life and teaching that He was afterwards deified by the Church—*i.e.*, instead of Christ making the Church, the Church made Christ what He is. Either then the Church possessed men of unparalleled genius or was the victim of unparalleled credulity. Whether either of these hypotheses is more credible than the Christian explanation, it is easy to see. Afterwards Martensen had an interview with Strauss in Tübingen, and received a favourable impression of his gentleness, refinement, and even modesty. But his thoroughly materialistic proclivities came out very conspicuously. He called himself a Hegelian of the "left" school. Hegel's great merit in his eyes was that he did away with the future world as a dream, leaving neither "chair nor table," but transferred everything to the present life. "What does not exist here exists nowhere." Speaking of faith in immortality, he said, "I had scarcely finished reading Hegel's *Phenomenology* when

this faith fell away from me like a *withered leaf.*" Strauss's merit undoubtedly was his logical thoroughness. "All or nothing," was his motto. He reserved his most biting scorn for the Rationalists who proposed to retain the superstructure of faith while overturning the foundations. In forcing to a decisive "Either—Or," he has served the cause of faith as well as of unbelief.

In the Heidelberg library Martensen found a volume of Tauler's sermons and some sermons of Eckart, whom he had only known before from extracts. No wonder that one of a speculative turn was interested in the two mystics, who influenced Luther and the Reformation so powerfully. Martensen resolved to explore the mysticism of the Middle Ages and planned a comprehensive work upon it. The plan, however, shrank to more modest proportions and resulted in two treatises on Eckart and Jacob Behmen. The reasons of his sympathy he states thus:—

"Mysticism, with its doctrine of entire humility and spiritual poverty as profound as it is simple, of continuous dying to the world and self through inner transformation and renewing, of the union of the soul with God, of the imitation of Christ's life of poverty, of growing conformity to Christ's image and the sinking of the soul in God—which certainly is often stated as if the soul were immersed in God as in a deep, boundless ocean, from which however it will emerge again, since the eternal individuality will not and cannot die—all this exercised a powerful attraction on me; and whilst the sermons we heard in church failed to satisfy us, I sought and found my edification there. In Eckart I was astonished at the deep speculative insight in connection with the edifying matter; I found religion and speculation in alliance. The time when those sermons were preached was a time of dissolution both in Church and State; and it was just such times when profounder spirits, amid wild confusion, sought a fixed, immovable point, an asylum for freedom of spirit, which they found in dying to the world, and rising again to life in God. Thus it seemed desirable to me, amid the prevailing confusion, with these spirits to seek freedom in God. I felt myself transported into a mediæval, cloister-like calm."

It was a similar mood which led him at the same time to study Dante's *Divine Comedy*, which will ever remain the best commentary on mediæval art, philosophy and religion. Explain it as we may, Dante has always been a favourite with a certain high order of mind. His imagery formed an excellent supplement to Eckart's abstract thought, while the

mystic, contemplative element was common to both. Martensen quotes with approval Schelling's opinion, that the Inferno is "plastic," the Purgatory "picturesque," the Paradise "musical."

In Münich Martensen came into contact with two notable leaders of thought, with both of whom he had much in common, Baader and Schelling. Baader was a Roman Catholic professor of very liberal views, in consequence of which he came into open conflict with the Papacy. But his significance to Martensen was as a theosophist and mystic. Martensen found his lectures very unimpressive. Baader was too impatient of logic and method to make a good lecturer. He also assumed too much knowledge in beginners. It was in conversation that his extraordinary wealth and acuteness of thought came out, and Martensen made good use of his opportunity. Starting now from a passage of Scripture, now from a saying of Behmen's, Baader would discuss one after another all the great questions of religion and philosophy. It was under his influence that Martensen finally adopted that doctrine of the relations of faith and knowledge and the necessity of experience in order to the study of theology, which has been already referred to and which is a fundamental principle in his writings. Martensen says of Baader:—

"The postulate and basis of all his discourse was God's revelation in Christ. He believed in the Gospel sincerely, fully, and firmly without reserve, well knowing that this Gospel is still an offence to the Jews, folly to the Greeks. . . . . He would sketch vast outlines of the teaching of revelation, leading one into great cosmical systems, in which this world of ours seemed penetrated by higher worlds and regions, both heavenly and infernal, on which view alone life in this world gains its true significance. As he spoke the present world grew transparent, and one looked through it into the other world. . . . . Whether he spoke of heavenly or infernal mysteries, of the great world-systems, the higher and lower regions, and their communications, or of what goes on in the human breast—repentance and the new birth, love and hate, inner anguish and deliverance through God's Spirit—he always spoke as one personally concerned, as one speaking from the certainty of experience."

Still Martensen did not become a "Baaderite." The good received was rather in the form of stimulus and suggestion than of definite teaching. Baader strongly recommended the study of Hegel, saying, "By his 'Dialectics' Hegel has kindled a

fire through which everything must pass that claims to be science." Martensen says of himself at this period, "I had broken with Hegel—namely, with his autonomous and Pantheistic principle, but did not cease eagerly to study him." He had finally emerged from the cloud of suspense that hung over him in Berlin, having gained firm standing-ground. "Faith," he says, "already carries knowledge in a latent state within it. In faith all the treasures of knowledge lie hidden, and out of faith knowledge is gradually developed." The following sentences mark the progress made :—

"Really the standpoint gained was nothing else than what the young student in Copenhagen had dreamt of. It may then be asked, What had I gained by my foreign travel? I gained this, that the old, original truth was more strongly and deeply grounded in me, because it had now passed through the fire and stood various tests. Every one may satisfy himself that there are truths, not merely certain practical truths, but also theoretical truths, which we learn without effort in youth, but which only acquire their full significance for us when they have been tested by experience, and have passed through the fire of doubt and assault."

Schelling, who was teaching in Münich at the same time, was a striking contrast to Baader both in the form and substance of his lectures. He was a perfect lecturer—of ample knowledge and ripe thought, finished in style, clear and logical in thought, with a rich imagination, himself anticipating and meeting objections. But his attitude to Christianity was altogether different from Baader's. He would hear nothing of the doctrine of the priority of faith to knowledge, that the first condition of philosophizing about Christianity is to be a Christian. He believed in and taught Christianity indeed, but in his own way. He would approach and establish it from without. Nothing else was worthy of independent science. He compares the difference between the ordinary and philosophic believer to the difference between seeing with and seeing without a telescope. Philosophy can discern truth which ordinary intelligence can only learn by the aid of revelation. Martensen strongly protests against this philosophic Pelagianism. At the same time he admits that there are other parts of Schelling's teaching which breathe much more of the Christian spirit. As the result of more thorough study of his works subsequently, Martensen expresses the conviction that "although

Schelling is temporarily pushed aside, a great future awaits him—namely, when the materialistic haze, which now exercises a mesmeric influence on men's spirits, has passed away, and men are again set free to look upward and occupy themselves with problems, which are alone worthy of man's spirit. Then will Schelling be a leader, like a Plato and Aristotle, with whom he stands on a level." It is somewhat surprising to be told that Baader and Schelling, although living in the same city, stood in unfriendly relations to each other. The opposite tendencies of their teaching, and more personal circumstances, are the causes mentioned.

We do not propose to follow the students in their further journey to Vienna and Paris. The interest of those visits turns rather upon foreign literature than upon religious philosophy. We will only mention a stay of two days which the travellers made in a Benedictine monastery about eight miles from Vienna. As usual in monasteries belonging to this Order, the monks bore the stamp of better culture than usual. One of the monks was an enthusiastic admirer of Schiller and Goethe. "He expressed discontent with celibacy, and his beginning at once to complain of the necessity of living an unmarried life made an unfavourable impression on me. Such complaint seemed to me unworthy. He was an elderly man. But it is an undeniable fact, that as a rule it is not the younger monks who find celibacy irksome, but the older men who feel the exclusion from family life." One effect of the journey was to strengthen the traveller's admiration for his own country, "both in regard to its peculiar nature, its customs and tendencies, and also its great personalities." While believing that in the region of imagination, in poetry and art, Denmark has no reason to fear comparison with any other country, his desire is that it may rise to equal distinction in science.

Martensen belongs to the class of writers who maintain the necessity of cultivating philosophy and religion together. The two fields are not merely conterminous, but interlace at a hundred points. Within certain limits the same topics are treated, the same difficulties emerge, the same solutions hold good. Natural science and theology may be treated independently. Not so moral science and theology. Every

one of the world's great philosophers has come at last to the fundamental questions of religious faith. Willingly or not, he has had to express or indicate a judgment upon the ultimate doctrines of religion. And some of the greatest minds of the Christian Church have treated theology in a philosophical spirit, maintaining the harmony between the two spheres of knowledge. We only need mention the names of Augustine and Aquinas in former times. The merit of Martensen is, that while so much of modern philosophy is neutral or negative, he constantly appeals to philosophy in illustration and evidence of Christian doctrine. His chief endeavour is to show how the roots of Christianity and human nature intertwine. He is less concerned with the outward and historical aspects of the faith than with its affinities with reason and conscience. In studying his treatises we are raised above the phenomenal and transitory into the world of the essential and eternal. He seems to give us glimpses into the state where we shall no longer see through a glass, but face to face. Our object in this paper has been to trace the growth of his mind. Among other things we have seen how, ignoring what is ephemeral in literature, he has chiefly busied himself with the master-minds and master-works of the age, a course which it would be well for others to imitate. Perhaps it is a defect that his writings betray little or no direct acquaintance with the developments of thought off the Continent. But of all continental philosophy he is a perfect master. Tacitly his writings meet all the difficulties raised against Christian faith from that side. For an explanation of the teaching of modern German thinkers, of the attitude they assumed to Christianity, and of the fallacies underlying many of their conclusions, his writings will not soon be superseded.

Just as we are closing this article news arrives of Bishop Martensen's death. He has passed to the perfect vision of truth which it was his life's study and heart's longing to attain. Our estimate of his services to the faith has been intimated so plainly already, that few words more are necessary. His two chief works are accessible to the English reader, and they are his best portrait and monument. No one will go to his *Christian Dogmatics* for a detailed discussion and proof

of the chief doctrines, much less for an account of their history. But whoever goes to it for pregnant hints, and for such a statement of Christian doctrine as commends itself to a philosophic mind, will not be disappointed. The standpoint is of course Lutheran. His *Christian Ethics* (in three volumes) is undoubtedly the finest treatise on the subject in our language. The style is full of grace and vigour. The matter, while displaying complete mastery of all that has been written on the subject, is throughout original and solid. Another choice and characteristic work is a little volume containing forty Ordination Addresses (*Hirten-spiegel*, "Mirror for Shepherds," in Danish and German only), full of ripe wisdom and counsel, as well as of keen insight into the tendencies of the age. The volume—quite a manual for pastors—has a portrait of the author. With unfeigned reverence we lay this simple English wreath on the grave of one who knew the temper of the age as few did, and who used that knowledge to render service to Christian thought and truth such as few have rendered.

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## Art. VI.—EAST ANGLIA.

1. *An Essay towards a Topographical History of Norfolk.* By Francis Blomefield, continued by Charles Parkin. Lynn. 1769.
2. *The Suffolk Traveller.* By John Kirby, of Wickham Market. London. 1764.
3. *History of Eastern England:* Civil, Military, Political, and Ecclesiastical. By E. D. Bayne. Great Yarmouth. 1872.
4. *History of Norfolk, from Original Records.* By R. H. Mason. Wertheimer & Co. 1882–3.
5. *One Generation of a Norfolk House.* By Augustus Jessopp, D.D. Burns. 1879.
6. *Pilgrimages to St. Mary of Walsingham and St. Thomas of Canterbury.* Newly translated, &c., by John Gough Nichols, F.S.A. Westminster: John Bowyer Nichols & Son. 1849.

7. *Fenn's "Paston Letters in Reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV., and Richard III."* Bohn. 1849.
8. *Nall's History of Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft.* London. 1867.

GEOLOGICALLY the youngest, East Anglia is, in regard to culture, the oldest part of England. This is seen, not only from its relatively large contribution to every mediæval tax, but also from the number of old parishes—nearly a hundred more than in all Yorkshire, more than six times as many as in Cheshire, ten times as many as in that Lancashire which now teems with new Church districts. This—the number of parishes—is clear proof of an abnormal number of English settlers. Every ham had of necessity its church; and though, by the time of Doomsday survey, a very large proportion of these hams had got into the hands of bishops and abbots, at the outset each of them must have belonged to some layman of distinction.* The number and small size of the hundreds, too, shows that quite early the district was densely peopled. The hundred of Humbleyard, for instance, contains only 22,000 acres, less than many an old moorland parish. Of course, when the hams became manors, they were mostly lost to their old possessors; but still the absorption into huge estates, like those of Roger Bigod, who in Doomsday is owner of 187 manors, was here more temporary than elsewhere. Norfolk was never without its squires, and they grew more and more important instead of, as in some counties, being squeezed out or, at any rate, thrown into the shade by the great nobles. Families like Sharnborne of Sherbourne, which in the female line lasted on till the end of the last century; Le Strange of Hunstanton; Jernegan of Somerleyton, of which place the gardens so delighted old Fuller; De Grey of Merton, ennobled under the title of Walsingham; Paston of Paston and Oxnead, immortalized in the letters which give such a complete picture of their times; Wodehouse of Kimberley; Erpingham, who led the charge at Agincourt; and Fastolff, who at Agincourt agreed to ransom his ducal prisoner if he would build at Caister,

* *E.g.*, to the Walsingas belonged the mythical Sigmund and Beowulf.

by Yarmouth, a castle exactly like his own in France; are succeeded by such families as Windham and Spelman; and these again by such as Walpole and Townshend, and Coke and Harvey of Ickworth. Many of these have been famous beyond the limits of their county; and their number no doubt gave Norfolk that character which it maintained, from Chaucer's day till the Restoration, of breeding the best lawyers in England. Chaucer's Reeve is one of those Norfolk *barrators* (litigious men) from whom Monk Jocelyn of St. Edmundsbury prays that the Abbey may be delivered. Fuller says the Norfolk men are noted for their knowledge of, and fondness for, law; and an old Caroline play, *The City Match*, speaks of "longing more eagerly for the Term than Norfolk lawyers." This relatively large number of gentry, too, has given a tone to the manners not of Norfolk only, but in a less degree of its sister county. The squires in both counties have been masterful, violent, often plunging into excesses; and their behaviour has been too faithfully copied by those below them.

We said that, geologically, the district is the youngest in England. There is nothing older than the chalk and greensand; and most of its strata, the water-tight gault of the fens, and the various crag and drift beds, are later than the glacial age, due to those causes which, catastrophic as well as constant,

> "Bring down Æonian hills and sow
> The dust of continents to be."

We find no traces in East Anglia of violent upheavals; but in quite modern times there have been great surface changes. Estuaries, like that which ran from Yarmouth to Norwich, have been almost filled up; miles of coast, like those near Eccles in Norfolk, and Dunwich in Suffolk, have disappeared. The fens were once a vast forest, decaying even in Roman times; the Romans cleared off great part of this, and thereby hastened on the formation of bog. But, for a time, the fen country was beautiful enough to excite the praise of Henry of Huntingdon, and also of William of Malmesbury, their standard of beauty being different from that of Charles II., who said that Norfolk was so level as only fit to cut up into roads for the rest of England. The great inundations of the twelfth century, which made

the Zuyder Zee out of the inconsiderable Lacus Flevo, and overwhelmed the land which is now the Goodwin Sands, broke through the Roman barriers, and largely increased the area of swamp. The Bedford Level, which succeeded where Bishop Moreton's attempt and those made in Elizabeth's reign had failed, has turned this morass into rich pasture, the upper valleys of the Norfolk affluents of the great Ouse profiting by the work which more directly affected their lower waters. But the most evident changes have been along the coast. Sometimes, as at Lowestoft Ness, the sea has receded, leaving an inland beach and a shingle promontory. Oftener the water has gained—the most remarkable instance being at Dunwich, which in Richard I.'s time paid a fine of 1,000 marks, Ipswich and Yarmouth each paying only 200, and therefore must then have been far the most important town of the three. Here, A.D. 630, the Burgundian Felix fixed his bishopric; but of the township as described in Edward the Confessor's time half had been swallowed up before Doomsday Survey. There was another inundation in 1286; and from that time to the middle of the last century the place has disappeared piecemeal, gate after gate going and church after church.

Inland, the changes have been chiefly wrought by man. Nowhere in our island does Nature owe so much to art. Vast tracts which of old produced nothing but rye and rabbits* now grow good crops, or are covered with fine trees. Not much more than a century ago scarcely any wheat was raised between Holkham and Lynn, and the same with much of the poorer Suffolk lands. A few energetic men so altered this state of things as to set Norfolk in the highest rank among agricultural counties. Marquis Townshend of Raynham brought in clover and turnips. One remembers Pope's line:

> "All Townshend's turnips and all Grosvenor's mines."

But of this more by-and-by; we must first glance at the part East Anglia has played in English history, for, when

* "Hollow meat"—*i.e.*, rabbits' flesh, was as much objected to by Norfolk servants as salmon by Edinburgh 'prentices.

Fuller says, "All England may be carved out of Norfolk,' he means not only that the many races that are here intermixed give us a fair sample of the stock from which our composite nation has sprung, but also that to know the history of East Anglia is to make acquaintance with that of the whole kingdom.

Our business, of course, is chiefly with the social and religious and commercial history, which in these counties present some peculiar features. From the first, then, the country has been thickly peopled. The Iceni were certainly one of the most important tribes of Britain. Near the coast, they had more culture than the more inland people; and some idea of their numbers may be formed from looking at the remains of the large British village which can be traced, near Cromer, between Felbrigg and Beeston. It is a mistake to think that, because the want of stone (except the car-stone which overlies the greensand) made dolmens and cromlechs an impossibility, therefore the district has kept no trace of its earliest inhabitants. Not to speak of the chipped flints in the Mildenhall and Brandon beds, which Mr. Skertchley claims as pre-glacial, there are "Grimes graves," near Brandon, proved by Canon Greenwell to have been British flint quarries; there are barrows, mostly of the circular form, especially abundant around Thetford; hundreds of pits, supposed to be hut-foundations, on Weybourne Heath and elsewhere. Valuable finds have not been infrequent; less than forty years ago a number of gold torques and 300 British gold coins were found at Weston. Of the Romans there are many traces. The huge camps—at Caister St. Edmund, by Norwich, 35 acres; at Tasburgh (ad Tuam), 24; at Castle Acre, 12; and many more, including that at Burgh (Garianonum) and the Yarmouth Caister, on opposite sides of the estuary—prove that (to quote Mr. Beloe's *Our Home in East Anglia*) "the Romans had full warning of the storm rising in the east, and took exceptional measures to meet it." As Mr. Green says: "In the river-courses that break through the levels of clay and gravel between the western downs and the sea, population and wealth had grown steadily through the ages of Roman rule; and the importance of the country was shown by the care with which the provincial administration had guarded its coast. *It formed,*

*in fact, the last unconquered remnant of the Saxon shore*" (*Making of England*, p. 51). Not only was there a line of great coast castles, garrisoned as usual by foreigners—the Dalmatians at Brancaster, the Stablesian horse at Burgh—but also an inner line checking the approach of an enemy from the fen.*

Colchester, every one knows, is of all our towns perhaps the richest in Roman remains; and Essex, in British times at least, was closely united with the rest of the eastern peninsula. Constantine, says tradition, was by blood an Eastern Counties' man, his mother Helena having been daughter of Coel, King of Colchester, and Constantius Chlorus having fallen in love with her while besieging that place. Why no tessellated pavements or baths, or other remains of villas, are found in East Anglia Proper, it is hard to say. The climate must have been, then as now, ungenial—the warm western slope of the Cotswolds was the favourite Roman building-site; and probably trade, not luxury, was the aim of the large population protected by the double line of forts.

There is no legend of the conquest by the North and South folk. Henry of Huntingdon says of their leaders, that *quia multi erant nomine carent.* Their constant strife among themselves "broke their war against the British;" and hence, though unlike the Saxons they came with wives and children, in such a thorough migration that for centuries their old Jutland home was left desolate (Bede, cited by Green), they by no means exterminated the earlier race. Everybody, except perhaps Mr. Freeman, now recognizes a large British mixture in the East Anglian folk (see Grant Allen's *Anglo-Saxon Britain*). The Freeman school asserts that while in England the natural order —first proper, then common name—is preserved (*e.g.*, Rochester Castle), the inversion of the two (*e.g.*, Castle Cary in Somerset) is a sure sign that we are among the Welsh kind. Tried by this test, the East Anglians are Welsh kind. We have Castle

* Of these, Threxton near Watton is a notable instance. It is small; but the unusual number of coins found in the neighbourhood (carefully collected during many years by the late W. Barton, Esq.), proves it to have been a place of importance. At Ashill, in the same neighbourhood, the railway-cutting brought to light a Roman potter's wareroom, close to where the same clay is still used for the same purposes.

Acre, Castle Hedingham, and several more. Henry of Huntingdon notes that Britons "were still in his day living in the fens under distinct laws." Prof. Rolleston used strongly to insist on an Euskarian element in East Anglia; and some trace "totemism" (a non-Celtic, and therefore perhaps Euskarian, worship) in the abstinence of the Britons from certain appetizing foods—the hare, the goose, &c.

Of East Anglia before the Danes there is little to say. Its kings were often at war with their Mercian kinsmen, thereby largely helping on the supremacy of Wessex. The monastic life, which meant opportunities for culture and companionship of kindred minds, took a stronger hold on the East Anglian nobles than even on those of other parts of England. St. Eadmund, fitter for a cloister than for a throne, as thrones then were, is the typical East Anglian king. The Danes came, Ingwar and Ubba revenging their father Ragnar Lodbrog's death. Mautby, Ormesby, Rollesby, and a whole group of places near Yarmouth witness the permanence of the invasion. Norwich became a Danish town, Thetford (which recovered from its capture in St. Eadmund's time, and from its second burning when Ulfketyl was Earl of Norfolk) was the English capital, and for a time the See of the bishop. We have no space to do more than point to this very interesting place as a typical English town—long the most important between London and Lincoln; once full of religious houses, besides its twenty churches, and having a mint, several market-places, and twenty-four streets.*

The strong Danish tincture in the higher classes no doubt contributed to that masterful character of which we have spoken. It also made the Norman conquest here less severe than elsewhere; the daughter of D'Albini, "Strong Hand," was not the only Norman heiress who traditionally married an East Anglian Englishman. It is notable that "the only traitor in William's motley host was Ralf of Waeder,† son of a Norfolk father and

* Brame, a Thetford monk, whose MS. history is in Corpus Library, Cambridge, gives a curious account of how the Thetford monks tried to make their abbey a centre of pilgrimage like Walsingham. Somebody had a vision of a box of very choice relics (the Virgin Mary's girdle, &c.). They were dug for and found accordingly.

† Despite William's wish, Ralf married Emma, daughter of William Fitz-Osborn. The marriage feast was

a Breton mother, who came to win back the lands which for some nameless treason Harold had deprived him of" (Freeman's *Norman Conquest*). To this Ralf was committed the task of driving off the Danes who in 1068 had landed at Ipswich. On the other hand, Hereward, one of the points of whose defence was Wisbeach, took sea at Wells when driven from his last stronghold. The Normans were great builders; and the specimens of their work remaining in East Anglia—the grand gateway tower at Bury, the finest thing of the kind in England; the nave of Norwich Cathedral; Norwich Castle; Castle Hedingham; Castle Rising castle and church; and that splendid specimen of late Norman, the west front of Castle Acre Priory—show how active they were. Norfolk alone, in the Norman period, contained 123 religious houses.*

These, in great part ante-Norman foundations, account for the high state of agriculture in early times. As Mr. Bayne says, "There was nothing at all good in European or English life in the Middle Ages if monasteries were not beneficial at first to some extent." Under the monks the farm-slave became a husbandman; land, useless before, was let on lease; the use of the plough and of other inventions was made widely known. "They were the first landlords, in the best meaning of the word;" and the sites of most of the monasteries were not chosen, as uncritical scorn used to assert, for comfort and enjoyment, but were fixed in wild places where patient effort made the desert smile.

By-and-by came the inevitable corruption of institutions based on the tradition of man. The monks gave up the plough and spade and forgot their old maxim, *Laborare est orare*. Long before Wat Tyler and his fellows began to show, in a very practical way, their impatience of the cost of Edward III.'s wars, the great monastery of Bury St. Edmund, the most

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"That bride ale which was many men's bale."

In Ralf's rebellion was involved Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, "the last of the English," though it was owing to his betrayal that the attempt was frustrated.

* Fuller notes the number of the Norwich churches. "I wish," he says, "they may make good use of their many churches, and cross that pestilent proverb 'the nearer the church the further from God.'" The East Anglian capital still has thirty-five, while at York there are only twenty-four.

notable in the kingdom, and, except Glastonbury, the richest, had lost its hold on the affections of the people. The state of things which Mr. Carlyle idealized in *Past and Present*, had ceased; instead of keeping up the good work of freeing serfs, the monks were hard serf-owners, and as money-lenders they were more extortionate than the Jews. It is significant that in the great attack on the abbey in 1327, thirty-two village priests (twenty of them were hanged in the retribution that followed) marched in at the head of their flocks. The intricacies of law, as interpreted by the monks, were one sore grievance. The mediæval mind was not so tolerant of technicalities in regard to land ownership as we modern English have become. In the great rising of 1380 the monastery fared still worse; the abbacy was vacant, but the prior, captured at his manor of Mildenhall, was killed and his head carried on a pike before the mob. The main object was to get hold of the charters which made the abbot "sole head and captain within the town," but these could not be found; and when, a century later, the dispute came to a trial of law, they were produced to the confusion of the townsmen and the securing of the monastic claims.

Here then we can trace no effort on the part of a vast religious institution to mitigate the suffering caused by the harsh Statute of Labourers, following on the unprecedented misery of the Black Death. The monks, who at the outset had been public benefactors, were now become self-seeking and rapacious.

The second attack on Bury Abbey was connected with the Wat Tyler risings—a general effort to make head both against the iniquitous Labour Acts and also against the formalized oppression of the law.* The Essex priest, "Jack Straw," had his counterpart in John Littister, a Norwich dyer. Froissart gives an account of his rising, and how, when his men had seized several knights and men of quality, and forced them to march with them, one Sir Robert Salle, son of a poor mason, but knighted for his ability and courage, and as being the strongest and handsomest man in England, alone refused to do their bidding,

* "Such lawyers as they catched they slew. The head of Sir J. Cavendish, Lord Chief Justice, they cut off and set upon the pillory at Bury" (Eachard, p. 162).

and "drawing a handsome Bordeaux sword, soon cleared the ground about him that it was pleasure to see. Before he was overthrown he killed twelve of these wretches." Littister for a time fared well as "Commons' king," Sir Stephen de Hales acting as his carver and taster, and other knights doing other services. But when he sent two knights to London to get an amnesty from the king, Henry le Spencer, the warlike bishop, stopped them on the road, and gathering all the gentry of the two counties, fell upon Littister on North Walsham Heath, "grinding his teeth like a wild boar," says the chronicler, Thomas of Walsingham, and utterly routed him. So wholly devoid of anything like human feeling is the narrative that one is not sorry to learn that this fighting prelate, having got leave in 1383 to make a foray into France, was wholly defeated and driven into Calais, after he had taken Gravelines and Dunkirk, and was besieging Ypres. So much for the political aspect of a typical monastery when these institutions were still to all appearance in their prime.

Let us now glance at that without which even the most hasty notice of East Anglia would be imperfect—the monasteries as religious centres. Here not St. Edmundsbury but Walsingham is our typical religious house; and from Erasmus, who visited the place, we have unimpeachable evidence of what sort of teaching was supplied at these "centres of light."* The visitor to Walsingham, unless he goes there in a very dry season, will think the lawn which was once the floor of the Abbey church the swampiest spot even in East Anglia. The foot leaves its mark in the sodden turf, and the whole ground seems considerably below the level of the little river. Doubtless this river, like so many more in the county, has got so silted up as to be unable to carry off the rains. The ruins are few—the grand chancel arch, 75 feet high, some parts of the refectory close to Mr. Lee Warner's house, and the two "wishing" wells (as they are commonly called) in which the pilgrims bathed.

* Piers Plowman shows to what base ends this pilgrimage was prostituted:—

"Heremytes on an heep with hoked staves
Wenten to Walsyngham, and hire wenches after;
Grete lobies and longe that lothe were to swynke,
Clothed hem in copes to ben knowen from othere,
And shopen hem heremytes hire ese to have."

The village is more thriving than some of its neighbours. Its coffee-tavern is not kept up by squire or parson, but is a joint-stock concern, and actually pays a dividend. Still the change must be great since the throng of pilgrims brought in such wealth that, as we are told by the spoiler himself (Statutes of the Realm, 38 Henry VIII., c. 13), "the said town which is now like to fall to utter ruin and to be barren, desolate, and unpeopled, was grown and commenced to be very populous and wealthy and beautifully builded." Of these pilgrims, numbering many of our kings and queens, among them Henry VIII. himself, Erasmus is the most famous. Erasmus came once, if not twice, to Walsingham. His offering was a Greek poem. Writing from Cambridge to Andreas Ammonius, in May, 1511, he says: "Visam virginem Walsagamicam; atque ibi Græcum carmen suspendam. Si quando te illic contuleris require."

Not all editions of the *Colloquies* (the dropping of which, by the way, out of our public-school system is a distinct loss of culture) contain the *Perigrinatio religionis ergo*. Some early editions have instead a short violent attack on pilgrimages, *de visendo loca sacra*, including a bitter laugh at indulgences. In the later *Colloquies*, Erasmus has become what his detractors call a trimmer. He censures both those who run mad upon pilgrimages—"as if God could be confined to narrow limits"—and those who thrust images out of churches. He had good company on his visit to Walsingham. Aldrich of Eton, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle, went with him. His pilgrimage, with such a companion, was pleasant. Indeed, we should not forget that not only had the monks the whole education of the country in their hands, but also that there was more "society" in one of the large abbeys than even at Court. Dulness, unspeakable boredom, was what knight and noble tried to escape from by crusades, by tournaments, even by rebellions; and this as much as anything else accounts both for the immense popularity of pilgrimages and also for the lengthened visits of the gentry to the abbeys in their neighbourhood.

Though, however, Erasmus enjoyed his visit, unbending after having his mind on the stretch among the eager scholars of our Universities, he saw that the day of such absurdities was over. Says Menedemus to Ogygius, in the *Colloquy:* "Where have

you been that you're covered with scallop-shells, stuck all over with lead and tin figures, adorned with straw necklaces, and a bracelet of serpents' eggs?" "I've been to that seaside Virgin so famous amongst the English." And then follows the account of what he saw, and how he enraged the monk who showed them over by pointing out that everything, posts and all, about the cottage which (like that at Loretto) was supposed to be the very house in which the Lord was born, was brand new; "whereupon, in order to show us something old, he brought down a bear's skin, from which indeed most of the fur was eaten away."

