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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1887.

ART. I.—THE JEWISH AND THE CHRISTIAN MESSIAH: A STUDY AND AN ARGUMENT.

1. *The Jewish and the Christian Messiah: a Study in the Earliest History of Christianity.* By V. H. STANTON, M.A. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886.
2. *History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ.* By E. SCHÜRER, D.D. Section 29: "The Messianic Hope." Section 32: "The Palestinian-Jewish Literature." Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1886.
3. *The Jewish Messiah.* By JAMES DRUMMOND, B.A. London: Longmans. 1877.
4. *System der Altsynagogalen Palästinischen Theologie.* Dargestellt von Dr. Ferdinand Weber. Vierte Abtheilung, S. 322–386. Leipzig. 1880.
5. *Introduction to the Gospels.* By BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, D.D. Chapter II.: "The Jewish Doctrine of Messiah." Fourth Edition. 1872.
6. *Les Idées Religieuses en Palestine à l'Epoque de Jésus-Christ.* Par EDM. STAPFER. Second Edition. 1878.

IN order to penetrate to the core of the life of a nation, it is necessary to know, not only its beliefs, but its hopes. When discussing lately in the pages of this Review some features of the life of the Jewish people in the time of

Christ, we expressly reserved consideration of the Messianic hopes of the time. This was desirable, partly because of the intrinsic importance of the subject, which could not well be dealt with in a paragraph or two; partly because of the extent of the literature which has been devoted to it; but also, and perhaps mainly, because of the great apologetic value to the Christian religion of arguments suggested by its close and careful study. To that topic, and especially to the last-named aspect of it, we now return, assured that all who are interested in the history of religious thought, and especially such as see the importance in these days of founding arguments in favour of Christianity upon the broad and inexpugnable basis of universally accepted historic fact, will find the fresh study, in the light of modern research, of a somewhat well-worn theme both fruitful and valuable.

And first a word or two on the works referred to above as authorities. The book which stands at the head of our list has only lately appeared. Its author, the Rev. V. H. Stanton, Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, chose the subject of this work for the theme of the Hulsean Lectures which he delivered a few years ago. His book is a scholarly, thoughtful, and able treatment of a many-sided subject, and is especially valuable for the conclusions which the author draws from the historical facts that he first carefully demonstrates. We shall have occasion to refer throughout this article to Mr. Stanton's reasonings and arguments, and gladly acknowledge that we have found his volume most suggestive and helpful on many points of difficulty. We venture to think, however, that the argument in favour of Christianity might be put with more simplicity and directness, and at the same time with more boldness and confidence, than he, in his extreme caution, has ventured to manifest; and in the remarks that follow we shall not follow his guidance throughout, while anxious to draw attention to the ability and value of his treatise. The sections of Schürer's history which are devoted to this subject have been re-written, and his work is invaluable for its indication of authorities and statement of facts which, in the judgment of scholars, may be considered as conclusively settled. The other works are not new, but each has a value

of its own to the student of to-day. Mr. Drummond's work was the only monograph on the subject in English till Mr. Stanton's book appeared. Its full description of the apocalyptic and kindred literature of the Jewish people in the immediately pre-Christian era is of great use, and his critical judgment enables the reader to form a true estimate of the value of each work discussed. But it did not come within Mr. Drummond's scope to do more than describe in detail what the Jewish doctrine in the time of Christ was, and that which constitutes, in our estimation, the more interesting and valuable part of the subject, is hardly referred to by him. Weber is a standing authority on Rabbinical theology, and no student can dispense with reference to his work. Dr. Westcott's chapter on the "Jewish Messiah," in his *Introduction to the Gospels*, remains a marvel of condensed information and suggestive treatment, and, while the date at which it was written prevents it from being a sufficient guide to the study of the subject at present, no reader can fail to be stimulated by the historical insight it displays, and the skilful arrangement of the extracts selected from Jewish literature. Dr. Stapfer, who has since published a wider survey of the state of Palestine in the time of Christ, does not profess in the volume cited above to present a specially original view of his subject, but his treatment is clear, pleasing, and even popular—qualities by no means to be despised in the presentation of a topic too often treated as if none but scholars could be interested in it or profited by it. With this brief description of a few of the books which have recently handled the doctrine of the Messiah, Jewish and Christian, we proceed to indicate the precise point of view from which in this article we propose to regard it.

"Christianity at its birth," says M. Renan, in his *New Studies in Religious History*, "was composed wholly of Jewish ideas already in existence, and yet Christianity at its birth is a fact of undoubted originality." We will not debate as to the precise meaning of the former part of this sentence, or whether M. Renan understands it exactly as we should. Taking the sentence as an epigram, it is true, and no less true than suggestive. How came it that from Jewish ideas, to which already expression had been more or less clearly given in sacred history, poetry,

or prophecy, and from among a people to whom such thoughts were more or less accessible, there sprang a religion so utterly, so transcendently new,—so utterly, so unspeakably different from all that this people either meditated, or dreamed of, or wished for,—presenting a view of life on earth, which to the Jew was simply and completely revolutionary, and holding out prospects for a future life, which were to him more remarkable for the overthrow than for the fulfilment of his long cherished hopes and visions? How came it that the new religion took its rise among Jews, was based upon sacred Jewish writings, appealed in the first instance only to Jews, and, throughout its earliest years, was nothing more than a Jewish sect, while it was in its spirit and essence so utterly unlike, not only what the Jews of the time pursued and expected, but what they thought admirable and desirable? Whatever view be taken of the date of the Gospels, whatever be the probability of the mythical theory, whatever the precise facts of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, it is an undoubted fact that the religion called Christianity was based, as its very name implies, upon a belief that Jesus was the Anointed one of the Old Testament Scriptures, He "of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write."

Now of two things, one. Either we have in Christianity a "development" of Judaism, one not perhaps altogether to be foreseen and calculated on, but the dependence of which, as an organism, on "heredity" and "environment" as conditions of its growth, can be now distinctly traced; or we find, as Renan acknowledges, "a fact of undoubted originality." Whence, then, this originality, and what precisely does such a word mean in such a connection? By what means did so "original" a view of God and man, of time and eternity, prevail over deep-rooted prejudice and bitter opposition? What is the relation of this "original" view of the kingdom of God on earth, and the rule of the Anointed one, to the Old Testament Scriptures and to the current belief of the Jews generally? If it be found to be in subtle and deep-seated accord with the spiritual principles of the Jewish Scriptures, while totally out of accord with the most tenaciously cherished opinions of the Jews of the period, and if the

religion were propagated, as all anti-supernaturalists insist, without the aid of miracles, how did it make its way? What was there in the nature of the new doctrine, in its relation to current belief, to account for the inconceivably rapid spread of the doctrine amongst Jews themselves within so short a period after the founder of the religion had died a shameful death amidst the execrations of Jewish religious leaders? It is clear that an investigation into the precise nature of the Jewish doctrine of Messiah at the time of Christ may prove to be of the highest importance for our just comprehension of the "origins of Christianity," over which so fierce a fight has been waging for a generation past—a fight which is not yet over. Our modern critics are great in history, and talk much of "the historical method." Let us then turn to history, take nothing for granted but what can be proved beyond the possibility of cavil, pursue the historical method in all its rigour and vigour, and see what will come of it. They have appealed to Cæsar, to Cæsar let us go.

What, then, are our materials for determining the nature of the Jewish beliefs and expectations concerning Messiah in the time of Christ? Obviously we cannot be sure of finding them in the Old Testament promises. Honoured as were Moses and the prophets, read in the synagogues every Sabbath day, these sacred books were read "with a veil upon the heart," and the whole history of the Jewish people warns us that we cannot safely suppose that spiritual truths were spiritually interpreted, still less that words capable of bearing a material meaning were understood in any but the most literal and material sense. Neither will it be permitted us at present to use the evidence of the New Testament on this head. Hints of great importance are given incidentally in the Gospels, and to these we must afterwards turn, and examine their relation to results arrived at without their help, but at present we pass them by. What, then, are the authorities to which we may safely look for guidance in this purely historical inquiry?

It has been usual to turn for information to the Targums and to the Talmud in its two parts—the Mishnah and Gemara —together with certain Rabbinic writings, including the

older Midrashim. Dr. Westcott accepts these as guides, without scruple or hesitation. And there can be no doubt that he is in the main quite right in saying that their testimony is "not only an authentic expression of current belief, but rather an embodiment of traditional teaching." The only question is, precisely when was each given belief current, and from what time had the traditional teaching been handed down? Undoubtedly teaching of a very ancient character is imbedded both in the Targums and in the Talmud, but to all post-Christian Jewish writings a certain amount of suspicion attaches, not because the *bona fides* of Jewish teachers is in any wise impugned, but because the Christian era was a time of veritable earthquake in the Jewish religious world, and no writings dating from the second century A.D. can be supposed to be free from the effects of the cataclysms through which Judaism had been passing. The Mishnah dates from the second century, and the Gemara from the fourth. The date of the earlier Targums is still disputed, M. Deutsch placing the Targum of Onkelos at the end of the second century, and the Targum of Jonathan in the middle of the fourth century. Schürer places the earliest in the third or fourth century after Christ; "at any rate," he says, "there is no proof of their greater antiquity, though they often fall back upon older exegetical traditions." Now, although the learned Rabbinical scholar, Dr. Schiller-Szinessy, still inclines to the earlier date which was formerly accepted by most scholars, it is clear that we cannot now rest with any certainty upon the evidence of these highly interesting traditions for our special purpose. Mr. Stanton, who substantially follows Deutsch and Schürer, adduces three main reasons why the state of Jewish belief in the second century of our era in all probability differed materially from that which prevailed immediately before Christ came. These are—(1) The protracted struggle between Judaism and Christianity; (2) The destruction of Jerusalem; and (3) The activity of allegorical principles of interpretation which widely obtained during the early centuries of the Christian era, and which greatly promoted the development of Messianic doctrine, and that free interpretation of prophecy, which is found, for example, in the Targum of Jonathan.

Confirmation of these views is, perhaps, found in the fact that the LXX. Version, which is known to date about 200 years before Christ, "contains scarcely any passages which bring forward the person of the Messiah in a clearer light than the original text." Westcott attributes this partly to the place (Alexandria) at which this version was made, but it appears to us that the difference between its tone and that of the Targum of Onkelos is significant, particularly when we bear in mind that the Seventy were ready enough to paraphrase passages of the Old Testament which did not commend themselves to the views and tastes of the time. Neither will the well-known writers Philo and Josephus help us much. In all Philo's writings there are but one or two uncertain traces of the expectation of Messiah. Doubtless he had his hopes, but they are the vague and bodiless aspirations of an idealizing philosopher, not inspired by faith in the definite promises of God that a Deliverer—Emmanuel, God with us—should in time appear to work out salvation for His people and the world. To Josephus we should not be likely to look for light on this matter. He was the very type of the Romanizing element among the Jews, apparently glad to recognize the sovereignty of the great mistress of the world, and looking for the true prosperity of his nation in submission to the inevitable dominion of Rome, taking care to find his own prosperity in timely submission and flattering subservience. But, as Dr. Westcott points out, Josephus' history bears witness to the existence in his countrymen of hopes which he did not share. Earnest aspirations after national freedom and honour were kindling the hearts of others to enthusiasm, while his own pulse did not quicken for a moment, unless it were while he gave expression to the contempt which such "vagabonds and deceivers" inspired in him. "Under the pretence of divine inspiration," he says, "they compassed revolutions and changes, and persuaded the multitude to indulge in mad hopes, and led them forth into the wilderness as though God would show them there signs of freedom." Not amongst rich men like Josephus, glad to bask in imperial favour, need we expect to find those who were "waiting for the consolation of Israel."

The main sources of our information have, therefore, yet to be described. We must be content with indicating their character, and summarizing their evidence. There is a whole literature, marked by definite and striking characteristics, usually known as Apocalyptic—Schürer prefers the name Pseudepigraphic—which better than anything else will give us what we are in search of. The types of such writings in the inspired Scriptures are the Book of Daniel in the Old Testament and the Revelation of St. John in the New. The rise and origin of the extra-canonical apocalyptic literature is admirably described by Mr. Drummond, who shows how naturally it sprang up during the period of national dependence, while the aversion of the Jews from all forms of heathenism and the process of their subjection to heathen rule appeared to be progressing side by side. While some Jews displayed Hellenizing tendencies, true patriots like the Maccabees asserted more vigorously than ever the principles of Jewish faith and the spirit of Jewish patriots.

"Out of this conflict sprang the apocalyptic literature, the strange product of blended political and religious enthusiasm. It attached itself to ancient prophecy, on which its hopes depended, and from the interpretation of which it sought to anticipate the fulfilment of times and seasons. Its process of interpretation is, however, for the most part concealed, and it speaks, not in the style of an expositor, but of a prophet, and accordingly couches its language, not in the past, but in the future. This may explain the fact, that it generally chooses as its mouthpiece some ancient worthy, who lived before the period which it undertakes to survey. Enoch, Moses, Ezra, Baruch, and even the heathen Sibyl are pressed into the service."—*Jewish Messiah*, p. 5.

The very fact that these compositions were not authoritative rather commends them to the attention of those who are anxious to find out, not what the mass of the Jews in our Lord's time might be supposed officially to believe, but what did actually form the fibre and tissue of their hopes and aims. The whole character of these books, as Mr. Stanton points out, proves that the writers were animated by hopes of the strongest and most vivid kind, and they produced a correspondingly vivid and deep impression upon the hearts of their contemporaries. The following are the chief works to which reference is thus made.

The Sibylline Oracles are, as their name implies, prophecies written in Greek verse put into the mouth of Gentile Sibyls, or prophetesses, but only a very small portion of these is of use for our purpose. In the third book are certain long passages, which critics are agreed to ascribe to Jewish origin, and which probably date about 30 B.C. "God shall send from the Sun," we read (Book iii. 652, *sq.*), "a King, who shall cause every land to cease from civil war, slaying some, and fulfilling a faithful covenant with others." The passage which opens with these striking words describes in detail, sometimes in words of striking beauty, the nature of the kingdom thus to be set up on earth. "No longer shall the laughing globes of light roll on. There shall be no light, no dawn, no many days of care, no spring, no summer, no winter, no autumn. And then shall the judgment of the mighty God come in the midst of the mighty age, when all these things come to pass."

The Book of Enoch has had a curious history. Often quoted by the early Fathers, it disappeared for centuries from human ken, and only reappeared about 100 years ago, when the traveller Bruce discovered in Abyssinia an Ethiopic version, from which the knowledge of the book in modern times is mainly drawn. This version contains the words quoted by St. Jude, as the prophecy of "Enoch the seventh from Adam." No small controversy has arisen concerning its character, date, and composition. There appears to be general agreement that, in its present form, it is not one organic whole, but as to what portions are interpolated and from what sources—*adhuc sub judice lis est.* The most interesting portion for the student of Jewish Messianic beliefs is that known as "The Book of the Three Parables." Among the critics who ascribe this section to a Jewish origin are Köstlin, Langen, and Schürer, while a majority, including Keim, Kuenen, and Drummond, ascribe to it a Christian character. Mr. Stanton takes the latter view, though acknowledging that it is not without its difficulties. The parts that are undoubtedly Jewish are remarkable for their silence about the Messiah. The Apocalypse of Baruch and the Fourth Book of Esdras are usually considered together from their general similarity in form and doctrine. The former was not known to the modern world

till 1866, while the latter has been preserved from the earliest times, and is extant in the original Greek as well as in several versions. Both these compositions date in all probability about A.D. 70, and present with a good deal of picturesque power the hopes of the people in a time of general sadness and fear. The Book of Jubilees—sometimes called "Little Genesis"—also dates from the first century. It takes the form of an amplified account of the Bible history of the patriarchs, and contains but few references which can be of much use for our purpose.

It is otherwise with the poems known as the Psalms of Solomon. These were possibly written originally in Hebrew, but are only extant in Greek. Their date has been variously estimated, some critics, including Ewald, placing the composition of the work in the second century before Christ; others, represented by Schürer, whom Mr. Stanton follows, assigning it to B.C. 63 or thereabouts, when Jerusalem was taken by Pompey. The theme of the Psalms is the existing desolation of Jerusalem, contrasted with God's gracious promises to her, and the strain in which they are written is plaintive and tender, yet hopeful, the writer evidently having learned much more thoroughly than any other of these anonymous authors the Old Testament lesson that God's visitation had taken place on account of the sins of the people, which are freely and fully confessed. To the tender mercies which never fail, the writer of the "Psalms of Solomon," like the writer of "Lamentations," trusts for restoration and glory yet to come. The *Assumptio Mosis*, discovered in 1861, probably dating from the middle of the first century of our era, and the *Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs*, a work in which scholars have traced copious interpolation by a Christian hand, need not detain us, as they contribute little for our purpose. A full account of them will be found in Schürer's third volume.

But it is time that we hastened to summarize the information gained from these various sources. What, so far as they guide us, was the state of Jewish belief concerning a Promised Deliverer at the time when Christ appeared? What was the view taken concerning the person of the Messiah himself? What was to be the nature of His kingdom, and what were the

expectations of the time concerning the great consummation which He was to inaugurate at the approaching end of the age? The first explicit mention of "the Anointed One," as the title of an expected personal deliverer, is in the Book of Enoch (xvii. 36, &c.). It is remarkable that the name is nowhere used in the Old Testament, if we except the doubtful passage Dan. ix. 25, and the use of it is one of several marks of the growing clearness of definition which characterizes the national hope during the period we are studying. The title "Son of Man" was adopted as a title of Messiah from the Book of Daniel, and "Son of David" is a title freely used, especially in the Targums. A great deal of uncertainty, however, hangs about the conception of His person. Perhaps the best description of the personality of the Messiah, arrived at by a comparison of passages in these books, is that of a human king, endowed with supernatural gifts and power. The Psalms of Solomon describe him as a righteous king. Some of the addresses in the Book of Enoch appear to imply pre-existence, but this is doubtful, and pre-existence certainly did not form a recognized feature in the portraiture. Justin Martyr puts these words into the mouth of Trypho the Jew, with whom he is conducting an argument, "We all expect that Christ will come into being as a man from men" (Dial., ch. 49). Such words would not have been used if they did not express the beliefs of the Jews in those centuries, and the literature we are describing amply bears out the testimony indirectly drawn from these words.

The most interesting and important question of all perhaps is whether there is any indication that a suffering Messiah was expected, or whether any allusions are found to suffering and death as an atonement for sin. Careful and thorough examination has proved that this is certainly not the case. Wünsche (*Die Leiden des Messias*) has endeavoured to establish this, Dr. Edersheim in his *Life of Jesus* expresses himself as convinced of it; but nearly all the best authorities, including Schürer, Drummond, and Westcott, answer the question in the negative. Mr. Stanton comes to the same conclusion. The passages in the Talmud which speak of a subordinate Messiah, the son of Joseph or Ephraim, and the passages in the latter Targums on

the prophets, which refer Isaiah liii. to this secondary Messiah, invented for the purpose, are of post-Christian date, and of little value for our argument. Justin Martyr, in the Dialogue above referred to, puts into the mouth of Trypho the statement, "It is evident that the Scriptures proclaim the Christ as liable to suffering," but this is only when pressed by the Christian arguments of his adversary and confronted by the words of the Old Testament. Such an expression gives no indication whatever of the general belief of Justin's own time, or of previous centuries, in which, as we shall see, prominence was given to ideas quite inconsistent with such a view. The idea of an atoning death on the part of the expected Conqueror was quite foreign to the conceptions of the Jews of the time.

The time when Messiah would appear had been apparently often discussed by the Rabbis, and Weber (*System der A. P. Theologie*, p. 334, &c.) gives some curious details on this head. According to the computation generally accepted, in our Lord's time the period had already arrived when Messiah should appear, but his manifestation was hindered by the sins of the people. We read in the Talmud, "If Israel would together repent for a whole day, the redemption by Messiah would ensue," and again, "if Israel would only keep two Sabbaths properly, we should be immediately redeemed." Messiah was to be born in Bethlehem, yet appear suddenly, and one of the Targums assumes that he is already present on the earth, but concealed. As to the nature of His kingdom, there is general agreement. There was to be a great gathering of hostile powers, a great battle, and a great overthrow. The destruction of these heathen nations is represented in the Psalter of Solomon, the Apocalypse of Baruch and the fourth Esdras, as the chief event of the time. Sometimes this is represented as being done in a moment, "by the breath of his mouth" (compare Isaiah xi. 4), sometimes in a war of extermination (Enoch xlvi. 4, &c.). But whatever the details, such complete overthrow is the very essence of Messiah's work. "As long as there are sinners in the world, so long does the wrath of God endure, but as they disappear from the world the Divine wrath also vanishes" (Mishna, Sanh. x. 6, quoted in Schürer ii. 168).

It would be difficult to lay too strong emphasis upon the national element in these pictures of coming glory. It would certainly not be too much to say that the Messiah is only a means to an end, and his personality is often lost sight of in view of the far more important element in the picture, the glory of Jerusalem and the restored nation. The leader in the war is a shadowy personage for these patriotic artists, who spend their strength and skill in depicting the splendours which were to encircle a renewed nation in a renewed land. The more spiritual writings, like the Psalms of Solomon, dwell on the purification of the city; in Apoc. Baruch and Enoch we read of a city which was in Paradise before Adam sinned, and which is to appear again on earth, far surpassing any earthly city in pomp and beauty, The Holy Land is in some mysterious way to include the whole world. The Book of Jubilees says that the promise was given to Jacob, "I will give unto thy seed the whole earth which is under heaven, and they shall rule at their pleasure over all nations, and afterwards they shall draw to themselves the whole earth and inherit it for ever." All then will be peace and joy. The climax of the whole will be found in the perpetual maintenance in most solemn fashion of the temple-worship (Weber, p. 359). The dispersed are to be gathered from among all nations, deceased Israelites are to come from their graves and partake in the glories of the new kingdom. This kingdom was to last for ever, or, as some express it, till the end of the world, when it would merge only in the glories of the new heaven and new earth. Accordingly, the Messianic period sometimes seems to belong to the present and sometimes to the future world; for when Messiah appears "this age" will end, and "the age to come" commence, never to pass away. We need not pursue the views of these writings on the general subject of eschatology, a subject which, however, possesses an interest and importance of its own. Suffice it to say, that, amid varying details, there is a pervading belief in a general resurrection, a last judgment, to be followed by the final condemnation of the wicked and the eternal salvation of the righteous. Messiah, however, does not sit on the throne of judgment, but God is judge Himself.

Such is an outline, however imperfect, of the Messianic hope

of the Jews during the first century of the Christian era, carefully drawn from their own literature and critically estimated by those best qualified to judge. How entirely this description is borne out by the language of the New Testament, which we have hitherto purposely refrained from citing, is abundantly clear. That there was a general expectation of a coming Deliverer is clear from the way in which John the Baptist was received, as multitudes from all parts gathered to listen to him, "musing in their hearts whether he were Christ, or no." (Luke iii. 15.) Simeon was not the only one who was waiting for the consolation of Israel (Luke ii. 25); others were eagerly "waiting for the redemption of Jerusalem" (Luke ii. 38). The Scribes expected Him, but taught that Elias must first come (Matt. xvii. 10), and the people at large anticipated a mysterious Saviour,—"when the Christ cometh no man knoweth whence He is" (John vii. 27): yet at the same time He was to be of Bethlehem, and of the seed of David (41, 42). The woman of Samaria looked for a prophet who should be a teacher of the people, and so did others besides, but it was as a king chiefly they expected Messiah, the Son of David, and heir of David's throne. The multitude wished to make Jesus a king (John vi.). They could not understand what was meant by a suffering Messiah. Even the innermost circle of our Lord's chosen ones were "offended" at the idea, and never did disciple earn a more severe rebuke than Peter when he showed how little he understood the words of the Saviour concerning His suffering and death (Matt. xvi. 22). When that death had taken place, two disciples, representatives of the prevailing feeling, thought all was over (Luke xxiv. 21), and even after the Resurrection, before the Holy Ghost had fully enlightened them, the Apostles showed that the old leaven was still working in their minds, when they asked, "Lord, wilt thou at this time again restore the kingdom to Israel?" (Acts i. 6). But these are the commonplaces of Gospel history. The only use of these quotations is to show that the representations of the Evangelists fully bear out what has been independently proved, while our reasoning may be conducted without resting on their testimony.

Such, then, was the Jewish world into the midst of which

Jesus of Nazareth was born. It is one undeniable fact of history that this was the character of the people to which, as rationalists would say, He belonged, or, as devout Christians would say, from which, "according to the flesh" He came. Place another undeniable fact of history side by side with this. Jesus began to teach among such a people in (say) A.D. 26, and by the year A.D. 60, when according to the most extreme sceptics, St. Paul's four unquestioned Epistles to the Romans, the Corinthians, and the Galatians were written, a religion was founded, having for its basis the belief that this Jesus of Nazareth was the Jewish Messiah—that One, to all appearance a carpenter's son, who indeed claimed to be the Son of God, and to have established God's Kingdom on the earth, but who lived in a humble fashion, who was persecuted during his life, and died a shameful death, was in truth, what He proclaimed Himself, God's own Anointed One. This religion was first promulgated among the people whose beliefs and hopes have just been described at length; its earliest converts, drawn from among this people, already in the brief space described numbered many thousands of all classes, and the main burden of the early sermons preached by its enthusiastic heralds was that "this Jesus was very Christ." A Paul had been convinced of that cardinal doctrine, and at the time we speak of had long been a preacher of it, "opening and alleging" that Jesus was the Christ, the Son of the living God, and that the kingdom He had set up in the earth—how different from the kingdom above described we need not stay to point out—was indeed "the promise made of God unto the fathers, unto which the twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hoped to come."

What is the explanation of this? We are dealing with facts of history unquestioned by the most destructive critics of the Gospels, now stated in the baldest and most prosaic fashion, but presenting a problem which the boldest critics feel to be a serious difficulty, and which a large number find it most convenient entirely to ignore. Hardly any of these writers attempt to deny that Jesus claimed in His lifetime to be the Messiah, and those who do so shift the difficulty without lessening it. Strauss says, "The fact that the disciples of Jesus after

His death believed and proclaimed that He was the Messiah is not to be comprehended, unless when living He had implanted the conviction in their minds." Renan also admits that Jesus believed Himself to be the Messiah, but hints at unworthy attempts to accommodate Himself to the ideas of His disciples, in a way which shows that a graceful French style does not imply delicate moral insight, and demonstrates the utter inability of the critic to understand the very conditions of the problem. Mr. Stanton deals in a very complete and admirable manner with this subject, entering into details for which we cannot afford space. In one place he says:—

"How hard it is to explain the faith of the first generation of Christians in Jesus as a supernatural Christ, or any other than the Christian view, is shown by the wavering theories of successive naturalistic writers. One, in order to save, as he thinks, the character of Jesus for honesty and sobriety, denies the genuineness of, or explains away, every word of His in the Gospels which could be taken to imply the possession of powers or a destiny surpassing those of ordinary human nature. Another, feeling the difficulty which must then arise of accounting for the faith of Christians, makes bold to attribute to Jesus utterances which directly caused the mistaken belief of His followers. The whole history of the naturalistic hypotheses on this subject may be described as an endeavour on the part of their authors to avoid on the one hand the Scylla of doing discredit to the truth and self-knowledge of Jesus, and on the other the Charybdis of being left without an adequate explanation of the growth of the Christian Church and its faith. To us it appears that if any escape the one danger they fall into the other; and the most part, in their uncertain course, suffer from both" (p. 266).

It would lead us too far from our main purpose to examine particularly these diverse naturalistic theories. But it has not, perhaps, been sufficiently recognized that here lies the whole crux of the problem concerning the origin of Christianity, for those who appeal to the historical method. It is not permissible for critics to uphold that method for the purposes of criticism, and, when it leads to an unwelcome conclusion, to desert it, preferring to leave an unexplained and inexplicable historical miracle—if we may use such an expression—rather than acknowledge the supernatural in the Person and Work of Jesus Christ. But, following these theories, how

was it, if Jesus were a mere human teacher, that He, propounding doctrine so diametrically opposed to current beliefs concerning the Messiah, claimed to be the Messiah at all, or obtained any credence for such a claim? If He did not make this claim, how came it to be attributed to Him? If a few disciples, struck by the moral beauty of His teaching, had come to the conclusion that in Him the Old Testament prophecies were fulfilled, what is the explanation of their belief in the Resurrection? There was not the slightest ground in the loftiest views of the Messiah entertained at the time to warrant any such transformation of the character of a remarkable human teacher, as that He should be virtually deified, and that in spite of what must, according to hypothesis, have appeared the complete overthrow of all His pretensions.

But, without lingering over the rival difficulties of equally impossible naturalistic theories, there is one objection, as Mr. Stanton points out, common to all alike. There was no time for the gradual transformation of ideas thus implied. Long ago this objection was urged against the mythical theory of Strauss. Even if the late date of the Gospels on which his view rests were granted, the time for such growth was brief indeed, and recent investigation has shown that the latest date admissible is far earlier than he supposed. But the strength of the present argument does not depend upon the date of the Gospels. It rests upon the fact that, at the time when Paul's acknowledged epistles were written, a religion resting substantially upon the basis of a belief in the Messiah-ship of Jesus was firmly established and rapidly spreading. If in the views concerning the Messiah which existed before Jesus came there were present elements which needed only a touch to combine into a coherent faith, then the appearance of Jesus might be considered to have provided, on naturalistic hypotheses, such a wonder-working touch. If, on the other hand, the existing condition of the Jewish mind, while constituting a remarkable preparation in one direction for the work of Christ, was such as fundamentally, tenaciously, and even violently to oppose the general tenour of his teaching, and if, nevertheless, in so brief a period that opposition had been so far overcome that the state of things described in Paul's

Epistles had become possible—what was the power that effected this? This is a question that naturalism has never answered.

The bearing of this argument on Christianity is twofold. In the first place it helps to prove Christ's miracles. The expression may seem a strange one. It is but a short time since the miracles were supposed to prove the religion, not the religion the miracles. But, for at least a generation past, the miracles of Christ have been to some minds a stumbling-block rather than a buttress to the faith. The remarkable author of *The Kernel and the Husk* thinks he is doing God service in writing over the Gospel history a sort of parody of the old saying concerning Port Royal, "No miracle permissible here, by the authority of—a clergyman of the Church of England." And thinkers with whom it is possible to have much more sympathy than this professed Christian teacher, steeped as they have been for a lifetime in the study of physical science and the unremitting regularities of natural law, tell us that they find it easy to believe in the moral beauty of the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount, impossible to believe that He ever rose from the dead.

This state of mind may partly be met by the consideration that an interference on the part of a Higher Power with the regular sequence of natural phenomena may be conceivable as a worthy and even necessary course at one time in the world's history, and not at another. Horace speaks for mankind when he says, "Nec deus intersit dignus nisi vindice nodus Inciderit," but the knot of the great problem of human life is not to be loosened without a Divine hand, and when God speaks we need not wonder if Nature listens. "He toucheth the hills, and they smoke." Or, to present the argument in a slightly different form, there was a time when miracles were absolutely needful for the work that was to be done in the history of the human mind. As Robert Browning puts it in his fine poem, *A Death in the Desert*—

> "I say, that man was made to grow, not stop;
> That help he needed once and needs no more,
> Having grown but an inch by, is withdrawn:
> For he hath new needs, and new helps to these.

> . . You stick a garden-plot with ordered twigs,
> To show inside lie germs of herbs unborn,
> And check the careless step would spoil their birth;
> But when herbs wave, the guardian twigs may go.
> . . . I say, that miracle was duly wrought
> When, save for it, no faith was possible.
> Whether a change were wrought i' the shows o' the world,
> Whether the change came from our minds which see
> Of shows o' the world so much as and no more
> Than God wills for His purpose—
> . . . I know not: such was the effect,
> So faith grew, making void more miracles
> Because too much: they would compel, not help."

The force of such argument is conceded by the more reasonable anti-supernaturalists, but they are often inclined to think it an abstract argument, helping to prove a conclusion we wish to reach, and should not otherwise accept. Here comes in the teaching of history. The argument that God was likely to intervene on great and fitting occasion and authenticate His revelation of Himself in His Son by mighty works never again repeated, is exactly supplemented and fortified by the argument that the facts of history shut us up to the belief that such supernatural interposition was exercised. What is not conceded to the imagination of the poet may well be granted to the severe reasoning of the historian.

But this is by no means all. Perhaps, indeed, it may be considered a conclusion only indirectly drawn from the premisses. The main line of the argument may be continued thus. Miracles apart, the Christian view gives the only possible explanation of our Lord's attitude towards Messianic beliefs, and of the early history of His kingdom. We are here met by the phenomenon which Renan recognized in the epigram quoted above, but which neither Renan nor the writer of *Ecce Homo*, nor the many naturalist writers who have undertaken the task, have ever been able to explain. Whence the "originality" which distinguished Christ's teaching, and enabled Him with such marvellous insight to draw forth the pure spirituality of the teaching of the Old Testament, clothe it with new power and grace, utterly to revolutionize and completely to transform both the beliefs and hopes of so many of

His generation who were expecting a Messiah, and, while using their state of preparedness for a coming Someone, to end by placing in the vacant leadership a form and figure so entirely unlike both what they expected he would be and what they desired he should be? As Mr. Stanton puts it, "The Jewish idea of the Messiah . . . . is so different from the Christian that we may naturally inquire whether Christians have any right to use the title, whether the meaning they attach to it preserves any part of the original idea" (p. 146). And he goes on to show that the Jewish conception was maintained by our Lord, and in Christian teaching generally, in the following particulars:—(1) the special relationship of the Messiah to Jehovah, a position of unique honour as God's chosen messenger and representative; (2) the absolute satisfaction of the yearnings of the human heart which Messiah would bring about, and the complete fulfilment of long-delayed hopes; (3) the idea of supremacy which attached to the Person of the Messiah wherever He was truly believed in and expected—a supremacy which in the minds of some was largely spiritual, in the minds of others grossly material, but which, in the opinion of all, was to be complete and final.

How each of these Jewish conceptions was in Christ's teaching retained and at the same time indefinitely raised and deepened, there is no need at length to describe. It was a problem of infinite delicacy and complexity how to use while transforming the hopes of the people concerning the coming Deliverer, and, the closer our study of the Gospels, the greater is our wonder at the more than human wisdom with which that work was done. No Jew had ever conceived of such a special and unique relationship of the Messiah to God as was unfolded in Christ's teaching concerning His own Sonship; no Jew had hitherto ever fully understood what were the hopes and yearnings of the human heart to which complete satisfaction was to be given in that coming Golden Age of which prophets had prophesied and psalmists had sung; and certainly no Jew had ever formed an idea of the subtle, comprehensive, spiritual, and absolute supremacy over heart and conscience and life which this "meek and lowly" Teacher claimed, and which he so wonderfully succeeded in establishing.

The ideas were to be found in the Old Testament Scriptures? Yes, in a sense, for He came not to destroy but to fulfil; but who would have found them there if Jesus of Nazareth had not shown them, and who but a Divine Teacher could have laid hold of the distorted representation which even the purest religious teaching of the time presented of the at best dim and imperfect Old Testament foreshadowings, and transmuted with a touch base alloy into finest gold?

But the new elements in the doctrine of the Christian Messiah were yet more remarkable than the transformation of the old. This is too large a theme to enter on at the end of an article. Mr. Stanton has a few admirable pages upon it, but he does not work out so fully as might have been expected a theme which lies at the very core of his subject. Especially does he fail to show how and why the whole view of "salvation" is changed in passing from the current Jewish to the Christian doctrine of the kingdom of God. He mentions the fact, but does not stay to point out how fundamentally erroneous was Jewish doctrine concerning human nature and the true significance of sin. A few pages in Weber, setting forth the views of the Jews on this head, are to our mind very full of meaning. The corruption of man's nature was not believed in, and the prevailing views of sin were shallow and utterly inadequate. "The whole have no need of a physician," and, where there is no sufficient sense of sin, there can be no sufficient comprehension of the work of a Saviour. The idea of atoning suffering and death was wholly foreign to Rabbinical theology. The righteous servant of God might, it is true, have patiently to bear sufferings which were caused by the sins of others, but this was a problem and a mystery, and the types and symbols of Old Testament ritual and prophecy which prepared the way for the doctrine of an atoning Saviour were lost upon disciples of the Rabbis. Nevertheless, these deeper spiritual ideas, when once presented, deeply moved the more spiritual amongst the Jews, because they were but men, with the same deep-seated spiritual needs that all men have, and the same capacity for recognizing truth which all possess when they do not suffer it to become choked by prejudice or perverted by self-will. Hence the power of the truth when proclaimed by

Him who was Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and the slow but mighty effect produced when the Man of Sorrows taught that in a world of sin glory must come through shame, honour through meekness, joy through sorrow, life through death. Every one who was of the truth heard the voice of its King when He taught that, though His kingdom was not of this world, it was nevertheless to prevail, and that the corn of wheat, dying, should bring forth much fruit. On this point let us hear Mr. Stanton :—

"When the Jew grasped this new ideal, transferred his trust and hope to this King and Deliverer, so unlike what he had expected, whose perfection and beauty were of an order so spiritual, it made him a new creature. That passionate hope, that conviction that in this little people possessed of so narrow a territory, which adversity and subjection instead of crushing seemed only to cause to flourish more vigorously, God would give them one day a King perfect alike in power and righteousness, and raise their kingdom to a position of supremacy in the whole earth, must, altogether unique as it is in the history of the world, be regarded from whatever point we view it as a marvellous phenomenon. But now all that soaring hope, all that stored up capacity of devotion to a divinely sent leader, finds in Jesus, for such of the nation at least as could receive it, an object of an altogether unlooked-for character. The capacity for love and loyalty and faith in a God-sent King were ready; they had expected to bestow them on quite another, but none of the long training was lost. The preparation, indeed, was strange and wonderful, but far more wonderful was the change brought to pass in the moral and spiritual principles and aspirations of humanity when Jesus of Nazareth was discovered to be the end and object of it.

"Here, indeed, men had a revelation. Believing Jesus to be 'the Christ,' they believed all His work to be *divinely* authenticated, and wrought according to the purpose which must prevail. . . . The Cross of Jesus was indeed the power of God unto salvation. In Him men had been certified beyond the possibility of doubt that God is love. And self-sacrifice had been crowned not simply in the admiration of mankind, whose judgments are subject to continual revision, but by God. The Creator Himself, in whose likeness and after whose image men were made and by whose standards they would at last be judged, had, as it were, taken in His hand and held before their eyes the Ideal after which He would have them strive to the end of their being." (pp. 151-3.)

Was it a delusion? Was the whole ideal of multitudes changed by an obscure teacher, without the aid of supernatural power, one who possessed no more than exceptional human

insight, and whose brief course ended in a cruel death and apparently a shameful overthrow? Did Jews who had been educated in the beliefs we have been describing invent or imagine the Resurrection, imagine and invent the whole superstructure of doctrine concerning the Person of Christ, which from that time forth was the substance of their teaching, though a few months before they had all more or less derided it? Verily, if this be so, the "historical method" may lead us to strange conclusions. Where, in all the ages, all the climes, has there been seen a miracle like this?

Our argument is completed in outline, and we must draw to a close. We have been compelled to leave untouched important parts of our subject, such as the history of the Christian doctrine of the Kingdom in New Testament times. Our business was not to review Mr. Stanton's book, or we should be compelled to dwell on some points in it where we by no means find ourselves in accord with his method or his conclusions. His views of the Christian Church are widely different from ours. He does not believe in the "un-Scriptural" doctrine of a distinction between the visible and invisible Church. He must therefore suppose that the body united by historic continuity under the name of the Catholic and Apostolic Church is precisely conterminous with Christ's Church on earth—includes all whom He would include, excludes all whom He would exclude. It perhaps would not trouble Mr. Stanton that the claim of his own Church to historic continuity and true Catholicity would be scornfully disallowed by the overwhelming majority of those who belong to this visible Church. It evidently does not trouble him much that his position "seems cruelly to ignore the position of multitudes of Christians," in whom, however, we are glad to see that he is candid enough to recognize the fruits of the spirit of Christ Himself.*

We find very much to question also in Mr. Stanton's exegesis of many passages in Scripture, which refer to the

* Much more spiritual and able is Professor Candlish's treatment of this subject in his *Kingdom of God*, p. 242, &c.

future life. He assumes that our Lord was referring to future punishment when he said, "Thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing," regardless of the fact that there is no indication either in the context or the structure of the parable (if it be one) to favour the supposition. But this is only one passage among many which Mr. Stanton appears to us to misunderstand or misinterpret, in his attempt to show that death does not end probation. We gladly recognize, however, the spirit which prompts many of the writer's remarks on this head, and we quite agree with him that it is important that confessedly symbolical passages, especially on the subject of the future life, should be understood as such, and not made to convey positive statements which do not legitimately follow from them.

But these are side-issues, important, doubtless, in their place, but bearing very indirectly on the main theme of the book. Our one object in introducing the work at some length to our readers has been to draw attention to the force of the argument derivable from a close study of the doctrines of the Jewish and the Christian Messiah. In part that argument is old enough. The apologist, when asked to give a summary evidence for Christianity, has more than once replied in effect, "The Jews, Sire." But the more minute study of the life and literature of the first century, a part of which has only of late been accessible to scholars, has presented this argument in a new and much stronger light. We have presented that argument in our own way, and by no means wish to make Mr. Stanton responsible for our putting of the case. His volume contains much detail important for his purpose which we have disregarded, and, while we are conscious how imperfect has been our presentation of an important theme, perhaps in some respects the force of the reasoning from demonstrated historical facts may have gained from a simpler and bolder setting. Mr. Stanton's book, however, deserves careful study on the part of all Christian students and apologists, and will be found to contain a wealth of material, laboriously collected, wisely used, and, in the main, skilfully displayed.

Each single line of argument on behalf of Christianity is but a single line of stones in a great breakwater. Some are altogether subsidiary and never appear above the surface of the sea. But they are none the less valuable in their place. Such is the case with an argument from history. No religion can be proved by such reasoning as we have been pursuing, perhaps no religion can ever be proved by reasoning at all. But when the assailants of religion choose a given field for their attacks, they must be met where they stand, and at the point of the ramparts where the attack is made. At present one vigorous line of assault is that made upon the credibility of the early history of Christianity. And the argument inadequately sketched in this article is one very important line of reply, the force of which will be felt more and more the longer it is meditated on and the more fully its scope is seen. It is by the use of such means that the ramparts of the city of God may here and there be strengthened, and some little done, in days when faith grows weak and the knees of the strong ones tremble, to rally the hosts of the Lord round the One Captain of Salvation, in whom alone the hopes of man, whether Jew or Gentile, may securely and abidingly rest.

Art. II.—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

1. *Acta Sanctorum Octobris.* Tomus II.: Vita Prima Inedita Auctore Thoma de Celano; Appendix Inedita ad Vitam Primam Auctoribus tribus ipsius Sancti sociis; Vita Altera Auctore S. Bonaventura. Commentarius Annotata. Appendix ad Gloriam Posthumam et cetera. Bruxellis. 1858.
2. *Beati Patris Francisci Assisiatis Opera Omnia.* J. J. Von der Burg. Coloniae. 1849.
3. *I Fioretti di San Francesco.* Testo di Lingua Secondo la Lezione adottata dal P. Antonio Cesari. Milano. 1883.
4. *Les Poëtes Franciscains en Italie au Treizième Siècle. Par* A. F. Ozanam. Paris: Lecoffre. 1852.

5. *Francis of Assisi.* By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Macmillan. 1871.
6. *Milman's Latin Christianity.* Vol. IV.
7. *L'Apostolat de Saint François d'Assise.* (*Revue des Deux Mondes*, Sept. 1, 1886.)

THE Pontificate of Innocent III. (1198–1216) marks the flood-tide of Papal power. Innocent saw the Bishop of Rome acknowledged as supreme arbiter of the world. The Crusades had consolidated the power of the Church. The Pope was "the military Suzerain of Europe; he had the power of summoning all Christendom to his banner." Neither the ties of home nor the cares of Empire were permitted to stand between the greatest of princes and the sacred duty of recovering the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the infidel. The romantic story of our own Richard Cœur de Leon, his perils in Palestine, his imprisonment in the Tyrol, his bitter experiences on his return to his distracted realm—that is but an illustration of the baptism of sorrow through which the proudest princes of Christendom passed in obedience to their sovereign liege the Pope of Rome. That proud pontiff had become the master of Europe. He claimed to speak the last word in its domestic broils; to adjudicate all rival claims to thrones. His treasures were constantly replenished by Papal collectors and Papal bankers, who were busy in every land gathering in and storing up tithes and contributions, exacted alike from priest and people.

Contrast could not well be more complete than between Innocent III. and Francis of Assisi. The young pontiff, to whom this aggrandizement of the Papacy was in no small measure due, brought to his exalted office the highest gifts of intellect and character. A man of unbounded activity, vast erudition, irreproachable morals, he possessed every qualification for his high post, save that "meekness and gentleness" of Christ which was "almost impossible," and certainly almost unknown, at the beginning of the thirteenth century. The young Pontiff traced his descent from one of the noble families of Rome. He was also the nephew of Pope Clement III. He had been a brilliant student at the Universities of Paris and Bologna. His history is the history of Europe. The

proudest kings quailed before his interdict. We breathe another atmosphere as we pass to the story of his contemporary, Francis, the apostle of gentleness, the spouse of poverty, the friend of man and beast. The son of a well-to-do merchant, in the quiet mountain town of Assisi, he early chose the path of poverty and self-renunciation. He trod in no beaten track of service, but opened for himself a career of usefulness, which won him recognition as one of the foremost benefactors of the Middle Ages. He became the father of popular preaching; the guide and inspiration of those who, whilst in the world, were not of the world. Great is the contrast between the men, still greater is the contrast between the results of their life-work. Innocent "died on his unshaken throne, in the plenitude of his seemingly unquestioned power," yet his reign ushered in days of decline and disgrace for the Papacy. The humble labours of St. Francis, at first despised by Innocent, opened men's hearts to the claims of religion as no other influence of the Middle Ages had been able to open them. A recent number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* brings out clearly the fact that St. Francis taught Italy to distinguish between Christianity and the Church. He instructed his followers to guide their conduct by the will of God, rather than the dictates of the priest. "The Italians have uttered the cry of reform during three centuries, and yet have never seriously set their hand to the task." Men and women, who chafed at the errors and assumptions of Rome, solaced themselves with the religious privileges of their order. Even Machiavel bears witness that Francis and Dominic saved religion, by renewing Christianity, and replacing it in the hearts of men through the exhibition of the poverty and gentleness of Jesus Christ.

Material for forming a true estimate of St. Francis and his mission is singularly abundant. In 1229, three years after his death, Thomas of Celano, the author of the *Dies Irae*, wrote a quaint life of his former master, brimming over with monkish conceits but full of beautiful touches, which reveal a master-hand. He claims to state what he heard from the founder's lips, or from faithful and approved witnesses. In 1247 three former disciples added their reminiscences, with many facts

gleaned from contemporary witnesses. Bonaventura, the learned and saintly General of the Franciscan order, who was steeped in Platonism and Mysticism, and was considered by Gerson the most able master that had yet appeared in the University of Paris, wrote a third life in 1263. As a child, he had himself seen the founder of his order. In the Acta Sanctorum these documents are edited with consummate learning and research. Wadding's voluminous annals of the order are not less learned. The Little Flowers of St. Francis, "the idyllic gospel of the Francisan Apostolate," which took its present form in the first half of the fourteenth century, is a collection of stories about the man who for six and a half centuries has been the popular saint of Italy. The stories have small historic value, but bear witness to the loving wonder with which the common people regarded their own saint. Modern works on the subject would form a considerable library. Among these Mrs. Oliphant's sympathetic study of the man and his times stands out as one of the most graphic pictures. St. Francis seems to have cast his spell over all students of his life. Dean Hook, indeed, begins the notice in his *Ecclesiastical Biography* with the sentence: "This fanatic is worshipped in the Church of Rome as a saint." But Dean Hook is an exception to the rule. Protestants, Rationalists, and Papists have all paid their tribute. From the time of Giotto art has not ceased to linger over the moving scenes of St. Francis' life. Dante devotes the eleventh canto of *Il Paradiso* to him who, "seraphic all in fervency," "arose a sun upon the world."

Great as is the wealth of love bestowed on this mediæval saint, his character is not above reproach. The sale of his father's goods to provide funds for the restoration of the Church of St. Damian and the part he took in drawing Clara, a noble maiden of his native town, from her home to a life like his own—these are faults for which we can find no extenuation save the nature of the times in which he lived. His teaching was marred by the errors of Popery, and his rule by the extravagances induced by a baldly literal interpretation of Scripture. Yet when all deductions are made we recognize in this man a devotion to Christ, a yearning pity for the

world, an insight into the power of Gospel preaching and sacred song, a knowledge of human character and of the necessities of human life, which entitle him to our admiration and our gratitude.

Francis was born in A.D. 1182. The end of the twelfth century was a time of restless activity among the Italian municipalities. The great cities of Tuscany and Lombardy shook off the imperial yoke. Society, however, in those days had little conception of liberty. The citizen was bound by vexatious restrictions. All acts of private life were subjects of municipal legislation. The number of trees which a citizen might plant, the staff of priests who might officiate at his funeral, the value of the clothes and jewels his family wore, the details of his trade—all these were regulated by the city, till men groaned under the tyranny. The Church had no leisure for her legitimate work. Her heart was set on universal sovereignty. Pity for the poor or redress for the wrongs of the weak none need expect from her. She was no friend and champion but the chief oppressor.

Such were the times on which the lot of St. Francis fell. Assisi lies on the slopes of Apennine, north-east of Rome. The mountain country spreads out like an amphitheatre from the banks of the Tiber to the summits of the great range. Ozanam found that it possessed the grand features of the Alps, lofty peaks, extensive forests, and ravines down which dashed resounding cataracts. The climate clothes the whole region with luxuriant vegetation. Oak and pine are intermixed with olives and vines. "Nature there appears as sweet as it is grand; it inspires admiration unmixed with terror; if all these impress you with the power of the Creator, all speak likewise of his bounty." Towns rich in historic interest nestle in the valleys or lie perched on the rocks. In the heart of this lovely district a valley more extensive than the rest opens out before the traveller. The widespread view, the beautiful mountains, the abundant waters and careful cultivation make this an earthly paradise. At the north and south of the valley two towns stand like sentinels. To the west is the little city where Propertius was born, to the east on a hill which commands a view of the whole landscape is the birth-place of St. Francis.