Roger Ascham says the shrine at Walsingham was richer than the three kings at Cologne. Even the Milky Way was claimed as belonging to it; it was "the Walsingham way," set in the sky to guide pilgrims, for whose behoof, too, there were along the road numerous chapels, some richly endowed, like that of Hillborough near Swaffham. From the south, the road was by "the Palmer's Green way" past Newmarket to Brandon and Fakenham. The Northerners crossed the Wash at Long Sutton and came through Lynn, where our Lady's chapel stood on a mound outside the town, a beacon across the levels. It is well to name a few of the more famous pilgrims. In Rymer, vi. 315, 32, we read Edward III. in 1361 gave John Duke of Brittany £9 towards the cost of his Walsingham visit, and let his hostage the Duke of Anjou have three months' leave "to go for health and disport to St. Thomas of Canterbury and our Lady of Walsingham." Two years later he gave safe conduct to David Bruce and twenty knights to make the same pilgrimage. Henry VII. kept Christmas at Norwich in 1486, and "went as a pilgrim to Walsingham, famous for miracles." Forty years earlier, when John Paston was sick in the Inner Temple, his mother "behested another wax image of his weight to our Lady of Walsingham and to go on pilgrimage there on his recovery." Henry VIII., we are told, rode; but that was unusual. Almost every pilgrim went on foot, as "my lord of Norfolk and my lady together" are more than once described as doing. The image, like some other celebrated images of the Virgin, notably that at Loretto and that at Chartres (which tradition says was carved by the Druids in anticipation of what was to be) was

black, possibly through a misunderstanding of Canticles i. 5. Whether it was burnt at Smithfield, as Latimer advised, or in the place itself, is not on record; but here, as elsewhere, the Abbey lands at once gave occasion for fraud. One Thomas Sidney, Governor of the Spital, was employed by the town to buy them for public use; he bought them for himself.

No doubt much injustice was done and great misery caused by the way in which the monasteries were suppressed. Dr. Jessopp, in his *One Generation of a Norfolk House*, has become the eloquent exponent of this; but surely he makes too much of the Catholic reaction. This reaction would naturally be strong in Norfolk county because of the strength of the country gentry who mainly went the old way, while in Norwich city the people, successively recruited by Flemish immigrants, were violent reformers. The first Englishman put to death for heresy was William Sawtree, rector of Lynn, burnt in 1401. Between the first act of the Reformation and the reaction under Mary, which undoubtedly began in this county, and was backed up by all the feudal influence of the Howards, broke out another of those *furores Norfolckensium*, as an old writer styles Norfolk riots. Kett's rising was not religious; it was against enclosures,* and the turning corn land into sheep walks; and those who study it will find one more reason for looking on Edward VI.'s reign as the most unhappy in our whole history. Kett was crushed by foreign mercenaries paid for out of the plunder of abbey lands. In the civil war, East Anglia, with all its squires, did wonderfully little for the king; neither at Lynn nor at Lowestoft did they make anything like a respectable stand. Indeed, though the squirearchy was strong, the townsmen were stronger. As a county, Norfolk was the richest in England; but as a city, Norwich stood in population before all other cities except London and Westminster. Doubtless also Kett's rising was not forgotten,

* Not the enclosure of wastes—this had hardly yet begun; but the seizure by powerful men of land which had hitherto been cultivated in unenclosed baulks or "linches," the whole being common to the entire parish for pasture after the crops were taken off.—See Seebohm's *English Village Community*. For a full account of Kett's rising see *All the Year Round*, 1881, July 2. Neville's *De Furoribus* (1575) is given in Wood's translation, in Halliwell's *Norfolk Anthology*, Brixton Hill, 1872.

and hindered the country folk from holding with their "natural leaders." Here, again, town beat country; but gained nothing by its victory. With the Restoration came in for towns curtailment of privileges, and for country total abandonment of the labouring class to the tender mercies of farmer and landowner.

To those who look below the surface the state of Norfolk and Suffolk during the last century is not pleasing. There was much outward prosperity. Lord Townshend with his turnips, Mr. Coke with his sheep, were revolutionizing farming. But at the same time wages, in this rich district, were miserably low, and the distinction, so well known to all residents, between close and open parishes, was getting firmly established. In a day's drive in East Anglia you often pass through a succession of model villages. There is the church and the great house and the two or three farms and the neat cottages, so few that you wonder whence the farms are manned. If you take another road you may perhaps find an altogether different class of villages—large, straggling, dirty, with roads ill-kept and cottages disgracefully ill-built and ill-repaired. These are open, the former are close. Here the village is divided among little freeholders, local tradesmen, or small men at a distance, whose one object is to get rent. There it is in the hands of one large owner, whose ancestor took care that when a cottage fell into decay it should be pulled down, limiting his population in order to keep down the rates, and arranging with his farmers that their extra labour should be sought from the nearest "open" village. On the evils of this state of affairs it is needless to dilate. They unhappily survive the evil system by which they were brought about. And against the working of this system the clergy as a body made no protest. Whatever they may have been in spiritual things, which it is not our purpose to inquire,* in temporal things they got the credit of so understanding "Church and State" as to make themselves the allies of the landlord in his harshness. Hence that "rural

* One great complaint against the Norfolk clergy has been their non-residence. Swaffham was, a generation ago, a clerical centre, at least six rectors overlooking their livings from its pleasant hill. It could boast some of the best whist-players in England.

agnosticism" which is so marked a feature of many East Anglian neighbourhoods, and the existence of which is depressing to earnest ministers of all denominations. Coke did a great work; he raised the Holkham rental from £2,000 to £20,000; he showed how even as much as forty tons of roots can be grown per acre; his sheepshearings, before they became mere political gatherings, diffused information; he gave to East Anglia that impulse which has set Suffolk at the head of agricultural implement-making and manure-manufacturing counties. Farmer and landlord alike profited by his work; but the labourer's condition was certainly not improved; he was far worse off during the first half of this century than during the first half of the last. To enclose the commons at the rate of only one acre to the poor for every 169 to the landowners was delusive; and the plea that most of the labourers already had gardens was simply untrue. The manifest unfairness of the Enclosure Act gave force to the arguments of Joseph Arch; and in no part of England was the Labourers' Union more successful than in East Anglia. With 100,000 acres of preserves in Norfolk alone, it is natural that a labourer should think he has a right to an allotment; and it is certain that a few peasant proprietors would be a boon in most parishes. They would keep cows and sell milk—a precious thing too generally unattainable, and for need of which our village children are sadly suffering in physique. They would go in for garden produce, for selling which the railway affords such facilities, and would thereby spread over the county the art for which its capital has long been famous.* One patent evil in East Anglian farming is the gang system. That women and girls should be hoeing wheat or topping turnips at a shilling a day to the neglect of home and its duties, cannot be right. On the other hand, despite the outcry for domestic servants, there is practically nothing but

* Fuller says of this city of gardens: "The Dutch brought hither not only their profitable crafts, but pleasurable curiosities, being the first who advanced the use and reputation of flowers here. Great is the art of meliorating them, and the rose of roses (Rosa mundi) had its first being in this city."

Drayton is great on the market gardening on Yare banks:—

> "The savoury parsnep next, and carrots—pleasing food;
> The turnip, tasting well to clowns in winter weather;
> Thus in our verse we put roots, herbs, and fruits together."

field work for the majority of girls in an East Anglian village. The joining of many estates into one, whereby three or four great houses in a neighbourhood are left standing empty, has destroyed the good old system under which "the Hall" was the training-school for generation after generation of tidy girls. The change is not satisfactory, and cannot be quite made up for by "industrial institutions."

So much for the agriculture, on which Copland, Kent, and Arthur Young are the authorities. A few words about the manufactures for which the county was so famous, and the riches gained by which were so freely spent in adorning it with churches —like Sall and Cawston, near Norwich, and Walpole, and the others in Marshland,* as well as Woolpit and Lavenham, and many others in Suffolk. The first arrival of Flemings, in Henry I.'s reign, some attribute to an inundation, others to the harshness of their guild-laws. More came in Stephen's reign. Edward III. invited yet more, and gave them special protection. In Rymer we read how Queen Philippa sent for John Kempe from Flanders, to come with servants and apprentices of his mystery, giving him letters of protection and assistance. In Norwich was a house called "Philippa's house." These early weavers, carders, combers, were fixed at Worsted, near North Walsham; but by the time of Henry VIII. there was a large colony in Norwich itself. In this reign the yearly value of stuffs is said to have been £200,000, of stockings £60,000. The Duke of Norfolk advised Queen Elizabeth to invite over those who were suffering in Alva's persecution, and he himself provided shipping to bring them across. With them came over the bombazine trade, long a staple. In 1583, the strangers in Norwich numbered 4679. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes sent over another swarm, who brought poplins and other mixed fabrics. Then there were the famous Norwich shawls, and the crape, which Walpole ordered to be used for mourning. Silk is now one of the chief manufactures. Indeed, despite

* At Sall is a brass of the Boleyn family (Anne was born at Blickling). Snettisham, too, is a grand church (well restored by Butterfield); its west front is like that of Peterborough on a small scale. It has been taken as the model for Fredericton Cathedral. How closely trade was connected with church building is seen in the record of Thomas Spring, "the rich clothier" of Pakenham.

the vast growth of the north-country industries, Norwich holds its own; its "factory mawthers," as the girls are called, are a feature of the place. It is in the country places where, in the handloom days, so much work was done, that the great change has taken place. This constant stream of immigration influenced the local character in several ways. With the Dutch refugees came in Anabaptist views; some of the Huguenots (the Martineaus, for instance) showed that Unitarian bias which their co-religionists developed at Geneva and elsewhere.

Next in interest to the textile manufactures are the fisheries, the growth of which is comparatively modern. Statutes in various reigns, as well as notices in records of all kinds, testify to their importance; but long after they had become famous they were chiefly in the hands of foreigners; and even the bounties which, in the last century, were offered by Government, for a long time failed to stimulate native effort. Their rapid growth as a home industry began when the close of the long war gave us time to turn mind and effort to home improvement. To Mr. F. Buckland they owe a great deal; and in his opinion they may easily be made far more productive, seeing that an acre of sea, with no rent or taxes to pay, ought to yield a far larger profit than the same extent of land.* We have no space to speak of East Anglian worthies, Walpole and "Weathercock Windham," Nelson and Hoste, Gainsborough, the Cromes and Mrs. Opie, and Dr. Crotch, and Hookham Frere, whose *Aristophanes* is better known than his diplomatic work; the Gurneys, who date from 200 years ago, and Lady Jerningham of Cossey, who, during the invasion panic of 1801, undertook to form a corps of peasant girls; and Porson, whose father was parish clerk of East Ruston, and Crabbe and Bloomfield and Clare, and Bulwer, Lord Lytton, whose father, then a subaltern, showed the East Anglian bluntness by refusing the Earl his colonel's offer of his daughter "because the lady's nose didn't please him." Sir W. Hooker, too, and Sir James Smith and Dr. Lindley were Norfolk men—as if botany belonged by right to natives of the "city of gardens." Sir

* The present shoe trade follows naturally from the old tanning. In 1715 the Norwich tanners were looked to by some leading Jacobites as able to carry the city.

Thomas Browne, Kirby the entomologist, Tom Paine, Theodore Hook, George Borrow, by no means exhaust the list. At Cockthorpe, near Wells, were born three admirals, almost contemporary, Sir Christopher Muns, Sir J. Narborough, and Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Then there is Dr. Taylor, of the *Index Monasticus*,* of whom the Duke of Sussex said: "In Norwich it takes nine men to make a Taylor;" and the Aikens, and the far different Prof. E. Taylor, who, by resuscitating the Gresham musical lecture, began the work which the London Corporation is carrying on in Aldermanbury. Neither have we space to trace the political history of the eighteenth century—the bread and other riots; the shameless bribery at elections (the Coke family are said to have spent a million at that work); the effect of the French Revolution; Mark Wilks', the Baptist, preaching; and the "Friends of the People" haranguing, with wheat at 112*s.* a quarter, and the number of paupers doubling as the population doubled.† A whole article too might be written on East Anglian preachers, in whom Suffolk, in most matters rather thrown into the shade by Norfolk, stands foremost. They are of all kinds, from Gurnall of Lavenham, and the equally pious Dr. Sibbes, Master of St. Catherine's Hall, a Thurston man, to that typical pastor after Laud's own heart, Steward of Alphonstone, who was accused in 1643 of playing bat and ball on Sunday with the boys of his parish. Methodism in Norwich met with much opposition. In 1750, four years before the Wesleys came, Wheatley began preaching, and at first brought about a marked reformation. To oppose him "the hell-fire club" was formed among the gentry; and Wesley's journals prove that the feeling which he had to combat was a very bitter one. This arose more from the character of the people, and from Wheatley's sad fall, than from that opposition in high places, under colour of law, which Methodism had sometimes to encounter. The journal proves, what Wesley complains of again and again, "the unparalleled fickleness of the

* The eighteenth-century Dr. Taylor, of the *Hebrew Concordance*, was a Lancashire Nonconformist minister, who preached in Norwich before going to Warrington Academy. His son William, born in Norwich, was the great German scholar, the friend of Southey and of Mrs. Barbauld. Isaac Taylor, brother of Jane and Anne, was a Suffolk man. For the different Taylors see *Edinburgh Review*, vol. cl. "Worthies of Norwich."

† See Arden Letters and "Committee of Secrecy."

people in these parts." They were "unstable as water," at one time assembling between 4 and 5 A.M. "settled and well united," at another turning the meeting-house into a bear-garden, and calling forth the rebuke: "You are the most ignorant, self-conceited, self-willed, fickle, untractable, disorderly, disjointed society that I know in the three kingdoms." The turning-point seems to have been during the severe distress in October, 1772. By this time the two societies at the Foundry and at what was Wheatley's Tabernacle, had come to work together; and it is pleasing to find that Wesley's latest testimony is full of encouragement. "I am become an honourable man in Norwich. God has at length made our enemies to be at peace with us; and scarce any but Antinomians open their mouth against us." (October, 1790.) Antinomianism, due to the foreign element in the population, he found also at Yarmouth, which he speaks of as dull and cold, at the same time wild; and at Kenninghall, the reputed capital of Boadicea, long the chief seat of the Dukes of Norfolk. At Lowestoft the people are first "wild," then "quiet and loving." At Lakenheath the work was blessed from the first. Of Thetford, Wesley always speaks in terms of high commendation; the same of Lynn, where the people are "affable and humane, having the openness and frankness common throughout the county, and adding thereto good-nature and courtesy." Here every one was "prejudiced in favour of the Methodists; and in the evening all the clergymen in the town, save one who was lame, were present at the preaching." This is almost the last entry in the journal; the very last but one tells how, on Oct. 20, 1790, the large church at Diss was filled as it had not been for hundreds of years, this service being followed by two at Bury, "to a deeply attentive congregation."

Other matters, which we can only hint at, we must leave our readers to follow up. The Norwich guilds and their pageants are even more interesting, though less written about, than the Chester and West Country Mysteries. Mediæval Norwich was greatly addicted to these shows, which are still common in Flemish cities. From the titles preserved in the Record room—"Helle Carte," "Paradyse," "Noyse Ship," &c.—we can form an idea of these celebrations, which had their echo in the country districts both on Plough Monday, at Whitsuntide, and

at the Horkey or harvest home. Another matter worth looking into is the history of the Jews in East Anglia. We can only indicate the legend of St. William, crucified by Jews in 1144, and how Eilward, a burgess, came suddenly upon them when they were about to bury him. The story has its parallel in what has quite recently happened in Hungary.

The scenery, so often disparaged, is far superior to much of the Midlands. Round Cromer the coast is really beautiful; and the Broads, of late so much written about and recommended to tourists in search of novelty, are something *sui generis*. We spoke of the number and beauty of the churches, and the many fine feudal castles. Naturally, halls and manor-houses are exceptionally numerous. They are of all dates. East Barsham, near Fakenham, is perhaps the best English example of moulded brick. Oxborough, near Swaffham, the seat of the Catholic Bedingfields, a large moated house, would be as interesting as Penshurst were it not sadly modernized inside. Ickworth, near Bury, a vast Italian palace, with cupola and bas-reliefs, was built, about 1796, by a Lord Hervey, who was also Bishop of Derry, and spent his time in making a costly collection of pictures. His pictures were seized by the French, and he himself imprisoned in Milan Castle. Suffolk is even richer than Norfolk in fine specimens of domestic architecture. Of these Hengrave, near Bury, and Broome, near Mendlesham, may be taken as types.*

Much has been written on the Norfolk character. Two hundred years ago the squires are described as "uncouth and unlettered, watching their oaks with Druidical reverence; their ladies, who could not spell correctly a recipe for home-made wine, thronging to the fair at Bury, then the best matrimonial market in the world." One remembers the coarseness of Robert Walpole, father of the great Minister, who would insist on his son drinking twice to his once, "for fear he, sober, should see his father drunk." The son, who pulled down Houghton, and rebuilt it at a cost of £200,000, not counting

* To many of the rebuildings (*e.g.*, of glorious Saxham Parva), we may apply Pope's lines:—

"Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod, but Ripley with a rule."

the £40,000 worth of pictures, afterwards sold to Catherine of Russia, had one refined taste, the love of gardening, amid the coarseness which marked his country life. Windham's nature is stamped by one of his election sallies. Two ladies were going about in an open barouche canvassing Norwich for the other side. He put two women of the town into a similar carriage, and had them driven about side by side with the others. Charles Townsend was so headstrong, that rather than give way he forced on the American war. Crabbe's "Sir Eustace Grey" is, in fact, far too true a type of the East Anglian squirearchy. Of the peasantry, Dr. Jessopp gives many traits in his amusing contributions to the *Nineteenth Century;* but, surely, he errs in writing as if they were exceptionally superstitious. The amount of faith among people in large towns in "planet ruling" and such delusions is only known to those who have laboured amongst them. In East Anglia the moral standard has always been low. The wilful passions of the higher class have been reflected in those below them; under whose cynical roughness there is nevertheless much good feeling and power of strong attachment.

Whence this somewhat peculiar nature? The question reminds us how impossible it is to measure all the influences of climate, race, circumstances, which have made any set of men what they are. After the Reformation, East Anglia, hitherto the *terra sancta* of England, was much isolated from the rest of the kingdom, and this did not tell for good. Neither has the constant foreign mixture been as good for morals as for industrial success. Antinomianism has wrought mischief on the one side; so on the other has the exceptional strength of mediæval superstition. For those whose ideal of worship was at Bury and Walsingham, religion became a mechanical thing; the old worship was regretted because it had brought gain to all classes. Hence worldliness became ingrained in natures whose animal strength predisposed them to sensuality. It would be interesting to trace the contrasts between the East Anglian character and that of Devon, agreeing as the two people do in their pronunciation, singing rather than nasal, which, taken by both of them across the Atlantic, helped to form that English speech which we call Yankee. To those interested in the persistence of East

Anglian peculiarities, we recommend two curious poems (printed in Mr. Mason's book), "Anonymi Petroburgensis descriptio Norfolciensium," and the answer, "Impugnatio," by John of St. Omer, to the slanderer's allegations. In this latter one thing is particularly curious. They say that nowadays Norfolk men are just the opposite of Scotchmen—if they have to go abroad they are always hankering to get back again. Christ, says the "Impugnatio," when travelling on earth, was exceptionally well received in Norfolk, wherefore He ordained that no one entering the county should ever wish to leave it so long as he lived, because it is a region inferior only to Paradise:

> "Non quærere exitum quamdiu vixerit,
> Nam quando patriam tam bonam viderit,
> Paradisicolam se esse asserit."

If we cannot join in saying—

> "Ibi sunt homines sine malitiis,
> Vivunt humiliter sensibus perditi,"

At least what follows is still as true as ever—

> "Est terra fertilis plena divitiis,
> Bonorum omnium repleta copiis."

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## Art. VII.—THE SALUTATION OF THE RISEN SON.

### Ps. II. and CX.

NO expression less bold will do justice to the unique character of these two psalms in the earlier Scriptures and the peculiar emphasis with which they are quoted in the later. Individually and unitedly they have the very highest place among the New Testament echoes of the Old Testament: being the two pillar-psalms, the Jachin and Boaz, between which are set as in a frame the whole series of Messianic hymns. It will be our object to show how prominent they are in many other respects; but chiefly to note a characteristic which separates them from all the rest, their bearing the burden of the Father's attestations to the Son. This is their supreme dignity in the ancient psalter of prophecy; where for a thousand years they had stood alone with their mysterious

testimony to the voice of God speaking to His incarnate Christ, exercising all that time the traditional commentators, drawing out the hearts of those who pondered in Israel, and waiting for their last and best expositors. When those expositors came they gave these two psalms their places of honour. They are quoted by our Supreme Rabbi, as we shall see, with a very special tribute to their supremacy. And because He so quoted them, His disciples have likewise paid them peculiar respect. The Lord, however, used them in such a way as to extract their essence—that is, their testimony of God to God, of the Father to the Son: and of course His apostles have done the same. Hence that most profound secret of the old time, that heavenly intercommunion of Divine Persons, which was the wonder of the Old Testament, has become the revealed mystery of the New. The interpretations of the two psalms make us hear the open secret, admitting us without reserve, or with only the reserve of reverent awe, to hear again that wonderful colloquy of the Father and the Son, the meaning of which could not be understood until the incarnation, until the Son to whom the Father speaks could hear the words with the "opened ears" of His human nature.

These two psalms are absolutely alone in this one respect, that the singer hears the voice of the Father to the Son; and that he writes what he hears for us. In the one he is as it were only the instrument of the future Redeemer who speaks through him: "I will declare the decree of Jehovah. He said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee." David, "in the Spirit," neither thinks nor speaks of himself. His voice and his pen are entirely the Lord's. Though some of the words seem to allude to what had been predicted of his family, they have no real meaning save as spoken by the incarnate Lord concerning Himself, His own worship, and His own kingdom. David and Solomon are here scarcely even types; and what faint analogy may be traced in their lives was just sufficient, and no more than just sufficient, to give the hymn for Jewish readers a link with their national history. In the other psalm there is a slight difference. David is not the mouthpiece of the Son, but records what "in the Spirit" he had heard: "The saying of Jehovah unto my Lord." He is

no longer so entirely passive. He hears, in a mystery we cannot understand, though there are many parallels in Scripture, the voice of God to God incarnate. He addresses the latter, "calling Him Lord," and congratulates Him on His glorious distinction. He assures Him, in loyal prophetic rapture, of an eternal authority. And then, with one of the most remarkable transitions of which we have any example, he addresses Jehovah, who enthroned his Lord; and congratulates Him also on the victories which His Son at His right hand will achieve. The more carefully we study the structure and the phrase of the two hymns, the more plain will it appear to us that they have this in common which differences them from all others, that they alone contain the direct words of the Father's salutation of the incarnate Son. This places them at the head of the Messianic psalms, and in a class apart.

Generally, there are three classes of these psalms, to be distinguished by the degree and measure of their reference to the future Messiah. The largest class consists of those in which there are occasional allusions, such as might be expected in the devotional literature of a people whose one expectation rested on Him who was to come: that literature being under the special inspiration of "the Spirit of the Christ." Occasional and sometimes startling references in the New Testament show us that the Redeemer is to be found in many psalms the general strain of which does not allude to Him; and suggest that He may be found in some others where He is not sought. Another and a selecter class consists of those in which typical persons and events are obviously the framework in which is set the person and work of Christ: He being the central object, and almost all that is said, though not quite all, being more appropriate to Him than to the human type. Such are the nineteenth, twenty-second, forty-fifth, seventy-second, and a few other psalms. In all these, however, there is something belonging to the setting of the hymn that cannot pertain to Christ. But of the two now before us, it may be said that they belong to the Redeemer and to Him alone. On the one hand, not a single word is inappropriate to Him; and, on the other, not a single word can, without some violence, be interpreted of any below Him. It is an utterly vain attempt to

adjust them to any circumstance in David's life, or to adjust any circumstance in David's life to them. They are the two solitary examples of the highest type of Messianic psalms.

Hence we find that these hymns have been the great difficulty, indeed almost the despair, of later Rabbinical expositors. Before the coming and rejection of our Lord, the doctors of Judaism were very generally though not universally agreed that they were written concerning the coming Messiah. They did not favour the theory of a double reference; they could not find any event in their history by which the allusions could be interpreted; and thus they were shut up to the Messianic interpretation. No king in their annals was anointed on Mount Zion, opposed by conspiracy of the peoples, made priest as well as king, and established by God as the Lord of all nations. There are not wanting hints among the ancient commentators that precisely our two psalms were regarded as being what we have called them, the preeminent psalms of the Messiah. Since Christian times, undoubtedly it has been otherwise. Rashi, in the Middle Ages, says: "Our Rabbis have explained Ps. ii. with respect to King Messiah; but for the sake of a literal sense, and for an answer to the Christians, it is expedient to interpret it as having respect to David himself." Ps. cx. was even more than Ps. ii. regarded by the ancients as distinctively and solely applicable to the Messiah. But the descendants of those whom our Saviour confounded have never forgiven their defeat: they with one consent deny their fathers' faith in this matter, and take great pains to find out for these two psalms especially some historical place that shall foreclose their application to the Son of God incarnate.

Returning, however, to our subject, we might say that these two psalms, the alpha and omega of the Messianic Psalter, are the psalms of the Salutation of the Son; that is their peculiarity in common and as distinct from all others. There are indeed some two or three which seem, on a first glance, to share with them this preeminence. But between these and them there is this difference, that in these there is no intermediary between the God who speaks and the God who hears; whereas in those the Psalmist only addresses the Messiah, or speaks of Him or for Him in the prophetic spirit. Three

may be mentioned as occupying this lower grade: lower, though still high above the general strain of Messianic allusion. In the sixteenth, specially the Easter psalm of the New Testament, the intercommunion of the Divine Persons takes the form of an address or appeal of the Son incarnate, who commends His spirit to the Father before He enters the dark valley: "Thou will not suffer Thine Holy One to see corruption." St. Peter distinctly tells us that the prophet David there spoke concerning Christ; although the ancient reader of the psalm would not hear in it the Voice which we hear. To us it is plain that a Higher than David joins him in the middle of the hymn, takes the word out of his mouth, and appropriates it to Himself. We believe that, as in Ps. ii. and cx. the Father speaks directly to the Son, so in Ps. xvi. the Son incarnate, on His way to the cross, speaks to the Father: not directly, however, but in the veiled prophecy of David. The same may be said of Ps. viii.: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? or the Son of man, that thou visitest Him?" and of the memorable words of Ps. xxii., which before the cross, and on the cross, and after the cross, are put by the New Testament into the lips of Jesus. Ps. xlv., however, might seem to demand entrance into the inmost circle. The epistle to the Hebrews, in that beautiful mosaic of quotations with which it opens, after quoting the word of God to the angels, quotes it again as addressing the Son: "Thy throne, O God," and "Thou, Lord, in the beginning." But it will be observed that the phrase significantly changes; from "UNTO which of the angels said He at any time, Thou art my Son!" to "OF the Son He saith, Thy throne, O God!" It remains that our two psalms are alone as giving us the very words of the Father to the Son incarnate.

But this last phrase takes us into the New Testament, which in many ways prove to us the singular preeminence of these two psalms of David. Before marking those many ways, and the points of theological interest connected with them in detail, we may note generally how large a space they cover in the Scriptures of the new covenant. As they are the pillar-psalms in the Psalter, so they occupy a place in New Testament citation which admits no rivalry. They are quoted, or referred to,

more frequently than any other; and the echoes of their phraseology are more abundant than the direct citations: in fact, they govern the language of the entire New Testament in all its parts more than the residue of the psalms put together. Wherever we read of the Son of God, the Elect and Only-begotten, the Anointed, and the King, throughout the New Testament, we are reading the second psalm in its Christian version. Wherever we read of the Priest, and the right hand of God, and the eternal priesthood, we are reading the hundred and tenth psalm in its Christian rendering. But this is only saying in another form that they are interwoven with our Lord's history and work, with the whole process of His temporal manifestation on earth and in heaven; as no other psalms are bound up with them. It is by no means merely matter of abundant quotations: the grandeur and solemnity and importance of the quotations are more to be regarded than the number. The two hymns will be found to be used by our Lord and His apostles for the expression of the highest truths of the Christian faith. Because, separately and together, they express the very highest truth of all—the Divine testimony to the Divinity of the incarnate Son—they are the stumbling-block of all infidels, Jewish especially, and the joy of all who believe.

"Separately and together," we remark again emphatically; for these two psalms are very closely united. The one really begins and the other virtually ends the testimony of the Psalter to the dignity and glory and final supremacy of the incarnate Christ. The one is the "first psalm," according to a reading which very strongly asserts itself, being supported by the earlier branch of ancient Jewish tradition, to the effect that the first two were originally united, commencing with "Blessed" and ending with "Blessed." Nothing, however, depends upon this. If the first psalm is a general preface, describing the benediction of the law, the second introduces the higher benediction of submission to the Christ, whose official name really now first occurs. Here is one of those several "beginnings" of which St. Luke speaks in his record of the Emmaus journey. As Moses began with the prophecy of a victorious "Seed of the woman," whom we know to be the Son

of God; and as Isaiah began with the glories of the kingdom of the "Son given to us," long before he showed us that Son become a suffering "Servant;" so David began with the supremacy of the King's Son, Himself a King, leaving the sorrows of redemption to be filled in afterwards. David is, of course, "among the prophets;" and the risen Lord, who had just heard afresh "This day have I begotten Thee," would, after He had expounded Moses, commence afresh with our present psalm as representing "all the prophets." And we may be almost sure that He would close with the hundred and tenth, which ends the Messianic Psalter as the other began it, by proclaiming the eternal majesty of the King's Son at His right hand. The one psalm would give Him the text of His descent from eternity to time, and the dawning of His incarnate "day;" the other would give Him the text of His approaching return to the heavens as the abiding representative of man. But between these two, which speak only of His "entering into His glory," what a new passion-psalm would He weave out of the innumerable hints of the sorrows and piercings and contempt that He must undergo that He had undergone while "suffering these things!"