When the thirteenth century dawned Assisi lay hidden among its hills. No great citizen had yet made it illustrious. The hour of its honour was, however, near. Busy toilers in town and village were soon to catch the light of peace which streamed forth from the mountain city. Thence the apostle of gentleness was to step forth into their midst to put a bridle on the neck of the oppressor, and teach the blessedness of the peacemaker to a brawling, passion-tossed age. The Christian troubadour of Assisi, with his simple rhymes, was to become a welcome guest in market-place and castle; the preacher of divine love was to win his way to all human hearts.

The future saint was the son of a mercer, Pietro Bernardone, and his wife, Madonna Pica. Bernardone was absent in France at the time of his son's birth. When he returned he changed the name of his son from Giovanni to Francesco, in honour of the country from which he had just come. The boy was taught Latin by the Priests of San Giorgio. His studies were elementary enough, but they opened to him the sacred books, and inspired him with a profound respect for learning. He also acquired some knowledge of Provençal French. He spoke it imperfectly, but it was to him a never-failing source of delight. It was not without influence on his mission. The troubadour songs were the inspiration of his own simple muse—the school where he learned his happy art. Few have possessed such infinite delight in life; such appreciation of its manifold joys as this youth of Assisi. His parents were proud of one whose gentleness and buoyancy of spirit made him the favourite of the town. They chafed somewhat at his lavish, open-handed ways. "He is like the son of a Prince," they said, "not like our son;" but they were too happy to murmur long. Francis led the simple revels of his native place. In later life the ascetic often confessed with some touch of sorrow that in his youth he had been a lover of confectionery and other dainties. He roamed the streets with his companions, singing the romantic ballads and soft serenades which won for the wandering Troubadours a hearty welcome alike in the lordly castle and the humble cottage. His open-handed charity charmed all hearts. He stood one day in the market-place with the cloth, velvet, and em-

broideries in which his father dealt. Even in those days people knew how to drive a bargain, and just as the young tradesman was taxed to the utmost by one of his customers, a beggar asked for alms. He passed on unrelieved. When the bargain was struck, however, Francis, touched with compunction, left his stall. Pressing through the crowd, he soon found and relieved the beggar. There and then he made a vow that he would never refuse an alms to any who asked it of him for the love of God.

The soil of this heart was ready for the seed of the kingdom. It is not difficult to recognize in such capacity for joy, such sympathy with sorrow a born leader of men, who could touch chords that would vibrate in every heart.

The story of his conversion has its quaint thirteenth-century surroundings, but it is the story with which we are so familiar. The sense of weariness and unrest which may be forgotten—or drowned in the whirl of pleasure or service—but which can only be removed when God reveals Himself in love. Augustine, who knew it so keenly, caught its significance: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and our heart is restless till we find rest in Thee." A serious illness when Francis was twenty-five brought his light-hearted youth to a close. As he took his first lingering look on the valley of Umbria in his early days of convalescence, a weariness of life seemed to seize him. He stepped back from the door where he had been standing, and threw himself down worn out and utterly dispirited. His frivolous ways had become distasteful to him. He was waking up to that sense of the solemnity of life which is the first step to better things. His impulse was to become a soldier. That profession promised an outlet for his pent-up activities, and offered many opportunities for relieving the oppressed. A dream fired his slumbering resolve into immediate action. Francis saw a splendid palace filled with arms, which bore the sign of the cross. Flags hung upon the walls: a voice told him that the place was prepared for himself and his soldiers. Full of hope he rose next morning to join a military expedition, led by one of the noble citizens of Assisi.

At Spoleto his illness returned. Again he seemed to hear

the voice which had spoken to him in his native town. "Francesco," it asked, "which can do the most good, the master or the servant?" "The master," was his wondering reply. "Why then," it asked once more, "do you leave the master for the servant, and the prince for the follower?" He was bidden to return to his country, as he had wrongly interpreted the vision vouchsafed to him. He lost no time in getting to Assisi, but as yet he found no rest. Many incidents of this period reveal his tenderness of heart. One day he met a leper. Overcoming his intense aversion for these unfortunates, he kissed the poor man's hand and filled it with money. During a visit to Rome, struck with the miserable contrast between the great church of St. Peter's and the meagre offerings laid on its altar, he threw his purse indignantly on the floor. More and more of his time was spent in devotion. The love of Christ filled his whole heart. The sublime generosity of the Passion became to him a never-failing source of adoring wonder.

The restoration of the ruined Church of St. Damiano, in Assisi, was the first task to which Francis addressed himself. His father's heart was sadly hardened against the son, whose bright ways had once endeared him to all. Francis, who was now twenty-five, and may have considered that he had some rights in the business, had taken some goods, which he sold to bear the charges of his work at St. Damian's. Bernardone brought him before the bishop, who urged Francis to restore the money. He did restore it, but at the same time renounced all connection with his harsh parent, who had beaten and abused him. He even put off the clothes he wore, and gave them up with the money. "Henceforward," he added, "I will say only, My Father which is in heaven; no more my father, Pietro Bernardone."

Shortly after this painful scene Francis returned to Assisi to rebuild the old church. He begged the stones and raised the walls with his own hands, unmoved by the jeers which his strange conduct called forth from his fellow-townsmen. Not a few, however, were moved to tears as he passed through the streets singing psalms or invoking God's blessing on those who helped him in his task. Three churches were restored by the

personal efforts of this untiring labourer. One day in 1208, as he was hearing mass, a passage from the Gospels was read in the little church of St. Maria degli Angeli, which had become his home. This burst on his mind with all the force of a revelation. "Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses, nor scrip for your journey, neither two coats, neither shoes, nor yet staves. And as ye go, preach, saying, 'The kingdom of heaven is at hand.'" "Here is what I wanted," he said; "here is what I have sought." He left the church, put off his shoes, laid aside his staff and leathern girdle, then bound his tunic around him with a rope and stood ready for his mission.

Hard wrestling with his own heart, profound dissatisfaction and weariness with the world, bitter persecution, and yearning sympathy with all sorrow, had already prepared him for his life-work. Boundless love of Christ and never-ceasing wonder at his grace, inspired him to proclaim redeeming mercy to all. Everywhere he began his preaching with the salutation, "The peace of God be with you." A few disciples soon gathered around him. One of these, Brother Egidio, was his companion on a tour into the march of Ancona. The master and his disciples went along the pleasant roads in the early summer singing hymns of praise. Francis had not yet begun to preach set sermons, but in simple words exhorted all he met: "Love and serve God, and do worthy penance for your sins." Egidio chimed in with his pleasant refrain, "Do what my spiritual father says to you, because what he says is the best." Thus they marched on from village to village, filling all hearts with wonder and with blessed thoughts.

We can still see the preacher through his first biographer's detailed description. He was then twenty-six years old, slightly below middle height, with round head, oval face and full low forehead. His dark eyes, thick hair, straight eyebrows, delicate nostrils, small ears, his tones pleasing yet sharp and fiery, his voice vehement, but sweet and clear, regular white teeth, slender lips, black beard, thin neck, square shoulders, short arms, thin hands with long fingers, are all dwelt upon in this graphic portrait. The future saint was roughly clad in a coarse gown. He was not yet worn out by

his privations, but every feature bore the stamp of poverty. He had a never-failing smile and an open hand for all distress.

One by one a little company of followers gathered around him. First came a boy of Assisi, whose very name is lost. Then one of the most noble, rich and learned men of the city cast in his lot with the young enthusiast. Other citizens followed. Fra Ginepro is the most amusing of the band. He could resist no appeal for charity. It was at last found necessary to lay him under strict orders not to give away his clothes. A poor man, half naked, begged for help. "I have nothing to give but my tunic," was his reply, "and I am forbidden by my superior to give that or anything I wear; but if you tear it off my back I will not resist you." When he returned he told the brethren that a worthy person had taken his tunic and gone away with it.

As the number of his disciples increased, Francis sent them out two by two. "Go," he said, "proclaiming peace to men, preach repentance by the remission of sins. Be patient in tribulation, vigilant in prayer, modest in speech, grave in morals, and grateful for every kindness, because by all these things you will prepare for the eternal kingdom." Bowing to the earth before him the disciples gladly received his instructions. To each one he was accustomed to say, "Cast your thoughts on God and he will sustain you."

Little by little the outlines of a Rule suggested themselves. This Francis wrote down as the community grew, that there might be some code for their guidance. As yet the Church had not deigned to recognize the humble group of preachers. It was now necessary to seek the approval of Rome. Francis and his disciples set out for the city, to lay their Rule before the Pope and Cardinals. The friar chose an unfortunate moment. Innocent III. was pacing the terrace of the Vatican, lost in thought, when the unknown suppliant appeared before him. The proud pontiff indignantly repulsed him. That night, however, he saw in his dreams a humble little plant grow up into a great and fair tree. That was the emblem of the work to be done for the Church by the man whom he had roughly dismissed the previous evening. Innocent lost no time in discovering Francis. The Papal sanction was fully given, and

the little band left Rome to transform society. Such is Bonaventura's story. His life of Francis is a veritable wonderland, where miracles and visions are common things. Every page is garnished with them. The narrative, however, is significant. Rome at first frowned on the work which had its rise in Assisi, but second thoughts led to wiser conclusions. By this means a vast army was enlisted for the Church. The Friars Minor were now strengthened by Papal approval. From this time their numbers grew apace.

Only three years after Francis had been hooted through the streets of Assisi, his work thus received the sanction of Innocent III. His disciples then numbered twelve. They had lived in a poor shed at the Portiuncula, about half a league from the gates of his native town, lower down the slopes of the hill. This home they now seem to have lost. A deserted hut at Rivo-Torto, in the same district, gave them shelter for a time; then they returned to the Portiuncula. They had already received from their Father a liturgy consisting of the Paternoster and the brief prayer, "We adore Thee, O Christ, for all Thy Churches which are in all the world, and we bless Thee because by Thy Holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world." The brethren were not bound by any strict laws. As the workers increased, only those who were specially fitted for that service were sent out to preach. Every brother was expected to minister to the poor, or find some useful work, that they might not too heavily burden the people, and might be less prone to offend with tongue and heart.

So rapid was the growth of the brotherhood, that at the Chapter held in 1219 five thousand brethren assembled. The little tents, made of straw or rushes, gave it the strange name of Storearum—the chapter of the straw huts. These gatherings, held every Pentecost, were the meetings of the scattered community, when old friends met to rejoice over their work, and catch inspiration from the fellowship of heart and mind.

Years of labour won the complete confirmation of their order. The Pope's approval, verbally given in 1209, was publicly endorsed in 1215 by Innocent in the great Lateran Council. The Bull of Pope Honorius, in November 1223, added definite and final authority. One incident in connection

with that final confirmation has become historic. Cardinal Ugolino, the patron of the order, resolved to introduce St. Francis to the Pontiff. He knew the strange charm of his friend's sympathy and fervour. If the Pope once heard the preacher, he felt sure that he could not fail to become his friend. He easily gained permission for Francis to preach. The Cardinal at once set himself to prepare the preacher. He induced him to compose and commit to memory an elaborate sermon. The day came. Francis rose in the pulpit; but he was like David in Saul's armour. He hesitated, moved restlessly from side to side in his excitement and nervousness. The Cardinal, who knew that the Pope was prejudiced against Francis, feared that all his care had been wasted. But the preacher soon recovered himself. He thought no more about his fine sermon, but spoke as he had been accustomed to speak to his audience in castle and market-place. His simplicity moved no one to laughter, but extorted sighs of penitence even from that unaccustomed audience. The Pope's prejudices melted away in the presence of that irresistible fervour and unmistakable sincerity. Henceforward he was the patron and friend of the order.

A second order for sisters had been formed in 1212. Clara, the eldest daughter of a noble Assisan family, called Scifa, was the first of the Franciscan Sisters. Francis, fortified by the misguided sentiment of his time, helped this girl of seventeen to leave her family. She became the Abbess of the New Order, the Poor Ladies of St. Damian, or, as they were afterwards called, the poor Clares, or Clarisses. This girl's touching devotion to Francis is the one gleam of womanly tenderness which warms the ascetic atmosphere in which the mystic saintliness of the friar-preacher preserved its colourless and unearthly purity. He denied himself all fellowship with her, only once yielding, at the earnest entreaty of his brethren, to her wish to take a meal with him. The elements of a romance are there. But Francis had cut himself loose from all the joys of home and children.

Long before Pope Honorius felt the spell of the itinerant preacher, all Italy had learned to watch eagerly for his visits. His restless energy made him one of the best known men of

his time. He sometimes visited as many as five towns or castles in one day. There was sore dearth of evangelical teaching in those times.

"The Church might still seem to preach to all, but it preached in a tone of lofty condescension; it dictated, rather than persuaded; but, in general, actual preaching had fallen into disuse; it was in theory the special privilege of the bishops, and the bishops were but few who had either the gift, the inclination, or the leisure from their secular, judicial, or warlike occupations to preach even in their cathedral cities; in the rest of their dioceses their presence was but occasional; a progress or visitation of pomp and form, rather than of popular instruction." *

Francis saw what fruit preaching might bear. He therefore became an Evangelist. Everywhere the preacher's human sympathy unlocked all hearts. He had suffered much, but he had found rest. He was filled with boundless love to Christ and to the sheep for whom Christ died. The simple salutation with which he opened his ministry, and the counsels of peace and gentleness which he gave to his disciples when he sent them out to labour, show that he possessed the spirit which allays prejudice and wins a hearing from all classes. This was one secret of his power. He had another gift. Among a crowd the preacher was as self-possessed as though he was talking with a single friend. He spoke to one as to a multitude, and to a multitude as to one. There was yet another reason for his influence. He dealt with fundamental truths. No preaching of Popish saint was ever more evangelical than that of St. Francis. The Lord's Prayer, the death of the sinner, the story of the cross—these were his never-failing themes. His oratory was both dramatic and pathetic. He wept and filled the eyes of his hearers with tears; he bounded with joy or clapped his hands in an ecstasy of delight. There was a spiritual insight in his preaching which lifted him far above the Gospel of works. "Do not flatter yourself," he said, "that you will be perfect if you do all that a wicked man can do. He is able to fast, pray, weep, crucify his flesh; one thing alone is impossible to him, that is, to be faithful to his Saviour."

* Milman, *Latin Christianity*, vi. 1.

There was a happy freshness and adaptation about his sermons. Every passing incident was pressed into his service. Once, as he passed the lordly castle of Montefeltro, he met streams of visitors hastening to a gay festival held in honour of one of the sons of the house who had just been knighted. "Let us go to this feast," he said to his companion. Standing on some rising ground he began to preach to the holiday throng. A simple rhyme was his text:—

> "So great is the good that I hope for,
> That every pain delights."

All stood entranced, as though he had been an angel of God. Then the two humble wayfarers passed quietly on their journey.

On his return from the East, St. Francis came one day to Bologna, in August, 1220. The town was celebrating a joyous festival, but it was rent by internal feuds, so that bloodshed and riot seemed imminent. As his custom was, the friar made his way at once to the square where the little palace stood. The people streamed eagerly after the man of whose words and ways they never grew weary. He had already learned what mischief was at work. The sweet but piercing voice therefore announced as text the three words, "Angels, Men, Devils." He spoke with the might of love, with the authority of a divine conviction. Turbulent nobles put away their angry thoughts, learned men marvelled at the force and beauty of the unlettered speaker's sermon, whilst the people thronged about him with expressions of love and devotion, which must have been sweet incense to the man who yearned over every living thing, and was restless for the salvation of all.

Joy was one of the marked characteristics of St. Francis. His poverty and asceticism formed a strange contrast to the light-hearted pleasure of his early youth. But though the outward man was changed, at heart he was still the same. His own life was mirrored in his text at the baronial castle. He seemed to delight in every evil because of the unutterable good he sought and found in Christ. Joy gleamed through all his words. "Italy never heard an apostle more consoling." His wan, worn face was always lighted with a smile. Hardship and reproach were to him wellsprings of joy. His

followers were laid under obligation by the rules of their order to cultivate this spirit. To a novice he once gave the happy counsel, "My brother! why that sad face? Hast thou committed some sin? That only concerns God and thyself. Go and pray. But before me and thy brothers have always a countenance lit up with holy joy, because it is not fitting to have an air cross and sullen when one is engaged in the service of God."

Preaching like that of St. Francis bore its natural fruits. Men and women were aroused from carelessness or from despair. Religion appeared to them as Christ taught it. The Church had ignored them in its soaring ambition. Earnest men who had determined to save their own souls forgot the souls of others. The secluded Monastic communities may almost be regarded as the highest development of religious selfishness. The world might go on its own way. War broke out, unbelief and sin abounded, but the monks had no ears for the cries of despair. They went on with their round of duty and devotion till death came. Then they were "perfected." Francis had learned a better spirit. Jesus Christ himself was his model. He, too, was a preacher whom the common people heard gladly. The friar had still something to learn, however.

The itinerant evangelist came one day to a baronial castle. All its people flocked out to hear his message. In the courtyard before him stood lords and ladies, waiting-men and waiting-women, pages and soldiers. The preacher seemed to have the key of every heart. Bitter mourning for past sin seized the company. All were resolved that they would not waste another hour in the world. They saw no way of salvation except by following him at once to Assisi to enrol themselves among the friars and nuns. We smile at the purpose of these simple hearers, but the thirteenth century understood little of the sanctity of common life. Francis knew as little. His success put him in a strange dilemma. He must calm their fears and quiet their impatience, or the castle would be deserted and the duties of life undone. He had too much good sense to suffer this. He recognized that these men and women had other work than that of himself and his friars.

Gently calming their excitement he told them, "Remain in your homes and I will find you a way of serving God." Such is the somewhat legendary story of the incident which gave rise to a third order—that of the Tertiaries. Other hearers were in the same difficulty. "We cannot lead your life," they sighed, "Tell us if there is any way by which we can save our souls." "We have wives who will not let us go," said the married men, "Tell us then in what way we can keep the path of health."

Francis was thankful enough when he turned his back on the castle where his net had broken. He learned that it was not the Gospel net which he had cast into the sea. St. Francis had faced a great emergency. He had had his fill of success and it had involved him in difficulty. For once he had been too popular. We smile at his embarrassment, yet in it we see the dawn of a better day. The Church had forgotten that the "Son of man came eating and drinking;" living the ordinary life of men and hallowing it. The misconception of the way of salvation had born strange fruit. Hermits had flocked to the desert, monasteries had been raised, pillar-saints had carried asceticism to its most hideous outrage. From such scenes we turn with a sigh of relief to the institution of the Tertiaries.

It was time for decisive measures, and the tertiary (or third order) was formed. Francis showed at once his power to adapt the order to the needs of the people. No one had need to address to him the pitiful appeal which the hapless neophytes addressed to Sulpicius Severus in Aquitaine, "that it was vain to try to make them live like angels, when they were only Gauls." Here is their vow: "I promise and vow to God, the blessed Virgin, our father, St. Francis, and all the Saints of Paradise, to keep all the commandments of God, during the entire course of my life, and to make satisfaction for the transgressions which I may have committed against the rule and manner of life of the Order of Penitents instituted by St. Francis, according to the will of the visitor of that Order when I am admitted into it." Before any one could take this vow, he was obliged to make restitution to those whom he might have defrauded, and to be reconciled to any with whom he might have a quarrel. Hence-

forth he was to lead a new life. Worldly amusements were to be given up, arms were not to be borne except in case of danger to the Church or country, lawsuits were forbidden, all the arts of conciliation and peace were encouraged. Frequent fasting—an essential of any system founded in the Middle Ages—was added. The Paternoster was their liturgy. It was to be repeated seven times, at each of the stated hours for devotion called canonical hours, such as Matins, Vespers, &c., with a "Gloria Patri" added.

Mrs. Oliphant has pointed out how mindful St. Francis was in these arrangements of the circumstances of the people. "He had lived much among the poor, and knew their habits and ways. He had lived among busy people, men and women, eaten up from morning till night with the cares of the world. He knew how difficult it would be in either case to insist upon the use of any form of prayer which was not absolutely familiar to them. But no shepherd upon Apennine, no housewife among her daily toils, no merchant in the stress of business, but could bethink himself or herself of the Lord's prayer." Masses and prayers "which to the mediæval mind made dying easy," were provided for each member, and his funeral was to be attended by all the brethren. People flocked into the order wherever its preacher came. The father of the future Pope Nicolas IV. was one of the earliest members, St. Louis of France, with his wife and mother, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary were proud to enroll their names. The common people hastened in thousands to join an order which gave to its humblest member a distinct place in the Church, such as Prince or Potentate had never enjoyed before. It quickly spread over all Europe. "There was scarcely a soul in Christendom whose name was not upon its muster-roll," said one of its envious critics. In some districts the members wore a modest habit, a gown of grey cloth bound round at the waist by a white cord, with a mantle of the same stuff. A hood or hat for the men, a white veil for the women, completed the costume. This however was not a prescribed dress.

The Tertiaries have been called the Puritans of the thirteenth century, the society of Methodists, the chil-

dren of the new light. They walked in the comfort of a firm assurance that they were serving God as truly in the quiet duties of their home, or in the midst of business, as in any of the offices of the Church. They made it clear to a generation which had grown careless in very despair at the exaggerated and impossible claims of religion, that the whole round of life might be bright with true devotion. They caught the spirit of their founder—the man who loved both beast and bird, and every living thing. Fountains of tenderness and love were thus opened up to bless society, and to ameliorate its woes. Men strangely diverse in all else felt the throb of a common sympathy. Cottage and castle, lord and peasant were linked together by new bonds. The apostle of the new religion had caught the spirit of Jesus Christ, and his mantle still rested on other shoulders, when he himself was gone. We do not ignore the work of Dominic in the same field. He was a man of greater ability than Francis. He founded an order of preaching friars not less famous than the Franciscans, and had his own Tertiaries. But the men were far different from each other in spirit. Francis was full of meekness, the other monk was not unworthy to be the founder of these fierce Dominicans on whom the popular instinct fastened the scathing title Domini Canes.

Francis was a Christian troubadour as well as a preacher. In him the poetry of Italy, which Dante was soon to immortalize, first found a voice. As a boy, Francis had delighted in the gay troubadour songs of his time. He now availed himself of the power of song for his mission. His verses are so rude in metre, that they may be described "as a lyrical cry." Fra Pacifico, one of the brethren who had been laureate—"rex versuum"—before he joined the Order, is said to have reduced "The Canticle of the Sun," or, as it is sometimes called, "The Song of all Creatures," to rhythm, but it is after all very irregular. It was written down by one of the brethren at the dictation of Francis, after the ecstasy which followed a forty nights' vigil. The brethren learnt it by heart, and repeated it every day. Mrs. Oliphant, to whose "Life of St. Francis" we are indebted for our other renderings of his hymns, thus translates its opening verses :—

"Highest, omnipotent good Lord,
Glory and honour to Thy name adored,
And praise and every blessing.
Of everything Thou art the source,
No man is worthy to pronounce Thy name.

"Praised by His creatures all,
Praised be the Lord my God
By Messer Sun, my brother above all,
Who by his rays lights us and lights the day—
Radiant is she, with his great splendour stored,—
Thy glory, Lord, confessing.
By Sister Moon and Stars, my Lord is praised,
Where clear and fair they in the heavens are raised."

Brother Wind, Sister Water, Brother Fire and Mother Earth each have their place in this simple outburst of praise.

Two verses were afterwards added, which show to what good account Francis turned his muse. Rumours reached him one day, at the Portiuncula, of a quarrel in Assisi between the bishop and the magistrates. Interdict and outlawry had been freely employed by the antagonists. Francis called the brethren, added another verse to his canticle, and sent them up to the city. They were directed to invite the chief men of the city to the episcopal palace. When all stood before their enemy, the bishop, the friars formed themselves into two choirs, and sang the well-known hymn with its new verse :—

"And praisĕd is my Lord
By those who, for Thy love, can pardon give,
And bear the weakness and the wrongs of men.
Blessed are those who suffer thus in peace,
By Thee, the Highest, to be crowned in heaven."

All hearts were melted by those touching strains. The adversaries repented, embraced, and begged each other's pardon. As the brown friars returned to their master, they bore with them the blessing of the peacemaker. A vision, which is said to have shown the worn-out preacher that in two years he should rest from his labours, moved him to add the last lines :—

"Praised by our Sister Death, my Lord, art Thou,
From whom no living man escapes.

Who die in mortal sin have mortal woe;
But blessed they who die doing Thy will,—
The second death at them can strike no blow.
Praises, and thanks, and blessing to my Master be:
Serve ye Him all, with great humility."

Another of his songs describes the duel between the soul and Christ in language of rapt devotion. We may quote its most striking verse:—

"When thus with Christ I fought,
Peace made we after ire;
For first from Him was brought
Dear love's veracious fire;
And love of Christ has wrought
Such strength, I cannot tire:
He dwells in soul and thought.
Love sets my heart on fire."

Love of every living thing filled the heart of St. Francis. Beasts, birds and insects were his brothers or his sisters, for whom he always had a kind word and a helping hand. He would pick the worm off the path to place it out of the reach of any traveller's foot. The wild rabbit hid itself in his bosom, "as if it had some hidden sense of the pitifulness of his heart." The birds at his bidding were said in the popular legends to have ceased their noisy twittering that they might not disturb his sermon. Even the fish in the lake caught the spell and loved their constant friend. The romance of his life is crowded with instances of his power over beast and bird. We need no miracle to explain these stories. For us they are emblems of the might of love. The preacher was evidently another Landseer in the spell which he cast over all living things. Flowers, vines, fountains, and woods were all called to share in the praise of their Creator.

Francis only lived three years after the confirmation of his Rule by Pope Honorius. Twenty years of privation and unwearying labour had broken down his strength. He had visited Syria, inspired by a thirst for the conversion of the Sultan. He is said to have ventured into the proud prince's presence, and offered himself to the ordeal of fire, in order to prove the claims of Christianity. None of the Mohammedans would take up the challenge, but his intense enthusiasm is said to have won the

respect of the Sultan, and to have left on his mind an abiding impression. Toils and asceticism wore Francis to a skeleton. As his feebleness increased, his zeal increased. "Of all his body," says his first biographer, "he made a tongue." His long austerities form a painful subject. They were now bearing fruit in his broken strength. He would mix ashes with any pleasant food which was set before him, or would drench it with water to destroy its flavour. When thirsty he would not always allow himself enough water to drink. We catch a reference in one of his early biographers to the flagellation which he used to mortify the flesh. Such facts are a sad foil to the brighter aspects of his life. His sight failed and required an operation, around which cluster many stories of the miraculous help vouchsafed to him. He returned home, but his health was so feeble that his friends urged him to go to the neighbourhood of Sienna for change of air, and medical advice. At last he returned home to die. When he could no longer walk he was borne round the neighbourhood that he might urge those whom he met to follow Christ. To his disciples he used to say, "Let us begin, brethren, to serve our Lord God; for up to now we have done so little." He gave them strict injunction to make Assisi the home of the Order to which they should return after every pilgrimage. "I have done my part," he said, "may Christ teach you to do yours." When he had laid his hand on the head of his successor his last earthly duty was done. It was the 4th of October, 1226. He asked for the twelfth chapter of St. John to be read. Then he broke out in the words of Psalm cxlii.: "I cried unto the Lord with my voice, with my voice unto the Lord did I make supplication." He reached the end of the Psalm. "The righteous wait till Thou dost recompense me." With those words he breathed out his soul and passed into the presence of his Lord.

The history of the Franciscan Order soon showed that with its founder it had lost its lofty ideal of self-sacrifice. The first sign of departure from the old methods was seen in the lifetime of Francis himself. On his return from the East he was horror-stricken at Bologna to see the splendid residence erected there for the poor friars. Elias of Cortona, who acted

as Vicar-General during his absence, ventured to remonstrate with him against the too great severity of his rule. Matthew Paris, the Benedictine of St. Albans, complains, that though only founded forty years the Franciscans had built in England residences which vied with royal palaces; that they forced themselves on the rich in their dying hours to gain wealth for their Order. He brands them as sycophants, who would do anything for power and wealth. If the order degenerated speedily it was not without its historic names, which have shed lustre upon it in every subsequent age. Bonaventura, the Plato of the Middle Ages, Duns Scotus, William of Ockham, Roger Bacon, these are names which are worthy to rank with that of their founder.

The death of St. Francis was the signal for an outburst of wonderful stories about his miraculous power, and his marvellous conformity to Christ. Most wonderful of all is the story of the Stigmata. One of his hearers in the castle of Montefelto, where he preached during the festivities, presented to him a little secluded hill, called Monte Alverno, where he could retire for prayer. There Francis and three of his brethren spent the Lent of St. Michael, probably in the year 1224. On the 14th of September, retired in his little cell, formed of branches, with mind and heart inflamed by the contemplation of the Redeemer's Passion, a seraph appeared before him. The crucified seemed to stand there in bodily form. Francis was rapt into an ecstasy of love. When the vision disappeared there appeared the marks of nails in his own hands and feet. The saint is said to have spoken of these mysterious marks to but one of his disciples. Only one or two others seem to have heard of them during his life, but in the letter announcing their founder's death, Elias of Cortona definitely describes them: "The world has never seen such a wonder, except in the person of the Son of God." Principal Tulloch* follows Dr. Hase, the German biographer of the saint, in regarding this "miracle" as an unscrupulous invention of St. Francis' successor, Elias of Cortona. "Of Bonaventura's good faith," he admits, "there can be no doubt. He is one of the

* *Good Words*, 1867, p. 38.

highest and purest characters of the Middle Ages. But then his evidence is only hearsay." Mrs. Oliphant shows good ground for withholding judgment. It is not unlikely that the utter physical prostration of St. Francis disordered his imagination, and that he really thought that this occurred to him.

In Assisi the saint's memory seems as fresh as if he had died but yesterday. His benediction may be still read on the gates of the city, the place of his birth is pointed out to pilgrims, and his tomb is a popular shrine. Pope Gregory canonized the preacher, and changed the name of the spot where he was buried, from the hill of Hell (a name it bore because of the criminal executions which took place there) to the hill of Paradise. A German architect built a double basilica above the tomb. The lower church with its solid, unornamented nave, lit with a dim religious light, recalled the saint's earthly life of poverty. The upper church with its light walls, and long windows bathed in sunshine, represented his life in heaven. The architect's pupil, Arnolfo, became the builder of the two grandest structures in Florence. In adorning the walls of the memorial churches in Assisi, the art of Italy passed from its servitude to Byzantine models into a freedom and grandeur before unknown. Amid all the changes and struggles of that restless epoch, painting, "plunged as in a dream of tenderness, remained ever faithful to the traditions of its origin." The works of the great Italian artists form, even in those dark days, "one long poem of enthusiasm and love." Last of all came Giotto. He seemed to catch new inspiration here. Here he painted the Triumph of St. Francis, one scene of which is the Saint's Marriage to Poverty. When his work in Assisi was done, Giotto passed out on that apostolate of art which filled Italy with gems of beauty, and made each of his masterpieces the centre and model for a circle of admiring disciples. Ozanam lingers long on these fruits of St. Francis' life before he speaks of the whole generation of poets who pour down the hill of Assisi in the train of the artists. Bonaventura, the saint's biographer, was himself a poet. Another minstrel was Jacopone, the author of the immortal hymn, "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," and the beautiful, but little known "Stabat Mater Speciosa," twin hymns,

which represent the Virgin at the cross and at the cradle. If Dante cannot be claimed as a Franciscan he lent the best efforts of his muse to celebrate the founder of the Order, and gave instructions on his death-bed, that he should be buried in the Church of St. Francis, in the robes of a Tertiary.

Art. III.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF APES.

THE words "ape," "baboon," and "monkey" are terms commonly employed, without any exactness of application, to denote different creatures belonging to one great natural group of animals. In this paper all the animals belonging to this group, whatever may be their size, form, or structure, will be considered to be "Apes." Certain apes, which have an exceptional anatomical resemblance to the human form, will be distinguished as "Man-like Apes;" those African * apes, which are at once of large size, and have an elongated dog-like snout, will be distinguished as "Baboons;" while all other apes, from whatever part of the world they may come, will be called simply "Monkeys."

Apes have for ages inspired both feelings of attraction and aversion. In so far as by their form and gestures they seem to us to caricature mankind, they inspire that repulsion expressed by the poet Ennius, in his line quoted by Cicero, "*Simia quam similis turpissima bestia nobis!*" But the graceful forms, charming coloration, quaint antics, and winning ways of many monkeys exercise a great fascination, and some of the apes of the American Continent are often kept as pets by the Indians of the regions they inhabit; while in India proper some monkeys, as every one knows, are the objects of superstitious veneration.

The great Swedish naturalist Linnæus, who, by his classical work, the *Systema Natura*, effected, in 1735, so great a reform in zoological classification, united the apes with the

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* In Zoological Geography Arabia is reckoned as a part of Africa.

bats and lemurs in one "order" of beasts, to which order he gave the name "*Primates.*" The bats have long been removed by naturalists from that ordinal group, but the animals known as "Lemurs" are still very commonly included in it, and reckoned as close allies of the apes, or as at least deserving the name by which Germans know them—*i.e.*, *Halb-affen*, or "half-apes." Lemurs are creatures which are common enough in our menageries, and are easily to be recognized by their long, slender, fox-like snouts. They and their kin have no real affinity with apes, but only a superficial resemblance to the latter, mainly due to the fact that they have a sort of "hand" at the end of either leg as well as of either arm. They are almost all inhabitants exclusively of the great island of Madagascar, though a few are found in Africa, and others in the Indian region.

Laying aside for the present all further question of Lemurs and Lemur-like animals, we propose now to put before our readers such a brief account of the various kinds of apes as may enable them to visit our Zoological Gardens or our noble Museum of Natural History at South Kensington with increased interest, and, we will venture to hope, with increased mental profit.

The Apes which have been dignified with the title Man-like,* form three natural groups of species, or, as we say in Zoology, three "genera," which contain respectively the Gorilla and Chimpanzees, the Orang, and the long-armed Apes or Gibbons, none of which animals show any vestige of a tail.

The first group of kinds, or genus (*Troglodytes*), includes only the Gorilla and the Chimpanzees, which are all African, and are the only man-like Apes found on that Continent. The Gorilla is found in the forests of the coast between the Cameroon and Congo rivers. It is the largest of all the apes, having a body considerably more bulky than that of man,

* The resemblance of apes to men is exclusively an anatomical resemblance. The mental powers of these animals are in no way superior to those of the dog or elephant. The distinguishing characteristic of man is his rational nature, his participation in the Divine gift of reason, by which he is separated from all animals, without exception, by an internal and impassable barrier, whereof the external manifestation is the gift of intellectual language.

though, on account of the shortness of its legs, it never seems to exceed the height of five feet six inches. Its strength is enormous, and the bite of an adult must inflict a fearful wound on account of the size of its eye-teeth (*Canines*). So far as known, however, it is a strict vegetarian. Its structure is in some respects more like man than is the structure of any other animal; but its arms are very long, reaching half way down the shin, and the roots of the fingers and toes are exceptionally connected together by the skin. This animal seems to have been seen, captured, and killed by Hanno, the Carthaginian navigator, during his voyage south of the Pillars of Hercules. Twelve days after having arrived at what appears to be the Gulf of Guinea, Hanno and his companions, he tells us, entered a gulf in the land, at the end of which they found a hairy race called by the interpreters "Gorillas." They were not able to capture any males, so, as the account goes, "We only took three females, who refused to come with us, biting and tearing those who sought to capture them, so that we were obliged to kill them. We then skinned them and carried their skins with us to Carthage, for we sailed no further, provisions having begun to run short." These skins were placed by Hanno in the Temple of Astarte, where they remained for 345 years—namely, till the destruction of Carthage by the Romans B.C. 146.

The Gorilla is very generally supposed to have been made known to moderns by a certain M. de Chaillu, who became somewhat notorious in London about 1860. It was, however, really discovered by Dr. Thomas Savage, who notified it to Sir Richard Owen, in a letter (dated April 24, 1847) from the Protestant Mission House, Gaboon River. In the meantime an American missionary, the Rev. Mr. Wilson, procured material enough to enable Professor Jeffries Wyman, in the United States, to describe important parts of its anatomy. In England it was made known to science by Professor (now Sir Richard) Owen, early in 1848. The animal has never been seen alive in an adult condition in Europe, but a few years ago there was a young specimen, called Pongo, in the Westminster Aquarium. There is a very rich collection of skins and skeletons of the Gorilla in our national collection.

Until recently, we should have said there is one other species of the genus *Troglodytes*—namely, the Chimpanzee. Now, however, it appears certain that there is more than one kind, and we must, therefore, use the plural, and speak of "Chimpanzees." These animals are all smaller than the Gorilla, never appearing to exceed five feet in height. Of all the Man-like apes they are the most human as regards the length of the arms, which only reach a little below the knees when the body is erect. They are rather widely distributed in the hottest region of Africa, extending on the West Coast from the Gambia to the Benguela, and thence inland to at least 28° east longitude. These animals are not very uncommon in menageries, and have often been exhibited at our Zoological Gardens, where their tricks and vivacity are attractive and amusing. This is the case with the adult female "Sally," now there, which is certainly a very different animal from any Chimpanzee which has been before exhibited. This distinction is not only shown by external characters, such, *e.g.*, as the baldness of its head, but by its very distinct habit in feeding. All previously known Chimpanzees have been, like the Gorilla, vegetarians; "Sally," however, is distinctly carnivorous, and readily seizes, kills, and devours small birds. The common Chimpanzee has been long known to naturalists, and it was very well described and figured by Dr. Edward Tyson in his work, which is entitled *The Anatomy of a Pigmie*, dedicated to Lord Chancellor Somers, and published in the year 1699, with the formal "imprimatur" of John Holbein, V.P.R.S.

The Orang-outan is a very different animal from the Gorilla and Chimpanzee, in geographical habitat as well as in structure, being confined to a very limited portion of South-Eastern Asia. The genus to which it belongs (*Simia*) does not for certain contain more than one species, but this is at least subject to considerable variation. When adult it attains a height of four feet four inches, but its bulk is considerable, its legs being exceedingly short. Its arms, however, are extremely long, reaching down to the ankle when the body is placed in an erect attitude. That attitude is very rarely assumed by the animal, which ordinarily walks using its long arms as a man does crutches, resting on the knuckles of its

hands—a mode of progression also made use of by the Chimpanzee and Gorilla, on which account these animals have been termed "knuckle-walkers."

The last-named animals have black or blackish dun-coloured hair, but that of the Orang is reddish-brown. The former animals have all a forehead "villanous low," but in *Simia* it is rather high and rounded. Adult males are furnished with a longish beard, and many have a great warty protuberance on each cheek. The thumbs, which in the former genus were much shorter than in man, do not, in the Orang, even reach to the root of the first finger. The great toe, which is, as in the before described kinds, an organ for grasping, and opposable to the other toes, is also very short. The brain of this animal is more highly developed, and more like the brain of man, than is that of any other ape, or any other animal whatever.

The Orang is exclusively confined to Borneo and Sumatra. Slow, solitary, and peaceful in its habits, it never voluntarily quits the swampy forests near the coasts of these two islands, which forests supply it with shelter and abundant food. In a wild state it is exclusively a vegetable feeder and it forms for its shelter a sort of nest of interwoven branches. Though its demeanour in captivity is remarkably languid, melancholy, and apathetic, it can when attacked defend itself with alacrity and effect. Mr. Alfred Wallace describes (in his work on the Malay Archipelago) an attempt to capture an individual seen near a Dyak dwelling, as follows:—

"A few miles down the river the inhabitants saw a large Orang feeding on the shoots of a palm by the river side. On being alarmed he retreated towards the jungle, which was close by, and a number of men armed with spears and choppers, ran out to intercept him. The man who was in front tried to run his spear through the animal's body, but the Orang clutched it with his hands, and in an instant got hold of the man's arm, which he seized in his mouth, making his teeth meet in the flesh above the elbow, which he tore and lacerated in a dreadful manner. Had not the others been close behind, the man would have been more seriously injured, if not killed, as he was quite powerless; but they soon destroyed the creature with their spears and choppers. The man remained ill for a long time, and never fully recovered the use of his arm."

The third and last genus of the Man-like apes (*Hylobates*) contains about ten different species of "long-armed apes" or

"Gibbons." They are, in the present day, confined to the south-eastern part of the Asiatic Continent and the Indian Archipelago, though in Miocene times allied forms inhabited Europe. The Gibbons are remarkable for their wonderful agility, swinging themselves for prodigious distances from bough to bough with great rapidity by means of their enormously long arms, which reach absolutely down to the ground when the body is erect. Their legs are also not only longer, compared with the length of the body, than in the species hitherto described, but are relatively longer even than those of man himself. One species, the Siamang, is remarkable, as being the only ape with a true chin. The Hoolock Gibbon at least, and perhaps others, has a voice, which, as regards power and quality, is singularly human. Though vegetable feeders, the Gibbons are probably less exclusively so than the Orang or Gorilla. In captivity their manners are very gentle, and they would make us agreeable pets, but that their constitution seems too delicate to long endure the climatic conditions of England. Though they have no more vestige of a tail than have the other Man-like apes, yet they differ from the latter, and approach the monkeys, which we shall consider next, in that they have two naked callous patches of skin, upon which the body rests when in a sitting posture.

The Gibbons close the small series of Man-like apes, which apes have no representative in America and never seem to have had any there, so far as we have yet been able to learn from the exploration of its fossil remains. We now come to animals of very different aspect, namely, "Monkeys," one small section of which are distinguishable as "Baboons." Monkeys, though not Baboons, are common to both the New and the Old World, though the kinds of monkeys which respectively inhabit these two halves of the globe are exceedingly distinct. One whole series of genera are only found in the eastern hemisphere, while another whole series of genera are found exclusively on the west of the Atlantic. Moreover the whole series of Old World ape genera are more or less alike, presenting certain common structural peculiarities, while the same may be said of the whole series of American genera. A group of genera thus united by common characters is called, in zoology, a

"family," and thus it is plain we have a family of "Old World," and a family of "New World" apes. Let us first consider the series of genera which make up the Old World family, which family bears the name *Simiadæ*. Three genera of this family we have already noticed, namely those which are distinguished as the Man-like apes. The next two genera are exceedingly alike, and would certainly be reckoned as a single genus but for the reason that the members of the first genus (*Semnopithecus*) are exclusively Asiatic animals, while the members of the latter genus (*Colobus*) are as exclusively African.

The members of these two genera have, like all the Old World monkeys and baboons, the naked spaces, or callosities, like those we noticed in speaking of the Gibbons, but they have also enormously long tails, while their arms are shorter than their legs, and they walk on all fours much like ordinary quadrupeds. The Hounaman, or sacred monkey of India (*S. entellus*), may serve as a type of this genus, of which about twenty species are found in the Indian Archipelago and adjacent continent. A few kinds have been brought alive to England, and one or more are often to be seen in our Zoological Gardens. One large and very curious kind, which has never been seen alive in Europe, though there is a good stuffed skin of it in our national museum, inhabits the island of Borneo. This is the Proboscis Monkey (*S. nasalis*), which, as its name implies, has an elongated nose, which gives it a most singular aspect. When young the nose of this animal is very much smaller, relatively as well as absolutely, and is sharply bent upwards. Till lately no similar structure was known to exist in any other ape whatever—for apes have almost always very inconspicuous noses compared with that of man. A few years ago, however, a French missionary, named David, found, high up at Moupin in the snowy mountains of Thibet, a large species, clothed with thick fur with a small but excessively "tip-tilted" nose, on which account the distinguished French naturalist, M. Milne-Edwards, gave it the name of *Roxellana!*

It is remarkable that a form reminding us of the young of the Proboscis Monkey should have been discovered in a region so remote from the island of Borneo as is Thibet. It would seem that we have here an instance of the "inde-

pendent origin of similar structures," for it is improbable that a race of such monkeys should have extended over so large a tract of the earth's surface as that reaching from Thibet to Borneo! Anyhow, it is interesting to note that a monkey belonging to a genus the home of which is in the warm archipelago of India should be found in forests where frost and snow last several months in the year, when buds and twigs can be its only food. All these Asiatic monkeys have exceedingly small thumbs, but their African allies, the *Colobi*, have either no thumbs at all, or the thumb is only represented by a minute useless rudiment. These African apes have almost all beautiful fur, so that their skins form an article of commerce, and not long ago were much in fashion for ladies' muffs. Of the nine or ten species which form this genus only one or two have ever been seen alive in Europe.

The next group of monkey kinds constitutes the genus *Cercopithecus*—a genus consisting of about thirty species which are all found in Africa only. They are common animals in our menageries, and are vastly attractive little beasts, many of them being curiously marked, such as the Mona, with its yellow whiskers and purple face; the White-nosed and White-eyelid monkeys; the Moustache monkey, and the Diana monkey, which has a silvery crescent mark on its forehead—four species, some or all of which are generally to be seen in our Zoological Gardens.

These *Cercopitheci* agree with the genera last before described, in having short arms and long tails, but their thumbs are not so very small, and they have what are called "cheek-pouches," wherein they stow away food for further consumption, as can soon be made evident by giving a few nuts to any of these animals.

Another set of monkey-kinds forms the genus *Macacus*, which is exclusively Asiatic. Some of these monkeys have short tails and others have long ones. They have all cheek-pouches, and their jaws are larger, so that they have a more projecting snout than have any of the monkeys previously described. The callosities before referred to, are also larger. One of these Macaques—called the Chinese-bonnet monkey—has its head covered by long hairs which radiate from a

central point on the crown. Another species, the Wanderoo (*M. Silenus*) has a sort of mane and a tuft of long hairs at the end of its tail. It is said to be a strict monogamist, so that a certain chief in Ceylon, the owner of a considerable harem, is reported by Sir John Lubbock to have spoken of the Veddahs of that island with great contempt, saying "they have only one wife—*just like Wanderoos.*"

One species, the *Speciosus*, is found as far north as Japan, and another kind has been found by David in the lofty mountains of Thibet, also clothed in a coat of dense fur suitable for so cold a dwelling-place. The black ape (*M. niger*) inhabits Celebes and Batchian, and is distinguished from its congeners by its more elongated muzzle.

We now come to the only ape which has been known in historic times as a wild inhabitant of any part of Europe. This is the Magot, or Barbary ape, which has its home in Northern Africa and the rock of Gibraltar. It is often reckoned as a Macaque, but may be conveniently separated off as the type of a distinct genus on account of its geographical position and the fact that it has no visible tail. The few apes now living on the rock of Gibraltar have been imported from Africa, the original European stock having died out. This species has a special interest for us, because it was made use of for the study of anatomy at a time when prejudice forbad the dissection of the human frame. The celebrated physician, Galen, who was born A.D. 131, gives evidence in his account of the Anatomy of Man, that he had been obliged to have recourse to the study of the body of an ape. The satisfaction he expresses at having discovered a human skeleton at Alexandria, and at having been able to examine the body of a criminal deprived of burial, also serve to show to what straits the student of human anatomy was then driven.

The next group of apes, which is the last group of those which inhabit the Old World, is made up of the Baboons, or Dog-headed apes, which constitute the genus *Cynocephalus*, containing about a dozen species. They have the characters of the Macaques, carried still further, with large and massive bodies, large callosities, and a much more prominent muzzle.

The tail may be moderately long or very short. Their fore and hind limbs are of nearly equal length, and their appearance, like their locomotion, is quadrupedal. They are the least arboreal and frugivorous of the apes which we have yet considered—some kinds living habitually amidst rocks and feeding on eggs, large insects, and scorpions, the sting of which they pull off with a very rapid and dexterous pinch, as well as on vegetable food. They are fierce as well as powerful animals, but, in spite of their ferocity, they can be taught to perform elaborate tricks; and the specimen of the Mandrill which formerly lived in Exeter Change, and which was known as "Happy Jerry," the skin of which is now in the British Museum, used solemnly to smoke his pipe and drink his glass of gin-and-water before admiring spectators.

The Mandrill (*C. Mormon*) is remarkable for its bright coloration, its cheeks being brilliant blue, its nose vermilion, and its beard golden yellow. The Chacma of the Cape (*C. Porcaruis*) has the most extraordinary elongated muzzle. It is not unfrequently to be seen in our Zoological Gardens. The Macaques, when angry, open the mouth with protruding lips, and make short, abrupt starts forward, emitting at the same time a guttural grunt, and raising the eyebrows. Baboons do not do this, but jabber by striking the lower lip against the upper one with a rapid motion. The Baboons are entirely confined to Africa and to that part of Asia which is zoologically African—namely, Arabia. The whole series of genera yet described together constitute the family of Old World apes—the *Simiadæ*.

All these animals agree in having the same number and kinds of teeth as we have. Their nostrils also, like our own, are divided by a narrow septum; the thumb, though never relatively so long as man's, is nevertheless opposable to the fingers in the same way as is our own thumb, except, of course, when it is absent, as in the genus *Colobus*. The tail, generally long, sometimes short, and sometimes absent, is never curled at the end, and has no power of grasping.

The American apes constitute, as before said, another series of genera, which together form the second family of apes—the family *Cebidæ*.

If, after crossing the Atlantic, we visit any of the forest regions between Southern Mexico and the south-eastern part of Brazil, we shall have a chance of seeing creatures of a kind very different in aspect from any we have yet noticed. We refer to the Spider monkey, of which there are some seventeen kinds, forming the genus *Ateles*. They are very quiet and gentle in disposition, and their motions are generally slow and measured. As their name of "Spider monkeys" implies, they have long and slender limbs. They have rounded heads, with but slightly projecting muzzles; they have no "cheek-pouches" and no "callosities," and they have one grinding tooth on either side of each jaw more than we or the Old World apes have.

That difference of aspect (compared with the apes of the Old World) just spoken of is largely due to the form of the nose. Their nostrils are separated by a broad septum which gives to the countenance a peculiar appearance common to all American monkeys.

Their hands are devoid of thumbs, in which respect they resemble the African Colobi, but their long tails afford us an example of a new character. The tail is naked beneath towards its tip, and is able to grasp so powerfully that the whole body can be sustained by it alone. This sort of tail is called a "prehensile tail," and its "prehension" is so perfect that detached objects, otherwise out of reach, can be grasped by it and brought to the mouth as by a fifth hand. A tail of this kind of course gives much additional grasping power, and therefore security from falling, to an animal living in trees, and the Spider-monkeys are exceedingly arboreal in their habits.