It has been intimated that our psalms together or unitedly give us the Father's testimony to the sonship of the Messiah. If the reader will make the experiment of uniting the two hymns in one—an experiment which we have evidence has been made in the Scripture itself upon other psalms—he will be repaid. It will be a pleasant surprise to find how little artifice is required, in fact that no artifice is required, to blend them into one majestic hymn to the Son who is throughout the Bible honoured "as the Father is honoured." But, without resorting to any such expedient, we may observe in the language of the later psalm, as our Lord Himself interpreted it, reference to the relation of sonship. "Whose son is He?" was the question addressed to the interpreters of the law; and the question, put in their own style, was intended to bring out, like all similar questions of the Rabbis, the deep meaning which lay below words in the substance of things which they clothe. It was not merely that the Questioner prompted them to answer, as they would, "The son of David." The pith of the

whole lay in "How is He his son?" The impression left on our minds is this, that the higher sonship rather than the higher lordship was suggested by the Saviour; and that this was the real secret of His opponents' profound confusion.

If the Questioner and the silenced scribes read in common the version of the Seventy, this becomes still more plain. The words which are directly quoted agree with that version, and indeed derive their force from its use of the one word "Lord" to signify both "Jehovah" and "Adonai." In this brief but wonderful controversy both parties accepted the Greek text of the Psalter: so far at least as the Lord's quotation and the silence of His foes are evidence. Whether the silence would have been maintained if the Lord had continued the quotation, we cannot tell; nor indeed whether He would have continued it from the Greek, which strikingly differs here from the original Hebrew. If He had, then the words would have run: "With thee is dominion in the day of thy power, in the splendours of thy saints: I have begotten thee from the womb before the morning." We need not discuss the question of the reading here, or of its relation to the Hebrew verity, to which we are bound to adhere. It is doubtless a tempting subject. Even as a question of taste and feeling it is interesting. The English words just quoted faintly express the inexpressible beauty of the Greek: πρὸ ἑωσφόρου ἐγέννησά σε, followed by the Vulgate, "Ante luciferum genui te." On the other hand, it sacrifices a most beautiful figure, which likens the young servants of the Messianic kingdom to the dew of the morning: one, however, which is not exactly after the analogy of Hebrew imagery elsewhere referring to the dew. But, apart from all this, the theological suggestion of this rendering is of deep interest; especially as followed by "the order of Melchizedek," the Melchizedek who was without father and whose history is at all points "made like the Son of God." The Hebrew which the Greek translator of the Psalter had before him must have omitted one or two words which we read; but the closing word of the third verse of Ps. cx. and the closing word of the seventh verse of Ps. ii. are precisely the same in the naked Hebrew: "I have begotten thee" and "thy youth" differ only in the Masoretic pointing. Do we

then, notwithstanding the disclaimer, cling to this reading as making the two psalms one? By no means: it is enough to point to this, perhaps the most remarkable, specimen of the Old Testament various readings, and to leave the reader to his own conclusions.

We must return from this digression on the unity of the two psalms, and follow them into the New Testament, where they play so conspicuous a part: the second reigning down to the resurrection, and the hundred and tenth taking up the burden from the ascension onwards. Let us view them in order.

It may be said generally, that the words "I will declare concerning the decree," "The Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee," "Ask of Me, and I will give," are without formal quotation diffused throughout the whole history and all the utterances of the incarnate Son on earth. It is true, on the one hand, that the second psalm is never expressly quoted by our Lord; on the other, it is equally true that He is perpetually quoting it, in fact, by fulfilment. We note, especially in St. John's Gospel, though not there alone, that the Son of God who had become the Son of man is constantly speaking words concerning a counsel kept secret as yet between His Father and Himself: the "mystery" of the Synoptists, the "commandment received" of St. John. The decree was not fully declared by Himself; it was committed to His apostles, who first unfolded the counsel of redemption; but we mark that the Lord is constantly speaking as one already ordained to sovereignty, until after His resurrection He utters words which fulfil all the past and are the text of all the future: "All power hath been given unto Me in heaven and in earth." And who is not conscious, while reverently reading the Gospels, that he is admitted, at least partially admitted, into the privacy of a communion between the Father and the Son which is the deep fulfilment of the words "The Lord saith unto Me, Thou art My Son?" It is useless to wade further into this mystery; but it is not useless to recall to our remembrance how often the Saviour speaks, sometimes in soliloquy, sometimes in plain testimony, of seeing a Person whom we do not see, and hearing a Voice that we do not hear, and receiving communications not imparted

to us. All this is one side of the intercommunion: the Father educating His incarnate Son. As to the other, there is a prayer unceasing—the only instance on this earth of St. Paul's ἀδιαλείπτως—which is not that of a creature to the Creator, nor of a son of man to the Father in heaven, but of the incarnate Son to the Father who sent Him into the world to teach men to pray: not, however, as a pattern, for He did not pray with them, but "withdrawn from them about a stone's cast;" and never do we hear the words of His address to the Father save when the words are made audible "for the sake of the multitude that stand around." The prayers that asked for the heathen are not recorded; but we hear the thanksgiving that He had been heard, "Thou hast given Him power over all flesh."

The words of this psalm were, we may be sure, the "letters which this man never learned" under rabbinical midrasch, but which were taught Him through the Spirit given without measure to His human mind. "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee!" following "The Lord and His Christ," were the very first elements of instruction the Eternal Son, become incarnate, received through that Book of Psalms which was, if we may dare to say so, the Bible to Him in a peculiar sense: its words were hid in His heart and always on His lips. As the Son of man, He was not taught by the Son of God, for the Son of God had emptied Himself, and will never more "speak of Himself" until "God shall be all in all." There He learned what His anointing meant, and all that it would involve; and there He learned that the Christ and the Son of God were in Him one. But specifically He learned, through a continual fulfilment of the words, "the Lord said unto Me"—which now become "the Lord evermore saith to Me"—that as the incarnate Son of man He is begotten of God in time. This was the teaching of His youth, from the depths of the secret process of which He emerges once to say, "I must be in the things of My Father." And what the Father said, or saith once for all, to the Son incarnate, He again and again saith concerning Him: notably at the baptism and the transfiguration, where the words of the psalm are quoted freely and in such a manner as to address them to others as well as the Son Himself.

But the question arises, How does the "I have begotten Thee" reappear in the New Testament? We do not surrender or endanger the essential doctrine of the Eternal Sonship by answering that in the Gospels and Acts and Epistles the "to-day" is interpreted of the incarnation, as complete in the resurrection and session, while the "begetting" and the "Son" are used both of the eternal and of the temporal filiation.

It is a sound canon of hermeneutics that the most obvious and express exposition in the New Testament of an Old Testament passage should take the lead in guiding the interpretation. Then we must go to the great resurrection chapter of St. Paul the preacher, as distinguished from St. Paul the writer: a chapter which happens to contain also his first recorded exposition of the Gospel committed to him. It may be too much to say that it is the chapter of the resurrection; but the resurrection is very prominent. The Father, God, is represented as having fulfilled the promise to the fathers, in that he raised up Jesus; as also it is written in the second psalm, "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee." If the apostle means the resurrection here, then this is the Father's salutation of His Son, received from the sepulchre as "the first begotten from the dead;" and then, after this greeting to His risen Son, He is again represented as turning to us, and showing us the security of the covenant of grace administered by that greater than David, who will not "see corruption": the Father first salutes His risen Son and then congratulates us. But, examining the passage carefully, we find a remarkable and as it were intentional ambiguity about the resurrection-word. The apostle may mean to say that God fulfilled the promise in the resurrection of Jesus, and may introduce our psalm as referring to the begetting of the Son "this day," the day of the resurrection; in which case, however, the emphatic repetition "from the dead" is hardly to be accounted for. Again, the apostle may mean by the first ἀναστήσας the raising up into human history, precisely as St. Peter uses the same word in chap. iii. 26, in which case the repetition of it with "from the dead" is fully explained. According to either of these interpretations, St. Paul must be understood to interpret "this day" of the incarnate manifestation of the Son. We may

make bold to say that to him the σήμερον would have breadth enough to extend over the whole period from the conception, when the Son of God was verily begotten of God by the Holy Ghost, down to the resurrection when His human nature was consummated in its release from death, according to His own word, "the third day I shall be perfected." Nor must we be counted fanciful if we regard as confirming our interpretation the fact that both verbs ἐγείρειν and ἀνιστάσθαι are used as it were interchangeably of the raising into historical existence and of the raising from the dead. Until some good reason is brought to the contrary, we shall hold that the quotation from our second psalm, suspended or varied twice, at the baptism and the transfiguration, was quoted in full at the resurrection: "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee;" not, however, meaning the day of the resurrection literally, but that day as the term of the incarnation period.

But when we limit "this day" to the temporal or rather the incarnate sonship, we do not thereby limit the application of the term "begotten" as such. The Hebrew word, which has a large meaning both literal and figurative, appears in many forms in the New Testament and in Christian theology. There ought to be no hesitation in tracing its first fulfilment to that of which the angel spake: "That holy thing which is begotten of thee shall be called the Son of God." The Greek translation is faithful to the double meaning of the Hebrew, which includes both birth of the mother and begetting of the father. The miraculous conception satisfies the former, though its emphasis is on the latter: and its supreme importance to the Christian faith demands that we hold fast the words of the second psalm as its Old Testament text. An ancient heresy, revived in modern times, denied the Eternal Sonship, and appealed to the text of St. Luke as its main support. Reaction from that perilous error has gone too far. The glorious truth has been too much lost sight of, that God was or is the sole Father of the Son incarnate; and that the Father takes us into His counsel, and tells us this with the utmost solemnity, when He greets His Son in our nature: "Thou art My Son, My eternal Son! This day I have begotten Thee in human nature

and in time!" There is no little modern theology which, while not disavowing the miraculous conception and birth of Jesus, yet needs very much to hear in all its meaning the Father's salutation and testimony to His Fellow and ours, the Son of man. The "firstborn son" of the Virgin is the firstborn Son of the Father in a new humanity. He is Man, as a new birth and generation of God. After the great text of the begetting, thrice does the word occur in the sense of birth. He is the "Firstborn from the dead" (Col. i. 18), at the resurrection which ends "this day;" He is "the Firstborn from the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth" (Rev. i. 5), the same with more express reference to our psalm; and He is "the Firstborn among many brethren" (Rom. viii. 29), as the risen pattern to which we are foreordained to be conformed. These are all terms that lineally descend from our psalm.

But the "begetting," which is the same as the "birth," is predicated of the Son before all time: to use the lovely misreading of the Septuagint, πρὸ ἑωσφόρου, before the dawn of the phenomenal universe. As St. Matthew and St. Luke bear testimony to His being begotten of the Virgin mother, so St. John bears testimony to Him as "the Only-begotten Son, who is in the bosom of the Father." "To-day" He was born from the bosom of His mother; in eternity, which knows no day and is never in Scripture so figured or illustrated, He is "in the Father's bosom." There is hardly room for doubt that in these words of his prologue St. John gives his version of Ps. ii.: striking a note here to which he is faithful throughout his writings. Under sure guidance he has elected the term μονογένης; and every instance of its use shows that he refers to an eternal reception of being, a begetting "before the dawn," an origin "without beginning of days," for which only one word was a true expression, and that word necessarily borrowed from the relations of time. The other writers use other terms which St. John leaves to them, such as "Firstbegotten," "beloved," "chosen" (the first, however, occurring also in the beginning of the Apocalypse); and he has connected the "Only-begotten" with the mission of the Son in such a manner as to make it plain, to every unbiassed student of his phraseology, that the conception of the Son

which it is his mission to impart to the Church is that of an Eternal Son of an Eternal Father. But his word must not be pressed too far: it must not be made responsible for more than it means. The begetting is not to be pressed nor the birth; neither of these is more than a general figure expressing the fact that the Son who came into the world brings with Him a relation unshared by any other: the Son, the Only Son, the Son in a sense which allows no similar. After His incarnation this ONLY Son became the FIRSTBORN among many who become sons like Himself.

If the reading, "God, Only-begotten," should be accepted in John i. 14, the Eternal Sonship would be more strikingly though not more certainly affirmed. In either case the expression must be set down as the noblest echo of our two psalms in the New Testament. Let us not, however, be diverted from our main object. There is another aspect of this subject yet to be considered: the conjunction of the two ideas, Christ and the Son of God, in both psalm and quotation. It is hardly possible to doubt that what we call the testimony of the Father to the Son in the second psalm, and what the Jews would have called the testimony of Jehovah to the Messiah, had been generally so interpreted as to make the Messiah, and Son of David, and Son of God, synonymous or interchangeable terms. Such they are throughout the Gospels, from the avowal of Nathanael down to the outcry of the Centurion. Nor was there any demur to the Saviour's claims, or rebellion against His authority, until He explicitly interpreted the second psalm of an Eternal Sonship. From the moment they heard that new teaching, they never rested from their opposition. Such a sonship as that indicated in Ps. lxxxix. 27, "I will make Him my firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth," they could have tolerated. But as soon as it entered the Jewish mind that our Lord spoke of His relation to the Father as essential and from eternity, all was ready and predetermined for the judgment, the council, the charge, the condemnation, the sentence, and the death. It is this which gives its supreme importance to the second psalm.

At this point we must recur to the Lord's quotation of Ps. cx. The manner in which He uses it in His controversy

with the Jews shows us that He in all His thoughts linked this psalm with the second, and based upon the two together His appeal as the Eternal Son. St. Matthew's account must here be our guide, as it more distinctively than the others brings the Redeemer into conflict with the Rabbinical Jews. "What think ye concerning the Christ? whose son is he?" were the two leading questions which He put to His adversaries, who would by these as united be reminded of both the psalms. They would instantly think of the second, in which alone the Messiah is expressly spoken of as a son. They ought to have answered, "The Son of God;" and would have so answered had not their Questioner already made an ill use, as they thought, of that name: they were afraid to give Him the opportunity of uttering what they regarded as blasphemy though they could not prove it to be such. They therefore hastily made the less perilous answer, "The son of David." That answer was really by anticipation their foreclosing of the question: their method of obviating or preventing that other and tremendous argument which would have followed had they said, as they ought to have said, "The Son of God, according to the word written, 'Thou art my Son!'" Then did the Saviour answer them accordingly. He was prepared for this evasion, which did not baffle Him or even take Him by surprise. From the second psalm He suddenly passed to the hundred and tenth: "David calleth him lord, how is he then his son?" The question meant much more than it might seem to mean. It really meant to deny their common interpretation of the name, "Son of David;" as if the Lord had said: "Why call ye Me the Son of David, and not the Son of man, or the Son of God? Never in your Scriptures, which ye search, is your Messiah called expressly the Son of David. Ye are right in saying that He is such, but it is not because He is so named. He is not called the Son of David as plainly as He is called the Son of man, or the Son of God. But ye make this answer because ye will not believe that I came forth from My Eternal Father as His Eternal Son, that I and My Father are one. Ye say that your Christ is to be the son of David. How can he be David's son, in your meaning of the word, when David himself calleth him lord?" This was our Lord's last appeal to the "wise and

prudent" of His generation: the last time that He offered to teach them the mystery "revealed to the babes," that mystery of the Father and the Son which St. Matthew had spoken of at the close of the eleventh chapter. From this time neither did He speak to them controversially any more, nor did they venture to put to Him any further question. The long controversy between Him and them, which really began in His twelfth year, when perhaps some of these same doctors had heard in the court of the temple something like the same question, was now finally closed. The one great truth, the divinity and divine sonship of Jesus the son of David, was hid from the eyes of these wise and prudent. It is this most solemn truth —we have no doubt of its truth—that the patient Pleader is here making a last and supreme effort to cause the deaf ears to hear the voice of His Father calling Him Son and Lord, that gives this quotation on our Lord's lips its unspeakable dignity and force.

Before passing from our Lord to His apostles, let us go with Him a little further, and mark the boundless solemnity of what was really His last quotation of our psalms. That appeal to Ps. cx. closed His public controversy with the rulers of Jewish traditionalism. It was the last effort of the Teacher sent from God: His last public encounter with the princes of this world who set themselves against the Lord and against His Anointed. Because He persisted in making Himself the Son of God in a sense other and higher than that in which they thought the Messiah or Servant of God might be His Son also, they compassed Him about and brought Him successively before their own judgment-seat and the judgment-seat of Pilate. When the final morning was come that would witness the judgment, condemnation, and crucifixion, "as soon as it was day" the Redeemer was led into their council, and a scene ensued which in St. Luke's narrative has a surpassing significance. That evangelist in very few words describes to us what was really the most critical and decisive episode in the approaches to the cross: a scene which a combination of St. Matthew's narrative with St. Luke's invests with unspeakable pathos. Limiting ourselves to St. Luke's, however, we mark that the "presbytery," with the chief priests and scribes, formally placed our

Lord before the "Sanhedrim" or council, and proceeded in the most solemn manner to extract from Him such an avowal as would answer their purpose. When they had taken "counsel" together among themselves, they would take "counsel" with the kings and rulers of the earth, and thus literally fulfil the second psalm. Of this psalm we must needs be reminded by their preliminary question, "Art thou the Christ? Tell us." It was only a preliminary question. No kind of answer to that question would or could have paved the way for His death. Let it be marked that our Lord knew this full well, and acted as knowing it. The day of His teaching testimony was over; He no longer hopes to persuade or save His judges. He tells them, what they know full well, that they would not believe if He bore witness; and that they would not reason with Him if He would question them as a reasoner. Then did He pass, as before when He finally reasoned with them, but now only for a testimony, from Ps. ii. to Ps. cx., "From henceforth shall the Son of man be seated at the right hand of the power of God." We must supply here much that the evangelist omits. Of all the long series of quotations of the "sitting at the right hand," this is the most sublime. All who heard it must have filled up the meaning from both the psalms, and felt themselves to be threatened with the fearful doom that both psalms proclaim against those who reject the Lord's Anointed, who do not "kiss the Son."

Hence that most wonderful of all the transitions and turning-points in this history. The Saviour had not said that the Lord of David should sit at Jehovah's right hand. He used his old familiar title—borrowed from the eighth psalm and from Daniel—the Son of man: a title which for many reasons His foes never heard with favour. That, however, they passed over now; they would not be diverted by it from that other name which haunted them, and which they would fain hear Him utter once more. But they knew full well that He would not utter it, unless under solemn judicial question. They felt that He, too, "would not answer," if asked in the ordinary way. The question was then put in a manner that allowed no silence. No words can describe the unutterable solemnity of the last question they ever asked Him: "Art thou the Son of God?" Nor

can any ordinary interpretation of the answer do justice to it: "Ye say that I AM."

We cannot help pausing here to indicate the fulness of this deep paragraph in St. Luke: leaving the reader to receive or reject what suggestion these hints carry. Within the brief compass of a few verses we have three of the Messianic psalms quoted, and quite a constellation of the names of our Lord. He is the Christ, the Son of man, the Priest-King at the right hand, the Son of God, and, if we will receive it, the I AM. Thus ends the public history and mission of Jesus of Nazareth, who goes from the presence of His unjust Jewish judges and surrenders Himself to the will of the Gentiles, with all His sacred names around His head. But it was as a blasphemer that He was counted "worthy of death." He made Himself equal with God by "declaring Himself to be the Son of God with power," before His resurrection and before His death. We are going to the apostles for their subsequent testimony. But as we leave the Gospels we feel that we are already convinced that the Sonship of Jesus was not a temporal sonship. On this subject we also say, "What need we any further witness?" If we doubt the Eternal Sonship of our Lord, confusion and uncertainty must rest upon the whole narrative. With that firm belief in our minds, we read it with perfect confidence in its consistency.

With our Lord's quotation fresh in our thoughts, let us turn to St. Paul's answer to the questions, "Whose son is He?" and "How then doth David call Him lord?" We have seen that the apostle was taught to apply to the raising up of Christ in human nature as perfected in the resurrection what was said in the second psalm, "This day have I begotten Thee." But he did not on that account limit to the resurrection the entire testimony of the Father. His Gospel—or, as he elsewhere calls it, "the mystery of the Gospel"—was concerning God's Son, who was "born of the seed of David according to the flesh," but "declared" or "determined" or "marked out to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness, by the resurrection of the dead." Here the teacher Paul is giving his midrasch on the words of Paul the preacher. In the apostle's mind the Lord was the lineal descendant of David in

His human nature—that is, in His complete and veritable manhood; but in His resurrection, declared to have been begotten of God in that nature and not of the "will of man." But that truth of boundless importance rests upon another. "His Son" was not simply declared to be a product of the direct Divine Paternity by the resurrection, He was declared to be the Son of God according to His divine nature or "the Spirit of holiness;" the flesh being the human nature, and the spirit the divine. St. Paul assuredly has in his thoughts one Being, one personality, one Jesus, whose personality is marked out to be divine, and that of the Son of God. Had he been asked to connect his own words here with the words he preached in Antioch, and both with the second and hundred and tenth psalms, he would have said, we think: "The Son of David was not of the seed of David in the strictest sense; for in His resurrection He was declared to be the Seed of God in humanity, as it is written, 'This day have I begotten Thee.' 'Thou art My Son' signified 'My Son still as thou wast before I begot Thee in the flesh.' David himself also called his son his Lord, and worshipped him as his God: 'calling him lord' means nothing less than this: He did not call the future Christ his son, but addressed Him as his Master and Lord." And this interpretation assigned to St. Paul is in perfect harmony with his words in the latter part of the same epistle, which never loses sight of the Eternal Sonship. In the beginning, as we have seen, the "Son of God" is connected with His divine nature: "the Spirit of holiness" is equivalent to "His most holy divinity." In the eighth chapter the apostle varies it—"His own most proper Son;" and in the ninth, returning back to the distinction between "flesh" and "spirit," he calls the Son "God over all, blessed for ever."

These last words take our thoughts at once to that abundant cluster of Old Testament quotations which we find in the beginning of the epistle to the Hebrews. The author of that epistle begins his wonderful catena with our second psalm: a remarkable homage to it, considering the grandeur of the doctrine it is introduced to establish and the glory of the other passages which it introduces. "Unto which of the angels did He ever say, Thou art my son, this day have I be-

gotten Thee!" There are evidently two aspects here of the Son's superiority. He has "obtained a more excellent name" by inheritance, and "is made" better than the angels after His expiation was accomplished. The former distinction must be that of the Son who is the "brightness of His glory" and "the express image of His substance:" terms which cannot belong to the Son as incarnate and begotten in human nature. The term "begotten" which he quotes may not be associated in the writer's mind with an eternal generation; but certainly the "name" which He brings with Him into the flesh is that "more excellent name" which no created existence can share with Him. No being brought into existence by the Son and upheld by the word of His power could partake of His name. Hence as we read on we find the two distinctive, peculiar, and—it may be said of both—incommunicable names into which the One Name is disparted in the Old Testament most expressly assigned to the Son. He is hailed as GOD and also as LORD. Hailed, that is, by God the Father: not indeed so directly and expressly as in our two psalms; but still in a most marked and decisive manner through the instrumentality of the Psalmist.

"Unto the Son: Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." The "unto" may be "concerning;" but the quotation would have no force in its context if it did not mean that God inspired the "ready writer" to give to the Messiah a title higher than that of the angels. For instance, every lower meaning of the word God—such as our Lord Himself once quoted—is here entirely shut out. The quotation to which we refer is of singular interest in this connection. The Lord is answering those who demanded of Him an absolute assurance that He was the Christ. He appeals to His sonship: as we have seen, the Messiahship and the Sonship are joined in the second psalm, to be divided no more. When they charge Him with making the sonship of the psalm an eternal sonship—by saying, "I and My Father are one," and thus while being a man making himself God—He uses an argument which simply removed a preliminary objection in order to leave the appeal to the works of His divine sonship in all its strength. But we almost wonder why He did not say: "Have ye not read,

Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever?" That, at any rate, is the use which the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews makes of it. He quotes it as if it were a salutation of the Father to the Son Divine. In the psalm the throne is the throne of mediatorial incarnate supremacy; but in the epistle it is the dignity ascribed to the Son, whose Name was far above that of angels. And as the Son is saluted as Elohim, so is He saluted as Jehovah, by the Father. Here again the salutation is indirect; but in the argument of the writer it is direct enough. Now it is another psalm that is quoted; and one which glorifies the Eternal Creator, whose unchanging and unchangeable Being abides through all the phenomenal changes of the universe which gives Him, as it were, garments assumed and laid aside in endless secular variety. Though the name Lord, or Jehovah, is not in the closing verses of the original Hebrew psalm, it is the name which is implied in every word: not Adonai, nor any other name, but only Jehovah. Hence the Septuagint has the Κύριε, which we may be sure was its representative of Jehovah. And this is quoted in our epistle with special reference to the Son incarnate: as if it were the supplement of the previous God, to make the divine names of the Son complete.

In the epistle to the Hebrews the Messiahship and the Sonship of the Redeemer are most closely united, as they are in our two psalms, especially the former of them. Only the Eternal Son could become the Christ; and, after He became Christ, His three Messianic functions are expressly connected with His incarnate Sonship. His Eternal Sonship is continued in them jointly and severally. In the Son, become incarnate, the God who spake by the prophets now speaketh. As the incarnate Son He is called and glorified to the everlasting high-priesthood: "Saluted of God an high priest after the order of Melchizedek." And, as the Son, He is the anointed King, whose irresistible authority both psalms proclaim. It is this last which is most prominent in these two psalms, as in two others beside them, which speak chiefly of the dignity of the Son as King. The second psalm dwells only on this: before the Son who is the anointed King all the kings of the earth must bow down, avoiding, if they "kiss the Son," the fierceness of His

wrath. The hundred and tenth represents the same Son as the Lord who will sit at the Father's right hand until all authority is put down. In every variety of application this is taken up in the New Testament. It was the strain of the first hymn of the Christian Church, which rejoiced over the earliest interposition of God on behalf of the apostles as the pledge and earnest of a final and complete victory over all the enemies of Christianity. In Acts iv. we have the first note of the prophetic exultation which is continued in 1 Cor. xv., and reaches its consummation in the Apocalypse. Both in the Old Testament and the New the might, majesty, and dominion of the Redeemer are uppermost. It is true that St. Peter interprets the prophecies which went before on the Christ as being related first to His sufferings and then to the glory that should follow. Of course that order could never be varied in the profound prospect of revelation. But it is not the order of prophetic psalmody. There first is the glory that followed, and then the sufferings through which that glory was reached. In the first note of the Bible the head of Satan is to be bruised before the Deliverer's heel is bruised. So is it in all the successive predictions to the patriarchs and to David: so is it in all the prophets proper. And our two psalms show the same law. The whole book is as it were rounded with the Redeemer's supremacy. The second psalm makes emphatic the earthly seat of the dominion, the hill of Zion; and there the scene of the victories of the Church and of the Head of the Church is evidently this earth, the kings and rulers of which are gradually and surely bringing their homage to the anointed Son of God. The hundred and tenth transfers the dominion to the right hand of God; that dominion is blended of priestly benediction and kingly authority; and there the earth becomes heaven. It scarcely requires to be said again that the ideas connected with "the right hand of God" occur oftener in the New Testament than any other Messianic suggestion borrowed from the Old Testament. It is hard to say whether "the Son" of the one psalm, or the "right hand" of the other is more frequently quoted. Suffice that, separately or together, they enter the New Testament much oftener than any other quotation.

We are reminded, however, by the passage in the Acts just referred to, that it was as the temporal Servant-Son that the Eternal Son of the Father obtained His dignity. It is remarkable that St. Peter alone has brought into the later phraseology of the New Testament the word παῖς as the Septuagintal translation of the Hebrew term servant. That word had been appropriated to the Messiah by the prophet Isaiah; but always to represent Him as the representative of sinners and the suffering Agent of the redeeming will of God. When that name is first introduced by the prophet, it is connected with epithets that plainly mark a deep distinction between this Servant and every other: the "Beloved in Whom my soul is well pleased" is a description which suggests the testimony to "the Son" at the transfiguration; while "I will put My Spirit upon Him" sends us back to the baptism, where it is "the Son" and not "the Servant" who receives the Father's attestation. We feel that this is only another form of the salutation of Ps. ii., and that feeling must go with us into the Acts. In its earlier chapters—that is, while St. Peter is dealing mainly with the unbelieving Jews—the Son is not mentioned, even where we might expect to hear it. "This Jesus," or the "Man approved of God," or "the Author of Life," is still only "the Servant of God" who is glorified; and we should regard this as only a synonym for son were it not that the apostle applies the same term to David. There is, however, the same difference as we have noted in the prophet. Whenever the term "servant" is applied to our Lord, some epithet is connected with it which "declares Him to be the Son of God with power." He is the "glorified" Servant; He is the "Holy and Righteous One;" He is "the holy servant Jesus." This last phrase suggests the remarkable fact—for the sake of which the subject is now introduced—that St. Peter uses the term παῖς or Servant in connection with a quotation from our psalm, and that triumphant quotation, too, which we have already dwelt upon. The old version made a compromise here, as in the narrative of the Infancy, by translating "Child" in one passage, and "Son" in the other. We may be sure that the apostle had a special design in thus connecting the dignity of the "Son" with the humiliation of the "Servant." After all, the redeem-

ing sufferings and dignity of the Messiah were more closely bound up in prophetic Scripture with the latter term than with the former. For himself, St. Peter had the highest conception of the supreme and unique sonship of his Master: witness his confession—the very first that recognized the relation in its profoundest sense—"Thou art the Son of the living God;" and his emphatic quotation of the transfiguration words in the second epistle.

The combination of the "Son" and the "Servant" suggests the one thought which we have been looking forward to as the appropriate conclusion of this whole matter. The two psalms taken together are the Father's salutation of His Son as He passes through the stages of His redeeming history always and only the Son from eternity into time and back into eternity again. The Redeemer is one Person, whose unique distinction as the μονογένης, the Only-begotten, is not limited by the conception, the resurrection, but embraces His whole being. This sublime word expresses first of all if not solely the absolute uniqueness of His Person as not the Son of God only, nor the Son of man only, but the Son uniting both. The opponents of the Eternal Sonship derive one of their superficial arguments from this term; asserting with endless iteration that the union of this adjective with this substantive is an absurdity, that an Only-begotten and eternal Son is unthinkable. But to us it suffices that the God of redemption speaks to the Redeemer, introduces Him into history, and commends Him to us as the Son only-begotten. We are assured that He is eternally the Son; that name descended from His Divine to His human nature. We may, if we will, say as a concession that the "Only-begotten" is a name which ascends from His human to His Divine nature; understanding the Nicene Creed to use it defensively, and as interpreted by "before all worlds" and "not made," the emphasis being on these two phrases rather than on the "begotten." Meanwhile, this is certain that the Only-begotten is the One Son who is as the Son "the Same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." His personality is one and undivided. As the Son He was loved of the Father before the world was; as the Son He became incarnate, but having no other personality than that of the Son of God; as

the Son He was hailed in the resurrection, then proclaimed to be the Son of God, no longer in the weakness of a lower nature doomed to die, but in power; and as the Son of God incarnate He is saluted Priest for ever. What the final salutation will be, when "again He bringeth the First-begotten into the world," doth not yet appear. But we know that the gifts of God are without repentance, and this supreme gift is ours to eternity: "Unto us a Son is given," not to be taken away again from human nature. That is never to be forgotten among the lessons which the festival of the Resurrection teaches us.