Four or five other species of apes inhabit the hottest regions of the New World, and together constitute the genus *Lagothrix*, in reference to the character of their fur, which has procured them the name of "Woolly monkeys." They differ from the Spider monkeys, not only as to their hairy coat, but also as to their thumbs, which are well-developed and long. Their thumb, however, has a different mode of action from that of the thumb in Old World apes. Instead of being, as in the latter, thoroughly opposable to the fingers, it bends round almost in the same direction as they do,

so as to be almost like a fifth finger. This character is common to the American apes, as will be readily seen if a nut be offered to any monkey with a broad septum between its nostrils, which may be found in our Zoological Gardens. A specimen of the Woolly monkey has been there exhibited. Spider monkeys are not unfrequently denizens of the large glass-house appropriated to apes. We may, however, always count on finding there representatives of the next genus (*Cebus*), which contains the commoner kind of American apes, which are known as "Sapajous." There are various species of Sapajous, but it is difficult to say how many because they vary so much in coloration. They are smaller in size and more robust in form than are the Spider monkeys, they have well-developed thumbs, and their tail is curled at the end, but, not being naked beneath, is less strongly prehensile than it is in the Spider and Woolly monkeys, and the Sapajous have a pleasing voice, with a whistling flute-like tone, which they often emit when caressed or kindly spoken to, their lips being protruded and their eyebrows alternately raised and depressed in a very droll manner. These are the apes commonly selected by itinerant Italians for the performance of tricks, and they readily learn to handle a toy broom, to turn a rattle, or to fire a small gun. They are sometimes very welcome at a children's party, when they will "play ball" with great rapidity and dexterity, returning the ball with vigour the instant after catching it, chattering and gesticulating all the time with great excitement.

The next group of species forms the genus of Howling monkeys (*Mycetes*), which are the most bulky of the American apes and have the most projecting muzzles. There are at least seven kinds of Howlers, but there may be several more, for they are very difficult to define on account of their variability in colour and the difference they may show in this respect owing to age or sex. Several kinds are brilliantly coloured in shades of bright red and yellow, while in one species the male of which is deep black the female is of a light straw colour. They are sluggish, and apparently stupid animals, but have a wonderful power of voice—whence their name—facilitated by an enormous distension of the bone of the

tongue, which is like a thin but capacious bony drum. Their long tails are naked beneath towards the tip, and are very prehensile, and their thumbs are long. They have been exhibited alive in London, but they are very rarely so to be seen in Europe.

Six or seven kinds of American apes are known as Sakis, and constitute the genus *Pithecix*. They are creatures of about the size of Sapajous, but their long tails (which, like their bodies, are clothed with long hair) are not at all prehensile or even curled towards the tip. One species (*P. satanas*) has a long beard. Two apes, which are quite like Sakis save that they have short tails, constitute the genus *Brachyarus*. One of the species (*B. calvus*) has a very droll appearance, having a bald head and a very short swollen tail. They and the Sakis are the least arboreal of the American apes, frequenting bushes rather than trees. They are timid and gentle creatures, rather slow in their movements, and but very rarely seen in captivity, though both genera have had representatives in the Regent's Park. There also specimens of the following genera have been not unfrequently exhibited. The first of these genera is that of the night apes (*Nyctipithecus*) or Douroucoulis, of which there seem to be four or five species. They have enormously large eyes, as have many other nocturnal animals, and soft fur. They are exceedingly gentle creatures. The most attractive of all apes, however, are perhaps the little "Squirrel monkeys," which form the genus *Chrysothrix*. They have little round faces and short jaws, but they are the relatively "longest headed" of all the apes, without seeming to be much the wiser for it. There are three species of Squirrel monkeys, and they are smaller than either Sapajous or Sakis, but larger than Marmosets. They have more or less golden yellow in their fur, whence their generic name. They readily eat insect food but they are most gentle animals, and, but for the delicacy of their constitution, would make excellent "pets." Like the Douroc̈oulis and the Sakis they have long non-prehensile tails. The same may be said of some nine other species of American apes, which form the genus *Callithrix*. They are animals much resembling the Night apes, save that their eyes are much smaller.

We now come to the last genus of all those we have to pass in review—namely, the genus *Hapale*, which contains the Marmosets. It is the smallest genus as regards the size of the animals which constitute it, but is by no means the smallest as regards the number of species it contains—as there are some two-and-thirty different kinds of Marmosets scattered over the warmest regions of the New World. All the other American apes differ from those of the Old World in that they have a grinding tooth the more; but the Marmosets have the same number of teeth as have the Old World apes and man! This apparent resemblance, however, is superficial, and disguises a double difference. The other American apes have one front grinding tooth more than we have on either side of either jaw. The Marmosets have not only this difference by excess, but they have at the same time a further difference by deficiency, since they have one back grinding tooth on either side of either jaw less than have the apes of the Old World and ourselves. The other apes of America have, as before observed, a thumb which is only imperfectly opposable, but in the Marmosets it is not opposable at all, while the great toe is exceedingly small. They have a long tail, mostly clothed with long hairs, and not at all prehensile or curled towards its tip.

The Marmosets are about the size of a squirrel, or smaller. They are, like squirrels, active in their motions, and arboreal, living in small troops. They eat both fruit and insects, and dearly love bananas. They are so delicate in constitution, that, though often brought to this country, they generally live but a short time. Nevertheless, they occasionally breed in captivity, and have three young. Several kinds, especially those most commonly seen in England, have a long tuft of hair projecting outwards from either side of the head.

Such are apes, and such are the two great sections (or families) of them which the Atlantic Ocean divides.

The apes most commonly seen are *Cercopitheci*, *Macaci*, and *Cebi*. Whatever may be the kind of monkey we look at, if we find that it has a prehensile tail, or a tail curled towards the tip, or that it has a wide septum between the nostrils, we may at once be sure that it comes from America.

If, however, it has cheek-pouches, or naked callosities, or is altogether devoid of every vestige of a tail, or if the division between its nostrils is quite narrow, we may in each case conclude that it is, naturally, a denizen of the Old World. As to further details of geographical distribution, the most northern limits of apes in the Old World is Gibraltar and parts of China and Japan. Their southern limits there are the vicinity of the Cape in Africa and the island of Timor in the Indian Archipelago. In America some Spider monkeys are found as far north as latitude 18° or 19° (possibly even 23°) in Mexico, while other apes reach southwards into Paraguay. The regions of the earth most rich in ape-life are Ceylon, the large islands of the Indian Archipelago, Fernando Po, and Trinidad; Asia and Africa, south of the Himalaya and Sahara; and America, south of Panama, as far as Brazil reaches. No apes are found in Australia, New Guinea, Madagascar, or the West Indies, except such kinds as have been introduced and run wild. In ancient times Macaques were found in France, and even in Essex, while in Miocene times Gibbon-like apes existed in Southern Europe, and *Sennipitheci* in Greece. At the same period a Man-like ape (*Dryopithecus*), much like a Gibbon, but of greater bulk, was a dweller at St. Gaudens, in France. No fossil fragment of an ape has yet, so far as we know, been found in any Eocene deposit. Apes form a natural group of animals very distinct from all other beasts, to none of which do they exhibit any true affinity. Whether the gulf which at present seems to surround this zoological island of life may become fordable by the discovery of buried fossil forms tending to fill up the chasm dividing it from other orders surrounding it, is a problem which must for the present be left to the zeal of future palæontologists. This zoological isolation adds, we think, another consideration to the many others which make the apes exceptional objects of interest to the general lover of Nature as well as to its thoughtful students.

Art. IV.—DANTE'S LIFE.

The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri. A New Translation, with Notes, Essays, and a Biographical Introduction. By E. A. Plumptre, D.D. Two Vols. Vol. I. London: Isbister. 1886.

AT rare epochs in the history of mankind there arise men who sum up in themselves the highest culture and the noblest aspirations of their age, and fuse the whole by their genius into works of monumental grandeur or perfect beauty. Such in the ancient world was Plato; such in the modern world is Dante. Such might have been Goethe had Goethe not been a German, or a man of the eighteenth century. There was in Goethe a certain flaccidity of moral fibre and a certain excess, shall we say, of phlegm?—a certain want, at any rate, of that white heat of imaginative intensity which made Dante's visions more real to him than the real world. Dante, like Goethe, was a consummate artist, and wrought very hard at his great poem; so that, as he naïvely says, it "made him thin," but no one could charge his work with not being "inevitable enough." The artist never overpowers the poet. The defects to which we have referred were intensified in Goethe's case by a habit, partly natural and partly acquired, of looking at all things as primarily means of culture. This, no doubt, was largely the result of the depressing political conditions in which he found his country.

Mr. Matthew Arnold writes of him that,

> "Though his manhood bore the blast
> Of a tremendous time,
> Yet in a tranquil world was pass'd
> His tender youthful prime."

Certainly, Frankfort reposing on its reminiscences of past imperial magnificence, and occupied with the trivial routine of provincial German life in the most dead-alive period of the last century, was a very tranquil world—not by any means the kind of environment to develop a spirit of lofty patriotism in its citizens, or even a keen interest in political affairs; and the

strange indifference which, in his later life, Goethe displayed towards the magnificent political drama which unfolded itself before him—above all, the contentedness, and even, it would seem, zest, with which at Weimar he did the routine work of the minister of a petty German prince, seems to indicate a certain strain of provincialism in his character, traceable, not improbably, to his early training at Frankfort.

Between Frankfort in the eighteenth century and Florence in the thirteenth, what a contrast! In lieu of sleepy tranquillity and conventional routine, an intense energy of corporate life, palpitating through every artery and vein of the body politic—an energy fed from the great permanent fountains of European politics, so that what might otherwise have been the mere factiousness of local parties became the strife of secular principles contending for the mastery of the European world: Guelf against Ghibelline, imperial unity against local independence, temporal against spiritual power; instead of fond memories of past glory with the sorrowful consciousness of present decay, the eager yearning after and partial achievement of a high ideal of humane culture, the exultant sense of having already won the intellectual hegemony of Italy, and therefore of the world.

It was in this city—the city of Cimabue, of the historians Villani and Dino Compagni and of Giotto, of Guido Cavalcanti the worthy successor of Guinicelli, of Brunetto Latini, the greatest scholar of the age, and Casella, probably its sweetest musician—that Dante was born in the month of May 1265. His family was of the old aristocracy. His father appears to have been a notary—a person of much greater importance then than now. Cimabue (1240–1300) was then in early manhood. Brunetto Latini, a keen politician, exiled as a Guelf after the battle of Montaperti (1260), returned to Florence in time to exercise powerful influence in shaping the course of Dante's studies. Guido Cavalcanti was a few years Dante's senior, and perhaps at first his closest friend; Giotto a few years his junior. Of Casella, with whose name Milton's verse has made even the unlearned reader familiar, little is known save that he set to music one of Dante's canzoni, the "Amor che nella mente

mi ragiona" of the *Convito*. He appears to have died young. The brief episode in the *Purgatorio* (ii. 76–117), where he is "woo'd to sing" by Dante, shows how tenderly the latter cherished his memory.

The materials for the Life of Dante are unfortunately but scanty, and such as exist relate rather to the public than the inner life of the man. The record of the latter must be sought in his works. There is a tradition as old as Boccaccio, that Dante studied both at Paris and at Oxford—a tradition supported by certain scraps of internal evidence which Dean Plumptre has pieced together with no little ingenuity. A reference to Siger, a Parisian theologian who died not later than 1300, and who lived, Dante tells us (*Pur.* x. 136–8), in the Rue du Fouarre, seems to indicate personal knowledge; as also does an allusion to the dykes at Bruges (*Inf.* xv. 4–6). References to Albert of Cologne (*Pur.* vi. 5–8), and to the peculiar cap worn by the monks of that city (*Inf.* xxiii. 61, 62), are relied on to show that he had been there also. The only evidence, if such it can be called, in favour of the English journey consists of certain scattered allusions to events in English history, traces of acquaintance with the writings of Roger Bacon, and a reference to the fact that the heart of Henry, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, murdered in Italy by Guy de Montfort in 1271, was preserved in Westminster Abbey (*Inf.* xii. 118). It must be owned, we think, that this is very slender evidence to prove that Dante visited Westminster, to say nothing of Oxford. Dean Plumptre, however, hazards the conjecture—entirely baseless—that he got as far as Wells; the wish in this case being obviously father to the thought. On the whole, it seems clear that Dante knew the Riviera well (*Pur.* iii. 49), and the Rhone as far as Arles (*Inf.* ix. 3); and it is highly probable that he spent some time at Paris before the close of the thirteenth century, and also that he visited Bruges (*Inf.* xv. 4), and some portions of Germany (*Inf.* xvii. 19–24): beyond this the evidence does not, we think, entitle us to go. Further, there is, as we think, negative evidence of great weight to show that Dante did not know Oxford at all, and that any knowledge he may have had of Paris was of the

slightest. Dante is rather fond of allusions to English history, and one passage (*Pur.* x. 131) shows that he had read Bede; another may indicate that he knew something of Roger Bacon's physical theories (*Pur.* ii. 14). He mentions Michael Scott (*Inf.* xx. 116); yet another great Scotchman, contemporary with Dante (the greatest master of dialectics in the Middle Ages, with whose voice the schools of Oxford and Paris resounded in the early years of the fourteenth century, and whom, if Dante studied at either place as an undergraduate, he would be almost certain either to meet or hear of—we refer to the Franciscan, John Duns Scotus) is never mentioned, or, so far as we know, in any way referred to, throughout Dante's writings. According to what seems the most probable tradition, Duns was born in the very same year as Dante—viz., 1265. He is said to have been a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford; he certainly was an Oxford man, and became professor of divinity in the University in 1301. He subsequently graduated at Paris (1304 B.A., 1307 D.D. Here he maintained the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin in public disputation, with such ingenuity and dexterity that he acquired the cognomen, which has attached to him ever since, of "Doctor Subtilis." There is evidence that Siger of Brabant, who taught in the Rue de Fouarre, and whose lectures Dante is supposed to have attended, was much influenced by Duns. His being a Franciscan would naturally attract Dante, who has been thought to have been himself a tertiary of that Order, and who certainly displayed a marked partiality for it. If Dante knew Oxford and Paris well at any period between 1290 and 1308 (when Duns died), it appears most unlikely that the "Doctor Subtilis" should not have made a sufficiently strong impression upon Dante's mind—itself by no means lacking in dialectical subtlety—for some trace thereof, however slight and casual, to be discoverable in his works. The more it is considered the less likely it appears. Was not Dante an earnest student of theology? is not the *Paradiso* full of references to the *Summa* of St. Thomas Aquinas? Is it likely that, had he known of St. Thomas's great rival, he

would have entirely ignored his existence? Is his ignorance compatible with a residence of any duration in either Oxford or Paris? We think not. It is far more reasonable to suppose that he learnt the little he knew of Siger from Brunetto Latini, who knew Paris well, than that he resided in Paris for any considerable period without learning who Siger's master was; while as regards Oxford, the case is still stronger. He can hardly have been there before he was twenty, and at that time Duns must have been one of the most brilliant of the *alumni*. If he seriously studied there for any length of time, it is hardly likely that he should not have heard enough of Duns to induce him to follow the career of that remarkable man with some interest. On the whole, we are inclined to think that Dante acquired his large and various culture mainly on Italian soil. The only man besides Vergil whom he mentions expressly as his master is Brunetto Latini (*Inf.* xv. 85) who taught him, he says, "come uom s'eterna." Brunetto was a Florentine notary, who aimed at encyclopædic erudition, and really was the most learned man in Italy. After a residence of some years in Paris, during which he compiled his *Trésor*, a manual of universal knowledge, he returned to Florence about 1269, and apparently resided there until his death in 1294. His influence therefore would coincide with the most impressionable period of Dante's life, and it is clear that Dante felt himself very deeply in his debt. From his *Tesoretto* it is probable that Dante derived the idea of the *Divina Commedia*, though the development is of course entirely original. Like many other mediæval scholars, Brunetto was a sensualist of the grossest sort. It is one of the most singular facts in history that the most spiritual poet of Italy should have been in early manhood the pupil and constant companion of one notorious for the foulest vice. Of the manner in which Dante pursued his studies after Brunetto's death we have no certain knowledge. What they were his works tell us, and that is really all that we know about them. It is also impossible to determine how far the strange story told in the *Vita Nuova* is fact, how far allegory. Without going so far as those who make Beatrice a wholly fictitious character, we are certainly inclined to reject the story of his falling in love

with her at nine years old. We do not think even Italian precocity is capable of such a feat; and it is not mere childish affection, but actual love, of which Dante tells us. We regard the Beatrice of the *Vita Nuova* as the idealization of a real lady on whom Dante's affections were for a time fixed, but who subsequently came to be for him merely a type of that ideal towards which his aspirations probably did begin to direct themselves in very early boyhood. However this may be, it is certain that Dante married in 1292 Gemma Donati, about two years after the death of Beatrice. Dean Plumptre, interpreting the *Vita Nuova* literally, assumes that the death of Beatrice was felt so bitterly by Dante that he was in danger of losing his health, and adopts the statement of Boccaccio, that his friends found him a wife. We doubt whether Boccaccio's authority, in spite of the fact that he knew Dante's nephew, is worth very much on this point. It seems improbable that Dante would submit to have a wife found for him. We think he married to please himself. In any case, if he had really cherished a grand passion for Beatrice from his boyhood upward, is it not somewhat surprising to find him marrying another lady within three years of her death? Boccaccio also states that his married life was unhappy, and that Gemma was a shrew. That the pair did not always agree is likely enough, but there is no reason to suppose that his wife alone was to blame. Dante was probably by no means a perfect husband; he was, we suspect, abstracted, moody, even irascible. Probably Gemma found him at times rather ill to live with. The story, however, after all, must be accepted, if at all, as merely scandal of the day, repeated, probably with additions, by gossiping Boccaccio: there is no evidence that any actual rupture occurred. With his marriage apparently closes the first period of his literary career, marked by the composition of the *Vita Nuova*, *Convito* and *De Vulgari Eloquentia*.

Meanwhile it must not be forgotten that Dante was very far indeed from being a mere man of letters. No reader of the *Divina Commedia* can have failed to note the intense spirit both of local and of national patriotism that animated him. Ardent, speculative though he was—versed in all science, human and divine, vexing his soul with every subtlest question

of theology, physics, metaphysics—Dante was at the same time a man of affairs, recognized as fit to be trusted in the conduct of delicate negotiations, and to hold the highest office of State in his native city. How seriously he gave himself to the consideration of political problems is attested by his work *De Monarchia*, the earliest systematic treatise on the theory of government in the literature of modern Europe. When this work was written it is difficult to say; probably not very early. The ideas embodied in it are the same which find expression in many noble passages of the *Divina Commedia*. As, however, it furnishes the key to Dante's political action, it is necessary here to give some account of it. The work opens in a manner strikingly suggestive of Hobbes. Dante, like the philosopher of Malmesbury, sees around him anarchy everywhere prevalent. The supreme need of the world is peace. How then is peace to be secured? Only, Dante thinks, by surrendering supreme temporal power into the hands of a monarch. Like Hobbes, he argues, paradoxically, that the monarch will be of all men the least inclined to injustice. The difference between Dante and Hobbes is merely that the latter is for concentrating all power, spiritual as well as temporal, in the hands of the monarch, while Dante regards the spiritual power as co-ordinate with temporal. The usurpation of temporal power by the Papacy was indeed in his eyes a monstrous crime, and the source of the greater part of the woes of Italy. Of the Donation of Constantine he makes short work, denying the power of the emperor to alienate the imperial domains or divest himself of his jurisdiction; but he has no idea of subjecting the spiritual to the temporal power except in matters temporal. That the emperor should be head of the Church would have seemed to him as gross an anomaly as that the pope should be emperor. He illustrates his position by the image of the sun and moon, being of course ignorant, or rather refusing to admit, that the moon shines by reflected light. As the sun and moon are twin stars, each with its separate function—the one to rule the day, the other to rule the night—so are pope and emperor. The confusions of the times have resulted from the usurpation by the Papacy of temporal power and the languor of the emperor in asserting his authority. Nothing short

of a revival of the Roman Empire in its pristine vigour will completely meet the case, with authority limited to, but supreme within, the temporal sphere. It is plain that Dante is mainly actuated by an enthusiasm, which it must be owned is somewhat blind, for the ancient Roman race. He is perpetually dwelling on their virtues, quoting Vergil, Lucian, Livy, Orosius, in evidence; but he ignores altogether their vices. They were, he says, a people ordained of God to empire, and this he proves by the survival of the fittest argument. They fought for and won a universal empire; *ergo* they held it *jure divino*, and *jure divino* they are still entitled to it. The fact that the sceptre passed from them in the Middle Ages he ignores; apparently the principle of the survival of the fittest is not to be pressed too far. The Donation of Constantine was, he thinks, the beginning of all the evil; from that time forward matters went from bad to worse. A better day seemed to dawn with those "magnanimous heroes," Frederick II. and Manfred; but the Papacy proved too strong, and the "garden of the empire" was once more delivered over to tyranny and anarchy.

When it is remembered that Dante's family was Guelfic, that he had married into a Guelfic family, that his master Brunetto Latini was also a Guelf, that the Guelfs stood for the pope and the temporal power of the Papacy, and the Ghibellines for the empire and the supremacy of the emperor in Italy in things temporal, it is signal evidence of the vigour and independence of Dante's political judgment that he should thus show himself so decided a Ghibelline. A glance at the course of Italian history during the last two decades of the thirteenth century explains at once how he came to do so.*

The battle of Benevento (1266) put an end to the rule of the Hohenstaufen in Italy, and seated Charles of Anjou on the throne of Sicily and Naples. Sicily groaned under the stern rule of Charles until 1282, when the discontent of the people, which had long been secretly fomented by Peter of

* A sketch of the earlier history of the century will be found in an article entitled "The First Epoch in the Italian Renaissance" in a previous number of this Review (April 1885).

Arragon, burst out at Palermo into the insurrection known as the Sicilian Vespers. An insult offered by a French soldier to a bridal party on Easter Monday roused the populace to sudden frenzy. The cry of "Death to the French" was raised, and a general massacre ensued. Four thousand French are said to have fallen. The flame spread with extraordinary rapidity throughout the island, and in the course of a few days the revolt was all but universal, and the French were practically exterminated. Peter of Arragon was elected to the throne of Sicily in the following November, and retained his hold on the country, in spite of the desperate efforts of Charles to reconquer it, until the death of the latter in 1285. Peter's own death followed soon afterwards. The crown devolved on his son Alphonso, a boy who died in 1291 at the age of twenty, and then became the subject of contest between his two younger brothers, James and Frederick, and the son of Charles of Anjou, Charles II., or the cripple King of Naples, to whom the Pope (Boniface) induced James to surrender his title in 1295. By the terms of the treaty James was to aid Charles in the conquest of the island. A war followed, which was protracted, neither side gaining any decisive advantage, until 1302, when Boniface, weary of the expense and delay, and casting about for a more able instrument, naturally turned to France. He determined to follow the precedent set by Urban in 1262. Philip of France had a brother, Charles of Valois, needy and adventurous as Charles of Anjou had been. If this knight were let loose on Italy, perhaps he might succeed as thoroughly as the other Charles had done. Accordingly, Charles of Valois was invited to enter Italy with a twofold commission: (1) to restore peace to Florence, then more than ordinarily turbulent; (2) to reconquer Sicily.

At this date the old party designations of Guelf and Ghibelline had in Florence fallen into desuetude, owing perhaps to the growth of the power of the democracy and the decrepitude of the empire. The struggle was now between the democratic party, headed by a wealthy bourgeois (Vieri dei Cerchi), and the old noblesse under Corso Donati. For the sake of distinction the democrats called themselves Whites

(Bianchi), and the aristocrats the Blacks (Neri). The Bianchi were at heart Ghibelline, and the Neri Guelf. The democratic party included Dante, Guido Cavalcanti, and Dino Compagni. In the year 1300 party spirit ran unusually high; Guido Cavalcanti in particular making an attempt on the life of Corso Donati in broad daylight in one of the public streets. The Neri appealed to Boniface, who made a fruitless attempt at mediation through the Cardinal d'Aquasparta. Then the Supreme Council of the city—twelve burgesses elected from the trade guilds, and known as the Priori delle Arti, who held office for two months, and of whom Dante was one—attempted to settle the matter by banishing the leaders of both factions. It is probable that the adoption of this plan was due in some measure to the moderating influence of Dante. At any rate, soon after he had quitted office the Bianchi regained their ascendancy and recalled their leaders, leaving the sentence of banishment still in force as against the other faction. This gave Boniface a pretext for intervention. The Neri again appealed to him, and he decided on commissioning Charles of Valois to restore peace to the distracted city. Various proposals were made in Florence for conciliating the Pope by furnishing him with a contingent of troops for the defence of Romagna. These were all successfully opposed by Dante, who probably knew that conciliation would be of no avail; that Boniface would never be satisfied until Florence was part and parcel of his dominions. In the autumn of 1301 he was sent with two colleagues on an embassy to the Pope, to endeavour to avert the impending occupation. He never entered Florence again. The embassy was entirely fruitless. Charles of Valois entered Florence on November 1. He came ostensibly to pacify the city; in fact, he gave the Bianchi faction over to the merciless vengeance of their enemies. They were stripped of their possessions; their houses (including Dante's) were sacked and burnt. Dante himself was found guilty, after a mock trial, of extortion, embezzlement, and other cognate offences, and ordered to make restitution, on pain of suffering confiscation, and also of being an enemy to the Pope and Charles; was fined 2000 florins, banished the city for two years, and disabled in per-

petuity from holding office. He was subsequently sentenced to be burned if found on Florentine territory.

Having in this peculiar way effected the pacification of Florence, Charles proceeded to execute the other part of Boniface's mandate. Calabria and Apulia submitted to him; but Frederick opposed his landing in Sicily. He effected a landing, however, and made an attempt to reduce the country, but without success. His troops suffered much by sickness, and he could not force a decisive engagement. The war dragged on for years, but in the end he was compelled to accept a disadvantageous peace, and withdrew from the country, leaving Frederick in possession of the throne. Reflecting on these events, Dante came to regard the misfortunes of his country as mainly traceable to two causes—(1) the usurpation of temporal power by the Papacy, which was yet too weak to rule alone, and was therefore compelled to lean upon France; (2) neglect of Italian affairs by the emperor. This was a reproach which could not be levelled against either Frederick II. or Manfred. As a devout Christian, Dante could not but regard the free-thinking tendencies and loose morality of these sovereigns with disapproval. He meets Manfred in purgatory, amongst the repentant excommunicated (iii. 136), and he learns from the Epicurean Farinata degli Uberti that Frederick is his companion in hell (x. 119). Nevertheless, as scholars and statesmen they elicited his enthusiastic admiration. He speaks of them as "humana secuti, brutalia dedignantes;" they were "magnanimous heroes," who made "the garden of the empire"—so he calls Italy—their chief care. On their successors—the Hapsburgs, Rodolph and Albert, who abandoned Italy to anarchy and the Pope—he solemnly invokes the curse of God (*Purg.* vi. 97–105). On the Capetian dynasty, from Hugh the butcher's son to Charles of Valois and Philip the Fair, he empties the vials of his wrath, denouncing the entire brood as the very incarnation of selfish unscrupulous greed (*Purg.* xx.). The *Inferno* was written before the death of Boniface, but the poet intimates that a place is reserved for him amongst the simoniacal, by the prophetic mouth of Nicolas III., whom he meets in close quarters in the third *bolgia* of hell.

After his banishment from Florence the record of Dante's life is provokingly slight and vague, and the attempts which have been made—of which Dean Plumptre's, as it is the last is also not the least ingenious—to eke them out by conjecture, are far from satisfactory. We know that he became secretary to Alessandro da Romena, the leader of the exiles, and that he was a member of an embassy sent by them to Bartolomeo della Scala at Verona, probably in 1303; but there is no evidence that he took part in either of the unsuccessful assaults made by them upon Florence in that or the following year. We know also that he was at Padua in August 1306, and in the following October in the Lunigiana, negotiating a treaty of peace between the Malaspini and the Bishop of Luni. After this his history is a blank until we find him addressing a letter to the newly elected Emperor Henry VII., which, though undated, probably belongs to the year 1308–9, and the interval can only be filled up by more or less plausible conjecture. Villani, who knew Dante well, states that during the period of his exile he visited Paris, and there is no reason to doubt that he did so. It is not clear, however, whether the journey took place before or after the death of the Emperor Henry VII. On the strength of what we own seems to us very slender evidence—if evidence indeed it can be called—Dean Plumptre conjectures that from Paris he travelled to Constance, and there had an interview with Henry VII. in 1309. Indeed, he "finds in Dante the master-mind that was working behind the scenes and pulling the wires that worked the puppets in the great drama that was now unfolding." Now, that Dante was much interested in the election of Henry of Luxemburg to the imperial throne, that for a time he looked to him as the saviour of Italy, is undeniable; that he would therefore exert such influence as he possessed in favour of Henry's candidature, is extremely probable. The question is, how much influence was he likely to possess? The situation was briefly as follows:—The death of Benedict XI. in 1304 was followed by the election of a Gascon nominee of Philip of France, to the chair of St. Peter. By way of emphasising his subserviency to the French king, the new Pope transferred his Court to France. There he was compelled to lend Philip his countenance

to the suppression and spoliation of the Templars. But though a tool of the king he was yet an unwilling tool, and on the death of the Emperor Albert, there is no reason to suppose that Clement was disposed to further the designs of Philip for the aggrandizement of his house by supporting the candidature of Charles of Valois if he could avoid doing so without openly breaking with Philip. What happened is well known. Acting by the advice of the Cardinal da Prato, Clement publicly supported the candidature of Charles of Valois, but wrote privately to the electors, explaining that he did so against his will. When Henry of Luxemburg was elected, he feigned disappointment, but felt secret satisfaction. A single letter from Dante to the Cardinal da Prato exists, which Dean Plumptre refers to May 1304. There is no certain internal evidence to go by, but we are disposed to agree with Dean Plumptre that it was written on the occasion of the Cardinal's pacificatory mission to Florence in that year. But when he infers that Dante continued in correspondence with him, and acquired an ascendancy over him, he seems to us to be travelling altogether beyond the record. That so far as he had opportunity he would endeavour to influence the Cardinal's mind is highly probable; but there is no reason to suppose that he had many opportunities, or that in any sense he converted the Cardinal da Pasto to his views. The extreme impolicy of allowing the house of Anjou to become practically omnipotent in Europe was sufficiently obvious, and must have been as clear to the Italian as to the German mind. The attachment of the Pope to the Angevins had never been disinterested, and the same policy which had induced Clement's predecessors to play off France against the empire would now naturally dictate a *volte face*. Dante's ardent idealism happened for the moment to coincide with the worldly wisdom of the spiritual power. But when it is suggested that it was Dante who induced the Cardinal to support the candidature of Henry of Luxemburg; "that he placed in his hands as a full statement of the principles in which he was acting the MS. of the *De Monarchia*;" that he subsequently went to Paris "ostensibly for the purpose of visiting the University, but really to watch the movements of the French King and his brother, on whom he looked as the incarnation of all evil—

whom he desired, as far as lay in his power, to thwart, and to take such action as might be desirable; that he met Henry at Constance, and found in him one who accepted *en bloc* his views on the theory of the empire as set forth in the *De Monarchia*;" and that on the Emperor announcing his intention of entering Italy, Dante, full of the hopes of the idealist, eager to take his part in the regeneration of his country, and not without some expectation that it would lead to his own triumphant return to Florence, hastened back to Italy;—we can only say that we are amazed that any serious writer should think it worth his while to elaborate so circumstantial a story from such meagre materials. In a letter to the Emperor in 1311 (Ep. vii.) Dante refers to his having been presented at Court, and describes, in language of extravagant hyperbole, the impression which Henry then made on him; but there is not the slightest ground for supposing that he ever had a confidential interview with the Emperor, unless we are to infer as much from the very bold tone which he assumes.

Henry had entered Italy in 1310, and had been crowned at Milan early in the following year. He posed as the pacificator, re-instating the exiles of both parties in all cities that opened their gates to him. Milan, however, soon rose in insurrection. The flame spread to other towns. The Emperor was grievously embarrassed by want of money. Dante's letter, in which he chides him bitterly for his delay in advancing on Florence, was really most unreasonable, and was not the kind of letter which would have been written by one who was behind the scenes. The Emperor seems to have ignored it entirely. Instead of hurrying to Florence, he marched on Rome, and was here crowned on June 29, 1312. A few weeks later, after an unsuccessful attempt to carry Florence by a *coup de main*, he retired to Pisa, whence he launched the ban of the empire against the refractory republics. His sudden death (there were of course suspicions of foul practices) on August 24, 1313, dissipated, perhaps for ever, Dante's hopes of witnessing the political regeneration of his country. From this date forward he took little part in public affairs. There is, indeed, extant a letter, which may or may not be genuine, dated March 30, 1314, purporting to be

from Dante to Guido da Polenta of Ravenna, and giving a far from flattering account of the Venetian Senate. From this, if genuine, it may be inferred that Dante went in that year on some public mission to Venice. Shortly afterwards he wrote to the cardinals, then assembled in conclave, for the election of a new Pope (Clement had died on April 20), eloquently admonishing them to lay aside all private jealousies and elect a Pope who should be the tool of no secular power, and should put an end to the Babylonian captivity of Avignon. In 1315 he seems to have joined Uguccione della Fagginola, the leader of the Ghibellines at Lucca, who, probably by Dante's advice, advanced on Florence in August of that year, and laid siege to Montecatini, within ten miles of the town. There he gained a decisive victory over the Florentines and their Neapolitan allies. That Dante was regarded as the principal author of the expedition is probable from the fact that he was again publicly condemned at Florence. The success, however, was not followed up; and in April 1316 an insurrection at Lucca compelled him to flee the city. The Florentines now proclaimed a conditional amnesty: the exiles might return on payment of a fine and doing public penance. Many availed themselves of the offer. Dante summarily rejected it. The leader of the Ghibelline party was now Can Grande della Scala of Verona, and to him Dante betook himself. To this, his last patron, he dedicates the *Paradiso;* to him he is supposed to point, in *Inf.* i. 101, as the future saviour of Italy. The rest of his life he spent either with Can Grande or with Guido da Polenta at Ravenna, mainly occupied with the completion of his great poem, and in study. Returning overland from Venice, whither he had been sent on public business in the summer of 1321, he caught a fever, of which he died in Guido da Polenta's house on September 14, 1321.

Tragic as is the story of Dante's life, it by no means lends itself to gloomy reflections. Impracticable as were his political ideas, wasted as it may seem his public action, his political influence was not limited to his own age. His ardent patriotism has been as a sacred fire to succeeding generations, which was rarely allowed to become entirely extinct.

It burns in Petrarch's celebrated canzone to Italy; it burst forth with fitful energy, as of the levin flame, in Rienzi's heroic attempt to revive the ancient glory of his country; it smoulders in a somewhat ligneous fashion in Machiavelli's grim, stern, ruthless treatise on the *Prince*. Quenched during the period of Italy's entire political effacement, it lived again in Leopardi's passionate outpourings, in the enthusiasm of Mazzini and Garibaldi, and the steadfast energy of Cavour. The regeneration of Italy came after many days—not in the way he expected it; yet who shall say that it had ever come at all had not Dante wrought and fought for it in vain? Hence it is that the record of Dante's political life, poor and meagre as it is, will ever be regarded as a precious heritage, a lofty ensample, by all pure and noble spirits. In criticising Dean Plumptre's treatment of this subject we have unavoidably laid stress upon what seems to us the excessive licence of conjecture which he allows himself. We fully recognize, however, the strength of the temptation, and only wish that we could have seen our way to accept some of his conclusions. We heartily congratulate him upon having written what is certainly the most interesting, if not the most critical, Life of Dante with which we are acquainted. In another article we shall attempt to estimate the merits of his translation.

Art. V.—WALPOLE'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815. By Spencer Walpole, Author of "The Life of the Right. Hon. Spencer Percival." Vols. IV. and V. London: Longmans. 1886.

MORE than a generation ago an able school inspector proposed to work backwards in teaching history; he found that, while in good National schools most children could tell him all about the Ancient Britons and the Norman Conquest, few, if any, had a clear idea of the events that had happened

during the reign of Queen Victoria. And this ignorance largely extends to grown people, even among the educated classes. Caractacus and Simon de Montfort, and Warwick and Hampden, are household words with many in whose minds such names as Lord Morpeth, Mr. Villiers, Huskisson, Lord Lyndhurst, and Robert Owen awake the very faintest echo. The ignorance is denser as we go a little earlier than the epoch that Mr. Walpole has taken in hand. The intrigues of the Rockingham Ministry, for instance, belong to a time about which most Englishmen are content to know absolutely nothing; whereas, in these closing volumes of his work, Mr. Walpole deals with a period (1841–1857) with which his elder readers, at any rate, cannot help being more or less familiar. These two volumes form a work by themselves; indeed, the historian's aim has been "to make each instalment as far as possible a complete whole."

Some of us will remember that in his first volume he traced what he calls "The History of Reaction," showing how the causes which had arrested Reform at the close of the eighteenth century lasted on after the peace and up to the beginning of George IV.'s reign. In the next he traced "The History of Reform." Repression had produced its usual effect, and had led to a violent agitation, which resulted in the reform of foreign policy under Canning, in the reform of the Criminal Code under Peel, in the abolition of tests, in Roman Catholic emancipation, and in the first Reform Act. The third volume showed the pendulum swinging in the opposite direction; these reforms had stimulated a Conservative reaction, and the Whigs, clinging to power during what Mr. Walpole calls their "Decline and Fall," had to sacrifice the measures which alone made power worth having. The fourth volume begins with the remarkable anomaly that, owing to the apathy and half-heartedness of the Whigs, the people, intent as they were on new reforms, were at the same time determined to get rid of the so-called Party of Progress; and that, therefore, the triumph of Free Trade was achieved with the support of a statesman who had all along been associated with the Conservatives, and who was the chosen champion of the principles that he abandoned. On this change of opinion Mr. Walpole

remarks:—"It would be as reasonable to blame Luther for commencing his career as a Roman Catholic as to blame Peel for commencing his career as a Tory." Peel, in fact, is the hero of this fourth volume—the political hero of this concluding section of the work; for vol. v. is mainly taken up with the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny.

"He ranks among the foremost statesmen of all ages. Inferior to Walpole in tact, to Chatham in vigour, to Pitt in ingenuity in devising taxes, to Canning in eloquence in expounding policy—in knowledge, in judgment, and perspicacity he was superior to them all; and, instead of its being a reflection on his sagacity that none of his earlier views stood the test of later experience, but were one after another flung aside as useless lumber for the Inglises, the Bentincks, and the Disraelis to cling to, his conduct is fully explained by the circumstances of his life. He inherited his earlier opinions; he thought out for himself his later conclusions. Brought up amongst Tories, immersed in University studies, he had no leisure at starting to examine the great political questions which afterwards exerted so vast an influence on him" (vol. iv. p. 380).

Accustomed as we are to connect Peel's name with the reform of the Tariff and the repeal of the Corn Laws, few of us remember that to him is also due the reform of the Criminal Code, the resumption of cash payments, and the revision of the Bank Charter; and that he had moreover the sagacity to see that Catholic emancipation could no longer be delayed without risk of civil war. His ideas he freely borrowed from others; but his way of carrying them out was his own. In Mr. Walpole's words (p. 289), "just as (in 1819) he applied Horner's theories to the currency, and (in 1829) Canning's principles to religious legislation, so he adopted Cobden's views and gave a nation untaxed bread." His comment on this is bitter:—"Verily the English reward their chief benefactors in their own way. In old Rome Coriolanus was driven into exile because he denied the people corn. In England Peel was driven from office because he gave the people cheap food." The reasons of Peel's unpopularity Mr. Walpole puts in a very clear light. He could not unbend, but was shy and awkward in society. His consciousness of superiority made him impatient of inferior men. He never tried to "educate his party" in unofficial hours; and, though more capable of

kind actions than many who condemned his coldness, he could not check his hasty temper and his impatience of contradiction, or win support by an encouraging smile or a conciliatory word. Peel was at his best in a gathering of artists, writers, and men of science; "with them he threw off the reserve which he retained for his followers." It is far from creditable to the English aristocracy that their dislike of Peel was intensified by the fact that he was a "new man;" "they could have forgiven—they afterwards did forgive—haughty manners in a Stanley; they could not tolerate them in a Peel." And thus it came to pass that (as Mr. Walpole well observes) "though Peel opposed the Reform Bill, he personally gained more than any other statesman from its passage."

Reform made the middle-classes predominant, and the middle-classes felt that Peel understood, as no one else did, their views and their wants. "Hence, notwithstanding his connection with an unpopular party, he was able, almost alone, to maintain an authority in the Parliament of 1833 such as no other statesman has ever secured without numerical support." Peel's weak point was that "while in office he changed his views without notice, and without affording his supporters the opportunity of ranging themselves under another leader." He did, in fact, in 1829 and in 1845, what Mr. Gladstone is by many accused of having done last summer; and therefore society refused to forgive his inconsistency. He succeeded in carrying his measures, because the demands both for Catholic emancipation and for a free loaf were simply irresistible; but in both cases, especially in 1829, Mr. Walpole thinks he forgot that the Prime Minister is the servant, not of the Crown, but of the public, and instead of considering what was most desirable on public grounds, or most honourable for himself, he chose the policy likely to prove most convenient to his Sovereign. This view of Peel is the more interesting because Mr. Walpole's estimate of that popular idol of a generation ago, Lord Palmerston, is far from flattering. Thus, he points out that Palmerston's private letter to Bulwer fully justified the French Government in feeling that the "understanding with Aberdeen about the

Spanish marriage was annulled, and that the new Ministry was initiating a new policy;" and he adds that, in going counter to the plan arranged at Eu, England, under Palmerston's guidance, was as much guilty of a breach of faith as Louis Philippe and Guizot. He emphasizes the remarkable snub which Schwarzenberg gave Palmerston when he gratuitously advised Austria to be generous and moderate in victory. "Wherever revolt breaks out in your Empire," said the Austrian Minister, "you know how to maintain your authority, were it at the price of torrents of blood. We pass no opinion on your modes of repression; leave us to ourselves, or you will fall into gross errors of judgment (p. 570)." He laughs (p. 575) at the sermon which Lord Palmerston read King Otho before proceeding to extort damages for the supposed wrongs of Don Pacifico; and he has little beyond faint praise for the remarkable speech, "from dusk of one day to dawn of another," in which the Minister, censured by the Lords, triumphantly won the approval of the Commons.

"Few Foreign Secretaries," says our author, "have shown a more instinctive aversion for smooth answers than Palmerston; and, though the virtues of a smooth answer seem good enough for the pulpit, nine men out of ten think the maxim out of place in foreign politics. Palmerston's despatches are those of a strong man, conscious of his own and his country's strength. We owe him the independence of Belgium, the settlement of the Greek frontier, and the Quadruple Alliance. After that, he failed completely. The Eastern and European questions from 1834 to 1841 were settled, not by his words, but by force, and his policy several times brought us to the verge of war with Russia, France, and the United States."

The fact is, the other Powers had found out our weak point. So long as the unlimited taxation of the old *régime* made us the paymasters of Europe, the smallness of our army was less conspicuous. Under a reformed Parliament we should have to fight, if we fought at all, with men, and not with gold; and therefore we no longer had that predominance which had been, for good or evil, secured to us by the policy of Pitt and Castlereagh. Such a *fiasco*, however, as the grossly impertinent despatches of March to April 1848 to Madrid, followed by the refusal of the Cabinet (which had not been consulted) to carry out its Foreign Secretary's measures, has seldom

occurred in English history; and no wonder the Queen (as we see in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*) resented Palmerston's arbitrary mode of conducting affairs. No doubt the gradual change, which had now made the Foreign Office wholly the representative of the people instead of the Sovereign, increased the influence of that Office abroad, and induced the Minister to act with more independence than any Sovereign or Sovereign's agent would have done. This independent feeling several times led Palmerston into recklessness; he had, for instance, in 1850 the humiliation of formally apologizing to the King of Naples for having connived at a supply of arms to the Sicilian insurgents. At such conduct the Queen "exploded," and Prince Albert enlarged on the "false position in which Her Majesty was placed before the world, which knew that she utterly disapproved of all that was done in her name."* "He erred both in manner and matter," is Mr. Walpole's verdict, "in the affair which led to his fall—his writing to Count Walewski, strongly insisting on 'the necessity and advantage for France and for Europe of the *Coup d'Etat* of 1851.' Still, he was hardly treated by the Queen; to keep him in office (as was done in 1849–50), while denying him a State Secretary's privilege of personal communication with the Crown, was far more humiliating than dismissal." Palmerston, however, will chiefly be remembered for his part in the Crimean War; and Mr. Walpole's limits do not lead him to pass that judgment on him which he passes on several of his colleagues and contemporaries. Thus, Lord Russell he contrasts unfavourably with Peel:—

"The latter almost invariably succeeded in carrying his measures in the shape in which he designed them. Russell's measures, on the contrary, in their final shape rarely bore any close resemblance to their original drafts. His Budgets were altered as no Budgets had ever been recast since the time of Vansittart."

He is right in saying that Russell lived too long for his reputation, while Peel was removed from politics when failure, if it had begun at all, was only perceptible to himself. Of Wellington he remarks:—

* *Greville Memoirs*, part ii. vol. iii. pp. 272–317.

"The calm, even judgment which made him great as a general made him great as a statesman; and, though we may hope the day will come when the highest honours will not be reserved for mere warriors, and when the Cobdens and Stephensons may change places in the world's esteem with the select company to whom the Crown has awarded titles or Parliament granted pensions, even then we trust posterity will recollect that their ancestors' hero was in every sense a great man, who did with all his might whatever his hands found to do, and that he lived and died the noblest work of God—an honest man."

Pitt he is disposed to underrate; nor is he alone in feeling that the means by which Pitt brought about the Union between England and Ireland are a painful slur on his great reputation. Although the names of Disraeli and Walpole are associated in the history of their country, as members not only of the same political party, but of the same Government, the historian gives a sternly impartial view of Disraeli's character. He says of him that, "a Tory in his strange desire to raise the influence of the Crown"—(this accounts for his later personal relations with Her Majesty)—"a Democrat in his wish to use mere numbers to give an impulse to his policy, Disraeli thought his hatred of the Whigs should secure him the support of both extremes." He is careful to note that "he actually fought his first election armed with letters of recommendation from Hume and O'Connell!" Of Mr. Gladstone the volumes contain disappointingly little, the chief remark being that "in that young man (in 1842) Peel found his most competent assistant; one of his chief early services being his reply to Russell's criticisms on Peel's scheme for a sliding scale of corn duty."

Having thus passed in review a few of Mr. Walpole's chief personages, we must say something about the distinctive character of his history. Working on Macaulay's lines, he devotes an amount of space unprecedented in writers of the old school to social and intellectual matters. If he is full of political detail, pointing out the state of feeling during the Reform agitation —if he relates the purchase by the Marquis of Hertford, for instance, of half a million of American State shares (all which he afterwards lost by repudiation), to retire on when England should become uninhabitable by gentlemen—he shows too how the Reform Bill told socially; how it led, for instance,

to the admission of ladies into the House, from which they had since 1778 been excluded for bad behaviour. He points out how the new Members quoted Blue-books instead of Virgil or Horace, and laboured to convince instead of declaiming. This growing appreciation of the debater in preference to the orator brought Lord Russell, the readiest of debaters, to the front; yet, though the new House was less orderly than the old, Mr. Walpole does not think its speakers were at all below the level of Canning, and Plunket, and Brougham.

But the country felt the great change much more than the Parliament; a state of things, described in the Parliamentary Papers (vol. x. p. 352, &c.), and not exaggerated in *Mary Barton* and *Sibyl*, was felt to be intolerable. The Poor Law of 1834 had made matters temporarily worse by cutting off the old doles; "the three despots of Somerset House would listen to no appeal for mercy in passing from one system to the other." Attwood declared in the House that the new Poor Law was "more odious than any measure which had been passed since the Norman Conquest," and, though the Commission of Inquiry found that the new law was really improving the state of the poor, the outcry was strong enough to dissolve the Parliament of 1837. At this interval Mr. Walpole introduces a brief sketch of Chartism, beginning with an account of Robert Owen, whose excellent work at New Lanark was afterwards neutralized by his wild attacks on religion and property. Just now, when Socialism is again coming to the front, these earlier struggles between labour and capital have a special interest; and it is worthy of note, as proving that men cannot be made comfortable and contented by legislation, that the "five points of the Charter" have been gradually conceded, and yet the old difficulty remains. The poverty which lay at the root of Chartism was intensified by the high price of bread; and the working of the anti-Corn Law League, from its small beginnings of 1836, is worthy of study. The battle over the Corn Laws was preceded by many social victories—the institution of rural police, the humanizing of our criminal code, the alterations in the law of debt, the treatment of soldiers and sailors, &c. Duelling had been discredited by Wellington's fight with Lord Winchilsea in

1829; it received its deathblow when Roebuck, challenged by Somers in 1845, brought the challenge before the House as a breach of privilege, and was thanked by Lord Ashley and others for so doing.

The Parliament of 1841 at once began to deal with Protection. We will not attempt even to summarize the interesting chapter in which Mr. Walpole opens up this great subject, connecting it, as he does, with a pæan on the triumphs of steam and electricity. He reckons among "the chief builders of modern England" the men who gave their fellow-workers cheaper food and greater leisure: "They found a race stunted by insufficient diet, deformed by premature and excessive toil, and they gave the men—what the brutes had long enjoyed—a little more food and a little more leisure." As a proof of the wisdom which wrought these changes, he remarks: "Had the working-classes remained in the abject poverty in which Peel found them, they would not now be travelling as they do. . . . . With their prosperity has grown their power. In France, when men effect a revolution they write *égalité* on the walls. In our own country we do quite another thing, we attach third-class carriages to express trains."