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## ART. VIII.—EGYPT.

1. *How we Defended Arábi and his Friends. A Story of Egypt and the Egyptians.* By A. M. BROADLEY, Barrister-at-Law, Author of "Tunis: Past and Present." London: Chapman & Hall, Limited. 1884.
2. *Egypt and the Egyptian Question.* By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.
3. *The Story of Chinese Gordon.* By A. EGMONT HAKE. London: Remington & Co. 1884.
4. *Le Fellah. Souvenirs d'Egypte.* Troisième Edition, revue et corrigée. Par EDMOND ABOUT. Paris: Hachette. 1873.

IF history has its marked repetitions, it also has its noteworthy contrasts; and among the most striking of these we may class the past and the present position of Egypt in the eye of the world. Far away in the long vista of bygone ages loom out the solid monuments of old Egypt—her temples and pyramids and sarcophagi, piled up when she was a mighty factor in the world's work, and when roaming tribes, tamed by famine, and aspiring nations, broken in the field, bowed in the dust at her feet. And now the stones are there, and the sand, and the river; but where is the mighty monarch, and where the sculptor that commemorated him in flattering hieroglyphs? Once and again, in her glory, the Hebrews came as humble suppliants to buy corn in this grand granary; but now it is the

Egyptians who pay tribute to the Jews, and are only too glad to be allowed to borrow of them. What a descent!—from the stubborn, self-willed Pharaohs to the weak, obliging Tewfik! from the viceroyalty of Joseph and the visit of father Jacob, to the yoke of the Rothschilds and the dunning calls of the local money-lenders!

Yet Egypt has not lost its old prestige in one respect. If in the olden days Assyrians and Persians and Greeks and Romans, in turn, longed for and won the fertile land of Nile, it has in later times been the arena for Turk and Mameluke and Arab, for Christian and infidel. At the beginning of this our century it was in the occupation of the French; the first Napoleon having coveted the land, apostrophized the Pyramids, and defeated the Mamelukes. Then came the English on the scene, and compelled their mortified and embittered foes to clear out of the country, foiled in their scheme for ruining British trade and influence in the Mediterranean. For this was the aim of the "great" Napoleon, just as the present French Ministry seems animated with the mad desire to exclude us from every land and main, not already ours by prior occupation and annexation, and runs a fair chance of being foiled like him. Then—in 1805—the Sultan imported a Roumelian, Mehemet Ali, and made him Pasha of Egypt; and he, troubled by no scruples of humanity, soon got rid of the Mamelukes by a horrible act of treachery. And still Egypt is the prey of dynastic vultures—Sultan and Khedive and Pasha—though the claws of the last of the species have been considerably clipped. In one remarkable instance, however, we find not a mere repetition of history, but a continuity of custom; and that is in the amount of the tax-gatherer's demand. In the 47th chapter of Genesis we read that Joseph fixed the land tax at one-fifth of the produce; and down to our own days—even to the times of Said Pasha—the land of Egypt has paid its tax in the same proportion.

To Englishmen, accustomed to the gloomy skies and depressing moisture of their native land, Egypt has great attraction in its perennial sunshine, its clear dry atmosphere, its flood of bright colouring, and sharp contrasts of light and shade. To rush away from a November fog and cross the Mediterranean

into the warmth and cheerfulness of Egypt seems, for the time, like a transition from a murky pandemonium to a balmy paradise. The man or woman of delicate chest breathes once more with freedom, and enjoys a new, delicious lease of life. And though the land is not a land of beauty, its landscape has an interest all its own in its spreading river and alluvial plains, its clusters of palm trees and its cotton fields with their golden balls, its grand and silent seas of sand, and its ancient marks and monuments. Few strangers explore the peculiarities of the Delta, spreading like a fan towards the sea; and we can scarcely wonder that the traveller shuns the melancholy sandy tracts which border on the Mediterranean, and, declining acquaintance with the mud and morasses of the Berari, hastens on to Cairo, the central gem of a bright belt of soil, and the head-quarters for antiquarian and picnic expeditions.

Yet the Berari, Mr. Wallace tells us, is well worth the study and observation of any man who wants to understand Egypt. This "desert" region is always in a damp condition—either covered with water, or coated thickly with a layer of mud, on which grow coarse reeds and grasses. At long intervals the traveller, if he manages to escape immersion in the marsh which underlies the thin crust of earth, comes to bright oases of cultivation and village life. But it is in the upper, narrow part of the Delta, between Cairo and the Berari, that the richest soil is found, and that the operations of agriculture are most efficiently carried on; the flat landscape being covered with cotton plantations or with fields of corn and clover; while the roads and canals are often bordered with lines of acacias, and have here and there the welcome shade of a noble sycamore. From Cairo southward, the Egyptian territory stretches away nearly two thousand miles through Upper Egypt and the Soudan, "the Country of the Blacks;" a great part of it being merely a narrow ribbon of cultivation on the borders of the Nile—the sugar plantations for some two hundred miles up the river forming part of the Khedivial estates acquired, by hook or by crook, by Ismail Pasha in his palmy days.

In the northern part of this lengthy narrow land the chief constituents of the population are the Fellaheen, the peasants or "tillers," a great proportion of whom were, till recent years,

the proprietors of the soil which they tilled. Living in their mud-brick huts, and cultivating the earth pretty industriously for long hours under a hot sun, they have neither spirits nor fitness for other work; and when seized for the army or compelled to work in the construction of roads or canals, they have very little value either for battle or for labour. It is to this class chiefly that Egypt owes such revenue as she possesses, and it is their wrongs that lie at the bottom of her unrest and distress in these later times.

The Fellahs may be regarded as genuine Egyptians, sons of the soil, but intermixed with the blood of the Arabs, sons of the desert, who have from time to time settled down to agriculture. But the Copts must be taken as purer descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, and differ materially in physique from the Fellaheen, being of more delicate frame, and having smaller hands and feet, higher and narrower skulls, less prominent cheekbones, and fairer complexion. These differences, however, may be partially accounted for by their differing mode of life; for, while the Fellaheen are, as their name implies, engaged in rural pursuits, the Copts are mostly dwellers in towns, busied as watchmakers, jewellers, embroiderers, tailors, manufacturers of spurious antiquities, clerks, accountants, &c. Shut out by their religion, for many ages, from the privileges enjoyed by their Mussulman neighbours, they have, like the Jews in similar circumstances, devoted themselves eagerly to money-lending, and, not being bound by Mohammedan precepts, have felt themselves free to charge usurious interest for their loans to the unbelievers. They are easily distinguished from the Arabs and others by their dark turbans and clothes—a sombre hue once compulsory upon them, but now retained from choice as an honourable distinction.

There are also the Bedouins, or nomadic Arabs, who roam the desert on each side of the fertile Nile valley; and the Arab dwellers in towns, who abound as shopkeepers, donkeymen, servants, guides, &c. Then, farther south, leaving Egypt proper, we come to the Nubians, the Berbers, the Negroes, and other men of Ethiopia. But it is with the Fellah that we just now wish to deal.

The Fellah villages, like many other things, look pretty well

in the distance, but are not so fascinating on a closer inspection. Their dwellings consist of four low walls, built of brown unbaked bricks coated over with mud, and thatched with straw, rushes, rags, or mats, and clay. Round such a hut is erected an outer wall, with a low door, through which the curious visitor burrows into a small "court"—the summer quarters of the family and their domestic animals. The hut serves as kitchen and bedroom for the inmates, who in the winter cluster on the top of a large flat stove, and on summer nights make their bed of a bit of reed matting spread in one of the courts under the starry canopy of sky. The Fellah's food consists chiefly of a bread made of maize, and often pervaded by a greenish colour due to an admixture of bean flour. A simple diet, but supplemented, except in dire poverty, by a hot supper; a *sine qud non* which is not ruinously expensive, inasmuch as it usually consists of a highly salted sauce, made of onions and butter, or, among the poorer, of onions and linseed or sesame oil, and thickened with various herbs. In this hot and savoury mess each member of the family dips pieces of bread and is comforted. The intense thirst of summer is allayed by an enormous consumption of pumpkins, cucumbers, melons, &c.

Most of the Fellahs are, or have been, landowners in a small way; and those who, during the American civil war, grew cotton on their few paternal acres, and made a little money, thought, no doubt, that the golden age—or its Mohammedan equivalent—had returned once more. Like agriculturists whom we have known nearer home, they felt it their duty and privilege to launch out into expenses which under ordinary circumstances they would never have thought of. But the Americans ceased fighting, and the South once more grew cotton; prices fell, and Manchester rejoiced, but Egypt was sorely grieved. The poor Fellah was in a dilemma. The Government was importunate for its taxes—nay, actually wanted them paid in advance—like some more northerly governments. Now was the opportunity for the Greek moneylenders, who kindly offered to lend the peasant the necessary cash. This afforded relief for a time; but soon the tax-gatherer reappeared for another instalment, and the crafty Greek demanded his own with interest cent. per cent. The money

not being forthcoming, the bastinado—punishment with a stick, or thong, *kurbash*, on the soles of the feet—was applied. Then, probably, the standing crops had to be disposed of to the usurer, without, however, clearing off the debt to the tax-gatherer; and so the Fellah often sank deeper and deeper in debt, and incurred more and more application of *kurbash*, till at last he abandoned the paternal acres and the old homestead to his creditors, the usurer and the tax-gatherer. So, though his wants are few, and he is a born proprietor, or quasi-freeholder, the poor Fellah sinks very low in the struggle for existence, being heavily weighted in his efforts by the evil custom of polygamy and early marriage. For the Egyptian peasant marries when still a boy, and takes additional wives, up to the Mohammedan limit of four, as soon as circumstances allow, or indeed sooner.

The Egyptian village is provided with a simple form of local government. The most important personage is the *Omdeh*, or "Notable;" and this communal office devolves by right on the largest landowner of the neighbourhood, who is confirmed in his function by the Government. It is he who is held responsible to head-quarters for the payment of the taxes, for the military conscription, and for the *corvée*, or supply of unpaid labour for State purposes—three woful burdens on the down-trodden Fellah. For these services the Omdeh receives no salary, but is sufficiently paid by the power which he thus acquires over the whole village or cluster of villages, and which includes the patriarchal privilege of administering the *kurbash*, and gives many opportunities of making money. While the Omdeh is the big potentate of the village or commune, and only attends to great affairs, ordinary matters are managed by the *Sheikhs-el-beled*, who are elected by the villagers, are responsible for their dusky constituents in regard of taxes, conscription, &c., and occasionally act as arbiters. Like the Omdeh, these smaller men are unpaid, and are supposed to defend their *protégés* from all injustice, and to act as intermediaries between them and the higher powers.

Such a form of government is plausible enough in theory, but in practice is not so satisfactory. There are, perchance, a few—a very few—virtuous Sheikhs and Omdehs; but the vast majority follow the corrupt movements of Eastern official

nature, and—knowing that the poor Fellahs are not very likely to attempt to expose their misdoings to the *Mudir*, or governor of the province, or to his sub—extract *bakshish*, in the form of money from their richer clients, and in the form of gratuitous labour from the impecunious peasant. Yet the system is not a bad one, having in it the elements of representative government; and it should not be hastily swept away, but should be improved and purified. To the State it is inexpensive; to the villagers it presents, nominally at least, an opportunity for the occasional exercise of free elective powers; and by its very antiquity it has a hold upon them which could not easily be acquired by any modern substitute. The Fellah is usually a quiet, inoffensive fellow, easy to govern, willing to follow sheepishly the leaders whom he knows; and he well deserves that, by a thorough and sharp inspection, at irregular intervals, the "little tyrant of his fields," whom his breast is not "dauntless" enough to withstand, should be kept within the bounds of law and equity. Unfortunately there are few Mudirs, Pashas, or officials of high standing, who could be depended upon to carry out such an inspection with efficiency and without bias.

The condition of the Fellah has, of course, varied considerably under different Pashas. When the unscrupulous Mehemet Ali had swallowed up in his one personal despotism a host of small tyrants, he did much to develop the resources of Egypt by the canalization of the Delta and other public works. But these improvements, while enriching the country, fell heavily upon the peasantry, requiring from them a terrific amount of forced labour; and though the productivity of the land was largely increased, the crafty despot took to himself the sole advantage, by assigning to the Government the exclusive right of purchasing produce for exportation. Thus the Fellah, under him, had large labour and small profits. Besides, he introduced the conscription, in order to raise a native army and dispense with the Albanian troops; and the Fellaheen, then as now, had a great objection to soldiering, and to being taken forcibly from their simple village life.

His son Ibrahim's reign was short, and of much the same character; but with his grandson, Abbas, an improvement took

place in the Fellah's condition; for, though he was not at all a nice man, his expenses were less, his rapacity more moderate, and his passion for military glory and commercial grandeur none. As a consequence, he imposed lighter burdens on the peasants, drew but few of them for the conscription, and used little severity in the collection of the taxes. Next came Said, personally a much pleasanter fellow than Abbas, but for his subjects a worse taskmaster. For he had an unfortunate fancy for playing at soldiers, and so increased the burden of the conscription; and, worried by the importunity of M. de Lesseps, he signed whatever concessions that persevering Frenchman required, without studying their provisions or considering their bearing on the well-being of his subjects. So it came to pass that the ingenious philanthropist was allowed to withdraw some 40,000 men from their village vegetation to labour on the construction of his canal; and the consequence was such a waste of life as had scarcely been known, in works of peace, since the days of the Pharaohs. Thanks, however, to the energetic protests of Lord Palmerston, the oppressive *corvée* clause was removed, and the plausible Ferdinand had to find more humane methods for carrying out his project.

Just when cotton was failing in America, and a new market was opening up for Egyptian growers, Ismail's rule began, and with it came the deluge. Blessed with the fervid imagination and the poetic splendour of project which mark the born speculator, and arriving on the scene when all was ripe for a grand *coup*, Ismail embarked in cotton-growing schemes on a gigantic scale, projected and began railways, canals, and harbours, and for a time carried all before him. But the palmy days of Egyptian cotton soon came to an end, and then he devoted himself to sugar-growing, and for that purpose furnished Upper Egypt with a long canal, constructed a railroad from Cairo to Assiout, and erected large factories on extensive plantations. The outcome of all his schemes was, in brief, the increase of the national debt from three or four millions to nearly a hundred millions sterling. The story of his reckless financing is well told by Mr. Wallace in one of the best chapters of his very interesting volume. Here it must suffice to say that, after various wriggling endeavours to extricate himself and Egypt

from financial ruin, and after giving up the Khedivial estates—the Daira Sanieh and the Domains—for the benefit of his creditors, he was deposed by the Sultan at the instance of the English and French Governments, and departed into exile; while his son Tewfik ascended the viceregal throne, and the Anglo-French Control came into operation.

In view of subsequent events some may doubt whether the deposition of Ismail was either a just or a wise act; and whether the financial lapses could not have been retrieved without resorting to such a severe step. On the other hand, his duplicity was incorrigible, and the net result of his feverish reign was an almost intolerable burden of debt, and a general impoverishment of the land and its cultivators. But, oppressed with debt and taxation as the small proprietors and ex-proprietors were, they would have remained content and motionless as they were under the Pharaohs—rejoicing when a spell of milder rule fell to their lot, and bearing with Job-like patience the whips of scorpions with which at times they were lashed—had not discontent arisen in another quarter. Jealousy had for some time existed between the Turco-Circassian officers in the Egyptian service, and the Fellah soldiers who had been raised from the ranks in Said Pasha's time and subsequently. The latter, when promoted, could not brook the airs of superiority in which the former indulged, and the influence which they still exercised in high quarters; and ere long the native malcontents found a leader and spokesman in Arabi Bey—a man of strong broad physique, good disposition, and of some power as an orator. In fact, his oratory at times ran away with him, and, like some rhetoricians nearer home, he would now profess a full and generous love to his brother men of every nation and every creed, and then be bitter and intolerant towards all unbelievers, and ready to declare war to the knife against all foreigners. In conjunction with Ali Fehmi and Abd el Aal, he commenced an agitation amongst his brother officers for the advancement of their special interests; and so began to roll the small snowball which ultimately brought with it an avalanche of war for his country, bombardment for its finest city, and banishment for himself and his accomplices. We need not recount the events fresh in the recollection of our readers,

but will devote a few lines to a study of this original character.

If "Arabi the Egyptian"—as he was fond of signing himself—has been unduly praised by a few, he has also been much underrated by the many. That he is no ordinary personage is evident enough from his career. The man who rose from the peaceful, long-suffering herd of Fellah conscripts to be, for a time, above the Khedive, and real master of Egypt, has at least some force of character. Mr. Broadley, in his handsome octavo, does his duty as a thorough-going English barrister, in setting out his client in his best dress, and in turning a blind eye to his defects and excesses; but, after making every allowance for the partiality of a good advocate, the candid reader is sure to be impressed with Arabi's fine qualities. There is hope for Egypt when it produces a *man*—not a cowering, cowardly wretch, who maims himself rather than be enlisted, or conscribed, as a soldier—not a shrewd, hard Copt, who, with clear head and grasping fist, lends money on usury and grinds the faces of the poor—not a swaggering Pasha, intent on sensual indulgence, and antedating the grossness of a Mohammedan paradise—not a crafty statesman, of the Turkish or Arabian type, whose highest idea of policy is to lie blandly to your face and to chuckle over the notion of deceiving alike friend and foe—but a straightforward enthusiast, of strong family affection, open heart, and humanity quite exceptional in an Egyptian dignitary. England has made many mistakes in her policy as to Egypt, but a ray of her ancient glory flashed across the gloom when she insisted on a fair public trial for the man who had fought his best against her army, and whose Sovereign would gladly have got rid of him and his awkward recollections together. Now that the smoke of the conflict has passed away, and the heat of passion has subsided, a fairer estimate of this remarkable man may be formed by those who care to be just even to the conquered, and regret may be felt that his great talents and influence over the Egyptian army are not available at the present crisis.

On the other hand, though Arabi appears to have been personally guiltless of the Alexandrian and other massacres, he was largely responsible for arousing by inflammatory

speeches that vile fanatical spirit which transforms the Mohammedan bigot from a decent citizen into an intolerant, unsparing fiend. If he and his brother colonels had not been interfered with, they would probably have established a military despotism, making use of an Assembly of Notables to give it an appearance of constitutional legality. After his defeat, intercourse with Englishmen, and the generous appreciation shown him by the counsel who saved his life, enlarged his views as to the comparative worth of his own countrymen and foreigners. The more is the pity that his sympathetic knowledge of the wrongs of the Fellah and the soldier, his abhorrence of the swarm of usurers, and his comparative purity from the system of *backshish* and black mail which hitherto has run riot through the great body of native officials, cannot now be available to aid the counsels and strengthen the hands of the intelligent Englishmen who are trying to reform the entire administration. The *Memorandum* which he wrote when in prison—November 25, 1882—and which contains his views of "necessary reforms for the well-being of Egypt," is a remarkable document, coinciding as it does in many of its suggestions with the admirable paper which Lord Dufferin addressed to the Foreign Office a few weeks later—February 6, 1883—on the same topic.

Arabi here tells us that "one of the greatest of Egypt's difficulties and dangers comes from the usurers and money-lenders, who have sucked the very blood of the peasants, and ill-treat the natives whom they despoil, and whose hardly acquired gains they carry away by handfuls." Another grievance is that "foreigners fill the highest posts, receive the largest salaries, and leave no room anywhere for the natives of the country." That is but a natural sentiment for a patriotic Egyptian to entertain; but we must not take it as referring solely to the Europeans who were forced on the country in duplicate under the Dual Control, but also to the Turks and Circassians who have luxuriated in high rank and office, and the Syrians who have swarmed into clerkships and minor posts. He goes on: "The non-Egyptian Moslems who surround the Government on every side seek to keep the Egyptian in the lowest state of degradation and ignorance, in order that

they may always continue to oppress and tyrannize over the free inhabitants of the country, without themselves possessing any real superiority of knowledge, natural talents, or civilization." Lord Dufferin allows the existence of this grievance, and especially in the case of the cadastral survey, which "service has been crowded with European employés, whose technical knowledge has not always been of a high order;" and justly observes that this "legitimate" grievance can only be got rid of "by the Egyptian Government taking in hand, in an energetic and conscientious manner, the education of the rising generation;" a point on which Arabi wisely insists. The latter also deprecates any interference by the Sultan in Egyptian affairs—a sentiment in which Lord Dufferin evidently concurs; urges the necessity of a simple form of constitutional government; objects to the non-taxation of the foreigners in Egypt; and insists on a thorough reform of the judicial system, and on special attention being paid to the burning question of usury, and to the vital matter of irrigation. And these are the very reforms upon which the English envoy dwells, and which, we may add, are now actually in course of being carried out with a fair amount of success.

But to effect even a moderate number of reforms requires time; and they certainly cannot be carried out under a weak and tottering Government. Whatever may be the virtues or the defects of Tewfik Pasha, it needs no demonstration that if English support be withdrawn he will be overthrown and Egypt reduced to utter anarchy. From the day when our ships demolished the most beautiful city of Egypt, and our troops dispersed her best soldiers at Tel-el-Kebir, the real government has devolved upon us; and it is sheer cowardice to attempt to shift the responsibility on to other shoulders. Having blown down the house of cards, it is our duty to put up a more substantial building, and not to withdraw our troops as soon as we have done large damage to the land. During the last few months the great body of Englishmen have been distressed beyond measure at the sorry part played by our Government in Egypt. While it has been halting and wavering, trimming and shuffling—ordering the withdrawal of

troops just at the crisis when they were most wanted, and sending them too late or in too scanty numbers—in nearly every mouth have been the words, "O for an hour of" such or such a statesman—now gathered to his fathers! Once England had a name as the protector of the defenceless, the liberator of the captive, the bitter foe of the slave-dealer. Now all that is changed, and we are expected to shut our eyes or turn away our heads when destruction follows fast on the heels of those whom we might have saved, and to comfort ourselves with the notion that we can shut ourselves up in our "tight little island" from the woes of the outside world. True, we *can* do so; but if we do, we shall soon sink below the level of Spain, be more insignificant than Holland, less powerful than Peru; and it will be found too late that a policy of narrow self-interest has not gained even the material good which it holds up as its god, and worships with unblushing idolatry.

Just now the eyes of all Europe are fixed on our conduct of affairs in Egypt, and especially in its outlying dependencies grouped under the generic term "the Soudan." Whatever were the real motives of Ismail Pasha in annexing the wilder and remote parts of "the Country of the Blacks," there can be but little doubt that a great blow was thereby struck at the slave-trade, and under the governorship of the brave and genial Gordon the tide of slavery was driven back, humanity enlarged its borders, and civilization was making its way to the very heart of Africa. But soon Ismail was deposed, Gordon resigned his charge, and, after a while, Mahomet Achmet, the Mahdi, arose and profited by the misgovernment of Sheikhs and Pashas to rally men to his standard of slavery and fanaticism. Already had his troops penetrated into Sennaar, and were getting nearer and nearer to Khartoum, when the Egyptian Government, in order to make that city secure, and to free the province of Sennaar from the dangerous invader, sent a small army against him under Hicks Pasha, who soon expelled him and his rebel rout from the district. Unfortunately the Egyptian Cabinet was not content with this success, but sent the bold Englishman across an inhospitable desert to attack the Mahdi in Kordofan, the stronghold of his power; and this ill-advised move—which the English Government should

not have permitted to be made, knowing as it did the inadequacy of the means and the hopelessness of the undertaking—led to the sad catastrophe of the destruction of General Hicks and his gallant officers and black troops. And this was the very time which our Government had chosen for withdrawing British troops from Cairo! After the calamity to Hicks, it did indeed cancel the absurd order; but even then it did not awake to dangers that were patent to every intelligent observer.

In January the English Ministry came to the resolution that the Soudan must be given up, *in toto*, by Egypt. Anxious only to get rid of any foreign affair which caused the smallest trouble of thought or action, they quite ignored the probability that the abandonment of Khartoum would raise the *prestige* of the false Prophet, and bring him in dangerous proximity to Upper Egypt; as well as the fact that Khartoum and Berber and Dongola and Sennaar are important parts of the Egyptian dominions, which should not lightly be thrown away, and which under proper management would materially help the Egyptian revenue. In any case the order for the evacuation of the Soudan should not have been promulgated till proper precautions had been taken for the relief and rescue of the Egyptian garrisons scattered through that long stretch of country. But, in spite of the most urgent appeals, the starving garrison of Sinkat, under the brave Tewfik Bey, was left to perish; and at last, when the news of their sally, and consequent massacre, and of the piteous slaughter of women and children, spread horror all over England, our Ministers—roused to some manhood by the storm of indignation which shook the country—took the very steps which had for months been urged upon them, and sent English troops to the Red Sea coast. And now, instead of recalling our soldiers from Cairo, we are sending reinforcements there. Surely it is the duty of a Government, in managing the foreign policy of a nation, to look ahead and avert disaster, instead of waiting till it sees whether the news communicated by the daily press has any effect on the public mind, and whether constituencies or caucuses are pressing certain views on their representatives. "Let us but keep always in time with the mood of popular feeling for the hour, and the rest of the world

may take its chance," should not be the ruling principle for any English Ministry; nor should it, again and again, by its sluggish indecision, earn the ominous sentence, "Too late, too late!" A firm and outspoken adherence to that policy of protection which Egypt needs from us would have rendered unnecessary a costly expedition and prevented the painful sacrifice of life which has attended our recent victories.

We gladly turn from the spectacle of such weakness to glance, for a moment, at a man who "fears God, and has no other fear." We can imagine General Gordon, when summoned from Brussels in such hot haste the other day, standing amidst bewildered Ministers of State, and taking up his parable with regard to them and their request in Archbishop Trench's words:

> "To these, my poor companions, seem I strong,
> And at some times such am I, as a rock
> That has upstood in middle ocean long,
> And braved the winds' and waters' angriest shock,
> Counting their fury but an idle mock.
> I from my God such strength have sometimes won,
> That all the dark, dark future I am bold
> To face."

Gordon's great qualification for his perilous undertaking—a journey without escort across the desert, to take the government of disturbed provinces—was, his knowing his own mind. Having stood face to face with death in the trenches before Sebastopol, and in many a fight with the Tae Pings in China and the slave merchants in the Soudan, and being blessed with an unwavering trust in the all-ruling providence of God, no event, or complication of events, disturbs this hero's tranquil soul; and while his fearless yet kindly eye exercises a magical power alike over black and white, his thoughts, undimmed with anxiety simply to stand high in the favour of his fellows, are free to look straight to the end. Whether his modes of action meet with universal approval or not, whether his measures for the pacification of the Soudan prove to be successful or otherwise, his countrymen will in any case hold, with one heart and voice, that he at least has done what seemed to him right—right to his clear judgment and loving heart.

Egypt is a land that needs, and that will repay, the best efforts of our best men. It demands not a Gordon only, but a Dufferin; and evil for it was the day when that enlightened statesman had to return to Constantinople. His was the "masterful hand" that was needed, at once to guide the internal affairs of Egypt, and to influence the wavering minds of Ministers at home to a steady, consistent policy, which should commend itself alike to the commercial and to the philanthropic world:—redressing the wrongs of the Fellahs, freeing the finances from embarrassment, developing the resources of the soil, and avoiding the infantile impatience which is continually pulling up the plant of progress to see how it grows, or to throw it away as an ungrateful weed.

As we revise these last paragraphs, we have the news of General Graham's victories. Gordon and Graham seem, for the present, to have saved Egypt and also to have saved the English Ministry. That Ministry, not long ago, was strong in the magic of a great statesman's name, and in the support of a large majority within and without the House. But its lamentable imbecility, first in the affairs of South Africa and then of Egypt, has done much to weaken its position alike in England and in the councils of the world.

# SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

## THEOLOGY.

### THE THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY.

UNDER this title Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing a series of Apologetic works, moderate in size and uniform in price, which deal with some important points of Christian truth and promise to be very useful. While the volumes are not all equally able, none are inferior, and some are of superior merit. One of the most able is the one by Dr. Whitelaw with the clumsy title, *How is the Divinity of Jesus depicted in the Gospels and Epistles?* The author has expanded an argument for the Divinity of Christ from the New Testament into a manual of New Testament Christology. Under the three heads of the Pre-existent, Incarnate and Exalted state, he gives a condensed statement of the whole of the New Testament teaching respecting the nature and person of Christ. Not the least valuable feature of the work is that it gives the interpretations of modern German writers on the passages discussed. Throughout, the matter is exceedingly solid and fresh, the presentation clear, and the reasoning strong. It would be hard to find a better text-book on the subject. By some curious mischance a great number of the Greek accents in the passages quoted have been moved back a letter, with ludicrous effect. *Treffry* on "the Eternal Sonship" is also twice spelt *Treffrey* (pp. 45, 47).

*Is Dogma a Necessity?* by Rev. F. Meyrick, M.A., despite a misapprehension of "Wesleyan dogma" (p. 98), which has given rise to some public correspondence, is an exceedingly timely statement of the meaning and reasons of dogmatic teaching, as well as a protest against the prejudice against such teaching. We notice that Mr. Macdonald's briefer treatise on the same subject is several times quoted with approval. The distinctly Anglican tone, especially in the last chapter, is somewhat out of place in such a series. These are the only drawbacks, in our view, to an excellent book.

In *Are Miracles Credible?* by Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A., the author gives thoughtful, well-reasoned answers to a series of questions on a critical subject. Seven chapters discuss the question, "Can a miracle happen?" Other questions are: "What is a miracle?" "Why have miracles been objected to?" "Why should a revelation be established by means of miracles?" "What evidence do the Scripture miracles possess?" "How do we distinguish false or supposed miracles from true ones?" "Why have miracles ceased?" Thus all the main points are raised and dealt with. We will only add that the subject is discussed in reference to modern difficulties by one who has proved his competence in other works.

A like air of freshness breathes through *Life: Is it worth Living?* by Dr. Marshall Lang. The answer of Christianity is contrasted with the answers of Pessimism, Hedonism, Humanitarianism, and Natural Religion. Wisely the chief attention is devoted to the former. The Christian truths of immortality, incarnation and eternal life impart new meaning and value to human life. Remove these, and the answer to the question might be doubtful. The other theories of life are criticized with much delicacy and skill.