But the repeal of the Corn Laws had still to wait for that *force majeure* which so often in politics hastens on what party struggles would otherwise indefinitely delay. The failure of the potato in 1845 enabled Peel (though at the sacrifice of his own premiership) to pass the Corn Bill in May 1846. Peel's panacea had been large purchases of Indian corn, backed by the establishment of public works. Neither measure succeeded. Traders would not bring maize into Ireland while Government was selling "Peel's brimstone" below cost price. Grand juries refused to start independent local works when their poor could be employed on those of which the State paid half the cost. Ninety-seven thousand were thus employed, while the English farmers were crying out for labour. Russell, succeeding Peel in June 1846, stopped the Government sale of meal; gradually reduced the public works; and, as the famine grew worse, tried to meet it by relief committees, half the expense of which was to fall on the Government. Unhappily he refused to allow bread-stuffs to be imported in ships

of war, insisting on the impossibility of so doing till two American frigates loaded with corn anchored in Galway Bay. But the Famine is only an episode in the Irish difficulty; and about Ireland in general Mr. Walpole speaks out in a way which is unusual in English historians. Our attempts (he says) to solve the Irish problem have always failed because we and the Irish have constantly attended to opposite sides of it: "the one people has been clamouring for a redress of grievances; the other has been demanding the restoration of order." Ireland, again, did not profit by that total change which, Mr. Walpole points out, came over our Government after the accession of George IV. Irish Crimes and Coercion Acts were not more opposed to the principles of modern legislation than the Six Acts and Pitt's measures for stamping out sedition in Great Britain; but,

"while after 1820 every Administration showed an increasing disposition to govern England without recourse to exceptional laws, every Minister showed a growing reluctance to dispense with exceptional legislation in Ireland. The votes of English and Scotch members could always be relied on for sanctioning repressive measures in Ireland, and thus representative government in Ireland was made a fraud. *Ireland might have been peaceful to-day had it been governed for twenty years from* 1820 *as India is governed now, its undoubted grievances having been concurrently removed;** but to keep up Parliamentary representation while redressing no wrongs except under pressure of armed rebellion was ridiculous. The Irishman, at the mercy of an absentee landlord and an unsympathetic agent, forced to contribute to support an alien Church, liable at any moment to have his rent raised or to be evicted, was not likely to be pacified by the knowledge that he had the opportunity of voting once in five or seven years for an O'Brien or an O'Connell."

The way, too, in which Catholic emancipation, sternly refused in 1819, had been won, had taught Irishmen the value of organization. From Mr. Barry O'Brien's *Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland*, Mr. Walpole borrows the unwelcome truth, which we in England are so apt to forget, and therefore to charge the Irish with ingratitude, that to every concession has been tacked on some mortifying condition which proved how grudgingly the boon was bestowed. The grant of Catholic emancipation was accompanied with the wholesale disfranchisement of the Roman Catholic cottiers. A Tithe Bill was passed in 1839; but not a shilling of the revenues was diverted to any non-

* The italics are ours.

Church purpose. In 1840 a measure of municipal reform was grudgingly granted; but England took the opportunity of taking away self-government from all but the very largest towns. Boons bestowed in this way win no gratitude; conduct like the social boycotting of O'Connell was not calculated to improve Irish feelings.

"It is difficult even now to read unmoved [says Mr. Walpole] the story of the treatment which O'Connell habitually received in England. . . . He was perhaps the greatest Irishman that Ireland had ever known. He represented Ireland as no one ever represented her before. He risked offending his Irish adherents by his zealous support of Melbourne and Russell. Yet this man was habitually slighted by the English Ministry and insulted by the English people, and 'the First Gentleman in Europe' chose in his own house to turn his back with studied indignity on his distinguished subject. The Emancipation Act was accompanied with the pitiable condition that the great victor should not receive the rewards of his victory."

And this "sentimental grievance" was unhappily accompanied by tangible grievances of the most shocking kind. Into the ghastly story of the Famine we abstain from entering: though we wonder that Mr. Walpole, while tracing the fever-dogged course of the emigrants—"they died in mid ocean; they died on reaching Canada; those who swarmed in England died like flies; they died in the Irish workhouses, the mortality in which, week for week, equalled that of the whole of London"—does not give his due meed of praise to Mr. Vere Foster, who, by thrice crossing the Atlantic and sharing the horrors to which his country men and women were subject, forced Government to appoint inspectors. But after the Famine came the rage for eviction, and the circumstances under which this was carried out showed that the Government of the United Kingdom was certainly more willing to maintain the rights of property than to insist on the performance of its duties. "A Galway landlord turned out his tenantry on a stormy winter's night. The parents implored shelter for the children and were refused. Many of them died. Peel doubted if a case of more grievous hardship had ever occurred; the House expressed the deepest abhorrence at the conduct of landlord; but nothing was done."

To pass from this sad subject to one which occupies a yet larger

space in Mr. Walpole's pages—the religious movement of the nineteenth century. Through the stormy seas of theology we cannot wholly accept Mr. Walpole as a pilot; yet there is matter for serious thought in much that he advances. He is right in asserting that Milton's God bears a closer resemblance to Homer's Jupiter than to the Jehovah of Job; but surely he is wrong in saying the same thing of Bunyan's God. And, when he claims praise to the Reformers for "having introduced doubt into the regions of faith," his language is open to grave misapprehension. No doubt English thinkers gradually, if tacitly, adopted Descartes's basis, and appealed to reason instead of to faith. Rationalism became enthroned in the Church; "the best divines preached not divinity but morals; religion almost ceased in the land, and virtue was recommended, not because it was right, but because it was expedient." That the inevitable reaction did not occur inside the Church was owing, thinks Mr. Walpole, to the Church's political security. "Her possessions were unassailed; the attack was directed not against her, but against Christianity in general. Hence it was left for an outsider to save the Church by saving Christianity." Of Wesley we are told:—

"His doctrine was exactly suited to the requirements of the age. The deists were explaining away the supernatural, Wesley assured his congregations that every one might receive internal evidence of the miraculous in his own sense of instantaneous conversion. His doctrine was evolved from Arts. x., xi., xii. of the Church; he could, therefore, claim the sanction of authority. But, though authority was in one sense on his side, the Church soon showed him that it had little sympathy with his teaching. It drove him from its pulpits, and forced him into the fields. Nothing could have been better for the success of the new movement."

Meanwhile, secure in its State alliance, the Church slumbered; butcher-boys carried their meat through York Minster as a short cut; boys played pitch-and-toss on gravestones; and it was not till the dread of the French Revolution emphasized their arguments, that Wilberforce and Simeon found hearers inside the Establishment for truths closely akin to those for teaching which Wesley had been driven outside its pale. At last, after geology had stirred thought, as astronomy

had stirred it two centuries earlier, came the attack on Church temporalities at the time of the second Reform Bill. Lord Grey in 1832 warned the Bishops "to set their house in order." In 1836 the Ecclesiastical Commission took in hand the £370,000 which represented the yearly income of the twenty-seven bishops and the cathedral establishments. The Church Courts, though not abolished till 1860, were rendered powerless in 1840; and the Braintree Case (from 1834 to 1849) made Church rates impossible. And this simultaneous attack of Liberal statesmen on the Church's internal affairs, and of advanced thinkers on what had been undoubtingly accepted as the doctrines of Christianity, stimulated the reaction known as the Oxford Movement. The Anglicans, as they called themselves, "enthroned faith above reason," by falling back on primitive authority. Between them and the party since known as "Broad Church," which aimed at strengthening the Church by a policy of comprehension, and sought to reconcile the teachings of science with Bible language, the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the Bishopric of Hereford was a trial of strength. Mr. Walpole finds many points of analogy between the Free Church controversy in Scotland and the Tractarian movement. The difference is that in Scotland the people were with the seceders, in England they were not:—

"Earnest and sincere as the Tractarians were, there never was a moment when the whole body would have departed from Goshen, and encamped in the wilderness. The issue raised by Hampden's appointment to Hereford was precisely similar to that raised by Edwards' appointment to Marnoch. The Chapter of Hereford behaved like the majority of the presbytery of Strathbogie. But, while the people of Marnoch left their church and worshipped in the fields, the people of Hereford still frequented the cathedral. . . . . The Scottish movement succeeded, while the Tractarian moment failed, because democracy is a stronger force than aristocracy. The similarity between the two proves [says Mr. Walpole] that the Oxford movement was also a reaction against the sixteenth and seventeenth century rationalism, for the Erastianism against which the Free Church was a protest was based on the old scepticism of Hutcheson and Hume."

What he says of the Tractarians—"They galvanized the religious world into vitality, the stimulus so given to religion being felt by bodies widely dissenting from them. High

Churchmen and Low, Nonconformists and Roman Catholics, have all made an effort, such as never was made before in England, to infuse religious activity into the nation"—is one instance more of his anxiety to be fair to those from whom he differs.

We must pass rapidly over the important period dealt with in vol. v. The Budget of 1853, which did away with an old injustice by extending the legacy duty to real property, gives an opportunity for comparing Gladstone and Disraeli, and for emphasizing the immense superiority of the former. "The fault of Mr. Gladstone was his too great faith in mankind. He speculated on a growing revenue—*i.e.*, he looked forward, like the rest, to a reign of peace." From this dream the Crimean War was a rude awakening. On that war Mr. Walpole throws no new light. He points out that the only result of it is the declaration of the plenipotentiaries that privateering is abolished; that the neutral flag covers all goods save contraband of war; and that blockades, to be binding, must be effective. For this we lost 28,000 men and spent thirty millions. And our expenditure has never again gone down to the peace level. For the thirty previous years it had not exceeded fifty-six millions; since then it has never fallen below sixty-four millions; and all this to "set back the clock" a few years, the result being that, "could Nicholas see Russia advanced to the Pruth, Cyprus held by the British, Europe adopting his policy of autonomous principalities, British armies in the Soudan, British statesmen advocating a permanent stay in Egypt, he would think that time had vindicated his character and aims."

"The history of British India is still unwritten," and the reader will find his account in our author's having thought well to treat it at such unusual length. On the beginnings of our rule—how from traders we were forced to become conquerors; on the land settlement and its subsequent modifications; on little wars like those with the Mahrattas and with Burmah; as well as on the characters of successive governors, Mr. Walpole is full and precise. He perhaps fails to give sufficient importance to the first Mahratta war; he hesitates to award to Lord W. Bentinck the full meed of praise to

which many think the abolisher of Suttee and the destroyer of the Thugs is entitled. He points out that the intended appointment in 1834 of Lord Heytesbury as Governor-General would probably have saved us the first Afghan War. Heytesbury believed in the "noble and chivalrous nature of the Russian Sovereign;" Lord Auckland thought it necessary to respond to the Russian advance on Khiva by intervention in Afghanistan. The disastrous retreat from Cabul contrasted with the defence of Jellalabad shows how much depends on the individual commander; the same thing is shown by the unhappy circumstances under which we drifted into the second Burmese war. Most people nowadays feel about that war as Cobden did when he wrote *How Wars are got up in India;* nor will they question Mr. Walpole's verdict that in dealing with Oudh we displayed gross and selfish ingratitude. The maladministration was a pretext. "Its misgovernment might have been tolerated for another century if its independence had not interfered with the consolidation of the British Empire. Unhappily for our consistency, we were backing up a far worse tyranny in Turkey in the very year (1856) when we were crushing out the political existence of Oudh." The little Persian war of the same year was equally discreditable to us as a Christian nation, and it was followed by the Mutiny, which our treatment of Oudh made national. Mr. Walpole is quite right in bringing clearly out the way in which panic (as Lord Canning said) drove men to do and write such disgraceful things. Officers, told off for courts-martial, swore that they would hang their prisoners, guilty or innocent. Condemned prisoners were tortured by ignorant privates, educated officers looking on and approving; and the Cawnpore murderers were made to lick up blood with the express purpose of ruining them eternally. On Lord Canning—"Clemency Canning"—our author's verdict is brief but emphatic:—"A Clive or a Wellesley, or even a Hastings or a Hardinge, would possibly have stamped out rebellion more rapidly, or confined a revolt within narrower limits. But neither Clive nor Wellesley, neither Hastings nor Hardinge, would have furnished subject India with so grand an example of the nobler features of the British character."

In criticising a historian, however, it is not enough to trace his work throughout, and to give special attention to particular parts of it; we must also consider how far he appreciates as a whole the task which he has set before himself. The historian of the first half of the nineteenth century must be much more than a chronicler of facts; he must be able to deal with results perhaps the most stupendous that the world has ever witnessed. And Mr. Walpole does this in a way which commends him to all fair-minded readers. For one thing, he rightly estimates the vast importance of our Colonial Empire. He devotes more than sixty pages to the colonies, prefacing his sketch with the Macaulayish remark—with which, however, we certainly cannot wholly agree, believing, as we do, that the English rule in India has done much for the progress of the human family :—

"Centuries hence, some philosophical historian, generalizing on the rise and possibly on the decay of England, will probably dwell with different emphasis on those two facts—the position of the British in India during the nineteenth century, and the history of the new Britains which have been springing into existence. He will relate the former as a romantic episode, which has had no appreciable effect on the progress of the human family; he will describe the latter as the true monument of British greatness."

At the beginning of this century, our colonies, almost all wrested from other Powers, contained no large number of the English people. There were, indeed, the United States—still a colony, or (as Mr. Walpole would prefer to call it) an *ἀποικία*, though it has become an Empire—where, in the words of Adam Smith, the English race had found "plenty of good land, and liberty to manage their own affairs in their own way, and were soon proving at how small an expense three millions of people may not only be governed, but be well governed;" and, great as is England's history, the greatest fact in that history is that she is the mother of those States. What kept the colonies down, thinks Mr. Walpole, was the "mercantile system," that elaborate arrangement for protecting the British merchant at the expense of the colonial consumer, and the colonial planter at the expense of the British public. The plan was, by dint of repressive legisla-

tion, made to answer its end; but at what a cost? "Even the Irish and Scotch were for a long time treated like Russians or French as far as the colonial trade was concerned." Mr. Walpole, a thorough Free Trader, delights to trace the fall of this system from the first blow dealt at it by Wallace in 1822, till it was slain outright by Lord John Russell in 1850. And with the "mercantile system" he rightly connects the "slave trade." The most decisive success in securing exclusive trade to English merchants was the Assiento treaty; and this treaty, made in 1713, was approved by statesmen and philanthropists. More than sixty years later, Lord Dartmouth, a leader of the English religious world, declared, as Colonial Secretary, "We cannot suffer the colonies to check or in any degree discourage a traffic so beneficial to the nation."

This was three years after Granville Sharpe had obtained his famous decision that slavery could not exist in England. But things did not wait till Adam Smith's doctrines had filtered down to the masses. "The abolition of the slave trade was the triumph of the uneducated, rather than the achievement of the educated classes." Faith stimulated Wilberforce's eloquence and won for him a support which he never could have gained among the careless and sceptical. "The trumpet which Wesley had sounded was echoed through the length and breadth of the land. The disciples of the new faith were influenced by a truer and purer humanity than had previously existed in the world; and the trade in slaves, which had appeared desirable to Church and Tory, fell a victim to the religious reaction which Wesley promoted." Slavery was, of course, much more difficult to destroy than the slave trade. The planters, who clung to the former, were easily persuaded that the latter was against their interests. But slavery was done away with in the face of long-continued West Indian opposition. And the convict system gave way before Colonial public feeling as slavery had given way before Christianity. The tide of colonization, setting in when peace prices had thrown corn-land into pasture and the introduction of threshing mills had lessened the demand for farm labour, set first towards Canada, where, as early as 1803, the fifth Lord Selkirk had founded Highland colonies (in Prince Edward's Island

and Manitoba). Government turned it towards the Cape; and Algoa Bay was an exceptionally successful official experiment. What has vastly increased the outflow to the United States is, no doubt, the growth of Irish emigration. "The Irish, carrying with them their detestation of English rule, preferred to seek shelter in the Republic." Mr. Walpole might have added the enticing cheapness of the passage as compared with the cost of a voyage to the Antipodes. The horrors of the long voyage, too, no doubt hindered families from going to Australia before Government inspection had somewhat bettered the conditions under which it was made. This would tell with peculiar force on Irish emigrants. Australia has grown from a convict settlement, which in 1810 was supported almost wholly on imported food, and at a cost to England of £70,000 a-year, because, happily, Governor Phillip's dictum that "fifty farmers would do more in one year than a thousand convicts" was acted on. We forget how much is due to the men who in those days encouraged free settlers, who checked intemperance (see Rusden, *Australia*, i. 162, 231, &c., for the awful proportions to which it attained in New South Wales), and who, like MacArthur, started sheep-farming. Nor are many of us aware that Napoleon, during the peace of Amiens, made a strong effort to claim part of Australia for France. Flinders, while mapping out the coasts, was captured and carried off to a French prison, but the breaking out of the war drew off the French ships and left our colonists undisturbed. France was equally unsuccessful in 1826, when she tried to gain a footing in Western Australia. Her doing so was the signal for us to occupy the West Coast, and for Lord Liverpool to strongly assert our claims over the whole continent-island. Mr. Walpole apologizes for not giving more space, "in a work in which Parliamentary tongue-talk has been kept in the back-ground," to the development of Australia. Jupiter is far bigger than Mars; but the historian of the solar system would probably have much more to say about the latter than about the former; "for Jupiter is still an aqueous body surrounded with clouds, and probably still inhabitable solely by those creeping things whose fossil relics in the earth impress the imagination through

their size alone. . . . . So Australia is still in a state of preparation, imperfectly dominated by man." He finds room, however, for a sketch of Gibbon Wakefield's theory and practice; for a word about the natives and the sad doom which he deems inevitable for races brought suddenly face to face with an immeasurably higher civilization; for the beginnings of self-government, from Lord Stanley's Act of 1842; and for the impetus given by the gold discoveries. For Australasian natives, we think, he has scant consideration. He hints, indeed, at the atrocious circumstances under which the Tasmanians disappeared; but when he comes to the Maoris, "able, man for man, to contend with the Englishman in war and to rival him in peace," he says that, "though moralists may lament their extinction, ordinary people will conclude it to be neither wise nor useful to regret that a country, enjoying great capacity and a fine climate, should have passed into fitter hands." We trust that a good many who, like ourselves, have no claim to be "extraordinary people," are deeply grieved at the attacks made on the Maoris, with the view of seizing that reserve (the "King Country") which a colonist told Mr. Froude "is the only resource between us and bankruptcy." Common honesty (not to speak of Christian feeling) ought to be strong enough to keep the New Zealand Government from committing such a shameless wrong. And we earnestly deprecate the attempt that is being made to justify this breach of faith by asserting that, as to the Maoris, Christianity is a failure. Mr. Walpole fails to show his usual prudence when he brings forward Sir C. Dilke (*Greater Britain*, p. 268) to prove that the conversion was merely superficial. It was the land-greed of so-called Christians, and not the failure of mission work, which caused the Hau-hau reaction.

Passing on from his brief sketch of Colonial history, Mr. Walpole concludes by calling attention to that fact of which the significance is so seldom realized—the growth of the English-speaking races. At the end of the great war they numbered less than thirty millions; in 1861 they had grown to seventy millions. In fact they are doubling their numbers every thirty-three years. At home the progress has been unequal; England and Wales increased from 1815 to 1861 at

the rate of 90 per cent.; Scotland at the rate of 50; Ireland, which, up to 1821, had been growing thrice as fast as England, showed a large decrease in the census of 1861.

It is wrong to charge the excessive growth of the Irish population on the habits of the people encouraged by what had become their staple food. The main factor in the process was the recklessness of the landlords. Living in a way which, to the calm student of those times, almost convicts them of insanity, they were eager to screw the utmost possible rent out of their estates; and rent from a hundred wretched holdings would average at least ten times what the same land would bring from an ordinary farmer. Moreover, the Irish gentry went into election contests with the eagerness of Celtic chiefs. So long as the forty shilling freeholders could vote, their multiplication was encouraged. By the fiction of a long lease, the occupant of half an acre of bog was turned into what the law recognized as a freeholder; and, so long as only Protestants could sit in Parliament, herds of these poor creatures were bred for election purposes as sedulously as any Kentucky planter bred slaves for the Carolinas. The disfranchisement of the freeholders in 1829 made the cottier politically useless; Catholic emancipation converted him into a political adversary. Just at that time, too, the growth of the English manufacturing population immensely increased the demand for Irish meat, and the application of machinery to English agriculture restricted the market for that Irish field labour out of which the cottier-rents had been hitherto mainly paid. Cottiers became, therefore, every way unprofitable; and even before the Famine efforts had been made to clear off those whom their quondam fosterers now found to be only an encumbrance.

This change of action on the part of landlords, and not the Famine alone, caused that decrease which is so marked in the face of the marvellous growth of population in the larger island. Unhappily, the removal of the inhabitants took place chiefly on the richer lands, which, being supposed suitable for cattle, were handed over to graziers; and thus the poorer lands often became the most congested. At the same time the Encumbered Estates' Act ruined the old landlords, substi-

tuting for them men whose avowed aim was to treat the land as a commercial speculation, and it gave no protection whatever to the tenants. Wherever the soil seemed suitable for grazing, it was cleared, the result being that in many cases the graziers have sunk under the depression; and the land, deprived of that periodical tillage which alone could keep it in heart, has "gone back." But if, despite the loss in Ireland, the population of the United Kingdom increased so vastly, the increase in wealth was still more astonishing. From 1851 to 1861 the income of the upper and middle classes in Great Britain increased (Mr. Walpole calculates) at least 150 per cent.; and accompanying this, but at a far slower rate, has been the increase in wages. From 1815 to 1842 the condition of our working classes was bad in the extreme. Unskilled labour brought less and less; the wages of skilled labour did not increase. As a consequence, in 1842 one in every eleven people was a pauper; one in every 500 was committed for trial. The great and sudden improvement after 1842 Mr. Walpole traces to the very cause which had dislocated the labour market. Steam, applied to almost every industry, had ruined the labourer; steam, applied to locomotion, more than restored him to prosperity. In 1861 thirty millions were spent on railways (sixteen in building, fourteen in working them). And prosperity has, happily, been followed by moral progress. Of this the chief causes have been the humanizing of our criminal laws, the new Poor Law, education, the growth of temperance, and sanitary reform. On the education topic (including baths and wash-houses, mechanics' institutes, people's parks, &c.) Mr. Walpole's summing-up may be recommended to those who still look fondly back on the ideal squire in the "good old days":—

"The poor could not avoid the reflection that the rich who were associated with the State were at last awakening to a sense of their duties to their humbler neighbours. . . . . The individual Englishman may not have done his duty to the poor so well as the feudal squire to the cottagers around him; but the upper and middle classes collectively were doing their duty much better. For the first time in the world's history they were labouring as classes to promote the moral improvement of the lower strata of society."

On the history of drunkenness Mr. Walpole has a few interesting pages. He points out how legislation seemed to put in Ireland and Scotland a premium on spirit-drinking. Not till 1858 was the duty on Irish spirits equalized with that on English, of which at one time it was considerably less than a third. As to sanitation, it may be remarked that we needed the spur of a fresh outbreak of cholera in 1850 to stop the practice of intramural interments, the Towns Improvement Act having been passed only three years earlier. Mr. Walpole finds a great help to progress in the re-discovery of petroleum, spoken of by Nehemiah as naphthar, and used by him to rekindle the fire on the Altar. Cheap light has been a wonderful help to self-education; only the self-denying few would struggle up to culture by the flicker of a rushlight. But, besides humanizing inventions and special legislative Acts, the whole course of legislation, for the last half century at least, has tended to promote kindly feelings between classes and to destroy privilege. Up to 1820 laws were mostly made for the protection of the few against the many; since 1820 the reverse process has been going on. "The people are being more and more protected against property, instead of property against the people." The repeal of the Corn Laws, which abolished the privilege of the landed classes to supply the people with food, was an immense step in this direction; and the way in which this was brought about—by "agitation"—justifies Mr. Walpole's remark, that "the reforms of this century are due to the augmented pressure of external opinion on the Legislature, and on this opinion having, since the Reform Act, found an ally in the Commons, instead of being opposed by both Houses." On the question—"How far is this to go? What is to be done with this Socialistic cry that is now echoed so loudly, though perchance it is only the utterance of a few?"—Mr. Walpole is absolutely silent. He would probably scout the idea of claiming that this cry to any extent represents the opinion of the nation. We believe he is right; and we think he is justified in closing these most interesting volumes with an optimist view of the position. We have much to do, but we have already done much. When tempted to something like despair by the vast mass of misery which we can neither

understand nor relieve, when broken down by the thought that thousands of our fellows are every year born in shame and reared in vice, we may be consoled by the thought that things are infinitely better than they were. "Moral welfare," Mr. Walpole hopes, "is, like material prosperity, subject to the laws of evolution"—*i.e.*, in Christian phrase, God is working out in the world His good purposes towards him who was made to be "a kind of first fruits of His creatures." And it is surely not irreverent to say that, by God's own ordering, His purposes concerning man have been largely advanced by the way in which England has worked during this wonderful nineteenth century. As we look calmly at it, the moral advance is even more striking than the material. There have been many mistakes; there has been a disposition here and there to eliminate religion out of politics; but, on the whole, we have carried on God's work in the world more uprightly than it has ever been carried by any nation that was ever placed in a like position of prominence. We have not brought war to an end; the glass of which the old "Palace of Peace" was built was not more brittle than the hopes of Universal Brotherhood which that Universal Exhibition awakened. But we have made the civilized world ashamed of war. We have not only taught property that it has its duties as well as its rights, but we have taught nations that their duties cannot be ignored, and that to stand exclusively on their rights is not only un-Christian but inhuman.

Art. VI.—THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.

The Greville Memoirs (Third Part). A Journal of the Reign of Queen Victoria from 1852 *to* 1860. By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council. Two Vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1887.

THIS third instalment of Mr. Greville's Memoirs is very welcome, but we have to regret that it is the final one, and that in closing it we shall part from an old friend—a conscientious chronicler and genial gossiper, in the true line

of succession from Pepys, but more solid in his tastes and more serious in expression. The First Part was written in the heyday of his youth, and is crowded with anecdote and narrative, while the brightness of early life glows on its pages. The Second Part was jotted down in the middle and most active portion of his career, when his interest was greatest in the party struggles of the day. This Third and last Part, if less vivid in style and piquant in matter, is at least equal in importance to either of the former Parts, since it deals with such notable events as the establishment of the Second French Empire, the Crimean war, the Indian mutiny, and the Italian campaign; and presents withal such finished portraits of some of his contemporaries, on occasion of their dropping out of the living circle, as to enhance still further our regret that we must now lose the instruction and entertainment to be derived from the observations of a man of such nice touch, keen discernment, and generally accurate judgment—one, too, who had such exceptional opportunities for tracing the secret springs of action. As a whole, the Memoirs afford an invaluable addition to our stores of information on the history of our own country through one-half of the Victorian era.

It is true, Greville's abundant opportunities of familiar conversation with statesmen and politicians, and of listening to their candid comments upon each other, and becoming familiar with their petty jealousies and intrigues, had a tendency to produce no very exalted ideas of those who steered the vessel of the State in the troublous years included in these last volumes. But the reader will easily learn to apply the necessary grain of salt to any disputable estimate of character, remembering that unless Greville had been more than man his impressions and judgments could not but be coloured by the atmosphere in which he had so long lived, and by the prejudices which grow up with and cling round every mortal, and that often the sharpest-eyed observer, shrouded in the thick smoke of contest, knows least of the progress and merits of the battle. It is impossible for us, in our strictly limited space, to do more than indicate by a few extracts the wealth of readable matter comprised in this Third Part. To begin with the Queen: here are a few lines about her home life in 1853:—

"Lady Lyttelton, whom I met at Althorp, told me a great deal about the Queen and her children; nothing particularly interesting. She said the Queen was very fond of them, but severe in her manner, and a strict disciplinarian in her family. She described the Prince of Wales to be extremely shy and timid, with very good principles, and particularly an exact observer of truth; the Princess Royal is remarkably intelligent. I wrote this because it will hereafter be curious to see how the boy grows up, and what sort of performance follows this promise, though I shall not live to see it. She spoke in very high terms of the Queen herself, of the Prince, and of the simplicity and happiness of her private and domestic life."

Five years later we find this mention of a letter from the Queen to her son, and of the effect produced by it:—

"I hear the Queen has written a letter to the Prince of Wales announcing to him his emancipation from parental authority and control, and that it is one of the most admirable letters that ever were penned. She tells him that he may have thought the rule they adopted for his education a severe one, but that his welfare was their only object; and well knowing to what seductions of flattery he would eventually be exposed, they wished to prepare and strengthen his mind against them; that he was now to consider himself his own master, and that they should never intrude any advice upon him, although always ready to give it him whenever he thought fit to seek it. It was a very long letter, all in that tone, and it seems to have made a profound impression on the Prince, and to have touched his feelings to the quick. He brought it to Gerald Wellesley in floods of tears, and the effect it produced is a proof of the wisdom which dictated its composition."

Of Her Majesty's delight with the Emperor of the French, on her visit to Paris during the Crimean war, we have this account:—

"I saw Clarendon one day last week for a short time, but had no opportunity of hearing the details of his sojourn at Paris. He said the Queen was delighted with everything, and especially with the Emperor himself, who, with perfect knowledge of women, had taken the surest way to ingratiate himself with her. This it seems he began when he was in England, and followed it up at Paris. After his visit the Queen talked it all over with Clarendon, and said, 'It is very odd; but the Emperor knows everything I have done and where I have been ever since I was twelve years old; he even recollects how I was dressed, and a thousand little details it is extraordinary he should be acquainted with.' She has never before been on such a social footing with anybody, and he has approached her with the familiarity of their equal position, and with all the experience and knowledge of womankind he has acquired during his long life passed in the world and in mixing with every sort of society. She seemed

to have played her part throughout with great propriety and success. Old Jérome did not choose to make his appearance till just at the last moment, because he insisted on being treated as a king, and having the title of *Majesté* given him—a pretension Clarendon would not hear of her yielding to."

Her children's enjoyment of the same visit to Paris was intense:—

"I asked Clarendon what he thought of the Emperor himself, and he said that he liked him and he was very pleasing, but he was struck with his being so indolent and so excessively ignorant. The Prince of Wales was put by the Queen under Clarendon's charge, who was desired to tell him what to do in public, when to bow to the people, and whom to speak to. He said that the Princess Royal was charming, with excellent manners, and full of intelligence. Both the children were delighted with their *séjour*, and very sorry to come away. When the visit was drawing to a close, the Prince said to the Empress that he and his sister were both very reluctant to leave Paris, and asked her if she could not get leave for them to stay there a little longer. The Empress said she was afraid this would not be possible, as the Queen and the Prince would not be able to do without them; to which the boy replied, 'Not do without us! don't fancy that, for there are six more of us at home, and they don't want us.'"

Still more striking is the impression made, a few weeks previously, by the Emperor's charm of manner and consummate tact on Greville himself, who can scarcely be reckoned among the host of his admirers during the height of his success:—

"*June 26th* (1855).—Yesterday morning arrived an invitation to dine at the Tuileries the same evening. . . . . In a few minutes His Majesty made his appearance; he immediately came up to me, bowed very civilly, and asked me the usual questions of when I came to Paris, &c. In a minute dinner was announced and we went in. As we walked in he said to me, 'L'Impératrice sera bien fâchée de ne vous avoir pas vu.' At dinner, which did not last above twenty-five minutes, he talked (a sort of dropping conversation) on different subjects, and I found him so easy to get on with that I ventured to start topics myself. After dinner we returned to the room we had left, and, after coffee, seeing me staring about at the portraits, he said all his family were there, and he told me who they all were and the history of those portraits, which, he said, had made the tour of the world.

"After this he asked me to sit down, which I did at a round table by his side, and M. Visconti on the other side of me, and then we had a conversation which lasted at least an hour and a half on every imaginable subject. It was impossible not to be struck with his simplicity, his being so natural and totally without any air or assumption of greatness, though

not undignified, but perfectly *comme il faut*, with excellent manners, and easy, pleasant, fluent conversation. I was struck with his air of truth and frankness, and though of course I could not expect in my position, and at this first interview with him, that he should be particularly expansive, yet he gave me the idea of being not only not reserved, but as if, when intimate, he would have a great deal of *abandon*. It was difficult to bring away all the subjects he discussed, and I do not know that he said anything wonderfully striking, but he made a very favourable impression on me, and made me wish to know more of him, which I am never likely to do.

"He talked of the war and its conduct, of the faults committed, and of the characters and talents of the generals engaged, comparing them, much to their disadvantage, with the generals of the Empire. I asked him which were the best, and he said all the African generals were much of the same calibre: Changarnier, Lamoricière, St. Arnaud, Canrobert, Pélissier—very little difference between them. The war they waged in Africa was of a peculiar character, and did not render them more capable of conducting great strategical operations in Europe. . . . . His simplicity and absence of all *faste* were remarkable. . . . . After this long palaver he took leave of me, shaking hands with much apparent cordiality."

The details about Louis Napoleon's marriage here given are interesting, but have, for the most part, been anticipated by Lord Malmesbury, in his valuable "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister." Mr. Greville's observations on differing accounts of the same transaction are, nevertheless, well worth quoting :—

"The two accounts I have given of this transaction seem to me to afford a good illustration of the uncertainty of the best authenticated historical statements. Nothing could appear more to be relied on than the accuracy of Cowley's first account to me, and if I had not seen him again, or if he had not imparted to me his conversation with the Queen, that account would have stood uncorrected, and an inaccurate version of the story would have been preserved, and might hereafter have been made public, and, unless corrected by some other contemporaneous narrative, would probably have been taken as true. The matter in itself is not very important, but such errors unquestionably are liable to occur in matters of greater moment, and actually do occur, fully justifying the apocryphal character which has been ascribed to almost every historical work."

Apropos of marriages, the following paragraph, under date February 1, 1854, is of interest, on account of the position of the high and weighty personages concerned, and for another reason :—

"This evening —— told me a secret that surprised me much. I asked him casually if he knew for what purpose Prince Napoleon was gone to Brussels, when he told me he was gone to try and get King Leopold to use his influence here to bring about his marriage with the Princess Mary, the Duke of Cambridge's sister; that for a long time past Palmerston had been strongly urging this match with the Queen, and had written heaps of letters to press it, having been in constant communication about it with Walewski and the Emperor himself. They had made such a point of it that the Queen had thought herself obliged to consult the Princess Mary herself about it, who would not listen to it. The negotiator did not make the proposal more palatable, and he did not recommend himself the more, by suggesting that such a match was very preferable to any little German prince. It is incredible that he should have mixed himself in an affair that he could hardly fail to know must be very disagreeable to the Queen, besides that the Princess is not likely to sacrifice her country and her position for such a speculation, so hazardous and uncertain at best, and involving immediate obligations and necessities at which her pride could not fail to revolt."

At times *bonus dormitat Homerus*, and even Rhadamanthus must have his "forty winks." A high literary authority, which weekly "affects the god" and deals its judgments round the land, gravely informed its readers, a few weeks ago, that "it will be news to most persons that in 1854 there was talk of marrying the Princess Mary of Cambridge to the late Emperor of the French, with Palmerston for chief advocate of the project." A marvellous misconception of the purport of Greville's pretty plain paragraph, which has no reference whatever to *the Emperor's* marriage—an event which had actually taken place rather more than a year before the date of this entry.

The Crimean war, in its origin, conduct, and conclusion, with the party politics bearing upon it, occupies of course considerable space in these volumes. But we do not know that much fresh light is thrown upon the mysteries of that great contest. It is certain that the Emperor Nicholas, up to a very late period, had reckoned on the support of England in his demands on the Porte, and, as has since transpired, had good grounds for such an expectation in the fact that on his visit to this country, twenty years before, he had entered into a Memorandum with Sir Robert Peel, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Aberdeen, entitling him to the support of England

in his lawful protection of the Greek religion and holy shrines, without consulting France. In 1853, Aberdeen being Prime Minister, the Emperor thought all would go smoothly, in accordance with this old and secret agreement; but, on finding himself opposed and thwarted in his insolent requirements, he became, as Greville, quoting from Lord Clarendon, puts it, "bent upon the destruction of Turkey, and prepared to run every risk, and encounter any enemy in the pursuit of that object." The Aberdeen Ministry has often been accused of "drifting into" this war; but it was really the democracy—the whole body of the people—that demanded it, moved by a deep feeling that Russia under Nicholas constituted a danger to the freedom of all Europe. And we shall not undertake to affirm that the popular instinct was wrong on this occasion. Greville, to whom the war was distasteful from the first, saw that it was entered upon with an amazing amount of enthusiasm. When Parliament met, a few weeks before war was declared by England, we are told:—

"The Queen and Prince Albert were very well received, as well as usual, if not better; but all the *enthusiasm* was bestowed on the Turkish Minister, the mob showing their sympathy in his cause by vociferous cheering the whole way."

And again, soon after the declaration:—

"The people are wild about this war, and besides the general confidence that we are to obtain very signal success in our naval and military operations, there is a violent desire to force the Emperor to make a very humiliating peace, and a strong conviction that he will very soon be compelled to do so."

But the popular anticipations, though partially fulfilled by the battle of the Alma, were doomed to much lingering disappointment. Yet, many as were the blunders of the war—undertaken by a nation which had enjoyed nearly forty years of peace, and had consequently fallen behind in strategic skill, and even in business-like commissariat management, as compared with the days of Wellington—it served in great measure the purpose for which England took part in it. The subtle and also daring aggression of Russia was stayed for a generation, and never since has she been regarded as the one invincible Power to which every other must succumb. On the other

hand, we cannot leave out of sight the fact, that the true origin of this war, so injurious to all the combatants, and so costly to England in precious lives and millions of treasure, lay chiefly at the door of France, the ever restless, intriguing, and aggressive "protectress" of the Latin holy places.

Mr. Greville's by no means unreasonable dislike to the war probably led him unwittingly to paint its mistakes and disasters in the darkest colours, and rather to depreciate Lord Raglan, who in the decline of life had to face a difficult task, fitted only for a man in his prime and gifted with Wellingtonian activity and iron will. It was "Hobson's choice;" the Government was obliged to appoint a brave old soldier, who had smelt powder in his youth, or dip at random amongst men who knew more of the dress and drill of the barrack-yard than of the manœuvres of a battle-field, or the plan of a campaign. Our allies, the French, were of doubtful benefit to us in the earlier part of the war; their generals were men of straw, and their commissariat was even worse than our own.

"Burghersh," writes our author, "tells two characteristic anecdotes of Raglan. He was extremely put out at the acclamations of the soldiers when he appeared amongst them after the battle [of the Alma], and said to his staff as he rode along the line, in a melancholy tone, 'I was sure this would happen.' He is a very modest man, and it is not in his nature, any more than it was in that of the Duke of Wellington, to make himself popular with the soldiers in the way Napoleon used to do, and who was consequently adored by them. The other story is that there were two French officers attached to headquarters, very good fellows, and that the staff were constantly embarrassed by the inveterate habit Raglan had of calling the enemy 'the French.' He could not forget his old Peninsular habits."

With his usual candour, Greville does justice to Lord Raglan's character after his death:—

"Everything that Lyons said, and it may be added, all one hears in every way, tends to the honour and the credit of Raglan, and I am glad to record this, because I have always had an impression that much of the difficulty and distress of the army in 1854 was owing to his want of energy and management. He was not a Wellington certainly, and probably he might have done more and better than he did; but he was unquestionably, on the whole, the first man in the army, and if he had not been continually thwarted by the French, he would have done more. While many here were crying out for placing our army under the command of French generals

and recalling Raglan (and I must confess I had myself a considerable leaning that way), he was struggling against the shortcomings or the inactivity of Canrobert and Pélissier."

Of the statesmen of that critical time Mr. Greville's favourite is evidently Lord Clarendon, who was his intimate friend, and kept him well abreast of every twist and turn in the wheel of politics. And, indeed, the Earl's career was an illustrious one: he stands out among the rival ambitions of the day as a man who, to the best of his judgment, sought the good of his country rather than his own personal advancement or glory. To Lord John Russell Greville seems usually to have entertained a great dislike—that is, as a public man; for whenever they met and had a little converse, they evidently felt for a time revived esteem for each other. Probably, had our journal-writer survived Lord John he would have given us a calm judicial estimate of his character and career, and done justice to the sound principles and broadly liberal views which underlay the coating of petty meddling and self-seeking factiousness which seemed to encrust him, and too often caused near observers to forget his better qualities and his great services to his country. Between him and Palmerston there was, no doubt, during part of their career, considerable jealousy, and also an appearance of total incompatibility. "A wonderful Nemesis!" writes Lord Shaftesbury in February, 1852; "John kicks out Palmerston, and Palmerston, after a short interval, kicks out him." But we must not forget that in after years they worked well together, and that with Earl Russell in the Upper House and Palmerston as Premier in the Lower, the government of the country was carried on without friction and with enviable success.

Lord John was one of those happy men whose best qualities come out all the stronger for a heavy rebuff, or what seems a mortal overthrow. No sooner had he touched mother earth in his fall than he rose to his former, or to a higher, grade in public esteem and often in official position. Of this a remarkable instance is found in the City election of 1857, when Palmerston, the popular Premier, had been defeated on the China question after an "exceedingly bitter" speech from Lord John, and Parliament had been dissolved. The latter statesman,

knowing that he had incurred the disfavour of his constituency by his attack on Palmerston's policy, withdrew at first from his candidature for the City. But, his courage rising, as usual, under adverse circumstances, he resumed his canvass, and by sheer pluck gained back his old friends, and as, day by day, he went boldly into the heart of the City with his wife and child, he was received with more and more enthusiasm. Finally, on his nomination at Guildhall, he made a really eloquent speech, which came as simply wonderful to the ears of those who had in former years listened to his hesitating oratory, with its complicated unfinished sentences, that usually owed so much to the kind offices of the accomplished reporters of the daily papers. The result was a brilliant success at the poll.

Of Palmerston himself Greville has much to say. He was not particularly fond of him, but he could not but admit, though he wondered at, his popularity; and from time to time, with the amusing fatality of the political prophet, he pronounces it and his career to be about to end. Looking back dispassionately at the phenomenon which puzzled the astute Clerk of the Council, it is not hard to account for it. Palmerston had many fine qualities which rightfully endeared him to the nation at large. Brought up at the feet of Canning, he retained throughout life a broad sympathy with the struggles of other peoples for some measure of constitutional government. To him especially Italy owes much of its freedom; and Europe in general derived valuable support in its struggles upward into the light of liberty from the knowledge that all the oppressed had a friend and advocate in one great, bluff, cheery English statesman. In his later years he became rather the father of his country than the mere head of a party. Under his last prosperous premiership political strife was hushed, and the land, free from its bitterness, enjoyed refreshing quiet and prosperity. *Punch*, it may be noted, who spares neither king nor cobbler, dealt very gently with its favourite "Pam," and, though representing him in many a character and costume, never attempted to make him ridiculous or contemptible. With a sprig between his lips, and his features idealized into a typical John Bull, good-humoured and sagacious, he figured for many years as the hero of its pages. And this pictorial rendering was a true

picture of his real position in the esteem of the people. Hero worship is at once the virtue and the failing of our own day. For old men of mark, if, when they get beyond their threescore years and ten, they are still strong and resolute, there is much admiration and even idolatry. Often we endow them with qualities they never possessed, and then fall down and worship them. This extreme personal partisanship is both childish and mischievous. But in Palmerston's case no great harm was done. On the contrary, the rising wave of popularity carried him up to a higher standard of political principle and conduct, and the esteem of his fellow-countrymen reacted on his impressionable nature so admirably as to make him in reality what their kindly anticipatory optimism had already pronounced him to be. Greville depreciates his oratory as "bow-wow." So let it be, but there was in it a plain, hearty, genial bluntness which left the hearer in no doubt as to its purport, and was more satisfactory to the ordinary common-sense Briton than torrents of superfine talk from which no settled meaning can be elicited.

Of Mr. Disraeli the Journal makes frequent mention, generally tinged with extreme bitterness. All the more pleasant is it to meet with such an entry as the following, in November, 1855:

"I have occasion to see Disraeli very often about ——'s affairs, about which he has been wonderfully kind and serviceable, and on these occasions he always enters on some political talk, and in this way we have got into a sort of intimacy such as I never thought could have taken place between us."

Mr. Gladstone also appears at intervals in these pages. We give a few extracts relating to him, which will interest our readers:—

"*April 21st*, 1853.—These little battles were, however, of little moment compared with the great event of Gladstone's Budget, which came off on Monday night. He had kept his secret so well that nobody had the least idea what it was to be, only it oozed out that the Income-Tax was not to be differentiated. He spoke for five hours, and by universal consent it was one of the grandest displays and the most able financial statement ever heard in the House of Commons: a great scheme, boldly, skilfully, and honestly devised, disdaining popular clamour and pressure from without, and the execution of it absolute perfection. Even those who do not

admire the Budget, or who are injured by it, admit the merit of the performance. It has raised Gladstone to a great political elevation, and, what is of far greater consequence than the measure itself, has given the country assurance of a *man* equal to great political necessities, and fit to lead parties and direct governments."

"*April 22nd.*—I met Gladstone last night, and had the pleasure of congratulating him and his wife, which I did with great sincerity, for his success is a public benefit. They have been overwhelmed with compliments and congratulations. Prince Albert and the Queen both wrote to him, and John Russell, who is spitefully reported to have been jealous, has, on the contrary, shown the warmest interest and satisfaction in his success. The only one of his colleagues who may have been mortified is Charles Wood, who must have compared Gladstone's triumph with his own failures. From all one can see at present, it promises certain success, though many parts of the Budget are cavilled at. It will be difficult, if not impossible, to find any common ground on which Radicals or Irish can join the Derbyites to overthrow it, and the sanguine expectations which the latter have been entertaining for some time, of putting the Government into some inextricable fix, have given way to perplexity and despondency; and they evidently do not know what to do, nor how to give effect to their rancour and spite."

Nearly twelve months afterwards, however, Greville notes as among the "misfortunes" of the Government, "the discredit into which Gladstone has fallen as a financier," on which he expatiates. A few weeks later we find the following entry:—

"*May 7th.*—It is scarcely a year ago that I was writing enthusiastic panegyrics on Gladstone, and describing him as the great ornament and support of the Government, and as the future Prime Minister. This was after the prodigious success of his first Budget and his able speeches, but a few months seem to have overturned all his power and authority. I hear nothing but complaints of his rashness and passion for experiments; and on all sides, from men, for example, like Tom Baring and Robarts, one a Tory, the other a Whig, that the City and the moneyed men have lost all confidence in him. To-morrow night he is to make his financial statement, and intense curiosity prevails to see how he will provide the ways and means for carrying on the war. Everybody expects that he will make an able speech; but brilliant speeches do not produce very great effect, and more anxiety is felt for the measures he will propose than for the dexterity and ingenuity he may display in proposing them."

Such was the feeling before the Budget was brought in. But again the great expositor and orator triumphed.

"*May 10th.*—Gladstone made a great speech on Monday night. He spoke for nearly four hours, occupying the first half of the time

in an elaborate and not unsuccessful defence of his former measures. His speech, which was certainly very able, was well received, and the Budget pronounced an honourable and creditable one. If he had chosen to sacrifice his conscientious convictions to popularity, he might have gained a great amount of the latter by proposing a loan, and no more taxes than would be necessary for the interest of it. I do not yet know whether his defence of his abortive schemes has satisfied the monetary critics. It was certainly very plausible, and will probably be sufficient for the uninformed and the half-informed, who cannot detect any fallacies which may lurk within it. He attacked some of his opponents with great severity, particularly Disraeli and Monteagle, but I doubt if this was prudent. He flung about his sarcasms upon smaller fry, and this was certainly not discreet. I think his speech has been of service to his financial character, and done a good deal towards the restoration of his credit."

Nearly six years later the world was again anxiously awaiting a Budget speech from Mr. Gladstone.

"*Bath, Feb. 15th* (1860).—When I left London a fortnight ago the world was anxiously expecting Gladstone's speech, in which he was to put the Commercial Treaty and the Budget before the world. His own confidence and that of most of his colleagues in his success was unbounded, but many inveighed bitterly against the Treaty, and looked forward with great alarm and aversion to the Budget. Clarendon shook his head, Overstone pronounced against the Treaty, the *Times* thundered against it, and there is little doubt that it was unpopular, and becoming more so every day. Then came Gladstone's unlucky illness, which compelled him to put off his *exposé*, and made it doubtful whether he would not be physically disabled from doing justice to the subject. His doctor says he ought to have taken two months' rest instead of two days. However, at the end of his two days' delay he came forth, and *consensu omnium* achieved one of the greatest triumphs that the House of Commons ever witnessed. Everybody I have heard from admits that it was a magnificent display, not to be surpassed in ability of execution, and that he carried the House of Commons completely with him. I can well believe it, for when I read the report of it the next day (a report I take to have given the speech *verbatim*), it carried me along with it likewise. For the moment opposition and criticism were silenced, and nothing was heard but the sound of praise and admiration. In a day or two, however, men began to disengage their minds from the bewitching influence of this great oratorical power, to examine calmly the different parts of the wonderful piece of machinery which Gladstone had constructed, and to detect and expose the weak points and objectionable provisions which it contained. I say *it*, for, as the Speaker writes to me, it must be taken as a whole, or rejected as a whole, and he adds, the first will be its fate.

"Clarendon, who has all along disapproved of the Treaty, wrote to me that Gladstone's success was complete, and public opinion in his favour. He says: 'I expect that the London feeling will be reflected from the country, so that there will be no danger of rejection, though I think that the more the whole thing is considered the less popular it will become. The no provision for the enormous deficit that will exist next year will strike people, as well as the fact that the Budget is made up of expedients for the present year. The non-payment of the Exchequer bonds is to all intents and purposes a loan; the war-tax on tea and sugar, the windfall of the Spanish payment, the making the maltsters and hop-growers pay in advance, &c., are all stopgaps. If anybody proposes it, I shall not be surprised if an additional 1*d.* Income Tax in place of the war duties was accepted by Gladstone. He has a fervent imagination which furnishes facts and arguments in support of them; he is an audacious innovator, because he has an insatiable desire for popularity, and in his notions of government he is a far more sincere Republican than Bright, for his ungratified personal vanity makes him wish to subvert the institutions and the classes that stand in the way of his ambition. The two are converging from different points to the same end, and if Gladstone remains in office long enough, and is not more opposed by his colleagues than he has been hitherto, we shall see him propose a graduated Income Tax. These are only objections to the Budget, and speculations (curious ones) as to the character and futurity of Gladstone."

"*February 27th.*—Gladstone is said to have become subject to much excitement and more bitter in controversy in the House of Commons than was his wont. The severe working of his brain and the wonderful success he has obtained may account for this, and having had his own way and triumphed over all opposition in the Cabinet, it is not strange that he should brook none anywhere else. He has not failed to show a little of the cloven foot, and to alarm people as to his future designs. Clarendon, who watches him, and has means of knowing his disposition, thinks that he is moving towards a Democratic union with Bright, the effect of which will be increased Income Tax and lowering the estimates, by giving up the defences of the country, to which Sidney Herbert will never consent, and already these old friends and colleagues appear to be fast getting into a state of antagonism. Aberdeen told Clarendon that they would never go on together, and he thought Sidney Herbert would retire from the Cabinet before the end of the session. This of course implies that Gladstone's policy is to be in the ascendant, and that he is to override the Cabinet."

We can give but one more extract from these deeply interesting pages. As we have already intimated, Mr. Greville is peculiarly happy in the sketches which he gives of his friends as they leave the busy mundane scene; and he

portrays female character with a delicate, sympathetic touch. We should have liked to quote from his notices of Miss Mary Berry, Lady Ashburton, Madame de Lieven, Lord Ellesmere, Samuel Rogers, and some others; but must content ourselves with a fragment from his fine eulogium on Macaulay, whom perhaps he appreciated all the more highly because he himself was a good listener, and did not feel jealously annoyed, like some brilliant talkers of the day, at being eclipsed by the great conversational luminary:

"I have mentioned the circumstance of my first meeting him, after which we became rather intimate in a general way, and he used frequently to invite me to those breakfasts in the Albany at which he used to collect small miscellaneous parties, generally including some remarkable people, and at which he loved to pour forth all those stores of his mind and accumulations of his memory to which humbler guests, like myself, used to listen with delighted admiration, and enjoy as the choicest of intellectual feasts. I don't think he was ever so entirely agreeable as at his own breakfast table, though I shall remember as long as I live the pleasant days I have spent in his society at Bowood, Holland House, and elsewhere. Nothing was more remarkable in Macaulay than the natural way in which he talked, never for the sake of display or to manifest his superior powers and knowledge. On the contrary, he was free from any assumption of superiority over others, and seemed to be impressed with the notion that those he conversed with knew as much as himself, and he was always quite as ready to listen as to talk. 'Don't you remember?' he was in the habit of saying when he quoted some book or alluded to some fact to listeners who could not remember, because in nineteen cases out of twenty they had never known or heard of whatever it was he alluded to. I do not believe anybody ever left his society with any feeling of mortification, except that which an involuntary comparison between his knowledge and their own ignorance could not fail to engender.

"Macaulay's *History* is the best ethical study for forming the mind and character of a young man, for it is replete with maxims of the highest practical value. It holds up in every page to hatred and scorn all the vices which can stain, and to admiration and emulation all the virtues which can adorn, a public career. It is impossible for any one to study that great work without sentiments of profound admiration for the lessons it inculcates, and they who become thoroughly imbued with its spirit, no matter whether they coincide or not with his opinions, will be strengthened in a profound veneration for truth and justice, for public and private integrity and honour, and in a genuine patriotism and desire for the freedom, prosperity, and glory of their country."

It is unnecessary for us to say that these volumes, like their

predecessors, have been edited with accurate taste and ripe judgment. But we may express a hope that Mr. Reeve is following the note-taking example of his departed friend, and that at some distant time posterity may be entertained and instructed by a record of the events and a picture of the prominent personages of our time, still more perfect and attractive than these Memoirs, from which we part with a sincere regret.

Art. VII.—THE NORMAN LEAVEN.

FAR back in an earlier time, wave after wave, the Aryan flood rolled westerly over the broad plain of Europe. Land after land it swept by, until stayed by the long Atlantic surge. Over the Northland spread the Teutons, dauntless, rugged, steadfast, hearth-loving, warriors all. Over the North Sea sailed they to the fair island-shores in the west. Behind them, lay the dark soil of the older England; before them, their new home in the sea, as yet not known as England.

In five hundred years that newer England was a comely realm, as much as ever the envy of the Southland, the land of Pope and Kaiser. And that envy soon wrought quick, potent change to the dwellers on English land. The tale of the last invasion of their fair island is a long and stirring one. Its influence upon their language and habits was plain and lasting, and our present concern is to pass that influence under hasty review, apart from the confusion of mere detail.

The waning of the tenth century found England enjoying the lot of an affluent, self-contained State. An elective *king*, a native *lady*, a quaternion of administrative satrapies, in the hands of palatine *earls*. A *thegnhood* of landed wealth, a peasantry of *ceorls* attached to the soil, a slavery of *theowes*, recruited by war, justice, or parental greed. An *assembly of the wise*, in which all free men had a voice, though that voice was seldom heard save from the great or from those who dwelt hard by the place of meeting. An effective local government of *shire-mote*, *hundred-mote* and *hall-mote*. A homely justice, guided by the statements of *compurgators* of

personal knowledge, or by the outcome of the priest-controlled *ordeal*. A penal code which held *weregild* and *fine* to make full amends for loss of life or honour. Side by side with a lingering faith in Woden, a free popular church, and a monachism little versed in the ways of learning, well-versed in the ways of the world and its common life. A dawning commerce, an ascendant art, a setting literature. All combined on the one hand to make England a land to be sought after, and on the other hand to make war-wearied, mead-drinking Englishmen, and their fair flax-weaving women, a nation in need of stern bracing.

All this time the channel that parted England from the mainland parted it too from the many-sided progress of south Europe. Cæsar and Pontiff had each endeavoured to bridge over that parting, and each had failed. The wedding was at length effected, to the enduring good of its issue, by men akin to the North in race and genius, akin to the South in tongue and way. For, a few generations before, a new Norse colony had struck land on the opposite coast, and were now hiding their ancient manner under the seemlier garb of a Romance-speaking people.

When the eleventh century was but two years old, events were unfolding, with slow persistence, the unavoidable change. The marriage of the Unready with a Norman princess in the teeth of the kingly custom brought in its train a beginning of diplomatic relations with the Continent as a whole, an establishment of foreigners in high places, an alienation, by birth and breeding, of the Æthelings, and a kinship amongst the rulers of Europe which first inspired new ideas of invasion. One of those Æthelings, indeed, undertook, with fatal result, to lead six hundred Norman followers into his fatherland, and his brother, the monk-king, made Westminster a second Rouen in speech, dress, and worship. Little wonder that, at the turn of the century, his cousinly guest, the Count of the Normans, found a monk of Jumièges at Canterbury, another in the see of the capital, a relative in the earldom of Hereford, and men of his own race in office, manor, and garrison, from Dover Castle to Exeter town.

Thus the invasion went on ceaselessly, foreshadowing year

by year the rough, hot, epoch-making time of Stamfordbridge and Senlac, when the overmastery of the South became a thing to be shaken off no more. And now that, at this later time, the scaffolding reared by the builders of our nation has been taken down, we are able with much ease to perceive the Norman leaven, and to co-ordinate its result.

The first great effect of the Conquest, hallowed as it was by Papal sanction, was to cripple the old connection with the North, tinged, though but slightly, with new Rome influence. In this way England became a consonant factor in the general polity of Western Christendom, and was brought more visibly into the arena of Continental statecraft. The first four centuries after the Great Battle offered, in the first Henry and the Black Prince, but half-exceptions after all, fewer breaches of the new practice of Continental alliances, than the last four centuries before offered of the older, opposite way. The stranger queens brought with them strange entanglements, which exerted abiding effects upon our new-born enmities. For, when the Court of Rouen was taken over the narrow sea, its bitter rivalry with the Court of Paris was in no wise lessened. And while Englishmen began by fighting on French land at the Norman behest, the time was not long in coming when they fought still more valiantly on their own behalf. For, so far from their country's having lapsed into a mere fief of Rou's descendants, it was but forty years after Duke William took mock seizin of the land by Pevensey, when Tenchebrai cried quits with Hastings, and the relative attitude of England and Normandy was wholly reversed. The new activities which were awakened by the coursing through English veins of Norman blood expended themselves not only in the rough duty of kingly quarrel, and in the more spiritual strife for Holy Cross, but in the milder quests of trade and culture. The freshening fervour, which at this time was leavening anew the life of Europe, lent vigour to those progressive elements of our nation which, during long years of listlessness, had ebbed rapidly away.

These giant issues abroad were attended by home changes no less important. It was an outcome of the Conqueror's studied

unrelenting, which had already quelled Norman disunion at Val-ès-dunes and Mortemer, that a certain finality was imparted to his invasion, by which all the profitless inroads of Hasting and Swegen came to an end. Yet in that hour of darkest peril, when at one moment the North was wafted to our shore, and the veering of the wind at the next brought us face to face with the South, the glory belongs to the Dauntless, no less than to the Bastard, of winning the victory once for all for civilization and Christendom. When Watling Street no longer served for an unbending ethnic boundary, to whose account the fall of Wessex and the harrying of Northumberland may be entered, England could turn itself to the construction of that unity, at first, maybe, a unity of suffering, whence has sprung all later good. The legal fiction in the matter of the succession which lent its aid to William's arm, also ordered what seemed a revolution into an evolution out of what had gone before. Seeing that King William claimed nought beyond the right of his predecessor Eadward, his followers were in their turn denied greater privileges than their slain or outlawed predecessors had themselves enjoyed. The vast palatinates of the old Wessex pattern were split up into dependent fiefs, and were all, save in some sort Chester and Durham, under the direct control of the crown. And whereas even the greatest prizes which William gave away—and he re-granted all the land, whether to old tenant or newcomer—were made up of wide-scattered manors, the possession by one feudatory of plots of land in a score of counties was not unknown. His followers were in this way no longer able to bring together such an army as the outlawed Godwine threw on London to overawe his king. By the added wisdom which secured to the throne the fealty of every landowner, private war and baronial independence, like that across the sea, were also avoided; and while of old the elective idea had treated the kingly power as an office held for the common weal, the fast-growing notion that the king was the supreme landlord of the State tended to establish the hereditary principle. Yet, for long years to come, much evil was wrought on this account, by quarrels for the crown, until the custom of primogeniture got settled down. This custom,

moreover, had weighty issues elsewhere. The heir to an estate being none the less heir to a life office from whose benefits his relatives were excluded, no isolated caste of nobles could be maintained, and all the ills of the French aristocracy were turned aside from our land. The presence of the new nobility, already tied to their lord in Normandy by birth or marriage, lowered the standing of all classes in the social scale. But, though the thegn became a yeoman, and the ceorl a villein, the theowe became a villein too, and was thus emancipated in regard to his person. Years after, territorial slavery was also abolished, and human English chattels became —what but for the Conquest might not have come so easily or so soon—free English men.

Further, the Conqueror was not the man to neglect the strengthening, by every means, of the hands of government. His countrymen, effective as they were in the elaboration of administrative routine, lent indispensable aid. The habit of issuing summonses to the chief men of the Witan, newly styled the Parliament, made that body, through the abstention of the unsummoned, the root and beginning of a future Upper House. Out of it, too, in the person of its most useful members, was slowly formed a Curia Regis, which foreshadowed the ministerial executive of to-day. The immemorial custom of the king to dispense justice to all in person had led latterly to an embodiment of traditional precedent, which was lovingly known as the laws of good King Eadward. But the busy life of the Norman kings left scant time, and their ignorance of the native tongue ill means, for judging the people, although their new practice of royal progresses would have made the work easy. A *justiciar* was therefore appointed, at first to meet the contingency of kingly absence abroad, out of whose office, as actualizing the notion of viceregal justice, grew in due order our modern courts of law. When the second Henry had once set on foot the legal circuits, the irreversible dethronement of despotism was only a work of time. The retention of the local courts, with no active change save in shrieval appointment, permitted the land to hold fast by its ancient forms of freedom, while it added fresh strength to the central authority. The profession

of the law having thus arisen out of the dissociation of the judicial and the legislative functions, the codification of precedent for its independent guidance was rendered needful. Of old the land had been content to abide by the kingly decision, whether founded on common law or on mere individual opinion. In order to discover what the laws were which he had promised to respect, the honest-minded Conqueror had them collected by his chapel, whose president was the chancellor. This officer, and his fellow-courtiers, the *constable* and *chamberlain*, exampled new divisions of executive labour. In the penal code, the alternative wager of battle was introduced for Norman usage; and, although it swiftly passed out of law again, its mark remained till recently in duelling. By the time of the second Henry, compurgation was abolished; by that of the third, ordeal. But Norman enrichments of the Statute Book were few, although the spirit which led the Bastard to brand his men *litigious* was moving quietly in the direction of complex written law. The new-fangled seals and law-forms, without which no grantee was safe in his possessions, held up to view a new sense of the solemn reverence due to the majesty of justice, and the new-fangled charters embodied a new conception of the moral dominion of the plebs.

All this time grave evil was being wrought in the national Church. The appeal of the Primate Anselm to Rome against the great William's irreverent son, and the confirmation by that power of Stephen's enthroning, led to an oppression of the native Church, which was not reversed for five hundred years. Yet, while the courtly intrigues of the Vatican of those days suggest no thought of pleasure, it was to the rough good sense of the Conqueror that the country owed the quickening presence of Lanfranc and his fellows, and the supremacy of the faith they held over that of the North. The separation of the spiritual jurisdiction caused later kingly struggles, and much unrestrained clerical shortcoming. The installation of foreign-speaking bishops in English Sees, and their subjugation to the unspiritual burthen of military tenure, led to a detachment of the higher pastorate, and a more intimate union of the minor clergy with the people at large. In this way the whole religious story, both of earlier enshacklements and later liberations, may be held a veritable outcome of the Conquest.

But it was the plodding industry of the towns which earned for the land its most solid good. The old trade with Flanders and the Baltic, though for at least three centuries past of much importance, was swiftly increased under the Conqueror by the new intercourse with France and the Mediterranean. The foreign merk and zechin nourished a wider traffic, and Beauclerc's standard ells and central mints encouraged inland trade. And although the forty Domesday vineyards lost their value, and the shipping of slaves from Bristol port was, happily, put down, the introduction of woollen manufacture by the Flemings, and the royal patronage of shipbuilding and seamanship, were invaluable makeweights. In civil life, ward-mote and guild kept as firm a grip as ever on liberty of speech, and under the wise foster-care of the Norman kings, in the wake of the Conqueror's charter, so effective an antidote to communal tendencies, they grew year by year into a political force, before which the feudal baronage was soon to fall.

That baronage was in some sort our country's sore. At first submitting to the strong hand of their liege in self-defence, the barons found themselves misliked by their dependants, and held in check by their lord. The incidents of feudalism, which had been developed by the new strength from Normandy, and formulated by the fiscal Flambard, galled them at all points. *Reliefs, fines, escheats,* and *forfeitures; aids, wardships,* and *marriages,* not only formed a burdensome taxation from which there was no escaping, but the retention of vacant Sees for the kingly benefit, and the rigid exaction of all *dues* and *tallagee,* left them with small energy to resist. While, therefore, on the one hand, the old revenue derived directly from crown lands, and indirectly from Danegeld and Romescot, was supplemented by baronial taxation, the throne was learning to acquire still greater strength from the fast-rising towns and their wealthy burghers. Sad sins of kings and ministers are treasured up in the old walls of Lombard Streets and Jewries, whose founders and habitués guarded the ultimate springs of mediæval enterprise.

These varied aspects of the seething political life of England under foreign kings exerted paramount control on

our national habit of thought and feeling. The apt colony of mimics who used another tongue and custom in France, accepted a new political order in England. But the abiding force of old association made the plastic migrants hold firm by two ways which sprang from Norse energy and French fashion. The seclusion of noble parks and chases caused much suffering to the people, who had still in a large measure to hunt for their daily food. Brigandage and poaching were a woful price to pay for Woodstock and New Forest. But the introduction of the spirit of chivalry in its politer form was, on the whole, a blessing, albeit not unmixed. A school for youth of birth, a fervid knighthood, a rigid code of honour, an ambition which took count of womanly dominion, it could not but soften and illumine social life and manner. For it was not for long that knighthood meant mere soldierly duty. The older English fyrd, or national conscription, had been at first supplemented by the feudal army, and then by the hirelings whose pay was got from scutage. And so it was in the joust and the crusade that English errant knights, with helm, lance, and mail-shirt, earned the high fame of far-resounding deed of arms.

For now began that indomitable ubiquity whose destiny it was to place England face to face with every nation under heaven. True, the earlier England had sent a Boniface to Germany, but it had sent no Hadrian to Rome. In the men who for many ages were owners of Western France, the zest for imperial pre-eminence was unmistakably displayed. And, although our hold of Europe has been relaxed for grander conquests, the Channel Islands still witness to our ancient property in Gaul. Nearer home, the Red King's colony at Carlisle, and the marches wrested from the tenacious Britons, form the sole extensions of our older boundaries. Yet Wales, fruitlessly reduced by Harold, was gradually won, and with Scotland, whose lord held England's as his liege for Lothian, and Ireland, where the want of the Bastard's conquering firmness is felt to this very hour, relations sprang up which paved the way for 1603 and 1800. But the task of holding our own might have become an irksome one, had no changes taken place in methods of warfare and national defence. The old battle-axe was

replaced by horse and missile, and the dyked palisade by moated castles, which, after Fitz-Scrob once started them, were run up with mushroom speed. But, although as their result the fortune of civil war hung upon sieges rather than pitched battles, they were so profoundly disliked by Englishmen, that they are at this day all but neglected; and, were an invader once to land as William did, England would still be almost as open as it was to him. The Norman leaven has left the land in this point quite untouched. It still trusts for safety to its floating bulwarks, and the shield-wall of men's breasts.

But it was the castle, home of evil though it was, which presented one chief type of Norman art. Its round arch, solid stonework, and battlemented keep, were in every way stern novelties. The old wooden tapestried one-storey houses also gave way to taller ones of stone, and Queen Matilda's bridge by Stratford—hence termed Atte Bowe—marked a further department of the new activity. While these were being built so rapidly, the prelates were no less busy with new churches. Cathedrals whose lives had run swifter than those of men were pulled down to make room for loftier ones. Rural bishoprics were removed to towns, as Elmham to Thetford, then to Norwich, in order that their altars might repose in worthier surroundings. No offering, it was taught, could more acceptably atone for a career of soldierly cruelty than that of church or abbey, and Beauclerc's house at Reading was the response. Before two centuries were over, seventeen hundred pious foundations damascened the broad meads of England, and the vivid elements of their added life were of inestimable value. The art of those days is conterminous with the architecture. The embroidering of textile fabrics, the chasing of gold vessels, and the painting of glass, were thoroughly English arts of priest and vestal. But now the monasteries were full of men whose souls were thrilled by the new triumphs of the intellect, and we may therefore trace to this issue of the Conquest the rise of universities, and the spread of a wider learning. Geoffrey's school at Dunstable, and Herman's library at Sarum, embodied new departures in English life.

It should be borne in mind that all this was rendered possible by the speed with which the Romance-baptized invaders reverted to their ancestral character in the presence of their new-found kindred. A common northern origin, and the wedding of native women, left to be seen in a few years only fast-vanishing traces of racial distinctions. That the aid imparted by kinship was all-powerful may be gathered from the failure of another Norman host in the tenth century to assimilate with the antagonistic Celt in Sicily. Out of the two millions who owned the sway of Harold, reduced by one-third within a generation, every five men had to share the soil with one intruder. This infusion was so effectually dissolved, what with growth of towns and loss of Normandy, that but a short time after men might be overheard branding their own forefathers Saxon aliens. For the daily life of men was quickly changed. Dainty-feeding, close-cropped rovers, to whom mere patriotism was insular prejudice—short-cloaked gallants, with doublet and hose, who would nought but flesh meat and foreign wine, to whom etiquette was more than life, and the jest of a fool than northern saga—men who held by the dignity of heraldic coat-armour in the scorn of life and limb—women who already looked to Paris for inspiration in dress and bearing—such were the descendants of the heavy harp-loving wassailers, with punctured berserk, golden lock and torque, who stood of old by home so sturdily.

Lastly, the influence of the Norman invasion upon our language was not to be concealed. The nervous synthetic tongue which Ælfred spoke had seen by the days of Eadward many changes. When men of a different speech became uppermost in the land, these still-continuing changes were hastened on, while the ruling law of them was modified. These men being men of different ways as well, a verbal enlargement of some sort could not well be helped. The fight lay between the Northern and the Southern speech, and, by way of exception to the issue of the wider contest, the victory lay almost wholly with the former. For years each man spoke the tongue he had learned in childhood, and taught his sons the same; but the quivering friction of daily intercourse

developed from each tongue forth-stretching processes, which finally enmeshed the two. The decadent literary speech of the Conquest time was set aside at once by the invaders in favour of their own. But, for the first two centuries, State documents and literary chronicles were written in the common speech of Europe. Then, when it was perceived that that speech was broken up into the Romance dialects, the most fashionable of them prevailed for a century in public business and education, all the time spreading out fluidwise into a slenderer lingual film. And then, what with rivalry of war, hatred of French favourites, and native ethnic fusion, English boys of the middle of the fourteenth century once more construed their daily portions of old-time eloquence in northern idiom. A few years after, English was established in the courts of law, and so the old Teutonic speech lifted its bruised head again. Yet at this very day one may find traces of its oppressor, in the town-crier's *oyez*, and his Sovereign lady's *la reine le veult*. Before all this could come about, the gulf between the two languages was gradually narrowing. The very enslavement of the one had quickened its reformation. The three dialects, no less than the three races, which marked the landing-place of Engle, Dane, and Saxon, were being interwoven by the swift-plying shuttle of Norman-nurtured trade. At first these dialects had lingered on only in the homes of the people, but the one nearest the capital grew little by little into a sort of Attic prevalence, until, at the instance of Robert Mannyng of Brun, the language of England became, in very deed, the English tongue.

To mark briefly the way in which it was modified. In the first place, the now hastened tendency towards philological analysis brought about a weakening of terminational inflexions. This resulted in the functional extension of *e*—a step to its ultimate extinction, and in the semi-vocalisation of the guttural, *godlic* to *godly*, *Danelagh* to *Danelaw*. On a grammar dependent on complex vowel uses, this general degradation would work great havoc. The loss of nominal genders and declensions quickly followed, the faster, that the French way expressed delicate shades of meaning by analytic particles. Thus, *more* and *most* to mark degree; *of*, possession; *have* and *shall*, tense-relation; all were French-patterned makeshifts for

old inflexions. But the effect of Norman-French upon our word list was none the less unsparing, that we could extend its use without enlargement by imitative methods. And it is mainly here that one is able to illustrate Norman influence upon English habit. The word-list of every nation in contact with another is liable to extension. When Hengest's countrymen landed on the coast of Kent, the Roman sway had bequeathed to our land such strange monuments as *street*, and *port*, which, words and things alike, were unknown in the Hercynian forest. Again, although the women and slaves of British race whose lives they spared assumed their tongue, it could not be helped that a few small words, like *cradle* and *crock*, should abide in their memory. And when missionaries came from Rome, how do without the names for the new things they brought with them, as *bishop*, *priest*, and *mass?* But these adventitious enrichments were of a different order from the additions which followed the Norman invasion. In numbers weaker, the new-comers could wage no exterminating warfare, but in power stronger, they could and did effect a partial replacement. Yet this was so small that one old writer avers that only one in five of the words employed by Ælfred are used no longer now. *Tower*, *prison*, *castle*, words and things, were added at once, and all the host came slowly after. The Saxon Chronicle, though recording the whole story of Norman dominion till Stephen's death, finds use for less than a score of Norman words. In the first few years of the thirteenth century, when literature was mostly Latin, Orm's iambics present less than five, and Layamon the translator's "Brut," in 32,250 lines, but fifty Romance terms. But after Florence, Orderic, and Eadmer had told our tale in Latin, and Wace and Gaimar had said the same in French, the time at length arrived when the whole land could listen with rapt ears, as the courtly Chaucer poured forth his song in lusty English. To mark the path—one of corruption, if you will, along which our word-list was extended—is merely to journey once again over the ground of our former study. Each new thing was coupled at once with some new word. Feudalism gave us *fealty* and *homage*; kingly power, *sovereign* and *sceptre*, though the sole exception *king* exhibits a curious vitality; law, *assize* and *attorney*; chase, *bay* and *brace*; manners, *cavil* and *debonair*;

art, *music* and *painting*; revelry, *gluttony* and *dice*; church, *altar* and *baptism*; morals, *charity* and *grace*. Many of these words were potential additions to the language, but a number just as great were mere bilingual luxuries. *Benediction* is no better than *blessing*, *purchase* than *buy*. The overloading was continued when we put *fidelity*, as well as its offspring *fealty*, by the side of our own *faithfulness*; or *legal*, as well as the derived *loyal*, by the side of *lawful*. And this bilingualism was sometimes evenly distributed between rich and poor. Your *villein*—so your *baron* called him—tended your *swine*, or *sheep*, or *fowl*, and having converted the prime for the *table* of him he called his *lord* into *pork* or *mutton*, or *pullet*, sat down to the rest at his own *board*. And the Book of Common Prayer, in its invitation to *assemble* and *meet together*, retains a similar distinction. Further, the two languages strove hand to hand over the very partition of words. As a result, French suffixes were sometimes put to English roots, as *bondage*, *endearment*, or conversely, English suffixes to French roots, as *dukedom*, *falsehood*. Or again, French prefixes to English roots, as *enthral*, *disburden*; and the converse, English prefixes to French roots, as *overturn*, *outprize*. And this was but a step to another effect, as a result of which our faculty of home-born word-formation was for ever palsied. In *auricular confession* for *remorse of conscience* we have needless phrasal variants on *ear-shrift* for *ayenbite of inwit*. And the remodelling of much of our vocabulary on Norman lines, as *guardian* for *warden*, *gainer* for *winner*, is an option quite unwanted. A further effect, that on the accentuation of words, was no easier to shun. The English plan had been to accentuate roots, but, owing to the foregoing of the Latin ending, the French way was seemingly opposite. Thus *mortalis* and *morosus* in a Roman's mouth could be no other than *mortál* and *moróse* in a Norman's. But this new accentuation lost its main power at the English revival, although it retained its hold on many words to which it properly belonged, like *fatígue*, *crusáde*, and *gazetteér*. The special department of nomenclature claims a final passing word. Local names, many of them perhaps indestructible memories of our remotest past, were only in a minute degree affected. *Pontefract*, *Montgomery*, and *Rievaulx*, new homes of monks and armed men, would be necessary additions.

Stoke Canon, Bishop's Lydeard, Higham Ferrers, burghs which grew up round Norman settlements, are additions just as easy to explain. But in personal names plainer influence is shown. The old set of Christian, or rather, individual names had three new ones appended to it, of scriptural, saintly, and French origin. And the habit of hereditary surnames, a mark of birth of no mean value, was also introduced. This not only gave us such names as *Fitzroy, Mallet* and *Mortimer,* but by force of example, *Armstrong, Smith,* and *Wilson.* But, not to make the lingual section of our inquiry unduly long, we may say in brief, that the Norman influence was a fusion of dialect, an effusion of inflexion, an infusion of words.

With the matter of literary composition we have less to do. Its spirit and structure were alike changed. While romaunt took the place of saga, and rime the place of alliteration, our old written eloquence and pathos were increased by the historical novel, the love poetry of the troubadour, and that mystery, whose mission it was to prepare the way for its greater offspring, the drama. In this, and in other things, the life which followed the Norman invasion differed from that which went before. But as the causes which sped these changes cannot fairly be set down to that great turning-point, they claim of right no part in this present paper, the more that the manifold influences we have endeavoured to consider have been but swiftly marshalled in the processional order of a connected index.

Thus we may sum up the incident of the Conquest in few phrases. The mingling of the scum of the groundlings of Europe with the cream of its chivalry in the labour of English invasion could not but bode ill-omen to the land. But as soon as the affliction of the foreigner had vanished, our ancient freedom reappeared, a priceless palimpsest. And behind the ægis of that freedom, one that brooks no licence, the resilient energy of the race which has out-Englished the England of the past has imparted an ever-broadening meaning to its life. And so, although its smarting degradation for a time is in some measure to be deplored, one needs but small historical insight to perceive that in the slow-ripening fruit of that disciplinary fall lay the seed of a mightier uprising.

Art. VIII.—BISHOP HANNINGTON.

James Hannington, D.D., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., First Bishop of Eastern Equatorial Africa: a History of his Life and Work, 1847–1885. By E. C. Dawson, M.A. Oxon., Incumbent of St. Thomas's Church, Edinburgh. Seventh Edition. London: Seeley & Co. 1887.

THERE is no greater treat, in the pleasant world of books, than a quiet repast on the biography of a man of rich and noble character, confected by the hand of an intimate and capable friend—one whose love, however real, does not lead him to round off too artistically all the angularities of his hero. In James Hannington Mr. Dawson has found a perfectly congenial theme. He was indeed a many-sided man. Fond, even from babyhood—fond as Hugh Miller or Charles Kingsley or Frank Buckland—of studying Nature's rarities and collecting and hoarding specimens; with as great a passion for exploring as Livingstone himself, but with a more cheerful face and soul than that grimly melancholy man; almost as full of mirth and humour, combined with a hearty, unaffected love for children and domestic animals, as Sydney Smith or "Ingoldsby" Barham; finally, with as firm and childlike faith and as catholic charity as John Fletcher or Charles George Gordon—the young Bishop, who so soon became a martyr, leaps up, in this already popular biography, to his rightful place as a permanent household friend, to win an ever-widening circle of admirers.

Hannington was born on September 3, 1847, at St. George's, the family mansion at Hurstpierpoint, Sussex. His father had been very successful in business at Brighton, and James came into the world under happier auspices than most children. The grounds of his home and the beautiful country beyond presented a perfect paradise for the restless little explorer and naturalist. Insects, plants, stones, were the delight of his heart; and "his baby hands itched for the wondrous things behind the glass doors of the library museum." "No portfolio or cabinet," he records, "was safe from my

nasty little fingers." In his mother he found a companion who fostered his scientific ardour and directed his searches. But, though he enjoyed great liberty, being allowed to run nearly wild in these days of Eden, there was a little drawback —the administration, at uncertain intervals, of severe corporal punishment. On the one hand, too much licence was allowed to a lively, high-spirited boy; and, on the other, disproportionate punishment was inflicted for small offences when brought before the paternal eye. And so a highly strung nervous temperament received most unhealthy treatment. "I am not quite certain," he says, "that it did not destroy my moral courage. I have none, and think it was from fear that I lost it. To this very day I am afraid out of my wits to ask my father for the simplest thing; and yet I know that there is no likelihood of his refusing me." His friends, however, testify that this was a mistake—at all events, as to the outward results; for few men have displayed more real courage, moral as well as physical, than James Hannington. His battles, therefore, with his weaker self must have been bravely fought out in the inner depths of his being.

The first thirteen years of his life were passed at St. George's and in travelling and yachting with his parents or brother. He became passionately fond of the water, and would have liked to be a sailor; but an elder brother had died at sea, and his father and mother would not allow another son to enter the perilous profession. James was continually in some scrape or imminent danger, from and before the age of seven, when he distinguished himself by clambering up the mast of his father's yacht and was discovered suspended from some projection by the seat of his trousers. In after-life he was remarkable to strangers, both white and black, as having lost the thumb of his left hand. The story of its loss illustrates his boyish courage, and gives a forecast of his brave endurance in coming years.

"He was bent upon taking a wasps' nest, and had just been initiated into the mystery of making damp gunpowder squibs, or 'blue devils.' Full of his new acquirement, he sought out Joe, the keeper's son, and together they got possession of a broken powder-flask. 'In a few minutes,' he says, 'blue devils were in a state of readiness, but we must needs,

before starting, try one with touch-powder. The result was not so satisfactory as we had expected, and Joe Simmons says I tried to pour a little powder on the top of it. The spring of the flask was broken, and in an instant a terrific explosion took place. The flask was blown to atoms, and I was to be seen skipping about, shaking my hand as if twenty wasps were settling on it. Simmons senior rushed up at the report, and, binding up my hand in his handkerchief, led me off to the house, about a quarter of a mile distant, my hand all the while streaming with blood, so as to leave a long red streak in the road. When I reached the garden I was so faint that Miles, the gardener, took me up and carried me. The first person I met was my mother. She at once saw that something was wrong, and, in spite of my saying that I had only cut my finger a little, she sent off for the doctor. I was soon under chloroform, and my thumb was amputated. It was quite shattered, and only hanging by the skin. I was very prostrate from the great loss of blood, but, through the mercy of God, I soon got well again.' "

Spite of the lost thumb and other mishaps, the time passed merrily till he was thirteen years old, when the tutor who had taught—or attempted to teach—James and his brother, left to take a curacy, and his father, after long hesitation, sent him to school at Brighton. Here he remained till he was fifteen and a half, and did his best to keep both masters and boys from settling into anything like stagnation. A prime favourite with all, he earned the cognomen of "Mad Jim;" but in after-life, when the days were all too short for his unflagging industry, he bitterly lamented the wasted years of his youth, and threw much blame on the system of private tutors and private schools—blame which belonged more properly to his father's lack of judgment and to his own unbridled spirit, to which the life of a public school, instead of proving an advantageous corrective, might have added ruinous impetus.

When he left school—"with as bad an education as possible," according to his own account, but probably with much better ability to take care of himself than most boys possess at the age of fifteen, and, moreover, with brains unaddled by overstrain of intellectual exertion—James was taken into his father's counting-house at Brighton. But, before buckling to business—if he ever did buckle to it—he was allowed to go on a trip to Paris, which he enjoyed immensely. Then came six months of business, and then another glorious trip on the Continent. Next arrived a notable day in the diary which he kept right

diligently—the 1st of September, signalized by his shooting his first bird, and by the explosion of a cartridge, by which his face was cut and burnt and he was quite blinded for a time. His parents now spent much of their time on the water in their yacht, and James was nothing loath to join them whenever he could. And so the years ran rapidly away in a delightful compound of a little business and much roaming about the world. In his eighteenth year he became an Artillery Volunteer officer, and took great interest in his work and in the welfare of the men under his charge, foreshadowing the marvellous influence which he was afterwards to exercise over young men, and, indeed, all with whom he came in contact.

In the midst of this life of hearty enjoyment on land and sea he was not without some serious thoughts. His eager spirit was bestirring itself to rise above mere things of earth, and had begun to find there was something yet wanting to satisfy its longings. Groping about in a blind "feeling after God," like many another ardent soul he felt attracted for a time by the glittering show and promising comforts of the Roman Catholic faith; and this startling entry appears in his journal under date March 6, 1865: "Left off mourning for Cardinal Wiseman." But he adds a little later:

"The fact is, that about this time I nearly turned Roman Catholic; but my faith was much shaken by reading Cardinal Manning's funeral sermon for the above; also by his own last words: 'Let me have all the Church can do for me.' I seemed to see at once that if the highest ecclesiastic stood thus in need of external rites on his death-bed, the system must be rotten, and I shortly after gave up all idea of departing from our Protestant faith."

Though once afterward he had a longing for the quiet of the cloister, it was but for a moment. His strong common-sense quickly threw off the absurd notion that it was possible for his vigorous, philanthropic nature to gain spiritual life in selfish stagnation and useless isolation from his fellows.

When in his twentieth year, it had become apparent to him that he was ill adapted, by nature and training, for the monotony of a counting-house, and he ventured to propose to take to farming; but, finding that his fond mother was

distressed at the idea of his leaving home, he felt ashamed, and endeavoured to settle down contentedly. Meantime, "the Divinity that shapes our ends" was opening his way to a more glorious vocation. His father, as an Independent, had built a chapel in his own grounds at St. George's, and public services were held in it. After a while, however, as Mr. Dawson puts it, Mr. Hannington and his family, "finding, after a wide experience of men and things, that they had no serious quarrel with the Church of England, decided that they would seek admittance into her communion," and at the end of 1867 St. George's Chapel was licensed by the Bishop of Winchester, and it was constituted a curacy under the Rector of Hurstpierpoint. The late minister and his wife were liberally pensioned by Mr. Hannington.

By this important change, James was brought into intercourse with many clergymen and Churchmen, and began to have a longing for ordination. He knew, from his mother's questions, that she would not be displeased at his going into orders. Certainly to outward observers at this time he scarcely seemed the man to have the charge of souls. His career hitherto had been marked by many a mad adventure, many a reckless, daring feat. Yet, for a season, he set himself to serious preparation for the change. He fasted rigorously twice a week in Lent, and betook himself often to examination and prayer. He became a frequent attendant at foundation-stone laying and other functions of the Church; found congenial occupation in organizing sports in connection with harvest festivals; listened attentively to distinguished preachers, and formed the acquaintance of Dean Burgon, whose pleasant society, and, subsequently, whose Bible-classes at Oxford, exercised a wholesome influence on his wayward character. For the present, however, all these ecclesiastical tendencies and outcomes were but surface growths; there was as yet no depth of earth, and the root of the matter was not in him. In October, 1868, he was entered as a commoner at St. Mary Hall, Oxford, and began that university life for profiting by which he was deplorably unfitted, and which in his case seemed for a time an absurd step on the ladder to the solemn duties of the ministry. Yet it had one striking advantage: he now

found a friend in his future biographer, who, as we shall see, became the instrument, some years after, in the sound conversion of his college chum.

Thrown into the sprightly society of men of his own age, Hannington plunged with eager zest into all the activities and fun of the ancient seat of learning. Having plenty of money at command, he kept open house, and, by his good fellowship, racy wit, and remarkable individuality of thought and character, gained ascendency over a large circle of admirers and staunch followers. With his antecedents, it cannot be wondered that his ambition now was—not to revive what little classical lore he had picked up at school, and doggedly prepare himself by close study for taking a degree, but rather—to shine as the captain of the St. Mary Hall Boat Club, achieve renown in athletic sports and all outdoor pursuits, preside over the flourishing Red Club, and be first and foremost in any escapade, such as the last town-and-gown row, on Nov. 5, 1863. Still, though, in his exuberance of bodily vigour, his active mind was diverted from the proper work of the place, he was Divinely kept from vice, and he had a noble horror for all forms of loafing and lounging and laziness. His Sundays, too, were no wasted lie-a-bed days. Let us take one as an example:

"7 A.M., Holy Communion; 9 A.M., Chapel; 10.30, 'Varsity sermon by Dr. Goulburn; twenty-mile walk with E. Ashmead-Bartlett; 5.15, Chapel; 7.30, Service in St. Mary's; 9 P.M., Greek Testament Lecture under Burgon."

The twenty-mile walk was, no doubt, taken as a "pick-up" or restorative after listening to a long and weighty sermon. In the long vacations, Continental travel and grand yachting trips filled up the gaps between his spells of "study," such as it was, and fostered in him the calm self-reliance and the readiness of resource which fitted him for pre-eminence as a "thoroughly furnished" pioneer bishop. But his classic education made not much advance; and when, in the autumn of 1869, he returned to the learned shades, after an adventurous yacht voyage up the Rhine, and was resuming his old part as Master of the Revels, the head of his college advised him to retire to some quiet country parish, where he could pursue his studies

under a competent tutor, free from fascinating distractions and friendly interruptions.

Martinhoe, on the wild north coast of Devon, was the place selected, and its rector, the Rev. C. Scriven, was to be his tutor. The change exactly suited Hannington's taste. Passionately fond of the country and the sea, he says, "I soon fell in love with both place and people." He was delighted with the quaint humour, odd customs, and astounding beliefs of the worthy villagers of Martinhoe and Trentishoe; and having picked up a fair smattering of medical knowledge, he turned it to good account, and effected some wonderful cures, being mightily aided by the boundless faith of his strongly superstitious patients. Of his adventures as an engineer and explorer we can give but one, in which he had a literally "narrow" escape.

"On the 12th of January I asked Morrell and George Scriven to join in an excursion to a cave we called 'The Eyes,' two large holes just large enough to creep through, which penetrated a headland. While there, we discovered below water-mark a hole which seemed to penetrate some distance; so, with no little squeezing and pushing, I wound my way in and found myself in a large hollow chamber with no other outlet than the one I had entered by. It would have been a dreadful place in which to be caught by the tide. The water gradually rising in the utter darkness would drown one like a rat in a trap. I explained all this melodramatically to my companions outside till they grew quite impatient. 'Well, come out, then,' said Morrell, 'for the tide is fast coming up, and we shall have a job to return.' So I crawled down to the entrance and essayed to come out head first. I soon stuck fast, and after great squeezing and squirming barely managed to get back again inside. Next I tried to get out as I came in, and so worked my way down feet first. It was no go; I was again jammed tight. My two friends then got hold of my legs, and pulled and pulled till I thought my legs and body would part company. Matters really began to look serious. I was bruised and strained a good deal, and escape seemed impossible. And now the full horror of the situation flashed across us all. My mocking words were actually to be realized! I said in the best voice I could that I must say good-bye; but if ever I passed a dreadful moment it was that one. The tide was creeping up slowly but surely. Applying all their strength they pushed me back into the entrance that I might make one more effort head first. Then it suddenly occurred to us all that I might try without my clothes. No sooner said than done; and after a good scraping I soon stood once more by their side. But it was a narrow escape!"

The year 1871 closed very mournfully for him, for his much-loved mother was slowly sinking, "happy and peaceful," into the arms of death. She lingered till the following February, when she calmly expired in the presence of her children. James, who was her favourite son, was beside himself with grief, cried to her as though she could still hear him, and besought her not to leave him when he most wanted her. For a time he refused to be comforted, but at length resumed his studies at Oxford with much increased diligence and seriousness; and on June 12, 1873, after an unusually prolonged career at the university, in which rowing and other bodily exercises had made a prominent figure, took his B.A. degree. In September he went to Exeter to try to pass the ordination examination, but, though he had been well crammed, it stood him in little stead; his wits failed him; like many another man in similar ordeal, he did himself injustice, and was, as he thought, "unkindly dismissed by the Bishop." Poor Hannington! it was a hard blow for him, and he gave way to a violent fit of passion against himself, and at the insult—as he felt it—inflicted on him. But suddenly he felt a voice within uttering the warning words: "*If you can give way like this, are you fit to offer yourself as a minister of Christ?*" At the same time it is allowable to speculate whether a kind word or two—an expression of interest in his welfare—from the episcopal lips would not have suited the occasion better; whether, again, it was not more important to ascertain if the embryo deacon's heart was "right with God" than if he had a cut-and-dried acquaintance with the history of the Prayer-Book. However, the inward message calmed Hannington in an instant, and he began to think that his defeat had been Divinely ordered, and resolved to approve himself a more worthy candidate on another opportunity.

In the following February, though very nervous, he was successful. But the Bishop told him he must remain a deacon for two years, and come up for an intermediary examination. Then, instead of an apostolic benediction, came the sharply personal cut: "You've got fine legs, I see; mind that you run about your parish. Good morning." The injunction was quite superfluous; for, if Hannington had any

special constitutional virtue, it certainly lay in the direction of locomotion, and the parishioners committed to his care were sure to be well visited and tenderly cared for. He was ordained on March 1, and on the following Sunday preached his first sermon—"feeble, in fact not quite sound," he pronounces it—at Hurst, and on the Sunday after began duty as curate of Trentishoe, when the people crowded into the little church to see and hear their old friend in his new character.

The work was just what he liked. Throwing all his heart into it, he rode about, among the scattered hamlets, on his rough Exmoor pony, Prayer-Book in one pocket of his shooting-jacket, and medicines in another; welcome as son or brother to his homely clients. As we watch his manly form and open countenance carrying sunshine into moorland cot and shady cranny, we recall the picture of the young man whom our Lord looked upon and loved, but who lacked "one thing." But the "one thing" which Hannington lacked was not generosity; no more liberal soul has been known in our time. "God's ordained messenger with no message to deliver—that was his position, a position to his transparently honest soul altogether insupportable."

"A change came o'er the spirit of his dream," and how it came is beautifully told by his biographer, who doubtless was the "friend of his" whose prayers and letter were so happily effectual in promoting the great transition. We can quote only a small part of the narrative:—

"'About this time,' Hannington writes, 'a different tone began to steal over me insensibly. I prayed more.'

"About this time, also, a certain friend of his, who had recently received holy orders, and who was serving as curate in a country parish in Surrey, began to think of him. In the solitude of his lodgings, when the day's work was done, and he was alone with his own thoughts, his mind would rest lovingly upon old college friendships. He thought of James Hannington—gay, impetuous, friendly, fun-loving Jim—and gradually it was laid upon his heart to pray for him. Why, he could not tell, but the burden of that other soul seemed to press upon him more heavily day by day. He had not had much experience in dealing with souls; he had but a short time before learned the meaning of 'effectual, fervent prayer;' he would have been called 'a babe' by St. Paul; not yet even a 'young man,' much less 'a father.' But his life had been transformed

within him, and filled with a new and most radiant joy. He knew himself redeemed, and in union with the Father of spirits, with whom is no changeableness, neither shadow of turning. He could not now have lived over again that old college life of his as once he had been content to live it. He thought of many friends. To some he spoke, and tried to make them partakers with him of his new-found benefit. For some he sought to pray, but for none can he ever remember to have prayed with such a distinct sense that he *must* pray as for James Hannington."

In brief, the Surrey curate wrote to Hannington about an old pair of skates which he had found in a box of rubbish. This opened a correspondence between the two chums; and at length the curate wrote him a friendly letter in which he "tried to explain how it had come to pass that he was not as formerly; spoke of the power of the love of Christ to transform the life of a man, and draw out all its latent possibilities; and finally urged him, as he loved his own soul, to make a definite surrender of himself to the Saviour of the world, and join the society of His disciples." Of the effect of this epistle its writer heard nothing for thirteen months. Then a short letter came from Hannington, written in great distress of soul. The curate replied, and sent him Dr. Mackay's *Grace and Truth*, which, after being again and again flung on one side, was at last read steadily, and by means of one of its chapters, headed "Do you feel your sins forgiven?" his "eyes were opened." "I sprang out of bed," he says, "and leaped about the room rejoicing and praising God that Jesus died for me." A new life opened before him; he must "tell people what he knew;" he discarded his written sermons, and preached straight from his own heart to the hearts of his hearers. Possessing already good medical knowledge, and having now got the true evangelical skill, he doctored the bodies and healed the souls of his scattered parishioners, and was very happy in the work. His flock had begun to feel the power of his earnest, soul-searching preaching, and to spread the fame of it abroad in outlying hamlets and farmsteads, so that the little churches sometimes overflowed into porch and churchyard when he was expected. No wonder that he found himself in a sad dilemma when his father proposed that he should return to Hurstpierpoint and take charge of St. George's Chapel.

Distrusting his own inclination in the matter, he decided to look upon the consent or veto of the Bishops of Exeter and Chichester as the providential indication of his duty; and, when they assented to the arrangement, he determined, as he would have the sole charge of the district on his shoulders, to learn the work of a large, well-ordered parish by putting himself for a time under an experienced clergyman. Accordingly, in August, 1875, he left his dear old Devon friends, and was heartily welcomed at Darley Abbey, a suburb of Derby, by the incumbent, the Rev. J. Dawson, and speedily felt at home in a fine family circle and an admirably worked parish. In the following November he took his M.A. degree at Oxford, and preached his initial sermon at Hurstpierpoint. Here he soon rose to a fuller manhood, a higher type of Christian ministry. "Oh, the value of one soul!" was his pervading thought; and he set himself to catch souls with a longing ardour which thought nothing of labour or sacrifice, and which made his extempore discourses very effective. It was his especial aim to attract the boys of the district to the better life. He entered into and fostered their pet pursuits, gathered them into Bible-class and Temperance Association, took them sight-seeing, and, by the thorough manliness of his bearing, taught them not to be much afflicted at being nicknamed "Hannington's saints." To the men he preached as plainly as old Father Latimer, denouncing their besetting sin of intemperance in uncompromising language, and yet winning the respect and love alike of rough and gentle. Of his self-denying liberality, his Pauline adaptability and readiness of resource, many instances are given. We must content ourselves with one example of his "fearless shepherding":—

"A most virulent case of small-pox in an outlying part of the parish; a boy taken with it. I called, and found the people forsaken by their neighbours. No milk, and the boy's life depending upon it. I fetched some milk, and then, at the request of the mother, saw the boy and prayed with him. The next day it was all over the parish that I had visited the small-pox case. The people were in a dreadful state of mind. The relieving officer called, and in an authoritative way ordered me not to go near the place. I replied that if the law were on the side of the sanitary officials, it was open to them to use it, but where duty called I

should go; and as he went out of one door, I went out at the other, and called at the infected house. The doctor gave no hope. Every preparation had been made to bury the poor lad the same night. The following day the health officer wrote, urging me to take every precaution, but not forbidding me to go, as the law is on my side. Letter from X. Y. Z., asking me not even to speak to her husband in his carriage out of doors for three weeks——! After all, the boy recovered."

In June, 1876, Hannington went to Chichester to pass his final examination for priest's orders, and found the tone there "much more spiritual" than at Exeter. In happy contrast to his experience at the latter place, he was highly complimented by his five examiners, and came out at the top of the list. Then he set himself again to unwearying work in his parish. He had already sold his horse, and now he opened his stable and coach-house, transformed, as a mission-room, and began therein Bible-classes, Mothers' Meetings, Saturday Night Prayer-meeting, &c. In the next February he relieved himself from some of the annoyances which beset a young and popular clergyman by marrying a lady every way worthy of his choice.

The years passed happily away in plenty of work in his own parish and in special missions in other places, relieved by a sweet domestic life and by botanizing rambles in the Scilly Isles, Switzerland, and elsewhere. As far back as 1878 his soul was deeply stirred by the news of the death of Lieutenant Shergold Smith and Mr. O'Neill on the shore of the Victoria Nyanza, and a strong impulse was at work in his breast to offer himself to fill the gap in the ranks of the Central African Mission. For him, above most men, the thought of the perishing millions of Central Africa, and of the perils which all attempts at their evangelization involved, had an attractive force to which he was sure, sooner or later, to yield. Some of his friends had wondered that a man of such intense ardour should have remained so long in the comparatively limited round of an English country parish. But the sacred fire was still burning brightly on his heart's altar, and in February, 1882, he offered himself to the Church Missionary Society to go as a missionary to Uganda for a short term of years, requiring no other stipend than the payment of his travel-

ling expenses, towards which he would contribute £100 yearly. The Committee were about to send out a reinforcement to the brave men at Rubaga, and were happy to avail themselves of the services of one so well adapted for pioneer work.

In May, to the grief of his flock, he broke away from them, from hosts of friends and converts, and from the wife and children dear as life itself. Arriving at Zanzibar and crossing to the mainland, he got his long line of porters started on the narrow track which leads to the interior, and soon began his experience of the unpleasant novelties of African travel.

"You might cut the water with a knife. An English cow or an Irish sow would have turned from it. However, it boiled well, and added body to our tea! . . . . I had seen 'green tea,' but never before green coffee. I soon got tired of grumbling because the men would bathe in our drinking water, but I did not like to find there dead toads and other animal and vegetable putrefaction. Afterwards, when weak and ill, I used to avoid drinking any liquid. I have been three or even four days at a stretch without drinking anything at all."

Journeying by way of Mamboia, Mpwapwa, and Uyai, Hannington met with the full amount of adventure allotted to the Central African traveller, and detailed it in charming letters to his children and friends at home. But already he had been attacked by fever, and at Uyai he was brought to death's door by dysentery. For a time he had to be left behind, and then was carried forward in a hammock. Passing through the country of King Mirambo, with whose intelligence he was much struck, he and his company, after a weary tramp through unexplored regions, came to the neighbourhood of Lake Nyanza on its southern side; but, after various mishaps, he was so completely prostrated by fever as to be obliged, much to his mortification, to give up all idea of reaching Rubaga, and to retreat slowly to the coast.