Mr. McCheyne Edgar's book on *Does God answer Prayer?* is somewhat fragmentary. After an introduction, in three chapters, the author discusses efficacious prayer as a law of Nature and privilege of grace, and then devotes five chapters to different classes of verification. It would have been wiser to limit the field, and make the treatment more thorough. The stress of the argument plainly rests on the first point, which should have been discussed more exhaustively. The author's quotations are abundant —sometimes almost distractingly so. The references are however valuable, as a guide to further inquiry. The literature of the subject in the last note of the appendix is very complete.

Dr. Cotterill's treatise on *Does Science aid Faith in regard to Creation?* is full of careful thinking and writing. The author does not attempt to deal with the subject exhaustively, but confines himself to what is essential. Thus, in the first part, which discusses the Christian doctrine of creation, he makes little reference to former writers and controversies. The second part, dealing with the scientific aspects of creation, is the strongest part of the book. In chapters vi.—ix. the reader will read a well-weighed discussion of the bearings of evolution on Christian faith. The positions of Darwin, Spencer, Haeckel and Huxley are fairly stated and examined. No one can question the author's appreciation of science, or competence to discuss the fundamental questions which it raises. The dogmatic assumptions of Haeckel are effectively exposed by simple quotation. Haeckel says: "The strongest of all arguments for the theory of spontaneous generation is the inadmissibility of the only rival hypothesis. In no other way can the origin of life be conceived. If Nature did not evolve spontaneously, the few primordial forms of life which the Darwinian theory postulates, then they must have been supernaturally created," which is *ex hypothesi* impossible!

*The Parables of Jesus.* By SIEGFRIED GOEBEL. Translated by Professor BANKS, Headingley. 1883.

The two former issues of our New Series contained no reference to the works which the indefatigable publishing house of Messrs. Clark is constantly issuing; and it is only right that amends should be made by giving them some special prominence in the present number. Not that they need any commendation to our readers. For a long time past they have occupied a unique place as purveyors of a particular kind of literature—translations of German orthodox theology and exposition; in fact, the entire extant generation of English theological students has been more or less indebted to the Foreign Library for its knowledge of the work done by German learning. This Library has, ever since its beginning, kept faith with the public in every respect. It has been always faithful to time with its cheap four volumes a year; and, what is still more important, it has generally selected the best books, carefully keeping out those of an uncertain or suspicious character. As old friends who have long respected these works, we are anxious for their success, and therefore anxious about their continued purity. Other publishers have, as might have been expected, shown signs of a disposition to invade their monopoly; and it might naturally be feared that Messrs. Clark would be tempted to invade the monopoly of others in their turn, and publish translations not so rigidly orthodox. There has been no sign of this as yet, though here and there we think a few editorial notes would be desirable. It is earnestly to be hoped that nothing will induce them to relax their ancient principles. As to the continuance of the Foreign Theological Library itself, we hope there is no doubt about that. There will always be a constituency large enough to encourage this enterprise. If great numbers who used to read the translations now read the originals, there are still greater numbers rising up who will keep up the non-German reading public. And it is no more than justice to say that the translations are very much more readable and more exact than they used to be. In fact, some of them read like originals. Moreover, the price is a strong inducement. To get four such volumes as the last year's issue for a guinea is something remarkable. As to the works of the learned Dr. Weiss, we shall say little now, but wait until the series is complete. It is the Professor's distinction to combine the History of our Lord and the Historical Theology of the New Testament after a manner unattempted by any other. The one work plays into the other: in fact, they are complementary, and a fair estimate cannot be formed until the whole is complete. One thing we have to say at present. The reader must not rashly think that Dr. Weiss is unsound or latitudinarian because some of his views seem to differ from those current among ourselves. His remarks as to the Eternal Sonship, the Miraculous Conception, the Son of man, and other subjects of the utmost importance,

must be examined in the light of the general scheme of his exposition. This remark will often be found necessary in reading the Biblical theology especially. When a profound analyzer is doing his best to distinguish schools of theology within the New Testament, he is under a strong temptation to press the differences too far. Of the new book on the Parables nothing but what is good must be said. Our English literature on the subject is not extensive. Our one or two leading favourites will well bear reinforcement. Goebel's Introduction is simply admirable; Mr. Banks has accomplished his book with his usual ability: in fact, the reader owes a good deal to his remarkable skill in turning involved German into readable English.

*A Popular Introduction to the History of Christian Doctrine.* By Rev. T. G. CRIPPEN. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1883.

This is a very praiseworthy attempt to accomplish a most desirable object. The author has given in a comparatively small volume the fruit of much reading and research; but the judgment and sagacity and sobriety of mind which control the arrangement are even more conspicuous. The theological student could not do better than make his own digest of the history of doctrine. But while he is doing it, and as a help, he will find Mr. Crippen's handbook invaluable. The book is very cheap; and the matter in the Appendices alone would amply repay the cost.

*Sermons by the late Rev. Edward Baines, M.A., Vicar of Yalding, Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge, and Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Ely.* Edited, with Preface and Memoir, by ALFRED BARRY, D.D. Macmillan & Co., London.

These sermons, as the title-page informs us, were addressed mainly to country congregations. The author belongs to a class of men who, in remote and obscure districts, are doing Christian work in which none can compete with the Established Church. If these sermons may be regarded as in any sense a specimen of their religious teaching, these "country congregations" are favoured above many town ones; somewhat overweighted with ecclesiasticism perhaps, but elevated in tone and full of gracious sentiment. They are not the productions of one to whom the sermon was only a subordinate accessory of worship. There is evidence of the most careful preparation. The preacher presses into his service all the resources which a ripe and varied scholarship could furnish. He is a teacher, too. When his people ask for bread he does not give them a stone. He never resorts to any unworthy methods to produce effect. His appeals are chiefly to the reason and the conscience, and are

characterized by a grave, emphatic eloquence which must have made them very powerful.

Mr. Baines, it appears, was a friend of the late F. D. Maurice: this perhaps accounts for the singular fact that a country clergyman should utter sentiments of this kind, in the sermon on "Prove all Things:"—"All opinions, doctrines, creeds, forms and practices of worship, customs, and authorities—prove all ancient things, for they need not be a whit the better for being old. No Church custom is necessarily better for being old; it may be old and bad." The sermons, though not of the highest order, are full of vigorous and wholesome thought, and will no doubt be highly prized by those who were familiar with the preacher.

*Sermons Preached in English Churches.* By the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, Massachusetts. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

These are very clever sermons. The American Episcopal Church has recently sent over to this country several able preachers, and the impression they have produced in England has been very considerable. Of these the Bishop of Long Island will be long remembered. The sermons in this volume exhibit a decided originality in thought and illustration. Each sermon has, what every good sermon should have, one valuable striking thought, well developed, aptly illustrated, and forcibly driven home. Mr. Brooks' language is somewhat ornate and sometimes very effective. We miss in him the classic polish and exquisite grace of some of our English masters in this department of literary composition. The following sentence is truly wonderful: "We are certain that the minds of the great theologians, from Paul to Maurice, loved their truths. We are sure that Shakespeare's intellect had an affection for its wonderful creations." This is surely bad taste, and something more. The eulogium (that of an enthusiastic partisan) on Dean Stanley, uttered appropriately in the Abbey (pp. 81, 82), as one who taught men "to discriminate between the eternal substance of Christianity and its contemporary forms," is conceived in the same spirit. Where, then, is the form of sound words? As such sermons will become models to younger men, we must utter a further word of warning.

It is well to have some central idea, and to bring it home to the minds of a congregation; but it must be a real truth and a Divine truth, or it will not repay the preacher for its elaboration. The thought of each sermon in this volume is novel and ingenious, but in some cases rather, we take leave to think, attenuated and fantastic. In Sermon iv. the idea is that "nothing after all is new and wonderful, nothing ought to perplex or dismay us, since God has known it all along." Sometimes a subtle idea may be dwelt upon too much, and these ideas, "Come as shadows, so

depart;" "The sheep look up and are not fed." Generally, however, Mr. Brooks' ideas are fruitful and truthful.

We have kept to the last the gravest complaint we have to urge against these sermons, and one that we must put in strong and startling language. It is that, with the exception of the one ("The Christian City," vii.), preached in St. Paul's, they might have been preached by a man who could say, "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost." In that sermon (p. 241) we read of "A belief in God and Christ and the Holy Spirit;" (p. 142) of "A humanity created by God, redeemed by Jesus Christ, inspired and pointed on to indefinite futures by a Holy Spirit;" (p. 151) "By the power of the Holy Ghost;" (p. 152), the Christian's body is "The temple of the Holy Ghost." But these are the only passages in the whole volume in which explicitly or inexplicitly the Holy Spirit, the "Lord and Giver of Life" is referred to. The dates appended to the sermons show us that one of them (p. 23) was actually preached on Whit-Sunday. We are curiously taught in it that "the Church is an institution built of men, and a knowledge of human nature throws perpetual light upon its character and its hopes." But of Pentecost and the Church's birth we hear nothing. It is the oddest Whit-Sunday sermon we remember. What a contrast between this "Valley of the dry bones" and good Bishop Andrewes' Pentecost sermons.

*Christian Charity in the Ancient Church.* By C. UHLHORN, Dr. Theol., Abbot of Loccum. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

We have here an important chapter in ecclesiastical history: the history of the work of love "in love's own Home." Its motto is the saying that cannot be too often brought to the remembrance of the faithful: "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another."

The work is full of valuable hints for those whose duty it is to elicit and direct the charities of the Christian brotherhood; and it is an instructive lesson in Church history. The sway of authorities is very formidable; but the references give the clue to a very profitable course of reading, laying bare the secret of the life and power, and to some extent the morbid tendencies also, of the life of the Church in the first four centuries.

It is a study suited to the exigencies of the time, exhibiting as it does the Church's action when the western world was in the throes of the great agony which preceded the birth of the modern European States. We too have our sore conflicts. Questions regarding "charity and the relief of the poor, in connection with those concerning calling and work, wages and property" are clamouring for an answer. Can Christianity give it? Meanwhile mighty powers in the hidden depths are convulsing the whole

framework of society, and "what shall we do in the end thereof?" Sin, and sorrow, the sad work of sin, abound. Faith decays, at least in many vast regions. Hope is well-nigh dying out of many brave hearts. Is the paralysis of faith and hope (partial and transient we trust) the result of forgetfulness that the greatest and the best of the Christian graces, their sun and glorious crown, is charity? Certainly in its early days the motto of the Christian body was "all for love." Modern society sits at the feet of a cold political economy, and is guided by a wisdom in which is much selfishness and little love. Of course there is much "giving of goods to the poor," and much deification of the self-sacrifice which "gives its body to be burned," but these may exist without the Divine charity, and then we know from the best Authority, that they are "nothing worth." The study of this work will, we trust, instruct and warm many a Christian heart.

*The First Epistle to the Corinthians.* Exposition by the Ven. Archdeacon FARRAR, D.D., and Homilies by various Authors. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

*The Acts of the Apostles.* Exposition and Homiletics by the Right Rev. Lord A. C. HERVEY, D.D., Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells. Vol. I. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1884.

This Pulpit Commentary is quietly going on its way: through a host of friends and enemies pursuing its course, and evidently determined to reach its end. That end is no less than an exposition of the entire Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, composed by some of the most prominent scholars of the day, and garnished by a running sub-exposition for the practical use of the preacher. The conception was a bold one; and all the more bold as a similar work, translated from the German, has not met with a cordial reception. Both the scheme and the execution of it have met with a considerable amount of sharp criticism: we have contributed our own trifle to the general strain. But there is no such vindicator as success. The editors can evidently afford to run the gauntlet of many strictures while in every part of the world their volumes are eagerly welcomed. This we understand to be the case. And, when the matter is looked into a little, reasons enough may be found to abate wonder on this head. The getting-up of the volume is perfect; and what is more important, the writers are of the highest order; let the names on the title-page of those now before us be taken as specimens. The guarantees for the Acts are unexceptionable. The Bishop of Bath and Wells is one of the highest authorities in the land on some points, chronological and other, which are especially involved in this document. His introduction is simply perfect; and, on every passage on which we have consulted it, the exposition is admirable. No expositor would be more likely than

Lord Arthur Hervey to do justice, no more and no less than justice, to St. Stephen's speech. The reader may make that a test case. Canon Farrar is the annotator on the First Epistle to the Corinthians; and his homiletic coadjutors are eminent men, who have mainly taken the theology into their hands. The introduction is not worthy of the volume. The exposition is vigorous and thorough, as an examination of the Greek text. In this latter point Dr. Farrar is always to be relied on. As to those views which are now associated with his name as a theologian, it might be expected that they would not be kept out. They appear again and again, but in a somewhat restrained style. We have to confess that our examination of the volume has been necessarily limited; and naturally we turned to such passages as would show the expositor's hand. The canon's note on 1 Cor. xv. 28, is not a fair one. It is competent for him to say that "God may be all in all" "involves a complete and absolute supremacy." But it is hardly right, and certainly not in good taste, to say that making "all" mean "some" is a method which often leads "to an irreligous religionism and heterodox orthodoxy." Bengel, as it happens, has a long and elaborate note which denies this; showing in what sense there may be absolute subjection of those who are nevertheless existent as evil. "*Hostes destruentur, ut hostes.*" Why then does Dr. Farrar, who is above caring for names of men, note the following words of Bengel, without finishing Bengel's sentence, or remembering what precedes? "I confine myself to the comment of the profound and saintly Bengel: there is implied something new, but also supreme and eternal. All things, and therefore all men, without any interruption, no created thing claiming a place, no enemy creating opposition, shall be subordinated to the Son, the Son to the Father. All things shall say—God is all in all to me. This is the consummation—this the end and summit. Further than this not even an apostle can go." The Homilist also has on this point no more success than the expositor.

*The Resurrection of Our Lord.* By WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D., Professor of Divinity and Biblical Criticism in the University of Aberdeen. Second Thousand. London: Macmillan. 1884.

We are not surprised at having so soon in our hands a second edition of this noble work. Its completeness as an examination of all the bearings of the subject, the originality of many of its views, the charm of its catholicity, and the grace and finish of its style, all combine to recommend it to an age which thirsts for new light on old truths. This new edition has no substantial changes in it. We have read it with deepened interest, and, it must be confessed, with the same resulting suspicion as to some of its views. We still cannot altogether accept the parallel between our Lord and ourselves as illustrating the nature of His resurrection body:

holding that, as His body saw no corruption, "incorruptibility" and "glorification" in His case and before the entrance into heaven must have a meaning which no analogy will help us to understand. We still demur, too, to the consecrated and accepted life being found in the blood as "sprinkled." We have examined the various terms used of the sacrificial application of the blood, and the objects on which the application was made, and cannot reconcile them with the doctrine of our author. There is, however, a most blessed sense in which, apart from that sacrificial emblem, his doctrine is true. With regard to these points and some few others to which we demur, it may be said that they are of such a nature as to greatly enhance the profit with which the work will be read. We heartily recommend it to our theological readers, especially as its cheapness is so strong an additional recommendation.

*The History of Israel.* By HEINRICH EWALD. Vol. VI. *The Life and Times of Christ.* Translated from the German by J. FREDERICK SMITH. Longmans. 1883.

The successive volumes of this good translation of a great work have been mentioned in our columns, and with that mingling of approval and strong dissent with which everything of Dr. Ewald's must be received. We confess to a strong liking for his historical style of treatment, notwithstanding its many faults. He is by no means altogether destructive, and conservative views of the Old Testament owe a great deal to the kind of restraint which Ewald has by his high authority thrown around his more reckless fellow-labourers.

The voluminous work here enters on its final *stadium*. Three volumes connect Christianity with Judaism: the first, giving the history and times of Christ; the second, the history of the apostolical age down to the destruction of Jerusalem; and the third, the history of the forms of the sub-apostolical age and of the people of Israel. It will strike every one that here is a dramatic presentment of the finale of the ancient people. To Ewald, Christianity was "the true end and consummation of the two thousand years of national life under a Divine training without a parallel. Without Christ and His Church he would have regarded Israel and its strange sad career as an enigma and a failure; but with Christ and His community of the Perfected True Religion, he traced Divine purpose and necessity beneath the defects, disasters, and ruin of the nation, as well as in its matchless endowments and unapproached attainments." It may be assumed that the Founder of Christianity is regarded in this work with the profoundest reverence—nay, not the "profoundest;" for the homage paid to Him is the tribute which a perfect man and supreme moral teacher demands, and no more than that. We have but one remark to make: that no one of the professed lives of Jesus was comparable to this, in its clear exhibi-

tion of the place of Jesus and Christianity among the Rabbis until the work of Edersheim appeared; and even now we think that, with all its faults and deep shortcomings, this work is amongst the very first in respect of its historical justice to the Jews of history.

*St. Paul's Use of the Terms Flesh and Spirit.* The Baird Lecture for 1883. By W. P. DICKSON, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Glasgow. Glasgow: Macmillan & Sons. 1883.

Whatever may be its exegetical value, we have not read a more stimulating volume than this for a long time. The subject is of profound importance both to New Testament exegesis and to Christian doctrine. The writer, or lecturer, is an accurate scholar, a sound divine, and at home in all departments of Biblical theology. When therefore he gives us a goodly volume on such a fascinating topic as the Pauline doctrine of Flesh and Spirit, we must needs read the result with interest, whether agreeing with it or not.

It appears that Dr. Dickson had arranged his plan, and to a great extent prepared his materials, before it occurred to him to make his work a review in some sense of recent continental labours on the theme of his lectures. This change of scheme, we cannot help saying, we regret. Those parts of the volume which contain the author's direct teaching are clear and vigorous, and mostly satisfactory; but the contests with the German theorists are not pleasant reading. Students of the volume are not likely to share the writer's estimate of the value of the dissertations he discusses; and, in fact, the writer himself seems to recover at last from a sort of delusion on the subject. He closes thus: "The inquiry which we have now brought to a close has, we trust, served to show that, while the treatises by recent German scholars of which we spoke in the outset are unquestionably marked by great acuteness and subtlety, they present a somewhat motley combination of exegesis, criticism, and speculation, dubious in methods and incongruous in results." What trouble the lecturer has with his German friends will appear from the following specimen: "The other question has reference to the value of the grounds assigned by Holsten and Pfleiderer for their position that the Pauline use of πνεῦμα implies a conception of *material substance*, of a non-earthly, finer, luminous or lustrous substance, which is given forth by God to men, and which, when so communicated, produces in them pneumatic effects." Dr. Dickson rightly says that, "No such conception seems to attach to the Old Testament *Ruach*, which is essentially a principle of power and life." But he carefully considers the passages adduced: not so much, however, with his own clear faculties as through the dimmer eyes of Wendt, who winds up thus: "But we need not even at all concede that the *doxa* signifies in general luminous matter; for this hypo-

thesis would only rest on a reasoning in a circle, of which Lüdemann has made himself guilty, when he says that 'frequently *doxa seems* to denote a finer luminous matter which belongs to the *pneuma*,' and when he simply from this *semblance* draws the conclusion that '*consequently pneuma* is at the same time expressive of a higher materiality.'" It is not fair of course to take this isolated instance as a specimen; but, on the whole, we think that there is nothing in the speculation or exegesis of the four or five German divines who contribute so largely to the fabric of this book to warrant the attention given them.

The analysis of the relations of Flesh and Spirit, and of the several meanings of the two terms, is not satisfactory. For instance, in the account of the Divine Pneuma, as contradistinguished from the human, mention is made of "the spiritual nature of Christ; a Divine power or influence belonging to God and communicated by Him in Christ—variously termed the Spirit of God or of Christ, or the Holy Spirit, or the Spirit—which is by far the most frequent use." We find nothing afterwards which really removes the indistinctness which is here thrown around the substantial Divine Personality of the Holy Ghost. After quoting all the highest passages, Dr. Dickson says: "We do not now inquire how far these passages warrant, as they certainly seem to warrant, the inferences which the Church has drawn from them and from others of a like kind as to the nature and personality of the Holy Spirit; we adduce them simply as indicating, as clearly as language can indicate, the recognition of a Divine element or factor in the Christian life—of a power acting *on* or *in* man, which God gives and man simply receives." We look in vain for any distinct reference to the New Testament revelation of the Third Person in the Godhead. We are told that St. Paul's description of the Spirit's influence and operations exhibit "a close and striking affinity to the leading features of Old Testament usage," that he "proceeds on the great lines which the Old Testament had laid down." Not that he employed its language, with its limitations: "This would hardly have been possible for any one writing after an interval of several centuries, and least of all for a man of such fertility of resource and force of character as St. Paul—to say nothing of what he has himself told us as to the source whence he received his Gospel." To us it seems that the revelation given by our Lord and communicated to St. Paul brought out far more than a mightier power of analogous spiritual influence. He heard again the Trinitarian discourse in the paschal chamber which by anticipation explained the Baptismal Formula. Dr. Dickson also thinks something like this. He earnestly opposes M. Oltramare's exposition of the Romans, which casts out of it the Personal Spirit. But we are persuaded that another chapter or section on this subject would be of great value in this volume.

And not only that. The counterpart of Flesh and Spirit as peculiar to

the incarnate Son (Rom. i. 4), and as peculiar to the regenerate (Gal. v.), are both, if not omitted, yet passed over very abruptly. This stimulating volume would be much more valuable if these omissions were supplied.

*Present Day Tracts on Subjects of Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals.* Volume II. The Religious Tract Society.

It is impossible to speak too highly of this series of tracts. When we say that the writers of the six brochures contained in the present volume are Dr. Blaikie, Dr. Noah Porter, Canon Rawlinson, and the Rev. J. Radford Thomson, M.A., it will be clear that the little treatise must be of a high order. The subjects dealt with are: "Christianity and Secularism Compared in their Influence and Effects;" "Agnosticism: A Doctrine of Despair;" "The Antiquity of Man Historically Considered;" "The Witness of Palestine to the Bible;" "The Early Prevalence of Monotheistic Beliefs;" and "The Witness of Man's Moral Nature to Christianity." This list of subjects will be sufficient to show how thoroughly these are *present day* tracts. It is an admirable design of the Religious Tract Society thus to present to the average believer a clear setting forth of "the certainty of the things most surely believed among us," in opposition to the cavils of modern unbelief. In these days, when the opponents of Christianity are so fond of coolly assuming that modern research has rendered belief in revelation impossible to one who is enlightened by scientific teaching, it is well that every Christian should have put within his reach evidence of the baselessness of these arrogant assumptions. In these papers there is more than enough to show that the recent assaults upon our holy faith have only led to the clearer exhibition of its truth.

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## PHILOSOPHY.

*An Examination of the Philosophy of the Unknowable as Expounded by Herbert Spencer.* By WILLIAM M. LACY. Philadelphia: B. F. Lacy.

THE writer of this able work subjects Mr. Spencer's philosophy to a searching and, in our judgment, destructive criticism. The criticism gains in effectiveness by its thoroughly courteous tone—a tone which Mr. Spencer might often imitate with advantage. If a great deal of the volume seems at first sight the merest hair-splitting, it must be remembered that the propositions attacked are nothing else. Mr. Spencer's constant aim is not to disprove the positions he dislikes, but to show that

they involve insoluble contradictions. In the present volume the same method is applied to all his own leading doctrines in succession. The second chapter in which Mr. Lacy deals with Spencer's "fundamental fallacy," and shows "the impossibility of establishing unknowableness," is a fair specimen of the whole work. It is evident at once that Spencer's doctrine of the unknowable implies that the unknowable exists, and that it is known to be unknowable. How do we know so much? What is the sign of unknowableness? The only other predicate which the doctrine allows is that "the something exists." Here is a minor premiss. What is the major? "The only possible major premiss is, whatever exists is unknowable." We need not pursue the argument. Curiously enough, Mr. Spencer also calls the unknowable by other names, such as "the Real, as distinguished from the Phenomenal, the First Cause, the Infinite, the Absolute, the Creating, the Uncaused, the Actual, the Unconditioned." If all this is known about "the Unknowable," Mr. Lacy may well call in question the appropriateness of the designation. The whole of this chapter is full of acute reasoning. Again, in arguing for the unthinkableness of space, Mr. Spencer says, "Extension and space are convertible terms." On this Mr. Lacy says: "There needs no vocabulary to tell us that they are not. We never speak of matter as *having* space; we never speak of matter as occupying the quality extension. By extension, as we ascribe it to surrounding objects, we do not mean occupancy of space, although these two qualities are almost always found together." Occupancy of space involves ideas of coextensiveness and exclusiveness, which are not contained in the notion of extension. "Occupancy of space thus proving to be far more than extension, it becomes evident that we can attribute extension to space, without ascribing to it occupancy of itself. Consequently extension may be claimed as one of the attributes of space." Under the head of "The Inductive Argument," Mr. Lacy criticizes Spencer's teaching on causation, space, time, matter, motion, force, self-knowledge, extent of consciousness and mental substance; under "The Deductive Argument" he analyzes Spencer's views on the process of comprehension, the unconditioned, the nature of life, the power of thought to transcend consciousness. A chapter on the proposed reconciliation between science and religion concludes a volume which is one of the ablest replies and best antidotes to "First Principles" that we have met with. Mr. Spencer's "reconciliation" consists, of course, in the abolition of religion. He makes a solitude and calls it peace. "The reconciliation proposed by Mr. Spencer would be no reconciliation at all. No sooner would it become the accepted doctrine that the cause of all things is unknowable, than each thinker would frame a conception of it to suit himself." The battle would begin again. Materialist, Spiritualist, Realist, would each maintain his own position, and with equal right—because of the unknowable all hypotheses are equally admissible. The prophet of the unknowable must bring us better solutions than unknowables and ghost-stories.

*Mental Evolution in Animals.* By GEORGE JOHN ROMANES. M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

While the publication of Mr. Darwin's "Descent of Man" led to severe criticism from theological and metaphysical quarters, we shall not be surprised if this somewhat remarkable book excites but little criticism, and calls for very little comment from theologians. And yet it will do far more than anything Mr. Darwin wrote upon the subject to lead that large and growing number of young and older "independent" minds, to conclnde that the question of man's "origin" is practically settled, and that the only real difficulty remaining, is one of details, and the careful working out of discoverable facts to their logical issue.

The reasons for such a conclusion are on the surface; the author takes human evolution, as a purely physical process, absolutely for granted; and then he proceeds to deal with the question of how, by a careful study of the genesis of mind in animals, we may rise to a perception of how mind arose and advanced to its present development in man. This book is in fact only a part of a large and very difficult task. Mr. Romanes published as its precursor "Animal Intelligence;" in this, observation, rather than inference, was the chief work; and the well-arranged instances of the existence of mind in animals, were of the utmost interest to all concerned in the problems of psychology, or in the study of the animal creation. But in the present volume, inference, and even deduction, has to be boldly entered upon. With this comes difficulty; and at the same time the method is indicated that will be pursued in the third and forthcoming treatise: which is to deal, as we are led to suppose, in continuity with the evolution of mind in man.

At the outset one thing is manifest: the author ignores the rights of metaphysics as a science by itself, and claims, and will claim, to explain all mental phœnomena on physiological terms. Hence at the very outset he meets the difficulty of the question, "What is to be understood by mind?" in a summary and simple manner. How are we to deduce the existence of mind in another, and especially in an animal removed to almost an infinite distance from ourselves physiologically? The answer in effect is, that the evidence of *choice* is the criterion of mind; and yet the author admits that "it is not practically possible to draw a definite line of demarcation between choosing and non-choosing agents (!)." It is at the same time admitted that the "mind-element" consists in consciousness. But the author frankly tells us that he "shall not attempt to define what is meant by consciousness," except that it is that condition which enables man and animals to display the power of feeling; Mr. Romanes understanding by feeling that which distinguishes "non-extended existence from extended (!)." He very naïvely says, "deeper than

this we cannot go," except to affirm that it is the opposite of "no-consciousness." After this we are led to consider the physiological conditions which give rise to consciousness, and the conclusion is that the difference between consciousness and no-consciousness is not even dependent on complexity of ganglionic action, but simply upon the greater or less rapidity of action of the nervous organs involved. The changes accompanied by consciousness involve a slower action of the cerebral hemispheres than is the case with the activities of the lower centres; and from this fact the phœnomena of "non-extended existence" are supposed to take their rise, and to be physiologically explained.

It need not surprise us, therefore, that there is some hesitation in the author's mind as to where in the animal series he must conclude that consciousness has its dawn: "The rise of consciousness is probably so gradual, and certainly so undefined to observation, that any attempt to draw the line at which it does arise would be impossible, even on a rough and general scale."

We cannot enter carefully into a criticism of this book at this time: we may find it wise and useful to do so when the third part is published. But we think the reader will gather from the above indication of the method of the book on some very momentous points, that, however valuable it may be from a physiological and specialist point of view, it is yet wanting in the physiological breadth and logical rhythm which are essential in order to convince those who have thought much on the subject which the book aims at bringing, approximately at least, to a scientific settlement. In estimating the value of the book it must be further remembered that anything like direct scientific evidence of man's physical evolution as man—of the same kind as that which is presented as evidence of the physical evolution of the horse from the Hipparion, or the Archæopteryx (bird) from the Dinosaur—is as much out of sight as ever: in fact, the past ten years have furnished no further facts that even indicate any such process. It is at best an argument from analogy, and nothing more.

At the same time it is more clear than ever that the *mind* of man, as it exists now normally, was needed, in order even by the laws of natural selection to account for many of his highest *physical* phœnomena.

Not an inconsiderable part of the book is the space given in it to the publication of a posthumous essay of Charles Darwin's on "Instinct;" but this will by no means add either to the illustrious author's fame, or to our clearer understanding of the subject on which it treats. Like the posthumous literary addenda of some other men of distinction, it might have been withheld with advantage to the great author.

# HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

*The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah.* By ALFRED EDERSHEIM, D.D., Warburtonian Lecturer at Lincoln's Inn. In Two Vols. London: Longmans. 1883.

*La Vie de N. S. Jésus-Christ.* Par L'ABBÉ LE CAMUS, Directeur de Collège Catholique de Castelnandry. Paris: Poussielgue Frères. 1883.

THE distinctive place among the rapidly multiplying "Lives of Christ" occupied by the volumes of Dr. Edersheim is fairly indicated by the title he has adopted. The use of the Hebrew term, Messiah, is intended to show that the writer wishes especially to consider the life of our Lord as a Jew, among Jews, and as the Promised Deliverer expected by Jews. In a brief personal reference in his preface, Dr. Edersheim says that his work may be designated "Apologia pro vita mea, alike in its fundamental direction, and even ecclesiastically." A Jew by birth, an accomplished Jewish scholar by education, and a Christian minister by enthusiastic personal conviction, the author possesses special qualifications for writing just such a book as this. He has been engaged upon it, he tells us, in the quiet of a country parsonage for seven years, and his labour has evidently been a delight, because of his combined love for Jewish learning and profound devotion to Him who, "of the seed of David according to the flesh, was declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." To view the Life of lives "in all its surroundings of place, society, popular life, and intellectual or religious development," to give a full portraiture of Jewish life, society, and thinking, has been the object of the author. And he has produced two portly volumes, containing between them 1,500 closely printed pages; the 150 pages of Appendix, more closely printed even than the text, containing in themselves subject-matter for an ordinary volume.