"Racked with fever; torn by dysentery, scarce able to stand upright under the grip of its gnawing agony; with his arms lashed to his neck, lest their least movement should cause intolerable anguish to his diseased and swollen liver—the bright and buoyant figure which had so often led the caravan with that swinging stride of his, or which had forgotten fatigue at the close of a long march, and dashed off in pursuit of some rare insect—

"'His beard a foot before him, and his hair a yard behind,'

was now bent and feeble, like that of a very old man."

"I am not dull," he writes to Mr. Wigram, "at my broken health and the constant pain I suffer. I am not dull at the very slight prospect, from a human point of view, that I shall ever reach home. I am dull that I have been permitted to do so little for the Society. I am dull because I think that a few pounds extra in outfit would have made an immense difference to me. . . . . I blame no one. It was simply a matter of want of experience. But, alas! it costs both myself and the Society much, for I am a practical failure, and I have suffered terribly. Forgive me. . . . . I hope my heart is full of praise for the tender mercies of the Lord. Even to-day I have experienced *that*."

Nursed tenderly by his native boys and Mr. Blackburn, he reached Zanzibar in safety, though sadly reduced in weight, and was quickly on his way to England, where he met with the warmest welcome. Settling down to his old work at Hurst, he gradually regained health and strength; and in corresponding ratio the longing to return to the field from which he had been beaten increased in intensity. At first the Church Missionary Committee would not hear of his *ever* returning to Africa; but as he recovered health and vigour, and retained his old enthusiasm for the work, his name naturally occurred to them when, in 1884, the scheme to appoint a bishop to superintend the churches of Eastern Equatorial Africa came again before them. Hannington had the rare combination of gifts required in a missionary bishop—"dauntless personal courage, tact, spirituality of mind, and prompt, business-like habits—gentleness coupled with a strong personality." His severe experience had toned down much of his old exuberance of humour; he was more quiet, tender, and outwardly affectionate than before. When the episcopal proposition was made to him, he cheerfully and devoutly accepted the responsibility.

Consecrated bishop at Lambeth on June 24, 1884, he employed the next four months in organizing his diocese, and making additions to his working staff. The Archbishop commissioned him to visit Jerusalem and confirm the churches on his way out to Africa—a commission which he fulfilled to the satisfaction and delight of all concerned. The 24th of the next January found him steaming into the harbour of Mombasa, an island on the East African coast, from which he crossed to

Frere Town—a settlement for freed slaves, suggested by and named after the good Sir Bartle Frere, and the head-quarters of the Church Mission work. Here he found "a lovely spot," with "palatial residences," and at once set himself to supply deficiencies in church accommodation, and to infuse life and vigour into every department. Many knotty questions came under his notice, and were the subjects of his letters from Frere Town. These were marked by sound sense, high purpose, and intense longing for spiritual results. "I want to hear more about saving souls than saving pice. . . . . I should like to know that the weeds are being pulled out of the hearts, while those in the shambas are not permitted to run wild." He crossed a dangerous desert to visit the mission at Taita, 200 miles from the coast; ascended the snow-clad mountain Kilimanjaro to the height of 9,000 feet; and was delighted with the English-looking scenery of Chagga, and the shrewdness and enlightenment of King Mandara.

"I have but little doubt," he writes, "that the history of a mission here, if properly maintained, would be the counterpart of most of our missions: the reception of the white man with joy and gladness; everything done for him for a week or two, then a cooling down of the first love, neglect, perhaps even persecution; after which, if patiently endured, fresh overtures, a mutual understanding deepening into confidence and love; then a gradual opening of the door, a breaking down of superstitions, a reception of the Gospel of Peace, and of the sweet Saviour of men. May God give Chagga to His Son!"

The indefatigable Bishop was now full of his idea of establishing a new and better way westward, which should supersede the old fever-stricken route to the southern side of the Lake. The warlike Masai appeared to be the only serious difficulty to be encountered by a well-equipped expedition, and Hannington did not see any insurmountable obstacle to the establishment of a chain of mission stations which should extend from Mombasa through Taita or Chagga to Uganda. It was a grand and perfectly reasonable project; but he was not aware of the suspicious ill-feeling with which all visitors approaching from the north-east had just then come to be regarded by the young King of Uganda and his warriors. With the Bishop there was never any long interval between decision and action.

He wrote to the Church Missionary Society, expounding his daring project, and then made all necessary preparations for his adventurous journey. On July 23 he started out of Rabai at the head of his caravan of 200 men, taking with him Mr. Jones, a newly ordained native clergyman, who was to him a great comfort and rendered him much assistance.

"All the way during that march to Taita his letters reveal him to us, till we seem to see him as he strides ahead with that springy step of his. Arms swinging, eyes ever on the alert to notice anything new or remarkable—now a snatch of song, again a shout of encouragement—a leap upon some rare flower or insect—the very life and soul of his company; while ever and anon his emphatic voice would be raised in the notes of some old familiar tune, and the wilderness would ring to the sound of a Christian hymn:

"'Peace, perfect peace, the future all unknown;
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.'"

His *last* letter to his wife was written from Kikumbuliu on August 11, and displays some of his old humour and readiness to make the best of everything. "And now," he concludes, "just leave me in the hands of the Lord, and let our watchword be, 'We will trust, and not be afraid.'" On the borders of Masai Land he and his men were almost starved, but, with a fair allowance of trouble and annoyance, got safely through that much dreaded people. Passing through thickly inhabited Kavirondo, they came to Kwa Sundu, when the Bishop decided to proceed to the Lake alone, leaving the faithful Jones behind in charge of the caravan. Accordingly, he started on October 12, with fifty picked men, and Mr. Jones received no news of him from October 13 till November 8, when two men brought the almost incredible tidings that the Bishop and his party had been killed. His journal, which has since been recovered, continues the narrative of his proceedings and sufferings to within a few hours, or perhaps minutes, of his death; and no such pathetic record has been given to the world since that of Richard Williams, written when dying of starvation in Patagonia.

Though suffering severely from an inflamed leg, the Bishop marched resolutely on, till he came, unexpectedly, to the banks of the Lake. His troubles with the Waganda appear to have

begun on October 19, when he fell in with an armed mob sent to subdue Usoga. The country around was desolated by the cruel warfare; but, though encamped between the two parties, he passed the night in safety, and the next day "made fine progress"—though he very naturally began to fear that he had arrived in a troublesome country. On the 21st he came to chief Lubwa's village, and soon found himself placed under guard. Climbing a hill, he was delighted to have a splendid view of the Nile and of the beautiful intervening country, but could not get leave to proceed to the river. Suddenly he was set upon by some twenty ruffians, who threw him to the ground, stripped him of his valuables, and dragged him along for some distance by the legs, and then by the arms. "In spite of all," he records, "and feeling I was dragged away to be murdered at a distance, I sang 'Safe in the arms of Jesus,' and then laughed at the very agony of my situation." For some days he remained a prisoner in a hut, "fearfully shaken," and made a spectacle at times to the Philistines—the chief and hundreds of his wives. While expecting an answer to the letter he had written to Mr. Mackay, and awaiting an order from Mwanga for his release, his great comfort lay in reading the Bible, especially the Psalms—that precious treasury for a man in deep distress. On the 28th, after "a terrible night," he writes:—

"O Lord, do have mercy upon me and release me. I am quite broken down and brought low. Comforted by reading Psalm xxvii. . . . . Much comforted by Psalm xxviii."

The last entry in the little diary is as follows:—

"*Oct. 29th, Thursday.*—(Eighth day's prison.) I can hear no news, but was held up by Psalm xxx., which came with great power. A hyena howled near me last night, smelling a sick man, but I hope it is not to have me yet."

Within a very short time of writing the above the Bishop was conducted to an open space outside the village, and, finding himself once more surrounded by his own men, probably thought that the worst was over, and that now they were to be allowed to proceed on their journey. But it was not to be. The closing scene of his life is thus sketched by Mr.

Dawson, from details furnished by the four of his native companions who were suffered to escape:—

"He was not long left in doubt as to the fate which was in store for him. With a wild shout the warriors fell upon his helpless caravan-men, and their flashing spears soon covered the ground with the dead and dying. In that supreme moment we have the happiness of knowing that the Bishop faced his destiny like a Christian and a man. As the soldiers told off to murder him closed round, he made one last use of that commanding mien which never failed to secure for him the respect of the most savage. Drawing himself up, he looked around, and, as they momentarily hesitated with poised weapons, he spoke a few words which graved themselves upon their memories, and which they afterwards repeated just as they were heard. He bade them tell the King that he was about to die for the Baganda, and that he had purchased the road to Buganda with his life. Then, as they still hesitated, he pointed to his own gun, which one of them discharged, and the great and noble spirit leapt forth from its broken house of clay, and entered with exceeding joy into the presence of the King."

Thus ended the brief and bright career of Bishop Hannington, who had but just entered on his thirty-ninth year. He was unaware of the effect which had been produced on the weak mind of the young King of Uganda by the attempts of Germany to gain footing in Eastern Central Africa; nor could he foresee that the tidings of the approach of a white man from the north-east of the Lake would confirm Mwanga's worst suspicions, and lead to cruel measures both against the new-comers and against the mission already established by Mr. Mackay and others. The young Bishop's motives were of the very purest. He had no ambition to gain renown as a grand African explorer, a second Livingstone or Stanley. His aim was simply to extend the dominion of Christ by reinforcing the Uganda Mission and establishing a chain of stations along the healthiest road from the coast, so carrying a current of light through those benighted regions. The salvation of Africa was the object dearest to his heart; for this he underwent pain and disease, insult and martyrdom—with results which shall appear in due time.

SHORT REVIEWS AND BRIEF NOTICES.

THEOLOGY.

The Christian Platonists of Alexandria.. The Bampton Lectures for 1886. By C. BIGG, D.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

THE new Bampton is a return to the older and better tradition of the famous lecture. Recent volumes have dealt chiefly with questions of the hour, with what the Germans call "bread and butter" topics. We do not despise bread and butter; but we like a change occasionally. While thankful for practical views of Christianity, we cannot forget that its doctrines involve the deepest problems of human thought. These aspects cannot be ignored, if educated minds are to be won and kept for the Christian faith. Dr. Bigg, forsaking the well-beaten highway of utilitarian common-place, takes us into one of those bypaths of speculative research which have a wonderful charm for thoughtful spirits. The Alexandrine school of thought, which Dr. Bigg expounds with so much learning and power, is one of the most interesting and influential phenomena of history.

It must ever remain the glory of that school that it was the first to attempt to reconcile Christian doctrine with philosophy, or to present Christianity in philosophic form. The place and time explain why the necessity was felt. Alexander's famous city was the meeting-place of east and west, of rival schools and faiths from all quarters. Coming into daily contact, they were compelled to find ways of living together in peace. The Jews especially were a large and flourishing community, and showed wonderful readiness in assimilating Greek ideas and ways. Philo is one of the best fruits of this eclectic spirit. His teaching, along with Gnostic speculations, prepared the way for Alexandrine Christianity; and these preparatory movements are excellently described in Dr. Bigg's first lecture. Still, the need for a reasoned presentation of Christianity might have existed without calling forth a supply; but it was not so. Clement and Origen were exactly the men for the crisis; and their character, teaching, and influence form the main subject of the present volume.

Clement is not unaptly compared, in his genial, versatile talent, and wide sympathy, to Jeremy Taylor. Origen's genius was as universal as his heart was large. "He is the first great scholar, the first great preacher, the first great devotional writer, the first great commentator, the first great dogmatist." In the field of textual criticism, of exegesis, and of religious philosophy, his achievements were equally great. It is curious how many great dogmas and great errors link on to his name. Much as we may regret his wanderings, we must not forget his great services to truth, or the fact that, like Clement, he

was a pioneer. He had no accepted creeds and watchwords by which to steer. In every direction he had to break new ground. "Among the greatest of these builders were Clement and Origen. We must ask what they found to build with. We must throw ourselves back into the days when tradition was in the making, and beliefs, which afterwards seemed eternal truths, had as yet occurred to no man."

The lecturer points out many anticipations, so to speak, of modern conceptions. Clement's doctrine of the divine nature was in substance identical with Mansel's. He was also the first formally to explain sin by the freedom of man's will. Bishop Butler's indebtedness to Origen for the germ of his great treatise is well known. One of Origen's arguments for the being of God is not unlike the Cartesian *Cogito, ergo sum*. He also has the idea of miracles being above nature, but not against it. Both the Alexandrines were of course favourites with our own Cambridge Platonists. Clement, "though the father of all the Mystics, is no Mystic himself." "Like the English Platonist, Henry More, Origen finds the idea of God in that of the Perfect Being." But the chief point of affinity between the Alexandrian Platonists and all Mystics is in the idea of two Christian lives, one for the multitude and one for the select few. The conception is a Gnostic one. Both Clement and Origen adopted it, and made the Christian in his highest stage the true Gnostic. Faith, Fear, Hope, Holiness are the steps at the lower level; Knowledge, Love, Righteousness at the higher. Practice is the mark of the one, Knowledge of the other. "Clement protests that the two lives are not divided by any law of nature. The one must and should grow out of the other; the one is incomplete without the other. All men, all women are called, he says, 'to philosophize,' to strive upwards to the highest ideal. Yet the distinction in itself is evil, and Clement has expressed it in such a way as to make not a distinction but a real difference, a breach of principle and continuity. The spiritual life is one, because Love, its root, is one. But this Faith, which in the lower life leads through Fear and Hope to Love, is itself not Love, but imperfect intellectual apprehension; not personal trust in the Saviour, but a half-persuasion of the desirableness of what the Saviour promises."

The lecturer thinks "there can be little doubt that St. John acquired from Alexandria that conception of the Word, which first brought Christian theology within the sphere of metaphysics." Dr. Westcott, on the other hand, refers the suggestion to Palestine. St. John was not likely to have much connection of any kind with Alexandria, though probably the idea, both in its Palestinian and Alexandrian dress, was widely spread, and had more or less become common property.

Dr. Bigg gives a very clear account of the Allegorism, for which the Alexandrian school was famous. Origen certainly carried the method very far. He gave up the literal truth of those Old Testament narratives which he deemed physically and morally impossible, and explained them as mere parables of religious truth. The natural is everywhere a reflection and image of the spiritual. Here we have the law of Correspondences, of which Swedenborg makes such

use. "On its negative side Allegorism is apologetic, on its positive it is the instrument for the discovery of mysteries." The latter view leads to a doctrine of esoteric Christian truth. The element of truth in all this teaching is the typical, prophetic side of Scripture. But the truth was exaggerated and distorted into serious errors, as the lecturer rightly shows. "The dangers of such a mode of procedure are obvious, and there were not wanting those who urged them, though they directed their protest mainly against its application to the New Testament. . . . Origen's rules of procedure, his playing with words and numbers and proper names, his boundless extravagance, are learned not from the New Testament, but through Philo from the puerile Rabbinical schools."

Incidentally we have many graphic pictures of early Church life. The Catechetical school of Alexandria, presided over by Pantænus, Clement, Origen, Heraklas, &c., was the first theological college, and not the least distinguished. Its plan of study was varied and comprehensive. It had a lower and higher course, the latter including science, philosophy, ethics, and theology. "It may be doubted whether any nobler scheme of Christian education has ever been projected than this, which we find in actual working at Alexandria at the end of the second century after Christ." The school seems to have flourished till about the end of the fourth century.

If asked for a perfect specimen of accurate knowledge, we should point to the account given in the last lecture of the vicissitudes of Origen's reputation in the Church. The alternation of evil report and good report is carefully rendered. Origen seems to have equally attracted and repelled all parties, "unfit for earth, unfit for heaven." They dare not approve without qualification, and they were loth to condemn. The varying fortunes of his life have been reproduced in his fame. Yet all do homage to his greatness and goodness.

We cannot endorse all the lecturer's opinions and criticisms. "What an absurd yet mischievous word is 'infinite,' purely material in all its associations, and as unmeaning when applied to spirit as 'colourless' or 'imponderable' would be" (p. 159). All our terms for spiritual objects might be objected to on the same ground, "spirit" included. When a term has acquired a fixed spiritual connotation, it has ceased to be "purely material in all its associations."

The following remark justly applies to some forms of modern religionism: "Is it too much to assert that the Father has, in appearance at any rate, been obscured behind the Son, as the Son in turn behind the Virgin and the Saints?"

The volume is the longest, most elaborate, and most satisfactory account of Alexandrian teaching that has yet appeared in English, and would not be unworthy of the great Germans, whose researches have been so well used, and are so often referred to in the notes.

A Comparative View of Church Organizations, Primitive and Protestant. With a Supplementary Chapter on Methodist Secessions and Methodist Union. By the Rev. JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. London: T. Woolmer. 1887.

Considering the connection of the author of this handsome volume with this journal, all that we are at liberty to do is to give a slight sketch of its object, and some account of its contents. In his preface Dr. Rigg refers to several series of lectures which have been delivered during the last twenty years on the leading Christian denominations of the country, from the point of view of lecturers belonging to several of these denominations respectively. "In the present volume," he says, "an analogous critical and comparative survey of the Churches has been undertaken from the point of view of Wesleyan Methodism, the basis of all the criticism and of the whole comparison being sought in the fellowship of the primitive Church, and in the motives and principles of Church organization and discipline so far as these may be probably inferred from the Scriptures of the New Testament and from the other Christian writings of the first century of the Church's history." In the opening paragraph of the second chapter of the volume, relating to the "organization of the Primitive Church," he expresses, on behalf of Wesleyan writers, the view "that only a few general principles as to the matter of Church organization and government can be said to have any direct sanction in the New Testament, and that the particular application of these principles and the details of organization and arrangement have been left to be determined according to the varieties of human character and of surrounding conditions and relations." At the same time, while thus making comparatively little of the details of Church organization, he exalts to the highest place the need of providing in each Church for homely and experimental Christian fellowship, for free and mutual spiritual intercourse among the members of the Church. He points to the primitive Churches, especially the Church at Jerusalem, as affording an example of the minimum of organization united to the all-essential elements of Church fellowship. He is bold enough to say, "that unless a Christian Church, in some effective manner, makes provision for real individual fellowship, fellowship which joins into one living brotherhood the general society of believers, so that each believer may have actual spiritual comradeship with some company of others, and be linked to the whole body in vital and organic connection, and so that all may have an opportunity of using their spiritual faculties and gifts, that Church is essentially defective."

Add to the two guiding principles thus indicated one other—namely, that Dr. Rigg is a strong Connexionalist in Church theory, as opposed to the Independency of Congregationalism, and we have suggested the chief special lines of argument and of judgment which give character to the opinions and conclusions contained in this volume.

The book is divided into sections and chapters as follows:—"I. The Primi-

tive Church. Chapter 1. The Fellowship of the Primitive Church. Chapter 2. The Organization of the Primitive Church (30–130 A.D.). II. Anglicanism. Chapter 1. What the Reformation Meant for the Church of England and what it Accomplished. Anglicanism during the Tudor Period. Chapter 2. The Modern Church of England. The Want of a Lay Fellowship. The Dilemma of the English Church. Chapter 3. Present Questions for the Church of England. The Controversy on Church Reform. III. Presbyterianism. Chapter 1. First Principles and Early Character and Influence of Presbyterianism. Chapter 2. The Character and Influence of Presbyterianism as Modified in Later Times. IV. Congregationalism. Chapter 1. An Historical Study of the Principles and Working of Independency. Chapter 2. An Examination of the Principles of Congregational Independency. V. Wesleyan Methodism. Chapter 1. The Doctrine and the Fellowship of Wesleyan Methodism. The Spread of Wesleyan Doctrine. The Mutual Relations of Doctrine and Fellowship. The Special Characteristics of Methodist Preaching. Chapter 2. The Ecclesiastical Organization of Wesleyan Methodism. Chapter 3. The Distinctive Ecclesiastical Principles of Wesleyan Methodism. Comparison with 'Regular' Presbyterian Churches. Wesleyan Methodism and Methodist Secession. Chapter 4. (Supplementary). Methodist Secessions and Methodist Union."

It need hardly be said that Dr. Rigg, in this volume, as in his "Sketch and Study of Dr. Pusey and his Life-Work," is throughout uncompromisingly anti-High-Anglican, although he shows no unfriendly animus against the Church of England, as such. He is also opposed to any modification of the recognized principles of Wesleyan Methodism, with a view to union with other "Methodist" bodies. The volume is published in compliance with the request of the Wesleyan Book Committee.

The Kernel and the Husk. Letters on Spiritual Christianity. By the Author of "Philochristus" and "Onesimus." London: Macmillan. 1886.

The perusal of this book has filled us with mingled amazement, amusement, and indignation. The subject is far too grave for the amused wonder which many of its pages arouse to continue long; else the spectacle of a man deliberately sawing away at the tree-bough on which he sits, promising himself and others abundant security and comfort when only the inconvenient and troublesome branch is lopped off, cannot but excite a smile. But when the faith of the Christian Church is the main issue raised there is no room for amusement, and when a professed clergyman of the Church of England understands the fulfilment of his ordination vows to consist in what appears to us to be undermining the foundations of Christianity itself, all other feelings give way to indignation.

Doubtless the writer of this book does not intend to undermine Christianity when he propounds his religion without miracles, and calls it "spiritual Chris-

tianity," the "kernel" of which orthodoxy is only the "husk." We give him credit for all sincerity when he says that he writes for doubters, not believers, and adds in his second sentence, "The author would beg all those who worship a miraculous Christ without doubt and difficulty, to pause here and read no further." But responsibility is not to be thus lightly disclaimed in a passing sentence. The author must bear the grave responsibility of putting forth a book in which, deliberately and strenuously, and by the use of every known arm of literary warfare he contends against the reasonableness of the belief in miracles entertained by orthodox Christians. He assumes the position of a Christian of the only really rational type. In his first letter we read, "There may come—I think there will soon come—a time when belief in miracles will be found so incompatible with the reverence which we ought to feel for the Supreme Order, as almost to necessitate superstition, and to encourage immorality in the holder of the belief." Throughout the work the tone is the same, and the Appendix contains a plea for retaining in the service of the Church clergymen who hold the view that "miraculous Christianity" is absurd, if not immoral, intimating a way in which bishops might make it easy for such to retain or to enter Holy Orders.

It is this which rouses in us an indignant scorn which we hesitate to express in its appropriate words. That such attacks should be made upon miracles is nothing new. Beliefs similar to those held by the writer of *The Kernel and the Husk* are, it is true, sadly common in our generation—though we are happy to observe the beginning of a reaction against the excessive dogmatism of physical science, which will probably be in full operation before the end of the century. Such views, however, are freely held, and when propounded must be answered dispassionately. They have been met again and again, and can be still calmly met when they proceed from avowed enemies of the faith. But the writer of this book is well-known as a prominent clergyman of the Church of England. His identity is but slightly veiled; still, as he does not publish his name, we will simply argue from his own admissions. He tells us that he, a clergyman, does not believe—except by the use of miserable quibbling, which we would rather not further characterize—that Christ was born of the Virgin Mary that He worked miracles in His lifetime, or that He rose again from the dead the third day. Yet he thinks himself justified in leading a congregation in the repetition of the Apostles' Creed, and pleads for the recognition in the Established Church of men who hold that a "non-miraculous Christ" is the only one deserving the homage of rational Christians. We confess we have hardly patience to read such a book to the end, or deal with such arguments as it contains, upon their own merits.

Such merits, if we try to find them, are small indeed. Arguments against the probability or possibility of miracles there are none. The writer finds it easier, like Mr. M. Arnold, quietly to assume that they "do not occur." The argument of the book, such as it is, goes to show that miracles may be separated from the Gospel narrative without injuring its substance, and that rational adherents of Christ may disregard this excrescence (!), while still

worshipping Christ Himself and retaining the essence of the Christian religion. It is this part of the book which amuses and amazes us. A great part of the unworthy sophistry it contains is but a reproduction of the shallow rationalism of the school of Semler and Paulus, which we had thought was long ago discredited and out of date. According to the writer the miracles of healing were only "mighty works" which any man might perform by the "emotional shock" of faith. The feeding of the five thousand is but the story of a spiritual banquet which found its way into Christian hymns and traditions, and was materialized in the process. The Apostles, who went forth, a band of "transfigured ones whom nothing could tame," to preach Jesus and the Resurrection, had only beheld a vision of a risen Saviour, which the wonder-working imagination, of which our author has so much to say, had conjured up! And so forth. Viewing the argument as seriously as we can, we may point out that, even if so many and such different incidents of an ordinary kind could in such different ways be distorted into the miraculous accounts of the New Testament, it is absolutely incredible that such transformation should have taken place and a whole religion founded upon it in the twenty years or so which elapsed between the death of Christ and the date when St. Paul wrote the four Epistles, acknowledged by all sceptics to be genuine—the date, in short, of 1 Cor. xv. But all this has been pointed out again and again. The author of these letters has not the ghost of a new argument to present in support of a position which is the most curiously untenable of any of the half-way houses we have heard of between orthodox Christianity and open unbelief. We do not care to reproduce at length the sophistries with which the author tries to make the early history of Christianity credible without miracles. He may well learn a lesson from the author of *Ecce Homo*, whom we quote here, in preference to orthodox writers, for obvious reasons: "Any theory which would represent miracles as due entirely to the imagination of His followers, or of a later age, destroys the credibility of the documents, not partially but wholly, and leaves Christ a personage as mythical as Hercules."

But we are mainly concerned to point out the amazing effrontery of a writer who claims to lead Christian devotion in a National Church, when, by his own confession, he means by "born of the Virgin Mary" nothing but that Christ was "uniquely and entirely righteous"—is not such a moral miracle, by the way, as remarkable as any physical miracle ever wrought?—and who understands the resurrection of Christ to have been nothing more than a "unique vision of the buried Saviour apparent to several disciples at a time!" (p. 278).

If such paltering with language is not a debasing of the moral currency, where in the world is it to be found? We fully believe in the writer's personal sincerity, and some of his language testifies to his loyal and devoted allegiance to Christ as a spiritual Master. But such a writer is not a friend but a foe to Christ and His religion. We might ask him to read what Mr. John Morley, who at least has the courage of his convictions, says in his *Voltaire*, of "the strange and sinister assault upon religion, which we of a later day watch with wondering eyes, and which consists in wearing the

shield and device of a faith the more effectually to reduce it to a vague futility." But this writer thinks he is defending the faith! That is the very pity and the mischief of it. For ourselves we grieve over the prospects of a National Church in which it is possible for clergymen of position and influence to proclaim such beliefs as those contained in *The Kernel and the Husk*, and to sow broadcast seeds of scepticism, which will assuredly produce a bitter and an evil crop, while repeating an orthodox Christian creed and professing to defend an orthodox Christian faith.

The Influence of Scepticism on Character. Sixteenth Fernley Lecture. By the Rev. W. L. WATKINSON. London: T. Woolmer. 1886.

We congratulate Mr. Watkinson on his choice of subject for the Fernley Lecture. It is timely, practical, most important, and admirably adapted to the lecturer's special abilities. The lecture produced a marked effect upon its delivery last August, but in its published form the subject is worked out at much greater length than was possible in a single evening, and one substantial portion of the lecture is entirely new. In its present form it makes a substantial little volume of 160 pages.

Mr. Watkinson's characteristic excellences are now widely known. We find illustrated in the lecture his wide reading in modern sceptical literature of the better class. His pages are freely studded with quotations from M. Arnold, L. Stephen, John Morley, and kindred writers. He knows precisely where to find the weak points of their armour, and his rapier is fine enough to penetrate the narrowest opening. His style is polished and vigorous, abounding in illustrations, but these by no means of a commonplace kind, and often exceedingly effective and happy. He plies the enemies of religion with logic, invective, and sarcasm by turns, and is never at a loss for an epigrammatic phrase to give point to an argument or illustration.

The lecture consists of three parts, of which the first consists of an appeal to history, and a rapid survey of the answer it gives to the question, "What is the effect of scepticism on character?" The second is the most valuable part of the lecture in the thoughts presented and the arguments urged, vindicating, as it does, the position of Christianity in relation to morality, and setting in startling contrast the position taken by modern infidelity. The following are some of its main points. Christianity alone maintains the distinctness and independence of the moral law, its sole supremacy, its universality, and its "realism"—surely not a very happy phrase—the writer apparently means practical efficacy, as opposed to what he denounces as "latent morality." Christianity is further shown to be the only trustworthy guardian of morals by the definiteness and explicitness of its moral teaching as opposed to the vague and misleading language of sceptical moralists; by its upholding moral perfection as the condition of universal well-being; and lastly, by its assertion of the infinite significance of the moral law which sceptical writers either flatly deny

or practically minimize. On every one of these heads Mr. Watkinson makes acute and discerning remarks of great importance, as he points out in all the essentially false and unsatisfactory position of modern would-be ethical teachers who have no religious faith. Young men who are in danger of being misled by the charming style and calm assumption of such writers as Mr. M. Arnold, should read the searching criticisms of Mr. Watkinson, who knows well how to estimate grace and ability of style, but also how effectively to expose such shallow and half-pagan views of life as are implied in the delicate persiflage of the modern Lucian.

We have not been so favourably impressed by the third part of the lecture, constituting about half the book. It consists of an examination into the personal character and private life of a number of representative sceptics—Goethe, Carlyle, G. Eliot, John and James S. Mill, and the Godwin and Shelley circle being included in the list. We do not mean, for a moment, that such examination is in itself out of place; it forms a legitimate part of the argument of the book. Nor is the spirit in which Mr. Watkinson criticizes these eminent literary men narrow and unintelligent. He says, "We must all feel what an ungracious task it is to dwell on the weaknesses of men, and the task is all the more painful when the men judged are of vast intellectual renown: it seems indeed a kind of sacrilege." We admit further that the boasts of many representatives of the modern sceptical school provoke such an inquiry, and that it is a matter of positive duty to point out moral flaws in the character of men or women of genius, the very brilliance of whose abilities make it likely that they will lead the unwary astray. We must also add, in justice to Mr. Watkinson, that he does not illogically and unfairly argue that, because such and such unbelievers have been morally faulty, therefore their faults are the effect of their unbelief. He endeavours to show, and, for the most part, does show clearly and with direct logical force, that the sceptical opinions held could not but tend, of their own proper effect, to engender and produce the evil results which followed them, in some cases with a distinctly traceable closeness of connection. He does, in fact, but illustrate by actual history, the practical operation of principles, some of which Lord Tennyson has indicated in his *Promise of May*, in various passages, of which we may quote one:—

> "And when the man,
> The child of evolution, flings aside
> His swaddling bands, the morals of the tribe,
> He, following his own instincts as his God,
> Will enter on the larger golden age;
> No pleasure then taboo'd; for when the tide
> Of full democracy has overwhelmed
> This old world, from that flood will rise the new,
> Like the love-goddess with no bridal veil,
> Ring, trinket of the Church, but naked Nature
> In all her loveliness."

But we confess we should have been better satisfied, and we think the end of the writer would have been better secured, if this work had been done more

briefly, less in detail, and with less of a directly polemical attitude. We are not quite sure whether the lecturer has been altogether just to Carlyle and J. S. Mill, though we are sure he would not intentionally be unfair or one-sided, but in any case we think that, if the ninety pages which Mr. Watkinson has devoted to this subject had been condensed into twenty, such as he well knows how to write, dealing faithfully and even trenchantly with a painful topic, the impression produced would have been better and not less powerful than that which is left by his long and laboured analysis.

This is, however, only a matter of proportion. The lecture, as a whole, is brilliant, powerful, and most effective as a polemic. The tender beauties of style with which some of Mr. Watkinson's writings abound are naturally almost absent here. But we heartily thank him for his vigorous exposure of many current fallacies and his vigorous defence of religion as the only safeguard of morality, and the only architect of the purest and noblest character.

The Doctrine of the Atonement. By Rev. L. EDWARDS, D.D. (Edin.), President of Bala College. Translated by the Rev. D. C. EDWARDS, M.A. Balliol College, Oxford. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

Both the subject of the volume, and the dialogue form into which it is thrown, remind us strongly of Anselm's famous tractate, which is evidently before the author's eye throughout. We miss the great scholastic's stern continuity of reasoning. With a view, perhaps, to maintain the sprightliness of the dialogue, Anselm's admiring imitator throws in remarks on related topics, which, however interesting, somewhat divert thought from the main subject. Old theological writers come in for well-deserved praise. There are wise comments on doubtful tendencies of modern thought. Mansel and Maurice, Hallam and Hamilton, are sharply criticized for theological aberrations. We have a neat dissertation, or digression, on the Christian evidences. Still, the principal thread of doctrine is well held fast to the end.

Principal Edwards does not intend a complete discussion of the doctrine. His purpose evidently is to emphasize several points or aspects which have seemed of importance to himself. These points may be summarized thus. The essence of atonement is merit; merit is only possible in a divine person, and must be adequate to the greatness of the need. Both the greatness of the person and the heinous nature of sin must be truly estimated, if atonement is to be understood. It is from overlooking the latter truth, that Maurice and his followers have gone so far astray. A proposition to which the author attaches great importance, is that the amount of merit depends on the extent to which the person of the atoner is in his work; and as in Christ's case the union between the person and the work is perfect, the merit reaches the highest point. Again, from the position that merit attaches to and abides in the person of the atoner, he argues that it does not pass over to others unconditionally. So, merit is inconceivable in Christ apart from the idea of

suretyship. He can only have merited for others. At some points a little obscurity seems to brood over the pages; but perhaps this is the fault of our unmetaphysical minds.

Again and again the author carries the war into the enemy's country with great effect. "All who deny the doctrine of the atonement take for granted that there is no necessary connection between sin and punishment. But consider what this implies. If justice does not demand punishment, then it is not just to punish. This is undeniable; for it is impossible to conceive the righteous God punishing His creatures, if He does not do so from necessity of nature. But what is the inevitable conclusion? If it is not just to punish, then to refrain from punishing is no proof of goodness or mercy. What goodness is there in refraining from punishment, when one has no right to punish?"

The whole argument is well worth careful reading, while the many asides keep up the interest. The last chapter sketches briefly the history of thought on the subject from the early Fathers to the Reformation. It is well suggested that to each age was committed the task of formulating one great Christian doctrine. The many literary and philosophical allusions add brightness and sparkle to the dialogue. On p. 152 "Spencer" is a misprint for "Spenser."

The History of Israel. By HEINRICH EWALD. Vol. VIII. "The Post-Apostolic Age." Translated by J. FREDERICK SMITH. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

"With this volume the English translation of Ewald's *Geschichte des Volkes Israel* is completed." With all its mistakes and faults Ewald's is a truly great work. Its chief value lies in its rich suggestiveness and large historical views. Ewald is not a dry narrator of facts. He grasps the entire sacred history from first to last as a whole, divines its meaning and lessons, and presents it as a connected drama, doing for Israelitish what Mommsen has done for Roman, and Curtius or Grote for Greek history. Ewald has the advantage that his authorities are complete and certain, presenting no ugly chasms which have to be bridged over by conjecture. To any one who can criticise Ewald's rationalistic premisses and conclusions, the work will prove, as the translator says, "an Encyclopædia of Biblical Learning." Even the ponderous style has a certain consonance with the author and the matter, and is not without dignity.

The present volume deals with the futile efforts of the "Judæans" to retrieve their position after the fall of Jerusalem, the consolidation of the Christian Church, and the final destruction of Israel as a nation. Under the first head are given suggestive expositions of the Talmudic schools, of the position of Josephus and the Samaritans. Gnosticism, the work and influence of St. John, the growth of a Church constitution, fall to the second part. Rabbi Akiba and Bar-Kokheba close the scene, and bring in the final catastrophe. "Chris-

tianity is thus, not merely the only logical, but also the only saving issue of this whole history, without which it would end in dreary night." The picture of St. John (pp. 153–170) is broad, powerful, and sympathetic, though the Revelation is assigned to that questionable personage, the Presbyter John. Of the Gospel, Ewald says, "On the margin of the primitive Christian age, and before it has wholly passed away, there are here at last once more collected into a wonderful picture the memories of the life of its absolutely incomparable creator. This is done with inwardness and warmth, with an absolute love of truth and genuine veracity, as well as with marvellous lucidity and graphic reality; so that in this picture Christ's memory is for the first time glorified for all ages, and must for ever shine forth as the highest attainment of all human history."

Ewald closes with a brief exposition of the way in which, as he conceives, the Old and New Testament Canon was formed. The salient points are skilfully touched. We have here again the same singular combination of a very free treatment of Scripture with the highest esteem and reverence for its contents. Ewald never ceases to acknowledge the absolute uniqueness of Scripture as a fact, while he fails to account for the fact. Of the New Testament he says (p. 347), "None of these writings made pretensions to sacredness when they were first written and circulated." How did Professor Ewald know this? He truly enough points out that Scripture is the final and greatest product of the history of Israel.

"Students will be glad to see that the publishers have included in the present volume a complete General Index to the entire work."

Catechisms of the Second Reformation, with Historial Introduction and Biographical Notices. By ALEXANDER F. MITCHELL, D.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

The enormous influence of "The Shorter Catechism" on Scottish life and history fully justifies this minute and learned account of its origin and growth. The interest of the subject, though primarily belonging to Presbyterians, is by no means limited to them; for it is doubtful whether any one of the great historic catechisms of the Church has made so deep a mark or held so lasting a position as the Scottish one. Dr. Mitchell's researches are so thorough that we do not see what can remain to be discovered; every corner and crevice is explored, every detail exposed to the light of day. The result of his long study of the subject is to show that the famous catechism is the product of evolution, the distilled essence of many similar works of local and temporary fame. The Puritan age was flooded with catechisms. In our days catechising is largely left to the Roman Church and the High Church school. It was different in Puritan times. Of the catechisms which appeared between 1600 and 1645 Dr. Mitchell says "their name is legion." He speaks of "the floods of different catechisms and different editions of the same catechism—often five or six, in several cases ten or twelve, and in some cases from twenty to thirty

editions—poured forth from the London press in rapid succession." The details given show that the Puritans had reduced catechising to a fine art. Witness some of the rules and directions given to catechisers, *e.g.*, Perkins's: "In the negative the affirmative is understood; and in the affirmative the negative. . . . . Under one vice expressly forbidden are comprehended all of that kind; yea, the least cause, occasion, or enticement thereto is forbidden. Evil thoughts are condemned as well as evil actions."

The central piece of the volume is the Shorter Catechism itself, which is reproduced from one of the earliest English editions with the ancient spelling. Of the thoroughness with which this part of the work is done it will be enough to state that after each answer extracts are given from other catechisms and documents of the period indicating the sources from which the materials of the answer have been drawn. Afterwards the author gives in full the catechisms which he believes had the greatest influence in moulding the Shorter Catechism, namely, William Gouge's "Brief Method of Catechising," Ezekiel Rogers' "Chief Grounds of Christian Religion," John Ball's Short Catechism, Herbert Palmer's "Endeavour of Making the Principles of Christian Religion Plain and Easy," Catechism by M. N., B.D., Ussher's "Principles of Christian Religion," Robert Austin's "Parliament's Rules and Directions drawn into Questions and Answers." These are the *origines* of the famous Scottish Catechism.

The second part of the volume contains other catechisms once current in Scotland, Samuel Rutherford's Catechism, Wyllie's Catechism, "A Fragment" (apparently by Mr. Robert Blair), The "A B C; or, a Catechism for Young Children," "The New Catechism according to the form of the Church of Scotland." All these are reprinted, like those in the first part, with the antique spelling and title pages.

Other matters of antiquarian interest in the work are the brief biographical notices of the authors of the catechisms, and a list of catechisms examined by the author in the principal libraries of Great Britain. We notice that Ball's Catechism appears in the "fourteenth impression, London, 1670." There are the usual quaint titles. "Milk for Babes" is a favourite one, "Children's Bread," "The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven, the eighteenth impression," "A Pill to purge out Popery." The work has been a labour of love to the author. "The exercise has been interesting to myself, and I trust its results will not be uninteresting to many of my brethren."

The Bible and the Age. By CUTHBERT COLLINGWOOD, M.A., Author of "New Studies in Christian Theology," &c. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1886.

The writer of this somewhat voluminous treatise proposes to solve the doubts and difficulties which many find at the present day in the relation between Scripture and Science, by a method of his own in which he has great confidence. We say of his own, though it soon becomes obvious to the reader that the

method is in plain terms Swedenborgian, though, as far as we have noticed, no mention of Swedenborg's name occurs in the book. It is at all events the doctrine of "Correspondence" which, according to the writer, is to prove the master-key to open the many difficult locks over which theologians who are anxious to show the real agreement between the Bible and modern science have been fumbling in vain. The author's doctrine may be thus briefly stated in his own words: "Every inorganic substance and every organized form is the exact representative of some one or other of the infinite and countless attributes and qualities which make up the Divine. . . . Hence the whole natural or material world is a vast storehouse of symbols, which are so arrayed as to have a definitive relation to ourselves" (p. 51). The real and sole object of the Bible is to teach man spiritual truths, and "the appearance of Science as such in Genesis i. is an appearance only, which possesses but a secondary motive and character. It is not even to be regarded as a secondary object of the writing, but simply as a necessary medium for the expression of the spiritual ideas to be conveyed" (p. 82). Hence "stone" always represents ultimate truth; "wood" denotes a form of good. "*Wood* bears the same relation to things of the will as *stone* does to things of understanding." "*Birds* represent the rational and intellectual truths and perceptions of such truths, and the soaring freedom and aspiring nature of such perceptions" (p. 115).

We really do not care to discuss this kind of exegesis. It is not likely to cause anything but a smile in either the student of physical science or the real student of Scripture. It is as old as Philo, and older. But we are not likely to sit down in this year of grace to learn in the school of Philo or of Swedenborg. And with all respect for the writer, who evidently possesses ability, we cannot but regret that time and thought should be spent upon such a method as this volume exhibits of solving the problems of theology and science in the nineteenth century.

An Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament. By Rev. B. B. WARFIELD, Professor of New Testament Criticism in the Western Theological Seminary, Alleghany, U.S.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1886.

We have been greatly delighted by this unpretending but masterly little manual of New Testament Textual Criticism. It is one of a series, such as is popular now-a-days, of small books on great subjects. This particular series is styled "The Theological Educator," and the programme announced by the publishers promises well. We can hardly imagine anything of its kind better done than this; for the work is by no means easy. Few subjects lend themselves less readily to succinct popular treatment than textual criticism. The details are numerous, the methods complex. Only one who was thoroughly master of his subject could present within the compass of 200 pages such a survey as that before us. Even with Professor Warfield's lucid treatment, some parts of the subject will not be readily understood, and, though the author calls his

book a primer, those who have thoroughly digested its contents will be fairly well advanced in a somewhat difficult study—more advanced at least than a certain confident Quarterly Reviewer.

We have no hesitation in saying that this is the best Introduction to the subject we have in England. Hammond's work, even in its latest edition, is not so thoroughly up to date, and is decidedly deficient in its dealing with the subject of "genealogies." Scrivener's smaller book does not cover the same ground. And we know not where else than to this singularly able and complete manual we could point those anxious to obtain a general elementary idea of the grounds on which the revision of the text of the New Testament is being conducted. It is neatly got up, very cheap, and full of valuable matter.

The Patriarchal Times. By Rev. T. WHITELAW, D.D. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1887.

The contents of this volume appeared, if we mistake not, in the now unhappily defunct *Monthly Interpreter*. The papers were well worth reprinting. They deal with a variety of difficult Biblical subjects, from the creation of the world to the death of Abraham. They are the work of a well-read scholar, a devout exegete, and are written in a clear and thoughtful style. Any writer who has to deal in the compass of a few pages with such subjects as the Mosaic cosmogony, the antiquity of man, the nature of the fall, the flood, the ethnology of Genesis x., the tower of Babel, and lastly, the temptation of Abraham, is sure to provoke criticism. In many of his conclusions we cannot follow Dr. Whitelaw. But his tone and spirit are always good, his position is usually judiciously chosen, his work is enriched with the results of modern research, and cannot but be of use to ministers and Bible-class teachers who are called to study and expound the Bible narrative of the patriarchal times.

Biblical Commentary on the Psalms. By FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D. In Three Vols. Vol. I. Translated by the Rev. D. EATON, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

The above is the second volume in the "Foreign Biblical Library" Series now being issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The admirable work which Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have for so many years carried on in this direction will, in these days of extended Bible study, well bear supplementing. We heartily welcome, therefore, this new effort, which cannot but be of benefit to English students of the Scriptures.

Delitzsch's Commentary on the Psalms is well known, and has been used for many years in this country in conjunction with Perowne as a standard Commentary. No expositor, however, can afford to stand still, and the venerable Leipzig professor has been issuing at intervals new editions of his works, in which he takes note of the recent literature of each subject and gives the results of his maturest judgment. The volume before us is translated from the fourth edition of the German, issued in 1883, and contains in

addition certain Corrigenda and an Excursus separately published. The body of the Commentary is substantially the same as in the second edition, from which Mr. Bolton's translation, published in Clark's Series, was made. But a careful comparison shows that very few pages are without slight modifications, while here and there substantial additions, often etymological, have been made, and notice is taken of the views of the latest writers on the Psalms. Amongst others we observe some of Professor Robertson Smith's papers in the *Expositor* are noticed. Some passages have been omitted, but these are chiefly on metrical questions.

There is no need for us to praise the book itself. It is unapproached for the combination of profound and copious Hebrew scholarship with devout spirit and spiritual insight. Readers of the earlier editions may be comforted to know that in substance they have Delitzsch's present views, for these were matured years ago; but all thorough students will wish to possess the author's latest judgment on discussions concerning the Psalter, and those who do not read German will be thankful for the issue of this edition. The translation in the passages where we have made comparison is faithful, and throughout it is clear and readable. The series is neatly got up and well printed, and we wish it all success.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence, M.A., Dean of Gloucester; and by the Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A. Isaiah: Exposition and Homiletics by the Rev. Canon Rawlinson, D.D. Homilies by Various Authors. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1886.

The success of this hugely voluminous series is truly wonderful. The indefatigable editors have now entered on the prophetical Scriptures, and here is the first of (we may presume) two volumes, portly volumes indeed, which will make up the "pulpit commentary" on the greatest of the prophets. A cynically disposed critic might say that this series of volumes, with their immense apparatus of homiletical commentary and of general suggestions in the nature of pulpit aid, go to prove that the power of original reflection has fallen very low among modern preachers. On the other hand, a hopeful and generously disposed critic might say that this series shows that the day is gone by for mere unhistorical and uncritical spiritualizing in the pulpit, and not less for mere motto preaching, and that, in some form or other, reasonable exposition of Scripture has become the prevailing fashion. However that may be, the present volume will certainly find as warm a welcome as any of its predecessors. Canon Rawlinson combines in a high degree the gifts and accomplishments of the historical critic—here, of course, he is pre-eminent—the prophetical expositor, and the practical homilist. The homilies by various authors also seem to be ably done and well selected and combined.

Daniel: An Exposition of the Historical Portion of the Writings of the Prophet Daniel. By the Very Rev. R. PAYNE SMITH, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. London: Nisbet & Co.

This volume consists of a series of papers which originally appeared in the *Homiletic Magazine*. The history is illustrated and vindicated in a popular but yet scholarly manner, and the great lessons contained in it are plainly set forth, without any waste of words. Those who know the characteristics of the author will not have needed this assurance, or any recommendation of ours in favour of this volume. To those of our readers, if there are any such, who are not yet acquainted with the sterling worth of the Dean of Canterbury's contributions to the historical elucidation of the Scriptures, we strongly recommend this exposition.

The Great Commentary of Cornelius à Lapide. Translated and edited by G. GOULD ROSS, D.C.L., assisted by various Scholars. *St. Luke's Gospel.* London: J. Hodges. 1887.

The learned Jesuit's commentary, first published in the seventeenth century and often reprinted since, is "great" of its kind. The fragrance or mould of antiquity is on every page. To open it is to go back to the world of centuries ago. No two pages could be found together without some patristic quotations. The day of critics of every school was not yet. The reader lives in the company of Cyprian, Ambrose, Augustine, Chrysostom, Theophylact, St. Gregory, Bede, not of Meyer, Griesbach, Lachmann. Let us not be misunderstood. À Lapide is no slavish copyist. His work is not, like the *Catena Aurea* of Aquinas (also Englished), a mere string of quotations. He is a real genius of the old school. His elucidations are original and his conclusions independent. Witness his reconciliation of the genealogies. He was a Hebrew and Greek scholar, and his use of the Fathers has all the ease of familiar and comprehensive knowledge. Still he belongs to the old world, and this constitutes his charm to many. Let us add that, while standing on the ground of his own Church, he is remarkably fair and free from polemical bitterness, indeed, we may almost say, from the polemical spirit altogether. Those who are able to read him in his flowing, dignified Latin will prefer to do so. However, the English dress which his translators are making for him is not unbecoming. The present volume is the sixth, and completes the Gospels. We suppose the translators will be satisfied with the New Testament. It would scarcely be advisable to attempt more.

The Parables of our Saviour. By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

With such works on the Parables already in our hands as those of Archbishop Trench and William Arnot, of Professor Bruce and Dr. Dod, it might

have seemed that there was no need of another, even from the pen of so able an expositor as Dr. Taylor, the Scotch Presbyterian preacher of New York. Those, however, who read the present volume, if they agree with us, will be of opinion that it has justified its claims to take independent rank. It possesses all the well-known characteristics of its author. It is not so learned as the Archbishop's volume, nor would it have been proper to have introduced professional learning and quotations from the Fathers into a volume of preached sermons; nor is it crowded, like Arnot's volume, with analogies drawn from Nature and its processes. But, unlike those valuable works, it is free from mannerisms, while it is marked by clear and effective exposition, and is full of practical application, not overstrained, but naturally deduced from the sacred text.

Lectures, chiefly Expository, on St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, with Notes and Illustrations. By JOHN HUTCHISON, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark. 1887.

On the same plan, and marked by the same excellences as the author's previous volumes. Dr. Hutchison is a most attractive expositor—interesting, scholarly, cultured. He exactly hits the mean between the superficial and the profound. His many and apt quotations, placed as mottoes to the chapters, and skilfully interwoven in the text, lend additional beauty to the pages. It may indicate the range of these quotations to state that among the theological writers referred to are Augustine, Bernard, Wordsworth, Chrysostom, Farrar, Lightfoot, Ellicott, Bengel, Vaughan, Weiss, Hoelemann; and among literary writers, Addison, Browning, Trench, Tennyson, Whittier. Indeed, the author is a past master in mosaic. The epistle—unstudied, spontaneous effusion as it is—is not without its difficulties; indeed, as the author truly observes, the difficulties often arise from the artlessness of the epistle. These are happily dealt with. The "Notes and Illustrations" give further suggestive hints and references. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating one of the pregnant quotations from Augustine: "Deus, quid gloriosius? Caro, quid vilius? Deus in carne, quid mirabilius?"

The First Epistle of St. John, with Exposition and Homiletical Treatment. By the Rev. J. J. LIAS, M.A. London: J. Nisbet & Co.

There is no book of the New Testament more characteristic of the writer and of the innermost life and spirit of Christianity than St. John's First Epistle. It leads us into the Most Holy Place of the spiritual life. Hence the attraction it has always had for the most spiritual Christian thinkers; hence also the difficulty of its exposition. More than scholarship, more than study, is necessary. These are useless without kinship of thought and feeling. John can only be interpreted by John-like natures, and these are rare

Rothe, with all his errors, was such a spirit, and his practical exposition is therefore admirable for insight and intuition. Dr. Pope's exposition in Schaff's *Popular Commentary* is distinguished by the same rare qualities. The work now before us does not aspire to the same rank. The author does not attempt to add a new, independent exposition, but only to cull the best that has been already produced, and put it into a form likely to be generally useful; and in this aim he has been successful. He refers often to Haupt, Wordsworth, Westcott, Düsterdieck. At the same time his work is no mere compilation. The mould, the image, and superscription, are the author's own. And, indeed, such a work serves a most useful purpose in expanding and amplifying thoughts which in their condensed form are ill-adapted for general use. We are glad to see Mr. Lias's commendation of Haupt's exposition in the Clark Series. "Of the admirable work of Haupt, which may be said to mark an epoch in the exegesis of this Epistle, it is impossible to speak too highly." The pages of the present volume, indeed, show that Haupt has been thoroughly digested. As far as we have observed, we are quite in harmony with, and can heartily commend, the principles, tone, and teaching of Mr. Lias's work. We assume, as he does, "that no single word in Scripture is without its purpose." In some passages Mr. Lias is content to linger on the surface—*e.g.*, the phrases "doth not commit sin" and "cannot sin" (iii. 9) receive no adequate explanation. He is evidently afraid of the apostle's daring language. Dr. Pope's suggestive comments would here have been of service to him, as they will be to the reader.

The Authoritative Inspiration of Holy Scripture as Distinct from the Inspiration of its Human Authors. By the Rev. C. H. Waller, M.A. With Introduction by the Lord Bishop of Liverpool. London: Blackie & Son.

The thesis announced in the title, which the author sets himself successfully to establish, has an important bearing on the question of inspiration. We are constantly told by opponents that we ought to speak only of inspired men, not of inspired books, as if we knew anything of the inspiration of the writers which is not embodied in their writings. Just as we have to do, not with the act, but with the result of revelation, so is it with inspiration. Those who limit inspiration to the personality of the writers know very well that in doing so they are reducing it to a vague, unascertainable quantity. With great force and fulness of argument Mr. Waller shows that our obedience is claimed for and due to the writings, not to the men simply. This fact is one of the fixed data, which every theory on the subject must take into account. Mr. Waller's little work contains much other useful matter bearing on the question. He always writes in the best tone. He is indeed far more moderate than his episcopal introducer. Dr. Ryle argues the whole question of verbal inspiration in advance of the author. Indeed, as the question is so conclusively settled in

the introduction, Mr. Waller's argument seems almost superfluous. We agree with the substance of the Bishop's conclusions, but fail to see the cogency of some of the reasons by which he supports them. He argues, for example, that unless Scripture is inspired, it cannot be a perfect rule of faith or an arbiter in controversy, it loses its authority to instruct and comfort. This is putting cart before horse. The right way surely is first to prove inspiration, and then to infer that it is a rule of faith. Other arguments used are better. But we honestly think that Mr. Waller's short and useful treatise is not helped by the introduction.

Seven, the Sacred Number: its Use in Scripture and its application to Biblical Criticism. By RICHARD SAMUELL. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1887.

This is an attempt on the part of an evidently earnest student of Scripture, who acknowledges that he knows little Greek and less Hebrew, to prove the "heptadic structure of Scripture." By this the writer means that in the structure of chapters, paragraphs, and clauses an arrangement by sevens may be almost everywhere traced. He finds the same mystic number in the use of single words and phrases which are found seven times or in multiples of seven, and he proposes to solve all or nearly all of the difficulties of textual criticism by the canon, "Seven does not invariably point out the true text, though it generally does." Finally, he discerns in this latent symbolism a proof of divine inspiration, and adds a chapter for the benefit of scientists on the number seven in Nature. The author is undoubtedly serious, but we find it difficult to treat seriously what reads like a caricature of true Scripture symbolism. It would be useless to show in detail what forced and extravagant treatment of the Scriptures is necessitated by the author's attempt to carry out in detail an idea which has deprived him of all sound judgment and sober sense.

Elijah Vindicated; or, the Answer by Fire. By the Rev. J. O. A. CLARK, D.D., LL.D. Nashville, Tenn.: Southern Methodist Publishing House. 1886.

Dr. Clark gives us a vigorous, often eloquent and picturesque, presentation of the scenes and lessons of the great prophet's life. The incidents of history, custom, and locality are used as a setting for the picture. The author always has an eye to modern applications; witness the severe and somewhat scornful castigations of scientist objections to miracles and prayer. Sometimes indeed the applications are a little distant, as where Jezebel's fate leads by way of contrast to a somewhat lengthened statement of the service of good women to religion. So, too, the sermon or homily on halting between two opinions would be more in place in a pulpit than in a volume. But these are only a slight set-off to much that is good. The author is not afraid to use illustra-

tive anecdotes, though he might have spared us the poor pun of the crow with "ravenous" appetite, anent the feeding by the ravens (p. 48). Some readers perhaps will question the interpretation of Elijah's request to be allowed to die. Dr. Clark thinks that he already knew of his intended translation, and deprecates the exceptional honour. We thoroughly sympathize with the vigorous protest against the outrageous misapplications of the inquiry, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" "Poor Elijah! how his ears must have tingled if compelled to listen to a tithe of the rhetoric and eloquence expended in denouncing the unbelief, the cowardice, and the disobedience it is claimed the question implies!" It is a defect that the Scripture references are not given.

1. *The Blessings of the Tribes.* By the Rev. FREDERICK WHITFIELD, M.A.

2. *The Children for Christ:* Thoughts for Christian Parents on the Consecration of the Home Life. By the Rev. ANDREW MURRAY.

3. *The Life of our Lord Jesus Christ; or, Little Sunny's Sweet Stories of Old.* For very Young Children. By EMMA MARSHALL.

1. Mr. Whitfield has given us another suggestive book. The blessings pronounced by Jacob and by Moses are brought together in a pleasant manner. We cannot agree with many of the expositions. Whatever may be the difficulties of the view commonly taken of the prediction concerning Issachar, Mr. Whitfield's explanation—"Issachar is brought before us as finding the position in which God had placed him to be the best"—is a very poor one indeed. The spiritualizing of this book is the weak point. It is often forced, and there is too much of it. We are compelled to enter our protest against the words in which the writer speaks of the blessing in store for the Jew. "This will be one of the next events that will take place. Let us not look for any change for the better in the earth." What use is it to work if such words be true. They are liable to the worst construction.

2. Mr. Murray's description of his baptismal services when he was a missionary in the Orange Free States is very striking. The monthly Baptism-Sunday was entirely devoted to urging and unfolding the subject of parental duty. Out of those services this volume has grown. There is an address for every week in the year, with a short prayer added. We should like to secure a place for this timely volume in every Christian home.

3. Mrs. Marshall's *Life of our Lord Jesus Christ* is simplicity itself. Little children will welcome it into their Sunday library. The bold type, good paper, and well-executed pictures add much to its attractions.

Real Religion and Real Life. By the Rev. SAMUEL MACNAUGHTON, M.A. Edinburgh: James Gemmell. 1887.

This book will add to the reputation which *Doctrine and Doubt* won for its author. The title aptly expresses the drift and purpose of these chapters. We have been most struck by the last, entitled "Moral Character and Final Destiny." Whilst holding firmly to the orthodox view, and showing the mischievous tendency of the doctrine of "Eternal Hope," Mr. Macnaughton's words are truly broad in the best sense. "A man's character," he says, "is known and indicated by the use he makes of the light which he has, and not by the amount of light that is within his reach. On this principle God will judge the heathen justly." The words on death as a great spiritual experience are also very suggestive.

Joseph the Prime Minister. By WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., LL.D. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. 1887.

With this volume on Joseph before us, we are not surprised at the popularity Dr. Taylor's books have gained with general readers. The latest discoveries as to the Holy Land and Egypt are used to bring out the details of the most wonderful story of the world. Moral and spiritual lessons are never out of sight, though by no means obtruded on the readers. Dr. Taylor has some opinions of his own which will quicken inquiry, notably his interpretation of the words "he brought unto his father their evil report." He here vindicates Joseph from the accusation of being a petty tale-bearer. He thinks that this phrase indicates that the favourite son was set over the sons of the handmaids. The "report" was simply brought in his capacity as overseer.

Biblical Topography. By the Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1887.

The Site of Paradise, the Early Cities of Babylonia and of Ancient Assyria, Elam, Sites connected with Abraham, and Egyptian Sites are here discussed in seven suggestive chapters by a writer whose name is in itself a guarantee for the best work. Bible students, especially lay preachers and Sunday School workers, should have this timely, cheap little volume in their hands. The descriptions of Damascus and Hebron are very beautiful. The style is clear. Students will feel that they are under the care of a writer who has a thorough grasp of a difficult subject.

Present Day Tracts on Subjects of Christian Evidence, Doctrine, and Morals. By Various Writers. Vol. VII. London: Religious Tract Society.

This volume contains six tracts. The Rev. W. Stevenson writes on "The

Claim of Christ on the Conscience," Dr. Stoughton on "The Doctrine of the Atonement Historically and Scripturally Considered," Mr. Edgar on various aspects of the Resurrection, Dr. Reynolds on Buddhism, Mr. Thompson on "Comte and the Religion of Humanity," while Mr. Iverach contributes a tract entitled "The Ethics of Evolution Considered." The best results of Christian apologetics are here given in a condensed, clear, and attractive manner. Every tract has a distinct claim on the careful attention of Christian ministers, and all thoughtful young people will find this a volume eminently helpful and suggestive.

Is there a Future Life? Intimations of Immortality: Thoughts for the Perplexed and Troubled. By W. GARRETT HORDER. London: Elliot Stock.

Mr. Horder says in his preface, "The real purpose of these pages is to show that the whole order of things amid which man's lot is cast, as well as his own nature, are studded over with hints of immortality." He deals with intimations in the human race, in human nature, in Nature, from the Christ, and from the Unseen Realm. The tone of the book is devout, the style is clear, and the inferences are well drawn out. The cases of appearances of the departed to their friends given here are of considerable interest.

The Liturgy of John Knox. Received by the Church of Scotland in 1564. Glasgow: Printed at the University Press. 1886.

There are few monuments of the Reformation more interesting, there are not many more valuable, than Knox's *Liturgy*. The founder of Scotch Presbyterianism prepared a liturgy for the use of his Church; how few modern Presbyterians are aware of so fearful a fact! The same founder and father of Presbyterianism not only believed in ministers and ruling elders, but in "superintendents"—that is, bishops—for the one word is the precise equivalent of the other, if prelacy is eliminated from episcopacy—and he provided a special service for the election of superintendents, as may be seen in this volume. The volume also contains a form of public worship, sacramental services, fast day services, prayers for private houses, forms of excommunication and absolution, and for the visitation of the sick.

Vital Orthodoxy. By the Rev. JOSEPH COOK. With an Index and Analysis, and a Symposium on the Question, "What Saves Men, and Why?" London: Richard D. Dickinson. 1886.

We have a great respect for the Boston Lecturer, and a high appreciation of

the services he has rendered to evangelical orthodoxy. The present volume, however, is not by any means one of the best of his series. The lectures are less original and more made up of quotations. The preludes are sometimes by no means in good taste. His theology is still, however, at once orthodox, evangelical, and experimental.

The Expositor. Vol. IV. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

This periodical is one which all ministers should possess; one, indeed, which cultivated Christian laymen would do well to make their own. It is as interesting as it is valuable.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

A History of the Papacy during the Period of the Reformation. By M. CREIGHTON, M.A. Vols. III., IV. The "Italian Princes." 1464–1518. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

SUCH works as this do much to redeem the reputation of ecclesiastical history in England. The time, indeed, is long past when Dr. Newman's sneer, that Gibbon was the only ecclesiastical historian in England, was applicable. Still, even after Milman and Robertson, we have not too many works which for original research and severe historical impartiality rank with the great productions of France and Germany. Professor Creighton's aim is to apply to Church history the spirit and methods of Stubbs and Freeman. (We cannot suppress a regret that Bishop Stubbs preferred the civil to the ecclesiastical field). And the aim is thoroughly carried out. Our author has nothing of the partisan in him. He rules out of court not only legendary accretions but legally inadmissible evidence, and in his final judgments takes into account only proved facts. Indeed, his attitude towards all facts is one of impartial incredulity. All facts whatsoever have first to establish their right to be believed. His disposition is to think no evil, unless compelled to do so; and in his characterization of the different Popes he makes the most of all that is favourable. Let us say at once that we cordially sympathize with this new way of writing history. Our only interest is truth. Let all other interests take care of themselves.

Professor Creighton's dispassionate attitude gives greater weight to the unfavourable judgments which he is often obliged to pronounce. Indeed, we are inclined to think that his "sober view of the time on a sober criticism of its authorities" is a severer condemnation, and will carry greater weight, than the heated rhetoric of partisan writers on either side. We should be sorry to transfer to our pages even his expurgated edition of the unblushing profligacy

and equally unblushing nepotism of Pope Alexander VI., the famous (?) Borgia. See the note on the disease from which some cardinals suffered (iv. 5), one of them being Alexander's infamous son, Cesar Borgia. Lucrezia, Alexander's daughter, was married in her twenty-second year to a third husband; she was divorced from her first husband by the Pope for a reason we need not name (iii. 260), and her second husband was assassinated by her brother, Cesar Borgia. Mr. Creighton says of Alexander VI., "the irregularities of his private life, his open disregard of public opinion, his avowed delight in his children, and his political unscrupulousness, all these combined to emphasize the secular character of his pontificate in a marked manner. . . . In Alexander VI. the Papacy stood forth in all the strength of its emancipation from morality. The traditions of priestly life were gone, and the Papacy no longer represented Christian morality in the international relations of Europe. Its self-seeking was open and avowed; it joined with glee in the scramble for Italy which foreign invaders had begun."

The author's purpose is to tell the story of the Papacy "during the period of the Reformation," and at the end of his fourth volume he has not reached the threshold of the Reformation proper. His last three chapters deal only with "the beginnings" of the courtly, magnificent, unspiritual Medicean, Leo X. Very wisely, we think, he begins with the great Papal schism of the fourteenth century, and traces that secularizing and demoralizing of the Papacy, which was the prime cause and the justification of the Reformation. What Professor Creighton's opinion is we do not know; but in our view, his work, if carried on in the same neutral manner to its destined goal, the Council of Trent, will be the most splendid apology for the Reformation that has yet appeared. We give Julius II. all the credit for public spirit and Italian patriotism which our historian claims for him; but the figure of the martial Pope leading troops and storming towns is eminently repulsive. Francis I. might well say to Julius's successor, "He would have made a better general of an army than a Pope of Rome." When Michel Angelo was casting his statue, and proposed to put a book in his left hand, Julius said, "Nay, give me a sword, for I am no scholar."

The dealings of Alexander VI. with Savonarola are a crucial test of the Professor's neutrality; and it is characteristic that he speaks of Savonarola's "execution." However much of technical and legal right may have been with the Pope, few readers of ch. viii. vol. iii., in which the whole tragedy is related, will doubt that the moral right was with the reformer. The snares laid by wily ecclesiastics for the feet of the unworldly monk stir one's indignation very deeply. Alexander VI. showed himself in this transaction far more a successor of Pilate than of Peter.

Many figures of artists like Bramanti, Raffaelle, Michel Angelo, and of scholars like Pomponius Lætus, Marsilius Ficino, Mirandola, Poliziano, Gemistos, cross the scene and invite remark, but we must refrain. The two features of Professor Creighton's history which impress us most are—first, the lucidity with which the connection of events in a most complicated scene is

preserved, and secondly, the masterly summing up of the life and character of each Pope—the cultivated Paul II., the turbulent Sixtus IV., the amiable and feeble Innocent VIII., the worldly, sensual Alexander VI., the warlike Julius II. Many amusing incidents enliven the pages. The Sienese were once discussing how to show their gratitude to Roberto Malatesta. "To make him lord of their city seemed a scanty recompense. At last one rose and said, 'Let us kill him and adore him as a saint, and then we can have him as guardian of our city for ever.' Infessura hints that Sixtus IV. followed the example of the Sienese, and rid himself by poison of a too-powerful friend, but this is wholly unfounded, and only serves to give point to the story."

A History of the University of Oxford. By the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, D.C.L., Warden of Merton College. London: Longmans. 1886.

This is one of the *Epochs of Church History*, of which the Rev. M. Creighton, Ecclesiastical History Professor at Cambridge, is editor. Such small books on great subjects are a special feature of the literature of the day. Our only complaint about them is that the series are so many, and that, put forth as they are by different publishers, they sometimes, so to speak, overlap one another. Besides Church history, Mr. Creighton has taken English history in hand, and his eight "Epochs," published at 9*d.* each, or in one volume for 5*s.*, compare favourably with the more costly and voluminous "periods" into which Bright's History is divided. In Church history we think more might be given for the money. Half-a-crown seems little for over 200 pages; but when many half-crowns must be spent before the materials for anything like a complete view of Church history can be obtained, the resources of the poor scholar are severely taxed. It is a mistake to think that books are cheaper than they were; on the contrary, they are much dearer when we consider how many more of them are wanted in this age of examination, and how much less there is in each than in some of the old compendiums. In these "Epochs" we get, of course, rather the result of the author's reading than a regular marshalling of authorities. Mr. Brodrick has carefully read his Anthony à Wood; he has seen what has as yet appeared of Father Denifle's great book on Universities. He naturally knows Mr. Anstey's *Munimenta Academica* and Professor Burrows' *Visitors' Register;* and he has the invaluable register of his own college, kept with few interruptions since 1482. And thus, though he gives no footnotes and few quotations (exasperatingly indefinite, for instance, is such a statement as: "we are informed *on good authority* that Robert Pullen, &c.," p. 6), all except thorough students will find as much help from his little book as from many a much more formidable "apparatus." In his first chapter he goes over the same ground traversed by Mr. Bullinger in his book on Cambridge, but he compresses into fifteen pages all the speculations about early Oxford—its connection with Bologna

and afterwards with Paris; about the growth of halls; and when the Chancellor of the University came to be distinct from the Chancellor of the Diocese, the earlier designation of *Rector Scholarum* being merged in the more dignified title. Mr. Brodrick gives at some length the University history during the period of Charles I. and the civil wars. He passes rapidly over the time of George III., when Oxford had not only become politically insignificant, but had sunk to the lowest ebb in learning. Those who wish to see how low Oxford learning went down, owing in part to the excitement of the long war, should read Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review* (1805), an attack which was bravely met but certainly not repelled by Copleston, afterwards Provost of Oriel. What Gibbon sourly said of the fellows of Magdalen—"they were decent easy men, who supinely enjoyed the gifts of the founder, and whose days were filled with a series of uniform employments: the chapel and the hall, the coffee-house and the common room; till they retired, weary and well satisfied, to a long slumber. From the toil of reading or thinking or writing they had absolved their consciences"—was to some extent true of the University in general. Jeremy Bentham is one of the very few conspicuous men of mark among the Oxonians of the Georgian era; and Bentham's testimony is: "Mendacity and insincerity—in these I found the effects, the sure and only sure effects, of an English University education." On the other hand, Sir W. Jones, who got a scholarship at University College in 1764, was able to pursue his Oriental researches at Oxford, and Bishop Berkeley, who chose it as his final home, describes it as an ideal retreat for learning and piety. Some of the colleges, too—Merton for instance—had always kept up "hall-disputations," a survival of the mediæval dialectic. At Lincoln these were held six times a week when Wesley was elected fellow in 1726. About the Methodist revival Mr. Brodrick purposely abstains from saying a word; it is treated by Canon Overton in another volume of the series. Of the later "Oxford movement," of which Cardinal Newman was the mainspring, this volume contains a very interesting account. We are introduced to the Oriel *Noetics*, the school of thought affected by "that select body of fellows who formed a mutual admiration society, producing little but freely criticizing everything;" we are told how Newman, then a strong Evangelical, "girding himself up for a great struggle with secularism represented by a Liberal Government," learned to love the saints and to dislike the Reformation while travelling in Italy in 1832 with his pupil, Richard Hurrell Froude. The next year Keble's Assize sermon "On the National Apostasy" sounded the first note of the movement, and then the famous "Tracts" were projected, the aim of which was to enlighten the prevailing ignorance on Church principles and Church history. For years Newman clung to his faith in the catholicity of the Anglican Church, till in 1839 he thought he found an analogy between the position of the Anglicans and of the Monophysite heretics. Gradually he drew Romewards, till in Tract 90 (1841) he tried to show that the Articles of the Established Church are directed not against the Roman doctrines as interpreted by the Council of Trent, but against earlier heresies disavowed by that council. Then

the storm burst; the bishops declared against the "Tracts," Newman found his power gone, and two years later he joined the Roman Communion. Mr. Brodrick sees in "the widespread restoration of churches, the improvement of church-services, the greater energy of religious life within the Anglican communion, the influence for good which emanated from the Oriel common room." He notes at the same time the strange meanness which led Dr. Pusey and his party to oppose an addition to Dr. Jowett's miserably small stipend as Regius Professor of Greek, "because a larger salary would strengthen his position." He believes in the changes which began fifty years ago in the Oxford system. He is not sorry that by the abolition of close fellowships the exclusive spirit of college partisanship has been weakened. "The increase of professorships has," he thinks, "infinitely expanded the intellectual interests both of teachers and students. The admission of Nonconformists and the progress of free thought have powerfully modified theological bigotry." About married fellows he speaks somewhat enigmatically: "The multiplication of feminine influences has undermined the ideal of semi-monastic seclusion, and greatly increased the innocent and æsthetic distractions *which are the most formidable rivals of the severer Muses.*" The influence of Oxford, he tells us, was never stronger than at present; and its tone is good: "the ostentation of wealth has been visibly diminished, and there is probably more of plain living and high thinking in modern Oxford than in the Oxford of Charles II. or Elizabeth." We can imagine a more satisfactory book on the subject than Mr. Brodrick's; and yet it must be hard to be picturesque as well as compendious within the limits of an "Epoch."

The Owens College: its Foundation and Growth, and its Connection with the Victoria University, Manchester. By JOSEPH THOMPSON. Manchester: J. E. Cornish. 1886.

This handsome volume, with its pictures of the original home of Owens College in Mr. Cobden's house and its present splendid buildings in Oxford Road, is the record of a work such as, perhaps, no other provincial town in England can boast. It is not possible, in such a notice as the present, to do justice to the untiring effort, the princely liberality, the wise forethought, and the dogged courage which have brought about such a magnificent success. Alderman Thompson gives many interesting particulars of the attempts to found a college at Manchester in the end of the last century. No permanent success, however, could be gained. In 1846 John Owens left his fortune "to be applied for the purpose of affording to youths of the age of fourteen years and upwards instruction in the branches of education taught at the English Universities, free from the religious tests which limit the extension of University education." £96,942 was realized from the estate. From that day to this the record has been one of steady progress, though often amid grave discouragement, till now, at last, Manchester has its teaching University, with power

to grant degrees in medicine as well as in arts, science, and other faculties. Such a result could not have been brought about save for the enormous growth of Manchester. That has made the propriety and necessity of the University self-evident. Owens College has also been fortunate in its principal. Professor Greenwood was appointed professor at the opening of the College in 1850, and became its leader on the resignation of the first principal in 1857. His untiring efforts for thirty-seven years have contributed in no small measure to the present position of the University. When we name such professors as Sir Henry Roscoe, Balfour Stewart, Jevons, Wilkins, Sandeman, and Ward, it will be seen how much the College owes to its teaching staff. Nor must the Manchester men who have given both time and money to help on the work be forgotten. It would be hard to find a nobler record of public spirit than the story of their labours. Alderman Thompson's most interesting chapter is that on Professor Scott, the first principal. Irving's friend and home-missionary in London had a strange course indeed. Biographical sketches lighten up the record of benefactions and the chronicles of struggle and progress which have resulted in the Victoria University. Only resolute men could have fought their way through such difficulties as are recorded in these pages. We hope that the large-hearted plans of the Council will find supporters in the future as generous as those whose names we have lingered over here. An education at once so efficient and so cheap as that for which Owens College has become famous is a boon, not only to Lancashire, but also to the United Kingdom.

The Life of the Rev. Charles Wesley, M.A., sometime Student of Christ Church, Oxford. By the Rev. JOHN TELFORD, B.A. Religious Tract Society.

It is not very often that any writer has, within four months, published three distinct volumes such as *Two West-End Chapels*, the *Life of John Wesley*, and this biography of the poet of Methodism, the brother and life-long co-labourer of John Wesley. Each of these books is fresh and full of the evidences of careful and diligent research; each is written on an original plan; the two former have already made their mark; and, unless we are mistaken, the volume before us will not be less popular than the sister biography of the elder brother.

The present is, in fact, *the* Life of Charles Wesley for popular use; it has no competitor whatever. Thomas Jackson's admirable and most interesting work—a work of the highest value—is in two large and closely printed octavo volumes, and is, of course, a high-priced work. The abridgment of that work is an excellent book, but it *is* an abridgment. The present volume is fresh throughout; everywhere it bears the marks of independent and very painstaking research. It is well written; better, we think, than either of Mr. Telford's other works. It is pleasant, graphic, vivid, and yet not over-laboured

or at all sentimental. It corrects several errors, some of which are important, and is, in some particulars, more exact and complete in its information than even Mr. Jackson's biography.

Mr. Telford seems to have settled the vexed question of the date of Charles Wesley's birth, correcting on this point all former writers on the subject. The account he gives of the school life at Westminster is almost wholly new, and incidentally corrects at least one error. By a curious collation of circumstances, showing a keen power of historical research, the hitherto unknown date of an undated letter has been fixed, giving the only clue to Charles Wesley's work in the year (1757) after his active itinerancy ceased. A number of interesting particulars are brought together as to the poet-preacher's life in Marylebone. Many particulars also as to his family have been gathered up, which are not contained even in Mr. Jackson's volumes. The chapter entitled "The Poet of the Evangelical Revival" is particularly interesting, and contains not a little that is new, while the whole is very fresh. Everywhere, let us add, the man Charles Wesley, in all his special characteristics, especially as husband, father, and friend, is brought out into view, while his excellences as a preacher, and his eminent labours and services as an itinerant evangelist are well set forth and summarized. Considering the limited compass allowed him by the managers of the Tract Society, the author has, by means of very strict condensation of style, given us a remarkably full biography. We could have wished, indeed, that Mr. Telford sometimes were less sparing in his connective words. Occasionally the addition of a few particles would have brought out more distinctly the relations of time, place, or persons. We have observed, too, a not infrequent use of the simple past tense, as the Greeks used their aorists, and as our Irish friends are apt to use the same tense, in an indefinite sense, which the context, when studied, leads us to understand in a past-perfect or pluperfect sense. An attention, here and there, to niceties such as these will render what we may call the time-perspective of the narrative more clear and distinct. But such blemishes are few and slight. The merits, not only of the matter but of the clear and unaffected, the scholarly but unpretending style, are such as to carry the reader along with unflagging interest from first to last.

The Evangelical Revival in the Eighteenth Century. By JOHN HENRY OVERTON, Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Epworth. London: Longmans. 1886.

This is one of a series of handy-books on *Epochs of Church History*, edited by the Rev. Mandell Creighton. Canon Overton has here dealt with a subject which he had already treated at length in the excellent *History of the English Church in the Eighteenth Century*, of which he was the joint author with Mr. Abbey. It is an admirable compendium. In two hundred pages of moderate size a wonderful amount of history is digested. A book

so closely packed with the results of very wide and careful reading, and yet throughout so deeply interesting—condensed, but never dry; a review which deals with so many earnest preachers and leaders of opinion of various schools of theology and churchmanship, contradictory sometimes to each other, and evidently opposed, all of them, more or less, to the opinions and Church-bias of the writer, and yet which treats them all with such generous fairness, and recognizes with so much sympathy their goodness and their gifts, is such a triumph of liberal inquiry and candid criticism as we scarcely remember to have met with before. Canon Overton, we think we may infer from a passage on page 159, would desire to be classed among those clergy who hold to "High Church principles in the spiritual sense," and yet he so fully and sympathetically appreciates and sets forth the merits of the Evangelical clergy of the eighteenth century revival—as, for example, in the case of John Newton—that one of his reviewers has taken him to be himself of the Calvinistic "Evangelical" Church school, which is assuredly a mistake. But it is not such a man alone as John Newton whose character he admires and treats with tender reverence; he does full and kindly justice to eccentric John Berridge, of Everton. There is hardly a leader of any distinction, indeed, among the Methodists, whether Arminian or Calvinistic, who were members of the Church of England, or among the Evangelical clergy of that period, not with strict propriety to be called Methodists, such as Romaine, Venn, and Newton, who is not carefully characterized, and his position indicated among his contemporaries, in this volume. From bitterness or even prejudice of any kind or degree, Canon Overton would seem so be as free as it is possible to expect of any man. We, in fact, have found no traces of anything inconsistent with perfect candour and unfailing generosity. We may observe, as a somewhat notable point in a High Churchman, however "spiritual," that he not only reveres the character of Newton of Olney, but intimates very distinctly his opinion that Newton's friend, the poet of the "Task," was not mentally injured by any influence of creed or "evangelical" sentiment and companionship.

Canon Overton gives more space to the Wesleys and Whitefield, and especially to John Wesley, than to the other leaders of the "evangelical revival," as was to be expected. There are a few points as to which his views may be questioned by Wesleyan students of the life of their great Church-founder. Certainly the Canon has for once tripped when he attributes to Charles Wesley a "calmer judgment" or a cooler temper than to John. It seems strange, too, in view of his own statements as to the dire need which constrained Wesley to take his "irregular" course, and the results which followed his labours, that, in any sense whatever, Canon Overton should seem to censure Wesley for not consenting to be restrained by episcopal authority from the prosecution of the work which he felt himself called from above to do. Assuredly, also, Wesley's *Christian Library*, if there were no other evidence, is sufficient to show that Wesley both knew and highly valued Puritan divinity, although in his journal he seldom has occasion to refer to that or any other massive theology. But an occasional mistake can scarcely be avoided by any that are not infallible; and

if there were not even a solitary instance of unconscious ecclesiastical bias in a decided Churchman's writing on Wesley, it would be no less than a miracle. The marvel is that in so much discussion on his character, his course, his opinions, and the system which he founded, there can be discovered only, at the most, three or four errors, and no trace of anything like a disposition to censure or to detract. He does generous justice to his character; he accurately states and he defends his theology, including the doctrine of Christian perfection. If he does not always and at all points set him as high as might be done by any of Wesley's followers, he does him fully as much justice as some of them, and, of course, as a Churchman, he could not but take a more independent and less Methodistically biassed view of the founder of Methodism than his enthusiastic disciples may be expected to take.

The English Church and its Bishops (1700–1800). By CHARLES J. ABBEY, Joint Author of "The English Church in the Eighteenth Century." London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1887.

These two volumes form a kind of supplement to the great work which was published jointly by Mr. Abbey and Mr. Overton. They cover, of necessity, part of the same ground; but the matter is all wrought up afresh, and the work contains the results of much further research. Moreover, we have here the personal and special reading and judgment of the century's history as a whole, which Mr. Abbey, as apart from Canon Overton, conceives to be just and true. We have the homogeneous work of one man. Mr. Abbey in this work shows some divergences of tendency, as it appears to us, from his colleague in the former work, which were scarcely discernible in their joint production. The portions relating to the history of the Church in general and to the Bishops of the century individually and personally, in their long succession, are sandwiched in with each other, from period to period. This method, though almost, we think, a novel experiment, has its advantages. Altogether the work is one of great interest and value. It is a digest of immense reading, nowhere overloaded or tedious and nowhere slight or shallow.

The spirit in which Mr. Abbey writes is admirable, and well matched with that of his colleague Canon Overton, whose volume on *The Evangelical Revival* we have noticed above. But his judgments are more evidently coloured by the reflection of his own theological views than are those of Canon Overton. Mr. Abbey may, perhaps, like Canon Overton, "hold High Church principles in a spiritual sense," but his High Churchmanship would seem to be more deeply and visibly tinctured with the principles of the late Mr. Maurice, or perhaps, we should say, with the universalistic mysticism of William Law, taken apart from the grotesque Behmenish peculiarities of his later developments of doctrine, than that of Canon Overton, although the Canon is the author of the best biography of Law and the most lucid exposi-

tion of his mystical theology. The most marked feature in Mr. Abbey's present work is the manner in which he contrasts the theology of Wesley and Law. This is, theologically, the central portion of this dovetailed double history. Wesley held, as Canon Overton bears witness, the doctrines of the articles and homilies of the Church of England. He taught the doctrines of his Church as to the fall and depravity of man; he held the standard and traditional doctrines as to a future state of rewards and punishments. He agreed strictly with St. Paul's theology as taught especially in the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans, and with the doctrine of our Lord's teaching in the third chapter of St. John, as to the contrast in nature between the "flesh" and the "spirit," and as to the need of the new birth. These doctrines, as understood and taught by Wesley, Mr. Abbey disapproves. They are opposed to the mysticism of Law and to modern eschatology. Therefore, Mr. Abbey thinks, Wesley's usefulness was limited, and, in particular, it was impossible that the Church of England, in the persons of its bishops and its writers of higher culture, could do anything but reject his teaching and stand apart from him as it did. We are bound to say that this is a remarkable instance of uncritical anachronism. Mr. Abbey himself shows, in other parts of his work, on what grounds the bishops and other critics who wrote against Wesley's doctrine condemned him. As a matter of fact they condemned him mainly because of supposed faults of doctrine which belonged to him more or less in common with Mr. Law, on account of his "spiritual" doctrines and of his "enthusiasm." They never censured him for his "eschatology." It was for his doctrines as to faith and holiness, of which Mr. Abbey seems to approve, rather than as to the fall and depravity of man, that they attacked him. It would be easy indeed to answer much that Mr. Abbey says on this subject from his own statements in other parts of his work. As to the moral condition of England, Wesley's statements are identical with those of his contemporaries, and borne out by abundant evidence. As to the condition of the heathen world, Wesley does but echo St. Paul, while his views as to the possible salvation of the heathen, and even as to the moral and spiritual condition of such a heathen philosopher as the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, can hardly be unknown to Mr. Abbey. Wesley's views on this side of his theology were remarkably large and liberal; and if he held strong Evangelical views as to the fallen condition of man, he held strong anti-Calvinistic views as to the universality of Divine grace. We are of opinion, accordingly, that Mr. Abbey's judgment respecting Wesley's doctrines and influence is, on this side, unhappily biassed. It is certainly at variance with that of Canon Overton. Apart from this error, his estimate of Wesley is thoroughly generous.

The volume is throughout thoughtful, candid, and suggestive. Of narrowness or illiberality there is no trace. The sympathies of the writer are widely Catholic. His special Broad Churchmanship preserves him from High Church superstitions, whilst, happily, it has not destroyed his sympathy with evangelical experience and earnestness.

The record of the bishops is very complete; and the whole work, with its

valuable index of authorities and of persons and subjects, is one of the highest importance to the student of English history, and especially of the Church history of England.

The Churchmanship of John Wesley, and the Relations of Wesleyan Methodism and the Church of England. By JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. New and Revised Edition. London: Woolmer.

This new and revised edition of a work which is now generally recognized as a standard on its subject, contains no change in any point of importance to the general argument, but embodies two or three corrections as to minor but interesting points of Wesley's history. It is very beautifully got up.

The Church History Series. The Reformation in France. By RICHARD HEATH, Author of "Historic Landmarks." London: Religious Tract Society.

This is a careful and able digest of a sad history, full of interest and instruction. It is done with moderation and judgment, as well as with knowledge. The errors which, more or less throughout, marred the course of the French Reformation are not concealed, but they are not exaggerated or made the worst of. In a handy book like this a complete analysis of the whole case was impossible. The moral lessons, the lessons of Christian wisdom, to be learnt from the melancholy course and issues of the Reformation in France, would require special treatment, and might even merit a distinct volume on the subject. But much of what is to be learnt is suggested by the outline-history here so temperately set forth. The story of the terrible Dragonnades has often been told before. Here it is affectingly told. That was the crowning sin and enormity of the French Catholic Church and State, which prepared the way for the ghastly Revolution. But from this volume also may be learnt, at least in outline, what were the worldly weaknesses and errors which made French Protestantism an easier prey to the fiendish cruelties of the persecuting religious profligate, Louis XIV.

Ireland and the Celtic Church. A History of Ireland from St. Patrick to the English Conquest in 1172. By G. T. STOKES, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Trinity College, Dublin. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

These seventeen lectures, delivered first in Trinity College, Dublin, tell the story of the conversion of Ireland in a very interesting and indeed lively way. The history of the Irish Church in its state of independence, and the intrigues by which its union with Rome was brought about, are made as intelligible as they are ever likely to be made. Dr. Stokes does not confine himself to the lives of Patrick, Columba, and Columbanus. He duly celebrates other almost equally great names in Irish history, and gives graphic

pictures of political, social, and ecclesiastical life. The connection between Ireland and the East in the early centuries is made very plain. From the East came the Round Towers, which have puzzled the world almost as much as the Pyramids. The existence of anchorites side by side with monastic communities is common to Oriental and Irish Christianity. France, with which the Celts of Ireland naturally kept up active intercourse, was the means of connection. Interesting illustrations are given of the scholarship of ancient Ireland. Columbanus is compared, for his Latin and Greek reading, to Bede, and he can only have acquired his knowledge at the Abbey of Bangor on Belfast Lough and the schools of Lough Erne. Scotus Erigena in the ninth century "understood Aristotle in the original, and thoroughly grasped the Neoplatonism of Plotinus, Iamblichus, Simplicius." In earlier days Cœlestius, the friend and disciple of Pelagius, was, it seems, an Irishman. "His activity was immense. He had developed even in that early age a true Irish faculty for agitation, and realized fully that successful agitation can only be carried on by intense personal exertion."

Dr. Stokes does not overstate his case. He does not try to prove that St. Patrick was an Irishman, and he gives up the legend of the shamrock at the Council of Tara. Perfervid Irishmen will almost regard such conduct as downright treason.

The animated style of the lectures, which is by no means a fault for the purposes of the general reader, and the numerous almost anecdotal illustrations, are explained thus. Professor Stokes is bound to lecture twice a week during term-time; but, as no one is bound to attend, he is obliged to make his lectures attractive. It is to this circumstance that we owe some off-hand opinions and comments, which are more original than admirable—*e.g.*, "Bill Sikes, his mark" (p. 244); "Puritans have ever been intolerant" (p. 246), to which Puritans have a pretty good retort. We are informed that "the throne of Constantinople was occupied during the greater part of the eighth century by a highly Protestant race of emperors," who were "narrow-minded and intolerant," as if this were a case of cause and effect. Dr. Stokes severely blames modern missions, in comparison with ancient ones, for ignoring the aid of civilizing agencies. "I can just now only recall two instances where the Columban idea has been carried out by Protestants. One is the case of the Moravians, and they have been successful." These are not happy sentences. Educational and industrial aids have formed a large part of missionary operations, where circumstances called for them, though Dr. Stokes has not heard of the fact. We think we have read that the Moravians at first tried civilization exclusively, and failed; they only succeeded when they gave greater prominence to preaching. Referring to the rise of monasticism, the lecturer says, "Extreme heat always makes men inclined to meditation, and disinclined to active exertion. It has always seemed to me a natural result of the climate that the Buddhists of the East make their heaven to consist in Nirvana, absorption into the one absolute Being, and consequent cessation of all individuality and individual effort" (p. 167). This is a somewhat crude explanation.

We quite agree with the commendation of St. Patrick's wisdom in striking at the great centres of Pagan influence. "Great missionaries would be great generals. They require the peculiar talents demanded in great conquerors. They must be able to form comprehensive plans, grasp details, and have an eagle eye for central points. Such men were St. Paul, Francis Xavier, Ignatius Loyola, John Wesley, Bishop Selwyn, and such an one was St. Patrick." This refers to St. Patrick's appearance at the great tribal gathering at Tara.

Palestine in the Time of Christ. By EDMOND STAPFER, D.D., Professor in the Protestant Theological Faculty of Paris. Translated by ANNIE HARWOOD HOLMDEN. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

There is certainly room for such a book as this. It is true that we are much better supplied with manuals on the subject of which it treats than our neighbours in France. Not only in the Lives of Christ, which have lately been so abundant, is information freely supplied on the state of Palestine in our Lord's time, but Dr. Edersheim's two works on *Jewish Social Life* and *The Temple and its Services* are full of valuable material for ordinary readers. The student may use these to advantage, while he trusts chiefly to Emil Schürer's standard work, the English translation of which was noticed at length in the last number of this Review.

But Dr. Stapfer's book fills a place of its own. It covers the ground of Edersheim's two smaller works and more, while it is by no means so ponderous as Schürer, and its pages are not loaded with those references to original authorities which delight students but repel many readers. It is the *management* of the whole subject which chiefly attracts us in Stapfer's treatment of it. Easily, lightly, pleasantly does he lead the reader over details which would simply cumber and overload writers of less skill and ability. The style is French—that is to say, it is perspicuous and pleasing. Illustrations from Scripture, Josephus, and the Talmuds abound, but are used as illustrations should be, only to give light in obscurity or point to a general statement. The First Book is on the Social Life of the time, and the Second on its Religious Life. Under the first head we have chapters on Geography—made more interesting than many would believe geography could be made—on Home Life, Dwellings, Clothing, Life in the Country, Literature, and other topics. In the Second Book the schools of religious thought are very ably sketched; the Synagogue, the Sabbath, and the Temple Services are all treated at some length, but the exposition is never allowed to become tedious.

As far as we have observed, Dr. Stapfer does not offer original views of his own on many points, though he indicates from time to time that he has used an independent judgment, but the merit of so clearly and interestingly arranging information not readily obtained is no small one. The translation, by the practised pen of Mrs. Harwood Holmden, is, in the few places where we have

compared it with the original, faithful, and it is certainly pleasant to read. It is not easy to give an illustration of the character of the book by specimen passages without exceeding the space at our disposal. We regard the work as a valuable compendium of information on the subject of which it treats, and one that cannot fail to be of great service in illustrating and rendering intelligible the record of the life on earth of the True Light of the World.

Dictionary of National Biography. Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN. Vol. IX., Canute—Chaloner. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1887.

When we say that in this volume Mr. L. Stephen's fellow-workers include Mr. Goldwin Smith, Mr. W. P. Courtney, Professor Gardiner, Mr. B. Mullinger, Mr. R. Garnett, Mr. J. M. Rigg, and others, whose names are an equal guarantee of thoroughness, and when we add to this that the life of Carlyle is by the Editor, we have said enough to show that vol. ix. is at least up to the level of the volumes which have preceded it. A biography of Carlyle must always remain a difficult and thankless task. Some will think Mr. Stephen is not justified in remarking (what we fully believe was true) that, "though a stoical sense of duty made Mrs. Carlyle conceal from her husband the sufferings she endured in the self-imposed task of keeping a poor man's household, her love for him was not of the kind which could either make them a pleasure or prevent her from complaining to others." About the Baring-Ashburton trouble, Mr. Stephen's verdict is: "Mrs. Carlyle was weakly and irritable, and a painful misunderstanding followed with Carlyle, though with the Barings her alienation was suppressed, not preventing her from visiting them with and without her husband, while recording her feelings in a most painful journal." Carlyle's bad health is brought into strong relief. "Composition meant for him a solitary agony; dinner-parties produced indigestion. He tempered enjoyment with remorse; and the spasms of composition were followed by fits of profound gloom and dyspeptic misery." Mr. Stephen remarks on the unpracticalness of Carlyle's politics, "his latter-day pamphlets were neglected as stupendous growls from a misanthropic recluse;" he quotes with approval Emerson's dictum, that "'Frederick,' finished in a sound-proof room to avoid annoyance from 'demon fowls,' was the wittiest book ever written," and relates how German military students study their hero's battles in Carlyle's careful pages. We are glad Mr. Stephen does not forget to record how Carlyle, when Disraeli in 1874 offered him the Grand Cross of the Bath and a pension, declared himself touched by "the magnanimity of the only man of whom he had never spoken but with contempt." One point in Carlyle's sad married history, Mr. Stephen hints at, but does not, we think, bring into sufficient prominence. His wife was disappointed; the spoiled beauty of a country town, Jane Baillie Welsh, was full of romance, and "from the first Carlyle's affection seems to have been less the passion of a lover than admiration of an intellectual companion. . . . . Her brilliancy was associated with a marked

power of uttering unpleasant truths. No doubt she sincerely loved Carlyle, though she is reported to have said that she married for ambition, and was miserable. In constant solitude her mind preyed upon itself." It is no doubt true that "Carlyle's habit of excessive emphasis and exaggeration of speech has deepened the impression of those painful discords, which have been laid bare with such unsparing frankness." This life, which fills sixteen pages, is not Mr. Stephen's only contribution to the volume. He also tells the story of Henry Carey, author of "Sally in our Alley" and the once popular "Namby Pamby," "at whose 'benefit' a procession of musicians, with all the instruments invented since Tubal Cain, marched from the Haymarket to Temple Bar, where they were joined by a company of printers and printers' devils, the scene-painters joining at Covent Garden, and the whole body proceeding to Drury Lane." London must then, for once, have looked like a continental town on a fête day. Mr. Goldwin Smith contributes a life of Lord Cardwell the Peelite, famous for the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854, of whom we are told, "the country was served more brilliantly by others of his generation; but by none more faithfully, more zealously, more strenuously, or with more lasting fruit." That John Ashton is answerable for the brief notice of Catnach, the ballad-printer, shows how careful Mr. Stephen is in fitting the man to the work. We wish he had given against each contributor's name the pages on which his work is to be found. This might have been done at small pains, and would have been a boon to those who are looking out for a friend's contributions. The lives of the Catherines are full of interest both to the student and the general reader, Professor T. F. Tout's notice of Catherine of Braganza especially. Among minor lives, one of the most noticeable is that of John Castillo, "dialect poet," "the Bard of the Dales," whose "Awd Isaac" and other Cleveland dialect poems have had such a wide popularity. Castillo was born near Dublin, of Roman Catholic parents; but they came to England before he was three years old, and, after many youthful hardships, he became a local preacher and Revivalist. His poem, "T' Lecalholm Chap's Lucky Dream," is a variant of the Swaffham pedlar's story, of which the earliest known version is the Persian Jalauddin's poem the "Masnavi." One error we have discovered in what is in general a marvel of correctness. We are told "Devonshire visited the fleet at St. Helen's to inspect it, but the news of Heinkirk (1690) disposed of this design." Should it not be Steinkirk? It is curious to read in Dr. Westby Gibson's notice of Dr. Johnson's great friend Cave, the printer, founder of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the devices by which that and its rival the *London Magazine* evaded the prohibition to publish Parliamentary debates, by giving them such descriptions as "A Parliament of the Empire of Lilliput," or "The Proceedings of a Roman Literary Club," &c.

English Worthies. Edited by ANDREW LANG. "Raleigh." By EDMUND GOSSE. London: Longmans. 1886.

This is an excellent summary of the history of the most picturesque, the

most adventurous, and perhaps the most gifted of England's Elizabethan heroes. He was a man, too, of grand courage—of courage as lofty as his genius was great. He was not, indeed, without marked weaknesses and errors. His nobleness was sometimes marred by ambition and unworthy sycophancy. His private morals were not without stain. But, nevertheless, he was a real nobleman in the inner fibre of his character, and he was a man to be much loved as well as greatly admired. The various complexions of his versatile nature and plastic character are, with a gentle fidelity and without exaggeration, shown by Mr. Gosse. Great pains also are bestowed on the historical harmony of the events of his life, full advantage being taken of the latest researches and discoveries. Altogether we recommend this as a charming outline biography—a very desirable *multum in parvo*.

English Worthies. "Admiral Blake." By DAVID HANNAY. London: Longmans. 1886.

The biographer of Blake has far less material to aid him in his work than the writer who undertakes the biography of Raleigh, and has for his theme a character as obscure in regard to any points of detail in its composition as that of Raleigh is vivid in its many-sidedness. Mr. Hannay seems to have treated his subject with much ability. His acuteness makes the most of scanty materials, and he gives a carefully compiled account and history of his hero's operations both as a soldier and sailor. As to Blake's private character, he shows reason for thinking that he was "a sober, solid, and laborious Englishman, of the provincial middle class, patriotic and pious, with a wholesome indifference to theories, and with a practical faculty for managing business." As a seaman, Blake has no rival but Nelson, even in the annals of English naval warfare. Not bred to the sea, taking his first command in middle life, migrating, as was customary in that age, from command on land to command at sea, the successful defender of besieged Taunton showed, from the first, high qualities as a naval commander, and, before long, rose to a position of naval generalship never equalled before, and perhaps scarcely equalled since. He was not only Admiral, but, to a large extent also, Naval Administrator, or, to use the language of another period, Lord High Admiral. Unlike Nelson, he possessed self-control and steadfast gravity of character and purpose. He was, therefore, if not a greater admiral, certainly a better and nobler man—a man of higher calibre and character.

Sir Philip Sidney. By J. A. SYMONDS. (English Men of Letters Series.) London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

This beautiful memoir faithfully portrays the man who was the mirror for all true Englishmen in Queen Elizabeth's reign, and whose name has not lost its fragrance. Sidney's life was remarkable for capacity and promise rather than for performance. Mr. Symonds is betrayed into no exaggeration of Sidney's claim on his countrymen. He admits that it is not possible "to present such a picture of him as shall wholly justify his fame." "All classes

concurred in worshipping that marvellous youth, who displayed the choicest gifts of chivalry and scholarship, of bravery and prudence, of creative and deliberative genius, in the consummate harmony of a noble character." His life rises little above the commonplace, so far as the outward circumstances of it are concerned. Elizabeth's jealousy of his influence made him almost a dangler on the Court. His spirit chafed and fretted under the enforced inaction. When he did take part in the struggle between Spain and the Netherlands he was thwarted by the incompetence of his beloved uncle the Earl of Leicester, and by the parsimony of his Queen. We read Mr. Symonds' graphic pages with growing interest. It is clear that the hero of Zutphen was greater than his achievements; it is clear also that the responsibility for that disproportion between the man and his work rests not on his own shoulders, but upon the jealousy and frugality of his Queen. Those who read this too brief biography will be irresistibly drawn towards the noble Englishman whose brief career, notwithstanding all his disadvantages, has won him an enduring place in the hearts of all his countrymen.