In attempting, according to the limits of our space and capacity, to estimate the value of the work thus presented, we may say in a word that we consider it a most valuable addition to the literature of the subject, a great boon to the great proportion of the reading public of this country. And we lay stress upon the phrases thus used, because this work will add little or nothing to the knowledge of scholars, while it will do most important service in bringing a portion of their stores within reach of intelligent ordinary readers. And, in addition, because we think that Dr. Edersheim's strength lies in the application of his extensive Talmudical reading to his subject, rather than in the use either of critical or exegetical faculty. In saying this we by no means depreciate his work. Scholars are few, and the number of those whose acquirements are considerable, but who lack the time and opportunity to

pursue research at first hand, is great. And the labour of one who will carefully and interestingly make application of erudition is by no means to be depreciated, since it requires a combination of powers not often united.

In spite, then, of the amazing popularity of Archdeacon Farrar's book, and the no less cordial appreciation which Dr. Geikie's *Life of Christ* still steadily commands from more thoughtful readers, we consider that Dr. Edersheim has rightly claimed a place for his own work, and heartily thank him for his contribution to sacred literature. His book has all, and more than all, the scholarship of Geikie, with much of the glow of rhetoric characteristic of Dr. Farrar. The taste of the more cultivated will still probably prefer the more chastened and subdued tone of Dr. Geikie's style, but there are numbers who will be attracted and charmed by a style more ornate and diffuse, and those who do so, will find in Dr. Edersheim the driest archæological details laid under contribution to make a vivid and effective picture. That the careful student of the New Testament will find any new light shed upon questions of criticism, or traces of that exegetical insight which in some seems like an additional sense, we cannot promise him. That amidst the sometimes overwhelming accumulation of facts about the daily life of the time, and the rhetorical outbursts which form the comment upon some striking scene, he will not sigh instead for the few quiet, penetrating words which show the hand of a master, we will not say. But wealth of interesting matter, carefully arranged and deftly worked up into a picture, with deep and brilliant "local colour," may be found here by all who seek it; and these we may safely say, will not be few.

By way of justifying this judgment, we may refer to the following detailed illustrations. The first book is entitled *The Jewish World in the Days of Christ*, and contains eight chapters, on such subjects as the Jewish Dispersion in East and West, Hellenist Theology, Philo, the Traditionalism of Palestine, its Origin and Character—all carefully and interestingly presented. Even more interesting is the first chapter of the second book, entitled, "In Jerusalem when Herod Reigned," giving such account of the city, its life and salient features, as might be expected from the author of *Jewish Social Life in the Time of Christ*. From this we select one passage as a fair specimen of the style of the whole:—

"Close by the tracks of heathenism in Jerusalem, and in sharp contrast, was what gave to Jerusalem its intensely Jewish character. It was not only the Temple, nor the festive pilgrims to its feasts and services. But there were hundreds of Synagogues, some for different nationalities, such as the Alexandrians, or the Cyrenians; some for, or perhaps founded by, certain trade-guilds. If possible, the Jewish schools were even more numerous than the Synagogues. Then there were the many Rabbinic Academies, and there also you might see that mysterious sect, the Essenes, of which the members were easily recognized by their white dress. Essenes, Pharisees, stranger Jews of all hues, and of many dresses

and languages! One could have imagined oneself almost in another world, a sort of enchanted land, in this Jewish metropolis, and metropolis of Judaism. When the silver trumpets of the Priests woke the city to prayer, or the strain of Levite music swept over it, or the smoke of the sacrifices hung like another Shechinah over the Temple, against the green back-ground of Olivet; or when in every street, court, and house-top rose the booths at the Feast of Tabernacles, and at night the sheen of the Temple illumination threw long fantastic shadows over the city; or when at the Passover, tens of thousands crowded up the Mount with their Paschal lambs, and hundreds of thousands sat down to the Pascal supper—it would be almost difficult to believe that heathenism was so near, that the Roman was virtually, and would soon be really, master of the land, or that a Herod occupied the Jewish throne" (vol. i. p. 119).

The reader, however, must not imagine that the author has expended his store of information at the outset; throughout the work Jewish thought as well as Jewish life is lavishly illustrated. In answering the question, "What kind of a Messiah did the Jews expect?"—in dealing with the phrase Kingdom of Heaven, the Synagogues, Demoniacal Possession, and a score other such subjects, the only complaint that can be made is that we have too much, rather than too little, given us. And to obviate this objection, we may touch on what is one valuable feature of our author's special way of handling his subject. While showing the outward form and cast of our Lord's human life to be essentially Jewish, he shows the utter contrariety of spirit between Him and His contemporaries with a convincing thoroughness such as is only possible to one who is exhaustively familiar with Jewish literature. Abundant answer is found in these pages to those who would make Jesus of Nazareth only a brilliant and spiritual child of his generation—a kind of superior *Hillel*. A profuse commentary is here given on "He taught *not* as the Scribes."

This work professes to be, and is, a commentary on the Four Gospels. In this respect, we find it less satisfactory. We do not observe much that is forcible or original in the author's interpretation of Scripture; and we are not always struck by the soundness of his exegetical judgment. In dealing with our Lord's Baptism, the passages (Mark ix. 49) "salted for the fire," and (vii. 19) "the things that defile a man," we find something lacking in our guide. His handling of the subject of Eternal Punishment in the Appendix will be felt by most, whatever their personal opinions, to be feeble. Passages very eloquent, though sometimes rather rhetorical, abound: as, for instance, on the Temptation (i. 305), Christ's Words (i. 525), the traitorous act of Judas (ii. 478). The last passage, with its spaced-off sentences, too nearly approaches the sensational for a grave and scholarly work. As to the temptation of our Lord, and its relation to His sinlessness and impeccability, we cannot speak too highly of this work: whether for its own truth, or in contrast with most other Lives of Jesus.

As a whole, this work is as valuable as it is unique. Sound in doctrine, ample, learned, and careful in subject-matter, glowing

in style, this latest *Life of Christ* will be a storehouse of material for ministers, valuable to all careful readers, and interesting to all. We heartily congratulate Dr. Edersheim on the results of his long labour of love, which we believe will be appreciated by all orthodox students of that Life, the interest of which never fails, and the influence of which dominates all literature.

The work of M. L'Abbé Le Camus is not intended for Protestant readers, yet to many such it will be an interesting sign of the times. The writer was a fellow-student of Renan at St. Sulpice; and our readers will recall with interest the account lately given by the latter of his student-days there, and contrast the subsequent course of the streams which at that point were so near together. For the work of M. Le Camus is orthodox according to Roman Catholic standards, and is vouched for with quite sufficient unction by the Bishop of Carcassonne in an introductory letter. To us it has been interesting as an indication of the degree to which it is possible for an intelligent son of the Romish Church to study modern criticism and retain his traditional faith. There is abundant proof that modern works of all kinds have been read by the writer. Godet, especially, is singled out for commendation (i. 110, note) as a Protestant whom M. Le Camus has read with profit, yet the book is such as a Romanist might well use to aid devotional study. A Romanist of moderate type, for there is nothing in these volumes of extreme Ultramontane teaching, and upon many topics the tone sounds to a Protestant ear unexpectedly sober and evangelical.

The book has been written, we are told, "une main sur le *Credo* de l'Eglise, et l'autre sur la *Somme* de St. Thomas;" and again we read, "Pour être un digne historien de Jésus, savoir ne suffit pas, il faut aimer." As the work of a devout and learned and by no means extreme Romanist theologian, this Life of our Lord possesses an interest of its own.

The style, perhaps it is unnecessary to say of a French book, is clear. We gladly miss the laboured sentences of German theological disquisition, and are by no means sure that the learning of the Frenchman is less because it is not paraded. But the style is not only clear, but flowing, sweet and pure, not unduly ornamented, yet rising occasionally to a natural and appropriate eloquence. With its opinions in detail, of course we do not agree. What is said of the Virgin Mary (i. 128, 134), her ἀειπαρθενία (142), the tradition about the woman with the issue of blood (339), the identification of Mary sister of Martha, with the Magdalen (ii. 88), and especially upon the subject of woman (i. 445) and celibacy (ii. 255), is said from a point of view very different from our own. But we are glad to note the appearance of this work, and believe that if largely read by Romanists, it must do good in the promotion of the study of the sacred narrative, and by the tone and spirit in which the subject is approached. The reverence which pervades it might well be imitated

by some Protestant writers, whose learning is no greater, and whose devotedness and true Christian feeling is much less than that of M. Le Camus.

*The Great Musicians.* Edited by FRANCIS HUEFFER. *Handel.* By Mrs. JULIAN MARSHALL. London: Sampson Low & Co.

The multiplication of these biographical series is quite a feature of the age. Here and there some of our golden youth affect to consider ignorance and inanity as "good form;" but the number is vastly increasing of those who feel that information is a necessity, and who, while they have not time to read large books, want to know much more about poets, and statesmen, and philosophers, and all who have set their mark on the world than can be found in the biographical chapters of a school history. We owe this to some extent to Competitive Examinations. They, no doubt, now and then tell badly on the examinee; they open the door for "cram," though not more than examinations always have and always must. But beyond their own sphere they have undoubtedly been instrumental in spreading a taste for knowledge; and this—other things remaining the same—is in itself a boon.

The compilers of these numerous biographies do not all work on the same lines. Some of them are critics and little else. Where you wanted a great deal about the subject of the memoir and a careful estimate of the causes which made him what he was, you have not merely the memoir writer's judgment on his author and an elaborate setting forth of the grounds on which it is made, but also a laboured essay on the author's specialty, an essay perhaps brilliant and suggestive, but not what is best suited to the needs of five readers out of six. Others are a little overpowered by the importance of their task as biographers. They make a great fuss about minute facts, and fill their allotted space with discussions as to dates and such like, leaving the features of their author in unfinished outline. Others feel that the man belongs to his time; and, without writing a mere chapter of history, manage to give us a fair sketch of the society amid which he moved, and of his place in and influence upon it.

We have read books in one or other of these series which belonged far too exclusively to one of these classes; but Mrs. Marshall's little book does not err in this manner. If it must be classed, it belongs most completely to the third kind—that which is not content to discuss the man or the facts of his life, but takes him as a factor of his age, and therefore does not eschew what hypercriticism might call "extraneous matter."

We are glad that she has taken this view of her task, for the nature of the subject requires it. With a poet or a philosopher, criticism is essen-

tial; and we are often thankful when a man of insight passes beyond the limits of biography and treats in a masterly way of the thought of the age to which his author belonged. We are not sorry if he takes some space in comparing it with the thought of other times. We do not feel bound to accept his views, but they help to form and strengthen our own. But in the case of Handel such general criticism is unnecessary, and Mrs. Marshall has wisely abstained from it. Handel's place in the musical world has long been fixed, and no discussion can alter the verdict. It is not till quite the end of her book that she attempts any discussion of relative merits. Then, after enlarging on Handel's wonderful industry and painstaking efforts to perfect his first draughts, after telling us how "the original organ and harpsichord parts consisted only of a figured bass, from which the performer filled in the harmonies indicated," and simply laying down the indisputable axiom that "as a choral writer he is supreme," she ventures on a brief comparison between him and Bach. "Handel in his own style is as unapproached as ever, yet he has not swayed the minds of modern composers as Bach has." Bach's influence, scarcely felt in his own time, when he lived in comparative obscurity, has been growing "because he traced ideas to their source, his music reaching the deepest emotions through the medium of the intellect." Handel did not analyze, he painted what he saw and felt, and therefore his appeal to human sympathies is wider than Bach's; and Mrs. Marshall is right in comparing the one to a great philosopher, the other to a great epic poet.

That is her total contribution to musical criticism; and it is quite enough, for Handel's is a full life, and as we trace his career and see him amongst his contemporaries we learn more about his place as a musician than we could from any amount of abstract discussion.

Why Germany should, even early in the 17th century, have been the chosen home of harmony, though its chief musicians studied in Italy, where melody was all in all, can only be explained by reference to the national character. And such an explanation of course amounts to very little; it is only another way of stating the former fact. It is easy to enlarge on "the mundane semi-sentimental character of the Italian Church compositions" of the age which followed Palestrina, and of the rapid decay of Italian Church music, while the early opera destined to reach its highest dignity in Pergolesi, was all becoming more and more perfected. It is easy to say that this new music, which soon found its way into the German courts, was wholly unsuited to "the Protestantism and rough homely piety of the mass of German people." But the reason why the organ was the chosen German instrument, and why German composers from the first went in for "combinations of science" rather than melody, must be sought (if any care to seek that the finding of which is more than questionable) in other than moral differences. Anyhow, we must not think of the oratorio as altogether of German growth. It had

long been rooted in Italy, where (as in Germany) it was begun as a modification of the old "Passion or Mystery" play, whereas the opera was a resuscitation of the Greek drama with its recitative. Schütz, who brought out at Dresden his "Auferstehung Christ" in 1623, is called the father of German oratorio, the first original German opera being Theile's "Adam and Eve," brought out at Hamburg in 1678 (Schütz had twenty years before given a translation of Rinuccini's "Dafne"). Keiser of Hamburg carried on Theile's work; and when Handel went there in 1703 that city was recognized as the chosen home of opera; amateurs from all parts of Europe, English among them, coming to hear the performances.

Handel or Hendel (Händeler, trader), son of a Halle coppersmith, is a puzzle to the hereditarians. The Bachs were musical from generation to generation; but no musician had ever been known in the Handel family. His father was anxious to bring up this, the only son of his second marriage, as a doctor of laws; and but for that energy (some would say stubbornness) which marked Handel all his life through, he might have succeeded. Every one knows about his early struggles. They are written in Schœlcher and the exhaustive Chrysander, and in our English Rockstro, and in the little book by Mr. Grove, published a few months ago by Macmillan. Every one knows that he came to England, invited by some noblemen in the suite of Ernest Augustus of Hanover, who had met him when he was "starring it," in Venice, with Vittoria Tesè. He came as a writer of Italian operas; and for a long time he and Bononcini (Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee), were in fierce rivalry. Patriotism, or rather the pretence of it, which, out of hatred to his father, was fostered by the Prince of Wales, ruined the *Italian* opera. Gay's "Beggar's Opera," set to old English airs by Dr. Pepusch, drove the foreigners out of the field. Handel tried oratorios; the king came, but no one else; Lord Chesterfield saying, in excuse for his leaving at the beginning of one of them: "I was unwilling to disturb His Majesty at his privacies." Handel had lost £12,000 when he went to Dublin, brought out the "Messiah," and was honoured and rewarded as he deserved to be. His fame followed him to London, and the too-brief remnant of his life was a complete success. We like Mrs. Marshall because she gives a lively picture of the day—a day when "Piccadilly was so far out of town." Of her Handel anecdotes we cannot help noticing this instance of his determination. La Cuzzoni, a very violent woman, absolutely refused to sing what he had written for her; whereupon he said: "Madame, je sais bien que vous êtes une rvaie diablesse; mais je vous ferai savoir que, moi, je suis Beelzebub le roi des diables;" and, catching her round the waist, he vowed he would throw her out of window if she gave him any more trouble.

*Addison.* By W. J. COURTHOPE. English Men of Letters Series. London: Macmillan & Co. 1884.

It is somewhat remarkable that so many volumes in this series should have been issued before one of the brightest and most gifted of all our men of letters received recognition; but the work which is now before us is such a worthy tribute even to Addison, that the reading public will feel that they have not waited in vain. Mr. Courthope says, indeed, that scarcely any contemporary record of the real life and character of Addison remains, and the lack of such material is very unfortunate when incidents like the quarrel between him and Pope are to be considered, yet notwithstanding this deficiency, the work before us leaves little to be desired. The opening chapter, on "The State of English Society and Letters after the Restoration," shows that Addison must be regarded as the chief architect of public opinion in the eighteenth century. Contemporary criticism has often described that eighteenth century as a period of sheer destruction; but this criticism is quite mistaken. Political, social, and literary reconstruction were busily pushed forward in that age. The civil war had divided England into hostile camps. Feudalism lingered in the country and was essentially opposed to the feeling of the moneyed classes in the towns. Addison and his contemporaries had to reconcile classes and found an enlightened public opinion by a conscious effort of reason and persuasion. All the material lay ready for use. The rapid strides which the nation made in wealth and refinement after the civil war gave leisure to men of business. They turned with repugnance from the gross licence of the playhouse and from the corruptions of the Court, yet they wished for those pleasures of literature which had hitherto been almost limited to the nobility. The public was ready for Addison, and the publishers were ready too. Jacob Tonson, the father of the modern book-trade, was already busy with a host of literary projects.

Addison's father, a conscientious, learned man, was himself an author of considerable repute. The rectory at Milston, in Wiltshire, was just the home for the great writer's boyhood. Steele pays high tribute to Addison's father in one of the early *Tatlers*: "I remember among all my acquaintance but one man whom I have thought to live with his children with equanimity and a good grace. He had three sons and one daughter, whom he bred with all the care imaginable in a liberal and ingenuous way."

Addison lingered at Oxford after he had received his fellowship. If he had taken orders he would probably have had a brilliant career in the church, but Charles Montague (afterwards Lord Halifax) who was anxious to secure able writers for the Whig party, secured him a pension of £300 a year, so that he might travel on the Continent and prepare himself for political life by studying the institutions of foreign countries, and by learning French, which was then the universally recognised language of

diplomacy. Addison was twenty-eight. He spent the first eighteen months in France, for his memory was so defective that he had much difficulty in mastering the language. From France he went to Italy, and returned to England after four years of travel.

His prospects were clouded by the death of the King. The Whigs lost power; Addison's friends were out of office, and his pension lapsed. But the tide soon turned. Godolphin wanted to find a poet who might commemorate Marlborough's great victory at Blenheim, and Addison's poem gained him a Commissionership in the Excise, and launched him well on his prosperous career. He was soon promoted to an Under-Secretaryship; then he became Secretary for Ireland. After the downfall of the Whigs in 1710 he was free for a while for the literary enterprise which has won him such a distinguished place among English Men of Letters. Steele had started the *Tatler;* Addison had helped him by contributing forty-two papers to its 271 numbers. When the *Tatler* was discontinued Addison began the more famous *Spectator*. The *Tatler* had only been published three times a week; the *Spectator* was a daily. Instead of the coffee-houses, which had furnished the division of news for the *Tatler*, the *Spectator* distributed different subjects among such characters as *Will Honeycomb, Sir Roger de Coverley*, the *Templar*, &c. The new venture was at once a success. It was read by all classes in town and country. Its circulation must have been quite 10,000 copies; and Steele says that when the papers were collected into guinea volumes, more than 9,000 copies of each were sold. For two years the *Spectator* enjoyed this success. Addison's reflections on the manners of women helped largely "to enlist the aid of female genius in softening, refining, and moderating the gross and conflicting tastes of a half-civilized society." The papers on Milton established the poet's fame in England; the sketches of Sir Roger de Coverley are classics to this day. The genius and wit of the *Spectator* have made it equally prized in Addison's time and ours.

On Addison's dramatic work we cannot linger; nor is it necessary. There are fine passages in *Cato*, but the true power of the dramatist is wanting. Nor need we follow Addison's fortunes as a statesman. In 1717 they reached their climax by his appointment as one of the Secretaries of State. He had previously married the Countess of Warwick, and though report says that the marriage was not a happy one, the tradition seems to have been simply derived from Pope's *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, in which he congratulates himself—with an evident glance at Addison—on "not marrying discord with a noble wife." Pope's innuendo has no corroboration save a letter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's, who speaks of Addison's marriage and secretaryship thus: "Such a post as that, and such a wife as the countess, do not seem to be in prudence eligible for a man that is asthmatic, and we may see the day when he will be glad to resign them both." The report that Addison's

life was shortened by over-drinking seems also to have originated with Pope. We are glad to note Mr. Courthope's words here. He thinks it highly probable that Addison's phlegmatic temperament required to be aroused by wine into conversational activity, and that he was able to drink more than most of his companions without being affected by it; but to suppose that he indulged a sensual appetite to excess is contrary alike to all that we know of his character and to the direct evidence of Bishop Berkeley, who speaks of Addison as "a very sober man."

We heartily commend this able and interesting volume to all lovers of English literature. Addison laboured to form public opinion, and is therefore entitled to be joined with Steele as the father of modern journalism. He found "English taste in hopeless confusion; he left it in admirable order."

*William Ewart Gladstone and his Contemporaries.* Fifty Years of Social and Political Progress. By THOMAS ARCHER, F.R.H.S. 4 vols. London and Glasgow: Blackie & Son. 1883.

This splendidly got-up work will naturally be compared with Justin Macarthy's *History of Our Own Times.* It contains much more writing than that work, while it covers nearly the same period, beginning, however, a few years earlier—at least so far as respects details and substantial history. The present work is more matter-of-fact than that written by the Irish Home Ruler. It is more limited in its scope, leaving art, and science, and general culture almost untouched. But for the publicist and the political student it will be found more valuable. It gives a close, concise, and yet full history of what relates to the political annals and the material progress of the country from 1830 till the period of the present Administration. It contains the most important and critical portion of the greatest political speeches which have been delivered during this period, together with valuable statistics from epoch to epoch. It gives sketches also of the history of our leading statesmen during the period. Nor is the military, the naval, or the colonial history neglected. As far as possible the writer has suppressed his own opinions, and given a dispassionate objective view of the procession of men and movements and events. Occasionally, however, he leaves room for inference as to his personal opinions. Whilst he is as indulgent as possible to Mr. D'Israeli, as history will have most commonly to name the late premier, he is by no means flattering in his description of Lord Salisbury, as he appears from stage to stage, under changing style and title. His friendship to Gladstone may be inferred from his slightly screening some of his conspicuous failures, and bringing forward, by quoted speeches and otherwise, his points of brilliant success. It is noticeable, in particular, that he does *not* quote Mr. Gladstone's two speeches, one delivered at Newcastle and the

other at Manchester, in which he so imprudently committed himself, and to some extent also his country, in favour of the Southern and against the Northern States in the American war. This, perhaps the gravest error in Mr. Gladstone's history, he passes over with slighter notice than is altogether just. The history, however, is on the whole fair and impartial, and is throughout most careful and painstaking.

A feature of these volumes, which must by no means be left unnoticed, is the truly magnificent series of portraits of our great men with which they are adorned. The likenesses are excellent, and as works of art the engravings are super-excellent.

*The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton.* By his Son. Vols. I. and II. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

The Earl Lytton has undertaken what is evidently a labour of love, and has executed the first part of his task, in the two volumes before us, with excellent taste, and with a propriety of feeling much to be commended; but he has laid out his work on too large a scale. These two large octavo volumes only bring us down to the twenty-sixth year of his father's age, to the threshold merely of his public course, and only to the end of the first stage of his long and various and much-unfolding literary career. If the space to be occupied by the following volumes should be in proportion to the work remaining to be chronicled and described, as done by the subject of the volumes, whether that work be reckoned according to quantity or quality, it is plain enough that two other volumes of the same size will far from suffice to complete the undertaking.

On the whole, the history disclosed in these two volumes will tend to raise the general estimate of the fashionable novelist, at least, as to his character in his earlier years. He was never—even in his early manhood—the mere worldling *litterateur*, the clever and witty but more or less contaminated man of the clubs and of fast life, who prostituted his talents by writing demoralizing works of fiction. We do not undertake to vindicate the tone or tendency of all his early novels, but it is beyond dispute that equally in the *Quarterly Review* and by Mr. Thackeray gross injustice was done to Mr. Lytton Bulwer, as he was then called. Professor Wilson, indeed, lifted up his potent voice in *Blackwood's Magazine* against that of his fellow-Tory Lockhart, the editor of the *Quarterly*, in generous defence of the Radical novelist—for in those days Mr. Bulwer was at once a dandy and a Radical—and in after-years Thackeray offered his humble apology to the man he had injured for the virulent satires which he had written in his earlier life. The impression, however, conveyed by such critiques and such satirical writing as we have referred to, remained more or less throughout the life of the brilliant novelist and distinguished politician, who was known in recent years as Lord Lytton,

and whose character as a nobleman and an eminent leader in Conservative politics was adorned and enhanced by the spirit and quality of his later works of fiction.

If we had space it would be interesting to make a comparative study of the early history of Edward Lytton Bulwer and of Anthony Trollope. Never were the circumstances of two popular authors of fiction, both of the same age, more remarkably in contrast with each other. But we cannot pursue this thought. If the childhood and early life of Lord Lytton were in contrast with the dreary and unhappy life of young Trollope, it must not be supposed that his circumstances were as fortunate as those of the other were unfortunate. The traditional history and memories of his family on both sides were mingled with much that was dark and sinister. Marriage separations ran in the blood of his family. He was himself the utterly spoiled child of an accomplished and affectionate but arbitrary and despotic mother, to whose tyranny in after-years it would seem as if his own most unhappy relations with his wife were largely due. He was the young despot of the schools—private schools—to which he was sent; and, partly from home indulgence, partly from a highly-sensitive nervous organization, he grew up with a temper which was liable at times to become uncontrollable and unbearable. After spending some easy-going years at Cambridge he finished his education at Paris. There he learned many accomplishments in the best English and French society of that city as it was nearly sixty years ago. There also he learnt to gamble, but also unlearnt the lesson, and contracted a horror of gambling—*i.e.*, of playing games of mere hazard for the excitement or for the chances of gain which such games afford. And then, at the age of twenty-four, he contracted a marriage, against his mother's will, with a clever and beautiful Irish girl, was thrown almost wholly on his own resources, after having as a young man had almost unlimited means allowed him, and had to take to professional authorship as a means of living.

All this is told in these volumes. His early relations of friendship with the famous, or infamous, Lady Caroline Lamb are also described. Various romantic adventures of his youth are set forth. The first volume, which relates most of these, is from his own pen—an unfinished autobiography. But certainly there was no need to reprint in these volumes early remains which their author wisely never published. If space had thus been saved, if the poet-son had also studied the form of his prose as it might have been expected so accomplished a poet would have done, and if, besides, the form and moulding of the whole work, and the relations of incident to incident, and earlier to later events, had been more thoroughly premeditated and mastered, the result might have been the inclusion within these two volumes, which, as we have said, bring us down only to the age of twenty-six, of some considerable period of the later and much more important years of Lord Lytton's work and

life. We should also in this first instalment have had the history of his unhappy marriage brought to an end, which would have been a relief, and have marked a natural period. Let us say, in closing this notice, that nothing can be more proper than the manner in which the son in this biography has, at least thus far, treated with delicate respect the relations, unhappy as they were, between his father and his mother; and let us further note that there is published in the second volume a very curious and characteristic correspondence between Mr. D'Israeli and Mr. Bulwer, relating chiefly to the early novels of the former.

*Men Worth Remembering: Richard Baxter.* By G. D. Boyle, M.A., Dean of Salisbury. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

No one will question the right of Baxter to a place among Men Worth Remembering. Although he had illustrious contemporaries, he was in some respects the most noteworthy figure of the seventeenth century. He was a saintly man, a diligent pastor, a writer more voluminous than Owen, a fearless controversialist, and withal a man of singularly self-sacrificing spirit. Had he been known only as a country pastor, his unwearied labours in that respect would have secured for him the esteem of all good men. His name and work will always be associated with Kidderminster. When he went there in 1640, he found a rough population overrun with ignorance and profanity. A whole street furnished only a single family that feared God. Baxter laboured there, consecrating his gifts to the service of the people, for a period of sixteen years. To his flock he was everything—teacher, physician, friend, and father. His thin, almost emaciated figure told of the severity of his labours. When he left Kidderminster there were few families in the town that neglected family prayer, hundreds might be heard singing psalms on the Sabbath, and the features of the populace were brightened and beautified by the grace of God. He did a splendid work. But Baxter is more widely known by his writings. In some printed catalogues they number one hundred and sixty-eight volumes. They cover an immense variety of topics. They are doctrinal, controversial, hortatory. The best known of his works are *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, the *Call to the Unconverted*, and the *Reformed Pastor*. *The Saint's Rest* is all aglow with devotion. It is impossible to read it without deep feeling. In some of his descriptions of the heavenly world Baxter is as picturesque as Jeremy Taylor. Here and there his fervid piety rushes on like a strong tide, sweeping before it all selfish excusings. He makes the earth look poor and bald while he discourses on the glories of heaven. He puts men out of conceit with the world's music, and attunes their ears to catch what he calls "the noise of Aaron's bells." If the publication of this little book do nothing more than call attention to the devotional works of Baxter, it will not have been written in vain.

Dean Boyle sheds no new light on the life and times of Baxter. This is not to be wondered at, considering that he follows painstaking writers like Orme, Principal Tulloch, Sir James Stephen, and others. But he is in sympathy with his subject, has a true appreciation of the great Puritan, writes pleasantly, and succeeds fairly well in accomplishing what Grainger considered the impossible task of presenting a man of vast proportions in miniature.

We venture to question the correctness of the Dean's judgment when he says, in passing, that the sermons of Wesley are dull reading. Of course the dulness of a book depends largely on the spirit and tone of the reader. But Mr. Wesley's style is clear and crisp. He avoids the wearisome digressions so common in the writings of the Puritans, and is guiltless of the sin of interminable length. It may interest Dean Boyle to know that in hundreds of English villages the sermons of Mr. Wesley are the Sunday reading of men "whose talk is about bullocks;" who require piquancy in their literature to keep them awake, and who repair to the writings of the founder of Methodism, not for their theology alone—though they appreciate that—but for the vigour and freshness of the style. If "the sermon was the man," the man is not unfavourably mirrored in the sermon.

*Lorenz Oken, a Biographical Sketch.* By ALEXANDER ECKER With Explanatory Notes, Selections from Oken's Correspondence, and a Portrait. From the German by ALFRED TULK. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.

The dedication of this translation to "Professor Richard Owen" is eminently appropriate. Oken may almost be regarded as the father of comparative anatomy, and Professor Owen is scarcely less distinguished in the same field. Both gifted with the genius of discovery, Oken's was the genius of intuition, Owen's is that of patient induction. Oken himself tells us how his discovery of the homology between the cranium and the vertebral column came to him with the flash of an inspiration. In 1806 he was walking in the Hartz Forest and stumbled on a deer skull: "Lifted up, turned about, gazed at intently, and the thing was done. It is a vertebral column, and the idea flashed like lightning through my frame; and, lo and behold, from this time the cranium *is* a vertebral column!" How fruitful the doctrine of homology has proved need not be told.

The present work, however, does not deal with the scientific side of Oken's life. The "Sketch," read as an address at the meeting of a German Scientific Association, is too brief for that. Nor does it even deal with what, we confess, would have been most interesting to us—the course of Oken's mental development and history. The main purpose seems to be to vindicate Oken from the suspicion of political demagogism

which has followed his name, and which was occasioned by his frequent migrations, his dismissal from one chair and forced resignation of another. In this purpose the biographer is perfectly successful. Oken was really a monarchist and conservative. His ideal for Germany was some such unity of government as has been established in our own days. At the same time, it is evident that Oken's misfortunes were largely due to his own imprudence, and, perhaps, to the touchiness which seems so often to attend genius. On one occasion he raised an angry controversy, because the newspapers had spoken of professors being "transferred" to another university, instead of "called" or "summoned." The source of his troubles was the "Isis," a paper which he established in 1817, primarily as a medium of scientific intercommunication. While excluding theology and jurisprudence, the scientific professor strangely admitted politics. It does not appear that the ideas broached were at all what would be considered extreme in these days, although the tone was not always gentle. Other complications followed; Oken was not the man to withdraw or bend, and the result was that he was dismissed from his chair at Jena in 1819. He did not obtain another settlement till 1827, when he became professor at Münich. A five years' tenure ended in a compulsory resignation from similar causes. His last migration was to Zürich. He died in 1851 at the age of seventy-two. Born in a Suabian village, Oken had little of the Teuton in his composition. In physique and temperament he belonged to the fiery south. That he was a brilliant teacher we can well believe; "Bizarre as was frequently his style, so lively and eloquent was his delivery, that the pupils soon came to swear by his words." His industry never flagged. The advice that he gave to a young professor was, "Never go into a lecture-room unprepared, not even if you were a professor of thirty years' standing." We have spoken of the intuitive character of his genius. On this point the "Sketch" says:—

"In the second year of his medical studies he had built up a whole system of nature-philosophy, which at a later period he did but enlarge and complete. . . . . It was granted to him in but small measure to tread the wearisome path of induction, to ascend from the individual or singular to the general, and so from effects to form conclusions as to their cause; and so, while a true system of nature-philosophy ought agreeably to its subject to form its conclusions from a long series of inductive and analytical observations, it here sprang ready-formed, so to speak, from out the brains of the young student of medicine."

A system so hastily built up passed away almost as quickly. Oken's importance now is rather in the new track into which he led inquiry than in his teaching in detail.

*Memoir of Charles Lowe.* By his Wife, MARTHA PERRY LOWE. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. 1884.

This is the biography of a devout and enthusiastic Unitarian minister, who was for six years secretary of the American Unitarian Association

We think that 300 of these 600 pages might well have been spared; but the elaborate details given of Mr. Lowe's work as secretary of the Unitarian Association, and even of all the contents of the magazines which he edited, may have such interest for his own church as to justify their insertion here. Mr. Lowe struggled bravely to fulfil the duties of his parish, and afterwards of his secretariat, amidst great physical weakness, and his forty-six years of life are a continual triumph of a strong, clear mind over a feeble body. The service he rendered to his own church, and the fine temper always shown in very trying circumstances, made him one of the best-loved men in the Unitarian body. He maintained that he was a Unitarian Christian, and sought to have it clearly understood that the American Unitarians considered themselves disciples of Jesus Christ. Any one who reads this book will see, however, that Unitarianism in America was only kept together by allowing every man to think as he chose. The Unitarian propaganda, under Mr. Lowe, was pushed forward by free grants of books in various quarters; 4,000 dollars were voted to the African Methodist Church to provide books and training for its ministers; and Bishop Payne is said to have thanked the Unitarians again and again for "their noble unselfish charity." The Antioch professors of the Unitarian Church gave lectures at the African Methodist College, and libraries of about forty volumes each were made up for the students. We do not know the character of these lectures, or the titles of the books which were presented to the students; but we confess that we neither like Mr. Lowe's nor Bishop Payne's action in this matter.

There are some interesting notices of Professor Tholuck, under whom Mr. Lowe studied for a time in Europe. He met Ewald too. "He is a fine-looking man, but too egotistic and positive. Nobody in the world knows anything but Professor Ewald. Tholuck—hum! No philosopher! Hüpfeld received nothing but contempt. Bödiger was nothing; and Gesenius had succeeded by stealing from him—Ewald." On his voyage from England to America, in 1873, Mr. Emerson was a fellow-passenger. He told "of his visit to Ruskin, and his despondency, amounting almost to insanity. You could hardly tell whether real or not, it was so intense; everything going wrong. Carlyle was in some way as despondent; but there was some wit in his denunciations, and he would laugh himself sometimes at the picture he was drawing."

# BELLES LETTRES.

*Old Year Leaves: being Old Verses revived.* By H. T. Mackenzie Bell. London: Elliot Stock. 1883.

*Ione and other Poems.* By W. H. Seal. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

Mr. Mackenzie Bell's new volume seems to be a collected edition of the poems contained in his two previous volumes, *The Keeping of the Vow* and *Verses of Travel*, with a few new pieces, such as the sonnet on the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Mr. Bell very distinctly states in his preface the aim with which he writes, and the audience he desires. He cheerfully accepts the name of minor poet, but supposes that there are still in more than one corner of the country simple people who will be glad to have simple loves and hopes and aims written about in a simple way. He therefore gives us a small number of Historical Pieces, about thirty Verses of Travel, and a great number of Songs and Lyrics and Miscellaneous Pieces. Most of these are no doubt well adapted to the "simple people" whom he desires to please; though a cynical critic might demur at the publication of "poems" which do not even pretend to be more than rhymed verse. Mr. Bell fails most completely in the Historical Pieces, which are all very poor; he is better in the Verses of Travel, which give evidence of wanderings in places but little written about; he is best in some of the smaller and less ambitious pieces, such as *A Rallying Song*, *Heart Echoes*, *A Song in the South*. Most of these poems are more or less didactic, and many of them are expressed with considerable fluency.

Mr. Seal, who is apparently a new writer, has more sense of the poetical than Mr. Bell. He possesses a considerable vein of fancy, but his fancy runs away with him in every other line. Metaphor follows metaphor; we have figures of speech unnumbered; but the exact sense or particular use of every figure of speech is a mystery. Mr. Seal has also some facility in versification; he goes sweeping along, line after line, to no small length. But he is by no means master of his technique. He cannot beat in time throughout, but shifts, very slightly and without intending it, the rhythm of his poems. This is in part carelessness, and as such might be remedied by the author. Of the two longer poems which the volume contains, *Ione* is a metrical romance after the style of Scott. The verse, as a rule, flows smoothly, but there is no true melody in it. It neither rises nor falls above a certain level, and that level is not high. The action of the poem is rather confused: Mr. Seal fails to interest us or command our attention. *Pilgrims of Fame* is no better; it is far too vague, rhapsodical, fragmentary. Some of the passages are good, but it lacks coherence as a whole. The smaller poems

share the vague sentimentality of the larger ones. Perhaps the best is *Chide me Not*, though even that is unequal. *Kossuth's Farewell* is expressed with some force: thirty years ago it might have attracted attention. We fear Mr. Seal cannot be said to have "the vision and the faculty divine;" we would therefore the more earnestly exhort him to study with greater care the "accomplishment of verse." One who lacks the greater gift has no excuse for neglecting the lesser.

*Selections from Cowper's Poems.* With Introduction. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

We are not very partial to "selections" of poetry. Unless his poems are very numerous, we prefer to have all that the poet has written and make our own selection. But to this general rule we find a pleasant exception in Mrs. Oliphant's volume. It groups the selected poems under the following heads: "Autobiographical," "Descriptive," "Political," "Portraits and Characters," "Poems on Religious Subjects," "Poems Humorous and Playful," "Miscellaneous." The short poems and extracts which form the first section trace Cowper's course, from the first awakenings of youthful emotion through all the phases of his painful history. This section of the volume will be interesting to every lover of Cowper, and will give a distinct value to the volume.

Mrs. Oliphant's introduction is singularly happy. It does not attempt to deal with the facts of Cowper's life; indeed, they are so well known that it would have been a pity to take up the limited space with any *résumé* of them. The introduction deals exclusively with the characteristics of Cowper's poetry and the place which he holds among English poets. Mrs. Oliphant pays high and deserved praise to Cowper's power as a humorous writer: "His humorous works are among the most complete of his successes. It is doubtful if a poem so entirely satisfactory and perfect for its purpose in every line as *John Gilpin* was ever written. One would say he was here in his element, and that no mode of expression was so natural and easy to him." The ruling purpose of Cowper's poetic life was to devote all his gifts to religion. "He knew no kind of piety," Mrs. Oliphant says, "but what was dictated by John Newton's form of doctrine" (she might have added "and inspired by his loving spirit") "and he tutored himself to be its interpreter to the world, which loved verse better than prose." The religious world in which he lived is thus described:—

"He and his fellow-believers were in the position of being very sure of every tenet they held. Doubt to them was sin, to be sternly crushed upon the threshold of the mind, not gently encouraged and applauded as an almost virtue. The fires of hell blazed, to them, upon the very confines of this world, only to be escaped by a flight which, if not accomplished to-day, it might be too late to make to-morrow. The 'fountain filled with blood drawn from Emmanuel's veins,' which horrifies us now as with an

image at once disgusting and profane, was to them a reverent and loving description of the chief object of faith."

When we remember the school in which Cowper learned Christianity, and the antithetical school of limp and lax theological indefiniteness to which Mrs. Oliphant belongs, we cannot wonder at this criticism. The modern spirit is a rebound from such realistic views, and it also has its weakness and danger. To us the associations of the famous line which Mrs. Oliphant quotes redeem it from her charge; if we had no sympathetic knowledge and feeling of those associations we should shrink as much as she does from the realism of the words. Cowper was not only a moralist and religious poet; his landscapes and descriptions of nature in every mood are such exquisite and exact pictures of all that he saw around him. In another field he is pre-eminent; he is the apostle of domestic life. He is the first poet to whom the household board, the kindly warmth of the household hearth, the social fellowship of the little family circle, has given inspiration.

The exquisite preface and the tasteful style of the printer's work will make this volume a welcome friend wherever Cowper is loved.

*English Comic Dramatists.* Edited by OSWALD CRAWFURD. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1883.

This addition to Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.'s elegant Parchment Series will be of service to all those whose knowledge of the English comic drama is strictly limited. The selections—which begin with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, include the dramatists of the Restoration period and so-called Augustan age, and terminate with Goldsmith, Cumberland, and Sheridan—are judiciously made, and give as fair a representation of the most characteristic work in the way of pure and mere comedy that has been produced in this country between the Elizabethan age and the beginning of the present century as can well be expected within the limits of from two to three hundred duodecimo pages. The critical notes interspersed throughout the volume seem to us on the whole very just, and are felicitously expressed. The brief introductory dissertation is full of suggestive remarks on the nature of genuine comedy and the conditions of its production.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Girl of the Period, and other Social Essays.* By E. LYNN LINTON. Bentley & Son. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS famous series of satirical sketches or essays, which for so long a time were a special feature in the *Saturday Review*, is now published

separately. No keener exposure of fashionable follies—not to say vices—has been printed in our time: as a series there has been nothing to compare with them. At one time they were, if we do not mistake, attributed to the pen of a gifted peeress, who, as well as her husband, was understood to be in former years a frequent contributor to the *Saturday Review*. But indeed the credit of the papers would seem to have been given to several writers who had no claim to it. Mrs. Linton says: "I was twice introduced to the writer of the 'Girl of the Period.' The first time he was a clergyman, who had boldly told my friends that he had written the paper; the second, she was a lady of rank well known in London society, and to this hour believed by her own circle to have written this and other of the articles included in the present collection." The clergyman, we must suppose, imagined himself to be merely perpetrating a humorous hoax when he made the fictitious claim. The "lady of rank" cannot be the noble and gifted lady to whom we have referred, on whom no such imputation could be cast by Mrs. Linton as that she "took spurious credit" to herself "for the authorship." It is no wonder, after such experiences, that the real author should be "glad to be able at last to assume the full responsibility of her own work." Mrs. Linton has not in any measure mitigated the severity of her articles as first printed, or toned down her writing. On the contrary, she says in her preface, "In re-reading these papers I am more than ever convinced that I have struck the right chord of condemnation, and advocated the best virtues and most valuable characteristics of women. I neither soften nor retract a line of what I have said. One of the modern phases of womanhood—hard, unloving, mercenary, ambitious, without domestic faculty and devoid of healthy natural instincts—is still to me a pitiable mistake and a grave national disaster; and I think now, as I thought when I wrote these papers, that a public and professional life for women is incompatible with the discharge of their highest duties, or the exercise of their noblest qualities."

Nearly all the papers relate to the character and ways of women. There are, however, a few exceptions. There is one on "Gushing Men;" and another, very fresh and clever, on "English Clergymen in Foreign Watering Places." The style and character and ways of the women described by Mrs. Linton are for the most part pictures of frivolous and selfish folly, or worse than folly, held up naked to the daylight—held up to public scorn and disgust. Such titles as "The Girl of the Period," "Modern Mothers," "Pinchbeck," "The Fashionable Woman," "Sphinxes," "Flirting," "Our Masks," "Modern Man-Haters," "The Epicene Sex," "The Shrieking Sisterhood," are sufficiently suggestive. A few of the papers, however, give us pleasant contrasts, such as "Womanliness," "Nymphs," and "Dovecots." In the present dearth of really superior works of prose fiction our lady-readers might take to this volume as an alterative. If they find the writing somewhat too

severe and biting, they might take the medicine in doses—a few papers at a time.

*Down South.* By Lady DUFFUS HARDY, Author of "Through Cities and Prairie Lands." London: Chapman & Hall.

Lady Duffus Hardy does not go deeply into social questions. She has strong Southern likings, and she breaks out into raptures over the patriotism which we are glad to find is now showing itself in a determination not to be beaten in the fields of enterprise and hard work. But one looks in vain to her for any solution of the question of questions: how the blacks are going on since emancipation. To the health-seeker she gives some useful hints; for, where a sea-voyage is recommended, it might often be advantageously followed by a sojourn amid the tropical scenery and in the pleasant society of a Floridan seaside town. But the sojourn must be in the winter. In the summer these lovely resorts are hopelessly malaria-stricken; and few of us can rise to the cynical contentedness of the New Orleans man, who, when Lady Hardy talked with him about yellow-fever, said: "Yes; in every country there's an occasional force, earthquake, floods, mining explosions, which carries off the surplus population. Nature sends us the fever. Of course it is not a pleasant visitor, but it does its work well enough; and I don't know but it's as well to get out of this world that way as any other." The worst of it is that New Orleans, "a beautiful human nest, low-lying as in a hole scooped out of the solid earth, many feet below the waters of the Mississippi," must apparently always remain a swamp, and therefore always be subject to the fever. The fear of malaria is everywhere. Lady Hardy's glowing description of "Silver Springs"—a subaqueous forest of all growths and hues, eighty feet below the Ocklawaha river—merges into a comic account of the preventives, camphor bottles, aromatic vinegar, patent lozenges, &c., to which the steamboat passengers resort the moment the sun gets low. The charm of the book is that it takes us to places—Savannah City, St. Augustine, &c.—seldom visited and seldomer described. The latter place is full of quaint remnants of old Spanish life. One thing we are glad of, the negroes round Savannah seem on excellent terms with their former masters—"will serve them, ask their advice, go to them for consolation and help; but they won't vote for them, *for fear they might be taken back into slavery*, not reflecting that the masters rejoice in abolition as much as they do." Southerner though she is—sentimental over Fort Sumter—Lady Hardy is glad that Northern capital is helping the South (in Florida, especially, nearly everything is done by the North). She thinks the new industry of "olive butter" (an oil made out of the once-discarded cotton seeds) a hopeful sign that the South really means to make the best of everything.

*The Cruise of the Alert: Four years in Patagonia, Polynesia, and Mascarene waters* (1878–82). By R.W. COPPINGER, M.D. (Staff-Surgeon R.N., C.M.Z.S.). Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

Dr. Coppinger's book is a model for scientific seamen. He kept an excellent log, and he has published it without any of those *purpurei panni*, gushing descriptions of savage life and tropical scenery and such like, with which many who have taken the same route think it necessary to enliven their pages. They are led astray by the demoralising example of "Our own Correspondent;" but he (Dr. Coppinger) is quite superior to the small vanity of fine writing. He has to tell about facts of science, and he does so in such a clear straightforward way as to make his book almost a scientific treatise. The *Alert* sailed with the special object of finding a sheltered channel in the Straits of Magellan, so that vessels might pass from the Straits to the Pacific by a less inhospitable route than that at present marked in the charts. She had, as everybody knows, already done good work in the Arctic Expedition of 1875–6, and her captain on this southern trip, Sir G. Nares, was the man who in her had reached the highest northern latitude. It was thought a good opportunity for making a natural history collection, and therefore a doctor was chosen who was able to make such collections, and (as this work shows) to write about them. But though there is a great deal about rhizopods, pyrocystis, thalassicollidæ, movements of circumduction, commensal crabs, and the like technicalities, there is also very interesting information about the Fuegians and their ways, about the "equestrian peasantry" of Uruguay, who live in a very rough paradise of granite and grassland, about the "stone runs" in the Falkland Islands (see Darwin and Wyville Thompson), and about the Chilian colony at Sandy Point, which, established in 1580, soon earned its name of Port Famine, nearly all the first settlers having been starved. No less interesting are the notices of Tahiti, where the French have built a sea-wall, regardless of expense. Here Dr. Coppinger's picture is not encouraging. Morality is very low, and the French (whose occupation dates from the forcible expulsion of two Roman Catholic priests in 1838, which was made the excuse for it), have rescinded the useful missionary law against spirits. The Tahitians have the same good humour which charmed the old voyagers. It is a pity that their outrigger canoes are going out, and that the young know nothing about the making of the pandanus mats and famous native cloth. Dr. Coppinger's description of the king's brother, driving about with a demijohn of wine at his feet, and firing off a volley of the coarsest oaths, does not make us regret the displacement by the French of this ignoble dynasty. The scenery reminded our author of equally volcanic Madeira, save that here the colours are sap-green, in the Atlantic island they are bronze. Fiji seems a complete success. Sir A.

Gordon's plan of retaining as far as possible the native laws and turning the chiefs into magistrates answers admirably. The picture of old Cacobau outside his dark smoky hut destroys one's fancies about island chiefs; but the old man still makes presents and gives Homeric banquets. As vanilla and copra (the sun-dried kernel of the cocoa-nut) are the chief Tahitian exports, so Fiji has already begun to do a great trade with Sydney in pineapples. Let us hope the natives will come in for their share of its profits. The *Alert* also visited Tongatabu, where the royal family contrasts most favourably with the Tahitian. Dr. Coppinger does not fail to notice (and to give a drawing of) the dolmen, 15 feet high, about which the natives have not even a legend. Our cruisers fell in with a barque belonging to the great firm of Godeffroy, "of Hamburg and Polynesia," and also with a labour-ship which was taking back some time-expired natives to the Solomon Islands. These men had spent their wages in buying old muskets—not a pleasant prospect for their countrymen. It is significant that in Australia these ships are always called "slavers." On the other hand, to massacre a tribe of blacks is euphemised into "dispersing" them. The chief agents in this work are the native police, who, being drawn from rival tribes, behave like demons to their unhappy fellows. Boomerangs are used in Queensland, but not throwing sticks; about Port Darwin, on the other hand, it is just the reverse. It is sad to find these people compensated for their land with a few blankets, which in most cases they at once barter for tobacco and grog. On the way home the *Alert* called at the Seychelles, where there is little save coral and crabs, at the low coral group of the Amirantes (the growth of coral and the nature of the reef-edge, &c., are carefully described), and at Providence and other islands (low coral formations), on which Frenchmen are growing cocoanuts. The flora of some of these islands is peculiar. In Mozambique Island is made "caju" (from the cashew nut), perhaps the vilest known spirit. A teaspoonful of it makes a man drunk, and gives him a racking headache into the bargain. Dr. Coppinger was fortunate in the captains; Sir G. Nares was during the cruise replaced by Captain Maclear, of the *Challenger*. He was also fortunate in getting Mr. Bowdler Sharpe's help in arranging his bird collections.

*Native Life in Travancore.* By Rev. SAMUEL MATEER, F.L.S., of the London Missionary Society. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

The picture here given of native life in an Indian province is exceedingly full, graphic, and faithful. The materials are drawn from a twenty-five years' residence in the country. Having described the religion of the people in a former volume, the author confines himself in the present one to secular life. Nothing seems to escape his eye or pen. The reader can scarcely ask a question which he will not find answered by

anticipation. The bewildering distinctions of caste, trade, agriculture, marriage, education, music, slavery, female life, are all portrayed full-length. At the same time neither writer nor reader loses himself in detail. Unity of impression is preserved. The author's immediate purpose is to "raise the social condition and advance the moral and spiritual welfare of the native population of Travancore," among whom he has laboured so long, and hopes to labour again. But the book has a value far beyond this. Travancore, like every other Indian province, is "an Oriental microcosm, a representative land." From any one part an accurate idea may be formed of the whole. The local differences are insignificant beside the essential resemblances. A careful reading of a work like this—a portrait taken direct from life—will help to correct many erroneous notions. One of the most persistent errors on the subject of India is that its people are of one type, and stand on one high level. The fact is that the most striking feature of Hindu life is its extraordinary variety. Layer upon layer of race, language, religion, combine to form modern India. There is scarcely any extreme without its representative. The highest philosophic culture and the most degraded barbarism are found side by side. Moreover, works like the present one help to preserve the knowledge of a state of things that is rapidly passing away under many dissolving influences. The author says that one of his aims is to give "a photograph of strange manners and usages that are rapidly passing away under the influence of modern enlightenment and the spread of Christianity." In future times, the Travancore—the India—of to-day will only live in books like this one. We may add that the numerous illustrations, if they do not always please the eye, greatly assist the imagination.

Travancore is a long narrow strip of country in the extreme south-east of India, shut in between mountains and the sea, and running out into Cape Comorin. Its population is about two and a half millions, of whom one-fifth are native Christians belonging chiefly to the London Mission, which occupies the country in strength. The Roman Catholic mission is old, the Syrian Church still older, and the Church Mission sends an offshoot into the country from its principal ground in Tinnevelly. The government of Travancore is a native one, under a Maharajah, who represents an old line of native princes. A British Resident at the Court is ambassador and adviser in general. The ruling language is Malayálam. The Brahmans, who form the aristocracy and who typify all India to English minds, number only 40,000. We advise any one who thinks that monotony characterizes Indian life to study the second chapter, headed "The People and their Classification." The Hindu castes are here said to amount to 420, of which the chief are enumerated. There are eight Brahman castes, twelve intermediate castes, eighteen Sudra, eight "extra," six artizan, ten "degraded," four "polluted," castes, beside four tribes peculiar to the Hills.

The remote, secluded situation of the province explains the survival in full vigour of many strange customs, which are described by the author in great detail. Among the Sudras, of whom the better class are called Nayars (lords), the family property is as inalienable as entailed property with us. The head of the family simply administers it for the common benefit, but cannot alienate any part of it, save under stress of extreme need. Inheritance is by the sister's children, not by one's own. Mr. Mateer quotes an old European writer, whose words apply still to the caste in question. "In this India, never do even the legitimate sons of great kings, or princes, or barons, inherit the goods of their parents, but only the sons of their sisters; for they say that they have no surety that those are their own sons; but it is not so with the sister, for whatever man may be the father, they are certain that the offspring is of their sister, and is consequently of their blood." Under this law, nephews are at a premium, and are more thought of than children. In the same caste there is nothing deserving the name of marriage. The ceremony is a mere form, carrying with it no rights or obligations on either side. All unions are dissolvable at pleasure. "The females of a wealthy Nayar family, especially where there is but one sister, are visited at their own homes by Brahman paramours, or by persons of their own caste; and their children are reared up in the same house, and inherit from their mother's brothers, as the fathers have nothing of their own to give them." Mr. Mateer may well say, "These regulations are all astutely planned for the exclusive interests of the Malayálam Brahmans." Advocates of license in the West may see their principles in full operation in the East. We refer all friends of purity to chapter xvii. of this volume. Among the Malayálam Brahmans only the eldest son in a family is allowed to marry. If he be without issue, he may marry other wives. If he die, leaving only an unmarried daughter, the next younger brother should marry. But the details of these curious laws may be consulted in the chapter mentioned.

Chapter xix. gives a mass of particulars illustrative of female life in different grades of society. Great progress has been made in the matter of female education, although things are still backward enough. In the last census only 3,452 Hindu females were returned as able to read and write, and this number includes native Christians, among whom education is the most advanced. The opinions once universal on this subject, and still very general, seem incredible. A Brahman gentleman once said that a woman needed only to know two things—the way to the bazaar to buy necessaries for the house, and the way home again. A Munshi once refused to teach girls, as knowledge would spoil them for wives, saying that his own wife could only count up to eight. In consequence of their ignorance, the women are the slaves of the most abject superstitions. But the old state of things is passing away. Hindu mothers in great numbers are eagerly seeking education for their daughters. Zenana schools are also at work among adult females.

Among the most interesting portions of the volume are those which refer to the elevating power of Christianity on the most degraded castes. Great numbers of these are rapidly growing into moral and intellectual equality with their former Brahman oppressors. The ignorance, wretchedness, and filth of the Pulayar caste, numbering 200,000, are most extreme. The women's dress is a girdle of grass, the men wear a cloth which is never washed. Washing clothes is regarded as degrading. The account of their personal habits, miserable dwellings, and grinding labour, in chap. iii., is most painful. Yet "even the degraded Pulayars have some excellent qualities. Already some, under Christian teaching and guidance, have become admirable characters—gentle, honourable, devout, and loving." The Census Report gives the caste a character for truth and honour, "which their superiors in the caste scale might well emulate." One native Christian, formerly belonging to one of these slave castes, has a house worth £100, other property of the same value, and pays rent and taxes to the amount of £25 yearly. "Another case is mentioned of a man, once a slave to a cruel Brahman, who now owns a house worth £35, and other property worth about £100. These are *exceptional* cases; yet the social status of all those Christians has improved wonderfully, as well as in their style of living, and they are now building neat houses in clean and orderly villages." This social transformation is only the lower side of a change going on over a vast area in India under missionary labour.

For all who take deep interest in India and Indian missions, the solid mass of perfectly trustworthy information contained in this volume will possess extraordinary attraction. The tolerably full account of Indian music, written in English notation, in chaps. xxv. and xxvi., is quite new.

*The Decisive Battles of India, from* 1746 *to* 1849 *inclusive.* With a Portrait of the Author, a Map, and Three Plans. By Colonel G. B. MALLESON, C.S.I. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

The author of this volume applies the idea of Creasy's *Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World* to the history of British India with good effect. The idea is well worked out, and the whole volume is full of instruction and interest. In a special work like this, many details can be given which are excluded from general histories, and as the information is gathered over a wide area and from sources beyond the reach of ordinary readers, the addition to our stock of knowledge is considerable. The author is well known as wielding a graceful and vigorous pen. He has made Indian history a special study, and has a thoroughly military eye. For clearness and spirit, many of his descriptions of battles compare not unworthily with much of Napier's *Peninsular War*. His opinions are very decided. The blunders of generals and the morality of many English doings in

India are spoken of in plain terms. Of course praise is bestowed in other cases. Unless our impression of the volume is mistaken, the author has the generous fault of severity towards his own countrymen, and leniency to the natives. Thus he condemns, not at all too severely, the shameless rapacity and peculation of some of the early members of the Calcutta Government in their dealings with Mir Kasim, while Mir Kasim's massacre of the English prisoners in his power is related without a word of comment (cf., pp. 133 and 161). This kindly predilection for the native side of the case is a curious characteristic of some English writers on India, and by no means a dishonourable one. We doubt whether it could be paralleled in any other country. We also rejoice heartily at the application of a moral standard to national transactions. The more this is done, the better for the interests of peace. It is precisely the exclusion of morality from international affairs that explains the growth of Napoleonic legends. Colonel Malleson expressly ascribes the defeat of the Sikhs in the first war as much to the deliberate treachery of the Sikh leaders as to the conduct of the British troops.

The twelve battles treated by the author as decisive are St. Thomé, Kavéripák, Plassey, Kondur and Machhlipatanam, Biderra, Undwah, Nala, Baksar, Porto Novo, Assaye, Laswári, Firuzshahar and Sobráon, Chilianwala and Gujrát. Some of these are well-known names, but others are quite new, and especially new in the character of decisive in British history. In the case of the latter the author offers a good vindication of his position, and the reader will be disposed to agree with him. Indeed, one of the chief merits of the book is that justice is done for the first time to these events and the actors in them. The names of Forde, Coote and Adams are placed beside those of Clive, Lake, Wellesley, Gough and Hardinge. Several of these "decisive battles" are not so much as named in general histories. We doubt whether any critic will propose either to add to or subtract from the author's list. Another excellence of the mode of treatment is that each battle is given in its full historical setting. A complete statement of the preceding historical circumstances renders the account perfectly intelligible. The account of the battle sometimes takes less space than the introduction. We need scarcely say that while obscure names are brought to light, full justice is done to the well-known battles.

Colonel Malleson is a perfect iconoclast in the spelling of Indian names In deference to "long usage" he spares us Calcutta, Bombay, Pondichery, Plassey. We think that the same reason should have prevented Mysore from being transformed into Maisúr, Arcot into Arkát, Carnatic into Karnátak, Deccan into Dakhan, Conjeveran into Kánchipuram, Serampore into Shirírámpúr, Delhi into Dihlí, Dacca into Dhákah, Oudh into Awadh, Masulipatam into Machhlípatanam, sepoy into sipahí, &c. &c. To English readers many of the names, to say nothing of pronunciation will be unrecognizable, and to the initiated the change is needless and

unpleasing. The villain who is called Mir J'afar, will be thankful for the disguise. Perhaps Núwáb is an improvement on Nabob. But, on the whole, the very consistency with which the author's literal scheme is carried out often leaves the reader in perplexity.

*Thirty Thousand Thoughts: being Extracts covering a Comprehensive Circle of Religious and Allied Topics, gathered from the best available Sources, of all Ages and all Schools of Thought*, &c. Edited by the Revs. Canon SPENCE, J. S. EXELL, and C. NEIL. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1884.

No pains have been spared to make this work a thoroughly valuable book of reference. The ground plan was carefully laid out before any search for extracts made. It was only after a full index of subjects had been prepared that the work of collecting passages from authors of all ages and all schools began.