Charles Darwin. By GRANT ALLEN. London: Longmans. 1886.

The series of handbooks entitled "English Worthies" opens appropriately enough with a volume on Charles Darwin, and the task of describing his life and work has evidently been to Mr. Grant Allen a labour of love. The point of view from which the description is given is not mainly that of a biographer. A "Life," in the usual sense of the word, is ere long to appear by Mr. Francis Darwin; but we have in this small volume a very able, and on the whole sufficient, description of the position Darwin and his work occupy in the history of scientific thought—as Mr. Allen phrases it, "a moment in a great revolution." Darwin's precise relation to those who preceded him, the exact value of his contribution to the doctrine of Evolution, the state of the scientific world before he wrote, and the influence of his works during the last quarter of a century—all this is very clearly shown, so far as the compass of 200 pages will permit. Shown, that is, from the point of view of an ardent disciple. There is little or no sign here of criticism, and very little distinction indicated between what Darwin may be considered to have proved, and those articles of scientific "faith" which bulk so largely in the creed of many men who sneer at religious faith. Perhaps we ought not to expect criticism in such a work as this, but more discrimination might have been shown, and, while we believe the eulogy of Darwin's modesty, patience, caution, and, on the whole, reverent spirit, to have been fully deserved, we could have spared in the admiring disciple sneers, such as his master never used, at "the flesh-pots of the ecclesiastical Egypt," the "narrow Philistine intelligence," and the like. Sufficient justice, moreover, is by no means done to the scientific position of Wallace on the one hand, and men like Agassiz and Mivart on the other. But, as a purely eulogistic sketch of an undoubtedly great scientific discoverer, this little work is not merely popular and interesting, but very thorough and able.

Great Writers. Edited by ERIC S. ROBERTSON. "Life of Charles Dickens." By FRANK T. MARZIALS. London: Walter Scott. 1887.

This is a charming volume. It is no mere abridgment, or selection, or string of records and dates. It is a loving study, the natural fruit of long familiarity with all that relates to Dickens, and of a fine and sympathetic critical faculty. It contains all the essential facts of the history, and with the facts are connected brief but excellent estimates of Dickens' chief writings. The whole is done in unaffected scholarly English, and is pervaded by a fine spirit, kindly, and even indulgent, but not undiscriminating or uncritical. The taste of this full, though comparatively small, biography is perfect throughout. A very complete Dickens bibliography (by Mr. Anderson, of the British Museum) is appended. The products of Mr. Marzials' pen have, from time to time, during more than twenty years, enriched the pages of this journal; a fact which we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of stating, whilst we congratulate him on a publication which cannot fail to be widely and justly popular.

W. L. Alexander, D.D., LL.D.: his Life and Work. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1887.

We could have wished for a fuller and more adequate record of the life and work of such a man as Dr. Lindsay Alexander, whose praise was in all the true Protestant circles of British Christianity. He was a masterly divine, and one of the best preachers of his time; he had for some years the most influential congregation in Edinburgh; his private influence was great. He dwelt, however, as a minister, almost alone. Congregationalism in Scotland is weak, and even his powers did not avail to create a great or widespread connection of ecclesiastical partnership or correspondence for himself. This we presume to be the reason that there is no correspondence remaining—at least none appears in this volume—such as might have furnished material for a memoir of superior value. Considering the great preachers and ecclesiastical leaders and the distinguished public men of various professions with whom Dr. Alexander was acquainted, and often more or less closely associated, not exclusively in Scotland, this is disappointing. Nevertheless the present volume, written as it is by a competent and judicious ministerial friend of its distinguished subject, the Rev. James Ross, of Glasgow, is, as it could hardly fail to be, interesting and instructive. The illustrations, indeed, which it affords of some of the working of Congregationalism are particularly instructive, though not by any means favourable. The preacher may learn some valuable lessons from the manner in which Dr. Alexander, in his earlier years especially, prepared for the pulpit, and from the principles which he observed in laying out his discourses. The volume is enriched with selections of discourses, hymns, and poems from his pen. Some of the anecdotes in the volume are very good.

Autobiographical Notes and Lectures. By the late SAMUEL EDGER, B.A., of Auckland, New Zealand. London: W. Isbister. 1886.

These notes are sad but suggestive reading. Mr. Edger's father was descended from the French Huguenots, who came over to England at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He combined in a remarkable degree extreme conscientiousness, very decided and proportionately narrow religious convictions, and the warm irritability of the South. The strong Calvinism of the father, and his high notions of imperial authority at home, produced a very unfavourable impression on his son, who studied at the Baptist College in Stepney, and for some years laboured as a Baptist minister. Every page of this volume bears witness to his ability, and to the original cast of his mind. He was evidently a preacher whom the best people in his congregation warmly esteemed and admired. His course, however, was anything but pleasant. Mr. Edger evidently considered himself a martyr to conscientiousness and breadth of view. He was certainly unhappy in his experience of church meetings, and had some unfortunate experiences which damped his faith in the leaders of his own communion. He tried to uphold the unsectarian character of the Church, and to guide his conduct solely by the New Testament. At last he settled in New Zealand, where he carried his views to their extreme length. He became an ardent believer in Spiritualism, though he strongly repudiated its extravagances. Swedenborg he describes as "the greatest of all Christian reformers and teachers since the Apostles." We have read Mr. Edger's pages with much interest. It is impossible to withhold one's tribute from a life of such unflinching integrity and self-sacrifice. His fatal error seems to have lain in his inability to understand St. Paul's canon: "All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient." The lectures added to the autobiography are on Socrates, Swedenborg, Spiritualism, Ideal Education, Evolution, Labour, Thomas Carlyle, The One Religion. They faithfully mirror the man and his peculiar views.

Rifted Clouds; or, the Life Story of Bella Cooke: a Record of Loving-kindness and Tender Mercies. Written by Herself. Second Edition. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

We direct attention to this second English edition of a volume which in one year passed through three editions in America. Regarded from a critical point of view, there would be something to differ from in the theology of the book, which is of the Palmer-Boardman type, and borders on quietism as well as mysticism; perhaps also it may be justly objected to, as a matter of taste, that while a good woman still lives, not only her autobiography, but a number of general eulogies of her from the pen of various intimate friends, should be

published by her son-in-law, a Methodist minister. But ideas as to taste seem often to vary on the opposite shores of the Atlantic. There may also, perhaps, be reasons for what seems strange to us, which do not appear to an outside reader. One thing at any rate seems to be certain, that Bella Cooke has for many years been a complete invalid and great sufferer, and at the same time a happy and useful Christian, full of love and good works. She is of humble English birth, but must always have possessed much personal attractiveness and influence, chiefly, though probably not only, of a moral or of a spiritual kind. She is now about sixty-six years old.

BELLES LETTRES.

Locksley Hall and the Promise of May. By LORD TENNYSON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

"LOCKSLEY HALL—Sixty Years After." Those are certainly in error who find in this splendid dramatic monologue a mere piece of pessimism, the pessimism of an imaginary character, whose old age has taken a disgust at the times in which it has fallen. The poem is a truly artistic counterpart and sequel, after sixty years are supposed to have passed away, of the passionate poem originally entitled "Locksley Hall." The sentiments expressed are not unnatural or extreme in a man of eighty years looking back to his youth. Still more are those mistaken, in our judgment, who regard this afterpiece as a manifesto of pessimistic discontent and bitterness on the part of the poet. That the poet, indeed, is out of sympathy with the prosaic materialism and low-ranged optimism of certain schools of English thought has been evident enough for thirty years past—at least since the period of his "Maud." But the poet who wrote "Maud" wrote also not long before "The Princess," with its large wisdom and sympathy—the wisdom and sympathy of a mind at once conservative and advanced. So this new poem mingles with its censures and denunciations a fine closing strain of faith and hope. That the Laureate, indeed, detests the modern sceptical school, that he believes atheistic or positivist materialism to be degrading and demoralizing, the parent of falsehood and vice, is an obvious inference from the whole tone and meaning of "The Promise of May," which, with the spirited ode on "The Fleet," makes up the remainder of this volume. But it is no despairing pessimistic strain, but rather a strain of generous forgiveness and of high moral hope, which closes this sequel and conclusion of the original "Locksley Hall." The poet still teaches, in the later as in the earlier poem, though with a variety of manner, that

> "Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened through the process of the suns,"

and still points, as in the "In Memoriam," to the

> "One far-off divine event
> Towards which the whole creation moves."

The Odyssey of Homer. Books I. to XII. Translated into English Verse by the EARL OF CARNARVON. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

Lord Carnarvon has chosen blank verse for his rendering of the *Odyssey*. That is another way of saying, in our estimation, that he must fail in giving to an English ear any of the real character of Homer's music—its lilt and swing. It may be necessary to give up this in order to secure higher ends, and Lord Carnarvon knows, quite as well as any of his critics, the advantages and disadvantages of various English metres which may be chosen to render the Greek hexameter. "I have preferred blank verse," he says, "as the best compromise between the inevitable redundancy of rhyme and the stricter accuracy of prose." And undoubtedly from the point of view of a translator, anxious mainly to give the meaning of his author, but at the same time wishful to divide his sentences into some kind of verse, the unrhymed decasyllabic line has many advantages. But, at the risk of acknowledging ourselves critics biassed at the outset, we must record our conviction that any blank verse rendering of Homer is by its very conditions doomed to a large measure of failure.

Within these limits, Lord Carnarvon has undoubtedly achieved more than fair success. His lines are smooth, flowing, somewhat monotonous in their rhythm—for few indeed can vie with Milton in his management of the cæsura—but pleasant to the ear, and the language well reproduces the simplicity and picturesqueness of Homer's own. It is in fire, vigour, verve, that Lord Carnarvon is chiefly lacking; and in those occasional hammer-strokes with which a telling phrase will make the anvil to ring again. It is natural to compare this rendering of the *Odyssey* with Lord Derby's *Iliad*, and we find the two poems similar in other respects, besides being the *πάρεργα* of accomplished statesmen. Scholarship, grace, and often vigour of style, and an ardent love of the work, are manifest in both translations. Both come far short, not only of that ideal excellence which can never be reached, but—in our opinion at least—of the finished excellence of Mr. Worsley in his *Odyssey*, and the admirable, vigorous, and spirited rendering of the *Iliad* by Mr. Way.

The following specimen of Lord Carnarvon's style is from the well-known passage in the 9th book, describing Polyphemus in the Cave:—

> "Thus I: but he with merciless intent
> Made answer none, but rushing on us seized
> Two of my band, and dashing them like whelps
> Upon the ground, beat out their brains, till all
> The rocky floor was swimming with their blood.
> Then limb by limb he hewed them into bits,
> And, making ready for his evening meal,
> Like mountain lion gorged himself on flesh,
> On entrail, bone and marrow, and ceased not
> Whilst aught remained. But we, the witnesses
> Of these foul deeds, held up our hands to Zeus,
> In helpless anguish and with bitter tears."

As a contrast we may take the description of Nausicaa's maidens (Book vi.):—

"But when the feast was o'er they cast away
Their veils and fell to play with flying ball,
And the white-armed Nausicaa 'gan sing.
As when the huntress queen on mountain side
Adown Taygetus, or on the ridge
Of lofty Erimanthus, speeds the chase
Of boar or hind, and with her the wild nymphs,
Daughters of Zeus, the ægis-bearing Lord,
Their pastime take, and Leto's heart grows glad,
As above all, with head and lofty brow,
Most easy to be known, the Goddess towers:
So, fairest far of that fair company,
The peerless maid outshone her maidens all."

Lord Carnarvon's work has been, he tells us, a delight to himself; it cannot but be a source of pleasure to those who read it, though it fails to place him within the first rank of the translators of the untranslatable.

An Introduction to the Study of Browning. By ARTHUR SYMONS. London: Cassell & Co. 1886.

This small manual was greatly needed, and will be found really valuable. It is very well done. The writer is an enthusiastic admirer of Browning, and advances some claims on behalf of his idol which we do not think history, either popular or critical, in its account of the poetry of this age, will endorse. We think, for example, that it is vain to maintain that Browning's poetry is not often obscure, and sometimes particularly obscure. We have heard one of the highest living authorities on criticism and poetry say that some of his poetry is unreadable from its obscurity. Nor do we think that to say that the alleged obscurity is the necessary result of the fiery, subtle swiftness of his poetical ideas goes any way to prove that the poetry is not obscure, or that such writing, even if the obscurity were necessary, comes within the true definition of poetry. Besides which, we venture to think that too much of Browning's verse is negligently rugged either in rhythm or in rhyme. All this may be inseparable from the grand and, as Mr. Symons is fond of saying, "fiery" genius of the poet; these may be only the "defects of his qualities." But in themselves we still venture to think they are defects. Nevertheless, it remains that Browning is one of the greatest poets of the age, that he is a deep, spiritual, original genius, unsurpassed alike for condensed force, for depth of insight, for beauty or brilliance of expression, in many passages of his writing. And Mr. Symons by this introduction, which touches on every volume of the poet, and contains all the original prefaces—a very valuable and interesting feature of the book—has rendered a real service to students.

ART AND ÆSTHETICS IN FRANCE.

M. Daniel Mordant's etching of Nicholas Maes' painting, "La Songeuse" (Royal Museum of Belgium), an old lady sleeping in a chair, her work laid

by, and a Bible open at the prophet Amos on a table by her side, in *L'Art* (J. Romain, Paris; Gilbert Woods & Co., London) for January, is a very striking piece of work. The details are very faithfully rendered, and the chiaroscuro is admirable. The articles on the sculpture at the Correr Museum at Venice and the treasures of the Chantilly collection (January and February) are full of interest. Giotto, Angelico, Philippo Lippi, Sandro Botticelli, Pollajuolo, Perugino, Raphael, Francia, Luini, Tintoret, Titian, Paul of Verona, are represented at Chantilly by finished works; Lionardo da Vinci by studies in red chalk. The gallery is rich in other Italian masters of less fame, but great interest, as the Caracci, Salvator Rosa, and others. The Dutch, Flemish, and German schools are also well represented. There is also a unique collection of portraits of kings and queens of France and other historical personages, formed by Alexandre Lenoir in the course of thirty-six years, and offered by him to the Louvre in 1822, but, rejected by the enlightened officialism of that day, which passed into the Duke of Sutherland's hands in 1836, and was acquired by the Duke D'Aumale about the time of the war with Germany. It consists of more than a hundred portraits dating from the fifteenth century; of these fifty-five are in oil, by Janet, Porbus, Corneille de Lyon, Rigaud, Van Loo, Lenain, Drouais, and others. For the rest, the French department is rich in examples of the great masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Britta: a Shetland Romance. By GEORGE TEMPLE. With Eight Illustrations by W. L. BOGLE. London: Isbister. 1886.

There is not a dull sentence in this delightful romance. The Shetland girl who is its heroine, first appears as the guide of Mr. Jack, the new minister of the lonely parish of Eastwick, about thirty miles from Lerwick. The piquant ways, shrewdness, and bright disposition of this fifteen-year old damsel at once win the reader's heart. Her father is a crofter under the laird of the district—a Mr. Arcus, whose wife becomes his evil genius. But for her the poor people might have had a tolerably good master, but this woman goads him to many harsh deeds. The reader feels a load of indignation lifted from his own mind when at last the long-suffering Mr. Jack holds the mirror up to Nature, and lets her see herself. The incidental descriptions of Shetland scenery, the account of the crofter system, above all, the sketch of the Christmas merry-makings add additional charm to a romance which it is not easy to praise too highly. Mr. Jack, in his old age, lives over again the story of which, with all his modesty, he is the best and noblest figure. Britta married the laird's son, who had become an alien from his home by his unnatural mother's plotting. Her evidence saves her father's life when he is accused of the laird's murder. Soon afterwards news arrives of the death of her husband, who is drowned in the Indian Ocean. The story now hastens to its close in the happy marriage of the young widow to the only

man in the book worthy of her—Mr. Jack. One sentiment in the opening page seems unnatural. Those who have the "blessed gift" of finding and appreciating romance in life "are infinitely to be envied. To them a thrilling adventure, a pathetic love-story, the deep upheaving of emotion caused by the discovery and the following up of a great crime, are a possession and a happiness for ever." We cannot understand the happiness of tracking out a crime, though the exciting and absorbing interest are evident.

The Pilgrim's Progress. By JOHN BUNYAN. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. JOHN BROWN, B.A., London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1887.

Mr. Brown's introduction contains little which is not already familiar to readers of his *Life of Bunyan*. That is natural and, indeed, scarcely to be avoided. Some interesting particulars about the *Pilgrim's Progress*, which all readers will prize, are given here. The notes are brief but suggestive. Mr. Brown has collated the ten editions published during the author's lifetime, so as "to present the book as Bunyan left it, retaining his latest touches, but rejecting all subsequent additions and professed emendations." This should secure the present edition a place on the shelves of all lovers of Bunyan. The neatness and exquisite printing of this edition make it a delightful volume for all readers, although it has no pictures.

The Lively Poll: a Tale of the North Sea. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. London: J. Nisbet & Co. 1886.

The Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen is to be congratulated on such an advocate as Mr. Ballantyne. His little story supplies some painful illustrations of the mischief worked by the *copers* or floating dramshops, which are making the temptations at sea worse than the temptations ashore. The pleasant tale will familiarize many readers with a mission which deserves well of us all.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Dragon, Image and Demon; or, the Three Religions of China, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Taoism; giving an account of the Mythology, Idolatry, and Demonolatry of the Chinese. By the Rev. HAMPDEN C. DU BOSE, fourteen years a Missionary in Soochow. London: S. W. Partridge & Co. 1886.

The comprehensive title-page of this handsome volume is a fair representation of its encyclopædic character. It is arranged in chapters, which

are subdivided into paragraphs, with headings, which enable the reader to consult it readily. Nearly two hundred of the most grotesque wood-cuts add to the interest and value of this telling appeal for missionary work in China. Mr. Du Bose belongs to the United States Presbyterian Mission. In order to cut off any occasion for the charge of neglecting his peculiar work in order to write such a volume, he thinks it necessary to state that, "besides colportage and constant street and tea-shop preaching, there has been an average of fifty sermons a month in the chapels." No one who reads his volume will need such a vindication, but it gives weight to the facts narrated. Here is heathendom as it really is. Its yearning after God is seen on every page; but it is evident that its yearning is not satisfied. Many an advocate at home will be thankful for this voice from the high places of the field. Mr. Du Bose carefully traces the spread of Buddhism in China. The fact that it did not receive official recognition for three hundred years, and that centuries passed before the mass of the people were influenced by it, leads him to some conclusions as to the present position of Christian missions in China which deserve attention. We regret one sentence of this volume:—"Pagans are described in the Second Commandment as 'them that hate Me,' and the sin is so heinous, that it is visited even upon the third and fourth generation of idolaters." This is strange exegesis, indeed. Happily, the book, so far as we have seen, is free from any other blot like this. At some points we should have liked further explanation; but 460 pages are not many for such a vast subject.

The Rhetoric of Aristotle. Translated, with an Analysis and Critical Notes, by J. C. WELLDON, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Head Master of Harrow School. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

This is a fairly readable and accurate translation. As was to be expected, the author comes to grief in the rendering of Aristotle's philosophical terms. Thus in i. xi. *ἐπεὶ δ' ἐστὶ τὸ ἡδέσθαι ἐν τῷ αἰσθάνεσθαί τινος πάθους, ἡ δὲ φαντασία ἐστὶν αἴσθησίς τις ἀσθενὴς* is translated, "As pleasure then consists in the sensation of some emotion, and impression is a kind of feeble sensation," which is nonsense. A clear analysis of the work facilitates the comprehension of its general plan, and notes, critical and historical, help to elucidate passages of more than ordinary difficulty.

WESLEYAN CONFERENCE PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Loving Counsels.* Sermons and Addresses. By the Rev. CHARLES GARRETT.

2. *The Story of my Life and Missionary Labours in Europe, Africa, America, and the West Indies.* By the Rev. WILLIAM MOISTER. With an Introduction by the Rev. GEORGE OSBORN, D.D.

3. *The Marrow of Methodism.* Twelve Sermons by the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M.A. With Brief Introduction and Analysis, by the Rev. BENJAMIN GREGORY, D.D.

4. *Purity and Power.* By C. R. PARSONS.

5. *Grannie Tresawna's Story.* By NELLIE CORNWALL.

6. *Daddy Longlegs and his White Heath Flower.* By NELLIE CORNWALL. London: T. Woolmer & Co. 1886–7.

1. A book from Mr. Garrett is both novel and welcome. All who have had the privilege of being in his audience know what heart-power he wields, both in the pulpit and on the platform. We are glad that the title so well expresses the character of the book. Both sermons and addresses are brimming over with sympathy. The purity of style is very noticeable. There is nothing here that a child cannot follow. Rich spiritual food it is, but it is such as even a babe in Christ may enjoy. All will rejoice that a book, which Mr. Garrett tells us has been called forth by the request that he "would publish something that they could read when his voice should no longer be heard," has thus caught, and will preserve, one of the distinctive features of a blessed ministry. In another respect the volume is characteristic. Almost one-third of it bears witness to the writer's unwearying devotion to the cause of temperance. The tribute to Joseph Livesey is of special interest. This volume will have a warm welcome in all Methodist and in all temperance circles.

2. Mr. Moister has already written twenty books, all, save two, on Missions and Missionaries, so that his life-work is well known to a growing circle of readers. Many have learned to keep a warm place in their hearts for the methodical, judicious, devoted old missionary, whose last days have been as busy with literary work as his earlier days were with the incessant toils of the mission field. The freshest chapters in this volume are those which describe Mr. Moister's home and conversion. They form one of the pleasantest glimpses of village Methodism which we have met for a long time. The way in which Mr. Moister and his father laboured as lay-preachers in the dales of Yorkshire shows how Methodism has raised up workers from among the people, by whom whole districts have been brought under the influence of evangelical truth. The story of Mr. Moister's life is stimulating. Few men have done so much for missions or done it so unselfishly. Fewer still have been supported by such a noble co-worker as Mr. Moister found in his devoted wife. We hope all our young people will read this artless but touching story.

3. This neat and low-priced little book will admirably serve the purpose which Dr. Gregory has had in view in its preparation. If every class-leader would go through it with his members during the year it would supply a good course of training on the *Doctrines of Grace*. The brief notes which follow each discourse point out the salient passages, though they are too concise we fear for many readers. Dr. Gregory says, "We know no work so useful in clearing the doubts of believers, and expressing to them their own state as Wesley's Sermons." That verdict most of us would endorse. We are thankful for this handy selection of the most important sermons.

4. Those who have read *The Man with the White Hat* will have a hearty welcome for *Purity and Power*. It is an excellent specimen of the printers' and bookbinders' art—neat, bold type, and capital paper. The style of the book is crisp, the matter suggestive and profitable. It should be a helpful devotional book for many readers, old and young. In the paper on "Perfecting Holiness," the writer seems to draw an unwarranted distinction between holiness and sanctification. There is evidently some confusion between sanctification and entire sanctification.

5. Granny Tresawna is a delightful old lady. Her life-story is well told. The description of her wedding morning and the glimpses of Cornish scenery are excellent. This is a book that will charm young people to goodness.

6. Daddy Longlegs, the Cornish tinker, who finds a lost child, and through her innocent words is led to Christ, is a quaint figure. This book will be a favourite in the nursery. It is sometimes open to the charge of preaching, but it is a pleasant story.

WESLEYAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION PUBLICATIONS.

1. *Echoes of the Word. Short Papers on New Testament Subjects* By JOHN HUGH MORGAN.
2. *Harold and his Sisters in Norway.* By HENRY H. M'CULLAGH, B.A.
3. *Wild Lottie and Wee Winnie; or, Led by a Little Child.* By ASHTON NEILL.
4. *Soul Echoes; or, Reflected Influence.* By SARSON C. J. INGHAM. Second Edition. Illustrated.
5. *Sarson's Golden Text Stories.*
6. *Hagar's Reparation.* By EDITH CORNFORTH.
7. *Removal Notes.*
8. *Bible Picture Alphabet.*

1. Mr. Morgan's papers, originally prepared for Sunday School teachers, now present themselves to the wider circle of general Bible students. To such we

can heartily commend them. They are crisp and suggestive: brief enough for busy people to read and master; full enough to supply abundant food for thought in hours of devotion. They cover a wide range of topics, and never fail to get at once to the heart of the matter. Such a book will be heartily welcomed in many homes. It will promote intelligent and devout Bible study wherever it goes.

2. *Harold and his Sisters in Norway* will win a place beside a pleasant volume entitled *Rambles and Scrambles in the Tyrol*, published some time ago by the Wesleyan Book Room. Such glimpses of other lands both attract and instruct. Mr. M'Cullagh drives home many a good moral as he leads his readers on this happy northern tour. The book is racy and instructive from beginning to end.

3. *Wild Lottie and Wee Winnie* is a story which will charm all young people. It is full of incident and must inspire its readers with desire to lead a true, unselfish life.

4. The ability and brightness of *Soul Echoes* makes us regret that Miss Ingham has not cultivated a more natural and simple style. Many passages in this book, despite its general interest and high tone, sorely jar on the nerves of intelligent readers.

5. The *Golden Text Stories* ought to be attractive and useful.

6. *Hagar's Reparation* is a pleasing story, well-written and likely to bear good fruit.

7. These notes are admirably adapted to their purpose, which is to retain in connection with Wesleyan schools the many scholars who, by the migration of their parents, are compelled to leave the school to which they are attached. The universal adoption of these very convenient Notes could not fail to evoke much sympathy and confer greater benefit on our Sabbath schools. The small cost involved would be abundantly repaid.

8. Twenty-four coloured engravings, well mounted on canvas, present in three vertical rows Bible scenes interesting to children. On these pictures the letters themselves show boldly, beginning with Abel's sacrifice and—omitting U and X—ending with Zacchæus in the tree. The details could be seen only by a small class, but the subjects chosen are suitably suggestive in schools where alphabetical instruction is retained.

Electricity and its Uses. By J. MUNRO. With Numerous Engravings. Second Edition. Revised and enlarged. London: The Religious Tract Society. 1887.

We are not surprised that such a careful manual as Mr. Munro's has reached a second edition. In its revised and enlarged form it deals with the latest improvements in the practical applications of electricity as well as the minor discoveries which have been recently made. Numerous engravings greatly assist the student. The telegraph and electric light are described in

two interesting chapters. The telephone, microphone, induction balance, and other inventions are also clearly explained. As a book for all students of this marvellous subject we can heartily recommend this excellent textbook.

An Elementary French Grammar. By Dr. DE FIVAS. London: Crosby Lockwood & Co. 1887.

This is an elementary work, based on De Fivas' well-known *Grammaire des Grammaires*, intended for beginners. It is admirably arranged to meet the practical wants of beginners in French, and contains, in addition to elementary grammar, a number of exercises, and a short Reader, with annexed vocabulary. It is clearly printed, strongly bound, and every way complete for its purpose.

Blackwood's Educational Series. Sixth Geographical Reader. Standard VII. London: W. Blackwood & Sons.

This Reader treats of the ocean currents, the tides, the planetary system and the phases of the moon in a way to beguile every scholar. Selections in prose and poetry from the best writers are given after brief chapters of explanations. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast" furnishes several delightful extracts. Kingsley, Washington Irving and others add their contributions. It is an alluring lesson-book.

About Money and other Things: a Gift-Book. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

This is a collection of papers on many subjects, by the wise and gifted authoress. They are papers not to be forgotten by those who have read them; such, for instance, besides the first on Money, are those on "Six Happy Days," "On Sisterhood," "Facing the World," "A Paris Atelier," "Kiss and be Friends." Very many will be glad to have or to present this volume as "a Gift-Book."

The Victorian Half-Century: a Jubilee Book. By CHARLOTTE M. YONGE. London: Macmillan & Co. 1886.

The subject speaks for itself; the writer's merits and competency for such work are beyond question. This slight and cheap but authentic volume cannot fail to have a large circulation.

SUMMARIES OF FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

REVUE DES DEUX MONDES (February 1).—M. Emile Bournouf gives a very encouraging view of "Greece in 1886." His present paper is entirely on "the material state" of the country. The description of its moral and political progress is reserved for another paper. The heroic age of Greece in its struggle for independence between 1821–1830, is still fresh in the memory of the people. M. Bournouf has known several of its heroes personally. Canaris, who only died recently, lived a retired life near Athens—one of the simplest men, and least concerned about fame whom you could find. To the heroic period succeeded that of the politicians. This was anything but a happy time. The European Powers who had created Greece took the title of her protectors, but did not fill it. The Greeks were able to do nothing without their consent, and endless antagonisms arose. M. Bournouf says that the Greeks have been lowered in public esteem by a corrupt policy, of which the source was outside the country. People asked in the West if they had undertaken the cause of Greece at such cost, only to have these pitiable results. A reaction soon set in. The heroes of the struggle ceased to be heroic to their former friends. The *Revue des Deux Mondes* did something to save Greece from the wholesale censures which thus began to be passed upon it. Through its investigations it was found that the political intrigues were mainly confined to a narrow but very conspicuous circle. When you penetrated to the heart of the nation, you discovered a society active, intelligent, peaceable, rapidly progressing and making the most praiseworthy efforts to raise itself to the level of other European societies. Fifteen years have passed since these more equitable views began to prevail. Official statistics help us to understand what progress has been made. In 1830, after the French army had freed Greece from the Mussulman soldiers, the soil was uncultivated and wasted, the cities, villages, and houses were in ruins. The Turks had executed no public works. All things were a wreck. In 1847 and the following years, M. Bournouf had to make many journeys on horseback to all parts of the country round Athens. There were no roads save between Athens and the Piræus. There were no bridges, or only such as the Turkish bridge over the Eurotas, the central arch of which was so steep that a traveller had to dismount from his horse in order to climb it. The bridge over the Crathis had its broken arches joined by beams, over which one scarcely ventured to pass. There was not in Greece a single great church. The people had to content themselves with little chapels, very numerous, but many of them in ruins. At Mezares, which had some thousand inhabitants, M. Bournouf saw them strike the church bell, which was the felloe of a wheel. Few houses had beds—people generally slept in their clothes on the floor on some mat. Furniture was scarce indeed. "There was nothing of that which makes life with us—I will not say agreeable nor even easy, but merely liveable." The royal palace did not belong to Greece. The country paid rent, and only managed to purchase it by instalments. Many of the young men had fallen in the war, so that the number of females was much greater than that of the men. To increase the population was the great need of the country. To-day, Thessaly, the Ionian Islands, and part of Epirus have been added to the kingdom. Its population is almost equal to that of Paris. The two millions and a half of people are scattered in the plains and mountains, by the rivers and the sea. Greece has thirty thousand sailors on the Mediterranean. Several causes have favoured the growth of Athens. Many people are drawn there in the hope of finding work, by opportunities of study, by the extent and variety of the business, by the desire of speculating to advantage or enjoying pleasure. Forty years ago Athens had 27,000 people, now it has about 100,000. The Piræus had 3000 then, now it has 35,000, and grows without interruption. It has a theatre, an exchange, vast reservoirs, fine quays, with a railroad running from end to end. Athens, which in 1822 had only 6000 or 7000 people, is now one of the prettiest cities of Europe—a city of marble—white and fresh. It has straight and wide streets planted with trees, and spacious footpaths of white marble. Paris is its model. The people appear to be peculiarly attracted to France. Germany and England seem to have less attraction for the sprightly Athenians. Agriculture is making steady progress, manufactures

are less flourishing. Railways are developing the country, though they are small lines rather than great arteries for commerce. This paper is full of details which make us hopeful for the future of Greece.

(February 15).—M. Taine has an article of great interest on Napoleon Bonaparte. He describes him as a man of quite different metal from the rest of his fellow-citizens and compatriots; neither a Frenchman nor a man of the eighteenth century, but one of another race and age. To his last day Napoleon felt the influence of his foreign birth. The characteristics of his genius are vividly set forth. Some months before he threw himself into Russia, with all Europe at his back, he said, "After all, that long route is the route to India." He felt that only through India could he conquer England. With one stroke France would thus become mistress of the West and of the sea. "In speaking thus, Napoleon's eyes gleamed with a strange light, and he continued weighing difficulties, means, chances—seized by an inspiration to which he delivered himself wholly. It was easy to recognize him at the moment for what he was—a posthumous brother of Dante and Michel Angelo—equal and like to them in the profundity of his thought and the superhuman greatness of his conceptions. He is one of the three master spirits of the Italian Renaissance. Only the two former (Dante and Angelo) wrought on paper or marble; it is on living man, on flesh sensible and suffering, that Napoleon wrought."

La Nouvelle Revue (February 1).—The fourth part of "Society in Rome" is devoted to the Sacred College. The writer says the divisions of this body are more complex than those of any Parliament, and, though better concealed, not less profound. The sacred character of the personages, the prudence and reserve inherent in churchmen, the law of obedience which binds a cardinal more tightly than a parish priest, all conspire to give to the Sacred College an appearance of unity, gravity and concord, which has no "real existence." It is divided into three chief parties—the purely Roman element which surrounds the pontifical throne and is engaged in the conduct of affairs at Rome; the Italian section, formed by the archbishops and bishops who hold Sees dependent on the Crown of Italy, as well as on the sovereign Pontiff; lastly, the foreign element, consisting of the crown-cardinals, archbishops and bishops attached to Catholic States, or belonging to nations that are not Romanist. The first party consists of about forty cardinals—rather more than half the whole number of the College. All of these are not Italians. Some are natives of Austria, France, England, and other countries, who thus form as it were a permanent commission representing their native lands around the Pope. The Italian group numbers only nine; the cardinals, not resident in Italy, twenty-five. If fifteen votes could be relied on from the third section, in addition to the eighteen Roman and Italian cardinals, who are devoted to liberal doctrines, the next election to the Papal See would secure a thorough Italian Pope. The functions which priests held in the days of the temporal power have passed into other hands, but the love of titles and robes still holds sway in Rome. The priest, who is neither prelate, bishop, monk, nor member of an order, counts for nothing. Monseigneur Theodoli, the Pope's majordomo, is a good administrator of the old school. He belongs to the powerful family of Theodoli, whose palace faces the Palace Salviati in the Corso. His early years before he entered the Church are said to have been turbulent and gay. He is well known for his biting sayings. The Pope professes to have a tender affection for Monseigneur Boccali, who was his private secretary at Perouse. He has for a long time filled the same office at the Vatican. To-day he reigns in the apostolical palace with the title Auditor of His Holiness. The Pope has absolute confidence in him, so that all who wish to make their way into the Papal presence must gain Boccali's ear. Happily this powerful man is easy to approach and anxious to please. The Pope entrusts to him the most delicate and important functions. Cardinal Jacobini, the Secretary of the Propaganda, whose ambitious views were concealed by a grave, even unctuous, demeanour, has died at Rome since this sketch was written.

Deutsche Rundschau (February).—"Germany and Alsace" is the title of an interesting anonymous article. The writer speaks of the unanimity and enthusiasm of the annexation, so far as Germany was concerned. That country prided itself that it would soon overcome all objections from the inhabitants of the province. Alsace, it was argued, was only bound to France by foreign ties. The German character of the people gave every reason to hope that they would soon be heartily

reconciled to their new masters. It was found, however, that the French rule had changed the mind and heart of the people, so that deep-rooted prejudices had to be overcome. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the writer is hopeful of the result. It has become clear, however, that the work of two hundred years, since the separation of the province from Germany, cannot be overthrown in a few years. Time will be necessary—not years merely, but perhaps generations. Here is a true culture-fight to be fought—a fight of German culture against the French spirit. Field-marshal von Manteuffel had no patience with such methods. The old man could not accept the adage that "trees are planted for the good of later generations." Pleasant appearances were more acceptable to him than uncomfortable truths, and, like an unskilled physician, he dealt with the symptoms of disease without finding the seat of the mischief. He spoke as if the change of feeling were a matter of free-will to be secured at any cost, whereas the higher classes of the population cannot be touched by German culture because through long training they have become French in their habits and views. The Alsace question is therefore an educational question. The statesman has to discover how his country can win the rising generation. The rest of the paper is a discussion of the best methods for accomplishing this great task. The school and the army are the master keys to the position.

North American Review (January).—Henry George contributes a fourth paper on "Labour in Pennsylvania." In his former articles he discussed the state of coal-mining. "Whomsoever the tariff may protect," he says, "it does not protect the coal-miners." In iron-mining, another "petted industry" of the State, wages are even lower, because there is less combination among the miners. Although the protection of the industry imposes, directly and indirectly, the most enormous burden upon the industries of the whole country, iron-miners are working in some parts for 70 cents a day; engineers for 80 to 90. In other districts the rate runs from 75 cents to 1 dollar for the miner. These wages do not, however, secure steady work. The highest number of days' work in the year, Mr. George has noted in the returns, was 265 at the rate of 75 cents per day. Messrs. Carnegie Bros., who have gained an enormous fortune by the protection policy, and who are really generous men, pay 1 dollar 10 cents to 1 dollar 15 cents per day; but their men only worked 119 days. The case of the Cornwall mine—the richest deposit of iron ore yet known—is carefully discussed. Mr. George maintains that the tariff has not led to the output of a single additional ton of ore, but has simply increased the profits of the owners. The whole State is "ring-ridden," "with its railroad octopus, its coal combination, its Standard Oil Company, and its pig-iron 'statesmen.'"

The Presbyterian Review (January).—Dr. Paton pays a brief but glowing tribute to Archibald Alexander Hodge, whose sudden death in the midst of his growing usefulness made one of his friends write—"God must have had some wonderful work for him to do, or He would not have cut short the great work he was doing here." He laid the foundations of his theological eminence under his father, Dr. Charles Hodge, of Princeton College. After two years' tutorial work he sailed for India as a missionary, but the failing health of both himself and his wife compelled him to return. He then laboured as a Presbyterian minister for thirteen years in the States. During these years he prepared and published his well-known "Outlines of Theology." The successive chapters were previously given in homiletic form to his congregation. Dr. Hodge "had a rare gift of illustration, remarkable fluency, an easy command of the whole dogmatic area, and great fervour. No one could deny the presence of the theologian when Dr. Hodge began to preach, and as the discourse proceeded the use of technical terms suggested the scholastic theologian; but it would not be long before the hearer felt himself under the spell of a great spiritual power, and, when in his best moods, he poured out a stream of thought and feeling, of theology and philosophy, of argument and illustration—flowing smoothly and growing more copious every moment, choked now and then by an effort to repress emotion, and at last breaking loose in a torrent of passion and pathos—the effect was simply wonderful." Dr. Hodge was not, however, at home in pastoral work. He therefore gladly welcomed a call to the Chair of Systematic Theology, at Alleghany, Pa. After a lecture he appointed an hour for free talk with his class upon the subject. The wealth of illustration and instruction excited the wonder of the students, and aroused a passion for theological study. In 1877 Dr. Hodge became Associate Professor, at Princeton, with his aged father. Next year he was left alone. He never became a leader of the

Presbyterian Church in the way his father had been. He took no part in the debates of the General Assembly. His special gift seemed to be that of popularizing scientific theology. A year before his death he delivered a course of lectures in Philadelphia, which awakened the deepest interest in theological questions. "As a thinker he was analytic, comprehensive, and profound. He had an unfailing supply of imagery, and though he cared little for the graces of a polished style, in the power of gleaming utterance he had few equals. Profound theologians do not always shine in the pulpit, but Dr. Hodge was a superb preacher. He had both unction and vivacity; he was both orthodox and original." He died at the age of sixty-three.

METHODIST REVIEW (January).—The Rev. G. A. Phœbus gives some extracts from letters of Dr. Coke and Ezekiel Cooper which are in his possession. The correspondence opens with a letter from Mr. Cooper, dated August 11, 1791. "Permit a friend," he writes, "to drop a caution to you—viz., when you visit this continent again, come with great care, with precaution, for you are suspected, by some of your sincere friends, to have conducted yourself when last here with a degree of unkindness to this Connexion, and especially to our ever worthy brother A" (sbury). Coke's letters throw light on this warning. In his zeal for American Methodism, he had offered himself "as a coadjutor with Bishop Asbury, for the strengthening of the Episcopacy." He found, however, that he was expected to spend his whole time in *preaching*, not in strengthening the episcopate. He was to labour in the Northern States. "I should have," he says, 'mountains of snow to ride over, only to preach in general (a few towns excepted) to the family where I was, and a few of their neighbours." These difficulties set Coke free to devote his services to English and Irish Methodism, and to Missions in the West Inndies and the East.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE (January—March).—The February number of the *Century* has a pleasant article on "The Oldest Church in London"—St. Bartholomew the Great—which has been prominent in the magazines of late. Two brief papers by Walt Whitman and Dr. Bartol, on the late Edward Thompson Taylor, the sailors' preacher at Boston, have singular interest. Paxton Hood has paid a warm tribute to Taylor in his "Throne of Eloquence," which we may commend to all readers. Walt Whitman says that a young sailor, with whom he walked away from the old man's church, observed that the influence they had felt under the sermon "must be the Holy Ghost we read of in the Testament." Dr. Bartol gives some of the preacher's sayings, which are striking indeed. Ordinary men would think them both heterodox and irreverent. Despite this, however, we feel that this man must have been a true orator. After one of Taylor's addresses to the Boston Philosophic Club, Emerson said, "When the Spirit has orbed itself in a man, what is there to add?" Walt Whitman, who has heard all the famous actors and actresses that have been in America during the past fifty years, and long haunted the courts at all the great trials to listen to the lawyers, says, "Though I recall marvellous effects from one or other of them, I never heard anything in the way of vocal utterance to shake me through and through, and become fixed, with its accompaniments, in my memory, like those prayers and sermons—like Father Taylor's personal electricity, and the whole scene there—in the little old sea-church in Boston, those summer Sundays just before the Secession war broke out." To the March magazine Dr. Buckley, the editor of the *New York Christian Advocate*, contributes a brief paper on "Faith Healing and Kindred Phenomena"—a supplement to his article in the *Century* for June, 1886. He then stated the conclusion to which years of careful investigation had led him—"That the claims of the Christian faith-healers—technically so called—to supernatural powers are discredited by the facts that they exhibit no supremacy over Pagans, Spiritualists, Mormons, magnetic-healers, &c.; that they cannot parallel the works of Christ and of the Apostles; and that all they really accomplish can be accounted for by natural causes." Dr. Buckley's article attracted much attention. The faith-healers have been compelled to admit that they keep no record of failures, as they do not depend upon phenomena or cases, but upon the divine Word. This admission is fatal. "If they cannot do the works, either they have not the faith, or they misunderstand the promises they quote. Christ and the Apostles depended upon the phenomena to sustain their claims; and when the Apostles failed in a single instance Christ called them a faithless and perverse generation." It is not surprising to find what the faith-healers say of Dr. Buckley. He is not a spiritually-minded man, they plead. The Rev. A. B.

Simpson, of New York, writes in reference to some phenomena which resulted under Dr. Buckley's superintendence. "We believe the devil will surely possess every heart that is not constantly yielded to God, and we should not be at all surprised if Dr. Buckley on that occasion was actually, without the slightest intention on his part, assisting at a real spiritualistic *séance* conducted by the devil in the background." This is really too bad. It shows to what length the advocates of such theories will go when worsted in argument. Under the heading, "A Missing Link," two cases of pretended cure by faith are examined. One was a serious fracture, which was almost cured when the faith-healers stepped in and took the credit of the cure. Another was the case of a self-willed child, "with a green-stick fracture of the fore-arm," which, instead of being a miraculous cure, was a commonplace incident indeed "The evils of this superstition" is the most important section of the paper. One lady died of a lesion of the stomach, caused, in the opinion of the medical men who attended her, by her rising and sitting up in bed. A faith-healer had called and drawn her up into a sitting posture, though she was suffering from internal abscess of the stomach. Within an hour after the man left her she was in an agony with the pain in her stomach; next day she was dead. A family in St. Louis had a daughter seriously ill. A friend—one of the leading faith-healers of the East—made this a case for special prayer, and wrote declaring that the Lord had certainly revealed to him that she would be cured. The letter arrived in St. Louis a day after her death. Other superstitions connect themselves with the system. One missionary of high standing, who used to consult his Bible as a book of magic by opening it at random, turned to it thus for guidance as an important matter of Christian duty. He was startled out of this absurdity by the overwhelming passage which met his gaze: "Hell from beneath is moved to meet thee at thy coming." Faith-healing is sometimes used as a means of obtaining money under false pretences. Here is one of the published letters which is intended to entice the simple to do likewise:—"Dear Brother,—The Lord told me to send you fifty dollars for your glorious work. I did so, and have been a great deal happier than ever I was before; and from unexpected quarters *more than three times the amount has come in.*"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE (January—March).—Sir Edward Reed's descriptions of the French, Italian, Russian, German, Austrian, and Turkish Navies will be eagerly studied by both specialists and general readers. Mr. Warner's article on "New Orleans," in the January magazine, has some vivid descriptions of one of the most interesting places in the Republic. The French quarter, "thriftless, battered, stained, and lazy," at once wins the heart of a stranger. The queer little Spanish houses, with the endless variety of recessed galleries and balconies, relieve the blank appearance of the streets. Old dormer windows abound, and fantastic little nooks and corners tricked out with flower-pots and vines. Some of the quaint fetches of humour in Mr. Blackmore's story, "Springhaven," are in his happiest vein. The plot, too, holds the reader more successfully, though it is the detail of the miniaturist that one most admires. In the March number Theodore Child's paper on "Duelling in Paris," with the picture of Gambetta getting ready for an encounter by shooting sparrows from his window, dwells on a disgusting phase of Parisian life. There is comparatively little risk to life and limb, but that only makes such incidents more contemptible. Mr. Warner's description of his visit to the Southern States, under the title "The South Revisited," is encouraging to all friends of the Union. "Everybody who knows the South at all is aware that any idea of any renewal of the strife, now, or at any time, is nowhere entertained, even as a speculation, and that to the women especially, who are said to be first in war, last in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen, the idea of war is a subject of utter loathing." So much for the loyalty of the Southern States. Mr. Warner carefully studied the position of the coloured population. Great strides have been made. Where only twenty years ago it was a misdemeanour punishable with fines and imprisonment to teach a coloured person to read and write, Mr. Warner found a handsome college with four hundred pupils. The common-school system has been adopted in the South. The schools are generally good in the towns but poor in the country, where three months' slack and inferior teaching under incompetent teachers is the rule. "In some places the coloured people complain that ignorant teachers are put over them, who are chosen simply on political

considerations. More than one respectable coloured man told me that he would not send his children to such schools, but combined with a few others to get them private instruction." The intelligent coloured people only ask to be treated like anybody else, regardless of colour. "We want the public conveyances open to us according to the fare we pay; we want the privilege to go to hotels and to theatres, operas, and places of amusement. We wish you could see our families and the way we live; you would then understand that we cannot go to the places assigned us in concerts and theatres without loss of self-respect." The account of "The New York Police Department," by Mr. Wheatley, is well illustrated with portraits of the chief officers of the force, and gives many piquant details. New York has one police officer to every 562 inhabitants; the Metropolitan district of London one to 342. The Board of Police consists of four Commissioners, who preside over trials of members of the force and act as chairmen of the various committees. The head of the executive force is Superintendent Murray, who receives a salary of £1200. Four inspectors stand next in the scale, then come 34 captains, 177 roundsmen, and 2396 patrolmen, or members of the rank and file.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE (January—March).—This magazine, with its excellent paper, profuse illustrations, and various reading, cannot fail to become a favourite on this side of the Atlantic. "Gouverneur Morris's Diary" furnishes two papers which abound in glimpses of social life and character in the Paris of the Revolution. His position, as United States Minister, during that disastrous time, gave him special opportunities of becoming acquainted with the leaders of society. These he was not slow to profit by. He often dined at Madame de Flahaut's hospitable table with Talleyrand and Montesquieu. His advice was eagerly sought by French statesmen, but not always followed. He found Necker gloomy and miserable, overwhelmed with care and anxiety, too much engrossed with pressing affairs to talk. He was never easy to work with, and was not too delicate in his accusations. Madame de Staël does not appear in the most attractive light. She offered the American every opportunity for a flirtation, informing him, "with a refreshing naïveté," calculated to demolish all ceremonious barriers, that she rather invites than repels those who incline to be attentive." Giving this remark time to take effect, she followed it with the suggestion, that "perhaps Mr. Morris might become an admirer." He told her that it was not impossible, but that she must first agree not to repel him. Such badinage has an unpleasant flavour, especially when we read the description of a dinner where Morris sat by this gifted woman. "We became engaged in an animated conversation at table," he says, "and she desires me to speak English, which her husband does not understand. In looking round the room I observe in him very much emotion, and I tell her that he loves her distractedly, which she says she knows, and that it renders her miserable." After dinner the husband inveighs bitterly to Morris on French manners and the cruelty of alienating a wife's affection. The American Minister took care not to add to his affliction. In a later part of his diary Mr. Morris is very severe on the lady and her mischief-making ways. The March magazine is stronger in fiction than the two previous numbers, though there is nothing to challenge comparison with Mr. Haggard's powerful story, "Jess," in *Cornhill*. The engraving of Thiers from a painting by Healy, which is now reproduced for the first time, is a beautiful piece of work. Mr. Washburne's "Reminiscences of the Commune" are evidently written by one who cannot efface the memory of those days of outrage. Mr. E. J. Lowell's profusely illustrated paper on "The Bayeux Tapestry," gives an excellent idea of the historical value of that famous needlework.

ST. NICHOLAS (January—March).—Young people will find these pages a series of pleasant surprises. Dainty devices, rippling over with fun, are scattered throughout with a lavish hand. The poetry is aptly framed for children's ears, the stories and brief papers are of special interest, whilst the puzzle pages furnish employment for many a happy fireside hour. Two papers on Eton, and one entitled "Among the Gas-Wells," desire mention among the instructive articles mixed up with the poetry and stories.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE (January—March).—Stories, pictures, and brief papers are all adapted to the taste of its constituents. The magazine is full of pleasant entertainment for young people. They cannot be dull with such pages.