The editors were led to undertake this task, which may, without exaggeration, be called gigantic, by the fact that the issue of such a large number of common-place books as have appeared during the last twenty-five years, shows that "the value of such collections, both as aids to reflection and as casual and fireside reading, is unmistakably acknowledged." The vast extent of theological literature, and the incessant strain of this busy age, seemed to require such a collection, and there was no existing homiletical encyclopædia or dictionary of illustrations which exactly supplied the want.

When the ground plan was settled, special readers were found to take particular sections according to their particular predilections; experts "were secured to go over, test, add to, and otherwise put the extracts into shape. . . . . And, in order to secure completeness and supply deficiencies, one gentleman of considerable judgment and experience was wholly employed at the British Museum to hunt up, often through endless piles of books, for some provokingly missing link."

It will be seen that this volume represents an enormous amount of research. As the preface says, "you may sometimes go through a whole volume, and not find a single passage really worthy of a place in such a work as the present." The present volume contains 539 pages and 3,129 of the *Thirty Thousand Thoughts*, so that the magnitude of the work will be seen. "The special topics are Christian Evidences; The Holy Spirit; The Beatitudes; The Lord's Prayer; Man, and his Traits of Character." Under the last of these headings the descriptive and classified lists are given; the thoughts are to follow, and as these lists of virtues and vices, &c., fill thirty-seven large pages, the thoughts must be indeed *legion*.

We are struck with the fact that the best known present day names have such a prominent place in this collection of extracts. The work will be found to be a valuable cyclopædia of the latest thoughts of the best thinkers. But the old wine is not forgotten. The Early Fathers and the Puritans have contributed some of their best thoughts, and all who use these volumes will find the index and general arrangement such as to make their contents easily accessible. The whole work is a monument of industry and erudition. We only feel inclined to wish that the extracts gives in some cases a more precise description of the place where the special thought is to be found. Farrar's *Life of Christ* is a sufficient description of any extract from that work, but "Donne" and "John Owen," at the end of a valuable quotation, do not enable the student to find what it may be of much interest to him to secure.

*A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles; founded mainly on the Materials collected by the Philological Society.* Edited by JAMES H. MURRAY, LL.D., President of the Philological Society. Part I., A—Ant. Oxford, at the Clarendon Press. 1884.

This dictionary has no rival. It will find ite way into college libraries, and will be of almost inestimable value to scholars. We learn from Dr. Murray's preface that the first preparations for this work were made a quarter of a century ago, when Archbishop Trench proposed in the Philological Society that materials should be collected for a dictionary which, in its completeness and in its application of the historical method to the life and use of words, might be worthy of the English language and of English scholarship. Typical quotations were to be made from "all writers whatever before the sixteenth century, and from as many as possible of the more important writers of later times." In carrying out this plan two million quotations were collected, and in 1878 arrangements were entered into with the Delegates of the Clarendon Press for the publication of the dictionary. A fresh appeal was then made for volunteers to collect additional quotations from specified books, and more than 800 readers at home and abroad came forward to assist in this gigantic task. Some curious figures are given in the preface. Mr. Austin, jun., of Hornsey, stands first with 100,000 quotations; 42 ladies and gentlemen have contributed more than 5,000 each; and thus three and a half million quotations have been culled by 1,300 readers from more than 5,000 authors of all periods. The dictionary "endeavours (1) to show, with regard to each individual word, when, how, in what shape, and with what signification, it became English; what development of form and meaning it has since received; which of its uses have in the course of time become obsolete, and which still survive; what new uses have since

arisen, by what processes, and when; (2) to illustrate these facts by a series of quotations ranging from the first known occurrence of the word to the latest, or down to the present day, the word being thus made to exhibit its own history and meaning; and (3) to treat the etymology of each word on the basis of historical fact, and in accordance with the methods and results of modern philological science."

When we turn from the preface to the dictionary itself, we are surprised by the bristling array of quotations. They are arranged under the various meanings of the word in chronological order, with the date prefixed, and the type is so chosen that the eye seizes the order at once. So important a contribution as this splendid dictionary furnishes to the history of the English language has never been made before.

*Flowers and their Pedigrees.* By GRANT ALLEN, Author of "Colin Clouts' Calendar," &c. London: Longmans.

Mr. Allen's books are delightful reading, and yet they are the *reductio ad absurdum* of crude evolutionism. His plants, which are always aiming at something or other, are only one degree less consciously intelligent than those in Mrs. Gatty's *Parables from Nature;* they do everything but talk. Take the following: "Why did some flowers begin to produce broad, bright-coloured, papery floral-rays in the place of the external stamens? The reason why they did so was to attract the insects by their brilliant hues; or, to put it more correctly, those flowers which happened to display brilliant hues attracted insects best, and so got fertilized oftener than their neighbours." Now, here is a startling instance of what (to use Celsus's word in his indictment against Christian reasoners) we may call the κουφότης of evolutionists. Plants are first gratuitously endowed with reasoning powers; and then, the case is put "more correctly"—what a confession from a physicist—and haphazard is quite as gratuitously credited with what we had just been told was due to the action of the flowers themselves. The mistake (and it is a fatal one) runs through all the literature of this kind. Readers are, by fascinating descriptions, led to accept assertion for argument, and a slipshod tone of mind is cultivated just where the need of accuracy is greatest. Those who think they can reconcile the idea of creation with development will find a useful ally in Mr. Grant Allen. He will teach them that anything is capable of turning into anything else—that wheat is a degenerate lily, the lilies having begun from something like the *alisma*, and thence gone on at once in an ascending and a descending scale, the former through simpler forms, like *gagea*, on to the great aloes and the orchids (the highest lily type), the latter (along which we may suppose the unsuccessful ne'er-do-wells to have moved) through the different branches of the rush family down to the grasses. Then, when this process of degradation is accomplished, man steps in, takes the plant—each flowret of which has at

last become one-seeded and therefore fitter for his purpose—and fattens it up into nourishing wheat. Mr. Allen claims that this last link in his chain has been forged before our eyes at Cirencester Agricultural College —a wild grass having been actually cultivated into wheat—and therefore he claims that we are to accept the other links as equally strong. To this we strongly demur. But, though we cannot go along with Mr. Allen, we must bear testimony to the grace of his style. It reminds us of *Kingsley's Miscellanies;* but his touch is lighter than the Canon's. The "Romance of a Wayside Weed" is a delightful chapter. Most of the book, by the way, appeared in various serials—rather strong meat for serial readers, though dressed in such a tasty and enticing way.

*Moral Education.* An Elementary Manual for the use of Schools, Colleges, and Families. With a Preliminary Essay. By the Rev. PETER PRESCOTT. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1883.

The idea of this book is good. Mr. Prescott feels that moral education is in danger of being neglected in the training of the young, and has gathered together selections, in prose and poetry, from many authors to impress the great lessons of honesty, kindness, patience, &c., on young readers. The pieces selected are generally pointed and apposite.

Mr. Prescott holds that moral education is the "preparation of the soil to receive the seed of divine truth," and thinks that "the Christian Church directs its attention almost exclusively to the sowing of the seed, while it neglects the preparing of the soil." We are glad to welcome any one who sets forth the claims of morality, but we must not be understood to endorse this view. Repentance has never been lost sight of in our teaching, and that is the gospel preparation for the seed of the kingdom. Morality is sure to follow true repentance.

*Information and Illustration. Helps gathered from Facts, Figures, Anecdotes, Books, &c., for Sermons, Lectures, and Addresses.* By the Rev. G. S. BOWES, B.A. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1884.

This volume is another contribution to the already large library of books of reference intended to furnish illustrations for public speaking. The tone is good, and the matter is well arranged. The book will be useful to many, though it cannot claim the merit either of completeness or wide research.

*Handy Digest of Wesleyan Rules and Usages.* Compiled from the printed Minutes of the Conference. By the Rev. C. POVAH. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1883.

*Membership in the Wesleyan Methodist Church: Shall the Class-Meeting be made Non-Essential?* By the Rev. C. POVAH. London: Published for the Author. Wesleyan Methodist Book Room. 1883.

Mr. Povah's cheap and neat digest represents many years' painstaking study of Methodist polity, and will be useful to all who have not provided themselves with Dr. Williams's invaluable handbook. Its information is clear and trustworthy. We are sorry that quotations from the Minutes are not given in smaller type; the book would have gained much by such an arrangement of its matter.

The pamphlet on "Membership" is a warm plea for fidelity to the class-meeting, and traces the history of the subject clearly. Its testimonies to the institution are mainly drawn from the Minutes, but we are glad to see that Dr. Dale's words during the last Birmingham Conference are not forgotten.

*Luther Anecdotes: Memorable Sayings and Doings of Martin Luther. Gathered from his Books, Letters, and History, and illustrating his Life and Work.* By Dr. MACAULAY, Editor of the *Leisure Hour*. The Religious Tract Society.

Dr. Macaulay's book is not merely a collection of anecdotes. He has arranged the incidents in such a way that they carry the reader on through all the scenes of Luther's life, and he says the book is thus in some measure a fragment of autobiographies. There is no lack of works about the great Reformer—many years ago they numbered over a thousand; but this little volume will be very acceptable to young people, and will be found to give Luther's own account of many of the great events of the Reformation. Its anecdotes are well chosen, and so happily strung together, that the book has the additional charm of a biography.

LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.—While the Marquis of Salisbury's article on "Artisans' Dwellings in our Great Cities" is awakening general interest, another article, in the November number of *Longman's Magazine*, on "The Wiltshire Labourer," deserves careful perusal. It is written by Richard Jeffries, so well known for his charming books on country life, and urges that cottages should be let direct by the landowner to the tenant, giving security of tenure as long as rent is paid, so that a man who changes his master may not need to give up his cottage with its garden, on which he may have expended much time and care.

# SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (Jan. 1).—M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu writes on "The Vatican and the Quirinal since 1878." The Italian revolution has made a breach between Italy and the Papacy which seems as though it could never be healed. The late Pope replied to those who urged him to leave Rome: "An old ox does not change his stall." The supporters of the Papacy are well aware how imprudent it would be to leave the city which has given her a name, and cradled the Church in her earliest days. The Holy See demands that the Italian Government should remove its capital to some other city, but this, of course, is out of the question, so that "the Pope and the king remain face to face in the eternal city, condemned to antagonism by their vicinity and their mutual need of maintaining their independence." Italian statesmen recognize the liberty of the Pope as an "international debt," but the state of affairs causes continual and serious friction.—"Modern Warfare," by M. Valbert, is based on a German book by Baron von Goltz, a soldier who loves war and regards it as a necessary evil. So vast has the German army become that if it were to march out of the gate of a city, without pausing a moment day or night, it would be half a month before the last man had passed. Baron Goltz says that the duty of a commander becomes more onerous every day, because of the vast armies in the field. The qualities most indispensable are ardour of imagination, memory, and power of combination. Discipline, which alone gives consistence and solidity to an army, must be joined with the spirit of initiative and responsibility. A difficult combination but essential, since with such enormous armies the line of action is greater than any commander can survey. Victory depends more on the government of a country than on its generals. A French review of a German book on such a subject will be read with great interest. On each side there is a spirit of impartiality and good feeling which promises well for the future. M. Valbert thinks that a republic regards war as a last remedy, only to be resorted to in cases of extreme necessity. It will be well for France if such counsels prevail.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (January 15).—M. Paul Janet contributes a second article on "Victor Cousin and his Work." Victor Cousin introduced German thought into France, but impressed on it the stamp of his own nation and his own mind. His originality consisted in his blending German metaphysics and Scotch psychology, whilst escaping the arbitrariness of the one and the scepticism of the other. He rose rapidly to the head of philosophic speculation, and maintained the right of analysis without denying the place of synthesis, so that his teaching is in harmony with modern philosophy, which claims the right of investigation as its leading principle. — M. Michel devotes a very interesting article to "Claude," whom he describes as the first to reveal to us in painting the poetry of light. The article is based on an English biography of the great painter. Those who remember Turner's rivalry with Claude will be interested in M. Michel's words: "Near to our own times, another Englishman, Turner, has owed much to Claude, and some of his works are only imitations of those of the master whom he not only copied in his works but also in his mode of life. . . . Without dreaming that so near proximity might be dangerous, he had the imprudence to ask that after his death the paintings he bequeathed to the country might be placed by the side of Claude's. The granting of that desire and the indiscreet profusion of the canvasses of Turner which fill two of the rooms of the National Gallery have ill served the reputation of the painter."

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (February 1).—M. Maxime du Camp contributes another of his brilliant articles on "Private Charity in Paris." It is devoted to the "work of the young consumptives." Like most of the Parisian charities, this effort has grown out of needs which forced themselves on workers busy in other fields, but unable to resist the appeal which was made to them by other forms of suffering than that to which they had devoted themselves. The Abbé of Soubiran, in 1854, founded a home for servants in Castelnaudary, where they could find a

night's lodging for a son, and could stay for three months if they were seeking a situation. The work spread to Toulouse, and in 1872, after the Abbé's death, a similar home was opened in Paris, and an asylum for women of limited means was added. Here, by living together, they can have many comforts which would be quite out of their reach were they compelled to hire rooms and live alone. As the sisters of this Order (Marie-Auxiliatrice) pursued their task they rescued one woman who told them that she must return to her life of sin, unless they could keep her beyond the three months fixed by their rules, and this led to a new departure. The work among consumptive patients began by the discovery of a girl of seventeen, who was dying in a little loft without window, on a bed of sacking. The Sisters were so much moved by her pitiful case that they took the girl and nursed her. From that hour they resolved to found their consumptive hospital. Two hundred and twenty-nine invalids were received there last year; seventy-four left quite restored to health; fifty-nine received such benefit that their life would probably be prolonged for years; and twenty-three who died had their dying hours brightened by all that love and faith could do for them in their trouble. These patients are brought from homes where no comfort or skilful nursing can be had, and every effort is made to snatch them from the fell disease.—The third article on "Victor Cousin," gives some interesting glimpses of the warm friendship between the French philosopher and Hegel.

Revue des Deux Mondes (February 15).—The fourth and last part of Mdlle. Blaisot, by M. Mario Uchard, is given in this number, and deserves a hearty word of praise. The manly, pure-minded hero of this story is a very attractive figure.

Revue des Deux Mondes (March 1).—M. du Camp devotes his sixth article on "Private Charity in Paris" to the "Blind Sisters of St. Paul." About sixty-six girls are received in Chateaubriand's house, cared for by the Sisters, educated in reading, writing, &c., and, as far as possible, prepared to earn their own living. The income is very narrow. Friends give subscriptions for some of the girls, but the largest part of the funds is provided by private charity. Anne Bergunion was the first Superior, and almost the founder of this work. She struggled all her life with serious illness, but devoted herself to this charity with all her heart, and before she died in 1863 she chose the principal officers who were to continue it. Many of the inmates of this house were born blind. Some curious facts are given about the way in which others lost their sight. One child was playing with a pet bird that had been taught to hold itself at one point in the air by using its wings. One day the eyes of the child seemed to attract the bird; it tried to touch them, and destroyed the sight. Another child was accustomed to nurse a cock, which flew at its face and pecked out its eyes. Net-making is a favourite and profitable employment for those blind children, but knitting is the staple art. The dreams of those born blind seem to be marked by utter darkness; the sensations mainly connect themselves with hearing. Those who have lost their sight often retain for many years some more or less feeble sensation of light in their dreams. There are 50,000 blind people in France.

Deutsche Rundschau (January).—This is an excellent number. Professor Hirschfeld's "Travels in the North of Asia Minor," is the last of his articles on this subject, and gives a pleasant sketch of the country from the Halys to Trapezund. All the people of Asia Minor "fear or wish or hope" that some morning they may awake to find another head-dress than the fes in the ascendant, but though the situation of things is untenable, they feel that the death of the Turk may be a lingering one. The editor of the Review contributes a second series of "Pictures from Berlin Life," which describes those encroachments of city on country which are so familiar to Londoners, and gathers up many touching records of the church burial grounds of the German capital.—"The House of my Grandfather," by Gustav zu Putlitz, deserves notice as a sketch of almost patriarchal life. The old grandfather who expected his two sons to visit him every Sunday with their families, and himself led all the conversation, so that no one dare venture to speak till he began some topic, this is almost an old-world picture now.—An anonymous article on "The Foreign Policy of Germany," is written by a warm admirer of Prince Bismarck. It shows how skilfully he has played his difficult game from the formation of the Empire up to the time when he proposed to the Crown Prince the

recent visit to Spain. The contrast is drawn between Bismarck's steady and patient labour to increase the reputation and influence of Germany, and the fickle and restless spirit which led France to withdraw from Egypt, and embroiled her with Tonquin and Madagascar. The cross purposes and conflicting interests of European politics are well illustrated by this sketch of the latest struggles of diplomacy. The writer is no friend of the Gladstone Government. (February).—This number contains no article that needs comment. (March).—"Theodore, King of Abyssinia," traces the rise of that strange ruler, who cost England so much in 1868. He was being trained in the cloister for the life of an ecclesiastic, but the convent was destroyed in a civil war when he was eight years old. He grew up among soldiers, sharing in many revolts and leading a kind of bandit life for years. In 1844 he married into one of the royal families of the country, and gradually brought all the land under his rule. He yielded to intemperance, and would at such times issue bloody orders which he deeply regretted afterwards. Yet fierce though he was, he played in the most kindly way with little children. He was not able to bear the disgrace of his defeat by our troops and shot himself with a pistol on April 14, 1868.

UNSERE ZEIT (January).—"The Modern Salvationists: a Contemporary Study from English Life," is an appreciative sketch of the origin, aims, organisation, finance, doctrines, and methods of the Salvation Army. It quotes the *War Cry*, and describes the work without much comment. The writer says:—"The masses may outwardly appear indifferent. In the depth of their conscience, nevertheless, there is faith in the future, with its rewards and punishment. That formed in the last century the strength of Wesley, and now forms the principal support of Booth." (March)—The March number contains the second part of this article. The writer is fully abreast of English public opinion on this subject, and gives many extracts from our periodical literature.

UNSERE ZEIT (February).—Herr Bartling gives an interesting sketch of Gambetta's life in this number. He says that Daudet's description of Gambetta in "Numa Roumestan" as "a loquacious, noisy place-hunter and *splendide mendax*" is quite wrong. He was truth-loving and honourable. In his early boyhood his father hoped that he might see his son enter the Church. The lad was a religious enthusiast, and wrote a poem, in his twelfth year, on St. Leo and all Popes of that name, which was published in the Catholic journal of the diocese. He was the best scholar of his school, and was especially fond of Latin. In his student days at Paris his influence among his companions was very great. When the Emperor and Empress were about to visit the Odéon, and a riot among the students seemed certain, the police came to Gambetta and forbade him to enter the theatre under pain of imprisonment. "Very well," he said, "I intended to go to the theatre to keep order, because I did not want a tumult there, and I have the conviction that I am the only person who can keep order." The police found out their mistake afterwards and prayed him to go, but he refused. When he appeared in court for the first time his nervousness was so great that he could only say a few words. It took him many years to gain command over himself. Generous and unselfish, he never thought of money. His aunt, who took charge of him after his mother's death, devoted herself to him with rare fidelity, and left the country to make him a home when he settled as an advocate in Paris, described him thus:—"He is a great *enfant*, who neither knows how to care for his health nor to choose his company. He will be ruined by these two faults." A vast collection of letters to Mdlle. Léonce Leon shows that Gambetta would have been married to this lady if his life had been spared. There are 2,000 to 3,000 letters, and Gambetta never slept without writing to her. Their friendship had lasted for twelve years, and began with some correspondence at the time of the Franco-German war. The lady is thirty-three, and lives with her mother, the widow of a colonel, near the Panthéon.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (January 1).—"The Royal Vatican," by Signor Bonghi, is based on a work of Father Curci, the well-known ex-Jesuit, published in 1883. The article shows that the temporal power of the Papacy cannot be restored unless the peculiar condition of political life in which it existed could also be restored. Gregory the Great (590–604) said: "under colour of ecclesiastical rule, the Church

was almost submerged by the waves of the world;" and Signor Bonghi shows that "the temporal power" has produced that "mondanita" of the Church which has done so much to weaken and even to destroy religious feeling both in priests and laymen. Curci was not hostile to the Papacy, but to the party which moulded Vatican policy. He said that the failure of the rulers of the Church to appreciate the changed conditions under which their jurisdiction was exercised, had led to the breach between Eastern and Western Christendom, to the Reformation, and to the Revolution in France. Padre Curci maintains that it is the business of the Church to "form Christ in each individual, and in this way in all human society." He urges the correction of abuses; foolish customs should be abolished; the people should not be separated from the priests by the use of the Latin liturgy; the number of priests should be reduced; their education improved, and celibacy abolished. Certainly the adoption of such reforms would work wonders, but as Signor Bonghi asks, who is to move in such a matter? Curci appeals to the young clergy and to the believing laity. But there is no breath of new life in the laity, and the young clergy are too much shut up to the old ways to have any thought of reform. Nor has the Italian Government done what it might to help such new thought to gain influence. Worthless priests have received official appointments while men of high character, who longed to see better views prevail, have been left without defence to the anger of the Papacy. In 1862, 12,000 ecclesiastics joined in urging Pio IX. to resign the temporal power under certain conditions; now, it would be hard to find twelve to act in that way, and the men who joined in the petition of 1862, have been the object of a persecution which has shut them out from all honours, and which is still as unrelenting as ever. Signor Bonghi does not always agree with Padre Curci, but he shows that the real influence of the Pope will gain in the end by the loss of temporal power, if the Church will be true to her mission, and will not be afraid of trouble. Her Master bore persecution, and she should always be ready to follow Him.

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA (February 15) has an article on "England in Egypt and the Insurrection of the Soudan." It gives a clear historical survey of the question; and though it accuses us of want of vigour and unwillingness to face the responsibility we had undertaken, it is temperate throughout. It maintains that the Soudan—where so many brave Europeans have laboured for the good of humanity—should be preserved at any cost for European civilisation, and that if England is not ready to go further, she should leave the way clear for others to stem the tide of barbarism.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW (February).—The Rev. M. J. Savage's article on "Defects of the Public School System" in America is written by one who was himself a pupil of the common school, and now has "children in what are regarded as equal to the best in the world." He shows that the American system fails to give "satisfactory education in what are confessed to be the simple fundamentals. Few are good penmen; few can read well; few can write a good letter, in good English, correctly spelled; few learn the first principles of business, or are capable of keeping accounts." The best buildings, best apparatus, and best-paid teachers are devoted to what is practically the private and personal training of 2¾ per cent. of the children. In one city, which had 54,723 school pupils, only one-half had gone through the primary schools and entered the grammar; while only 1,510 had passed on to the high, and of this number only 320 reached the third year, and but 49 of these were in the fourth or advanced class. The article sketches clearly the limit of State help in education: to fit its people to earn an honest living, to cast an intelligent vote, and to understand the essential principles of morality. Mr. Savage rightly asks why his neighbour should be taxed to teach his son higher mathematics or Latin?

THE CENTURY (January).—"Edinboro' Old Town" is a descriptive article of great interest, by Andrew Lang, profusely illustrated. The views of the homes of John Knox, Allan Ramsay, Boswell, and Hume, of the Tolbooth, &c., will be much prized by lovers of the famous old city.—"The Forty Immortals" is devoted to the history of the French Academy. The description and illustrations, taken from photographs of the most famous living Academicians, give this paper great value.—

"President Garfield's Journal," kept during his visit to London in 1867, will well repay perusal. One story is too good to be missed. As he walked through Billingsgate, he says: "I saw in the stalls a curious little animal, which seemed a cross between a lobster and a beetle. I asked the fishwoman who presided what they were. "Fourpence a pint," said she. "But," said I, "*what are they?*" "Fourpence the pint, I tell ye." "But," I persisted, "what is the name of the animals you have for sale?" "Humph! *Shrimps!*" and, with a look of contemptuous indignation, "That's all *you* wanted!"

CENTURY (February.)—This number of the *Century* has many articles of great interest. Some of the little poems are full of music, and the illustrations are very good. Art is not forgotten in the papers. There is a sketch of the life and work of "Gustave Courbet," the painter, whose last days were covered with disgrace by his share in the destruction of the Vendôme column.—"How Edwin Drood was Illustrated" pays high tribute to Mr. Mark Fildes, who bestowed such pains and thought on Dickens's last book. The writer of this article thinks that Fildes' work is the best illustrative interpretation ever made of the novelist, and Dickens had the greatest satisfaction in this association.—"The Hermitage" is devoted to the splendid gallery which the Emperor Nicholas built at St. Petersburg. It has sixteen or seventeen hundred canvasses. It gained many of the "rich paintings of the incomparable Walpole collection which, if it had been kept at home, would have made England to-day absolutely the richest country in the world in the masterpieces of painting.—Two articles: "Dante (the poet illustrated out of the poem)"; "The portraits of Dante" form a preface to a series of papers which are to appear on the exile life of the great Florentine.—George W. Cable writes on "The Convict Lease System in the Southern States." Sometimes the entire custody and discipline of the convicts is given into he hands of the lessee, and convicts are herded in stockades and camps near their place of work. Mr. Cable shows that as a result of this system all reformation of criminals is lost, the prisons are a disgrace to civilisation, and in two years 1,100 prisoners were allowed to escape. These, and other abuses, call loudly for a change of system.—"Lieut.-General Sheridan" is a warm tribute to the "Hannibal of the American War," who led the cavalry of the North to so many victories.—"The Princes of the House of Orleans," gives a most interesting account of the French Bourbons. There is no room to dwell on these valuable articles. They will be read with great pleasure.

CENTURY (March).—George W. Cable's story, "Dr. Sevier," is a fine study of New Orleans life. Mr. Cable is the novelist of Southern manners, and "Dr. Sevier" is a piece of his best work.—Mr. Robert Grant's, "An Average Man," describes the career of two young barristers who have just left Cambridge and begun life in New York. It is worth careful study as a picture of the feverish activity of New York life, and is very high-class work. Two stories of such high quality add largely to the general interest of the *Century*.—"The New Washington" is full of illustrations, and gives a graphic sketch of the seat of the United States Government. At the end of last century the fierce rivalry among American cities as to which should be the capital led to the choice of a new site. Washington has had more than eighty years of struggle, and is burdened with enormous public debts, but she seems now on the highway to prosperity.—"Henry Irving" is a series of brief criticisms on the various parts which the great English actor has played in America. The writer says that Mr. Irving cannot be included in the first rank of living tragedians, and thinks that it is not genius, but industry and fulness of culture, which has given him undisputed pre-eminence in England.—"Count von Moltke" is an admirable account of the great German strategist. Von Moltke is modest, God-fearing, devoted to his profession, and keeps alive the memory of his English wife, whom he lost some years ago, with an ardour like that of the late Bishop Wilberforce.—John Burroughs writes "A Hunt for the Nightingale" round Godalming. This is one of his most beautiful papers. He is not second even to our own Richard Jefferies.—Mr. MacVeagh's article on "The Next Presidency" is suggested by the fact that this year the "nomination conventions will meet." If a strong President is elected, "Washington would cease to be the paradise of lobbyists, great or small, . . . of

jurymen who follow the profession of acquitting the guilty and thrive by it, or tradesmen who grow rich by corrupting the purchasing agents of the departments, and are respected for it."

HARPER (Jan.).—"The Quaker Poet" is an appreciative sketch of Mr. Whittier, whom the writer thinks to be "the most peculiarly American poet of any that our country has produced." Mr. Whittier has never married. His sister Elizabeth kept his house for many years, and the bond between them was more perfect, says the writer of this article, than any of which we have known, except that between Charles and Mary Lamb. His niece afterwards kept his house; and, since her marriage, the poet has found a home at Danvers, near Boston, with some charming and congenial cousins.—"The Old Packet and Clipper Service" is full of facts about the days when sailing-vessels were the only means of crossing the Atlantic. There are pictures of the vessels and of their captains, who were "much more important personages than a Cunard captain is to-day." They were generally part owners as well as commanders, had often incomes of £1,000 a-year, and could take their wives board free. The *Dreadnought* once sailed from Sandy Hook to Queenstown in nine days and seventeen hours; the *Toronto* beat a Boston propeller and a Cunard steamer.

HARPER (Feb.).—Mr. Joseph Hatton, the author of those sketches of "Journalistic London" which attracted such notice in *Harper*, writes on "The Upper Thames" in a happy holiday vein.—"At Mentone," in this number and the last, is a series of graphic sketches. The party, whose tour these papers describe, paid a visit to the notorious casino at Monte Carlo. "Everywhere was lavished the luxury of flowers, paintings, marbles, and the costliest decoration of all kinds; beyond, in a superb hall, the finest orchestra of the Continent was playing the divine music of Beethoven; outside one of the loveliest gardens in the world offered itself to those who wished to stroll awhile." All these attractions are offered to visitors without restriction and without price. Hundreds of people go simply to hear the music, but few come away without one look at the gambling tables, "and it is upon that 'one look' that the proprietors of the casino, knowing human nature, quietly and securely rely." The tables were often surrounded by three circles of players, one circle seated, others standing behind, and the gambler's strange fever was in the eyes of all.—"Glimpses of Emerson" gives some fresh and interesting views "of the righteousness and beauty of his personal behaviour."

HARPER (March).—Mr. Black's story, "Judith Shakespeare," has reached its third part. It has all the usual charm of his work, and also that lack of incident which is one of Black's weaknesses.—"St. Louis" and "The Yorkshire Coast" are descriptive articles profusely illustrated. The Mississippi town bears the title of "The future great city of the world," and rivals Chicago in wealth and commerce. The high average of comfort, and the conservatism and solidity of its business methods, are noticeable features of St. Louis. It is as smoky as London, and the photographers take their pictures on Sunday when the factories are at rest.

THE METHODIST QUARTERLY REVIEW (Jan.).—Dr. Abel Stevens discusses "The Problem of our African Population." He says the coloured population deserves well of the Republic for worthy conduct generally, and especially in critical times of our history;" and pleads that the negro, "abused enough," should now have justice shown him, and then his progress will be rapid. All political, social, and religious grievances or disparagements should, Dr. Stevens urges, be done away. "Why not give the coloured citizen equal right, especially in the temples of our common God? If he should seek for his family a well-paid pew in your sanctuary, why forbid him? In every land under heaven, except this Christian Republic, he has not only the right to do so, but is welcomed as 'a man and a brother.'" We heartily sympathise with the manly Christian spirit of this article. America will honour herself by changing her attitude towards her coloured people.

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*** *The Indexes to Vol. LX. (last of the Old Series) and Vol. LXI. (first of the New Series) will be printed in the next No. of the* REVIEW.